Poetry of
The Stewart Court

Joan Hughes and W.S. Ramson

THE INTENTION of this anthology is to present a full and evenly balanced selection of the poetry of the Stewart court, making available much that has been unfairly neglected but allowing poems which have often been abstracted from their context by modern anthologists to be read in their proper setting.

The book is in two parts. First is a commentary of nine chapters describing the Bannatyne Manuscript, a large collection of Scottish poetry compiled in Edinburgh in 1568. The commentary seeks to establish the importance of the Manuscript as a comprehensive and deliberately interpretative anthology of medieval and renaissance Scottish poetry, arguing that modern editors are too frequently guided by their own critical preoccupations and that George Bannatyne chose and arranged his anthology in such a way as to present a conspectus of the five medieval and renaissance uses of poetry.

The second part of the book is an anthology of some 17,000 lines of poetry chosen from the Bannatyne Manuscript. It retains Bannatyne's arrangement into five parts and, within those parts, his order. Many of the poems are of the highest quality by any criteria of judgment, but the selection has not been made at the expense of poems which were clearly more highly valued by Bannatyne than they would be now.

EGO SUM VIA VERITAS
In my defens

GOD V. DEFEND

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The Stewart Court

Joan Hughes and W.S. Ramson

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Note:
References to Bannatyne are given only for those poems which are not included in the anthology. Quotations from such poems have been edited according to the principles used in the anthology. Quotations from poems of Dunbar, Douglas and Lindsay which are not in Bannatyne are from the Scottish Text Society editions. Quotations from *The Kingis Quair* are from the Scottish Text Society edition of 1911.

Introduction

THE POEMS gathered and discussed here are poems of the 'earlier' Stewart court. They are drawn from a single source, a manuscript anthology compiled by George Bannatyne in Edinburgh and completed in 1568. James VI and I, who came to the throne of a united kingdom of England and Scotland in 1603, had succeeded Mary, Queen of Scots, on the Scottish throne in 1567. Though the Manuscript is of his reign, and may indeed have been intended for presentation to him, the poems it contains belong to earlier reigns, in particular those of James III (1460–1488), James IV (1488–1513), James V (1513–1542), and Mary (1542–1567). Of the major poets represented, Robert Henryson was probably writing during the reign of James III, Sir David Lindsay and Alexander Scott certainly during the reign of Mary; Gavin Douglas and William Dunbar were, in their very different ways, poets of the court of James IV and there is no doubt that the efflorescence of Stewart court poetry was during his reign, in Scotland's 'aureate age'.

This account of that poetry does not aim at providing a chronological and comprehensive history; nor have the poems chosen from the Bannatyne Manuscript been either rearranged to illustrate such a history or supplemented from other sources in the interests of comprehensiveness. Our point of departure is rather that the Manuscript provides a uniquely informative view of the poetry of the Stewart court and that this poetry, though drawn from a period of something over a century, and from the reigns of four or more monarchs, is quite remarkably of a piece, belonging to a court culture which was, despite the political conflicts with which it was racked, stable and profoundly conscious of its own traditions. By the time of James VI's reign new forces were at work and a new society was in the process of being formed: there was, in Reformation Scotland, as Sir Walter Scott was to remark, no encouragement of 'lighter and gayer studies'. But the court culture which had existed since James I, and which flourished during the reign of James IV, can be seen as one continuing frame for the poetry it produced. The aim of this anthology is to display that poetry, the aim of the preceding commentary to establish something of the relationship between the poetry and its social and cultural context, in particular to establish the ways in which its aesthetic aspirations can be seen as a response to the requirements of that context.

The Bannatyne Manuscript is a uniquely informative resource, in that it accepts the coherence of the poetry of the Stewart court and presents, as it were, a conspectus, remarkable for its delineation of the fifteenth and sixteenth century uses of court poetry and for the taste and understanding with which these are exemplified. Its value thus lies

not simply in the number, or the quality, of the poems it contains but in the illumination of the Stewart court's understanding of poetry which an interpretation of Bannatyne's editorial practice makes possible. It is true that some of the finest poems of the period, poems like Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid* and Dunbar's *Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo*, which would have enhanced the quality of the conspectus as well as admirably exemplifying major poetic kinds, are not included; and true also that many poems which a modern editor might have discarded as dross are. We do not know what 'copeis awld, mankit, and mvtillait' Bannatyne had to draw on and can therefore only accept the omission of individual poems as accidental, resting our interpretation of Bannatyne's editorial practice on the broad categorisation that he offers and on the ordering of the poems that he has included. Bannatyne's criteria were those of his period and, if the modern reader approaches the Manuscript with this in mind, he will find its riches disposed before him in a way which brings him close to the Stewart audience's response to and understanding of the poetry; he will be made aware of differences in the uses of poetry between that time and his own and confronted with poems which the Stewart audiences valued for reasons he would have difficulty in accepting, even reasons which might make the poems lesser poems than they might seem in the light of his significantly alien critical preoccupations.

Many of the poems included by Bannatyne are little-known, not least because they have remained imprisoned in the Manuscript because of their anonymity. Others, by known poets such as Dunbar, Henryson or Scott—whose poems survive only in the Bannatyne—have been quarried from material with which they belong in kind and presented as part of authorial *corpora*. All too often they are subjected to criticism which accepts the corporeal limits, identifies supposed individual qualities, emphasises the coherence and relation of poems within the *corpora*, and traces supposed developments, either stylistic or philosophical, in a manner sometimes quite false to the poetry. Bannatyne attributes poems to authors, not always rightly, but he does not appear to have allowed knowledge of authorship to dictate the arrangement of his poems, and there is no evidence that he allowed knowledge of authorship to influence his selection: indeed, in one part of the Manuscript, he twice interrupts his sequence of Henryson's fables to place together poems related in content. In making our selection from the Manuscript it has seemed to us as important not to lead the reader into assumptions about poetic quality based on knowledge of authorship as to bring to light some of the many poems which have been neglected because of their anonymity, allowing little-known poems of uncertain authorship to stand on an even footing with poems familiar and well-annotated in modern editions.

Denton Fox has remarked that 'a great repertory of styles seems to be a characteristic of Middle Scots poets',[1] and it is clear that this versatility is not only a response to the social and cultural context within which the poems were written but also some indication of what the poets themselves understood as the art of poetry and of their recognition of the importance within this art of meeting the requirements of occasion. Modern critics tend to speak pejoratively of occasional poetry, yet the Stewart court poet more often than not wrote to order

and in accordance with a decorum of occasion which not only defined a poem's function and purpose but the ways in which it might realise, and at times transcend, that function and purpose. Such a body of poetry, which has a common social and cultural context, which is highly stylised, which was never intended to be self-revelatory and which is in large part anonymous, is best approached by discounting the individual and dispersing the poems, regardless of authorship, into modes, setting like against like in modal contexts in an attempt to so distinguish valued poetic qualities and define the directions of poetic aspiration.

Such an exercise of the historical imagination may define norms of expectation in a way that the study of a known and named individual poet's output cannot do, given the possible uncertainty of the corpus and the unreal isolation which necessarily attends the attempt to define individual excellence.

To learn the meaning of occasion in a particular social context and to see how poetry responds to and may sometimes transcend the occasion is to find a way of judging which may get the real measure of the individual. There is thus more to be learned by weighing five unattributed poems on the Nativity against each other than in weighing, say, Dunbar's only certainly attributed Nativity poem against his only certainly attributed poem on the Resurrection. And Dunbar's *Memento, homo, quod ciniss ess* is, similarly, more usefully compared with the humblest of *memento mori* poems than with another poem of his own, written on a similar theme, perhaps, but within the decorum of a different sort of occasion. If an individual poet is conspicuous within an age he will be so first of all in terms defined by the age.

Two of the following chapters are introductory. The first sets the milieu within which the poetry of the Stewart court was written, not by chronicling the literary history of Scotland from the reign of James III to that of James VI, but by taking as an exemplar Stewart court culture at its most flourishing, in the 'aureate age' of James IV's reign, and revealing something of the style of court life—its intimacy and self-containment, its patterns of courtesy and forms of entertainment, its religious and social rituals—and of the role of the poet at court, in particular as this is illustrated by the relationship between James IV and William Dunbar. The second chapter argues the importance of the Manuscript as a uniquely informative introduction to the court poetry of fifteenth and sixteenth century Scotland, describing in some detail Bannatyne's editorial practices, establishing him as, if sometimes a careless copyist, a most deliberate and even masterful editor. An interpretative reading of his editorial directions and ordering of the poems can provide the modern reader with a critical framework within which to read the poems which is as close to that understood by the contemporary audience as we are likely to get. The remaining seven chapters examine the poetry, applying this critical framework to each of the five major categories of poetry isolated by Bannatyne and illustrated in the anthology, religious, moral, comic, love and fable.

The argument is in each case similar: that the poetry is occasional and public, written for a small and self-contained society, homogeneous and sure in its beliefs, as given to stylised patterns of courtesy and forms of entertainment as to ritual in worship, familiar with the

use of poetry on informal, formal, ceremonial and religious occasions, and sophisticated in its aesthetic expectations of the poetry. The directions open to the poet differ, of course, from one kind of poetry to the next: *Ballatis of Theoligie* are poems which communicate, as in prayer, between man and God, which affirm and celebrate known truths; *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* are sober poems of good counsel addressed to man in this transitory life and either reminding him of the vanity of human wishes or advising him of how best to conduct himself; *Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis* require man to recognise his folly but at the same time offer him the consolation of laughter; *Ballattis of Luve*, similarly, both condemn and indulge; *Fabillis Wyiss and Sapient* are, as their being called 'fables' implies, didactic but, being mostly longer poems, more catholic in their methods and effects. Two chapters are essentially postscripts to the discussions they follow: Chapter V deals with a group of 'applied' morality poems, Chapter VII with a range of lighter comic poems.

It will be clear from a glance at the anthology that Bannatyne's five categories are not mutually exclusive and that some poems could have equally readily been included elsewhere. It will be clear also that the range within each category is very wide and that there are few poems indeed written in Scotland during the period, even including poems like the *Wallace* or Douglas's *Eneados*, which could not be considered under one or another head. This suggests the wider value of Bannatyne's set of definitions by example which the account of the poetry offered in the following chapters seeks to bring out. The poems are Scottish, and peculiarly a product of the Stewart court context; they are most usefully explicated in the terms of that context. But, as there was constantly movement between the Stewart court and other European courts, particularly the English and the French, so are they also poems of fifteenth and sixteenth century Europe: the view of comedy which emerges from an interpretative reading of the comic poems assembled by Bannatyne has Scottish emphases but also some general applicability. And this is true also of the understanding of the nature of religious or moral poetry on the one hand, or of love poetry on the other, which is developed by Bannatyne's grouping of these kinds of poems. As is argued in the second chapter, there is no anthology of the period, published or unpublished, so coherent, comprehensive and interpretative of late medieval uses of poetry.

This selection of poems from the Bannatyne Manuscript contains some 17,000 lines. There are 159 poems (and one play), a little over one third of those in the Manuscript. All are complete and in the order in which Bannatyne placed them. The original foliation is indicated so that omissions are apparent. Bannatyne's editorial insertions and marginalia are retained, but not those of later students of the Manuscript such as Bishop Percy. The only attributions of authorship are those made by Bannatyne (his errors being corrected in the index of authors but not in the text). All of the essential elements of the editorial framework Bannatyne provided for the poems are thus preserved. Our selection from the poems aims firstly at illustrating the range of poems in each of the sections and sub-sections defined by Bannatyne and at including poems which seem, because of their place in Bannatyne's order, important to the view of poetry he sets forth. It is for this reason

that, despite its length, Bannatyne's edited version of Lindsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* is included. Similarly, in *Fabillis Wyiss and Sappient*, *Colkelbie Sow* and *The Houlate* have been included partly because their presence is important to an understanding of fable, partly because they meet a second aim, that of making more readily available poems which, despite their interest and quality, have long been inaccessible to most readers. We have, thirdly, tried to preserve a balance between poems of uncertain authorship and those by authors whose names ensure attention; and fourthly, so far as is consistent with the above three aims, with a concern for poetic quality and a wish to keep the anthology to a reasonable size, we have sought to preserve the categorical proportions of the Manuscript.

The Manuscript has been twice edited, for the Hunterian Club in 1896, and for the Scottish Text Society between 1928 and 1934: the Scottish Text Society edition presents a diplomatic text, without notes or glossary; the Hunterian, a text of dated appearance, because of its capitalisation and printing of *ſ* for initial and median *s*, without notes and with a glossary of only limited value. The Scottish Text Society text is authoritative and has been used, with the Society's permission, as a basis for the text of the poems printed here. Though there are scholarly editions, of varying age and quality, of major poets like Douglas, Dunbar, Henryson, Lindsay and Scott, there is no scholarly edition of many of the poems included in this selection. There is, for instance, as an example of this quite extraordinary neglect, no glossed edition of *Colkelbie Sow* later or better than the Hunterian. It has not been our purpose to attempt to remedy these deficiencies though we have, recognising the difficulty of much of the vocabulary of Middle Scots, supplied a running gloss. We have sought rather to be consistent in our fidelity to the Bannatyne Manuscript and in our belief that the critical exercise of reading these poems together will be of greater value if the modern reader comes to them much as a sixteenth century reader would have and is encouraged to use his own resources.

To this end we have printed Bannatyne's text of the poems with minimal modern editorial interference, introducing conventional capitalisation and punctuation, and silently removing scribal contractions, but taking no other steps towards normalisation. Letters which are used interchangeably, like /i/ and /j/, and /u/, /v/ and /w/, remain as in the Manuscript; /þ/ and /ȝ/ are retained, and the upright /s/ with an ornamental curl is printed as /ss/. Initial /ff/ is printed as /F/.

The vagaries of sixteenth century spelling are left as a charm and a challenge. Minor errors in Bannatyne's transcription, as for instance letters or words which he has himself crossed out and corrected, have been silently omitted. Emendations have been made only when absolutely required by the sense: in such instances the Manuscript reading and the source of the emendation is printed in the gloss at the foot of the page. As we have not sought to 'improve' the text of poems which survive only in Bannatyne, and have in no case borrowed more pleasing or pertinent words, phrases or lines from other surviving texts, so we are aware that Bannatyne's text is not always that preferred by modern editors. An instance of this, from Dunbar's *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness (The Lament for the Makaris)* is the 'loss' of the evocative figure in the lines

In Dunfermling he hes done rowne
With Maister Robert Hendersoun

in favour of Bannatyne's

In Dumfarmeling he hes tane Broun
With gud Maister Robert Henrysoun.

There are larger discrepancies also: Bannatyne's text of Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus* omits a stanza normally supplied from the Howard Manuscript, while his text of the *moralitas* to *The Traitie of Orpheus King* includes forty-five lines which are of some difficulty and have been attributed to Bannatyne himself. We have, finally, avoided as much as possible the use of modern titles, referring to poems by their first lines, by the titles they are given in the Manuscript or, occasionally, those in other sixteenth century sources. Thus, Henryson's fables, which are untitled in the Manuscript but generally given modern descriptive titles, are given the titles used in the Harleian Manuscript of 1571. Popular titles such as *The Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis* and *The Thistle and the Rose* are, however, included in the index.

Our indebtedness is great, to institutions and individuals. My own goes back many years, in the first instance to Emeritus Professor I.A. Gordon who, as Professor of English at what is now the Victoria University of Wellington, kindled my interest in Scottish literature. I am grateful in particular to the Nuffield Foundation, whose Fellowship enabled me to work in Edinburgh in 1967, to the University of Edinburgh's Institute for Advanced Studies in the Humanities, which awarded me a Fellowship in 1973, and to the Australian Research Grants Committee whose grant funded Joan Hughes' position for two years from the beginning of 1975. We are both grateful to the Australian National University, which allowed me two periods of study leave and has helped in many other ways. The individuals who have helped are legion and include both scholars in this and other universities and students who have over several years helped refine attitudes and ideas. We would like to thank in particular Professor John MacQueen, Director of the School of Scottish Studies, University of Edinburgh, Professor William Beattie, Director of the Institute for Advanced Studies in the Humanities, University of Edinburgh, Mr A.J. Aitken and Dr J.A.C. Stevenson, Editors of *The Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue*, Professor Denton Fox, of Victoria College, University of Toronto, Dr I.W.A. Jamieson, of the Victoria University of Wellington, and Mr L.J. Downer, of this University. We would like to thank also Mrs J. Arey, who typed the greater part of a very difficult manuscript, and the editorial staff of The Australian National University Press for their help.

W.S.R.

[1] Denton Fox, 'The Scottish Chaucerians', in *Chaucer and Chaucerians*, ed. D.S. Brewer, London, 1966, p. 180.

ABBREVIATIONS

George Bannatyne, The *Bannatyne Manuscript*, ed. W. Tod Ritchie, Scottish Text Society, 4 vols, 1928–34.	*Bannatyne*
George Bannatyne, *The Bannatyne Manuscript*, ed. J.B. Murdoch, Hunterian Club, 4 vols, 1896.	*Hunterian*
The Maitland Folio Manuscript, ed. W.A. Craigie, Scottish Text Society, 2 vols, 1919–28.	*Maitland*
Gavin Douglas, *Virgil's Aeneid Translated into Scottish Verse*, ed. D.F.C. Coldwell, Scottish Text Society, 4 vols, 1957–64.	Coldwell, *Douglas's Aeneid*
William Dunbar, *The Poems*, ed. John Small, Scottish Text Society, 3 vols, 1893.	Small, *The Poems of Dunbar*
Robert Henryson, *The Poems*, ed. G. Gregory Smith, Scottish Text Society, 3 vols, 1906–14.	Gregory Smith, *The Poems of Henryson*
David Lindsay, *The Works*, ed. Douglas Hamer, Scottish Text Society, 4 vols, 1931–36.	Hamer, *The Works of Lindsay*
Alexander Scott, *The Poems*, ed. James Cranstoun, Scottish Text Society, 1896.	Cranstoun
William Croft Dickinson, *Scotland, from the Earliest Times to 1603*, 2nd rev. ed., London and Edinburgh, 1965.	Croft Dickinson, *Scotland to 1603*
R.L. Mackie, *King James IV of Scotland*, Edinburgh and London, 1958.	Mackie, *James IV*
Ranald Nicholson, *Scotland: The Later Middle Ages*, Edinburgh, 1974.	Nicholson, *Scotland*
A Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue.	*DOST*

Chapter 1

Scotland's Aureate Age: Off lustie lordis and lufesum ladyis ȝing

Allace, quhare bene that rycht redoutit roye,
That potent prince, gentyll King Iames the Feird?
I pray to Christe his saule for to conuoye;
Ane greater nobyll rang nocht in to the eird.
O Atropus, warye we maye thy weird,
For he wes myrrour of humylitie,
Lode sterne and lampe of libiralytie.

Duryng his tyme so iustice did preuaill,
The sauage iles trymblit for terrour;
Eskdale, Euisdale, Liddisdale, and Annerdale
Durste nocht rebell, doutyng his dyntis dour,
And of his lordis had sic perfyte fauour:
So, for to schaw that he aferit no fone,
Out throuch his realme he wald ryde hym alone.

And, of his court, throuch Europe sprang the fame
Off lustie lordis and lufesum ladyis ȝing,
Tryumphand tornayis, iustyng, and knychtly game,
With all pastyme accordyng for one kyng.
He wes the glore of princelie gouernyng,
Quhilk, throuch the ardent lufe he had to France,
Agane Ingland did moue his ordinance.

Off Flodoun feilde the rewyne to reuolfe,
Or that most dolent daye for tyll deplore
I nyll, for dreid that dolour ȝow dissolfe,
Schaw how that prince, in his tryumphand glore,
Distroyit was ; quhat nedeith proces more?
Nocht be the vertew of Inglis ordina[n]ce,
Bot be his awin wylfull mysgouernance.

Allace, that daye had he bene counsalabyll,
He had obtenit laude, glore, and victorie.
Quhose pieteous proces bene so lamentabyll,
I nyll at lenth it put in memorie.
I neuer red, in tragidie nor storie,
At one iornaye so mony nobyllis slane,
For the defence and lufe of thare souerane.

(Lindsay, *The Testament and Complaynt of our Soverane Lordis Papyngo*, ll.486–520)

Even without the tragedy of Flodden there is, in Lindsay's brief but moving reminiscence of James IV's reign, the stuff of legend: a just and noble king, with the christian virtue of humility and the princely virtue of liberality; a ruler strong enough to quell rebellion in the Western Isles and in the troubled Border country, to ride alone and fearlessly amongst his people; a king whose court was known throughout Europe for its 'Tryumphand tornayis, iustyng, and knychtly game'. Lindsay, writing in 1530, when James V was seventeen and had not long asserted his authority as king, looked back over an unsettled century of Stewart rule and saw James IV's brief reign, from 1488 until 1513, as an age of political stability and cultural flowering, the 'aureate age', as Ranald Nicholson has called it, more than that of any earlier or later Stewart, an age peculiarly identified with its king.[1]

A less partial commentator than Lindsay, the scholar Erasmus, who tutored James' son, Alexander, later Archbishop of St Andrews, in Sienna, described James as having 'wonderful powers of mind, an incredible fund of universal knowledge, invincible courage, truly royal loftiness of soul, consummate courtesy, the freest openhandedness'.[2] And something of this characterisation is borne out by the comments of the Spanish ambassador, Don Pedro de Ayala; though Ayala, seeking to argue James' eligibility as a royal suitor, paints perhaps too rosy a picture of both king and kingdom. James, he saw, as being 'of noble stature, neither tall nor short, and as handsome in complexion and shape as a man can be'; further, he spoke 'Latin, very well; French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish . . . besides, the language of the savages who live in some parts of Scotland and on the islands'. He was 'courageous, even more so than a king should be'. It was Ayala's praise of James' accomplishments that was tempered by the judgement so tragically proven at Flodden, that he was 'not a good captain, because he begins to fight before he has given his orders . . .',[3] and this impetuous energy seems to have characterised the king, both on the level of his personal attractiveness and on the deeper level at which it is translated into intellectual curiosity and a variously manifested capacity for decision and action.

John Young, Somerset Herald, who accompanied Margaret Tudor on her progress to Scotland and during her marriage at Holyrood Palace, describes one of James' visits to his bride as she neared Edinburgh:

> At the Castell and Abbay of Newbottell, halfe a mille thens, was ordonned mett and drynke by the space of foure dayes that she was ther, with liveray of horsys, as in the places beforsaid.
> The iiijth day of the said monneth the qwene abode at the said castell, the wiche had grett fest. Att foure of the clok, after dynner, the Archbyschopes of Yorke and of Glasco, the Byschop of Durham, the Erle of Surrey, and the Erle Bothwell, acompayned of many others, lordes, knights and gentylmen, went to mett the kynge, the wich was commyng for to se the qwene ageyn, and to comforte hyr of sum losse that she had had the nyght before, by fortune of fyer, of her pallefreys.
> The kynge flyinge as the bird that syks hyr pray, tuke other waye, and cam prively to the said castell, and entred within the chammer with a small company, wher he founde the qwene

playinge at the cardes. At the entrynge, the qwene avaunced hyr toward hym in receyvinge hym varey gladly, and of good wyll kyssyng hym, and after he gaffe salut to the ladyes and company presente.

In commonynge togeder, cam the sam lordes here abouffe named, to whom the kynge did reverence, his bonnett in hys haund, in specyall to the Archbyschop of York, and to the Byschop of Durham, in welcomynge them. After som wordes rehersed betwyx them, the mynstrells begonne to play a basse daunce, the wich was daunced by the said qwene and the Countess of Surrey.

After thys doon, thay playde a rownde, the wich was daunced by the Lorde Gray ledynge the said qwene, acompayned of many lordes, ladyes, and gentylwoemen. After was brought wyn and bred to the kynge, the wiche tuke the bred, and thereof served the said qwene. Lykwys the coupp of wich he fyrst servyd hyr. And after all, the company presente draunke also.

Incountynent the kynge begonne before hyr to play of the clarycordes, and after of the lute, wiche pleasyd hyr varey much, and she had grett plaisur to here hym.

Apon the said clarycorde Sir Edward Stannely playd a ballade, and sange therwith, wiche the kynge commended right muche. And incountynent hee called a gentylman of hys that colde synge well, and mayd them synge togeder, the wiche accorded varey well.

Afterward the said Sir Edward Stannely and two of hys servaunts sange a ballade or two, wherof the kynge gave hym good thaunke.

After all thyse thyngs fullfylled, the kynge tuke licence of the qwene, and kyssed hyr, and also of all hyr noble company, and went to hys horse, on whom he did lepe, without puttynge the fowt within the sterrop. And the said horse was a right fayr courser, and incontynent the king sporred, follow who myght. He was arayd of a jakette of blak velvett borded of the selfe, and the lists of the said bordeur wer of cramsyn veluyt, fourred with whytt.

The Erle of Surrey, acompayned of many lordes, knyghts, and others, folowed after, the wiche when the kinge knew, he torned schortly, barre heded, and cam toward th' erle. And they rode a lityll togeder in spekynge, and after th' erle tuke licence of hym, and retorned ageyn.[4]

(Other instances abound: James' (albeit belated) resolve to wear 'ane belt (of irone' as 'ane signe of repentance' for his complicity in his father's (death;[5] his having a cannon fired at the *Michael*, 'the greattest scheip and ımaist of strenth that ewir saillit in Ingland or France', as she lay in the ırroads after launching, to test her strength.[6] The combination of iimpulsive action and inquiring spirit is demonstrated by a small but sigınificant instance which Pitscottie, nicely sceptical, records:

> also the king gart tak ane dum woman and pat hir in Inchekeytht and gaif hir tua zoung bairnes in companie witht hir and gart furnische them of all necessar thingis pertening to thair

> nurischment that is to say, meit, drink, fyre and candell, claithis, witht all wther kynd of necessaris quhilk [is] requyrit to man or woman desyrand the effect heirof to come to knaw quhat langage thir bairnes wald speik quhene they come to lauchfull aige. Sum sayis they spak goode Hebrew bot as to my self I knaw not bot be the authoris reherse.[7]

And something stronger than scepticism is evidenced by Dunbar's attacks on the king's patronage of John Damian.[8] Hostile witness as, in this instance, Dunbar undoubtedly is, he is attacking both Damian's imposture and James' gullibility and misplaced enthusiasm. The king's urge towards polymathy is frequently attested,[9] but there is also a strong suggestion that, like a later horseman, he all too often 'flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions'.[10] Scotland was a small kingdom and James, astute enough in his political dealings, an innocent, idealistic and prodigal king. He was devout, but full of vainglory; earnest but naïvely ostentatious in his emulation of European courts; inquiring but undisciplined in his intellectual interests;[11] farsighted in his planning but impulsive in action.

Ranald Nicholson has remarked that 'no Scottish king knew his country so well', that the Scottish people have never 'known a king so intimately'.[12] The identification of king and country is important. The poet Lindsay, like the chronicler Pitscottie, who quotes the stanzas cited at the beginning of this chapter, saw the kingship of James as an example to kings. Both were anxious to draw lessons from their histories: the immediate and practical lesson that a young king should take advice from his elders, the generally applicable lesson that, to quote Lindsay's *The Testament and Complaynt of our Soverane Lordis Papyngo*, 'Quho sittith moist hie sal fynd the sait most slidder' (1.352). Thus Pitscottie both adduced the familiar analogy of the king as head:

> Thair for all wther princes may tak exampill be him quhilk reffussit honest and godlie consall and spetiall of them quho was the principall defendaris of the realme. Thocht he was the heid they war the airmes and the spetiall defence of the haill body . . .[13]

and counselled the 'governaunce' that James so conspicuously lacked. Lindsay characterises Scotland's aureate age as one in which the fame

> Off lustie lordis and lufesum ladyis ȝing,
> Tryumphand tornayis, iustyng, and knychtly game,
> With all pastyme accordyng for one kyng

spread throughout Europe. Though the splendour of the Scottish court seems modest when compared with that of the major European courts, there is a sense in which this is its most revealing if least permanent characteristic. The modern historian, looking for signs of a Scottish renaissance, notes the intellectual and cultural developments initiated under James' patronage: the Education Act of 1496 which, with a view to improving the regional administration of the law, required the eldest sons of barons and substantial freeholders to master Latin and then to

undertake study in arts and law; the founding of Scotland's third university, King's College, Aberdeen; the encouragement given to the printers, Chepman and Myllar, to publish Scottish laws, acts of parliament, chronicles, mass books and breviaries 'for the honour and profit of the realm'; the establishment of the Chapel Royal at Stirling in 1501; the patronage given to individual artists, musicians, and writers; a building programme which was essentially one of refinement, adding great halls to existing tower structures and showing, for the first time in Britain, an interest in renaissance architecture and decoration.[14] These are considerable achievements, all aimed at improving the quality of life in Scotland but all contributing also to the show of the Scottish court, to the prestige of king and country, and to their renown in Europe. The same is true of James' lavish expenditure on his artillery and navy. Erasmus had remarked on the king's 'freest openhandedness'; examples of prodigal spending and largesse are legion and in a sense the reign is best characterised by a grandiose extravagance, the building of the *Michael*,[15] and a magnificent gift, that of an exquisitely beautiful book of hours to his bride, Margaret.[16] James was always anxious, as Nicholson remarks, in describing the aureate age, to emulate other rulers in whatever brought renown and prestige.[17] Much of what was achieved in his reign, through his energy and the wise support of men like Bishop Elphinstone,[18] displayed 'governaunce'. But the fame he sought for his court, in its focal tournaments, in his comparison of himself with Arthur,[19] in his ambition to lead a crusade,[20] is vainglorious: he was a fit exemplar for Lindsay and Pitscottie, as indeed for Erasmus. If, with hindsight, his age is 'aureate' rather than 'golden', it is because it is characterised by its tournaments, its splendour, its sense of ceremony rather than by either the Education Act of 1496 or the *Aberdeen Breviary*, by its display of kingly magnaminity and liberality rather than of kingly governance, by a sense of 'brukkilnes' which is epitomised by James' own 'crowded hour of glorious life'.

Pitscottie's praise of James' tournaments is unstinted:

> This prince was wondrous hardie and deliegent in the executioun of iustice and treatit his barrouns wondrous weill that was abill thairfoir, and sindrie tymes wald gar mak proclematiouns out throw his realme to all and sindrie his lordis, earleis and barrouns quhilk was abill for iusting or tornament to come to Edinburgh to him and thair to exerceis them selffis for his plesour as they war best accustomit, sum to rin witht speir, sum to fight witht the battell axe and harnis, sum to feight witht the tuo handit suord, sum to schut the hand bow, corsebow and collvering. And everie man as he faught best gat his wapouns deliuerit to him be the king in this manner; he that ran the speir best, he gat ane speir witht gould deliuerit in to him witht gilt harnis thair to keip in memorieall of his pratick and ingyne thair to, and also the harrottis blasonitt him to be the best justar and rynnar of the speir in the realme amang his bretherine; and the battell axe deliuerit to him that faught best thairwitht, and in lykewyse the suord, hand bow and corse bow deliuerit be the heraldis the samin maner to them that wssit them best. Be this way and meane the king brocht his realme to great manheid and

honouris, that the fame of his iusting and tornamentis sprang throw all Europe quhilk caussit money forand knychtis to come out of strange contrieis to Scottland to seik iusting because they hard the nobill fame and knychtlie game of the prince of Scottland and of his lordis and barrouns and gentillmen. Mony strangeris came bot few reffussit bot they war fouchin witht and wairit in singular battell be the Scottis men.[21]

One tournament that Pitscottie describes is of particular interest, partly because of his attention to detail, partly because his account indicates something of the rich intimacy of the occasion:

But we will returne to Monsieur Deobanie. Schone eftir he come in Scotland he causit the kingis graice to set ane gret justing and turnament at Edinburgh in Halyrudhous of the dait I^{m} v^{c} fyve zeiris and the said justing and turnament to stand the spaice of xl dayis, but the warneing and proclamatioun heirof was ane hundreith dayes befoir to the effectt that France, Ingland and Denmark micht haue knawledge of the samyn and quha that pleisit to cum thairto as thay thocht guid. And also the heill lordis and barronis of Scotland war commandit to mak thame reddie againe the said day appoincted, for to enarme thame selffis in thair best arrey and in the same armur and waponis that thay thocht thame selffis best to fecht into. The heill barronis war weill contentit heirwith and prowydit tham selffis at the kingis plesour againe the said day as thay war commandit, according to thair estait; and alswa thair come money gentilmen out of Ingland, France and Denmark. Amang the rest thair come ane knycht and ane lady callit the Quyht Rois, thairfoir the king gart set the haill justing and callit the samyn 'The Turnament of the Black Knicht and the Black Lady' and maid Monsieur Deobanie judge in the said turnament and justing and set him in his awin plaice and seit royall, becaus the king iustit himselff dissaguysed onknawin and he was callit the Blak Knicht, quha gave battell to all thame that wald fecht for thair ladyis saik, and speciallie of the knichtis and gentilmen of France, Ingland and Denmark. The Blak Knicht sayit thame all bot thair was nane that mycht war him at na tyme bot he wan the lady frome thame all, for he was verie puissant and strenthie on horsback and faucht and iustit with all kynd of weaponis that vsis thairvnto, that is to say with speir, sword and mass, bot thair was nocht ane that incountart him that micht byd his straikis he was so strang and puissant in his armes; thairfoir the iudge and harrauldis gave him the degrie of that turnament that he vsed all kynd of turnament maist manlie and knichtlyk of ony that was thair at that tyme. The Erle of Arrane, Lord Hamiltoun, gat the degrie that day givin to him be the iudgeis and harrauldis of the best archer, athir in horsback or on fut, that was in Scotland at that tyme, the Erle of Glencarne, in lyk maner, the best riner of the speir, the Lord Gray the best fechtar with the battellaix, Schir Patrick Hammiltoun with the twa handit sword. One this wayis evirie barroun was commandit be the iudge and the harrauldis as thay vsit thameselff vith thair

> weaponis, as was givin to thame eftirward be the king for thair reward and adwancment of thair honour, the quhilk weaponis war of fyne gold, or of siluir, or than doubill ovir gilt, and that the said lordis sould keip thame in memorie for the kingis honour and thair glorie in tymes cuming, that thair posteritie micht sie eftir quhat nummer thai haue beine, and how thay vsit thamesellffis to the kingis graice, thair maisteris pleasour and to the adwancment of thair awin honour: this turnament and iusting beand indureit the space of xl dayis, as I schew to zow befoir, that evirie man had tyme and lasour to sey himsellff gif he pleisit. This beand done, the king causit to mak ane gret triumphe and bancat in Halyrudhous quhilk lestit the space of thrie dayis, begoud at nyne houris in the morneing, and lestit quhill nyne houris at evin. In the said bancat was all kynd of delicat and delicious meittis and drinkis that cuild be gottin in Scotland, Ingland and France, and for to reheirs thame it war ane lang space, bot betuix everie seruice thair was ane phairs, or ane play, sum be speikin, sum be craft of igramancie, quhilk causit men to sie thingis aper quhilk was nocht. And so at the hennest bancat pheirs and play vpone the thrid day thair come ane clwdd out of the rwffe of the hall as appeirit to men and opnit and cleikkit vp the Blak Lady in presence of thame all, that scho was no moir seine bot this was done be the art of igramancie, for the kingis pleasour, [by] ane callit Bischope Androw Forman, quha was ane igramanciar and seruit the king at sic tymes for his pastyme and pleasour. This beand done, the king rewardit all his nobillis and gentillmen and maid threttie knichtis at this tyme.[22]

The tournament, in 1507,[23] was proclaimed by James at the instigation of Bernard Stewart, third Lord D'Aubigny;[24] it was an international occasion. It was lifted out of the ordinary by the king's enthusiastic participation, by his declaring the tournament 'The Turnament of the Black Knicht and the Black Lady', by his assuming himself the disguise of the Black Knight, and by his taking the tournament honours. The tournament lasted, if Pitscottie is to be believed, forty days and was concluded with three days of feasting. On the final day came the climactic 'pheirs': 'come ane clwdd out of the rwffe of the hall as appeirit to men and opnit and cleikkit vp the Blak Lady in presence of thame all that scho was no moir seine'.

The grandeur of the tournament is, in itself, unremarkable. But there is an intimacy, involving the king, which is characteristic of the Scottish court. D'Aubigny, having the status of ambassador from a foreign court, remains a formal and shadowy figure. Andrew Forman, Bishop of Moray, probably the chief preliminary negotiator of the marriage contract between James and Margaret Tudor, and favoured by James, Louis, Henry, and the Pope—who was later to write to James praising Forman's 'trustworthiness, prudence, diligence and nimble wit'[25]—loses some of his formality and shows a different nimbleness of wit in masterminding the disappearance of the Black Lady.[26] James himself, responding to the appearance of 'ane knycht and ane lady callit the Quhyte Rois', becomes the touchstone of the occasion by his assumption of the

leading role: his poet, William Dunbar, equally characteristically, responds with an occasional poem which seems to develop the king's joke and comment upon it:

Lang heff I maid of ladyes quhytt,
Now of ane blak I will indytt,
That landet furth of the last schippis;
Quhou fain wald I descrywe perfytt,
My ladye with the mekle lippis.

Quhou scho is tute mowitt lyk ane aip,
And lyk a gangarall unto graip;
And quhou hir schort catt noiss vp skippis;
And quhou scho schynes lyk ony saip;
My ladye with the mekle lippis.

Quhen schou is claid in reche apperrall,
Scho blinkis als brycht as ane tar barrell;
Quhen scho was born, the son tholit clippis,
The nycht be fain faucht in hir querrell:
My ladye with the mekle lippis.

Quhai for hir saik, with speir and scheld,
Preiffis maist mychtelye in the feld,
Sall kis, and withe hir go in grippis;
And fra thyne furth hir luff sall weld:
My ladye with the mekle lippis.

And quhai in felde receawes schame,
And tynis thair his knychtlie name,
Sall cum behind and kiss hir hippis,
And newir to wther confort clame:
My ladye with the mekle lippis.

Dunbar writes mid-tournament: his final stanza demands that the success of the Black Lady's champion be in the balance. As in other instances the importance of his poem is that it is part of an occasion, that it adds another dimension to that occasion and, in doing so, evidences the peculiarly intimate and integrated character of Scottish court entertainment. John Young's description of a court evening, quoted above, demonstrates the readiness with which all present participated on informal occasions, as indeed does Dunbar's poem, *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer*. James gathered a group of more than fifty courtiers about him, his 'familiars', men who were mostly of the aristocracy and who linked the court with the baronial families and the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Some of these held office in the royal household but most were apparently freed of administrative duties and were, essentially, 'courtiers and boon companions of the king'. James would send a puncheon of wine to the house of John Tyrie, provost of the collegiate kirk of Methven, when he intended to lodge there: he would buy 'daunsing gere' for Thomas Boswell and Patrick Sinclair; he would 'play at the tables with Robert Colville'.[27]

Other poems of Dunbar's help establish the intimacy James allowed his courtiers, the camaraderie that held them together. Thus in both *þe Wowing of the King quhen he wes in Dumfermeling* and *The Dregy* Dunbar treats James with the easy familiarity of an equal, making the one poem a joke at his expense and, in the other, inviting him back 'fra the pyne and wo/Of Striuilling, every court manis fo,' (ll.33–4) that he may:

> . . . sone play, sing, and dance
> Heir into Edinburcht and mak gud cheir
> Quhair welth and weilfair is, but weir.
> (ll.68–70)

There is no impropriety in the first poem's ready tolerance of one of the king's escapades and no reflection on his piety in the second. Both require an audience, and assume the complicity of that audience, in fact play on its consciousness of itself as an audience, and on one side of its collective taste. The same is true of *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer*, of the apparently even more outrageous *Madame ȝour men said thai wald ryd*, and of *The Flyting*.

On other occasions, though the participants were the same, the roles were different: Dunbar's poem of welcome to D'Aubigny, *The Ballade of Lord Barnard Stewart*, is manifestly part of a ceremony of welcome; his elegy, *Illuster Lodovick, of France most cristin king*, a consolatory address, for and on behalf of the Scottish court, to the French king. And Andrew Forman, guest of honour at the Lord Mayor of London's dinner for the Scottish legation of 1501, would have feared no flashes of his servant's audacious wit when Dunbar, 'a Scottysh preyst syttyng at oon of the syde tablys',[28] rose to present his tribute to the city, 'London, thou art of townes A per se'. Dunbar in fact becomes the most useful indicator, not just of the court's literary tastes, but of its sense of itself as an entity, of the *esprit de corps* present in moments both formal and informal, of the lead given, in all its activities, by the king, of the pervasiveness of his spirit, energy, and ambitions, his vitality. Dunbar is thus more than court makar *par excellence* and, in a sense, almost all of his poems can be read as responses of one sort or another to the moods or needs of the king, or as contributions to court occasions, informal, formal, ceremonial, and religious.[29]

The richest occasion of James' reign was, of course, his welcome to Margaret Tudor, his thirteen-year-old bride.

> Quhat sal I say, how the king heir receiuet the nobilitie of Ingland, how ornatlie, honorablye, royallie, sumptuouslie? Quhat of spectacles, gemis, and plays thair to be seine? Quhat of horses rining vpon horses justing? in quhilkes althocht the Inglismen had gret plesure to behauld, with commendatioun and admiratioun of the kings ingine, ȝit quhen tha saw the Scotis that tyme in costlie and gay cleithing sa far excel that Ingland to thame in that respect was far inferiour, tha meruelt mekle mair, and out of mesour.[30]

John Young, the Somerset Herald, shares Leslie's enthusiasm, and perhaps acquits him of any charge of undue national bias; but it is none the less clear that, in terms of sumptuousness and extravagance, the pageantry of Edinburgh's welcome to Margaret was no equal of London's, two years earlier, to Katherine of Aragon. The entry of Margaret to Edinburgh seems to have been, in comparison, simply contrived and not unlike Dunbar's description of her later entry into Aberdeen in *Blyth Aberdein, thow beriall of all tounis*:

> Ther war many honest people of the town, and of the countre aboute, honnestly arayd all on horsbak, and so by ordre the king and qwene entred within the said towne. At the entrynge of that same cam in processyon the Grey Freres, with the crosse and sum relicks, the wich was presented by the warden to the kynge for to kysse, bot he wold not before the qwene; and he had hys hed barre during the ceremonies.
>
> The mynstrells, Johannes and hys company, and the trompetts, war as well of the one syd as of the other; bot thos of Scotlaund had no new baneres: and did the devor at the said entryng officers of armes of Inglaund, and non at Scotlaund. Sergents of masses &c. ychon, by ordre.
>
> A lityll more fourther cam also in processyon the Jocobins, revested the most chyft and principall of them, with many relicks, wherof some of thos war by the prior gyffen to kysse, in lyke wys; wherof the king did as before.
>
> At the entryng of the said towne was maid a yatt of wood painted, with two towrell and a windowe in the midds. In the wich towrell was, at the windowes, revested angells syngyng joyously for the comynge of so noble a lady; and at the sayd middle windowe was in lyk wys an angell presenting the kees to the said qwene.
>
> Within the towne ny to the said yatt came in processyon the College of the Perysche of Seint Gilles, rychly revested, with the arme of that seint; the wiche was presented to the kynge for to kysse; wherof he did as before, and began to synge *Te Deum Laudamus*.
>
> In the mydds of the towne was a crosse, new painted, and ny to that same a fontayne, castynge forth of wyn, and ychon drank that wold.
>
> Ny to that crosse was a scarfaws maid, wher was represented Paris and the three deessys, with Mercure, that gaffe hym the apyll of gold, for to gyffe to the most fayre of the thre, wiche he gave to Venus.
>
> In the scarfaws was represented also, the salutacion of Gabriell to the Virgyne, in sayinge '*Ave gratia*', and sens after, the sollempnizacion of the varey maryage betwix the said Vierge and Joseph.
>
> More fourther was of new maid one other yatt, apon the wiche was in sieges the iiij vertus. Theys is to weytt, *Justice*, holdynge in hyr right haunde a swerde all naked, and in the t'other a pair of ballaunces, and she had under hyr feet the Kyng Nero: *Force*, armed, holyng in hyr haund a shafte, and under hyr feet was

> Holofernes, all armed: *Temperance*, holyng in hyr haund a bitt of an horse, and under hyr feete was Epicurus: *Prudence*, holynge in hyr haunde a syerge, and under hyr Sardenapalus. With thos war tabretts that playd merrily, whill the noble company passt thorough. Under was a licorne and a greyhound, that held a difference of one chardon florysched, and a red rose entrelassed.
>
> Then the noble company passed out of the said towne, to the Church of the Holy Crosse; out of wich cam the Archbischop of Saunt Andrew, brother of the said kynge, his crosse borne before hym, acompanyed of the reverend fathers in God the Byschop of Aberdeen, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, the Byschops of Orkney, Cathness, Ross, Dunblane, and Dunkeld, and many abbotts, all in their pontificalls, with the religious and chanoynes richly revested, proceded by theyr crosse. The said Archibyschop then gave the king a relik for to kysse, bot he dyd as hee had doon before . . .
>
> The towne of Edenbourgh was in many places haunged with tappissery, the howses and wyndowes war full of lordes, ladyes, gentylwomen, and gentylmen, and in the streytts war soe grett multitude of people without nombre, that it was a fayr thynge to se. The wich people war varey glad of the commynge of the sayd qwene: and in the churches of the sayd towne bells range for myrthe.[31]

The wedding ceremony, on the following day, 8 August 1503, was followed by a banquet, the windows of the 'grett chammer' bearing 'the armes of Scotland and Inglaund byperted . . . to which, a chardon, and a rosse interlaced thorough a crowne was added'.[32] From the walls hung tapestries depicting the history of Troy. The festivities continued for five days, masques, moralities and minstrelsy, dancing and diversions like conjuring and acrobatics indoors, tournaments outdoors.

At least three of Dunbar's poems graced the occasion: *Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre*, *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past*, (*The Thistle and the Rose*) and *Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun*. The song, *Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre*, is accompanied in the only manuscript by a part of a musical setting, though there is no indication of the place or circumstances of its performance. It clearly preceded the wedding ceremony and Dunbar's characteristically cumulative technique acquires, in the short line and stanza, culminating in an insistent refrain, a simple and immediate sense of joyousness appropriate to the moment of welcome. It is not a song to grace a ceremoniously formal occasion but a song which catches the same sense of spontaneous welcome as that of the 'common voce . . . of birdis small' in *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past* where, in the penultimate stanza, after the mavis, the merle, the lark, and the nightingale have made their welcome:

> The commoun voce vpraiss of birdis small
> Apone this wyss, 'O blissit be the hour
> That thow wes chosin to be our principall.
> Welcome to be our princes of honour,
> Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,

Our peax, our play, our plane felicite.'
(ll.176–81)

The Somerset Herald's description of Margaret's entry to Edinburgh describes the angels in the turrets above the gatehouse as 'singing joyously for the coming of so noble a lady' (a fair summary of the song's content) while another angel presents the keys of the city to the queen, and the song conceivably belongs in such a pageant scene as this, composed as part of a whole and with, of course, very small chance of the lyric surviving in a form which would make a firm attribution possible.[13]

Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past is Dunbar's most ceremonial welcome to the queen, a poem designed to enhance a state occasion, perhaps her arrival at Holyrood Palace on 7 August. Like the song, *Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre*, it clearly precedes the wedding, and is a poem of welcome, celebrating less the person of Margaret than the union of Stewart and Tudor, thistle and rose, an emblematic union fresh in its connotations as its employment in the Holyrood Palace window would suggest, and rejoicing in the 'perpetual peace' promised through the union. The poem deserves to be seen in this context, not as an exercise in well-worn literary conventions, which can only lead to an impression of its sterile artificiality, but as one of several contributions to the pageantry of a formal occasion, a poem which, through its reading, gives the occasion an extra dimension, providing interpretation as well as decoration, exploiting the heraldic representations of the Stewart and Tudor families, amply displayed at the palace, to establish the significance of the event. Any such entertainment or ceremonial occasion was able to draw on several modes of presentation which were not in competition with each other but combining to create a total effect—just as the song, *Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre*, may have been a small but integral part of the gatehouse tableau. *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past* is to be thought of as part of such a display or performance, drawing for some of its effects on the other parts. So the use of colour and heraldic symbolism in the poem would have drawn something of the visual effect of the decorations of the hall just as it added to their significance by offering something in the way of commentary.

Evidence for this is to be found in the poem's structure. *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past* is primarily a poem of welcome; it develops through three stages and the climactic stage is not the second, in which Nature's injunctions to the three heraldic representations of James, the lion, the eagle, and the thistle, are presented, but the third, in which the focus is shifted from James, and all nature welcomes his bride. It is this which gives the poem its 'applied' character and a meaningfulness which it would otherwise lack. Most of Dunbar's counsels to the king, Nature's injunctions, are maxim-like, both the lion and the eagle being instructed to dispense justice to all ranks of society, without fear or favour, to protect the weak, and not to allow the strong to usurp their rights, both these sections being readily explicable extensions of the heraldic emblems. But Nature's injunction to the thistle is longer, more important in that it concerns the union of the thistle and the rose, perhaps more direct and personal, in that it appears to remind the king that he has now to abandon the licence of his youth and cherish his bride:

And sen thow art a king thow be discreit:
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
As herb of vertew and of odor sueit,
And lat no nettill vyle and full of vyce
Hir fallow to þe gudly flour delyce,
Nor latt no wyld weid full of churlicheness
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness,

Nor hald non vdir flour in sic denty
As the fresche ross of cullour reid and quhyt.
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honesty,
Conciddering þat no flour is so perfyt,
So full of vertew, plesans and delyt,
So full of blisfull angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour and dignite.
(ll.134–47)

The Parliament of Nature is held in a garden, a development of the *locus amoenus* which, while it appears no more than conventional, seeks to establish not the usual notions associated with Spring, the season of generation, but rather a sense of an ordered and harmonious universe:

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
To ferss Neptunus and Eolus þe bawld
Nocht to perturb þe wattir nor þe air,
And þat no schouris nor blastis cawld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on þe fold.
Scho bad eik Iuno, goddes of þe sky,
That scho þe hevin suld keip amene and dry.
(ll.64–70)

In this ideal world the lion and the eagle rule with justice and equality, the thistle cherishes the rose, her coming being made the crucial event which all Nature's creatures celebrate in terms which leave no doubt of its significance. Thus Nature welcomes the rose:

. . .'O lusty dochtir most benyng,
Aboif þe lilly illustare of lynnage,
Fro þe stok ryell rysing fresche and ȝing,
But ony spot or macull doing spring,
Cum blowme of ioy with iemis to be cround,
For our the laif thy bewty is renownd.'
(ll.149–54)

The English connection is placed above the French, and the birds each add their welcome, the mavis with the exotic figure recalling the Nativity symbol,

Haill blosome breking out of þe blud royall,
(l.167)

the lark stressing the might of the Tudors,

> . . . 'Haill roiss both reid and quhyt,
> Most plesand flour of michty cullouris twane.'
> (ll.171–2)

and the common birds joining in with their acclaim:

> . . . 'O blissit be the hour
> That thow wes chosin to be our principall.
> Welcome to be our princes of honour,
> Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
> Our peax, our play, our plane felicite.
> Chryst the conserf frome all aduersite.'
> (ll.177–82)

The play on *perle* (for Margaret), and the placing of *peax* in the corresponding position in the next line, reaffirms the real and immediate concern which lies beneath the poem's celebratory mode. If the thirteen-year-old princess was stifling another yawn her advisers must have been gratified at the wisdom and far-sightedness of the court poet's assessment of the situation.

Dunbar's third poem of welcome addresses Margaret as queen (not princess as in the two earlier poems), *Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun*. It is similar to *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past* in its emphasis on Margaret's youth and her Tudor descent. Short, vigorously dramatic in its use of exclamatory devices and imperatives, it appears both a welcome to a newly crowned queen and an encouragement to her in her new role, its one stanza which departs from an extravagant use of the cumulative technique being a prayer for an heir to the throne. It may be argued that, considering the lady's age, this is rather a premature wish—and this had led some commentators to put the date of the poem somewhat later—but it is a decorously expressed wish in an elaborately formal context and surely therefore consonant with Dunbar's attitude in *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past*. He welcomes the lady as queen but celebrates the prospect of an Anglo-Scottish peace.

Each of these coronation poems is tailored to its occasion, as are the poems addressed to D'Aubigny, and those to London and Aberdeen. Each both accepts, and finds energy in, the constraints of its occasion: *Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre* accepting the anonymity of a pageant tableau but evoking both spontaneity and generality of response; *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past* accepting its place in richer and more meaningful ceremony, contributing to and drawing from the most elaborate and formal occasion of James' reign, evoking just this sense of ceremony and of its emblematic significance; *Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun* quieter, coming late in the festivities, decorous as each of the other two poems has been, accepting the formality of the continuing occasion but allowing itself a wish personal in its sympathy if political in its implication.

Both 'The Turnament of the Black Knicht and the Black Lady' and James' wedding festivities were held in Edinburgh, and there is a temptation to associate king, court, and Edinburgh, a capital as London was a capital. But James was a peripatetic king, moving between Edinburgh, Stirling, and Linlithgow, Falkland, Methven, Lochmaken, Ringwall and

other castles, monasteries and occasionally the houses of rich burgesses.[34]

When he moved, his court moved, and with them their furnishings and comforts, even, sometimes, the windows.[35] John Young describes how, on 10 August 1503, as part of the wedding festivities, jousts were held in the courtyards 'before the wyndowes':

> After the dynnar begon, jousts war apoynted in the basse courte before the wyndowes. The place was without barreres and only the tyllt. The challengers war my Lord of Kylmars and my Lord Treithoun. Ther aids wer Syr Alexandre Seytoun, the Maister of Mewgumery, Syr Patryk Hamylton, and Syr John of Treytom, to all the comers duryng the jousts.
>
> The deffenders for that day wer my Lord of Hamilton, cosin of the kynge, dressed in red satyn, my Lord Roos, Syre Davy Hume, William of Cokbwrn of Langtown, Patryck Synklars, in jackets borded of blak velvett, and Henry Brws. Ychon of them tuke a corse of a spere, and a swerde with the poynte broken, sum brak speres, the others not. At the wyndowes was the kynge acompayned of th Archebyschops of Saunt Andrew and York, and of the Byschop of Durham, and of other prelatts, the said wyndows being well apoynted. The qwene was at the windowes of hyr grett chammer, acompayned of hyr ladyes, and of the others of the reyme, with my lord hyr chyf chamberlaine. The said wyndowes wer arayd in like wise, and more rychly. Ageynst them was a scarfawld, wheron was my Lord of Surrey, and the Erle Bothwell only; my Lord Morley, the constable, the officers of armes, and many other officers and trompetts stood by the feild.[36]

Both the tournament and the wedding were internationally public occasions; but much of court life, especially that of 'lufesum ladyis ȝing', went on in places like the queen's 'grett chammer' and it is not entirely fanciful to follow the king's windows, to speculate on the sorts of entertainments which could be offered to a court which moved frequently and which were, anyway, offered in less splendid regional aristocratic courts.

Margaret Tudor's entry to Edinburgh was simply contrived, an expression of appropriate ceremony and welcome rather than an elaborate and persuasive political allegory.[37] James' tournament did not attempt to develop or embellish existing conventions: rather, it enjoyed the conventions and, by introducing the element of farce, both risked appearing provincial and, unconsciously, affirmed the integrity of the Scottish court, and its sense of its own values. On informal occasions the court was, similarly, content with the accepted forms and, within them, self-reliant. It found pleasure in minor tournaments, in the special, occasional festivals which prescribed their own forms,[38] in plays and pageants. It was lavish in its patronage of minstrels, fools, jesters, tumblers, and dancers.[39] Its members took part in amateur disguisings.[40] It found pleasure also in 'commonyng', in what an English poet would have called 'dalliance', in the ritualised converse of a privileged minority

who found both comfort and pleasure in its forms and who gave expression to them in dance, music, song, and poetry:

> Sum singis, sum dances, sum tellis storyis,
> Sum lait at evin bringis in the moryis.
> (Dunbar, *Be diuerss wyiss and operatiounes*, ll.7–8)

The night at Newbattle, as described by John Young, serves as exemplar: the entertainment is spontaneous; it is not without accomplishment or sophistication; it is genuinely communal.

Explicit as John Young generally is, he does not identify songs or even moods: there is no contemporary evidence of what was considered appropriate to such an evening. One may envisage 'dalliance', in the English sense defined by *Gawain* or passages in Book II of *Troilus and Criseyde*, and further exemplified by Wyatt and the courtly makers.[41] But Dunbar's poems alone suggest something much more wide-ranging. The metrical lightness of his *Off Lentren in the first mornyng*, the intimately personal quality of both *My heid did ȝak ȝesternicht* and *In to thir dirk and drublie dayis*; the social criticism made in his *Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak*; the play with the king that allows both *Wowyng* and *Dregy*, and remonstrance and complaint; the play with individuals of the court that is manifested in *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer*, the two poems addressed to the 'kepair of the quenis wardrep', *Of an Blak Moir*, the two poems directed against John Damian, and, most particularly, *The Flyting*; the deeper, more deliberate, and more exploratory poems that grow out of such play, *The Tretis of the Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* out of *Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinsday*, *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht*, (*The Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis*), out of *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer*; *The Goldin Terge* out of *Sen þat I am a presoneir*: all of these suggest that the Scottish court, on its relaxed occasions, was receptive of a wide range of poems, as of entertainments.

They suggest also that, as 'songis of luve' have a place very well defined by Bannatyne's three other sections of *Ballattis of Luve*, so 'commonyng' admitted talk of many things. The court was a definable group but, in Scotland, at least, it was not, either practically or in its own awareness of itself, dissociated from the other estates; the polite terms of courtly love were fashionable, in Scotland as elsewhere, but there was a wider consciousness of manners, as poems like *To dwell in court my friend* or *Off every asking follows nocht*, *Discretioun of Geving*, and *Discretioun in Taking*, argue. And there was a prevalent morality, as *Devorit with dreme*, for example, or mortality poems like *Full oft I mvss* and *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness* demonstrate. It is as wrong to think of this court as either dour or introspective as it is to think of it as being insulated, by its manners, from the rest of society. It was a court identifiable with its king, a devout man who rode amongst his people as well as he who

> . . . bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss
> And kast vp gamountis in the skyiss
> That last came out of France.
> (*Off Februar the fyiftene nycht*, ll.10–12)

This is not to deny the existence of the poetry of dalliance in the early sixteenth century.[42] Nor is it to accept the view that 'the detached, moralising approach characterises all Scottish love-lyrics of the later fifteenth century'.[43] The evidence is rather for the continuity of a rich tradition of love poetry, intimately a part of the court's 'commonyng', which admitted many attitudes towards love and 'luf-talkyng' and which cannot be reduced to either detached moralising on the one hand or repeated and despairing protestations on the other. It is true that Dunbar, in his *I þat in heill wes and glaidness*, remembers only one poet of love, Mersar,

> That did in luve so lyfly wryte,
> So schort, so quick, of sentens hie.
> (ll.74–5)

Little of Mersar's poetry survives but what there is suggests that he, like the other Scottish makars, wrote easily in any of several decorums: thus, of the three poems attributed to him in Bannatyne, one is an 'ABC' for the lover, *Off Luve, quhay lyikis to haif ioy or confort*, the second a pleasantly ironical attack on the inconsistencies of men, *Allace so sobir is the micht*, and the third, *Thir billis are brevit to birdis in speciall*,[44] a moralising address to 'Ladeis and madynis þat ȝarnis fra reprufe'. A fourth poem, attributed in the Maitland Manuscript to Mersar, is a version of the familiar theme, 'earth upon earth'.[45] One cannot safely deduce from these four poems the full nature of the 'liveliness' with which Mersar wrote of love; and one can certainly argue that the 'billis' referred to in the third poem, the 'trivmphand amowres balleitis' referred to in *Fane wald I luve bot quhair abowt*, would have been amongst the most ephemeral of poetic productions.

Few of Dunbar's poems are poems of love. Yet *Sweit roiss of vertew* is an accomplished example of the lover's complaint against his lady's lack of pity; and his *Quhone he List to Feyne*, a clever and witty parody of the language and stance of the courtly lover, surely argues the existence of many other poems of the type. St Francis chides Dunbar with the fact that he 'hes lang done Venus lawis teiche'[46] and, in the debate poem, *Now Cumis Aige quhair ȝewth Hes Bene*, Dunbar uses a similar figure:

> I haif experience by my sell,
> In luvis court anis did I dwell
> Bot quhair I of a ioy cowth tell
> I culd of truble tell fyftene.
> (ll.25–8)

As *Sen þat I am a presoneir* is directly within the convention of the allegorical dream vision concerned with love so *The Goldin Terge* and *The Tretis of the Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* are, in their very different ways, departures from it that depend on its familiarity for some at least of their effects. The balance of the poems that survive suggests that, although Dunbar could describe himself on occasion as the servant of Venus, he was in no danger of having, like Chaucer, to retract. Yet,

though the Nightingale abruptly converts the Merle, there has been room in that poem, as in Chaucer's *Troilus* for the joys of love:

> With notis glaid and glorious armony
> This ioyfull merle so salust scho the day
> Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,
> Saying, 'Awalk ȝe luvaris, O this May.
> Lo, fresche Flora hes flurest every spray
> As Natur hes hir taucht, þe noble quene.
> The feild bene clothit in a new array.
> A lusty lyfe in luvis seruice bene.'
> (ll.17–24)

> The merle said, 'Lufe is caus of honour ay.
> Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchass.
> Luve makis knychtis hardy at assey.
> Luve makis wrechis full of lergeness.
> Luve makis sueir folkis full of bissiness.
> Luve makis sluggirdis fresche and weill besene.
> Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilness.
> A lusty lyfe in luvis seruice bene.'
> (ll.81–8)

Other 'songis of luve', poems from the first and most numerous section of Bannatyne's *Ballattis of Luve*, poems which are entirely within the courtly love ethos, fill out the picture. Most of these are sixteenth century and many cannot be dated with any precision: but there are enough from the turn of the century, as MacQueen's selection demonstrates, to argue the existence of a strong tradition of occasional love poetry which is both directly responsive to 'the realities of courtly life'[47] and, as art poetry, part of an entertainment which is, in terms of audience expectation and authorial sensibility to the decorum of occasion, highly sophisticated. The freedom with which Dunbar—and also Douglas in his *Palice of Honour*—moves within and about the conventions is evidence of this, as is the absolutely assured quality of poems like Henryson's *Robene sat on gud grene hill* and, more pertinently, the metrically similar, anonymous *Quhen Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht*.

Tayis bank, one of the less well-known and yet one of the most immaculately beautiful lyrics of the turn of the century, is in a sense emblematic of the aureate age. It is closely connected with the court, in that it quite clearly looks back on James' tragic affair with Margaret Drummond;[48] it almost certainly belongs as did Holland's *The Houlate* and, later, Lindsay's *Squyre Meldrum* to a provincial culture, that is, to a culture which is modelled on, but removed from the court. It suggests something of the richness of that lost culture. It is elegant, and courtly, in its use of the dream vision mode, its setting of Tayside against the earthly paradise, and its elaborate rhyme; it is provincial in its acceptance of structural alliteration and a popular courtly love vocabulary; it is precise in its awareness of the courtly connection, in its blending of the courtly with the provincial mode, and in its wistful translation of both into song. It is thus a rarely expressive poem: in its defined compass the shift from unfulfilled *chanson d'aventure*, through

unresolved dream vision, to the bluntness of a May morning 'under Stobschaw', gathers extraordinary power. Human beauty, as briefly found, is idealised, located in an earthly paradise, and inexplicably lost. Rhyme, alliteration, and assonance decorate, momentarily contain the beauty of this world as, through their own 'brukkilnes', they express the briefness of its flowering. Both the elegance and the fragility of Scotland's aureate age are caught as the dreamer's vision fades into the landscape of faery:

> This myrthfull maid to meit I ment
> And merkit furth on mold,
> Bot sone within a wane scho went,
> Most hevinly to behold.
> The bricht sone with his bemys blent
> Vpoun þe bertis bold,
> Farest vnder the firmament
> That formit wes on fold.
> (ll.89–96)

1 See especially Ranald Nicholson, *Scotland: The Later Middle Ages*, Edinburgh, 1974 and William Croft Dickinson, *Scotland from the Earliest Times to 1603*, 2nd rev. ed., London, 1965.

2 M.M. Phillips (tr. and ed.), *The Adages of Erasmus*, Cambridge, 1964, p.304. James is identified by Erasmus as one of a series of renaissance princes; further evidence of what he meant by that, relevant in the Scottish context, is given in his comments on Alexander:

> He was having lessons from me . . . in rhetoric and Greek. Great heavens what a mind that was, swift, felicitous, ready to follow up anything and how much it could grasp at once! At the same time he was studying law . . . In the afternoon he would study music, playing the monochord, the recorder or the lute. Sometimes he would sing. Even mealtimes were put to use for study: the chaplain would always read aloud some serious book, for instance the *Decretals*, or St. Jerome, or Ambrose . . . After dinner there might be stories told, but short ones and with a literary flavour . . . if by chance there were any extra time he spent it on reading history . . . As a result of all this when he was a mere youth barely out of his eighteenth year he had gone so far in his literary studies that you would rightly have marvelled at it in any grown man. pp.305–6.

3 Quoted from William Croft Dickinson, Gordon Donaldson and Isabel Milne (eds), *A Source Book of Scottish History, Volume Two: 1424 to 1567*, rev. ed. 1958, London and Edinburgh, p.3.

4 John Young, from J. Leland, *De Rebus Britannicis Collectanea*, III, London, 1774, pp.283–4.

5 Robert Lindesay of Pitscottie, *The Historie and Cronicles of Scotland*, ed. AE. J.G. Mackay, Scottish Text Society, 3 vols, 1899–1911, I,p.218.

6 *Ibid.*, p.251. The ship survived this test but was never used in battle.

7 *Ibid.*, p.237.

8 See Dunbar's *The Fenȝeit Freir of Tungland*, and *Lucina schynnyng in the silence of the nicht*.

9 Pitscottie, *Historie and Cronicles*, I, p.235: 'In the meane tyme this nobill King James the fourt was weill leirnit in the art of mediecein and also ane cuning sorugenar that nane in his realme that wssit that craft bot wald tak his counsall in all proceidingis.'

10 Stephen Leacock, 'Gertrude the Governess', in *Nonsense Novels*, London, 1950, p.63.

11 'Erat enim corpore firmo, statura iusta, oris dignitate summa, ingenio quidem acri, sed, vitio temporis, ab literis inculto.' George Buchanan, *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*, Edinburgh, 1583, fol.138.

12 Nicholson, *Scotland*, p.574.

13 Pitscottie, *Historie and Cronicles*, I, p.276.

14 Nicholson, *Scotland*, p.577.

15 'To wit scho was xij scoir of futtis of length and xxxv futte withtin the wallis; scho was ten fute thik in the waill, cuttit jeastis of aik witht hir wallis and burdis on ewerie syde sa stark and thik that no canon could gang throw hir. This great schipe cummerit Scottland to get hir to the sie; from tyme scho was aflott and all hir mastis and saillis compleit, witht towis and ankeris effeirand thairto scho was comptit to the king to be xxx thousand pund of expensis by hir artaillze quhilk was werie great and costlie to the king by all the laif of hir order.' Pitscottie, *Historie and Cronicles*, I, p.251.

16 See the description in Leslie Macfarlane 'The Book of Hours of James IV and Margaret Tudor', *Innes Review*, XI, 1960, pp.3–20.

17 Nicholson, Scotland, p.576.

18 Bishop of Aberdeen 1483–1514, Elphinstone was closely involved with the Education Act of 1496, the foundation of King's College, Aberdeen (1498), and the introduction of printing into Scotland (1507).

19 Jhone Leslie, *The Historie of Scotland*, tr. James Dalrymple, ed. E.G. Cody and William Murison, Scottish Text Society, 2 vols, 1888–95, II p.128.

20 R.L. Mackie, *King James IV of Scotland*, Edinburgh and London, 1958, p.202.

21 Pitscottie, *Historie and Cronicles*, I, pp.231–2.

22 Pitscottie, *Historie and Cronicles*, I, pp.242–4.

23 See also Anna J. Mill, *Mediaeval Plays in Scotland*, St Andrews, 1924, pp.53, 325 ff.

24 For further information on D'Aubigny see Douglas Gray, 'A Scottish "Flower of Chivalry" and his Book', *Words*, 4, January 1974, pp.22–33.

25 Mackie, *James IV*, pp.206–7.

26 Margaret, perhaps less aware of this at the time of her marriage, had complained to her father that Surrey and Forman arranged everything. *Ibid.*, p.11.

27 Nicholson, *Scotland*, p.540.

28 Guildhall MS *Great Chronicle of London*, fol. 292*b*, quoted Mackie, *James IV*, p.96.

29 See W.S. Ramson, 'William Dunbar: "Kirkman, Courtman, and Craftsman Fyne" ', *Words*, 4, January 1974, pp.59–66.
30 Leslie, *Historie of Scotland*, II, p.121.
31 Leland, *De Rebus Britannicis*, III, pp.289–91.
32 *Ibid.*, p.295.
33 See also, Mackie, *James IV*, pp.108–9.
34 Mackie, *James IV*, pp.115, 133.
35 *Ibid.*, p.116 : 'When with his household of almost one hundred persons James IV moved from Edinburgh to Linlithgow or Stirling, plate, tapestries, beds and even glass windows were brought from the *garde meuble* in the Castle or from Holyrood-house "tursit" in carts or on pack-horses and sent before him.'
36 Leland, *De Rebus Britannicis*, III, p.298.
37 See e.g. the detailed description in Sydney Anglo, 'The London Pageants for the Reception of Katharine of Aragon: November 1501', *Journal of Warburg and Courtauld Institute*, XXVI, 1963, pp.53–89. Although the six pageants—'The Tabernacle' on London Bridge, 'The Castle' in Gracechurch Street, 'The Sphere of the Moon' at the Conduit in Cornhill, 'The Sphere of the Sun', at the Great Conduit in Cheap, 'The Temple of God' at the Standard in Cheap and 'The Throne of Honour' at the far end of Cheap—welcoming the Spanish princess to London were far more visually elaborate than the welcome prepared for Margaret at Edinburgh, the closing speech of the final pageant suggests that the standard of occasional poetry in the Southern capital was distinctly inferior:

'Wherfor noble pryncesse, if that ye parsevyr
With yowir excellent spowse, then shall ye
Regn there with us in prosperyte for evyr.
Alsoo these crownys and setys in ech syde of me
All voyd and uncumpanyed yit as ye se
Ar kept as reward for noblesse and vertew
That oon for yowir noble spowse, and that othir for you'.
(p.86).

38 See Anna J. Mill, *Mediaeval Plays*, pp.9 ff.
39 *Ibid.*, pp.37 ff.
40 *Ibid.*, pp.46 ff.
41 See also R. Southall, *The Courtly Maker*, Oxford, 1964 and especially J. Stevens, *Music and Poetry in the Early Tudor Court*, London, 1961.
42 See John MacQueen's important introductory essay in his *Ballattis of Luve*, Edinburgh, 1970.
43 *Ibid.*, p.xxi: a view for which MacQueen finds evidence in poems of Clerk and Mersar, and in Lindsay's use of courtly love conventions in the *Satyre*, but which he cautions against accepting too simplistically.
44 *Bannatyne*, IV, pp.73–5.
45 *Maitland*, I, pp.411–12.
46 *How Dumbar wes Desyrd to be ane Freir*, l.13.
47 MacQueen *Ballattis of Luve*, XXV. MacQueen cites *Fresche fragrent flour of bewty souerane* and *Fair weill my hairt. Fair weill bayth freind and fo*, Nos. VIII and X of his collection, as examples of 'billis' or 'sedulis'.
48 See especially ll.9–10.

Chapter 2

George Bannatyne's Ballat Buke[1]

Bannatyne's Manuscript is in a folio form, containing upwards of eight hundred pages, very neatly and closely written, and designed, as has been supposed, to be sent to the press. The labour of compiling so rich a collection was undertaken by the author during the time of pestilence in the year 1568, when the dread of infection compelled men to forsake their usual employments, which could not be conducted without admitting the ordinary promiscuous intercourse between man and his kindred men.

In this dreadful period, when hundreds, finding themselves surrounded by danger and death, renounced all care save that of selfish precautions for their safety, and all thoughts save apprehensions of infection, George Bannatyne had the courageous energy to form and execute the plan of saving the literature of a whole nation; and, undisturbed by the universal mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius; —thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in preserving the lays by which immortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself.[2]

In the reigns of James IV and James V the fine arts, as they awakened in other countries, made some progress in Scotland also. Architecture and music were encouraged by both those accomplished sovereigns; and poetry, above all, seems to have been highly valued at the Scottish court. The King of Scotland, who, in point of power, seems to have been little more than the first baron of his kingdom, held a free and merry court, in which poetry and satire seem to have had unlimited range, even where their shafts glanced on royalty itself. The consequence of this general encouragement was the production of much poetry of various kinds, and concerning various persons, which the narrow exertions of the Scottish press could not convey to the public, or which, if printed at all, existed only in limited editions, which soon sunk to the rarity of manuscripts.

There was, therefore, an ample mine out of which Bannatyne made his compilation, with the intent, doubtless, of putting the Lays of the Makers out of the reach of oblivion, by subjecting the collection to the press. But the bloody wars of Queen Mary's time made that no period for literary adventure; and the tendency of the subsequent age to polemical discussion discouraged lighter and gayer studies. There is, therefore, little doubt that, had Bannatyne lived later than he did, or had he been a man of less taste in selecting his materials, a great proportion of the poetry contained in his volume must have been lost to posterity; and if the stock of northern literature had been diminished only by the loss of

such of Dunbar's pieces as Bannatyne's Manuscript contains, the damage to posterity would have been infinite.[3]

. . . he aspired at collecting and preserving that which was really worthy of preservation, and his Manuscript must be considered as comprehending a copious selection of the best Scottish poetry. The Manuscript, therefore, which bears his name, eminently deserving of our veneration as a monument of ancient times, a record of early literature and of ancient manners, is yet more worthy of respect, from the genius and talent displayed by most of the authors whose works Bannatyne has transcribed and preserved.[4]

Despite its romantic and antiquarian excesses, Scott's 'Memoir' remains the most understanding assessment of Bannatyne's editorial achievement, remarking the importance of the Manuscript in terms of its preservation of the poetry of the Stewart court and its demonstration of both the taste which made the selection and the care, arguing an intention to publish, with which it was ordered and presented. Though the reputed drama of Bannatyne's heroic, three-month stand against the onslaught of time and the ravages of pestilence and political dissension perhaps most closely realised his own sense of antiquarian urgency, Scott was far from blind to Bannatyne's care as editor, noting with more understanding than they have subsequently received the divisions made in the Manuscript and announced in Bannatyne's address to the reader:

> 3e reverend redaris, thir workis revolving richt,
> Gif 3e get crymis, correct thame to 3our micht
> And curss na clark that cunningly thame wrait.
> But blame me, baldly brocht this buik to licht
> In tenderest tyme quhen knawlege was nocht bricht;
> Bot lait begun to lerne and till translait.
> My copeis awld, mankit, and mvtillait,
> Quhais trewth as standis 3it haif I, sympill wicht,
> Tryd furth: thairfoir excuse sumpairt my estait.
>
> Now 3e haif heir this ilk buik sa provydit
> That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit.
> The first concernis Godis gloir and ouir saluatioun,
> The nixt ar morale, grave and als besyd it
> Grund on gud counsale. The thrid, I will nocht hyd it,
> Ar blyith and glaid, maid for ouir consollatioun.
> The ferd of luve and thair richt reformatioun.
> The fyift ar tailis and storeis weill discydit.
> Reid as 3e pleiss: I neid no moir narratioun.

Ramsay's introduction to *The Ever Green* contained 'a deserved, and not an inelegant compliment, both to the merit of the ancient poets and the taste of George Bannatyne, who selected and arranged their compositions',[5] and Bannatyne's editorial comments and intrusions are, of course, detailed in both the Hunterian Club's edition of 1896 and W. Tod Ritchie's later edition for the Scottish Text Society. But neither

of these attempts an interpretative analysis of the editorial practice thus detailed. Of the more recent commentators on Middle Scots literature only Helena Shire, and then only in passing, has given any attention to Bannatyne's *schema*, remarking that 'honest admiration for the contents has been its lot rather than critical appraisal of the repertory as a whole or scrutiny of any meaning detectable in its presentation', but going on to declare that, while 'the *Ballat Buke* studied as a compilation proves rewarding' to do so is beyond the scope of her immediate study.[6] The sense of the compilation as a whole, which seems to have struck Scott so strongly—in part, perhaps, because he felt that 'the good old Bards . . . had not yet made use of imported trimming upon our cloaths, nor of foreign embroidery in our writings'[7]—is announced but not pursued. The Manuscript has been worked as a quarry, its resources used to establish either a sectional interest or the *corpus* of a known poet, like Henryson or Dunbar; but it has not, as a whole, been subjected to scrutiny; and it is indeed a sorry state of affairs which has allowed Tottel's *Miscellany* to acquire the familiarity of a household word amongst students of English literature while the contents of the infinitely richer Bannatyne Manuscript remain, to a very large extent, an esoteric preserve.

The Bannatyne is unlike any other anthology of the period, published or unpublished, in three major respects: its size, the range of its content, and the deliberateness of its editorial practice. And it is thus an exhibition of taste on a significantly grander and more revealing scale than that attempted by any of Bannatyne's contemporaries. To take size first: the Manuscript is bound in two folio volumes, running to almost 800 pages and containing some 420 poems. It is not simply that this figure dwarfs the total of 180 odd poems compiled in the Maitland Folio Manuscript, chronologically the nearest substantial Scottish poetic miscellany, or the total of 271 poems in the first of the three 1557 editions of Tottel's *Songes and Sonettes*.[8] Amongst the Bannatyne pieces are an abridged version of Lindsay's *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* (fol. 164*a*–fol. 210*b*), *Colkelbie Sow* (fol. 357*a*–fol. 365*a*), and *The Houlate* (fol. 302*a*–fol. 310*b*). And there are other longish poems, Bellenden's *Proheme of the Croniculs*, Scott's *Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary quhen scho come first hame*, and *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie*. Whether or not it was transcribed within three months, as Bannatyne claims, and however much of it had been previously collected and was ready to hand in his library, the copying from 'awld, mankit, and mvtillait' copies was a prodigious task, and rightly accounts for a part of the respect with which later collectors, like Scott, have greeted the Manuscript. Secondly, Bannatyne's preliminary description of his 'fyve pairtis' gives an indication of the range of content, but it hardly prepares the reader for the richness and variety to be found in each section. The *Ballatis of Theoligie*, for instance, show several subdivisions familiar from the field of the religious lyric generally, the occasional poems being divided into poems for the Nativity, the Passion, and the Resurrection; but these and other 'conventional' pieces like Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, are accompanied by poems as various as Bellenden's allegory of the Parliament of Heaven, *The Benner of Peetie*, the tenth prologue from Douglas's *Eneados*, and Maitland's *Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld, Man, his Fall, and Redemptioun*, a song set 'to

the tone of *The Bankis of Helecon*' and presumably intended as a courtly dance.[9] The *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*, which one might expect to be somewhat limited in range, nonetheless include poems as different in their intent as Henryson's two powerful poems on mortality, *The Thre Deid Pollis* and *The Ressoning betuix Deth and Man, Devorit with dreme*, and Scott's *Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary quhen scho come first hame*. And the three other parts exhibit similarly a range of poems which is certainly courtly rather than popular, and which is predominantly Scottish, but which both spans the reigns of four Scottish monarchs, from Henryson's poems written in the time of James III, through the poems of Dunbar, so intimately linked with the court of James IV, and Lindsay's *Satyre*, performed for James V at Linlithgow, to Scott's poem of welcome to Mary, and draws on a variety of markedly different genres, from the most serious to the most inconsequential, from the professedly instructional to the simply entertaining, from the most aureate and ceremonial to the most blatantly colloquial. Bannatyne's material is of no less contemporary interest than Tottel's, as his inclusion of Bellenden, Lindsay, Montgomery, Scott, Semple and Stewart bears witness, but the reserves of earlier poetry are enormously stronger. And, clearly, the poetry included was felt to be 'of a piece'; there is no distinction between the new and the old, between the exhibition of current trends and the retrospective. The possible chronological divisions are assumed to be less important than divisions by kind and content, and these are so broad as to suggest that Bannatyne was seeking a degree of comprehensiveness in his recording of the poetry of a period which may have seen four Scottish monarchs but which still stretched over little more than one hundred years. Scott read the Manuscript as an antiquarian and praised Bannatyne for 'preserving that which was really worthy of preservation', for seeking to put 'the Lays of the Makers out of the reach of oblivion'. Others have followed him, and seen both Bannatyne and Maitland as collectors of the treasures of the past, but it seems at least as likely that Bannatyne was as interested in promulgation as in preservation, that he was as conscious as Scott of the flowering of Scottish poetry at the Stewart court but saw it as the beginning of a continuing tradition and was anxious to proclaim it as a matter for national pride.

There is no even roughly comparable collection. Tottel's *Songes and Sonettes*, and other contemporary English collections like *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576) and *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578) point not only to the frivolity of English taste but to its subservience to fashion. There are moral lyrics in these anthologies as well as love lyrics but they are very much in the minority—and not one of these collections shows the breadth of Bannatyne's fourth section, his *Ballattis of Luve* with its careful division into 'four pairtis':

> The First
> are songis of luve. The secound ar
> contemptis of luve and evill wemen.
> The thrid ar contempis of evill,
> fals, vicius men; and the fourt
> ar ballattis detesting of luve
> and lichery.

Dour as this description may appear it is primarily an indication of breadth: there are eighty-two 'songis of luve', against a total of sixty-one in the other three sections together. Similarly, a popular anthology of religious poems, the *Gude and Godlie Ballatis* (1567) is much less various in its content, and certainly less tasteful in its selection, than Bannatyne's first section, the *Ballatis of Theoligie*.

The third feature which distinguishes the Bannatyne Manuscript from its contemporaries is the degree of editorial control over both the selection and ordering of its contents, the fact that the basic division of the material into 'fyve pairtis' is supported, within each of the major divisions, by further subdivisions and ordering. Scott remarked that the Scottish Muses were eternally indebted to Bannatyne, 'whether we consider his industry, or the taste by which it was directed';[10] and the lasting value of his editing is not simply that it is intelligent, that, had the *Ballat Buke* ever been published, it would have been neat, convenient, and remarkably 'modern' in its arrangement, but that it is critically based and provides, through the deliberateness with which the poems have been selected and ordered, a demonstration of the sixteenth century Scottish understanding of the uses of poetry and an example of the poetic taste which was in part conditioned by this understanding. The most explicit illustration of this control is announced in Bannatyne's introductory comment (quoted above) to the fourth and the most tightly organised section, the *Ballattis of Luve*. This is primarily classification by content but such a framework obviously provides a balance in the presentation which is lacking in, for instance, the Maitland Folio Manuscript—even though a number of the same poems are repeated there. It argues not only that Bannatyne had a *schema* in mind and selected poems to fit it—rather than including everything that came to hand—but also that the balance of the poems selected is both an indication of his taste and a measure of the weight within this *schema* which he allowed certain uses of poetry. The fact that three sections of the *Ballattis of Luve* out of four treat, like Gavin Douglas's fourth prologue, of the 'Incommoditie of Luve and Remeid þairof' obviously qualifies the seriousness of the 'songis of luve' just as, on the larger scale, the poems of the third part, *Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis*, are constrained by the statement that they are 'maid for ouir consollatioun' and by the deep christian seriousness of the two preceding parts, *Ballatis of Theoligie* and *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*. There could hardly be a stronger indication of the change in taste to which modern readers have to adjust than the fact that 'songis of luve' is the only defined section of the Bannatyne to have been separately edited.[11] It is indeed a useful exercise of the historical imagination to attempt to see how poems which Bannatyne grouped together relate to each other; to restore poems separated out by the identifying of the genre in which they were written, or by the lucky chance of their having a named author, to the broad contexts established by their purpose—in short, to accept and explore as fully as possible the scale of poetic values established by Bannatyne's editorial practice. The remainder of this chapter attempts to look at this practice in greater detail, to argue its deliberateness.

The Draft Manuscript

There survives with the Manuscript a draft or duplicate manuscript of thirty-nine poems,[12] all of which find a place in the first two sections, that is, in *Ballatis of Theoligie* and *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*. The relation between the two is unstated, but it is clear that the Draft preceded the Manuscript, which both draws poems immediately from it rather than from other, original sources and makes important changes in its ordering of the poems. The Draft appears, then, very much a first attempt, revised in the rewriting and amplification of *Ballatis of Theoligie* and *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*, sections of the Manuscript which were themselves subject to later revision. Tod Ritchie noted that, while the present foliation is in arabic numerals, some 150 leaves still carry decipherable numbering in Roman figures;[13] but he drew no conclusions from this. Ringler's recent examination of the foliation of both Draft and Manuscript has, however, convincingly demonstrated that a large part of the Draft has been lost and that some of what survives has been misplaced.[14] His amended order of the poems in the Draft is necessarily the starting point for any discussion of the deliberateness of Bannatyne's ordering in the Manuscript.

Ringler's reconstruction of the original foliation of the Draft produces the following order of poems:

Fol.		Manuscript No.[15]
2–9[16]	*O Lord, my God, sen I am brocht*	viii
	Happie is he hes hald him fre	xvii
10–17	*To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*	xix
	O most heich and eternall King	xx
	Christe qui lux es et Dies	xxi
	O hicht of hicht and licht of licht most cleir	xxii
	Eternall King þat sittis in Hevin so he	xlvi
	Spair me gud lord and mak me clene	xxiii
	Cum Haly Spreit moist superne	xxiv
	ȝe sonis of men be mirry and glaid	xxv
	ȝe that contreit bene and confest	xxvi
	Chryist crownit king and conquerour	xlv
	O eterne God of power infinyt	xxvii
	With lawd and prayiss my saule hes magnifeid	xxviii
	God is a substance for evir durable	ii
	Off all the gude createuris of Godis creating	ix
	Lyfe that cuppillis the sawle and body in ane	x
	Prayar is the maist haly devyne serwice	xii
18–19	*Quhen goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram*	iii
	Quhen, be devyne deliberatioun	xlvii

20–48	(missing)	
49–58	*Furth throw ane forrest as I fure*	li
	O creaturis creat of me ȝour creator	xlix
	Quhylome in Grece that nobill regioun	liii
	Allone as I went vp and doun	liv
	Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie	lxvii
	Doun by ane rever, as I red	lviii
	Considder man all is bot vanitie	lix
	Lettres of gold writtin I fand	lx
	At matyne hour, in mydis of þe nicht	lxi
	Walking allone amang thir levis grene	lxii
	Quhen fair Flora, the godes of the flowris	lxiii
	O mortall man, behold, tak tent to me	lxiv
	Within ane garth vndir a reid roseir	lxv
59–60	(missing)	
61	*My mynd quhen I compas and cast* (first 11 lines missing)	lxxvi
	Off everye asking followis nocht	lxx
	To speik of gift or almouss deidis	lxxi
62–64	(missing)	
65	*Foure mener of men ar evill to ken* (first 8 lines missing)	lxxviii
	Devorit with dreme, devysing in my slummer	lxix

Broadly, this order confirms the Manuscript division into *Ballatis of Theoligie* and *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* and, within those sections, the existence of sequences of poems which are, in the Manuscript, intact. It provides an explanation for the incompleteness of two poems, *My mynd quhen I compas and cast* and *Foure mener of men ar evill to ken*, and for the inclusion of the unattached editorial direction, 'Followis ballattis of the birth of Chryst' which, in the S.T.S. edition, immediately and unhelpfully precedes *A Song of Him Lying in Poynt of Deth*. It provides, also, clear evidence that Bannatyne did not retain the order of the Draft when he compiled the Manuscript though, as Ringler and others have noticed, he was using the Draft as a source.[17] Most importantly, for this argument, it provides clues to the sort of rearrangement Bannatyne had in mind. Thus, not only is the division between religious and moral poems made firmer but the coherence of each grouping is developed. In *Ballatis of Theoligie*, for instance, the aphoristic stanza, *God is a substance for evir durable*[18] is elevated from its position in the Draft order to form the epigraph to the whole collection, while its companions, aphoristic one-stanza poems on the soul, man's life, and prayer and repentance, are supplemented with similar poems on conscience, faith, and the fear of God, and built into a

sequence of which the central poem is Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*. Bellenden's *Benner of Peetie*, logically associated in the Draft with another Annunciation poem, *Quhen, be devyne deliberatioun*, is similarly moved forward to become one of the key 'informative' poems which introduce *Ballatis of Theoligie*. *Quhen, be devyne deliberatioun*, along with two other poems which are primarily hymns of praise, *Chryist crownit king and conqueror* and *Eternall King that sittis in Hevin so he*, are placed late in the Manuscript order, amongst the 'exortationis of Chryst to all synnaris'. *O creaturis creat of me ȝour creator*,[19] a plea from Christ which rehearses the suffering on the cross and exhorts man to love God, is shifted forward to a key position as the last of these 'exortationis'. In *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*, though the evidence is less conclusive, the integrity of the opening group of mortality poems is confirmed, and such shifts as are remarkable are of *Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie*[20] to the key and concluding place amongst the mortality poems, and of *Devorit with dreme* to a key place as, with *Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak*, introducing 'Ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court and all estaitis'. There is no evidence of when Bannatyne began the revision, or of why the Draft was retained with the Manuscript but, in his uncertainly chronicled progress towards the final refinement of the Manuscript, these changes mark a major step forward.

Ballatis of Theoligie

The arrangement of *Ballatis of Theoligie*, then, is a substantial refinement of that in the Draft Manuscript. And it, in turn, provides a model for the arrangement of *Balletis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis*, and *Ballattis of Luve*. Most of the *Ballatis of Theoligie* are poems in praise of God and these, being occasional, are grouped according to occasion; but there is a more illuminating division, again based on content, which gives the collection three major groupings, according in function with the meditative framework based on the notion of the three powers of the soul which Douglas, in his tenth prologue, uses as one of his illustrations of the Trinity:

> Intelligence consideris the thing befoir,
> Ressoun decernis, memor keipis the consait—
> (ll.69–70)

Broadly, the poems fall into three groups, each corresponding with one of these terms: poems which set forth the 'matter' of the christian story with 'intelligence' (the remembering of things past, the 'historical' sense); poems which contrast man 'lying in poynt of deth' with the power of God, which call on man to know himself, with 'ressoun' (the identification of one's present situation and application of acquired wisdom); and affective poems, exhortatory poems or poems for occasions like the Nativity, with 'memor' (the keeping of the 'consait', the retention of belief, the nurturing of the apprehension).

To even the most casual reader the first four poems, Bellenden's *Benner of Peetie* and *Proheme of the Croniculs*, Douglas's tenth prologue and Maitland's *Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld, Man, his Fall and Redemptioun*, must seem to stand apart from the rest of the

'ballatis' because of their comparative length, and because they are, at the simplest level, informative poems. Only the first of these, the *Benner of Peetie*, is in the Draft, and it seems arguable that, as its treatment of the Redemption is supplemented by Maitland's, so its treatment of original sin is amplified through Bellenden's allegory of Virtue and Delight and its depiction of the wonder of the Trinity through Douglas's powerful poem on God's incomprehensibility to man. This is not to suggest anything quite as deliberate as a thesis for subsequent expansion and amplification in the lyrical poems which follow or as comprehensive as a 'theology' which contains them. The poems are, rather, prefatory (as two of them of course are, in manner as well as substance, by virtue of being prologues), and their effect is to establish a context for the 'smaller', occasional poems which rehearses the salient points of the relationship between God and man as these are asserted in the anthology's epigraph:

> God is a substance for evir durable,
> Eterne, omnipotent, mercifull and iust,
> Quha gydis all things in order convenable,
> A God in quhome ilk man awcht for to trust
> Quha, for prayar, givis grace to mortifie our lust;
> In quhais feir and luve all þat sall endeur
> Sall, eftir this lyif, off bettir lyif be seur.

The coherence of the second group of poems, poems which call on man to know himself, derives from this context. There is no division, such as that signalled by Bannatyne's introductory comments in *Ballattis of Luve*, but the mood changes suddenly from one of celebration to one of sober self-examination. A literal translation of *Psalm 83*, an invocation to God's scourging of his enemies, precedes *A Song of Him Lying in Poynt of Deth*, a poem which acknowledges sinfulness and prays for mercy:

> O Lord, my God, sen I am brocht
> To grit distress
> And thrwche my body thair is nocht
> Bot haviness,
> Mak haist in tyme to succour me,
> O richteouss Iuge,
> Sen I haif nane in erth bot the
> For my refuge.

Between this poem and Bannatyne's next division, clearly indicated by the heading 'Followis ballatis of the nativitie of Chryste', is a bracket of eight single stanza epigrams and twelve poems related to the confessional. The epigrams, unpretentious little poems of good counsel on subjects like the soul of man, conscience, prayer and repentance, and faith, 'comfortable words', as it were, stand between *A Song of Him Lying in Poynt of Deth*, and Alexander Scott's beautiful translations of Psalms 1 and 51, psalms which set the two extremes of the sinner's approach to God, his song of rejoicing at the knowledge of God's mercy and his despairing prayer for delivery. And this poising of the two extremes of

luve and *feir*, first suggested in the anthology's epigraph, is repeated in the concluding pairing of Henryson's *Ane Prayer for the Pest* and a free translation of the *Magnificat* (*The Song of the Virgin Mary*). The other poems, which are, as it were, contained by these two pairs, are either confessional poems, like Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, or *Spair me gud Lord and mak me clene*, poems of contrition, like *3e that contreit bene and confest*, supplicatory prayers like *Christie qui lux es et Dies* or *Cum Haly Spreit moist superne* or prayers of consolation, like *3e sonis of men be mirry and glaid*. This is not to suggest again, a meditative programme; but, as Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus* appears central because of its inclusiveness, so the poems grouped around it appear cohesive in mood and content.

The remaining *Ballatis of Theoligie*, poems keeping 'the consait', fall into four clearly defined groups of poems indicated with the following directions:

> Followis ballatis of the nativitie of Chryste.
> Finis natiuitatis Dei, sequntur de eius passione quedem cantilenee.
> Finis de Passione et sequitur de Resurrectione.
> Followis exortationis of Chryst to all synnaris to repent thame of the same.

It is true that, of the eight poems headed 'exortationis', only the first and last are in fact exhortations of Christ, the others being hymns of thanksgiving and general exhortations which fill out and comment upon the situation of Christ addressing man. But the other three 'occasional' groupings are unexceptionably arranged; and the structure of *Ballatis of Theoligie* as a whole is firm enough to demonstrate editorial design.

Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie

The tenor of the 'second pairt' of the anthology, 'conteneand verry singular *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*, is set by two epigraphs, corresponding to 'God is a substance for evir durable' (the epigraph to *Ballatis of Theoligie*), and the first three poems, *Furth throw ane forrest*, Douglas's prologue to the ninth book of his *Eneados*, subtitled *In Commendatioun of Vertew*, and *Quhylome in Grece that nobill regioun*. Wit, in a context established by the preceding *Ballatis of Theoligie*, is described in the more important of these two epigraphs as 'The grittest tresour, withowt comparison/For man's felicitie heir in this lyfe', and defined pragmatically:

> . . . wit, and discretion
> To tempir the ioyfull and comfort the pensyfe,
> Or vþir wayis to instruct man in peice or stryif.
> Wit alsa is incressit be wyiss workis reiding
> And lyk the fructles tre is wit but gud doing.

Furth throw ane forrest and *Quhylome in Grece that nobill regioun*[21] are poems of good counsel distinguished less by their poetic merit than by their inclusiveness. The first reminds man of both the promise of redemption and the inevitability of judgment and, within this framework,

counsels moderation in all things wordly; the second sets before him aspects of the 'gud doing' of the epigraph. Douglas's prologue, similarly a poem of counsel, establishes also the decorum of gravity which is observed throughout *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*: thus, although the preceding section admits a number of decorums, closely associated with occasion, only one is appropriate to this.

The introduction made, the remainder of the poems group themselves readily. There is, first, a selection of mortality poems, some of which are exhortations to man to consider the vanity of this life and some debate poems, as between death and life or youth and age, a selection which is contained by the opening group of three and the concluding *Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie*. This group is followed by the only editorial announcement in this section:

> Followis, certane ballattis aganie the
> vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis.

The first two poems here, Dunbar's *Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak* and *Devorit with dreme*, are, again, comprehensive in their approach to the 'vices' and sober in their demeanour. They are complaints rather than satires and introduce a series of poems which are, like *To dwell in court, my freind*, directed to the individual and, like *Fredome, honour, and nobilnes*, concerned mostly with the courtly virtues. This is a fairly loose grouping by content, with poems ranging from those of general reflections on man's transitory life to poems of precept, and it shades into the final grouping of poems which, like *Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary quhen scho come first hame*, are poems of counsel to the monarch. Thus, although the subdivisions are made less precisely than in either *Ballatis of Theoligie* or *Ballattis of Luve*, the *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* have a strong sense of integrity, both in their uniform acceptance of the decorum of gravity and in their sequential movement from the general to the particular, from poems dealing with the frailties of mankind to those accepting the environment of Edinburgh, most importantly those which offer advice to the monarch. It is indeed tempting to find, in this last group's placing, and in its delineation of the monarch's role, both a response to the difficulties of Mary's reign and the following regency, and confirmation of Bannatyne's intention to publish.

Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis

In *Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis* there is evidence not only of a similarly careful ordering but also of the editing of a text in such a way as to adapt it to its place in the collection. Bannatyne describes the comic poems as 'blyith and glaid, maid for ouir consollatioun', and his selection begins with a two-line epigraph:

> Be mirry and glaid, honest and vertewous,
> For that suffisis to anger the invyous

and with two poems which are not in themselves comic and which function as epigraphs, Dunbar's *Be mirry, man* and *Full oft I mvss*. Two stanzas of the latter declare the consolatory function of comedy:

Off wardlis gud and grit richness
Quhat fruct hes man but miriness?
Thocht he this warld had, eist and west,
All wer pouertie but glaidness.
For to be blyth me thynk it best.
(ll.21–5)

How evir this world do change and vary
Lat ws in hairt nevir moir be sary,
Bot evir reddy and addrest
To pass out of this frawdfull fary.
For to be blyth me think it best.
(ll.36–40)

These two poems are supported by a string of admonitory lyrics, reminders of mortality and of the vanity of human wishes, which are placed at intervals through *Ballettis Mirry*.[22] The most puzzling inclusion, if this understanding of their function is not allowed, is that of Dunbar's *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness*; but it is more likely that Bannatyne deliberately placed this stern reminder before the harsh comedy of *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* than that the poem owes its inclusion here to Bannatyne's following the grouping in his hypothetical source. And there is clear evidence of the importance Bannatyne gave to this string of moral lyrics on fol. 115*b*,[23] where two stanzas of *Full oft I mvss*, already transcribed on fol. 98*b*, are crossed out and the poem replaced by another of Dunbar's moral lyrics, *He that hes gold and grit richess*.

Further, in *Ballettis Mirry* as in the two preceding sections, the first few poems chosen are important in establishing the context within which the remainder can be read—in this case, in establishing an understanding of the nature of comedy and illustrating the directions open to the poet. Thus, Dunbar's two moral lyrics are followed by the first major comic poem, *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* (*Chrystis Kirk of the Grene*), a poem which is emblematic of the disorder to which man so readily succumbs, the obverse of the sober mean counselled in *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie. Was nevir in Scotland*, significantly open-ended, is a pageant of life poem, general in statement and comprehensive in its allusion, and is supported by two other such visions, Dunbar's *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* and, the last piece in the collection, Bannatyne's abridged version of Lindsay's *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*. The group of poems which is placed after *Was nevir in Scotland* and before *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* both establishes comic perspectives as in the case of Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis* and Dunbar's *Dregy*—and illustrates particular types of comic poetry—as in the case of Rowll's *Cursing* and Dunbar's *In secreit place*. This group of poems maps out the territory open to the comic poet just as firmly as the first few *Ballatis of Theoligie* established a context for the shorter occasional poems that follow.

But perhaps the most dramatic indication of Bannatyne's shaping of the *Ballettis Mirry* to his understanding of the comic is his treatment of Lindsay's *Satyre*. The play is used by Bannatyne as a complement to

Was nevir in Scotland. It is heavily abridged, Bannatyne's formula being evident from his introductory statement:

> Heir begynnis Ser Dauid Lyndsay's play, maid
> in the Grenesyd besyd Edinburgh, quhilk
> I writtin bot schortly be interludis, levand
> the grave mater þairof, becaws the samyne
> abvse is weill reformit in Scotland, praysit
> be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall
> mater and writtin only sertane mirry
> interludis þairof, verry plesand,
> begynning at first part of the play.

Effectively, as is argued below, Bannatyne's abridgement eliminates from the text of the play all passages particular in their reference to contemporary Scotland, leaving it as a series of 'interludes' re-arranged so as to make the Folly episode, with its general applicability, central. It thus becomes, as it were, a pageant of human folly, like *Was nevir in Scotland* both entertainment and emblematic statement.

Ballattis of Luve

Little need be said here of the ordering of the *Ballattis of Luve*, which conforms to Bannatyne's introductory announcement:

> Heir followis *Ballattis of Luve*
> devydit in four pairtis. The first
> ar songis of luve. The secound ar
> contemptis of luve and evill wemen.
> The thrid ar contemptis of evill,
> fals, vicius men; and the fourt
> are ballattis detesting of luve
> and lichery

and reflects the tenor of his epigraph:

> *To the Reidar*
> Heir haif ȝe, luvaris, ballattis at ȝour will,
> How evir ȝour natur directit is vntill,
> Bot, wald ȝe luve eftir my counsalling,
> Luve first ȝour God aboif all vder thing,
> Nixt, as ȝourself, ȝour nichtbur beir gud will.

Each of the four sections (with, on fol. 258*a* and fol. 262*a*, introduced subsections) is clearly delineated:

fol. 212*a*	Ballattis of Lufe[24]
fol. 249*b*	Ballatis of remedy of luve as followis and to the reproche of evill wemen
fol. 250*a*	Remeidis of luve

fol. 258*a*	Schort epegrammis aganis women
fol. 262*a*	Ballatis aganis evill wemen
fol. 268*b*	Follows ballattis of the prayiss of wemen and to þe reproche of fals vicious men. The thrid pairt of luve: to the reproche of fals vicius men and prayiss of guid wemen
fol. 280*b*	Heir endis the prayiss of wemen and followis the contempt of blyndit luve
fol. 290*b*	Hedir endis the haill four pairtis of this Ballat Buke, anno 1568

Ballattis of Luve thus appears a model section of a carefully ordered anthology, the most refined of the four so far examined. But what is at once a textual difficulty and a possible indication of Bannatyne's emerging editorial plan arises in the last announcement. The four declared sections of *Ballattis of Luve* are completed, the date of compilation given as 1565. This has been written over but, as the newer ink has faded the nature of the alteration is, except for the change of date, from 1565 to 1568, unclear. Bannatyne dates his Manuscript in five places.[25] Two of these datings have been altered, that on fol. 290*b* from 1565 to 1568, that on fol. 289*a*, at the beginning of the fifth 'pairt' of the Manuscript, from 1566 to 1568:

> Heir followis the fyift pairt of
> this buik, contenyng the fabillis
> of Esop with diuerss vþir fabillis
> and poeticall workis, maid and
> compyld be diuers lernit men, 1568.

Between these two descriptions appears Douglas' prologue to the fourth book of the *Eneados*, described by Bannatyne as *Treting of the Incommoditie of Luve and Remeid þairof*. This is followed by a further ascription, immediately preceding the announcement of the fifth 'pairt':

> Heir endis the Ballatis of Luve,
> remedy thairof, and contempt of luve.

Denton Fox has argued that the ascription of fol. 290*b* was intended as a colophon for the whole anthology, that Bannatyne added the Douglas prologue to *Ballattis of Luve* and, later, *Fabillis Wyiss and Sapient*. Certainly the Douglas prologue, concerned with the differentiation of earthly from divine love, is a powerful addition to *Ballattis of Luve* and, like the abridged version of Lindsay's *Satyre* in the preceding section, a key statement of the content and attitudes of the section in which it appears. It seems entirely reasonable to assume that there are at least five

steps visible in a process of continuing revision: that the anthology began with the rough sense of ordering evident in the Draft; that the compilation of the first four 'pairtis' reached the stage of refinement represented by the careful ordering of *Ballattis of Luve*; that in a revision of this Douglas's prologue was added; that, somewhat later, the transcription of the fifth and final 'pairt' was begun; that, in 1568, a final editing and updating was completed.[26] It is clear, from different inks used in transcribing the text of the *Satyre* for instance that, later hands aside, Bannatyne had revised and added to the guidance he offers the reader. The precise chronology can probably never be established but the evidence of continuing revision can be read as evidence that Bannatyne had conceived of an anthology of poetry quite unusual in its degree of editorial control and that the process of compilation was accompanied by a gradual refinement of the original conception.

Fabillis Wyiss and Sapient[27]

Fabillis are announced on fol. 298*a*, the announcement being followed by a brief justification of fables, on fol. 298*b*:

> My freindis, thir stories subsequent,
> Albeid bot fabillis thay present,
> ȝit devyne doctowris of iugement
> Sayis thir ar hid, but dowt,
> Grave materis, wyiss and sapient,
> Vnder the workis of poyetis gent.
> Thairfoir be war that thou consent
> To blame thir heir set owt.

There is nothing unusual in this, as a justification. But it is one of only four addresses in the Manuscript entitled (in one form or another) *The Writer to the Reader*. And there is evidence of a developed sense of the anthology as a whole in the fact that, of these, the first introduces, by categorising the 'fyve pairtis', and the fourth concludes the whole collection, while the second and third introduce the last completed 'pairtis', *Ballattis of Luve*, and *Fabillis Wyiss and Sapient*.

The contents of *Fabillis Wyiss and Sapient* are as follows:

Bannatyne	*To the Redar*	
Henryson	*The Preiching of the Swallow*[28]	
Holland	*The Houlate*	
Henryson	*The Taill of Schir Chantecleir and the Foxe*)	
”	*The Taill How this Foirsaid Tod Maid his Confessioun to Freir Wolf Waitskaith*)	
”	*The Taill of the Sone and Air of the Foirsaid Fox, Callit Father Wer: alswa The Parliament of Fourfuttit Beistis Haldin be the Lyoun*)	(internally linked)
”	*The Traitie of Orpheus King*[29]	
”	*This hindir ȝeir I hard be tald*	
”	*The Taill of the Cok and the Iasp*	
”	*The Taill of the Paddok and the Mous*	

"	*The Taill of the Vponlandis Mous and the Burges Mous*
"	*The Taill of the Scheip and the Dog*
"	*The Tail of the Wolf and the Lamb*
"	*The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mous*
Dunbar	*Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past*
"	*The Goldin Terge*
Anon	*The Freiris of Berwik*
"	*Colkelbie Sow*
Henryson	*Robene sat on gud grene hill*
Bellenden	*The Second Prolloge or Proheme of the Histery of the Croniclis of Scotland*

There are two obvious problems: an order of Henryson's Fables which is different from that of other authorities: and the intrusion into that order of *The Houlate*, *The Traitie of Orpheus King*, and *This hindir ȝeir I hard be tald*. The first of these may reflect Henryson's intended order, or that of his sources, or it may have been imposed by Bannatyne. The second is, more simply, either an accident of miscellaneous compilation or, again, an arrangement imposed by Bannatyne. If the order can be shown to have its own logic then it is most likely that the latter is the case.

The Preiching of the Swallow is perhaps the most self-sufficient of Henryson's Fables, its prologue, a hymn to God the Creator, integrated with the fable proper as closely as, in dream vision poems, setting is to action. Its subject is the contrast between God's wisdom and providence and the folly of mankind, as this is shown by mankind's failure to see beyond '*þ*is wardlis vaine plesauance' (l.296). It is thus close in subject to the poem which concludes the previous section, Douglas's fourth prologue, which similarly attacks the servants of the God of Love, 'silly Godis aipis' (l.21) as it calls them for their indulgence in the 'ioly wo' (l.5) which 'Begynnyng with ane fenȝeit faynt plesance,/Continewith with lust and endis with pennance' (ll.6–7). As that poem sums up Bannatyne's understanding of the previous section so *The Preiching of the Swallow* announces the high seriousness of the next.

The Houlate is, similarly, a fable developed into a poem of high style and grand design. MacQueen has likened the landscape of *The Preiching of the Swallow* to that of *Piers Plowman* and *The Houlate* has a similar depth and comprehensiveness. One of its subjects, that with which it begins and concludes, is worldly vanity—and the Owl's preaching is close to that of the Swallow. Manifestations of pride in the fullest sense are the subject again of the next group of three fables, a group which is internally linked and which has both its own prologue and a final *moralitas* of general applicability. On this *moralitas*, concerned with worldliness and sensuality, *The Traitie of Orpheus King*, with its extended *moralitas*, follows as development and enrichment of argument, as does the short, more immediately affective, *This hindir ȝeir I hard be tald*, an allegory of Christ the champion.

The second group of fables begins with *The Cok and the Iasp*, which itself has a substantial prologue, serving perhaps to introduce both this single fable and the following group, and balanced by the pro-

logue to *The Lyoun and the Mous*. If *This hindir ȝeir I hard be tald* sets before us the example of Christ, the fable of *The Paddok and the Mous* is concerned specifically with the struggle between the body and the soul, *The Vponlandis Mous and the Burges Mous* with the virtue of a simple life, the next two with the life of the commons, and the final Henryson fable, *The Lyoun and the Mous*, with the proper relation between king and commons. There is, then, an expository sequence: man's vanities are variously displayed in the first three fables and, more expansively, in *The Traitie of Orpheus King*, and there follow poems which counsel man how best to live this life on earth in preparation for the next, poems reminiscent in their emphasis on the simple life and the social contract between king, knights and commons of ideas stated explicitly in *Piers Plowman*. The elaborateness of the final prologue, in which the poet meets Aesop, is appropriate to this, the last and most pertinent of a group.

The Lyoun and the Mous looks at the relation between king and people. *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past*, which follows, is an application of this general principle; it is a poem of celebration, but also a poem of counsel. The last poem in this section, Bellenden's *Prologue*, is similarly an address to the monarch, and here, as with the section of *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* containing poems addressed to a ruler, Bannatyne has his contemporary court audience very much in mind. The *Goldin Terge*, a court poem doubtless specific in its application, restates the conflict between reason and sensuality, and *Colkelbie Sow* is similarly, but at a very different level, a poem which makes a general, broadly applicable, moral statement. It is, of course, in terms of content and tone—like *The Houlate*—a poem which refuses to be categorised. But in essence it is an extravagantly comic exercise on the parable of the talents. Placed amongst fables, it is its simple didacticism which, whatever its other characteristics, comes into prominence:

> Quhat is þe warld without plesaunce or play
> Bot passionale? Than lat ws mak sum sport
> And recreatioun the cumpany to comfort.
> (ll.18–20)

The same is true of the very beautiful *Robene sat on gud grene hill*:

> The man that will nocht quhen he may
> Sall haif nocht quhen he wald
> (ll.91–2)

is one of several moral truisms in the poem which challenge the reader to weigh the possible significance of what is ostensibly a light, an elegantly light, pastourelle. One poem remains, and at first sight defies any attempt to claim seriousness for the fables: *The Freiris of Berwik*. This is a fabliau-type tale yet, even in the sober context of the fables, it falls short of outrageousness. Like *Colkelbie Sow* it has a sound moral sense behind it; like *Colkelbie Sow* and *Robene sat on gud grene hill* it plays within a sophisticated understanding of the bounds of poetry.

In the chapters which follow, it will be argued that Bannatyne was, for his time, a uniquely intelligent editor; that his view of poetry

informed his editing; that the five sections at which he ultimately arrived are groupings by ostensible content which his view of poetry makes explicable and which, therefore, offer us a set of proportions defined by an educated sixteenth century taste.

This first undertakes the highest function of poetry—it seeks to communicate, as in prayer, between man and God. The second counsels—it accepts the vastness of the differences between God's knowledge and man's and advises man on how to cope best with his lot; the third and fourth develop man's understanding of this difference and the place of art in making it bearable—the comic poems display the panorama of human folly and indulgently expose its vanities, the love poems toy with the human emotions, making quite plain the difference between divine and earthly love but allowing the latter its allure and its place as at once the most seductive and the most ennobling of human vanities. The fifth and final section rounds off the panorama in a peculiarly enlightened way. It acknowledges the basic didactic function of poetry but gives due value to the insight which neither the historian nor the philosopher could match, an insight which is implicit in the relationship between poet and king which comes out so strongly in the *Ballat Buke*, which is essentially moral and deeply christian but marked by the tolerance only possible to someone comfortable in his faith.

We find it as difficult to explain the place of Dunbar's *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness* in the midst of Bannatyne's selection of comic poems as we do to explain the presence of either *Colkelbie Sow* or *Robene sat on gud grene hill*, on all but technical grounds, amongst the fables. And there are puzzles, huge puzzles, in understanding poems as various as *The Houlate*, *The Goldin Terge*, and *Colkelbie Sow*. It is the intention of the following chapters to accept the conspectus of medieval poetry which Bannatyne has set out, in the belief that, as some of these puzzles may be resolved by thinking of the poems first of all in the company they keep in the Bannatyne Manuscript, so the view of poetry he offers may be as understanding an introduction to the poetry of the Stewart court as we can manage.

1 Parts of this chapter were given as a paper, 'On Bannatyne's Editing', at the First International Conference on Scottish Language and Literature, Medieval and Renaissance, Edinburgh, 1975, and subsequently published in *Bards and Makars*, ed. A.J. Aitken, M.P. McDiarmid, D.S. Thompson, Glasgow, 1977.
2 Sir Walter Scott, 'Memoir of George Bannatyne', *Bannatyne*, I, pp.cxxix–cxxx.
3 *Ibid.*, pp.cxxxi–cxxxii.
4 *Ibid.*, p.cxxxiii.
5 Scott, 'Memoir', *Bannatyne*, I, p.cxl.
6 Helena Mennie Shire, *Song, Dance and Poetry of the Court of Scotland under King James VI*, Cambridge, 1969, p.12. Mrs Shire goes on to a summary statement of the 'fyve pairtis' and an illuminating 'reading' (pp.15–23) of Bannatyne's *Ballattis of Luve*. Her treatment may be compared with that of John MacQueen, whose *Ballattis of Luve* selects from and chronologically re-arranges Bannatyne's choice.
7 Allan Ramsay, 'The Preface to *The Ever Green*, in *Bannatyne*, I, p.xcix.
8 *B* increases this to 280; *C* follows. See H.E. Rollins, *Tottel's Miscellany (1557–1587)*, 2 vols. rev. ed., Cambridge, Mass., 1965, II, pp.7 ff.
9 Helena Shire, *Song, Dance and Poetry*, pp.34–7.
10 Scott, 'Memoir', *Bannatyne*, I, pp.cxxxi.
11 In John MacQueen's *Ballattis of Luve*, though MacQueen has both developed his own order and included poems which are not in the Bannatyne Manuscript.
12 Tod Ritchie numbers 40 but one, No.17, is crossed out and incomplete, and does not anyway appear in the Manuscript. There are an additional thirteen poems and epigraphs at the end of the Draft but these are clearly later, being in a different hand and on a different paper.
13 *Bannatyne*, I, p.xv.
14 William A. Ringler, Jnr., 'New Light on the Bannatyne MS', a paper given at the First International Conference on Scottish Language and Literature, Medieval and Renaissance, Edinburgh, 1975.
15 Tod Ritchie's numbering.
16 Only one leaf surviving.
17 Ringler did not comment on the internal coherence of the Manuscript 'pairtis' though he noted the firmer division between religious and moral poems and the inclusion, in the Manuscript, of a larger number of poems from, in particular, the 1567 edition of William Baldwin and Thomas Paulfreyman's *A Treatice of Morall Philosophye*.
18 Tod Ritchie follows the Hunterian Club editor in attributing this to Bannatyne himself but there is, as Carleton Brown noticed (*Religious Lyrics of the Fifteenth Century*, Oxford, 1939, pp.310–11), an earlier English text of the poem in the Hatton MS, where it is attributed to William Hammer.
19 Bannatyne attributes this poem to 'Ledgait, monk of Berry', but neither H.N. MacCracken, *The Minor Poems of John Lydgate*, Early English Text Society, 2 vols, 1961–2, I, p.xxxii, nor W.F. Schirmer, *John Lydgate*, London, 1961, p.282, accept this.
20 Attributed by David Laing, to Wedderburn, 'Account of the Contents of the Bannatyne Manuscript', *Hunterian*, I, p.lxxvii.
21 *Bannatyne*, II, pp.113–15; in both Draft and Manuscript the poem is attributed to Chaucer.
22 *Be mirry, man, and tak nocht far in mynd; Full oft I mvss and hes in thocht; I mak it kend, he þat will spend* (*Bannatyne*, II, p.300); *He that hes gold and grit richess; Thus I propone in my carping* (*Bannatyne*, II, p.349); *Man, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir* (*Bannatyne*, III, p.11); *Be mirry bretherene, ane and all* (*Bannatyne*, III, p.76).
23 *Bannatyne*, II, p.308.
24 This title occurs at the beginning of the 'songis' section and has been emended accordingly in our anthology.
25 See Denton Fox, 'Some Scribal Alterations of Dates in the Bannatyne Manuscript', *Philological Quarterly*, XLII, No.2, April 1963, pp.259–63.
26 This is of course conjectural but it accommodates both Fox's view that the Manuscript is the final product of some years of collecting and Ringler's evidence of the later incorporation of poems from Baldwin and Paulfreyman's *A Treatice of Morall Philosophye*.
27 For the previous four parts the titles used are Bannatyne's; this takes *Fabillis* from his introduction to the section and *wyiss and sapient* from his address to the reader.
28 The titles of the Henryson animal fables are taken from the Harleian MS.
29 Title supplied from the Chepman and Myllar print.

Chapter 3

Ballatis of Theoligie: Godis gloir and ouir saluatioun

> Of sentiments purely religious it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestick for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere.[1]

> Rarely, indeed, does humanity produce a Blake gifted with the power to forge new and living symbols for the cosmic mysteries of spiritual experience. Most poets fall back on the traditional symbols of the orthodox liturgy. And these, though magnificently impressive on the lips of their creators, tend to lose their vitality on those of others. It is the poet's essential quality that he speaks with his own voice.[2]

> Intelligence consideris the thing befoir,
> Ressoun decernis, memor keipis the consait—
> (Douglas, *Eneados*, prologue X, ll.69–70)

The poems which make up the first section of the Bannatyne Manuscript, the *Ballatis of Theoligie*, are either poems of, in Johnson's words, 'contemplative piety', poems of 'the intercourse between God and the human soul', or poems which belong to 'intelligence', 'ressoun', or 'memor', poems which may be prayer but which may also encourage meditation or offer counsel. They are mostly short lyrical expositions of familiar if not commonplace themes, bearing out Johnson's assertion that 'the topicks of devotion are few, and being few are universally known'. They are in the tradition either of the late medieval religious lyric or of the dream allegory and, if looked at in terms of the conventions they employ or of their conformity to type, they present a not unfamiliar landscape of poetic mediocrity with only occasional peaks of interest. Yet there is a point at which thinking of these poems in terms of preconceptions established by the earlier poetry becomes inhibiting, the business of recognition and categorisation—essentially a pre-critical activity—an end in itself. And there is a point at which our own expectations from religious poetry, expectations conditioned by our own 'concept of religion' and by our reading of poetry from later periods—the poetry of Donne or Herbert, of Blake, of Hopkins or Eliot—become

obstructive, the richness of the retrospective view denying these poems their individuality of context and purpose.

Poets like Douglas and Dunbar would simply not have understood Johnson's assertion that poetry could not be an adequate vehicle for contemplative piety, nor his argument that 'the enlargement of the [reader's] comprehension and elevation of his fancy' was 'rarely to be hoped by christians from metrical devotion'.[3] They would, equally, have been dismayed by the modern reader who, unfamiliar with and perhaps unsympathetic to such a use of poetry, finding its intellectual content slight and its element of surprise small, adopts the negative stance of resting his appreciation of the poetry on its formal attributes. Their understanding of 'the concept of religion and the concept of poetry'[4] was very different from that held by Johnson; their age and, more importantly, the particular conjunction of circumstances that made up the Scottish court context within which they were writing, was conducive to the production of one kind of religious poetry. It is a kind which may appear limited when seen against the comparative diversity of the medieval religious lyric, but it none the less served a particular need and developed, in the sense that it was a refinement of one trend in the medieval religious lyric, as an artistic response to a particular conjunction of the prevailing concepts of religion and poetry. Helen Gardner's broad consideration of ages propitious and unpropitious for the writing of religious poetry is pertinent in that it encourages the definition of the different manifestations of this artistic response in terms of the historical contexts within which they are found rather than in the terms of our own sensibility, equally limited as this may be by historical accident:

> Propitious ages for the writing of religious verse, as far as a literary historian can judge, would seem to be ages in which poetry is regarded as an art, and the poet is not thought to be betraying his vocation as a poet by writing what is not unlike a commissioned work, a work in which he devotes his skill to the expression of what are accepted as known truths. Less propitious ages are those in which originality is demanded of the poet—he is not expected to make more vivid to us what we already know and feel, but to makes [sic] us know and feel what without him we should never have known or felt—and in which we apply the test of whether the poet sincerely feels what in the poem he presents himself as feeling. If it is the test of originality that we apply, if we demand fresh personal experience spontaneously felt and expressed with the appearance of spontaneity, then religion will be felt to inhibit poetry, or religious sentiment will take the place of religion as a subject for poetry. If we demand the accent of sincerity, we may feel with Johnson that the art of poetry is incompatible with deep religious feeling . . . Propitious ages are those in which the poet can rely on his readers doing much of his work for him, seeking implications and accepting standards that the poem does not itself make and create. Less propitious ages are those in which a poem is expected to make its own field of reference, in which the poet has to convince us of the importance of what he has to say, and

must prove his credentials not merely as a poet but as a religious man, and must also prove, in some measure, the credentials of religion.[5]

No poet at the Stewart court had to argue his religion or establish his faith. This may have been, from a modern point of view, 'work' which his audience did for him; from his, writing within a context of shared faith and communal occasion, it was a *sine qua non* not only of poetry but of life. Indeed, we do better to assume a 'Christian colouring' in poems where *we* might least expect it, in comic poems or poems of love, than even to raise the question of the sincerity of the religious poems of the period. Originality was not eschewed, though it was different in kind and degree and had a variable place on the poet's scale of priorities: we should not expect to find originality in a poem in which the poet is as self-effacing as Dunbar in his *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, though we cannot help but recognise the potency of Henryson's 'inventioun' in that most profoundly christian poem, *The Testament of Cresseid*.[6] Helen Gardner describes 'the peculiar interest and the peculiar beauty' of religious poetry as lying 'precisely in the fact that the poet who writes as a religious man does write in fetters',[7] her reference being to the commitment of faith. But, for a poet like Dunbar, writing 'what is not unlike a commissioned work', a poem for an occasion, the 'fetters' are imposed less by the certainty of known truths, by the fact that novelty is impossible, than by the decorum of occasion which, as it were, completely circumscribes the poem: he is not required simply to write about known material—which we, wrongly expecting something else, may derogatorily label 'familiar' or 'commonplace'—but to write about known material, in a known mood, and for an audience which may recall last year's poem on the same occasion and which certainly knows many others which are similar. Originality in these circumstances is not really even a possibility to strive for; and we must look rather to the poetry's functional side—for this is poetry in which the poet 'leads' his audience—finding merit, albeit minimal, in poems which strictly subserve art to function, and the greatest interest, the highest point of such occasional poetry, in poems where the poet's imagination has so perfectly realised the meaning and spirit of the occasion as to make a new thing out of it, the art of the *makar* creating a verbal replica of the essential experience.

Dunbar's audience was a court audience; that which Bannatyne envisaged, a court audience 'expanded' through publication. The poems are not popular either in the sense that their purveyance of doctrine is instructional or in the sense that they focus, as the earlier religious lyric poetry tended to do, with single-minded simplicity on one aspect of the story of Christ in the interests of affective piety. The element of personal feeling conveyed by the sometimes naive and sometimes dramatically direct portrayal of the humanity of Christ, a quality greatly strengthened by, if not derivative from, Franciscan meditative practice and marking lyrics written for the laity, is not obvious. Nor, of course, is there anything, in so public a poetry, of the intellectual self-consciousness, the quality of introspection which so marks the meditative poetry of the seventeenth century. Instead of a sense of the poet as either simplifying teacher or inquiring philosopher, there is a sense of him as community

spokesman—at his most elevated, a community orator—whose role is to affirm truths which are, in the nature of doctrinal truths, received, and to provoke a fresh recognition of essences, of the distilled wisdom which underlies these truths. There is, in this, a strong recitative element—becoming incantatory in its most elevated moments—and, as the movement is from statement towards celebration rather than inquiry, so the most useful analogy is with the hymn.

Augustine's beautifully simple and inclusive definition established this poetry's primary aim:

> Hymnus scitis quid est? Cantus est cum laude Dei. Si laudas Deum et non cantas, non dicis hymnum: si cantas, et non laudas Deum, non dicis hymnum: si laudas aliud quod non pertinet ad laudem Dei, etsi cantando laudes, non dicis hymnum. Hymnus ergo tria ista habet, et cantum, et laudem, et Dei. Laus ergo Dei in cantico, hymnus dicitur.[8]

Much of the singing of the Bannatyne poetry is, of course, a figurative singing; indeed, the rhapsodical quality of Douglas's tenth prologue is closer to the spirit of the great hymns than the one poem in the section which has a tune explicitly associated with it, Maitland's *Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld, Man, his Fall and Redemptioun*. But the point remains that poems like Dunbar's *Rorate celi desuper* or *Done is a battell on þe dragon blak* are more usefully compared with Latin hymns like *Aurora caelum purpurat* or Venatius Fortunatus' *Vexilla regis prodeunt* than with other poems on the same themes. These are hymns which respond to the majesty of their subject matter with both eloquence and ornament,[9] creating their own ceremonial in which the ornateness of secular court poetry is enriched with resonances of the liturgy. Even the baroque *Haile, sterne superne!* can find justification for its extravagance, perhaps in a belief commonly held from Augustine onwards that the finest artistry of man is an apprehension of the perfection of God,[10] certainly in the knowledge of a quite unequivocal situation in which faith is sure and shared, devoutness a common quality and the ceremony of the liturgy a common background. Such poetry may at its worst rest limply on the reiteration of truths made commonplace through unimaginative overhandling but, at its best, it gains authority in the depth and richness of its allusion, and vitality in its communication of the joy attendant on faith; it remakes, as it encapsulates and re-enacts, the occasion for which it was written. It is only misleading to think of the writer of such poems in terms of the religious poet described by Eliot. He is not engaging in 'a variety of minor poetry', nor 'dealing with a confined part' of the whole subject matter of poetry, 'leaving out what men consider their major passions and thereby confessing his ignorance of them'.[11] He is, as Bannatyne's placing of the poems concerned with 'Godis gloir and ouir saluatioun' at the head of his collection makes plain, dealing with the most important and most pervasive fact of life on earth and, if the poems are 'minor', it is not because of their limited responsiveness or because of the restrictions imposed by their subject matter, but because they are occasional poems and accept the decorum of the occasions for which they were written.

Just as the larger structure of the Bannatyne Manuscript, by giving

pride of place to the religious poems, declares the overall seriousness of the collection, so the internal structure of *Ballatis of Theoligie* conforms to a pattern of meditative thought which would have struck readers as entirely natural and which, while it would have enabled them to take the poems singly, would have encouraged them to read them as a meaningful sequence. This is only to underline the pragmatic quality of many of the 'ballatis': Bannatyne's arrangement effectively retains something of the contextual impact of the spoken or sung poems in the collection and, by abstracting a poem like Douglas's tenth prologue from its written context, shifts the emphasis from its function as prologue to its function as hymn of praise, from its character as literary set-piece to its character as affective meditation. Yet one must be careful of overstressing this meditative function.

Douglas's prologue is one of the four 'prefatory' poems in *Ballatis of Theoligie* and, like its companions, it is more celebratory than didactic. At the simplest level these poems are informative; their value in the sequence is that they rehearse the 'matter' of the Christian story and, by doing so, establish a context for the 'smaller', affective, occasional poems that make up the bulk of *Ballatis of Theoligie*. But, while their content is relatively dense, none is either intellectually difficult or explicitly didactic—in the sense that the poet addresses his audience in the manner of a preacher, of one instructing. Nor is there any direct invitation to the audience to meditate, to visualise and ponder upon details in the life of Christ, a point which can best be made by comparing Bellenden's handling of the parliament of Heaven and of the incarnation of Christ with that in Nicholas Love's very popular translation from Bonaventura's *Meditationes Vitae Christi: The Mirrour of the Blessed Lyf of Jesu Christ*.[12] This is a 'programmed' meditation:

> And for also moche as this book is deuyded and departed in VII parties, after VII daies of the weke: every day one party or somme therof to ben had in contemplacioun of hem that han therto desire and deuocioun. Therfore at the Moneday, as the firste worke day of the weke, bygynneth this gostly werk, tellynge firste of the deuoute instaunce and desire of the holy aungelis in Heuene for manis restorynge and his saluacioun; to stire man amonge other that day specially to worschippe hem; as holy chirche the same day maketh special mynde of hem.[13]

And as the visualisation of the parliament is stronger both pictorially and as narrative so the reader is exhorted to 'deuoutliche ymagine and thenke'[14] the occasion being related, 'the whiche processe schal be taken as in liknesse and oneliche as a manere of a parable and deuoute ymagynacioun',[15] and the steps in the meditation are explicitly indicated:

> Now goo we doun to erthe; and thynke we how hit stood with his blessid moder Marie, and what was hire lyuynge here bifore the incarnacioun that foloweth after.[16]

Bellenden's poem, in contrast with his plainly spoken guide—or, indeed, with the dramatic realisation of the debate between the four daughters of God in *Ludus Coventriae*, 'Parliament of Heaven'—is obviously more

consciously literary in its effects, both its poetic diction and its ornate astronomical opening suggesting immediately a different purpose altogether. As the balanced presentation of the four daughters—each given one stanza, Mercy countered by Veretie, Pece by Iustice, in that order—suggests a tableau rather than a debate, so the second and lengthier part of the poem, dealing with the Incarnation, is more elaboration than narrative or theological explication. Thus the threefold unity of the Trinity, exemplified through the figure of 'The craft, the string, the hand, indifferentlie' providing in music a 'vnisone and concord armonie' (l.108), is re-applied as the threefold unity of:

> Devyne persone and miserie of man.
> The moder peur, full of virginitie,
> The fervent hairt and faith maist souerane,
> God, saule and flesche at anes to remane,
> Passing the strength of mannis argument,
> Ane standing thre, and thre ay standing ane,
> Be michtie werk of God omnipotent.
> (ll.122–8)

A further three, 'Thre mervelus thingis' (11.129ff.), amplifies this 'trinity' by extolling the wonder of God's taking 'natur of ane mortall man', the Virgin Birth, and, in man, the moment 'Quhen fervent hairt and faith togidder ran'. The poem concludes by returning to the Trinity, and with a prayer to Christ that the poet and his audience should be brought:

> . . . amang tha happie senatouris
> Quhome thow hes coftin with thy woundis fyve,
> Quhen saule depairtis in oure lattir houris.
> (ll.174–6)

'Senatouris' may be quite specific in this context; it is, for example, the term used of the members of the College of Justice by the Scottish Parliament in 1541 when it ratified the Papal Bull of 1531.[17] *The Benner of Peetie* may very probably have been written for an occasion upon which the Scottish 'senatouris' were assembled though, it should be noted, the reading of the other surviving manuscript[18] is 'cietesouris' (citizens) not 'senatouris'. The poem's being occasional, in this sense, would explain also why it in fact gains strength from its lack of dynamism, from a poise which is decorative rather than didactic. The matter of the parliament of Heaven and of the incarnation of Christ is faithfully rehearsed but the poem, unlike the meditation, is immediately something other than a vehicle for its content. The debate between the four daughters of God ends, conventionally enough, in harmony:

> 3e sall ay still in to my court remane
> And in this maner haif fraternitie:
> My Mercy sal be knit to Veritie,
> Than Peax and Iustice sall togidder brace;
> (ll.75–8)

The sequence of 'threes', in the second part of the poem, similarly stresses both God's omnipresence and the 'perfyt vnitie' which results. Unlike the meditation, which is analytic and which fragments the narrative, the poem shapes and integrates its content, responding less to the matter, *per se*, than to the demands made by the occasion of its presentation (from which, from the audience's point of view, it is not really separable): like music for state occasions it is grand in its choice of theme and elevated in style, conventional rather than innovatory in both technique and content, public rather than personal, accomplished in its performance rather than interesting in its statement. To say this is not simply to argue that, because *The Benner of Peetie* was, or may have been, written for an occasion, it has the character of that occasion, or is properly reduced to being a complement to the occasion. Dunbar's view that his poetry would outlive its immediate context was presumably shared by other poets.[19] But it does suggest something of the synthesis of human experience which was the substance of serious poetry, and of the primacy of the ubiquity within this synthesis. It takes an adjustment, for the modern reader, to conceive of *The Benner of Peetie* as a 'suitable adornment of a secular occasion', or to accept the 'incongruity' of Maitland's *Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld* being set to the tune of *The Bankis of Helecon*. Yet these are both, in their different moods, poems of affirmation of faith, their form and style adapted to the occasions for which they were written. Neither poet was under an obligation 'to make his own field of reference', 'to convince [his audience] of the importance of what he [had] to say', to prove his own credentials, 'as a religious man', or those of his religion; his 'work' was a makar's work, his task to recognise the decorum of occasion and, within its bounds, to make more vivid to his audience their own, unquestioned realisation of 'known truths'. This was not a matter of encouraging so programmed a meditation as that of Nicholas Love's translation but of reminding them—it was no stronger than that as the frequency of the imperative 'remember' in the *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* makes plain— of God's omnipresence and their mortality. And, as there were occasions when this represented the most humble of poetic aspirations, there were occasions for rhapsody.[20]

In the remainder of this chapter some poems selected from *Ballatis of Theoligie* will be looked at closely—Douglas's tenth prologue, Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, Henryson's *Ane Prayer for the Pest*, and Dunbar's *Rorate celi desuper* and *Done is a battell on þe dragon blak*—to illustrate something of this range of poetic opportunity and to show that, however 'fettered' the poet by content and occasion, he could, and did, offer his audience some 'enlargement of his comprehension and elevation of his fancy'. It is notable that three of Douglas's prologues find their way into the *Ballat Buke*, each, because of the richness and authority of its content, fulfilling a similar role as anchor to a section. The tenth prologue is the key poem among the prefatory *Ballatis of Theoligie*, as it both establishes the mood and content of prayer and provides, by rehearsing doctrine as a sermon rehearses doctrine, the argument, the basis of faith. At its simplest, of course, the prologue is a prayer to God for support during the completion of the translation of the *Aeneid*, an invocation to God as muse; but it is, in the manner of prologues, much more than this, having general applicability as prayer

and being something of a tour de force as a rhapsodical hymn of praise. Douglas's generally unsympathetic editor, D.F.C. Coldwell, has described its theology as 'commonplace',[21] but an examination of the poem refutes both this view and Dr Johnson's observation that 'the ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestick for ornament'.[22]

The first element of the poem is its use of rapid accumulation of reasoned propositions about the Trinity to establish the incomprehensible greatness and mystery of God; the second the absorption of dogma into the rhetoric of prayer, the movement signalled by the division of the poem into three 'voices', that of reasoning, that of thanksgiving, and that of personal prayer. The third is the celebratory mode. The 'ideas of Christian Theology' with which the poem begins are simple, because they are unelaborated and unquestioningly asserted, and they are, taken out of context, commonplace. But whereas a short lyric like *The Divine Paradox*[23] takes one of these ideas and provokes wonder by boldly and simply concentrating on the drama of man's inability to comprehend what he cannot describe in terms of his own, essentially human, life and experience, Douglas's prologue realises that 'God be hys awin creatur to preif,/War mair vnlikness than liknes to descerne' (ll.84–5) and seeks to contain God, not within Everyman's apprehension but within the authoritative apprehension of the scholastic theologian.

The first eighty-five lines of the poem are thus distinguished by the number of ideas rehearsed, by their having the dignity and authority of 'fact', and by the academic manner of their presentation. Words like *substance*, *discrepance* and *accident* (ll.21–3) do not belong peculiarly to philosophical writing but their concentration in one five-line stanza, and the prominence they have there as rhyming words, gives an unmistakably 'learned' flavour to the beginning of the poem; and this is reinforced by the way in which 'similitudes' are introduced to illustrate the unity of the Trinity (ll.66–72, 73–80). The 'ideas' come rapidly—God's providence, the order of the seasons, the nature of divine substance, the paradox of Christ having both divine and human nature, the indivisibility of the Trinity; the impossibility of understanding the relationships between the Father and the Son in terms of generation, the inviolability of God, eternity, the notion of God as power, Christ as wisdom, and the Holy Ghost as love. There is no reflection, the energetic movement from one idea to the next being exaggerated by the frequent condensation of statement into paradox.

The cumulative effect is complex. The delivery is positive and authoritative, the rhetoric that of the preacher but with a theologian's analytical coolness: we are not urged to wonder but told that the greatness of God, as evidenced by the catalogue of definitive propositions, is beyond our understanding. The argument constantly jolts, not simply to retain interest, but to give an impression of lively disputation; so the pleasant, opening description of the order of the seasons is not developed, as it is by Henryson in *The Preiching of the Swallow* (ll.57ff.), or indeed by Boethius,[24] but chopped short by the switch to another aspect of God's greatness:

> Nocht that thow neidit ocht. All thing thou wrocht
> Bot to that fyne: thou maid all thingis of nocht

Of thy gudness to be participant.
(ll.16–18)

Other propositions are similarly cut short by the intrusion of a negative which denies the possible, human, implications of the attempted definition of attributes of God.[25] Against the energetically prosecuted catalogue are set the repeated reminders: 'Inconprehensible thy werkis ar to consaif' (l.3), 'Quhilk soverane substance, . . ./Na cunning comprehend ma, nor discrive;' (ll.36–7), 'Sa bene the werkis of the Trinitie/ Maist excellent, and wonderfull to consaif./ȝit thame to trest, the mair mereit we haif/That be na manis ressone previt may bie.' (ll.47–50). And finally, as an immediate comment on the preceding 'similitudes' but concluding the first section of the poem:

Thus rud exampillis and figuris may we geif,
Thocht God be his awin createur to preif,
War mair vnlikness than likness to discern.'
(ll.83–5)

The 'voice', for these first eighty-five lines, is that of reasoning, but the context is established by the celebratory mode of the first three stanzas, by the apostrophes to God in the first two lines of the first stanza, the exclamation which begins the second, the use of the rare ecclesiastical Latin borrowing *plasmatour* in the opening line of the poem, the joyful catalogue of the seasons. To state God's mystery in this context is to proclaim it, to introduce that element of prayer which rejoices through recitation, to demonstrate the faith which alone can resolve the paradoxes discovered by reason.

The transition from this to the second 'voice', that of general thanksgiving, is marked by a shift from exposition to direct address in prayer, and signalled by the two stanzas (ll.86–95) in which the poet, calling in the manner of a preacher on his audience as 'freind', confirms the humbleness of man's understanding by comparing the God he might be able to understand, described colloquially and deprecatingly as 'ane pretty God and mene' (l.90), with 'The maist excellent maiestie devyne' (l.89) whose attributes he has been revealing. 'It sufeiss the, belief the Creid perfyte' (l.95), a point hammered home by the following brilliantly condensed catalogue of antitheses drawn from the preceding section but used here for poetic effect rather than with scholarly preciseness, antitheses in which the positive is the affirmation of a quality of God's majesty, the negative its possible scaling-down to human dimensions:

God is, I grant, in all thing not excludit,
Gevis all gudnes and is of nocht denudit.
Of him hes all thing pairt and he not mynneist.
Haill he is alquhair, not devydit ne fynneist.
Withowt all thing he is and not excludit.
(ll.96–100)

The catalogue, used in the *Palice of Honour* to ornament and enrich, here heightens the effect not by its lavishness but by the pithiness

and wit with which it restates the mystery, the negatives repeatedly putting God beyond man's comprehension as the strong pattern of feminine rhymes develops an almost incantatory effect. Douglas thus returns to the celebratory mode of the opening stanzas having 'argued' God's greatness.

The double apostrophe:

> O Lord, thy wayis bene investigable.
> Sweit Lord, thy self is sa inestimable
> (ll.101–2)

both recapitulates the preceding, reasoned argument in a line of climactic exaltation and introduces, through the adjective 'sweit', the mood of heightened rapture, of spiritual ecstasy, which dwells on the greatest of 'wounderis', the Creation, the Incarnation, the Passion, the harrowing of Hell, the pledge of redemption in the Communion. These 'wounderis' are introduced simply, allusively, as if the material so familiar in pageant scenes needs only suggested evocation. Again the allusiveness is there for a controlled purpose, not prompting a loose emotionalism which would dissipate the energy of the poem but retaining the emphasis of the wondrousness of God in a series of linked paradoxes: that God, 'sa inestimable' (l.102), should so humble his majesty as 'To be borne man, in till ane oxis stabill' (l.105); that the glory of the creation of man 'Enarmid . . . with ressone and prudence' (l.121) and 'power nevir to de' (l.120) should make 'deth, vnknawin, be fund, and lyf ga hence' (l.125); that God should become 'ane thrall to mak ws bundin fre' (l.127); that one drop of Christ's blood shed on the Cross would have redeemed 'Ane thowsand warldis' (l.133) but God has given the Eucharist, 'In perpetuall memorie/Of thy passioun and dolorus panefull deid' (ll.139–40). While the mood of this section of the poem has an exaltation appropriate to its content it does not rely on the content to create it. Nor does it lose any of the tension created by the poised dialectic of the preceding section, retaining the generally antithetical structure, supporting apostrophes to God with argument, and employing richly flexible diction ranging from the terse Scots of 'Bittir was that fruct for his ofspring, and fey' (l.124) or 'To quickin thy sklavis thold schamefull deid maist fell' (l.128), to the aureation of the rhyming pair 'investigable', 'inestimable', (ll.101–2) or the luxuriousness of 'Quhat infinit, excellent, hie bonte' (l.111), or 'soverane hie bontie' (l.143).

The third and final 'voice' of the poem is that of personal supplication. Man, for whom Christ 'payit the price of the forbiddin tre' (l.130), speaks through his representative, the poet, asking

> Quhat thankis dew or gainȝeild, Lord benyng,
> May I, maist sinfull, wrechit catyve indyng,
> Rander for this soverane hie bonte.
> (ll.141–3)

The expostulatory tone which had earlier jolted the reader into continuing alertness to argument is here used to suggest an angry rejection of the pagan alternatives. 'Lat Virgill hald hiȝ maumentis till him self' (l.153) and 'I compt nocht of thir pagane godis a futhir' (l.159), whose power

cannot help the colloquial 'haltane hen' (l.160). The celebratory mode, with which the poem opened, returns at its conclusion, though the order of the seasons in which man can rejoice has become the celestial harmony to which, through faith, he can aspire and the level of exaltation attained in the middle section of the poem finds additional justification as an enactment of that aspiration.

Douglas's poem is thus greatly more complex than those who see it as a set-piece would admit. It is a poem of very great craftsmanship and the end result is much more than poetically phrased prayer. Those things which 'Intelligence considderis', though they may be the common coin of the scholastic theologians, are not retailed in the confidence that they will do their own work but presented in rhetorical argument, in a manner which constantly challenges the reader's complacent acceptance of them; that which 'Ressoun decernis', the recognition of man, 'Enarmid . . . with ressone and prudence' as he is, of the two great facts, his fallen state and God's infinite love and mercy, is argued in the very texture of the poem through the shift in its method from reason to faith; 'memor's' keeping of the conceit, persuasion through individual application, is made not through the tired ploys of affective piety but through the vigorously colloquial rejection of an immediate and plausibly actual alternative. The poem exemplifies, in all its phases, that peculiarly Scottish, makar's sensibility, most subtly manifested in Henryson but most variously represented by Dunbar, to the poem as a fully integrated artefact constructed to the decorum of occasion.

At a much lower level on the poetic scale is Dunbar's much abused *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*. Bannatyne's sequence makes a clear change of mood from that of celebration in the prefatory poems, which establish the context of the shorter poems that follow through their appeal to intelligence, to that of sober self-examination in the poems headed by *A Song of Him Lying in Poynt of Deth*, poems which call on man to exercise reason and realise his present situation. These are confessional poems, poems of contrition, and prayers, various in mood and in the demands they make upon the poet. Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, central because of its inclusiveness, is the sort of poem which challenges the modern reader to find anything in its favour except its inclusiveness. Thus Patterson, introducing a similar 'general confession' poem, remarked of the genre that 'even as gifted a poet as Dunbar failed to give it literary merit'.[26] It is, undeniably, occasional poetry at its most humble and subservient, constrained by the extent and detail of its subject matter, and by its intended purpose. But it is more likely that this is different Dunbar than that it is autobiographical or inferior Dunbar, that there is a decorum of occasion observed though it requires the poet to be self-effacing, to accept the adequacy of the content, and to exercise no control over its selection or interpretation. Verse is used, not because it graces or is mnemonic, but because it is felt to be more appropriate to the subject matter and to the gravity of the occasion. It is impossible to be certain about the circumstances of composition: it is highly unlikely that the poem is in any way autobiographical,[27] probable that it was commissioned as a guide to private meditation, and at least possible that it was written expressly for the king. It is clearly a court poem, the last third being a development from the conventional sections of such a programme—as followed in other poems and in the primers[28]—towards a

particularity applicable 'in court, in kirk, and table' (l.99). Certainly the sins there listed are those of the courtier and, while most are so general as not to suggest any precise reference, there is a tempting particularity about

> Of prodigall spending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding;
> In fowll disceptionis, in fals inventionis breiding
> To conqueiss honor, tresor, land and rent;
> In fleschly lust aboif mesur exceding.
> (ll.116–19)

It is possible that *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, being of the same kind as Dunbar's poem on the Passion, *Amang thir freiris, within ane cloister*, was, like it, written either at James IV's behest or with his, rather than Dunbar's, tastes in mind.

James' piety seems to have been of the simplicity and irrevocable commitment that stamps the headstrong and impetuous. The well-known story of the girdle that he wore throughout his life as penance for his part in his father's death, the devoutness during the wedding celebrations that so impressed the Somerset Herald,[29] his gift to Margaret Tudor of an extravagantly expensive Book of Hours,[30] his founding of the Observantine Friary at Stirling and customary retreat there during Lent:[31] these suggest a demonstrative piety which would respond to the vivid realisation of the Passion in Dunbar's poem and to its direct invitation to personal involvement, both through the stance of visionary witness and through Grace's request that 'in thy hous sall herbrit be/Thy blissit salvatour Chryst Jesu' (ll.119–20). *The Dregy* was quite clearly written for the king at Stirling for the amusement of king and friary, and the opening lines of Dunbar's poem on the Passion

> Amang thir freiris, within ane cloister,
> I enterit in ane oritorie,
> And knelit doun with ane *Pater Noster*,
> Befoir the michtie King of Glorie,
> Haveing his passioun in memorie.[32]
> (ll.1–5)

would have a strength and immediacy in accord with the vividness of the dream and urgency of the allegorically realised struggle in the last lines of the poem, if they dramatised for the king his actual role as penitent. The evidence of other poems suggests that Dunbar knew his king very well; and he who in one poem could parody the Lord's Prayer and call his king back to the 'Hevin's glory' of Edinburgh could perhaps, in another, guide his devotions by a sensitive response to his needs.

This is not to claim a merit for the poem which others have not recognised. To a reader seeking evidence of originality or personal feeling the poem is as flat and uninteresting as any of the numerous other less technically accomplished examples of the kind, any aspiration towards the poetic held in check by the makar's acceptance of the undemanding role he has, on this occasion, to play. Yet the poem has a practical value in the *Ballat Buke* and clearly had a value in the original context of James' court; it represents a valid use of poetry and in a sense

defines the bottom end of the poetic scale, where art is most constrained, as surely as a poem like Dunbar's *Haile sterne superne!* , in which art, using the licence of joyful fervour, escapes all save metrical constraints and produces the reverse imbalance of form and content, defines the top. Though the modern reader may find no pleasure in either extreme he must accept that different, and equally respectable, decorums are being observed and that the court poet is not to be judged on his high points alone. Though Dunbar 'language had at large', and the virtuosity of *The Goldin Terge* may tempt the reader to see the extravagance of *Haile sterne superne!* as understandable (because, as Lydgate's poem to the Virgin demonstrates, the subject attracted verbal luxuriance) and characteristic excess, there are no grounds for such biographical indulgence. The accomplished makar worked in a range of modes with equal facility, and the fullness of his contribution to the life and culture of the court cannot be realised by a critical view which chooses to ignore a use of poetry which the makar himself did not eschew.

Nor should poems from the top end of this scale be thought of too fixedly in terms of the rhetoric which is their most obvious characteristic. Henryson's *Ane Prayer for the Pest*, a poem which Dunbar may well have recalled as he wrote his *Haile sterne superne!* is a case in point, reaching in its concluding stanzas a rhetorical pitch so virtuose as to tempt the reader to succumb to the view that Henryson's response here was more to a technical problem than to the poem's integral requirements:

Superne Lucerne, guberne this pestilens,
Preserve and serve that we not sterve thairin.
Declyne that pyne be thy devyne prudens.
O Trewth, haif rewth, lat not our slewth ws twin.
Our syt full tyt, wer we contryt, wald blin.
Dissiver did never quha evir the besocht.
Send grace with space and ws imbrace fra syn.
Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht.

O Prince preclair, this cair, cotidiane
We the exhort, distort it in exyle.
Bot thow remeid, this deid is bot ane trane
For to dissaif the laif, and thame begyle.
Bot thow, sa vyiss, devyiss to mend this byle
Of this mischief, quha ma releif ws ocht
For wrangus win, bot thow our syn oursyll?
Latt not be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht.

Sen for our vyce, that iustyce mon correct,
O King most hie now pacifie thy feid.
Our syn is huge. Refuge we not suspect.
As thow art iuge, deluge ws of this dreid.
In tyme assent. Or we be schent with deid
We ws repent, and tyme mispent, forthocht.
Thairfoir, evirmoir be gloir to thy Godheid.
Lat nocht be tynt that thow sa deir hes bocht.

For Bannatyne, who assembled the anthology

> in tyme of pest,
> Quhen we fra labor was compeld to rest,

the poem had a peculiar appositeness and in his sequence it is used as a counter to the growing mood of joy in the post-confessional poems which reaches its climax in *The Song of the Virgin Mary*, an undistinguished translation of the *Magnificat*. Henryson's poem addresses the 'eterne God of power infinyt' (l.1), the God of *Psalm 83*. The decorum he chooses is that appropriate to the stance of sinner addressing a just but terrible God:

> Haif mercy of ws, indigent and peure.
> Thow dois na wrang to pvneiss our offens.
> O Lord, that is to mankynd haill succure,
> Preserve ws fra this perrelus pestilens.
> (ll.5–8)

The poem couches its address to so high a God in the ballat royal, the stanza form recommended by James VI 'for any heich and graue subiectis, specially drawin out of learnit authoris';[33] it draws heavily, in manner and content, on prayers from the liturgy, developing the same heightening effect as a succession of prayers has from its combination of repeated supplicatory lines and varied terms of address, and from the reiterated refrain. The cumulative effect of the first eight stanzas is thus both grave, because of the stance taken and the mode adopted, and strongly emotive, because of the poem's rich liturgical resonances, its powerful evocation of the context of prayer. When the argument turns, in the seventh and eighth stanzas, to the corruptness of human government, Henryson's concern is less with the validity of the political comment than the clinching of the poetic argument developed so far with the exemplum that man who lives by violence is justly punished with violence: God, he argues, 'hes iust cause to send ws pestilens' (l.64). But this is by no means the full import of the poem. The sudden enriching of the already high-style ballat royal with Latinate diction and internal rhyme is a response to a shift in the poem's direction formally indicated by the adoption of a more responsible refrain: 'Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht'. Earlier stanzas, passive and despairing in the knowledge of man's fall from grace, had remarked that the distance between God and man could not be bridged unless God 'with rewth our hairtis recreat' (l.13), should 'Puneiss with pety and nocht with violens' (l.46). The final three stanzas, actively promising repentance and trusting in God's mercy, address a God with whom man, properly devout, has some communion, and pray with passionate urgency for his intervention. The rhetoric of the poem does not rise simply to a height of ornateness appropriate in a poem of direct address to a God of power, but marks, in the exaltation and increased urgency of the final stanzas, a major shift in its direction and structure. Just as surely as Dunbar in *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, Henryson has defined, and worked within, a decorum of occasion.

Of the remaining *Ballatis of Theoligie*, poems on the Nativity, the

Passion, the Resurrection, and exhortations of Christ—poems of memor, the keeping of the 'conceit'—the two best-known, and the two best, are Dunbar's *Rorate celi desuper* and *Done is a battell on þe dragon blak*. And their success is due not, as Rosemary Woolf has argued, to the emergence of the self-conscious artist, but to exactly that suppression of the individuality of the artist that produced the two extremes of *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus* and *Ane Prayer for the Pest*. Woolf has used the poems to illustrate 'the distinction between anonymous and named poetry', arguing that Dunbar's 'frigid' poem on the Passion is closer to the former, being on a subject 'treated better by writers with less distinctive gifts, who quite naturally accepted a genuinely anonymous style of writing and a willing subservience to tradition'; whereas, in *Rorate celi desuper* and *Done is a battell*, 'the triumphal celebration of the Nativity and the Resurrection requires the tone of self-assertion and personal confidence, which only a talented and self-conscious poet can possess'.[34] Certainly these are poems of enormous confidence, but the tone is less that of self-assertion than of public proclamation. The occasions are triumphal occasions, their celebration not private but communal; the poet is, again, in the role of orator, his essential task to realise the mood of the occasion, to speak for as well as to his fellow celebrants. Though none might have responded with quite the magnificence of Dunbar, any one of his contemporaries—as the manner of the other Bannatyne poems on the Nativity and the Resurrection attests—would have recognised what the occasion required.

The sudden strength of both these poems derives from their being poems for occasions which assume all that has led up to those occasions in the sequence of which they form part. In this sense they are like proper psalms or hymns traditionally associated with particular days: they can assume, without having to establish, the appropriate mood of exaltation. This is particularly important in *Rorate celi desuper*, where Dunbar strikes the note of immediacy, precisely the note of thankful joy at the coming of a long anticipated event, through his juxtaposition of the Advent responsory, *Rorate celi desuper* with the Christmas Day Introit *Puer natus est nobis*. Indeed, the whole success of the poem comes from the fullness with which it captures just that moment at which the longing of Advent is turned to rejoicing.

To say that this poem derives from the liturgy is not simply to say that it is a responsory rather than *Isaiah*, 45.8 which is important as the source of the line, 'Rorate celi desuper'. It is difficult for the reader today, particularly if he is not a churchgoer, to appreciate a context of devoutness centred on services heard daily or several times daily, at public rather than private devotions. Dunbar's poem draws on the liturgy not in the limited sense that it borrows words, images or mood from it, but in the richer sense that it is a distillation from the Advent Office, its note of joy and exaltation being founded in that Office's heightening anticipation. Rosemary Woolf, remarking on 'echoes' of the *Te Deum* and the *Benedicite*, seems to suggest that these are principal sources and that the poem derives its structure from their combination;[35] but such a view, despite her disclaimer that 'the identifying of these sources in no way detracts from the poem',[36] does not bring out the richness of the poem's liturgical connection. It is important, for instance, that the *Te Deum*, which has not been sung during Advent, is sung on

Christmas Day.[37] And it is important to the spirit of the poem, whether it was actually sung or not, that the immediate sources are in the sung parts of the service.

The responsory, *Rorate celi desuper*, is first sung at Vespers on the Saturday before the first Sunday in Advent and it then recurs, in shorter or fuller form, throughout Advent:

> O ye mountains of Israel, shoot forth your branches and blossom and bring forth fruit. The day of the Lord is at hand to come.
> Verse: Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down the Righteous One: let the earth open, and let her bring forth the Saviour.[38]

It is primarily an expression of the wish that the prophecy should be fulfilled and it is answered in the second responsory at Mattins on Christmas Day: 'This day is the true peace come down unto us from heaven. This day throughout the whole world the skies drop down sweetness'.[39] Other Advent responsories contribute to the composite mystical vision of Dunbar's first stanza: 'I look from afar, and, behold, I see the Power of God coming, and a cloud covering all the land'.[40]

> 'Let the mountains break forth into singing, and the hills bring forth righteousness: for the Lord, the Light of the world, cometh with power'.[41]
> 'Behold the Lord cometh with an host, and in His hand are the kingdom, and the power and dominion'.[42]
> 'There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a flower shall grow out of his roots'.[43]

Images from the prophecies, repeated and developed in lessons to which the responsories provide recitative affirmation, accumulate over the Advent season as a richly symbolic fabric. The poem's first stanza selects from this, focuses on the meeting of Heaven and earth, calling on the heavens to 'distill' their 'balmy schouris' towards which is 'rissin þe bricht Day Ster/Fro þe ross Mary'. The stanza makes, in fact, its own distillation from the multiple anticipation of Advent, emphasising on the one hand the 'balm' looked forward to in the responsory, on the other the miraculous birth which is both intimated through the fertility imagery of the prophecies and expressive of man's aspiration. Light dawns unclouded on the earth, but only 'Fro þe ross Mary, flour of flouris', that is, through Christ's incarnation and, implicitly, through man's recognition of the wonder of this. There is, in the complex imagery of this stanza alone, a resolution of the Advent tension between prophecy and fulfilment.

The processional communion of the *Te Deum* provides a framework in which all Creation is exhorted to celebrate this union of Heaven and earth, sinners to accept their redemption, the clergy to respect their office, birds to sing, flowers to grow, the heavens and all the creatures of the earth to rejoice. It is notable that, within the hortatory framework, the poem moves to a still centre of immediacy, applying its message directly to sinners and then transmuting this advice into a direction to

clergy to do their 'obseruance devyne', to affirm the ceremony of living. Rosemary Woolf notices that the poem rises to a climax,[44] but it rises only because of the movement in the poem which takes it from the high, liturgical universality with which it opens towards the individual, and then back agan to the affirmation of a pattern which all nature observes. It is indicative of the poem's movement that, as its stimulus is found in the responsory, *Rorate celi desuper*, so its climax is in the *Gloria*.

Done is a battell on þe dragon blak draws similarly on the liturgy of Passion Week, something indicated as much by what it excludes, in treating of the harrowing of Hell, as by what it includes. It is a high-toned poem, coming no nearer to the bickering exchanges between Christ and the devil of the harrowing plays than in the one line of the first stanza, 'The diuillis trymmillis with hiddouss voce' (l.5). Its mood is triumphant, the mood of the great Passiontide hymns, *Vexilla regis prodeunt*, and *Pange, lingua, gloriosi lauream certaminis*, but sharpened by the exultancy of psalms 2 and 3. As much of its impact derives from the energy with which the sudden strength of the opening line is sustained, so much of its total effect derives from its apprehension of a precise, anticipated moment, and the manner in which, in a series of hammer-blow images, pent-up responses are released. And in this respect we may usefully compare it with the preceding poem in the Bannatyne, *Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro*, attributed by Tod Ritchie to Dunbar, as it is so attributed in the Scottish Text Society's edition of his poems, a more diffuse poem, part macaronic narrative and part exhortation, recounting the visit to the sepulchre and breaking then into two concluding stanzas of exultation which deal with the harrowing of Hell. The conventionality of its paraphrasing of scripture can be shown by comparing the poem's second stanza with verses 2–4 of Matthew, 28:

> This angellis weid wes snawith in cullour.
> His face, as fyrflacht, flawmyt ferly brycht.
> The knychtis, keparis of Christis sepultour,
> Fell doun as deid, offerit of his licht,
> Quhome to behald thay had no grace nor mycht.
> Et terre motus est factus in Iudea.
> The wird of Iesew is fulfillit rycht:
> 'Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua.'

> 2 Et ecce terrae motus factus est magnus. Angelus enim Domini descendit de coelo: et accedens revolvit lapidem et sedebat super eum.

> 3 Erat autem aspectus ejus sicut fulgur: et vestimentum ejus sicut nix.

> 4 Prae timore autem ejus exterriti sunt custodes, et facti sunt velut mortui.

It has no life of its own as poetry, makes no imaginative transformation of its material. Dunbar's poem, on the other hand, because it apprehends quite precisely the mood and the moment it is celebrating, makes the vital leap forward, enacting in the movement of its own rhythm and

syntax and in the suffused emotion of its pattern of imagery the triumph of God's power.

There are three matrices of images, those surrounding the beating open of the gates of Hell, the conflict of Christ and the devil, and the resurrection of Christ. The first of these, by its place in the first and last stanzas, encapsulates the poem. It ensures that the sense of triumph in battle, of completed action, set by the strong opening inversion and continued by the rapidity of the sequence of single line statements—a rapidity increased in the last stanza by the number of half-lines—both contains the poem and informs its refrain line, 'Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro'. The line itself, of course, is from an Easter Day responsory, the military metaphor traditional but at hand in that it is found in the Easter Day sequence, *Fulgens preclara : de hoste superbo quem Ihesus triumphauit pulchre castra illius perimens teterrima.*[45] The inversion of the first stanza precedes a series of statements of action; that of the second, repeating and expanding the familiar image of the devil as a dragon, sets against the defeated devil, the 'auld kene tegir with his teith on char' (l.11), the victorious Christ, he who once seemed a lamb but rose like a lion, a giant, the dawn. Again, the themes of ignominious defeat, of Christ as lamb and lion, of light—as well as the penultimate stanza's themes of redemption and the confounding of the Jews—are present in the Sarum sequence and are key determinants of its not dissimilar mood.

The images of Christ as lion, giant, and dawn are traditional, as is their association with the Resurrection.[46] Their new-found strength in the third stanza derives from Dunbar's combination of two syntactic patterns, the parallelism of lines 2, 3 and 4 which emphasises the changes from 'lamb', to 'lyone' and 'lyone' to 'gyane', and the movement forward of the past participle, from the placing of 'slane' and 'dicht' at the end of the first two lines, to the placing of 'rissin' and 'raxit', in the next two lines, centrally, to the initial and emphatic placing of 'Sprungin' in the fifth line, where the order is the triumphant order of the refrain, '*Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro*'. The image of the tiger is much less common, and the striking conception of the tiger lying in wait with its 'teith on char' may well have been Dunbar's own. Chaucer's opposing of the strength of the lion with that of the tiger, the one characterising Palamon, the other Arcite, may suggest the opposition of two different sorts of strength, and even predicate the eventual success of one;[47] just as the Arundel Breviary, moralising from the story of the lion and its cub, uses the expression 'derne hunte' to describe the devil that opposed the invincible strength of Christ.[48] The tiger of the natural historians is swift and fierce, particularly in the instance of the tigress in defence of its young, and the story that most attracted the moralists is that of how the hunter escaping with a cub could dupe the tigress into giving up the chase by throwing down a glass ball which reflected her image and which she accepted as the cub. This story is not consistently interpreted[49] and its interest seems to be in the story rather than in the attributes of the tiger: though St Peter Damian asks '*et quid hic tigris, nisi diabolus debet intelligi?*' he does so in the context of his reading of the story of the tiger and the glass ball rather than as an assertion of a customary significance of the tiger.[50] Rabanus Maurus on the other hand, in *Allegoriae in Sacram Scripturam*, gives the tiger as a symbol for hypocrisy.[51] Behind

Dunbar's use of the image, then, lurk suggestions of fierceness and duplicity, of an implacable enemy but one that can be ignominiously defeated; his precise realisation of the image, with its vivid equation of the tiger's threatening mouth[52] and the gates of Hell, evokes the sense of the menacing presence of the devil more powerfully than might have been possible through the more conventional images of the dragon and serpent. The gates of Hell are thrown open and the imprisoned souls released; the clutch of the tiger's 'clowss strang' is broken and the threat to christian man removed. As in the Nativity poem there is a movement from the universal to the immediate and individual, so here Dunbar touches the dark fear of all men before resuming a song of triumph which, in the penultimate stanza, gains strength from the antithesis of light and dark, from the refounding of faith (1.28) as the darkness clears and 'The Sone, þat vox all paill, now schynis bricht' (l.27).

In each of these *Ballatis of Theoligie* art can be described as being in the service of religion. In some, as in *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*, it is constrained by what is in effect a decorum of self-effacement: the content, and the purpose that it is intended to serve, requires that poetic art is used only as the vehicle and not as in any way poetically determinant. In some, like Henryson's *Ane Prayer for the Pest* or, more extravagantly, Dunbar's *Haile, sterne superne!* , art appears to have been given an indulgence, the poet to have taken the exaltation of his theme as licence to exercise technical virtuosity to a degree that modern criticism finds unwarranted by either theme or occasion. But the critic who reacts in this way is simply not observing the decorum of occasion. Each of these poems has a validity and satisfaction which we must recognise even though, unused to a tradition of minor, occasional verse which meets a number of uses and offers a number of pleasures, we may find it difficult to accept much of this satisfaction ourselves.

It is, in the absence of simple and direct expressions of personal piety or of poems in the intense and introspective manner of the seventeenth century meditative poets, the poems of triumphant exaltation that most attract the modern reader. In these the poet is not seeking to heighten his audience's perception through the stimulus of his own but to celebrate with and for them truths to which all held. The poet is in the role of communal spokesman, realising to the fullness of his ability the significance or mood of an occasion; and the question of validity of purpose does not arise so worryingly, the public, celebratory mode being one with which poetry of later periods has made us familiar. Dunbar's two great hymns grow as closely and as naturally out of the context of communal occasion as do the other Nativity and Resurrection poems in Bannatyne but in each of them it is art rather than occasion or content that is determinant. In each a new and independent thing is made by the poet which enacts the essential human response to occasion and content. *Rorate celi desuper* suggests through its form the tiny but central place of man in the universal celebration of the moment when prophecy becomes fulfilment. *Done is a battell on þe dragon blak* realises the urgent and exultant spirit of the Church militant, man's joy in the power of God. In these two poems the art so brilliantly displayed in Douglas's tenth prologue, so carefully deployed in Henryson's *Ane Prayer for the Pest*, finds its highest moment.

1 Samuel Johnson, 'Life of Waller'; G.B. Hill (ed.), *Lives of the English Poets by Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, 3 vols, Oxford, 1905, I, pp.292–3.
2 Lord David Cecil, *Oxford Book of Christian Verse*, Oxford, 1940, p.xii.
3 Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets*, I, p.292.
4 Helen Gardner, *Religion and Literature*, London, 1971, p.122.
5 *Ibid.*, pp.136–7.
6 See Also John MacQueen, *Robert Henryson*, Oxford, 1967, p.55.
7 Helen Gardner, *Religion and Literature*, pp.134–5.
8 Augustine 'Enarratio in Psalmum CXLVIII', *Patrologia Latina*, ed. J.P. Migne, vol. XXXVII, col. 1947.
9 Recalling Johnson: 'The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestick for ornament'. *Lives of the English Poets*, I, p.295.
10 See Edgar De Bruyne, *Études d'Esthétique Médiévale*, 3 vols, Bruges, 1946, I, p.332.
11 T.S. Eliot, 'Religion and Literature', in *Selected Essays*, 3rd ed., London, 1951, p.390.
12 c. 1410, ed. Lawrence T. Powell, Oxford, 1908.
13 *Ibid.*, p.12.
14 *Ibid.*
15 *Ibid.*, p.19.
16 *Ibid.*
17 J.D. Mackie, *A History of Scotland*, rev. ed. London, 1972, p.137, and George Buchanan, *The History of Scotland*, 4 vols, tr. and ed. James Aikman, Glasgow and Edinburgh, 1827, II, p.306n.
18 Bound with the copy of Joannes de Fordun *Scotichronicon* in the Cowie Collection, Mitchell Library, Glasgow.
19 See *Schir, ȝe have mony seruitoris*, ll.25–34.
20 A later hand has designated the Bannatyne Manuscript 'Ane most godlie, mirrie, and lustie rapsodie', in the word's now obsolete sense of 'miscellany'. In its sense of 'an exalted expression of feeling' it of course aptly describes Douglas's prologue or Dunbar's great hymns.
21 Coldwell, *Douglas's Aeneid*, I, p.234.
22 *Lives of the English Poets*, I, p.293.
23 Carleton Brown (ed.), *Religious Lyrics of the Fifteenth Century*, p.187.
24 Boethius, 'Philosophiae Consolationis', Liber IV, Meter VI, *Boethius*, ed. E.H. Warmington, London, 1923, pp.372–3, ll.25–33.
25 See ll.41–4, 56–7, 58–9.
26 F.A. Patterson, *The Middle English Penitential Lyric*, New York, 1911, p.161.
27 As seems e.g. to be suggested by ÆE.J.G. Mackay, in his 'Introduction' to Small, *The Poems of Dunbar*, p.cxxxviii, who thinks the poem is a late work 'in which the poet makes an exhaustive declaration of his sins . . . and of his belief', and also by Tom Scott, *Dunbar: A Critical Exposition of the Poems*, Edinburgh and London, 1956, p.290: 'I have sinned also in theft and oppression (Dunbar?—theft perhaps, but oppression?).'
28 See e.g., ' "Prymer of Salysbury Vse", newly emprynted at Rowen. M.cccccxxxviij' in *Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiae Anglicanae*, ed. William Maskell, 3 vols, London, 1846–47, II, pp.274–8.

'The forme of confessyon.
Fyrst I knowlege my selfe gylty unto Almyghty God . . . I have offended my lord God greuously, and specially in the seven deedly synnes . . . I have synned in pryde of herte . . . in enuy . . . in wrathe . . . in slouthe . . .in couetyse . . . in glotony . . . in lechery.
Also I haue synned in brekyng of the .X. commaundementes . . .
Ferthermore I haue synned in myspendyng of my .V. wyttes . . .
Also I haue synned in not fullfyllynge of the .VII. werkes of mercy bodyly . . .
Also I have synned in not fullfyllynge of the .VII. werkes of mercy spirytuall . . .
Also I have not used the gyftes of the holy Goost to the honour of God . . .
Also I have not gyuen tankes to our Lorde for the .VII. sacraments . . .
Of these and all other: knowen and not knowen, that ever I dyde syth
I was borne unto this daye, I ask God mercy: and moost mercyfull Lorde
God, I yelde me gylty unto the.'

And for a metrical version, Andrew Clark (ed.), *The English Register of Godstow Nunnery, written about 1450*, Early English Text Society, 2 vols, 1907–13, I, pp.8–11: 'I knowlech to God, with verray contricion . . .'.
29 Leland, *De Rebus Britannicis*, IV, pp.296–300.
30 Macfarlane, 'The Book of Hours', pp.3–20.
31 Mackie, *James IV*, p.154.
32 Not in Bannatyne.

33 'Ane Schort Treatise Conteining Some Revlis and Cautelis to be Obseruit and Eschewit in Scottis Poesie', ed. James Craigie, *The Poems of James VI of Scotland*, Scottish Text Society, 2 vols, 1948–52, I, p.85.
34 Rosemary Woolf, *The English Religious Lyric in the Middle Ages*, Oxford, 1968, p.308.
35 Woolf, *The English Religious Lyric*, p.306.
36 *Ibid.*
37 At Mattins.
38 9th Response and Verse at Mattins on 4th Sunday of Advent. *Sarum Breviary*, col. CXLV–VI and see also col. VI, 'Montes . . .'.
39 *Ibid.*, col. CLXXV, 'Hodie . . .'.
40 R1 at Mattins, 1st Sunday of Advent, *Ibid.*, col. XXI, 'Aspiciens . . .'.
41 R8 at Mattins, 3rd Sunday of Advent, *Ibid.*, col. CVIII, 'Erumpant . . .'.
42 V to 2nd R at Mattins, 2nd Sunday of Advent, *Ibid.*, col. LXXXIII, 'Ecce Dominus . . .'.
43 V and R first said at Vespers on Saturday before 1st Sunday of Advent and subsequently repeated almost daily throughout the season. *Ibid.*, col. VI, 'Egreditur . . .'.
44 Woolf, *The English Religious Lyric*, p.307.
45 *Sarum Missal*, pp.136, 467.
46 For Christ as lion, see particularly *Cursor Mundi*, ll.18639–60, which repeats the belief, drawn from the bestiaries (e.g. The Bestiary from Arundel MS 292, ed. R. Morris, *An Old English Miscellany*, Early English Text Society, 1927) that the lion cub slept for three days until its mother's roar brought it to life, and makes the analogy with Christ and the three days before the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. For Christ as giant, see the account of the harrowing of Hell in *Piers Plowman* B text, Passus XVIII.
47 See A.H. Marckwardt, 'Characterization in Chaucer's Knight's Tale', *University of Michigan Contributions in Modern Philology*, No. 5, 1947, pp.13–14. But see also Beryl Rowland, *Blind Beasts*, Kent State University Press, 1971, pp.21–2.
48 Morris, *Old English Miscellany*, pp.1–2.
49 See, for instance, Ambrose, 'Hexaemeron', *Patrologia Latina*, ed. J.P. Migne, XIV, col. 249–50. St Peter Damian, 'De Bono Religios—Status et Variarum Animantium Trolopogia' *Patrologia Latina*, CXLV, col. 775. Pseudo-Hugh of St Victor, 'De Bestiis et Aliis Rebus', *Patrologia Latina*, CLXXVII, col. 83.
50 Peter Damian, *De Bono Religios*, col. 775. Cited in R.T. Davies, *Medieval English Lyrics*, London, 1963, p.359.
51 Rabanus Maurus 'Allegoriae In Sacram Scripturam' *Patrologia Latina*, CXII.
52 'On char' means not 'open' but 'in the act of closing'.

Chapter 4

Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie: Lettres of gold writtin I fand

Thir lusty versis of he nobilite
Agilite did write of lusty clerkis
And þairon markis wisdome, vtilitie.
Na vilite, no sic vnworthy werkis.
Scurrilite is bot for doggis þat barkis—
Quhay thairto harkis fallis in fragilite.
(Douglas, *Eneados*, prologue IX, ll.1–6)

> The satiric variations—urbanity, malevolence, raillery, scurrility, cynicism, and so on—lie beyond the range of Complaint which, like the Christianity it espouses, strives always to be sober and reasonable, if occasionally severe.[1]

The *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* display, in the eyes of most modern readers, one of the least attractive of the medieval uses of poetry. They seek essentially to communicate 'received attitudes in received forms'[2] and, like the religious poems which are often not dissimilar in intent and have a similar raison d'être, they are constantly in danger of not rising above the commonplace in content and the repetitively conventional in diction and form. Indeed, their danger is probably the greater; for, whereas the writer of religious verse has a range of decorums available and some freedom in either selecting and developing an appropriate mode or exploiting the affective possibilities of his subject, the writer of moral verse—at least as he is represented by Bannatyne—is tightly constrained by an overriding decorum of gravity, a decorum which derives from the poet's assumption of a stance which, when it is most successfully realised, is closer to that of the prophet than of the preacher, addressing mankind rather than a particular person or group of people, and communicating a higher if inexplicable wisdom, the inflexible, unchallengeable truth of the christian view of man's life on earth, in an appropriate poetic form and language. It is notable that quite the most popular stanza form used in the *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* is the ballat royal[3] and whether the poems are those of direct address, like *Memento, homo, O mortall man, remembir nycht and day* and *Considder, man, all is bot vanitie!* or those in which the poet acts as intermediary, reporting to the audience the words of an oracular device like the bird representing 'Dame Conscience/That oft remmemberis manis mynd',[4] or those written on an abbey wall,[5] there is a sense in which the poet's stronger response is to the decorum rather than the content, his art deployed not to instruct or persuade but to present divine wisdom appropriately in 'lettres of gold'.[6]

This is not to deny the didactic element, which is of course always

present, or to forget the final section of *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* which is made up of poems addressed to the king or ruler. The 'Ballatis' are preceded by two epigraphs, *Tu viuendo bonos scribendo sequare peritos*, and a single stanza expansion of this counsel:

> The grittest tresour, withowt comparison,
> For man's felicitie heir in this lyfe—
> Aboif gold and siluer—is wit, and discretion
> To tempir the ioyfull and confort the pensyfe,
> Or vþir wayis to instruct man in peice or stryif.
> Wit alsa is incressit be wyiss workis reiding
> And lyk the fructles tre is wit but gud doing.

Man's 'felicitie heir in this lyfe' rests on the proper use of his 'wit and discretion', his understanding of life and ability to make decisions or judgements based on this understanding. But it is not the purpose of these poems to improve man's 'wit' by supplying him with new evidence or argument, or by attempting, through their rhetoric, to shock him into a fresh perception of his position. None of the general poems is didactic in this sense and the poems of advice to king or ruler are similarly unpertinent in their substantial avoidance of the immediate, the local, and the particular, a poem like Alexander Scott's *Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary, quhen scho come first hame* being more in the nature of compliment than counsel. The poems which are the least developed, as poetry, are the most explicitly didactic; and it would seem that, in those which are the most consciously wrought, in the mortality poems, poetic art is not used simply to sugar the pill or to decorate, but to make its own communication: through the tangible example of its observance of this decorum of gravity 'To tempir the ioyfull and confort the pensyfe', to make a formal almost ritual statement of a 'received truth' in a manner which, by achieving beauty as well as solemnity, recognises, in fact celebrates, the divine order of which man is so small a part.

The most humble of the poems are those which do no more than counsel. And a useful comparison can be made between *Prayar and Repentance*, a representative poem from the small aphoristic group in *Ballatis of Theoligie*; and Dunbar's *Quhat is this lyfe?* , one of the equivalent group in *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*, headed *Documenta*. Both are short enough to quote in full:

> *Prayar and Repentance*
> Prayar is the maist haly devyne serwice
> That man heir on erth vnto God may present.
> Faith with repentance is the dew and perfect device
> That withstandis the diuill and his cursit entent.
> Pray to God, trust in him, bot first be penitent,
> For, as a seuir schip savis thame that be thairin,
> Sa prayar be repentance savis ws frome drownyng
> in syn.
>
> Quhat is this lyfe? Ane draucht way to þe deid,
> Quhilk hes tyme to pas and nane to dwell.

Ane slyding quheill ws lent to win remeid.
Ane fre choiss gevin to Parradice or Hell.
Ane pray to deid, quhome vane is to repell.
Ane schort torment for infinit glaidnes,
A schort ane ioy for lestand hevines.

The first of these is one of a group of poems of unelaborated statement crucially placed in Bannatyne's religious sequence. They follow *A Song of Him Lying in Poynt of Deth* and precede Alexander Scott's translations of psalms 1 and 51, psalms which, placed in conjunction, contrast the blessed man with man the sinner, and Dunbar's *To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus*. At this point in the sequence, the poems of 'Reason', when man 'lying in poynt of deth' is called on to assess his own position in relation to the awful power of God, function as 'comfortable words', statements which rehearse received truths and, by doing so, orientate the reader towards prayer. They are pragmatic, unpretentious little poems, their virtue a succinctness, sometimes an epigrammatic pithiness. The *Documenta* are of the same basic type, but their orientation is different: they are sharper in tone, explicit in their instruction, concerned more with man's responsibility to God than with his expectation from him. They are repeatedly imperative, as the first lines indicate: 'Grund the in patience. Blind nocht thy conscience', 'Remembir, man on endles Hellis vexatioun', 'Remembir, man, that thow hes no thing heir', 'Quho wald do weill, he mon begin at weill'. And though Dunbar's poem, with its characteristic cumulative technique, is stronger than most, more memorable because it is more epigrammatic, its function is the same: to reiterate to man what he already knows well, to provide a balance to the 'comfortable words' by reminding man of his responsibility to live virtuously. These poems hold small attraction for the modern reader; but that they were once valued is clear from the number Bannatyne assembles and includes. And one may guess that they were valued for the same reason as maxims and moral verses were incorporated in painted ceilings, less because they instructed than because they surrounded the individual with his beliefs, both confirming them and giving him the continuing comfort of their realised presence. This is very much the impression one gets from the painted ceilings of Crathes Castle, with their comprehensive depiction of the nine nobles, the muses, the cardinal virtues and the seven deadly sins. And these, like other painted ceilings in Scottish domestic castles, derive from the same period as the Bannatyne poems.[7]

As a dog turneth to his owne vomit, so the foole returneth to his owne foolishnes.

Blesed is the riche, which is founde without blemishe, and hath not gone efter nor hoped in money and tresures.

They that rejoyce at the fall of the righteus, sal be taken in the snare, and anguise sall consume them before they die.

Lerne gallant youthes to aternise your name
As did thir nyn with deids of endles fame,

Whose martial actes nobilitates for ay
Their glourius names, but deing or decay.

I, nyntem kings, but help of any, slew.
A thousand Greeks in on day I owerthrew.
Had not Achilles slayn me tressonablie,
Troy yit had stand and lost no libertie.

I Alexander, conqest in short space
The world, and joyt this monarchie in peace,
Yet all this wealth fulfilled not my desire,
Sick was my lust by measure to impyre.

. . . . . was emperiour and wan
By armeis Africk, Egipt, France and Spain.
I past the Rhyne and dantit Germanie.
Brutus at hame syne slew me crewalle.

Betymes I will destroy euen
All the wicked of the land.
That I may from Gods citie cut
The wicked workers hand.

Josuae of Jewes first was frie,
Ane and threttie kings conqerit he,
And reft thame of there lands also.
The floode Jordan he parted in tuo.

This Judaes manheid all Israell maid frie
From seruile yok of heathen tirrany.
He vincult Licias and Antiochus,
After gryt weris slayn by Demetrius.

For wit and manheid Dauid was maid king,
From schepirds ranke ouer Israell to ring.
He slew the gryt Goliath hand to hand,
And did gryt damage to the heathen land.

A league wit Scottis of mutuall amitie
This Charlis maid to last eternalie,
Whais successors obseruis the same alway,
Inuiolat unto this present day.

This Charlis was for his christian faith renownit,
And emperiour for deids of armis crounit.
He, be his micht and worthie cheualrie,
Was chief defence of christianitie.

King Arthur crounit was emperiour, and wan
Gryt bounds in France and all the lands of Spain.
The knichts of the round table he ordained,
Whais praise sall sound unto ye waldes end.

From rage of Turks this Godofried maid frie,
The Holieland to christian libertie.
Gryt Soliman he slew and crounit was king
Ouer all the land of Jurie for to ring.

Seaze not thy harte on welth or earthlie gains,
They perish suine but honor still remains.

Gude reder, tell me, or thou pas,
Whilk of thir nyn maist valliant was?

Douglas's ninth prologue, *In Commendation of Vertew*, in a passage which is interestingly close to John Peter's understanding of Complaint, establishes the tenor of this decorum of gravity:

Thir lusty versis of he nobilite
Agilite did write of lusty clerkis
And þairon markis wisdome, vtilitie.
Na vilite, no sic vnworthy werkis.
Scurrilite is bot for doggis þat barkis—
Quhay thairto harkis fallis in fragilite.

Honestie is the way to wirthiness,
Vertew dowtles the perfyt gait to bliss.
Thow do no miss and eschew ydilnes.
Persew proves. Hold nothing that is his.
Be not rakles to say sone, I wiss,
And of this the contrair wirk express.

Do to ilk wicht as done to thow wold be:
Be nevir sle and dowble nor ȝit ouir licht;
Vse not thy micht aboif thyne awin degre.
Clym not ouir hie nor ȝit ouir law to licht.
Wirk no mawgre. Thocht thow be nevir so licht,
Hold with þe richt and preiss the nevir to lie.

There is a right course, a 'perfyt gait to bliss', and a wrong course; 'wisdome' and 'vtilite' are set against 'vilite', the 'way to wirthiness' against a decline into a moral 'fragilite'. When this opposition is applied to poetry, which is a model for human conduct, 'lusty versis of he nobilite' are set against 'scurrilite'; and the use of this word recalls Dunbar's condemnation of that 'Iersche brybour baird', Kennedy, for his 'rebaldrie', 'scurrilite', 'harlotrie', and blasphemy.[8] These are strong words, even in the context of *The Flyting*, and Douglas's contrast is similarly more than a matter of decorum, implying something of that 'whole atmosphere of moral earnestness'[9] which informs the literature, of the christianity behind the Complaint. In its formal manifestation this decorum, which thus recognises 'ane heich and learnit purpose', uses 'heich, pithie, and learnit wordis', 'learnit and infallible reasonis, prouin be necessities'[10] and, not uncommonly, the ballat royal stanza, that reserved by James VI 'for any heich and graue subiectis, specially drawin out of learnit authoris'.[11] This prescription of James' belongs,

certainly, to the latter part of the century but its endorsement, in this instance, of Douglas's position and its generally strong sense of the continuity of Scottish poetry [12] make it applicable to high style poetry of the earlier period and, specifically, to Bannatyne's *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*. Given the generality it assumes the treatise is, as MacQueen has argued, only a development, even if a peculiarly Scottish development,[13] of the medieval and renaissance concept of high, middle, and low styles. But, given a specific application, it becomes a useful directive in that it both defines a stylistic level and indicates an aspiration.

In Bellenden's *Benner of Peetie* the decorum of gravity is refined by the demands of occasion and content, something which is true also of poems like Dunbar's *The Ballade of Lord Barnard Stewart, Illuster Lodovick of France most cristin king*, and *Blyth Aberdein*. In the case of *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* the gravity of the content is an obvious determinant but there is no way of ascertaining the strength of the occasion: the style in which each poem is written becomes the chief index of its importance. James' poetic hierarchy is useful, then, in that it gives primacy to poetry with 'ane heich and learnit purpose', a broad category which subsumes that of *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*, and in that it announces the characteristics of this poetry as positive characteristics. The negative has been more readily recognised. Thus John MacQueen has demonstrated how, in Cresseid's Complaint in Henryson's *Testament*, the use of the 'courtly style implies a failure, a worldliness of moral judgement, on the part of the person who uses it, or who is so described';[14] it is not only the imagery of the garden of flowers and the 'chalmer wantounlie besene' but the questioning—*ubi sunt*—syntax that exposes the 'pretence of perpetual spring'. Other, more immediately recognisable because less complex, examples of this deploying of the conventionalised stylistic collocations of the poetry of courtly love are Partlot's lament for Chantecleir in *The Taill of Schir Chantecleir and the Foxe*[15] and ll.85–91 of *The Traitie of Orpheus King*:

> Betuix Orpheuss and fair Erudices,
> Fra thai wer weddit on fra day to day,
> The low of lufe cowth kyndill and incress
> With mirth and blythness, solace, and with play.
> Off wardly ioy, allace, quhat sall I say,
> Lyk till a flour that plesandly will spring
> Quhilk fadis sone, and endis with murnyng?[16]

Indeed, one of the most extended examples of this long-established method of representing 'feynit chere'[17] is the depiction of the 'gardyn fair' on to which James I looked down from his prison window—from which he saw 'the warld and the folk that went forby'[18]—in *The Kingis Quair*. One rhetoric here is balanced against another, that of the garden against that of Minerva's sermon;[19] and just as this balance can be found in a single poem so, in the broader context, there are readily established poles, the negative of the courtly, the worldly, 'the greit unstabilnes/ Brukkill as glas',[20] and the positive, 'the way to wirthines', 'the perfyt gait to bliss'. Lindsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* provides a fuller, and more explicit, example of the balance: in the first part the Vices, more

lively and more attractive than the Virtues, hold the stage and King Humanity is seduced; but it is the long and dramatically difficult second part, with the speeches of Gude Counsell and Divine Correctioun, the model sermon of the learned doctor, and the long series of Acts read by Diligence that is described by Diligence at the interval as 'the best pairt of the play' (l.32).

It is worth trying to look at the *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie*, then, as a positive sort of poetry, to see with what strength it uses the high style, and to assess the direction of its aspirations. The first poem in the Bannatyne sequence, *Furth throw ane forrest as I fure*, is clearly so placed because it is both comprehensive and representative; it is a poem chosen more for the appositeness and fullness of its content than for its poetic qualities and is therefore a useful exemplar. The setting, as established by the first and last stanzas, is highly conventional:

> Furth throw ane forrest as I fure
> Attour ane rever cowth I ryd.
> All kynd of birdis þat body bure
> Vpoun tha brenchis could abyd.
> Than spak ane bird, hard me besyd:
> 'For ony thing þat evir may be
> Thir wirdis in hairt se þat thow hyd.
> In alkyn mater mesure the.'
>
> * * *
>
> I prayit that bird of patience,
> Quhat that scho was, or of quhat kynd.
> Scho said to me, 'Dame Conscience
> That oft remmemberis manis mynd.
> Sen Chryst the coft, be to him kynd
> That maid this warld, verralie.
> Thow clenge the clene, or thow hyne wend.
> In alkyn materis mesur the.'

Here, as in a following poem beginning:

> Doun by ane rever, as I red
> Outthrow a forrest that wes fair[21]

there is a setting, with an undeveloped allegorical significance, which immediately declares the poem's ambience, the choice of the river of life setting the poem apart from those whose world is contained within a garden of plesaunce, making the sort of distinction that there is between the much more fully developed depiction of the river in the latter part of the *The Kingis Quair* and the garden on to which the 'imprisoned' king at first looks down. There is also a spokesman, an authority, in this case identified as Conscience. In other 'bird' poems there is not necessarily an identification; and the effect of encapsulated wisdom is achieved as well by another, equally common device, that of the poet seeing 'the writing

on the wall', as in Henryson's *Allone as I went vp and doun* or the poem beginning:

> Lettres of gold writtin I fand
> Intill a buike was fair to reid.

Several aspects of this opening seem significant: its formality which, in each of the poems cited, is enhanced by the fact that the stanza form is the ballat royal; its attribution of the encapsulated wisdom to a 'higher', authoritative source for which the poet is only a medium; the allegorical potential of its setting which, like the preceding, suggests the universal applicability of the message; the condensation of its message into a maxim—the text of the sermon—which is further emphasised by being used as a refrain; and, perhaps most importantly, its decorativeness, which suggests that there is indeed a beauty in the truth being stated. This latter confirms the view that the poet's strongest response is to the decorum rather than the content by making explicit the aspiration of high-style admonitory poems, poems like Dunbar's *Memento, homo* which have an intermediate place on a poetic scale which ranges from the most humble 'reminder' poems or *tituli* to those which provide the most ornate amplifications of their content.

The 'sermon' in *Furth throw ane forrest as I fure*, extending over some hundred lines, is an expansion of the text offered in the refrain: 'In alkyn mater mesure the'. Its strength is its inclusiveness, its authority unassailable in that it proceeds from the opening imperative

> First luve thy God attour all thing
> That maid the lyk to his image
> (ll.9–10)

rehearsing the Creation, the Fall, the Redemption, and the Day of Judgment, and posing the alternatives facing man, who goes 'Sum to pane and sum to pley' (l.27), before beginning on the counsel of moderation in the handling of worldly goods, in personal demeanour, relationships with others, and times of adversity.

The inevitable lowering of tone as the counsel becomes specific is countered by the incantatory:

> With mesure suld we walk and sleip,
> With mesure suld we spend and spair.
> With mesur suld we gaddir and keip,
> With mesur suld thow leif evirmair.
> With mesur suld we lufe and fair,
> With mesur suld we serch and fle.
> Sen mesur is most singulair,
> In alkyn materis mesur the.
> (ll.65–72)

And the poem concludes by moving away from cumulative detail to the general in counselling avoidance of the seven deadly sins. The sense of the poem's 'wholeness', given first by the use of the bird as spokesman and by the comprehensiveness of its sermon, is thus strengthened both

by the formality and encapsulatory effect of the opening and closing stanzas, and by the generality of the beginning and end of the sermon. It is this sense of wholeness, conveyed both by form and by the management of content, which seems important. It is artistically rather than intellectually achieved, and the satisfaction it offers is primarily an aesthetic one. This suggests that the directions in which the poet might have sought to refine such a poem are aesthetic directions; that, for instance, the comprehensive summary might have been transmuted into the quintessential statement, the moral saying refined towards the aphoristic, and the counselling statement towards a ritual affirmation which resolves into celebration. It suggests also that, as the poet's essential purpose is not to preach or persuade but to affirm with due solemnity an exquisite reality accessible through attendance to the known and familiar virtues, the rhetoric available to him is limited, the higher flights of aureation, which may connote meretriciousness when used in a courtly love context, rhapsody when used in the religious, being as inappropriate as the 'Scurrilite' Douglas condemned. Prayer has a choice of decorums, moral poetry—man addressing or reporting to man on the meaning of his earthly life—the single decorum of gravity.

Three poems can be used to demonstrate the poet's interest in the aesthetic refinement of his poetry, Dunbar's *Memento, homo* and *Off Lentren in the first mornyng*, and Henryson's *Allone as I went vp and doun*. Dunbar's *Memento, homo* is the first of a pair of mortality poems in the Bannatyne, that immediately following being a poem by Lichtoun, monicus. Both poems use or adapt the words spoken by the celebrating priest on Ash Wednesday when placing the blessed ashes on the heads of the worshippers, and it is not unreasonable to assume from this that both would, like *Off Lentren in the first mornyng*, have gained an extra dimension from the context of occasion. The two poems are alike, also, in consisting of six ballat royal stanzas and in using a refrain. But there the similarities end: Lichtoun's poem is more strongly admonitory than Dunbar's; it seems to aim at communicating a sense of urgency and to this end persuades with a rapid sequence of undeveloped exhortations: remember 'How schort the tyme is þat thow hes heir to spend', how much of it is 'mispendit tyme', the nobility of man made in God's image, his sacrifice, the Redemption; therefore obey Conscience, pray to God, abandon lechery and wantonness, repent, confess, remembering both death, and the 'eternall bittirness' which will attend those who live in sin, and the Saviour 'gracius evir, aboif mesour'. Such an accumulation of content, undeveloped in its detail and thus necessarily conventional, in effect prevents the poem from having an independent existence, from being more than a restatement, in high-style verse, of familiar attitudes and arguments.

Dunbar's poem is, by contrast, selective and ordered. Each stanza develops a single theme—the transitoriness of life, the example of the famous, the physical contrast of youth and death, the inevitability of death, the vanity of possession, the need for faith. The material is no less conventional, but it is developed in a strikingly different manner and towards a different end. Behind the poem is the very strong sense of life on earth as a delusion which man mistakenly accepts as a reality: man's time on earth passes 'Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glass',[22] with the insubstantiality of a reflection in a mirror; the worthies of the second

stanza 'Hes playit þair pairtis and all are gone' like players from a stage.[23] One purpose of the poem is to emphasise the vanity of this delusion, the other to affirm the true course of life on earth. Thus, unlike Lichtoun, Dunbar does not attempt to stir the individual by urging him to examine his conscience or change his conduct. His interest is, rather, to present, in a manner which is appropriate to the mood of the season, a truth his audience values and will not need to be persuaded of; his method is, as it were, to enact this truth, to make a 'tableau', or dramatic representation, of it which allows the seductiveness of the worldly its place and hints at the physical horror of death but which is presented substantially, with a proper respect for a truth the gravity of which needs no embellishment, as a matter of solemn but plain speaking. One cannot, of course, apply too literally James' prescription of 'heich, pithie, and learnit wordis', but, as Douglas's rhapsodic tenth prologue called for a 'learnit' vocabulary, so the absolute simplicity of the truth Dunbar is stating demands a 'pithie' manner of expression, one that is brief, to the point, and properly consistent in its decorum, reaching the quintessential through epitome and deriving its vigour from the exclusion of every detail, lexical and stylistic, which does not pertain to 'the heart of the matter'.

The poem's first stanza exhibits this particular strength:

> Memento, homo, quod cinis ess—
> Think, man, thow art bot erd and ass.
> Lang heir to dwell na thing thow press
> For as thow come, sa sall thow pass.
> Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glass
> Hyne glydis all thy tyme þat heir is.
> Think thocht thy bodye ware of brass
> Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

The two 'halves' of the line from the Ash Wednesday office enclose the stanza; as do the two lines translating the imperative 'memento', the second and the penultimate lines, the one amplifying 'cinis' in such a way as to indicate the beginning and the end of the process of life, the other, by so using 'brass', a symbol of imperishability, as to ridicule man's wish to prolong his life on earth, adding weight to the concluding 'Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris', which has, as it were, remained suspended over the stanza from the first line. The four central lines divide into two amplifications of the main thesis; the third line both prepares for the expostulation of the penultimate line and leads in to the epigrammatic 'For as thow come, sa sall thow pass', in which the balance, and the emphasis on transience, of 'bot erd and ass' are reinforced; the fifth and sixth lines are concerned with what lies between the 'erd' and the 'ass'. The familiar image of transience, the shadow, is powerfully refined as a 'schaddow in ane glass', an impression in a reflection which is itself an illusion of reality, and this sense of insubstantiality is carried on by 'glydis', 'slips away unperceived', and the loaded abstraction 'tyme þat heir is'. The elements of the stanza are all familiar but the sureness of the structure controls them, *uses* them towards a poetic end rather than for their own sake or in such a way as to leave their associations free.

This same epitomising tendency is evident in the next three stanzas. The futile wish for immortality, introduced through 'thocht thy bodye ware of brass', is continued and amplified, the tension between the positive approach to life and the negative being realised through the balance of the repeated imperative, 'Think', and the repeated conditional, 'thocht'. Dunbar's catalogue of the departed famous is short and functional, the virtues of worthiness, strength, nobility, gentleness and beauty offering no stronger hold on life than the 'bodye of brass'. This, again, makes the poem more powerful than Lichtoun's rather more diffuse parallel: Lichtoun chastises man for his misspent time and energy, his 'pompeouss he array', whereas Dunbar states simply that 'exceptioun þair is none', for the virtuous, the fair, or the rich. The seductiveness of the world he admits through language which hints sufficiently strongly at the values of courtly poetry—'glaid of cheir', 'Fairest and plesandest of port', 'sport', 'lustye bewte', 'castell', and 'touris'. And, at the other extreme, the grim reality of death is strongly present in 'vgsum, vglye tramort', and in the figure of 'the dragone' Death's gaping mouth—used also by Dunbar in *Off Lentren in the first mornyng* and in *Done is a battell on þe dragon blak*. But neither of these is really used as an argument in the poem. They have the character, rather, of amplifications necessary to complete the picture and part of their effectiveness in the poem is their restraint, a mutedness which neither jars nor distracts from the sober mean. Thus, on the one hand, Dunbar's use of 'sport' (the connotations of which, at the time, did not go much beyond those of 'disport') as an answering rhyme to 'sen þow knawis thy tyme is schort' undermines the limited security offered by castle and tower; and, on the other, though there is a sharpness in 'vgsum, vglye tramort',[24] it is not continued in the figure of 'the dragone death', where the conjunction of 'that all devouris' with the preceding 'Sall feid as dois the somer flouris' keeps the emphasis on the inevitability of death, hence on the fact that 'exceptioun þair is non' rather than on the shock to the individual.

The nature of the poem's gravity becomes explicit in the penultimate stanza:

> So speid the man and þe confess
> With humill hart and sobir teiris,
> And sadlye in thy hart inpress
> Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

The positive way of life, which is mirrored in the language and style of the poem, is endorsed, the imperative 'So speid the' moving beyond the simple arrest of 'Think' into plain and unelaborated statement. The final stanza reinforces this counsel through its use of the image of life as a voyage. This is, again, a familiar image but it is effective here because of the way it is integrated into the poem's structure, balancing the image of transience in the opening stanza and providing a vivid, because pictorially imaginative, summation of the poem's argument. The port, or 'haven', man seeks is the 'port of grace';[25] the port, or 'gateway', through which all must pass is that of death where, however well 'tackled' one is—in terms of material possessions (as in the preceding stanza) or contrived protection (as in 'thocht thy bodye ware of

brass')—'ferslye all to speiris [dryve]'.[26] Man's only hope of saving his soul—and Dunbar stresses the primacy of this aspriation by holding its explicit statement until the penultimate line—is to keep his redeemer as both sheet-anchor, that on which he ultimately relies,[27] and helm, the guide to his truest course. Man's body, whatever defences are made on its behalf, proceeds only to death; his soul aspires to the true 'port', 'with him on lyve'; the negative way of life by which man may be seduced is finally and decisively separated from the positive, that which the poem espouses and of which, in a sense, it is a verbal model, or re-enactment. As in the case of *Furth throw ane forrest as I fure* it is the sense of the poem's wholeness that is important; but whereas that poem, and Lichtoun's, accumulate argument and derive their effect from a tidy and well-presented comprehensiveness, Dunbar's, the product of a consummate artistry, synthesises attitude and argument into a single, tightly integrated realisation of truth—the poem cannot really be broken down into elements of rhetoric, imagery, decorum, and intellectual content because its 'pithiness' goes beyond the verbal and becomes a matter of apprehending the quintessential through a process of epitome which draws equally on style and content.

Off Lentren in the first mornyng is, similarly, a Lent poem, but in a different mood and for a different level of occasion. It draws, first of all, no special dignity from its stanza form, the simple stanza of I, *þat in heill wes and glaidness*, consisting of four iambic tetrameters rhyming in two couplets. Dunbar uses this commonly, in poems as various as *My prince, in God gif the guid grace*, *þe Amendis to þe Tel3oris and Sowtaris*, *Of Iames Dog, Kepair of þe Quenis Wardrep*, and *This waverand warldis wretchidnes*. It is tempting, as this is the metre of *Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre*, the song with which Margaret Tudor was welcomed on her arrival in Edinburgh, to think of *Off Lentren in the first mornyng* as song; but certainly not all the poems written in this metre would have been set to music.[28] The poem conforms to the pattern of *Furth throw ane forrest as I fure* in that it uses a bird as the source of its wisdom, delivers a message which is universal in its implications, and has an obvious concern for the decorative, for making a statement which is aesthetically pleasing as well as either informative or admonitory. It differs from *Memento, homo* in that it is a lyrical exposition of a truth, lacking the coherence of the more serious, more artistically sophisticated poem and using the stanzas as units which can be strung in a 'free', unconstrained sequence. It is thus less 'whole', less concerned with achieving an integrated apprehension of a given reality, more directed to sharpening individual statements or images, to refining the moral truism towards an aphoristic representation which, because it is working at the symbolic rather than the literal level, has both the terse simplicity and the completeness of truth.

Thus the first stanza is akin to the literary joke of genre-switching, a device of the same pattern though of smaller dimension than the opening of *The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo*. It is reminiscent of lyrics like *In secreit place this hyndir nycht*, its 'Lentren' being offset by the lightness of the opening couplet, the ambivalence of moral and courtly being held in suspense until the refrain line chimes in and settles the poem's ambience. The effect is to suggest, with some delicacy, that tension between the positive and the negative which is, of course, more strongly

developed in *Memento, homo*, to settle the mood of the song as light, but in accord with the penitent's 'humill hart and sobir teiris'. The second stanza immediately, as an announcement of theme, amplifies the refrain's statement of the transience of 'erdly joy'; it is based on the same line from the Ash Wednesday office as is used in the first stanza of *Memento, homo*, but aims at no more than preserving the translated line as an enshrined truth thus, in a sense, declaring the poem's manner as one of stylised, incantatory affirmation. Each of the following stanzas comes, similarly, as a set-piece miniature; each has its own completeness so that it gains an independent as well as a sequential—rather than a cumulative—effect. Poetic art is here, again, sharpened by its constraints: the three short lines demand compression; the refrain, as well as setting the preceding line's rhyme, is integrated into the stanza by its functioning both as refrain line and as part of the second couplet. Its epigrammatic manner determines the manner of the preceding lines, which have to be similarly 'pithie' if they are not to be banal in contrast.

Leaving aside the opening, introductory stanza, the poem consists of a sequence of nine, of which the first, the fifth, and the ninth are stanzas of statement; between the first and the fifth, and the fifth and the ninth are two groupings of three, the first making figurative amplifications of the theme, the second using the familiar rhetorical balancing of opposites. This second grouping provides perhaps the readiest achievement of compression of content: the pairing of opposites, or near opposites, deriving from the refrain's 'ioy'—'pane' antithesis, is made pregnant through its stress on the inevitability of the reversal, through its repetition of 'returnis', and through its exemplification of the preceding stanza's statement:

> Evirmair vnto this waldis ioy,
> As nerrest air, succeidis noy.
> Þairfoir, quhen joy ma nocht remane,
> His verry air succeidis, pane.

Pairings like 'helth' and 'seikness', 'mirth' and 'haviness', 'fredome' and 'wrechitness', and 'trewth' and 'dowbilness', are familiar enough to be thought of as commonplace yet, like the 'commonplaces' of *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness,* they derive strength from their positiveness, from the richness of their symbolism in art and literature, and from the conjunction of direct address statement and chant-like recitative which asserts their character as received truth. In James' terms such works are 'heich' because of their seriousness, 'pithie' because of their strength as essences of truths, and 'learnit' because of their moral and intellectual connotations; they are not simply counters to be manipulated but an essential part of the rhetoric of the positive. The figurative amplifications of the theme of transience in the first group of three stanzas have more imaginative strength and a more immediate impact, yet they are handled with a wit—to use the term in its broad sense of a correspondence of thought and expression—which meets the formal constraints peculiar to this poem and which resolves the three images into 'heich'

and 'pithie' statement. This can perhaps best be illustrated from the first and strongest figure:

> Haif mynd þat eild ay followis 3owth.
> Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth
> Devoring fruct and flowring grane.
> All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Here direct statement is reinforced by the vigorous figure of death pursuing life and given universal application in the third line by the statement that death devours 'fruct' and 'flowring grane', symbols for earthly prosperity and growth. The stanza is held together tightly, by the repetition of 'followis' in the first couplet and the poise of the refrain in the second, yet each succeeding line has its own independence and adds a further dimension to the thematic statement. Dunbar's use of a related figure in two other poems makes a useful comparison: in *Done is a battell on þe dragon blak*, the figure of death pursuing life 'with gaipand mowth', applied to the devil, becomes much stronger

> The auld kene tegir with his teith on char,
> Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for ws so long.
> (ll.11–12)

The devil is seen as 'þe deidly dragon Lucifer', 'The crewall serpent', 'The auld kene tegir', a succession of figures bringing out the formidable nature of Christ's adversary and so introduced that, from the first line's emphatic 'Dungin is þe deidly dragon Lucifer', the sense of urgent triumph is strong. The figure is both more complex and more tightly integrated into the poem's imaginative structure, the fact that the tiger's teeth are 'on char', 'in the act of closing', reverberating throughout the poem and contrasting with, in *Off Lentren in the first mornyng*, the contained, still-life character of 'Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth'. In *Memento, homo*, the figure is different again: the emphasis is on 'man', as subject of the poem, and the contrast between the illusions of permanence with which he surrounds himself and the reality of the transience of this world; the figures of the fading summer flowers and of omnivorous death are amplifications of this position but necessarily subordinate to the evocation of the sober mean which is the poem's chief import. Thus, if the figure in *Off Lentren in the first mornyng* lacks the energy of that in *Done is a battell*, it has a hard-edged clarity quite inappropriate to the sober restraint of *Memento, homo*. As in the two following stanzas, which are similar in manner and effect, Dunbar's achievement is to make a poetic statement which, in a sense, contains its own emblematic representation; its 'wit' resides neither in its element of surprise conjunction, nor in its ingenuity, but in a perfection which derives from the completeness of the general truth which is simple, aesthetically pleasing, and yet, because it is made at a symbolic level, not without depth.

The third poem, Henryson's *Allone as I went vp and doun*, combines the high seriousness of *Memento, home* with the formal beauty of *Off Lentren in the first mornyng*. And it is a more precise indication of the direction of the poet's aesthetic refinement of his material in that it

appears to acknowledge, as source, a longer and much inferior poem in the Vernon MS.[29] That poem, *Bi a wey wandryng as I went*, is a rambling verse sermon on subservience to God's will and the acceptance of human adversity: its situational exempla are many and various; it shows little independent sense of either coherence or integrity; and its use of both the ballat royal stanza and the literary convention of the poet seeing and drawing some conclusion from 'the writing on the wall' seems somewhat superimposed upon the poem's subject matters. Henryson's poem, like Dunbar's *Memento, homo* and *Off Lentren in the first mornyng*, centres in on the refrain line: it is, in fact, significant in terms of the poem's sense that the Vernon MS refrain line, which makes minor variations on 'Evir to þonke God of al', is modified to 'Obey and thank thy God of all'. Henryson's two prime exemplars, Job and Tobit, are types of patient subservience to the fluctuations of earthly fortune, 'nocht bot causualitie and chance,/As sum men sayis, without ressoun';[30] the poem's 'message', similar to if somewhat more insistent than that of Dunbar's *Memento, homo*, counsels the acceptance of poverty, which is 'naturall' (l.22), and of human 'infirmitie' (l.21), the recognition that God is both just and merciful, the acknowledgement, against the seductive pull of 'ryaltie' and 'riche array' (l.10), of the positive course man can adopt on earth. The strength of the poem lies not in its content, which is straightforward enough, but in its presentation, in the way it chooses not to argue a point of view but to present an unexceptionable moral position firstly with a gravity appropriate to its seriousness—hence its use of a style close to Dunbar's 'sober mean'—and secondly with a concern which is primarily for its aesthetic appeal, for its qualities as a poem.

The most immediately obvious of these qualities are integrity and balance: Henryson's poem stands to that in the Vernon MS in much the same formal relation as Dunbar's *Memento, homo* to Lichtoun's poem. It is not only more compact but more cohesive: *Bi a wey wandryng as I went* is sequential in its progression, and hence diffuse; *Allone as I went vp and doun* centres directly on the linked examples of the sufferings of Job and Tobit, the one exemplifying a material change of fortune, the other physical infirmity. And these two are tightly interlaced:

> Iob wes maist riche in writ we find,
> Thobe maist full of cheritie.
> Iob woux pure and Thobe blynd,
> Bath tempit with aduersitie.
> Sen blindnes wes infirmitie,
> And pouerty wes naturall,
> Thairfoir, rycht patiently, bath he and he
> Obeyid and thankit God of all.
> (ll.17-24)

In the stanza preceding this, the first of the six stanzas quoting what was 'writtin vpoun a wall',[31] the subject is the transient nature of earthly prosperity, in the stanza following, physical weakness or deformity. Making, again, a strong contrast with the generally slack development of *Bi a wey wandryng as I went*, these three stanzas hold together as an integrated statement, introduced and concluding as general in their application but drawing authority from the classic exempla of Job and

Tobit. The two sorts of adversity are seen in relation to what is 'naturall': man's desire for worldly prosperity is against God's will and therefore a false attraction, his physical infirmity an aspect of his being human and therefore to be patiently endured. The second three stanzas make a parallel grouping. The penultimate stanza, corresponding to that citing the examples of Job and Tobit, deals in general terms with

> This changeing and grit variance
> Off erdly staitis vp and doun.
> (ll.41–2)

That preceding it affirms God's justice and mercy, that following, the last stanza of the poem, returns to the 'verry vanitie' of the second, man's misguided concern for his 'power' and his 'warldis pelf', contrasting this man's vain endeavour to raise himself in rank or station with the true course of remembering Christ's suffering on man's behalf and the might of him, 'Quha heis law hairtis and lawis he' (l.55).

The poem thus impresses by being both integrated and shapely. It makes a strong and positive statement in a manner which, from the first stanza, has none of the leisureliness or inconsequentiality of its predecessor. It is enriched by its exempla, which not only provide a focal point for the first half of the poem but amplify the simple imperative of the refrain with the authority of two of the most familiar exemplars of the acceptance of God's will in the face of apparently undeserved suffering. Further, as it expands the refrain of *Bi a wey wandryng as I went* into the two-pronged 'Obey and thank thy God of all', so throughout, it uses various formal devices—notably a strong caesura—to suggest a balance which connotes the measured good sense of the poem's content but which is primarily aesthetic in its appeal. This balance is most apparent in the third stanza, quoted above, where Job's qualities, in the first line, are matched with Tobit's in the second, the first half of the third describing Job's period of adversity, the second Tobit's, and the fifth and sixth lines being paired as explication. This stanza, stylistically the poem's high point, is the best pointer to the poem's art: its balance, which spreads into the two sets of three stanzas, is carried through to the level of single lines, the prominent caesura, in the first four stanzas particularly, giving the lines a formal poise which is part of the poem's meaning but is also part of its decorative patterning and therefore pleasing in itself.

Thus there is a sense in which the use of the caesura suggests man's uncertainty, his 'wandryng' between the negative and the positive approaches to life, his susceptibility to

> This changeing and grit variance
> Off erdly staitis vp and doun.
> (ll.41–2)

The first stanza, particularly, demonstrates this, not only in the development of *Bi a wey wandryng as I went* into the more pregnant 'Allone as I/went vp and doun'—note the repetition of 'vp and doun' in l.42—but

in its contrast with the positive, forward, unequivocal movement of the verse in the last three stanzas:

> Allone as I/went vp and doun
> In ane abbay,/was fair to se,
> Thinkand quhat consolatioun
> Was best in to adwersitie,
>
> On caiss I kest/on syd myne e
> And saw this writtin/vpoun a wall:
> 'Off quhat estait,/man, that thow be
> Obey and thank thy God of all'.

In just the same way as Dunbar, in *Memento, homo*, used rhetoric as a poetic realisation of his argument so Henryson here, more decisively because more masterfully, is shaping the poem about its central truth. But his rhetoric is not simply a rhetoric of enactment: there is, as we have argued, a sense in which the movement set up by the caesura suggests man's equivocation; but the pattern of balance which is developed in the first stanza resolves into the decorative patterning of the third and the poem becomes a stylised amplification of the basic statement of moral truth which, because it adorns, turns statement into celebratory affirmation. Art is being used to illuminate, not in the sense that it sheds light upon the subject, but in the sense that it makes the subject resplendent, gives lustre to it, writes it in 'lettres of gold'.

In each of the poems so far discussed there is an authoritative voice. The poet either assumes this himself, in poems of direct address, or sets up a simple frame which allows him to be the recipient of an authoritative statement offered by an oracular device. There is seldom any exchange, let alone argument, but in one of the poems which follows, *Walking allone amang thir levis grene*, the poet develops the dramatic frame for comic effect, using his generally fractious responses to 'ane bird's' advice to mark the stages of an internal debate. Inclined at first to receive and ponder the advice offered in the refrain line—'Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir'—he is peeved at the bird's insistence and at the expansion offered in its sermon:

> I marvellit gritly quhat this song sowld mene
> And it imprentit sadly in my thocht.
> Than sang ane bird with curage fra the splene:
> 'O man, revolue and think how thow art bocht,
> Quhairwith, quhomefra, quhairto and quha the coft
> Fra the fowill feyind and all his felloun feir.
> Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'
>
> I studeit than of this birdis indyte
> And did revolve rycht oft in myne entent
> Gif I sic sentence had hard in to wryte.
> This bird than sang agane incontinent:
> 'O fuliche man, dreid thow thy iugement
> Or throw thy hert the deth do dryve his speir.
> Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

Proceiding furth so in hir sermond seir
With cowrious not and wordis scherp and kene
Hir girsly text did perss myne hert weill neir.
As throw the quhilk, away I wald haif bene
For quhy I micht not hairtly do sustene
So scherp ane sermone blawing in myne eir:
'Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

My stormy face schew weill than myne entent
Vnto this bird and scho sang suddanly:
'Quhat, man, availis all this warldis rent,
Thy self in Hell thair to dwell fynaly?
Thairfoir in tyme, I reid the, ask mercy
And for thy syn daly mvrne mony a teir.
Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'
(ll.8–35)

Later, without losing this quality of confrontation, he responds within the pattern of the debate between age and youth:

'Thocht thow be ȝung in to thy ȝeiris grene,
Beleving that thy lyfe sall long endeure,
My counsale is thy foly thow refrene,
Or Dowt, the theif, cum brek thy sawlis dure
Quhen thow wait not, in to the mirk obscure.
Than is no tyme. I tell the now, but weir,
Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir'.

I answerit than this bird in crabitnes,
'I wait I am in to my flowris grene
And als my corps is haill withowt seiknes,
Thairfoir I wait I may richt weill sustene
Thir mony ȝeiris. My curage is so clene
Quhairfoir sowld I sa sone this lessone leir
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir?'
(ll.43–56)

And later again, the continuing presence of the poet as participant in the debate allowing this shift in focus, the pattern of the age versus youth debate shades into that of reason versus sensuality:

Hir crewall dyte than maid me moir agast
And als hir song richt soir effrayit me.
Luking quhen deth his speir sowld at me cast,
My curage fell, befoir was wounder hie.
Not ȝit for þat my sensuality
Vnto my ressone wold aggreit neir
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.

Incontinent, this bird persavit weill
How at hir sermond bait my conscience.
Scho sayd: 'Twa contrar wayis I feill.

The ane is gud, the vþir is offence.
Thairfoir, the rewill with ressone and prudence
Than fra contraryis thow art purgeit cleir.
Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir'.

I said annone, 'Quhat kynd of bird art thow
That tareis me all day with tyrsum taill?'
Scho answerit sone and said, 'I tell the now
Synderisis my name is, but ony faill,
Quhilk the sall dryve to þe infernaill
Bot gif thow wirk as I do the requeir:
To mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir'.
(ll.78–98)

The identification of the bird with Synderisis, *scintilla conscientiae*, strengthens the immediacy of the altercation: the poet's eventual response is prayer, but the course of the poem has been a dramatic narrative of his progress to the point at which prayer is possible.

The poem is atypical, in its response to the drama, and the comedy, the debate between sensual man and the watchfulness of his conscience. Indeed, it is only prevented from breaching the decorum of gravity by the resoluteness of its conclusion and by an integrity of purpose which justifies the poet's temporary adoption of a recalcitrant position. Individually effective it is thus, in its testing of the elasticity of the decorum, a good introduction to the short sequence of formal debate poems with which the first part of *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* concludes: *The Ressoning betuix Aige and ȝowth* and *The Ressoning betuix Deth and Man*, *Within ane garth, vndir a reid roseir*, and *The Thre Deid Pollis*. These are affective poems, poems which set up factitious arguments, which use the equilibrium of debate to oppose the negative and positive values in life. Like the preceding group they affirm and celebrate but they do so by a triumphant dismissal of an apparently acknowledged alternative set of values. At their seemingly most balanced, as in Henryson's *Ressoning betuix Aige and ȝowth* they appear to ask a temporary suspension of disbelief as if to suggest a temporary equation of values; at their most direct, as in Henryson's *Within ane garth, vndir a reid roseir* or Kennedy's *At matyne houre in midis of the nicht*, they use the stylistic representation of negative values described above but are quite unequivocal.[32] They are thus more constrained poetic exercises than the other mortality poems, less open to individual shaping, more bound by their generic precedents.[33]

In each case the stance adopted and the views opposed in the debate give a particular tenor to the morality, make particular demands on the decorum. Henryson's *Within ane garth, vndir a reid roseir*, is one-sided: the debate is implicit in the arguments used to reject youth and in the opening which sets 'ane awld man and decripit', singing, 'Within ane garth, vnder a red roseir'. But here, as in Kennedy's *At matyne houre in midis of the nicht*, the old men respond, in song, with a sober joy which reflects their rejection of worldly vanities, associated with youth, and their assumption of a state of blessedness preparatory to their entry into Heaven. The poems are not so much admonitory as expressive of this state. *The Ressoning betuix Deth and Man* and *The Thre Deid Pollis* are

different, sharper in admonition. Their subject is the inevitability of death, their stance one of acceptance rather than joy. Man in *The Ressoning* is a sinner, brought tardily to repentance by Deth's warning. Truculent in his first response to Deth, he is blunt in acknowledging the sinfulness of his sensuality and pride, the vanity of his youth:

> Sen it is so that nature can so wirk
> That ȝung and awld with riche and peure mon die,
> In my ȝowtheid, allace, I wes full irk—
> Could not tak tent to gyd and governe me
> Ay gude to do, fra evill deidis to fle,
> Trestand ay ȝowtheid wold with me abyde,
> Fulfilland evir my sensualitie
> In deidly syn and specialy in pryd.
> (ll.25–32)

From truculence, through self-recognition, he is brought finally to humility. The forward movement of the poem is thus made in stages, which are responses in attitude to the assertiveness of Deth. Only in Deth's speeches are negative values established, and then only to be denied:

> All erdly thing that evir tuik lyfe mon die.
> Paip, empriour, king, barroun, and knycht,
> Thocht thay be in their roall stait and hicht,
> May not ganestand quhen I pleiss schute the derte.
> (ll.3–6)

> Is nane sa stowt sa fresche nor ȝit sa fair,
> Sa ȝung, sa ald, sa riche nor ȝit sa peur.
> (ll.21–2)

> Dispone thy self and cum with me in hy
> Edderis, askis and wormis meit for to be.
> Cum quhen I call. Thow ma me nat denny
> Thocht thow war paip, empriour and king, all thre.
> (ll.37–40)

Negative values are here used as part of a rhetoric; they are not developed as argument. The poem is effective because it is direct, strong in its opposition of Deth's reiterated statements and Man's slow responses, its dramatic realisation of Man's progress towards humility.

The Thre Deid Pollis, on the other hand, amplifies its statement of negative values to the point at which it makes what is still only a rhetorical alternative as seductive in its evocation of earthly vanities as the *memento mori* statement is strong in their condemnation. The poem begins unrelievedly: the apostrophe to 'sinfull man' expands into a view of life on earth which asserts both the misery and the anxiety of humanity—'this mortall se/Quhilk is the vaill of mvrnyng and of cair' (ll.1–2)—and its mortality. The horror of the vision of the three skulls, 'this swth examplair/Off thy self, man' (ll.7–8), crushes a brief flirtation with the beauty of life and leads firmly into the sermon of the second

stanza. The following apostrophe to youth, to the passing joys of this world, is just as contained by this *memento mori* context as Cresseid's Complaint is by the deliberations of the gods and the resultant infliction of leprosy in *The Testament:*

> O wantone ȝowth, als fresche as lusty May,
> Farest of flowris renewit quhyt and reid,
> Behald our heidis. O lusty gallandis gay
> Full laichly thus sall ly thy lusty heid,
> Holkit and how and wallowit as the weid.
> Thy crampand hair and eik thy cristall ene
> Full cairfully conclud sall dulefull deid.
> Thy example heir, be ws it may be sene.
>
> O ladeis quhyt, in claithis corruscant,
> Poleist with perle and mony pretius stane,
> With palpis quhyt and hals elegant
> Sirculit with gold and sapheris mony ane,
> ȝour finȝearis small, quhyt as quhailis bane,
> Arrayit with ringis and mony rubeis reid,
> As we ly thus, so sall ȝe ly, ilk ane,
> With peilit pollis and holkit thus ȝour heid.
> (ll.17–32)

The comparison is of youth with spring, of gallants, their hair curled and their eyes bright, with the heads of flowers in bloom. 'Fresche', 'fair', 'lusty', the undeveloped adjectives of the first stanza, remain relatively unqualified: spring is a passing season and death inevitable, as the reiterated exempla of the skulls shows.[34] But the adjectives, and adjectival participles, in the following stanza—'quhyt', 'corruscant', 'poleist', 'pretius', 'elegant', 'sirculit', 'small', 'arrayit'—connote not the natural world, which has its own goodness, but the artificial, which is seductive and delusive. The alliteration and assonance combine with the Latinate 'corruscant' and 'elegant', with the description of the courtly lady's ideally white breasts, slender fingers, and precious adornment, to suggest a meretricious glamour which is in stark contrast with the real and present skulls addressing the audience. The recurrent introductory apostrophes, 'O wantone ȝowth, . . .', 'O ladeis quhyt, . . .', 'O wofull pryd, . . .', appear to seduce from but in fact secure the poem's statement. The negativeness of the third and fourth stanzas is affirmed not just by the currency of the imagery in other poems, or by the fifth stanza's attack on pride, but by their contrastive insignificance: the application of the *demande d'amour* convention to the possible vanities of the three posed skulls is made parodic beside the concluding exhortation to prayer.

In comparison, Henryson's *Ressoning betuix Aige and ȝowth* must appear to contain a balance which goes beyond the rhetorical and, indeed, suggests an equation of values. Thus Jamieson writes that 'the narrator—having seen the examples of ȝowth and Aige before him, seems to see the value of both: he claims, of both, that "Of trewth . . . they trivmphit in thair tone" (70) and restates, approvingly, both slogan-refrains, the young man's "O ȝowth be glaid in to thy flowris grene" and

the aged's "O 3owth thy flowris faidis fellone sone". '[35] But the two views are in fact kept distinct in a way which denies the possibility of any such question. 3owth, in the final stanza, is persuaded, brought to grief; Aige, in contrast, makes no balancing move: 'This lene awld man luche not, bot tuk his leif' (l.67). Moved earlier, at 3owth's intransigence, to anger (l.41), he here shows no response to the 3owth's sudden misery and the immobility of his sober stance in effect confirms the rightness of his views.

The watching poet acknowledges the truth of what he has heard and seen and restates, in the last two lines, the two refrains:

> Of the sedullis, the suthe quhen I had sene,
> Of trewth me thocht they trevist in thair tone.
> 'O 3owth be glaid in to thy flowris grene.'
> 'O 3owth thy flowris faidis fellone sone.'

But this restatement in conjunction should not be taken to suggest equation. The debate has been won and quoting the two opposing views in conclusion underlines this.[36] Aige we recognise as closer to Deth in *The Ressoning* than to Age in either Kennedy's *At matyne houre in midis of the nicht* or Henryson's *Within ane garth vndir a reid roseir*. He speaks with 'sobir stevin', with acceptance rather than joy. His tone is sharp. 3owth is similarly qualified. His is no innocent vanity but, as Aige's anger would suggest, a vanity deserving censure. Thus Aige's first response is avuncular in tone, a response to 3owth's ignorance:

> This sen3eour sang, bot with a sobir stevin.
> Schakand his berd he said, 'My bairne, lat be.
> I was within thir sextie 3eiris and sevin
> Ane freik on fold als forss and als fre,
> Als glaid, als gay, als 3ing, als 3aip as 3ie,
> Bot now tha dayis ourdrevin are and done.
> (ll.25–30)

Aige's second response is angered, not as a wise and human crankiness might have been provoked by brash and arrogant youthfulness but as the direct reaction of 'this sen3eour', characterised by his 'sobir stevin', to the projected behaviour of 3owth:

> 'At *luvis* law a quhyle I think to leit,
> In *court* to *cramp* clenely in my *clething*
> And luke amangis thir *lusty ladeis sweit*.
> Of mariage to mell with *mowthis meit*
> In *secreit place* quhair we may not be sene,
> And so with birdis blythly my *bailis beit*.
> O 3owth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene.'[37]
>
> Aige
> This awstrene greif anserit angirly:
> 'For thy cramping thow salt baith cruke and cowre.
> Thy fleschely lust thow salt also defy
> And pane the sall put fra paramour.

Than will no bird be blythe of the in bouir.
Quhen thy manheid sall wendin as the mone,
Thow sall assay gif that my song be soure:
O 3owth, thy flowris fedis fellone sone.'
(ll.34–48)

Aige translates 'cramping' as 'swaggering', and counters it with 'cruke and cowre', 'humbled and spiritless'. Both are physical images but both have spiritual significances. Further, the torment of love (l.39) becomes the 'pane' that will put man beyond sexual love (l.44). Thus the courtly context of 3owth's ambition, his temptation, becomes the basis for both Aige's allegation of 'fleschely lust' and his reminder of the inevitability of death. Aige's anger is a direct response to a particular mode of conduct, that of the 'gallant',[38] which is as firmly rejected in the last stanzas as it is, certainly with greater expansion, in the *The Thre Deid Pollis*.

In each of this group of debate poems, then, the possibility of equation of values is a factor, suggested only to be denied by the authoritative voice in Kennedy's *At matyne houre in midis of the nicht* and Henryson's *Within ane garth vndir a reid roseir* but, in the two *Ressonings* and in *The Thre Deid Pollis*, variously developed into powerfully contrastive rhetorical patterns. In particular, the acceptance of the debate form in *The Ressoning betuix Aige and 3owth* suggests an equation of values which is formally developed by the stanzaic alternation and the apparent equivalence of the refrains. Even as this formal balance asserts itself, however, it is betrayed by the falseness of one of the rhetorical alternatives: 3owth's confidence in his strength and beauty is unreasonable, a decline into moral 'fragilite', and cannot stand against the sober wisdom of Aige's counsel. Douglas's prologue to the ninth book of the *Eneados* is used by Bannatyne to 'introduce' the sequence of mortality poems which have been discussed in this chapter. These speak directly and with the authority of wisdom or, as in this concluding section, set a depiction of negative values, variously developed as rhetorical alternatives but never as argument, against the positive values which man's reason should apprehend. In Bannatyne's ordering, these positive values find full and explicit statement in the first major poem of the *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie, Furth throw ane forrest as I fure*. A poem which has been attributed to Wedderburn, *Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie*, concludes the sequence:

Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie,
And vertew is floure and rute of nobill ray,
Off ony vertewis stait that evir thow be
His stoppis persew and dreid the non effray.
Exyle all vyce and follow trewith alway.
Luve most thy God that first thy luve began
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Be not our prowde of thy prosperitie
For, as it cumis, so will it pass away.
The tyme to compt is schort, thow ma weill se,
For of grene gress sone cumis wallowit hay.
Labor in trewth quhill licht is of the day.

Trust most in God for he best help the can
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Sen wordis ar thrall and thocht is only fre,
Thow dant thy tung, that power hes and may.
Thow steik thyne ene fra warldis vanitie.
Refrene thy lust, harkin quhat I say.
Graip or thow slyd and creip furth on the way,
And keip thy faith thow aw to God and man
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

As there is no alternative to the way of life asserted here, the 'perfyt gait to bliss' that Douglas saw also in his ninth prologue, so there can be no condoned departure from the decorum of gravity:

Scurrilite is bot for doggis *þ*at barkis—
Quhay thairto harkis fallis in fragilite.

1 John Peter, *Complaint and Satire in Early English Literature*, Oxford, 1956, p.10.
2 I.W.A. Jamieson, 'The Minor Poems of Robert Henryson', *Studies in Scottish Literature*, IX, 1971–72, p.127.
3 Cf. Jamieson's comments on *The Monk's Tale* stanza; 'The Minor Poems of Robert Henryson', p.127.
4 *Furth throw ane forrest as I fure*, ll.115–16.
5 *Allone as I went vp and doun*, ll.6ff.
6 *Lettres of gold writtin I fand*, l.1.
7 The following verses, dated 1602, are from the Nine Nobles Ceiling. The transcription is taken from *A Guide to Crathes Castle and its Gardens*, 4th ed., National Trust for Scotland, 1963.
8 Dunbar, *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie*, l.49ff.
9 Peter, *Complaint and Satire*, p.103.
10 James VI, 'Revlis and Cautelis', pp.76ff., and see also Jamieson 'The Minor Poems of Robert Henryson', p.127.
11 See MacQueen, *Robert Henryson*, pp.24ff.
12 *Ibid.*, p.25.
13 *Ibid.*
14 *Ibid.*, p.86.
15 ll.99–112.
16 Cf. MacQueen, *Robert Henryson*, pp.32–3.
17 *The Kingis Quair*, l.251.
18 *Ibid.*, l.208.
19 *Ibid.*, stanzas 127–38.
20 *Testament of Cresseid*, ll.568–9.
21 Thought to be 'probably by Dunbar' by David Laing, 'Account of the Contents of the Bannatyne Manuscript', *Hunterian* I, pp.lxxvi, cxlii.
22 Cf. Henryson, *Testament*, l.348.
23 Cf. *I þat in heill wes and glaidness*, l.46.
24 'Tramort', literally 'beyond death'; used of a corpse, with the connotations of putrefaction; cf. 'mony stynkand fowll tramort', *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht*, l.83.
25 Dunbar, *O wreche be war, this warld will wend the fro*, l.13.
26 The Bannatyne MS reads: 'Bot ferslye all to speiris'; Maitland, 'Bot freschlie all to spvmis dryff'; *Hunterian* has '. . . ferslye all to speiris [dryve]', 'all is fiercely broken to spars'.
27 'plycht anker' also occurs in *The Goldin Terge*, l.187. Small, *The Poems of Dunbar*, III, p.32, notes the cognate Dutch 'plectanker'. See also O.E.D. 'sheet-anchor', where the earliest use in a figurative sense is dated 1524.
28 *þe Amendis to þe Teȝouris and Sowtaris*, for example, seems unlikely.
29 *Bi a wey wandryng as I went*, *The Minor Poems of the Vernon MS*, Early English Text Society, 2 vols, 1892–1901, II, pp.688–92. There are other, shorter versions, see Carleton Brown & R.H. Robbins, *The Index of Middle English Verse*, New York, 1943, entry 562 (entry 265 describes *Allone as I went vp and doun* as 'based on' 562). See also Gregory Smith, *The Poems of Henryson*, I, pp.lxvii–lxx; and Jamieson, 'The Minor Poems of Robert Henryson', pp.132–4.
30 *Allone as I went vp and doun* ll.43–4.
31 It seems more likely, taking its analogues into account, that the poem is better punctuated like this than as a series of reflections upon the refrain, the 'writing on the wall'.
32 It is probably for this reason that Bannatyne arranges his poems as he does. Kennedy's *At matyne houre in midis of the nicht* is similar in manner to the often peremptory poems which precede it. *Walking allone* introduces the two most balanced debate poems before the sequence returns to exhortation and to the concluding *Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie*. The sequence as a whole has an effect similar in this section of the manuscript to that of concluding poems in *Ballatis of Theoligie*.
33 See particularly Jamieson's discussion of Henryson's four poems, in 'The Minor Poems of Robert Henryson', pp.125–47.
34 'examplair', (l.7), 'exampill', (l.15), 'example', (l.24).
35 Jamieson, 'The Minor Poems of Robert Henryson', p.127.
36 Bannatyne's 'trivmphit' makes nonsense of this interpretation and can only be an error. The Maitland text reads 'trevist', 'traversed, ran contrary in their declarations'. The Bannatyne Draft reads 'tremefit', presumably a scribal error for 'trevesit', and 'trivmphit' would appear to be a further (perhaps aural) error. See Gregory Smith, *The Poems of Henryson*, I, p.68.
37 Italics supplied.
38 We acknowledge the difficulty with 'cramp', little attested in this sense, and 'goward' (Bannatyne MS and Draft, 'galzart' in Maitland). 'Goward' is not recorded by *DOST*; galzart, a variant of 'galȝeart', is glossed as 'A gay or gallant youth'. Both words are defined by context but confirmation from other sources would be a comfort.

Chapter 5

Counsel and compliment: Ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis

How sould I rewill me or quhat wyiss
I wald sum wyisman wald dewyiss.
I can not leif in no degre
Bot sum will my maneris dispyiss.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?
(Dunbar, *How sowld I rewill me,* ll.1–5)

Precellend Prince, havand prerogatyue
As rowy royall in this regioun to ring,
I the beseik agains thy lust to stryue
And loufe thy God aboif all maner of thing,
And him imploir, now in thy ȝeiris ȝing,
To grant the grace thy folk to defend,
Quilk he hes gevin the in gouerning,
In peax and honour to thy lyvis end.
(Stewart, *Precellend Prince,* ll.1–8)

Though Bannatyne's title suggests that these poems of counsel and admonition, of the affirmation of virtuous living and condemnation of the vicious, combine a generality of moral assumption with a breadth and specificity of contemporary social reference, their emphasis is more on court than burgh, their concern more with the general than the particular. Chivalric virtues are applauded; the traditional vices of the courtier condemned. Rule of oneself, the measure required by *Furth throw ane forrest as I fure,* is interpreted as courtesy; the model of such courtesy, and indeed its surety, is the King. Edinburgh, like 'all estaitis', is subsumed in the court, and there is no poem, addressed to courtier or king, so pointed in its observations as to single out person, place, or occurrence, to incur the charge of that 'vilite' or 'scurrilite' of which Douglas wrote in the ninth prologue, that use of satirical and derisively persuasive techniques which are 'bot for doggis þat barkis' and which, in their lack of dignity and reason, betray the 'fragilite' of writer and audience.

These poems, then, accept the decorum of gravity established by the preceding mortality poems but, because of their essentially applied character, are in general plainer than the most aesthetically interesting of the *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie.* They are poems of counsel, at their humblest simply direct and uncompromisingly didactic, at their most rhetorical more decorative than deliberative, accepting always the decorum of gravity but moving towards aureation as occasion or the dignity of the subject demands. If at the one level, then, they become poems of manners rather than morality, acting as a secular equivalent of

'comfortable words' in their rehearsal of courtly values they become, at the other, poems of compliment as well as of counsel, praising the monarch for the virtues that are manifestly his rather than instructing him in his duty. Man's sense of his own dignity requires that the decorum of gravity surround his actions; his sense of God's recognises that, whereas in occasional secular courtly poetry aureation can pay the finest compliment, be part of the highest ceremony, it is, in the poetry of prayer, of intercourse between God and man, or the poetry of man's morality, poetry which counsels man in his relation with God, while an indication of man's aspiration still an acknowledgement of his shortcomings.

As is so often the case the most explicit statement of directions is made in the plainest and, aesthetically, the least interesting of poetry:

> Sum tyme this warld so steidfast was and stabill
> That manis word was obligatioun,
> And now it is sa fals and dissavable
> That word and deid discordis in conclusioun.
> Ar no thing lyk bot turnit vp and doun.
> Is all this warld for greid and wilfulnes
> That all is loist for laik of steidfastnes.
>
> Trewith is put doun. Ressoun is haldin fabill,
> Vertew hes nane at hir devotioun,
> Petie exylit and na man meretabill.
> Throw cuvettyce, blind is discretioun.
> The warld hes maid ane permvtatioun
> Fra richt to wrang, fra ressone to wilfulnes,
> That all is loist for lak of steidfastnes.
>
> Quhat makis this warld to be so variable
> Bot lust, quhilk folk hes but discretioun?
> Among ws now ane man is haldin vnhable
> Bot gif he can, be sum collusioun,
> Doing his nychtbour wrang or oppressioun.
> Quhat makis this bot wofull wretchitnes,
> That all is loist for lak of steidfastnes?
>
> Falsheid, that sowld bene abhominable,
> Now is regeing but reformatioun.
> Quha now gifis lergly ar maist dissavable
> For vycis ar þe grund of sustentatioun.
> All wit is turnit to cavillatioun,
> Lawtie expellit, and all gentilnes,
> That all is loist for lak of steidfastnes.
>
> O prince, desyre for to be honorable,
> Chereiss thy folk and hait extortioun,
> Suffer nothing þat bene reprovable,
> Schaw furth thy swerd of castigation
> That vertew may rigne within thy regioun.
> Dreid God. Do law. Luv trewith and richtousnes
> And bring thy folk agane to steidfastnes.

The statement of this poem is that the loss of faith causes 'ane permvtatioun' of values: the poet looks back to a hypothetical golden age, poses truth, reason, virtue and pity against blindness, 'discretioun' against 'lust', an idealised past against the decadent present. Two stanzas are given to the virtues now denied, two to the prevalent vices; the final stanza calls on the monarch, God's regent, to restore faith and, with it, virtuous living. Within the terms of reference implied by Bannatyne's subtitle and made explicit by his arrangement of contents, the poem is comprehensive: it establishes the context of the transitory world within which the vanity of human indulgence is opposed to the control of reason, develops the antithesis of virtue and vice, urges the exercise of individual judgement, and counsels the ruler to preserve the 'common weil'. It makes neither emotional nor intellectual challenge, recognises neither argument nor doubt. It uses the rhetoric of Complaint to apply a comprehensive and unexceptionable moral statement to an undelineated but recognisable social situation. Its strength is in its contained acceptance of a limiting decorum, its implicit assertion that a reasonable man needs no other approach, in the completeness of its statement.[1]

Unexciting as the twentieth century reader may find it, *Sum tyme this warld so steidfast was and stabill* supplies a poetic median for *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* as a whole. 'Ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis' outnumber the preceding morality poems by almost three to one and here, as in *Ballatis of Theoligie,* there is much that appears dull and repetitious: poems of precept, and, particularly, a group of these sub-titled 'Certane wyiss sentences drawin furth of the buik callit *Moral Philosafie'* provide further examples of that sixteenth century taste for verse which is impeccable as moral statement but trivial as poetry.[2] 'Ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis' fall into four broad groups: poems which establish and develop a picture of a corrupt society, either to set alternatives before the audience, in the form of a virtue-vice antithesis, or more directly to challenge the audience, as in *How sowld I rewill me,* to the exercise of judgement and the assertion of true values; poems which, like *This warld is all but fenȝeit fair,* argue the transience of worldly things;[3] poems of precept, giving both good moral and good medicinal counsel; and finally, poems of counsel to rulers and regents. As a sequence, these poems *apply,* in a sixteenth century court context, the lessons of the preceding mortality poems: man has been reminded that his life is transitory, that each man's response to this knowledge can be seen as a debate between the folly of youth and the wisdom of age. He is asked as a member of the microcosm which is the court to look at its patterns of courtesy, to see these in the conflicting terms of the debate, and to exercise his individual judgement: 'Lord God, how sall I governe me?' He is asked if his choice is that of youth, counselled that life is variant and unstable, that its patterns are false and lead into vice. He is offered wisdom, at the level of the individual man, at the level of ruler or regent, custodian of the social contract. He is confirmed, because the rhetoric of persuasion is only a rhetoric, in the rightness of his beliefs, and admitted to the ceremony of their celebration.

It is important, in looking at those poems which establish a picture of a corrupt society, a picture not unlike that in the first part of Lindsay's *Satyre* in which the young king, Humanitie, has surrendered to Lady

Sensualitie and the Vices, to see how strongly the poems are poems of Complaint and not of social satire. And it is perhaps worth rehearsing, at this point, John Peter's clarification of the points at which Complaint diverges from Satire:

> It should be clear, first, that while Complaint is usually conceptual, and often allegorical, Satire tends rather to work in the concrete particularity of real life. Secondly, Complaint is impersonal, Satire personal . . . Thirdly, the range of Satire is usually wider than the range of Complaint, in one sense at least. Being personal, Satire can range over a scale as wide as human personality itself, taking from a writer like Juvenal a tone that is choleric and often intemperate and from a writer like Chaucer a quite different tone of tolerant mockery . . . In Complaint, however, the writing is tied to a system rather than a personality, and an accepted and an enduring system too. In consequence, the satiric variations—urbanity, malevolence, raillery, scurrility, cynicism, and so on—lie beyond the range of Complaint which, like the Christianity it espouses, strives always to be sober and reasonable, if occasionally severe. Fourthly Satire tends to be scornful, often reflecting only a token desire for reform, whereas Complaint is corrective and clearly does not despair of the power to correct. In reading satires our reaction is one of pure 'enjoyment': we appreciate the satirist's virtuosity and the trimming of the butts he chooses. In reading complaints we are ourselves trimmed, for the simple reason that all men are. It appears from this (and from Swift's sardonic definition) that Satire usually addresses a third party, not himself the subject of attack. Complaint, on the other hand, being so comprehensive and unspecific, is easily applied by a reader to himself and is very often meant to be. Fifthly, Satire is usually specific, and sometimes so specific that it does in fact elect to deal with an individual, a Messalina, a Hervey, or a Walpole. But Complaint is vague, concerned with the abuse rather than the abuser, and frequently concerned to make this clear:
>
> > Synglure persone I doo none name,
> > But alle the world In generalle.
>
> And finally the comparison between Chaucer and Langland suggests, correctly perhaps, that Satire is a comparatively sophisticated mode and that Complaint is not.[4]

Bannatyne places first amongst these applied poems Dunbar's *Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak* and *Devorit with dreme* which he attributes to Dunbar.[5] The first of these poems compares usefully with another of Dunbar's *Quhy will ȝe merchantis of renoun.* And though modern editors misleadingly place the two together, because of their apparent similarity of content, it may be significant that Bannatyne did not include the latter.

Though both are ostensibly specific in their condemnations, the one of lawyers and the other of merchants, they are poems quite different in order. The first gains effect immediately from its use of reported speech

and from the implicit contrasts between the unidentified values of 'Ane mvrlandis man' and those of Edinburgh, as they are manifested at 'the sessioun'. The 'sessioun'[6] becomes a microcosm, a representation of life on earth in which facets of worldliness conventionally associated with a particular profession are given prominence. There is immediate inversion of values: the conventionally scorned 'mvrland' or 'vpland' man becomes the type of probity, the naivete of his question, 'Quhat tydingis, gossep, peax or weir?', an index of his distance from the confused and corrupt world which 'his nychtbour', in shocked confidence, reports to him. The impersonal catalogue of actions which depicts this world is cumulative in its effect, rising to a condemnatory climax as it moves from undeveloped items of statement to the final, most dramatic, and most fully amplified, illustration:

> Sum sweiris and forsaikis God,
> Sum in ane lambskin is ane tod.
> Sum in his toung his kyndes tursis.
> Sum cuttis throttis and sum pykis pursis.
> Sum gois to gallouss with processioun.
> Slum sanis the sait and sum thame cursis.
> Sic tydingis hard I at þe sessioun.
>
> Religious men of diuerss placis
> Cumis thair to wow and se fair facis.
> Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris
> Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris
> And are vnmyndfull of thair professioun—
> The ȝungar at the eldar leiris.
> Sic tydingis hard I at þe sessioun.
>
> Thair cumis ȝung monkis of he complexioun,
> Of devoit mynd, luve, and affectioun,
> And in the courte thair hait flesche dantis
> Full faderlyk, with pechis and pantis.
> Thay ar so humill of intercessioun,
> All mercyfull wemen thair eirandis grantis.
> Sic tydingis hard I at the sessioun.
> (ll.36–56)

Man is, in many ways, deceived by his fellows, in Edinburgh at the session; but God is forsaken. Men of the church are, in the eyes of 'Ane mvrlandis man', the last to be expected in such company. Yet they come as parasites, courting the men of law, and are thus not a further item in a satirical catalogue but concluding evidence of the fullness of the inversion of 'an accepted and enduring system', a final and telling proof of the corruption of the microcosm, the 'sessioun' to which they cling. That their avarice is compounded by lechery, and their lechery developed as an emblem of their viciousness confirms this, so the poem is thus essentially Complaint, a sober lament for the decline of assumed values, relying for its power to correct on the reasonableness of its audience and

not on elements of its own virtuosity, whether of raillery or ridicule.

The effect of *Quhy will ȝe merchantis of renoun* is quite different. The poem is, as John and Winifred MacQueen note,[7] addressed to the Town Council, to the civil magistrates of Edinburgh. The 'parroche kirk' (l.16) is St Giles; the 'hie croce' (l.22), the market cross at which proclamations were made on the north side of the east end of St Giles; the 'trone' (l.24) the place off the Royal Mile still identified by the Tron Kirk, around which activity consequent upon conventional usage of the burgh weighing machine must have been considerably increased by the ancillary service it provided, 'nailing by the ear to the tron (with other variations)',[8] being a frequent punishment for criminals; its 'stinkand styll' (l.38), the Old Kirk Style, an alley through the tall buildings to the north of St Giles which at street level were lock-up market stalls called luckenbooths, 'a huge pile of buildings . . . which for some inconceivable reason our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for a passage a narrow street on the north and on the south'.[9] The 'principall gaittis' (l.8) are the Cowgate, the Canongate and the High Street. The latter, in addition to the luckenbooths and the tiny shops called krames, 'made out of mere angles of property or insinuated between the buttresses of St Giles',[10] had at its upper end, which was subsequently called the Land-market, laigh shops at which by a charter of 1488 'inlandish' goods were sold, the shopkeepers having the right 'by ancient privilege' of exposing their wares upon the street on a certain day.[11] Unpaved until 1532, the 'stink of haddocks and of scaittis' (l.9) mingling with the stench of the wares of furriers and skinners hanging on the 'fairstairs'[12] (l.17), the external staircases so characteristic of Scottish burgh architecture which jutted out into the street exacerbating the congestion and providing cruives from which pigs roamed the streets rooting among the heaps of refuse,[13] the High Street was notoriously the 'repair' of merchant and mendicant, shopkeeper and sharper, fishwife and flesher, cripple and cutpurse, harlot and hustler.

The poem is one of direct address; it does not report, and conveys no sense of distance. The prayer with which it concludes is theoretical. Christ is called on because he is the antithesis of the mercantile interest, the 'Jerusalem' of l.74, because he epitomises reason. To exercise reason is to acknowledge the importance of 'commone proffeit' (ll.4,72) over 'singular proffeit' (l.71). Fame, or repute, the 'name' of the refrain, is a proper goal at the immediate and persuasive level on which Edinburgh is compared with other merchant cities (ll.5–6, 12–13, 18), and at the deeper, christianly reasoned level on which, within terms of a social contract, the common good is opposed to the individual. The eighth and ninth stanzas make this plain:

> ȝour proffeit daylie dois incres
> ȝour godlie workis less and less;
> Through streittis nane may mak progres
> For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame.
> Think ȝe nocht schame
> That ȝe sic substance dois posses,
> And will nocht win ane bettir name?

Sen for the court of the sessioun,
The great repair of this regioun
Is in ȝour burgh, thairfoir be boun
To mend all faultis that ar to blame,
And eschew schame;
Gif thai pas to ane vther toun
ȝe will decay, and ȝour great name.
(ll.50–63)

There is both a strong contrast between 'godlie workis' (l.51) and the selfish use of 'substance' (l.55) and a clear implication that, by being the chief resort of the nobility and of those responsible for the upholding of civil law, the two strongest secular defenders of the social contract, the burgh, as it represents the mercantile interest, is the most seductive force within it. The poem's moral base is firm; but the burden of its attack is in its descriptive commentary, its particularity, its emphasis on the 'stink' of Edinburgh's High Street, on its corruption and not on the representativeness of the corruption. This directness of address, this particularity of description, this deliberate setting of a norm of human conduct against that which is exposed shifts the poem out of the Complaint genre and into the satirical. Man's dignity is affronted, the decorum which preserves his dignity abandoned. The two poems, then, are quite different in kind. The first is a poem of Complaint, written within the decorum of gravity; the second, in its directness, its 'scurrilite', above all in its 'particularity of real life', is alien to that decorum.

Devorit with dreme amplifies the stance of *Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak* and, with it, builds up the conspectus of a corrupt society. Bannatyne's editorial technique is the same as in introducing *Ballatis of Theoligie* or the first group of *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie:* these are encyclopedic poems providing summary statements of the subject matter on which subsequent poems draw. Both use the catalogue, with obvious cumulative effect, but with the effect of reducing particularity that is also demonstrated by *Discretioun of Geving* and *Discretioun in Taking.* A poem like *Musing allone this hinder nicht,* or *Fredome, honour and nobilnes,* while eschewing the exacting formalism of a syntactic parallelism with repeated indefinite subject, achieves a similar effect through the use of serial subjects.

Devorit with dreme, like *Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak,* allows decently distanced comment, the dream frame, however cursorily introduced, encouraging a suspension of intimacy just as the reported situation of *Ane mvrlandis man of vplandis mak* encourages a contrast between two generalised situations. The vices of *Devorit with dreme* are the vices of the nobility: an ironical pride in the nation's past and confidence in the providence of its former nobility are contrasted with a present privation, with the poverty of the people, the cowardice of its governors, the 'cummer', or distress caused to the realm by the neglect of government. The attack on the clergy is directed at the abuse of office by prelate and priest, by prelates who neglect office and court Lady Sensualitie, who are seldom seen in their benefices, by priests who, similarly, are absorbed into secular office and neglect their calling. Those who neglect their intellectual and spiritual training, who are characterised by their envy, their pride and the price of their sensuality,

preponderate: 'It is no neid to tell of quhome I mene' (l.13). The lords, 'naturall fulis' as opposed to 'guckit clerkis' (ll.21, 16), who respond no more than asses or mules to their schooling, and are no more sensitive to the plight of the commons, attract more extensive criticism. Treasonable, contemptuous of the law, extortionist, resorting to violence rather than reason, arrogant, degenerating through their contempt of natural law and order into 'knavis and crakkaris to play at cartis and dyce' (l.56)—it is a company best to be judged by its description in *Colkelbie Sow* (ll.119ff.). The merchants, those who make up the third estate, through their assumption of consequence breach most offensively the social contract which is as firmly assumed here as it is asserted in *Quhy will ȝe merchantis of renoun.*

Devorit with dreme has a local habitat in the Edinburgh of James V, as its concern for the 'commoun weill' suggests, but the poet's dream is both distancing and encompassing and the society of Edinburgh is valuable in the poem for its representativeness rather than its particularity. In *Sum tyme this warld so steidfast was and stabill* the poet looks back on a golden age of reason and seeks its restoration through a restoration of faith. Similarly, in *Devorit with dreme,* the poet attempts, through the accumulation of example, to depict a society which has lost its sense of 'commoun weill' in its concern for individual pleasure and profit. The three estates in this poem, like those in Lindsay's *Satyre,* are 'gangard backwart'. Other poems, like *Fredome, honour and nobilnes* and *My mynd quhen I compas and cast,* present this conflict in a rhetorically stronger manner by posing past and present as extremes:

> Fredome, honour and nobilnes,
> Meid, manheid, mirth and gentilnes
> Ar now in cowrt reput as vyce,
> And all for causs of cuvetice.
> *(Fredome, honour and nobilnes,* ll.1–4)

> Thift and tressoun now is chereist.
> Law and lawite is disherreist
> And quyt owt of this regioun send.
> Thift and tressoun now is cherreist.
> Ar few for falsett now may fend.
> *(My mynd quhen I compas,* ll.6–10)

Both poems are concerned with covetousness, the one as it is manifested within the patterns of the court, the other as it is manifested in patterns under the governance of the court. Both have a strong sense of the 'social contract' as it has developed in the Scottish context, and of the closeness of the court to the people. Both assume unequivocally a lapsed state, are unexceptionable but extreme in their statements, sharp in their observations but general in their reference. Neither could be construed as an attack on a particular person or situation yet each has sufficient specificity to allow its general message individual applications. There can be no argument with the condemnation of the vices depicted and the audience needs not to be persuaded but reminded: in the words of *Sum tyme this warld so steidfast was and stabill,* 'ressoun' must be asserted over 'wilfulnes'. The subject of each poem, then, is a wrong direction,

which all courtiers have taken in some measure; the poems do not serve to correct and dissuade from the vicious actions they depict so much as to affirm the values which these actions deny and, with uncompromising sobriety, to remind the audience of the true nature of even the smallest backsliding.

Behind the *Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis* lies, as some poems make plain, a deep sense of the illusory nature of the patterns of life that man has made for himself in this transitory world. In both Dunbar's *Dregy,* for instance, and in his *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* there is an inversion of values which depends for its effectiveness on the poet's freedom to manipulate this sense of illusion. In Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis is bot phantasye* the vanity of the worldly patterns within which man sees himself operating is made an object of ridicule through the patterns themselves being made nonsensical. These moral poems stem from a constrained exercise of the same fictive licence: except that, while in *Ballettis Mirry* the poet has complete freedom, his object being to stretch fantasy to its limit, in the moral poems his inventiveness is tightly constrained by his acceptance of the decorum of gravity, by his assumption of the sobriety which belongs to Complaint. Both *Fredome, honour and nobilnes* and *My mynd quhen I compas and cast* represent an extension of the virtue/vice antithesis to its logical extreme; others of the 'Ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis' make the same sort of inversion of values as Dunbar's *Dregy* but to different effect.

Me mervellis of this grit confusioun is explicit in its declaration of the inversion:

> Me mervellis of this grit confusioun,
> I wald sum cunnand clerk of clergy wald declard
> Quhat garris this warld be turnit vpsyd doun.
> Thair is nocht faithfulness fundin in to this erd.
> Now is nocht thre may trestly trow in þe ferd.
> Welth is away, wit is now wrochtin to wrinkis,
> No seill is sover now. This is a wofull werd.
> The want of wyse men garris fulis sit on binkis.
> (ll.1–8)

> Lufe[14] hes tane leif and wirschip hes no vdir wane,
> With passing pouerty pryd is importable,
> Vyce is bot vertew, wit is with will soir ourgane,
> As lairdis so laddis daly chengeable,
> But ryme or ressone all is bot heble hable.
> Sic sturtfull stering into Godis neiss it stinkis.
> Bot he haif rew all is vnremedable.
> For want of wyse men garris fulis sit on binkis.
> (ll.57–64)[15]

The poem is despairing in stance and ends in prayer: it at no point explicitly condemns the parliament whose governance appears so derelict, its concern being more with the human condition than its immediate manifestation in contemporary Scotland. *Thingis in kynd desyris thingis*

lyke sets up a similar pattern of antitheses but draws no conclusion other than that of the refrain:

> Thingis in kynd desyris thingis lyke,
> Bot discontrair haitis every thing.
> Saif only mankynd, can nevir weill lyke
> Bot gif he haif a licentious leving.
> Fleschly desyre and gestly nvrissing
> In till a persone all semyne to be wrocht,
> Watter and fyre togidder in kendling:
> It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.
> (ll.1–8)

> Frely to spend and full of cuvatyse,
> To seik burgeonis out of ane auld dry stok,
> Ane gay temple without devyne seruyse,
> A birdlies cage, ane key without a lok,
> A tome schip ay rydand on a rok,
> A mychty bishop in ane realme of nocht,
> A wantoun hird and a weill rewlit flok:
> It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.
> (ll.57–64)

All rychtouss thing the quhilk dois now proceid relies similarly on its refrain, not to pass judgement but to undercut the heavy irony of the poem's statement:

> All rychtouss thing the quhilk dois now proceid
> Is crownit lyk vnto an emperess,
> Law hes defyit guerdoun, and his meid
> Settis hir trewth on hicht as goddess,
> Gud faith hes flyttin with fraud and dowbilness,
> And prvdence seis all thingis þat cumis beforne
> Following the trace of perfyte stabilness
> Als evin be lyne, rycht as a rammis horne.
> (ll.1–8)

> Out of this land, or ellis God forbede,
> Baneist is fraud, falsheid and fekilness,
> Flattery is fled and þat for verry drede.
> Both riche and pure hes taken thame to sadness,
> Lauboraris wirkis with all thair bessiness,
> Day, nor nycht, nor hour can be forborne
> Bot swynk and sueit to voyd all ydilness,
> Als leill by lyne rycht as a rammis horne.
> (ll.33–40)[16]

In none of these poems is there acknowledgement of alternatives, even of the rhetorical alternatives developed in the debates between youth and age or man and death. The truths they endorse are unchallengeable. These poems, then, in terms of aesthetic experience and in

terms of their exploration of subject, offer little advance on either the pithy reminder of Dunbar's *Quhat is this lyfe* or the versified instruction of 'Certane sayingis of wyiss philosapheris',[17] 'Certane preceptis of gud counsale' or 'Preceptis of medecyne'.[18] These are poems which exist only to confirm the furnishings of the audience's minds; their offer of comfort and reassurance, in an orthodox and like-minded society, is stronger than their admonition.

It follows, of course, that poems in this mode which speak in an individual voice and appear to respond to a choice offer no choice. *How sowld I rewill me?* Dunbar asks, 'Lord God, how sall I governe me?' Other poems of Dunbar's included in this section by Bannatyne provide the answer: *To dwell in court* counsels the rejection of the courtly vices (as does Henryson's *Fals titlaris now growis vp full rank); Musing allone this hinder nicht* points to the inconstancy and irrelevance of man's judgement of his fellow's character and actions and puts its trust in the leadership given by the king, God's regent, and in God himself:

> Gude Iames the Ferd, our nobill king,
> Quhen þat he was of ȝeiris ȝing
> In sentens said full subtillie:
> 'Do weill and sett not by demying
> For no man sall vndemit be.'
>
> And so I sall with Goddis grace
> Keip his command in to þat cace,
> Beseiking ay the Trinitie
> In Hevin þat I may haif ane place,
> For thair sall no man demit be.
> *(Musing allone,* ll.41–50)

The last group of poems amongst the 'Ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis' are poems addressed to Scotland's king, queen or regent. Though they belong to a span of reigns, they have in common a respect for majesty and an assumption of the special relation that exists between poet and ruler. They are all occasional poems though, except in the case of Alexander Scott's *Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary,* the occasion can neither be identified nor dated and it is impossible to say more than that they are mostly fairly late. Their number, their comparative contemporaneousness, and their placing at the end of *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie,* suggest both their importance in Bannatyne's eyes and the possibility that, in making the compilation, he was thinking in the first instance of the royal patron and a court audience. As in other areas of Scottish poetry the native tradition is important; and the most interesting of these poems reflect something of that peculiar intimacy that Dunbar enjoyed with James IV and Lindsay built on in his poems addressed to James V. They assume also the sage-like role of the poet and the special value of the poet's counsel to his ruler, most completely argued by Douglas in his *Palice of Honour,* most persuasively demonstrated by Lindsay in, for instance, either *The Dreme* or the *Satyre.*

The ruler is God's regent and has the 'commonweil' in his governance:

> Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all,
> Gevin be God to thy governance,
> Luke þat thow rewll the rute originall
> Thatt in thy falt no member mak vþeris grevance;
> For quha can nocht him self gyd nor awance,
> Quhy suld ane provynce do on him depend,
> To gyd him self þat hes na purveance
> With peax and honour to thy lyvis end?
> *(Precellend Prince havand prerogatyue,*
> ll.41–8)

And again:

> Sen gratious God is ground of all guidnes,
> Thow, michtie, hie, excellent prince preclare,
> And king of kingis lord of all, but les,
> And hes þe figurate to his ymage fare,
> Peirles in pryce, in pulchritude preclare,
> Crownit þe king owir all þis realme to ring,
> The to obey hes ordanit less and mair,
> Thow suld him loue abone all vþer thing.
>
> In God thre thingis scripture dois declare:
> Hie power, sapience, and hie bonyte,
> Quhilk thing to everye king ar necessare
> Quho luiffis God, iustice and equite.
> Swerd of honour power did signifie,
> The sceptour sapience, crown hie on þi heid,
> Abone all vþer, takynnis bonyte
> In thy realme, quhair thow suld iustice leid.
>
> The royall rob, so riche of purpure blew,
> Schawis þe ane king, of iustice instrument,
> Quhilk amang colouris is maist hevinlye hew,
> In signe thow suld be Godlye in entent.
> The lynning quhyte presentis þe innocent
> And signefeis of conscience clarite.
> He þat þir wantis is insufficient
> And rycht vnworthie royall king to be.
>
> The schyre of stait betakynnis in deid
> The trune triumphall of þe Trinytie.
> Thy riall lordis, richelye cled in weid,
> Off Hevin ministeris dois heir signifie,
> Quhilkis suld do iustice respondent to the
> And thow to God sall anser for þame all,
> Becaus he is the king of Hevin so hie
> And in þis realme thow king is terrenall.
> *(Be gratious ground and gate to sapience,*
> ll.25–56)[19]

The plainest of these poems do little more than rehearse the virtues proper to a ruler. Though ostensibly direct and instructional they are in no way admonitory and convey little sense of immediacy or response to individuality. They are catalogues in which the ruler is made an exemplar to his people, as in Henry Stewart's *Be gouernor baith guid and gratious,* a forty-line poem of unrelieved imperatives from which the following stanza is taken almost at random:

> Be nocht to proud of wardlie guidis heir;
> Be weill be thocht þai will remane na tyde.
> Be sicker als þat þow man die, but weir.
> Be war þairwith, þe tyme will no man byde.
> Be vertewus and sett all vyce on syde;
> Be patient, lawlie, and misericord.
> Be rewlit so quhair evir þow go or byde;
> Be bowsum ay to knaw thy God and lord.
> (ll.9–16)

Such poems are, like those dealing with the virtues of the courtier, as much compliment as counsel. They offer a modest enhancement of the occasions for which they were written by affirming, unrealistically it may be, the virtues of the ruler to whom they are addressed. Others pay more heed to the realities of contemporary Scotland, claiming the special role of the poet that allowed Dunbar the pointed counsel he offered the king in *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past* and Lindsay the more developed licence of the *Satyre.* Yet such an exercise of the poet's responsibility as counsellor never, in these poems, leads to an indecorous particularity. In *This hindir nycht, neir by the hour of nyne,* for instance, a decent obliquity is achieved by the poet's couching his criticism within the framework of an allegorical dream vision: Dame Verite appears before the dreamer to answer his question:

> Quhen sall the kyth þe cuntre of Scotland
> In peax and rest and plenty perseueir
> With sic ordour as vsis in vþir land?
> (ll.30–2)

The poem is strongly reminiscent of Lindsay's *Satyre,* its 'action' requiring the banishment of the prevalent vices and the restitution to the court of those qualities, like 'Iustice, Prudens, Forss, and Temperans' (l.65) which will restore the 'commounweill' and allow the return of peace and plenty. It ends with an address to the ruler:

> Schaip sum remeid for Godis deite
> And lat no moir the weid ourga the corne.
> Do ȝe not sa, ȝe sall accusit be
> Afoir the King þat wore the croun of thorne.
> (ll.85–9)

This seems a sharp admonition but it is much less so in context; the poet, after all, is only an intermediary, reporting what he learnt from Dame Verite in his dream and advising accordingly; he may claim also, as an

intermediary, that he is presenting a criticism which has visionary impact. Moreover, his advice is unexceptionable: he makes no criticism of the ruler *per se,* the country's decline being due to the activity of 'Wilfull Wrang', 'Hid Hatreit', 'ȝung Counsale', 'Singular Proffeit' and the like; his appeal to the ruler is that he should assert his authority, as God's regent, and restore the social contract. By asking him, before his court, to exercise what is plainly his responsibility, the poet asserts that responsibility and expresses his confidence in its exercise. The poem thus attains a nice balance between counsel and compliment, between its ostensible and its actual function.

It is less easy to be sure of this balance in Alexander Scott's *Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary,* in every respect the best and the bravest of these poems. Mary returned to Scotland, to be queen, in August 1561. The poem is a New Year's Day poem, celebratory in its response to occasion, deeply serious in its apprehension of the significance of that occasion. Mary was eighteen, a woman, a Catholic, and French-bred, doubtfully welcome in a country newly Protestant. There was little reason for confidence, even in a close follower, yet this poem rises above the difficult political and religious situation of its genesis to proclaim its confidence that:

> This guid new ȝeir we hoip, with grace of God,
> Sal be of peax, tranquillitie, and rest.
> This ȝeir sall rycht and ressone rewle þe rod,
> Quhilk so lang seasoun hes bene soir supprest.
> This ȝeir ferme fayth sall frelie be confest
> And all erronius questionis put areir.
> To lauboure þat þis lyfe amang ws lest,
> God gif þe grace againis þis guid new ȝeir.
> (ll.9–16)

The poem begins formally, welcoming the queen in her several heraldic representations, in terms of her English and French connections, and as 'genetryce', 'progenitor', and hence the promise of peace. It falls thereafter into six sections, ll.9–56, exhorting a new concern for the common weal; ll.57–96, explaining the cause of previous dissension in its attack on the excesses of the 'old' church; ll.97–112, two linking stanzas; ll.113–152, announcing present dissension, in sharply revealing the possibility of abuse in the 'new' church; ll.153–208, exhorting again the concern for peace, and the hope that this might achieve some permanence through the queen's marriage; ll.209–224, the poet's address to the queen. The final section complements the first: the sense of immediacy given by the first stanza's repeatedly exclamatory 'welcome' and the progression from the heraldic to the actual, is developed much further in the directness, even intimacy, of the final two stanzas which allow Scott to describe himself as 'thy sempill servand Sanderris Scott' and his queen as 'sweit dow', 'smaill sweit smaragde', and 'dulce dowble dasy deir'. The three stanzas are aureate, and verbally ingenious, choosing a decorum which is appropriate to the majesty of the occasion; but the aureation is undercut by a simplicity of statement and by the blending of aureate with equally densely rhymed native Scots. The poet is spokesman for the people as well as the court. The two

sections of exhortative address, ll.9–56 and ll.153–208, similarly come together. The second stanza, quoted above, urges the supremacy of 'ferme fayth' and the putting aside of 'all erronius questionis'. The queen is urged to know God's gospel, to found her rule on the cardinal virtues, and to give heed to the common weal; she is specifically advised to 'stabill [her] estaitis / In constance, concord, cherite and lufe' (ll.41–2), 'to banisch all debatis / Betuix kirkmen and temporall men' (ll.43–4) and to ensure that none except the learned, 'Of haly writ haif ony disputatioun' (l.51). The penultimate section of the poem reiterates this concern for an end to religious dissension, both seeing the prospect of peace in the queen's marriage and exhorting her to endorse the social contract over which she rightly presides to:

> Caus everye stait to þair vocatioun go:
> Scolastik men þe scriptouris to descrywe
> And maiestratis to vse þe swerd also,
> Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro
> Mechanikis wirk, husbandis to saw and scheir.
> (ll.170–4)

If the poem consisted of these stanzas alone it would unremarkable. But the three intermediate sections, in an extraordinary display of even-handedness (the passage on the reformed church is of exactly the same length as that on the unreformed church), make it plain that Scott is no lip-service poet and that the counsel he is offering Mary is in no way divorced from the realities of the situation. C.S. Lewis wrote of *Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary* that, though late, it was the most medieval of all Scott's poems;[20] John and Winifred MacQueen, not dissimilarly, have seen it as 'the most memorable expression of moderate hopes before the medieval world-order began its final disappearance'.[21] It conforms to tradition, certainly, in its externals, and it is 'medieval' in its stylistic response to occasion. But it shows also the extraordinary resilience of the old forms in the confused and embittered circumstances of the first new year of Mary's reign. Scott uses an often light-hearted,[22] certainly a ceremonial, occasion to assume the proper and sage-like role of the queen's poet and, in doing so, turns counsel into compliment with a richness only possible because he is commenting on a present conflict and not simply and conventionally comparing a lapsed present with an idealised past. Fragile champion as Mary must have appeared, she is hailed as the one possible hope for future peace and the restoration of the common weal; and it is because of this endorsement of the monarch that the argument of the poem is, in the last analysis, consonant with its style, that however direct and uncompromising the central sections appear in their depiction of the contemporary political and religious situation, they only add strength to the compliment offered that 'Fresch, fulgent, flurist, fragrant flour formois' (l.217).

1 The poem is of course a Scottish version of Chaucer's, with an additional stanza (the fourth).
2 Bannatyne's source for these poems was *'A Treatice of Morall Philosophye,* fyrst gathered and set foorthe by Wylliam Baudwin, and now once again augmented and the third tyme enlarged by Thomas Paulfreyman', London, July 1567. This was the eighth edition of Baldwin's *Treatice,* which first appeared in 1547–48. Incidentally, Bannatyne's use of this source provides evidence of the deliberateness of his editorial practice. *Off Vertew,* for example, occurs on fol.128 of Baldwin and Paulfreyman, separated from *Wisdome* (fol.133) by a substantial tract of prose. Bannatyne's next selection, *Pacienc,* does not occur until f.159 of Baldwin and Paulfreyman, being separated from *Wisdome* not only by prose passages but also by eight poems, one of which (fol.140) Bannatyne includes in *Ballatis of Theoligie* under the title of *Feir of God.*
3 None of these is discussed in this chapter. They are spread through 'Ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis' and remind the reader of the cumulative statement of the mortality poems. None is of especial merit.
4 Peter, *Complaint and Satire,* pp.10–11. Swift's definition, from the preface to *The Battle of Books,* is: 'Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own'—quoted in Peter p.3. The verse quotation is from Carleton Brown, *Religious Lyrics of the Fifteenth Century,* p.266.
5 In the Maitland MS it is attributed to Sir James Inglis; among modern editors Schipper favoured Dunbar, and Mackay Mackenzie, following Laing, supports the candidature of Inglis; lexical evidence indicates that Dunbar is not the author.
6 Since the reign of James V the supreme court of Scotland for all civil cases; the 'sessiouns' were introduced by an act of 1426 which stipulated that they should be held three times a year presided over by the chancellor, assisted by representatives of three estates chosen by the king.
7 J. and W. MacQueen, *A Choice of Scottish Verse, 1470–1570,* London, 1972, p.197.
8 Croft Dickinson, *Scotland to 1603,* p.249.
9 Sir Walter Scott, *The Heart of Midlothian,* London, 1906, p.62.
10 Robert Chambers, 'Edinburgh Merchants and Merchandise in Old Times', *Edinburgh Papers,* London and Edinburgh, 1861, p.3.
11 *Ibid.,* p.2.
12 Croft Dickinson, *Scotland to 1603,* p.245 and see also J.G. Dunbar, The Historic Architecture of Scotland, London, 1966, pp.174–5.
13 Chambers, 'Ancient Domestic Architecture of Edinburgh', *Edinburgh Papers,* p.5.
14 This word is obscure in the MS.
15 *Bannatyne,* II, pp.195–7.
16 *Bannatyne,* II, pp.201–2.
17 *Bannatyne,* II, pp.219–20.
18 These two headings introduce subsections, see *Bannatyne* II, pp.174–5.
19 *Bannatyne,* II, pp.221–3.
20 Lewis, *English Literature of the Sixteenth Century,* p.107.
21 J. and W. MacQueen, *A Choice of Scottish Verse,* p.27.
22 As Stewart does in *Lerges, Lerges, Lerges Ay, Lerges of this New ȝeirday, Bannatyne,* II, pp.254–5.

Chapter 6

Ballettis mirry: Without glaidnes awailis no tressour

> Sen for the deth remeid is non,
> Best is þat we for deth dispone,
> Eftir our deth that leif may we.
> Tymor mortis conturbat me.
> (Dunbar, *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness,* ll.97–100)

> Off warldis gud and grit richess
> Quhat fruct hes man but miriness?
> Thocht he this warld had, eist and west,
> All wer pouertie but glaidness.
> For to be blyth me thynk it best.
> (Dunbar, *Full oft I mvss,* ll.21–5)

The comic poems in Bannatyne follow the *Ballatis of Theoligie* and the moral poems. They are therefore given, in the Manuscript, a context, and a purpose which is defined by that context: the religious poems, dealing with 'Godis gloir and ouir saluatioun', are poems of the highest seriousness; the *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* are corrective, and these, as Bannatyne says, are consolatory:

> The thrid, I will nocht hyd it,
> Ar blyith and glaid, maid for ouir consollatioun.

This is the only statement Bannatyne makes about the poems he has assembled in this section and it is important, as is what can be deduced from his principles of inclusion and exclusion, and from the serial arrangement of the poems, in establishing and relating the several comic perspectives that are revealed within the collection. For the poems are so numerous and so varied, ranging from light-hearted and inconsequential nonsense poems to poems deeply apprehensive of the human condition, from idle, in-group jokes to the most extravagant of grotesqueries, that the modern reader is inclined to abandon himself to unthinking laughter, to allow the sequence to develop, as the action of *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* does, its own riotous and disordered momentum, and to dissipate its total effect—whatever that total effect may be—by succumbing to the temptation to categorise, to make things more manageable by making them smaller, isolating individual poems or genres and describing these, or seeking aspects of that elusive quality, a national sense of humour, which is only inadequately defined by words like 'eldritch'.[1] But Bannatyne constantly reminds his readers of the fundamentally serious, the quite unfunny purpose behind the collection,

man's need for consolation on his journey through this life: 'Be mirry, man,' counsels the first poem, 'and tak nocht far in mynd/The wawering of this wrechit warld of sorrow' (ll.1–2); '. . . be blyth me think it best' is the advice of the second. These, and other poems in the section, explicitly remind man that, in Chaucer's familiar words,

> This world nys but a thurghfare ful of wo
> And we been pilgrymes, passynge to and fro
> *(Knight's Tale,* ll.2847–48)

so that, while the direction is always towards laughter, the different kinds of laughter, the different uses of comedy are always tightly contained within the broad perspective of 'divine comedy', the all-embracing comic perspective best represented by the moment when Chaucer's Troilus looks down from the eighth sphere and laughs at man's 'vanite' (V.1817), at his delusive search for happiness in 'This world, that passeth soone as floures faire' (V.1841). It is the purpose of this chapter to look at the consolatory poems which Bannatyne has assembled with a view to defining the several patterns of consolation that he offers and relating these to an integrated, christian philosophy of the comic.

The longest piece amongst the comic poems, and in many ways one of the least expected, is Bannatyne's abridged version of David Lindsay's *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis.* And an examination of Bannatyne's handling of the text of this play yields perhaps the most startling evidence of the deliberateness with which he arranged the contents of the Manuscript. The text consists of the *Cupar Banns* and seven excerpts from the play which are described by Bannatyne as 'interludis'. It is a text of the play considerably shorter than the Charteris text of 1602, and, as Bannatyne makes no secret of the fact that it is an abridgement, it has received little attention except in relation to this.[2] Thus John MacQueen's conjecture that Bannatyne, 'a mechanical, if careless, copyist',[3] was working from prompt copies, that he had the papers for the five independent, comic interludes, which would have been rehearsed separately, and that he added from a complete set 'such parts of the play as seemed appropriate',[4] adequately explains the relation between the two texts. It does not encourage the further conjecture that Bannatyne might have been working as editor rather than copyist and deliberately adapting the text for his own purposes. The Bannatyne text is, as MacQueen has demonstrated, unusually rich in stage directions[5] and this, while it could be used as evidence of mechanical copying from a prompt copy rather than from 'foul papers', could equally be used as evidence of something akin to the editorial practice of including and sometimes amplifying directions so as to facilitate a reading audience's comprehension of a play's action.[6] And there are some intrusive comments which are certainly editorial, notably those marking the beginning and end of the interludes, and the six which explain Bannatyne's abridging of the text:

> Heir begynnis Ser Dauid Lyndsay's play, maid
> in the Grenesyd besyd Edinburgh, quhilk
> I writtin bot schortly be interludis, levand
> the grave mater þairof, becaws the samyne
> abvse is weill reformit in Scotland, praysit

be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall
mater and writtin only sertane mirry
interludis þairof, verry plesand,
begynning at the first part of the play.

Heir I omit the nixt mater following, becauss
it is writtin heirefter
in the leif quhair Flattry enterris. Now
enteris Dame Chestetie.

Heir followis certane mirry and sportsum
interludis contenit in the play maid be Ser
Dauid Lindsay of The Month, knycht, in the
Playfeild of Edinburcht to the mocking of abusionis
vsit in the cuntre be diuerss sortis of estait.

Correctioun enteris. I tak heir bot certaine schort pairtis
owt of the speichis becauss of lang proces of the play.

Heir I omit the actis maid at this parliament
with the reformation of the spirituall estait, becauss
the same is prolixt, and sa passis to the conclusion.

Heir endis the schort interludis of Ser Dauid Lyndsay's
play, maid in the Grensyd besyd Edinburcht anno 155
3eiris.

The most important of these is the first, a clear statement of editorial intention to omit 'the grave mater' and copy 'only sertane mirry interludis'; and the others, without being so explicit, clearly link the play's prolixity with its reformational content and reinforce the view that Bannatyne was selecting, from a full text, those passages appropriate to his purpose and omitting those quickly dated passages which might appear to detract from the play's general application. So Hamer, though his own editorial practice obscures this, argues that most of the 'gaps' in the Bannatyne text are due to 'deliberate omissions by Bannatyne' and, further, that the Bannatyne text 'runs coherently across most of the gaps, the presence of which would not have been noticed but for'[7] the Charteris text. Two questions arise: does the Bannatyne text, in fact, hold together as coherently as Hamer has suggested? And, does Bannatyne's 'knowing'[8] misplacement of the fifth interlude—the robing of Falset as Sapience, Dissait as Discretioun, and Flattry as Devotioun (and in fact of other interludes) contribute to this coherence? Is there, in other words, a purpose served by the rearrangement?

Bannatyne's intrusive comments must be recognised, here as elsewhere in the *Ballat Buke,* as explanatory comments for the guidance of his readers. In this instance the comments on abridgement are explicit in their referral to the full play 'maid in the Grensyd besyd Edinburcht'. Bannatyne appears scrupulous in his acknowledgement to the full play and in his detailing of the omissions, and the most difficult of his comments—'Heir I omit the nixt mater following, becauss it is writtin heirefter in the leif quhair Flattry enterris'—can in fact be explained in

this way. Bannatyne is reshaping the play and is acknowledging this to readers who might know the full text.[9] The result is interesting in that it not only shifts the robing interlude back but brings forward the interlude in which Folly distributes fools' hats to all, in the full play, the last and quite discrete section. The Bannatyne order thus produces the following arrangement:

(1) The *Cupar Banns,* a foretaste of folly, exhibited through the linked stories of Fyndlaw of the Foot-band and the cuckolding of the old man.

(2) The episode of the seduction of King Humanity, 'tanquam tabula rasa' (l.501), attended by Wantounes, Hamelines, Sollace and Placebo, and by Sensualitie, concluding with Gude Counsale's warning speech.

(3) The episode in which Chaistety seeks lodging with the Sowttar and the Tailȝeour (her previous progress being summarised in Bannatyne's comment: 'Heir sall Dame Chestety pass and seik lugeing athort all the spirituall estait and temporall estait quhill scho cum to the sowttar and teilȝeour and say').

(4) The episode of the Peurman and the Pardonar.

(5) The episode in which Folly appears.

(6) The episode of the robing of Flattry, Falset, and Dissait, which incidentally takes up the story of Humanity's seduction and restores that group to the stage.

(7) The episode in which the three Vices put aside Gude Counsale and consign Veretie and Chaistety to the stocks, a heavily abridged episode with much 'grave mater' omitted and, of course, the episode of Chastity's seeking lodging lifted from its midst.

(8) The link-piece between the two halves of the play, Diligence's summoning of the Parliament and address to the audience promising them 'the best pairte of our play'.

(9) The episode, much but skilfully abridged, in which Correctioun restores the Virtues and the Vices to their proper places and Iohine the Commoun Weill is given redress.

Episodes 2, 7, 8, and 9, which deal with the main plot of the full play, retain the order of the full play but are shorn of their particular social and political comment and given the universal application of the morality play. Episode 3 is shifted forward, not inappropriately as the story of Chaistety's rejection links with the preceding submission of Humanitie to Sensualitie. Episodes 4 and 5, genuine 'interludes', are both brought forward, and both introduced by the comment 'Heir followis certane mirry and sportsum interludis contenit in the play', with at least a suggestion that they are different in kind. Episode 6 is put back in the sequence, following these two self-contained interludes and reintroducing the main action. There is, in short, good reason for the shuffling and a fair case to be made for the coherence of the resultant reading text. And one can reasonably draw two conclusions from this editorial conduct: the first, that Bannatyne saw particular social and political satire as being outside the comic;[10] that where distortion in the direction of the ridiculous was employed as part of the comic perspective it was for no corrective purpose, as for instance in the comic novel of Fielding or Thackeray, but as a reminder—a compassionate and therefore consolatory reminder—that, in the divine perspective, life on earth is an 'insubstantial pageant' and subject to constant delusive patterning, constant

distortion; and the second, that he reshaped Lindsay's play as just such a pageant of human delusion, the centre-piece of which was the capering of Folly, that he used it because it was a representation of life on an artificial stage, a self-contained, panoramic vision which, shorn of its immediate, contemporary relevance, displayed that quality of universality, emphasised that quality of illusion which he saw as the essence of the comic.

In the *Ballatis of Theoligie* there is a cluster of longer poems at the beginning of the section, the most important of which is Douglas's tenth prologue. These are the weighty poems of the sequence—they rehearse the Christian story and provide a framework of reference for the many smaller, occasional poems which follow. There is the same sort of cluster at the beginning of the comic poems: first, two admonitory lyrics and *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene.* Then, as if the whole question of illusion and reality was uppermost in Bannatyne's mind, Lichtoun's strange, topsy-turvy poem—at first sight funny because of its nonsense and inconsequentiality, but in fact with heavy irony in it and the strong suggestion, following *Was nevir in Scotland,* that the pursuit of delusion ends in complete disintegration. The balance between the divine and the human perspective is restated by Dunbar's *Dregy*—again, as is characteristic of Dunbar, the two illusory visions being pushed to comical extremes. There follow three poems which indulge the fancy and which make the rush into riotous laughter suggested by *Was nevir in Scotland—In secreit place, The Cursing of Sir Iohine Rowlis,* and *Quhy Sould Not Allane Honorit Be?*—and then the reader is pulled up sharply by *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness,* and *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht.* This collocation is followed by another admonitory lyric, *I mak it kend,* by two of Dunbar's double-edged poems, *Sanct Salvatour* and *How Dumbar was Desyrd to be ane Freir,* the ghostly extravaganza, *Listis, lordis, I sall ȝow tell,* and another admonitory lyric. The reader, therefore, takes some time to get into a run of 'straight' comic poems and, when he does, a 'philosophy' of the comic has already emerged which contains them and directs them towards the consolation which has been shown to be so necessary.

It is indicative of this broad understanding of comedy that Bannatyne placed two of his pageant of life pieces in key positions, *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* as the first long poem, immediately following the two admonitory lyrics of Dunbar, and Lindsay's *Satyre* at the end. And there are two other editorial tactics employed—though there is no sense in which the planning of this section of the anthology is as deliberate and as ordered as that of the *Ballatis of Theoligie.* The first of these is the use of a string of admonitory poems which repeat the counsels of the two opening poems, *Be mirry man* and *Full oft I mvss,* reminding man of his mortality, counselling him to make the best of his present unhappy situation:

> How evir this warld do change and vary
> Lat ws in hairt nevir moir be sary,
> Bot evir be reddy and addrest
> To pass out of this frawdfull fary.
> For to be blyth me think it best.
> *(Full oft I mvss,* ll.36–40)

These are poems which have no comic quality in themselves, but which are quite explicit in providing the context in which man needs and should seek the indulgence of laughter. The most startling of them and that which appears most out of place if the existence of a controlling philosophy of the comic is not allowed, is Dunbar's *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness,* a poem which is probably made over-prominent for the modern reader because of its force and its familiarity. The second tactic is the placing of the first few poems in such a way as, in conjunction with the embracing pageant of life poems, to indicate broadly the directions possible within the perspective of divine comedy. In this respect *The Dregy* is important, as is the conjunction of the most severe of the admonitory poems, *I þat in heill wes and glaidness,* with the blackest possible commentary on the pageant of life, Dunbar's *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht.* The controlling ingredients, then, are three—the placing of pageant of life poems in such a way as to suggest the broad canvas of human folly and delusion, and to contain the many smaller poems; the thread of admonitory poems which constantly reminds the reader that it is small and indulgent comfort that is offered by laughter; and the early placing of key poems in establishing the directions of the comedy, the fragility of illusion, the possible interpretations of the ridiculous, and, broadly, the full comic perspective. Of these, the thread of admonitory poems needs nothing more than the acknowledgement of its existence. The other two ingredients are more difficult. How does one read *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene,* how much importance can be attached to *The Dregy?*

Later poets often, in their own poems, provide better clues to the meaning of poems which have influenced them than do the critics—the commentary which Douglas's *Palice of Honour* provides to *The Hous of Fame* being a classic example. Similarly, the reader of Robert Garioch's *Embro to the Ploy* learns more of *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* from that poem than from either G.F. Jones's examination of German peasant-brawl analogues or A.H. Maclaine's assumption that the poem is primarily meaningful comment made by a member of one social class on the manners of another.[11] Nor is there much to be gained by identifying it, with Tom Scott, as 'the eternal stuff of folk humour'.[12] Maclaine's description of the poem as 'an aristocratic work, a good-natured burlesque of peasant customs and peasant character, written by a conscious and intellectual artist, and addressed to an upper class audience',[13] is unexceptionable in content but misleading in emphasis. Whatever its antecedents the poem is, as the allusion to 'Falkland on the grene/Nor Peblis at the play' (ll.3–4) suggests and its use by later poets confirms, a genre piece; and this implies stylisation of both delivery and content, a degree of sophistication both in the poem's artistry and in the accompanying shift from simple realistic presentation towards the presentation of the typical, the universal, the interpretative. Thus, if Bannatyne's inclusion of the poem in the company of his reshaped version of the *Satyre* means anything, and if he has so placed the poem at the beginning and the *Satyre* at the end to give them importance in the collection as a whole, it is placing a severe limitation on it to read it as a 'burlesque of peasant customs and peasant character', however good-natured. The containing idea of the poem, that which survives through later versions, is the dance, the pattern of which is established by the

'Peblis' stanza, notably the formality of its recurrence and the resultant tension between this and the riotous action being narrated, between its exuberant but regular momentum, and its quality, attained through the 'bob-and-wheel' effect of the last two lines, of forever having the audience on the hop, promising further surprise, further action:

> Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
> Sic dansing nor deray
> Nowthir at Falkland on the grene
> Nor Peblis at the play
> As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
> At Chryst kirk on ane day.
> Thair come our kitteis weschin clene
> In thair new kirtillis of gray, full gay,
> At Chrystis kirk of the grene.
>
> To dans thir damysellis thame dicht,
> Thir lassis licht of laitis,
> Thair gluvis wes of þe raffell rycht,
> Thair schone wes of þe straitis,
> Thair kirtillis wer of lynkome licht,
> Weill prest, with mony plaitis.
> Thay were so nyss, quhen men thame nicht
> Thay squeilit lyk ony gaitis, so lowd,
> At Chrystis kirk of þe grene þat day.
> (ll.1–18)

From examples as various as the dance of love[14] and the *dans macabre* it is clear that, in literature and art, the dance lent itself to the representation of 'some allegorical, moral or satiric idea',[15] and the likelihood would seem strong that, in any highly stylised context such as that of *Was nevir in Scotland,* this possibility would occur first to the court audience. One not altogether unrelated example can be seen in the way Chaucer describes Troilus's vision, when he looks down on 'This litel spot of erthe, that with the se/Embraced is' and sees that all is 'vanite' (V.ll.1815–16). The line not only emphasises man's smallness, and the insignificance of his pretensions, by reducing the dimension but, by further defining the earth in terms of its representation in allegorical painting, by allusion to a highly stylised pictorial image[16] underlines the abstractness of its conception, the fact that it is a symbol for 'world'. Stylised landscapes, similarly, like the garden of earthly love, viewed from a prison window, as in *The Kingis Quair,* or the 'fair felde ful of folke', viewed from a wilderness, in the prologue to the B-Text of *Piers Plowman,* have this same strong pictorial quality and are, essentially, literary counterparts to familiar visual motifs.[17] They make up a sort of secondary language, which we may identify and label as commonplace, but which is indicative of a quite different, and to us unfamiliar, mode of perception. Dunbar, in his *I þat in heill wes and glaidness,* in a line which foreshadows the Shakespearean metaphor of life as a stage and we men and women merely players, recognises the essential elements of such a vision—its pictorial quality, its stylisation and static completeness, its ex-

plicitness and general applicability, even the delusiveness with which man makes patterns for himself:

> I se the makkaris, amangis the laif,
> Playis heir thair padȝanis, syne gois to graif.
> (ll.45–6)

It is more likely then, that the dance of *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* had for Bannatyne some such symbolic value and the poem may be read not simply as an account of peasant revels but as a representation of order (*false* order as is indicated by the simple and gently ridiculed affectations of the dancers), dissipating into chaos, a representation not uninfluenced by the preacher's conventional use of the dancing at such festivals as representing such a decline.[18] It seems significant that there is not, as in *Peblis to the Play,* a restoration of the initial balance; once man's animal energies break out of the pattern of the dance there is no return to order. In this section of the anthology, also, this open-endedness is important, the reader being as it were rushed off his feet by the sequence of poems as the dancers were by each new entrant. If this is the case then the poem pairs admirably with Lindsay's picture of the ubiquity of Folly, each piece providing a pageant of life vision, the one very much introductory, in its open-endedness, the other, concluding, aiming at general statement, at comprehensiveness. Each suggests through its obvious, pictorially realised artificiality, that life is delusive, and each draws its comic effect from a sort of joking camaraderie, acknowledging that this world is 'a frawdfull fary'[19] but drawing some comfort both from every man's complicity and from the fact that the ridiculous can be venial as well as grotesque.

This reading is supported by the presence of the third pageant of life vision amongst the comic poems, Dunbar's *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* which follows *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness,* the sharpest of the admonitory lyrics, and which most pointedly establishes the perspective of divine comedy. It is illuminating to look at this poem in its relation to Dunbar's *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer* as the two together illustrate how strong a hold this basis of static, pictorial perception had upon the literary imagination and may give some support to this reading of *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene.* Dunbar's poems offer several pairings in which initial, spur-of-the-moment perceptions are more fully explored in what are apparently later, more fully visualised reworkings. Examples are the expansion of the simple allegory of *Sen þat I am a presoneir,* which appears to be very much contained by an actual situation, into *The Goldin Terge,* of *Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinsday* into *The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo,* and of the intimate, anxious, little complaint of the poet, *My heid did ȝak ȝesternicht,* into *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness.* But in the case of *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer* and *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,* the impetus to expansion is clearly pictorial.

Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer apparently recalls an actual situation; indeed, the fact that some of the courtiers named in the poem can be readily identified led J.W. Baxter to ponder its degree of realism, and to express the hope 'that the poem arises from burlesque poetic convention rather than from the actual manners of the court',[20] a critical dilemma not greatly different from that confronting readers of *Was*

nevir in Scotland hard nor sene or, indeed, of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde.* In fact, the poem is less a comment on the manners of the Scottish court than a wittily turned compliment to 'Maesteriss Mwsgraeffe', on what sort of occasion it is impossible to know.[21] Dunbar puts himself in the middle stanza of the poem, his compliment to the Lady Musgrave in this and the following stanza.

Than cam in Dunbar the Mackar;
On all the flwre thair was nane frackar,
And thair he dancet the dirrye dantoun;
He hoppet lyk a pillie wantoun,
For luff of Mwsgraeffe, men tellis me;
He trippet, quhill he tint his pantoun:
A mirrear dance mycht na man se.

Than cam in Maesteriss Mwsgraeffe;
Scho mycht heff lernit all the laeffe;
Quhen I schau hir sa trimlye dance,
Hir guid conwoy and countenance,
Than, for hir saek, I wissitt to be
The grytast erle or duk in France:
A mirrear dance mycht na man see.
(ll.22–35)

This placing controls the movement of the poem and, perhaps, his identifying of himself as 'Dunbar the Mackar' is both a signal of his purpose and a reminder to his audience of his nimbleness as craftsman. He is cast as a comic figure, not unreminiscent of the dreamer in Chaucer's *Book of the Duchess,* and the naivete of his wish to be 'The grytast erle or duk in France', combined with the directness made possible by the switch to the first person, lifts the lady to the role of romance heroine, making the strongest possible contrast with the surrounding framework of grotesques whose nearest approach to courtliness is that of the drunken dandy, Sir John Sinclair, 'new cum owt of France' (l.2).

Sir Jhon Sinclair begowthe to dance,
For he was new cum owt of France;
For ony thing that he do mycht,
The ane futt yeid ay onrycht
And to the tother wald not gree.
Quod ane, 'Tak vp the Quenis knycht.'
A mirrear Dance mycht na man see.
(ll.1–7)

The balance of the poem is crucial, no one of its three comic perspectives having stability without the others and the three together—the grotesquerie of the framing portraits, the naivete of the poet-figure, and the romantic idealisation of the heroine—generate a tautness which contains the compliment, the possible excesses being held momentarily in check. Dunbar might have said of this, as he said of his poem against 'The wardraipper of Venus boure',

Thocht I in ballet did with him bourde,
In malice spaik I newir ane woord,
Bot all, my Dame, to do ȝou gam:
(Of þe Said Iames quhen he had Plesett hin,
ll.6–7)

But it is less the occasion and immediate application of the poem that concerns us at the moment. As Dunbar's conception of the poem, his balancing of the ridiculous against the idealised to highlight the latter is audacious, so his vision of the dance which is its basis is firm. Placing the compliment at the centre of the poem emphasises it, but it also asserts the completeness of the poem's shape; and the refrain, no less than the rhythm and structure of the poem, which has each stanza beginning with a new arrival on the floor, continually asserts that the dance is a whole and each entrant only a contributor to the total effect. Perhaps taking his cue from the pun on Doig, which he uses in the last stanza of the poem and elsewhere, Dunbar brings out the crude animality of the dance by likening Master Robert Shaw to a stumbling old horse, the master almoner to a staggering ox, and himself to a frolicksome turkey-cock,[22] and by his attribution to the master almoner and Dame Dountebour of a degree of incontinence. The cumulative impression is one of disorder, the seven participants in the dance in the queen's chamber—in which Dunbar's complicity, important in keeping the tone of the poem light, is acknowledged through the linked animal imagery as well as simply through his presence—worthy forerunners of the seven dancers in *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht.* Though the balance of the three comic perspectives holds the poem in check, the seeds of the later poem are there—the dance, seven participants, the pattern of entry to the dance which, as in *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* signals disorder, the contained, pictorial nature of the vision which can be staged before the queen in the comparative intimacy of her chamber, before the full court, or before the devil himself.

Though *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* ostensibly takes place in Hell, and at the devil's behest, there is more than a hint of the Scottish court behind the poet's dream—in the dancing of the 'gallandis' 'that last came out of France' (ll.10–12)—in the dress of the gallant, Pryd, fashionable as was his counterpart in the smaller poem, Sir John Sinclair, 'new cum out of France'; in the reflection, during the course of the description of Invy, on 'flattereris', 'bakbyttaris of sindry racis', and 'rownaris of fals lesingis'—

Allace, that courtis of noble kingis
Of thame can nevir be quyte
(ll.53–4)

and, finally, in the devil's request for a 'Heleand padȝane' which ends the poem:

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand padȝane.
Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfadȝane
Far northwart in a nuke.
Be he þe correnoch had done schout,

Erschemen so gadderit him abowt
In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.
Thae tarmegantis with tag and tatter
Full lowd in Ersche begowth to clatter
And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
(ll.109–17)

This connection with the court, and its merrymaking, is of course announced by the precise dating in the first stanza. Fastern's Eve (or Shrove Tuesday), the last day of merrymaking before the season of Lent, was, as another of Dunbar's poems, *Madame, ȝour men said thai wald ryd,* makes plain, an occasion for licence. Dunbar's vision ostensibly precedes the night on which just such a dance as that which took place in the queen's chamber might be expected:

Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,
Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay in till a trance.
(ll.1–3)

And, if the dating means anything, he was in fact warning his audience of the more serious implications of their merrymaking, of the propensity to sin present in them all—just as, in *Madame, ȝour men said thai wald ryd,* in an obviously more light-hearted vein, he was warning them of more immediately dire consequences:

Thairfor, all ȝoung men, I ȝou pray,
Keip you fra harlottis nycht and day;
Thay sall repent quha with thame ȝockis;
And be war with that perrelouss play,
That men callis libbin of the pockis.
(ll.31–5)

But *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* is immediately made serious, in the introductory stanza, by Dunbar's unelaborated use of the dream vision convention, not a tired use of convention but a clear indication of what was to follow:

Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,
Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay in till a trance
And than I saw baith Hevin and Hell.
Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane dance
Off schrewis þat wer nevir schrevin,
Aganiss the feist of Fasternis Evin
To mak thair observance.
He bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss
And kast vp gamountis in the skyiss
That last came out of France.
(ll.1–12)

Further he describes his dreaming state as a 'trance'. Now 'trance' may have been chosen simply for its rhyme with 'dance' and may mean no more than 'a state between sleeping and waking'; but the Scottish dreamer-poets are conventionally in a deeper state of unconsciousness than this would suggest[23] and both the ultimate seriousness of the poem and its internal structure argue that 'trance' is not being used loosely, but in something closer to its earliest and then still current sense, 'great apprehension or dread of coming evil', particularly as this is associated with the passage from life to death.[24] Chaucer refers to Troilus as 'yn a traunce/By-twixen hope and derk disesperaunce' (II ll.1306–1307), a line which gains comic force because of the implied analogy between the state of a lover and that of a dying man; in *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* Dunbar places himself, as poet, in a similar suspension between life and death, between the actuality of the court and the vision of a Hell which is inhabited by court 'gallandis' (l.10), if he looks one way, 'schrewis that wer nevir schrevin' (l.4), if he looks the other. The fourth line of the stanza is probably equally uncompromising: in his 'trance', Dunbar sees 'baith Hevin and Hell'. Hell he proceeds to describe in the vision but 'Hevin' could, as a tone of voice or gesture with the hand would indicate, refer ironically to the actuality, to the court—as it does, in fact, in *The Dregy:*

> We that ar heir in Hevin's glory
> To 3ow that ar in Purgatory
> Commendis ws on our hairtly wyiss—
> I mene we folk in Parradyiss,
> In Edinburcht with all mirriness—
> To 3ow of Striuilling in distress
> Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is.
> (ll.1–7)

Dunbar's use of 'trance' suggests the tension in the poem between a view of the Scottish court and the superimposed vision of Hell, and this tension is further confirmed by the poem's formal structure. There are seven core stanzas, one for each of the seven deadly sins, set firmly in Hell; and there are two framing stanzas, the first and the last, which explicitly link the Scottish court and Hell, both centring on 'Mahoun', the master of ceremonies who, in the first stanza, 'bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss', prepare their Fastern's Eve 'observance', and who, in the last, calls for 'a Heleand pad3ane'. In the first an entertainment prepared for the devil but fit for the Scottish court is offered, in the last an entertainment prepared for the Scottish court but fit, in Dunbar's Lothian eyes, for the devil. There are, also, following the second and the penultimate stanzas, two intrusive six-line stanzas. These conform to the metrical and tail-rhyme pattern of the nine twelve-line stanzas of the poem, but each has the character of an intrusion, perhaps in oral delivery an aside, and each, containing an allusion which has so far escaped adequate explication, has the appearance of a local joke, the first against the clergy,[25] the second against the violence of an unknown minstrel.[26]

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wyiss
Come in with mony sindrie gyiss,
Bot ȝit luche nevir Mahoun
Quhill preistis come in with bair schevin nekkis:
Than all the feyndis lewche and maid gekkis
Blak Belly and Bawsy Brown.
(ll.25–30)

Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowt,
For glemen thair wer haldin owt
By day and eik by nycht,
Except a menstrall þat slew a man—
Swa till his heretage he wan
And entirt be breif of richt.
(ll.103–8)

The structure of this poem is thus similar to that of *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer:* there is a frame, a containing, pictorial vision, and an applied interpretation, in the one instance a wittily contrived compliment to a lady of the court, an in-group joke, in the other a deeply serious comment on the frivolity and misdirection of the court's energies. The artistic balance of the first, in which three comic perspectives are suspended, poised against each other, is developed into the tension of the second, in which the ironically conceived 'Hevin' of James's court is set against the interpretative and uncompromising vision of Hell. Each conception is audacious: the first in so describing the court and risking offence, and, artistically, in daring to so frame, so emphasise a compliment; the second, in risking the implied paralleling of James in the court and the devil in Hell, and, artistically, in the power of the interpretative vision and the tension between it and the opposing vision of the court. Each depends on the poet's certainty that the basic pictorial image will be recognised and the lead to its application followed. Each employs the grotesque, the first with that degree of complicity which is consolatory, which sees the ridiculous, the laughable in human vanity, the second with that lack of compromise which sees the grotesque as evil. A figure of fun in one poem becomes the first of the seven deadly sins in the next, the setting for an innocuous, in-group joke, a microcosm in which the constancy and universality of man's sinfulness are realised.

In the context of Bannatyne's comic poems the impact of this vision, like that of the admonitory lyric which immediately precedes it, *I þat in heill wes and glaidness,* is savage but salutory, presenting early in the collection the blackest of pageant of life visions, the most extreme distortion of reality, the only reminder of the association of the grotesque with evil. It is as important, then, in its relation to the two other pageant of life visions, *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* and Lindsay's *Satyre,* in establishing the comic perspective which informs the whole collection, as is the thread of admonitory lyrics with its simple reiterative explicitness. The collection ends, appropriately, on a light note—it is intended for consolation—but there has been, as it were, a glimpse of the darkness.

In both the admonitory poems, which customarily refer to this world in terms such as 'this frawdfull fary'[27] and in these three broad visions of

life on earth, the notion that life on earth has no permanence, no substance, but is an illusion, a 'paynted proces',[28] a pageant,[29] is strong. The high degree of stylisation in the vision poems, by reducing man's life to patterns and his behaviour to a finite range of types, both gives a quality of universality to statement and, conversely, confirms, by making artificial and abstract, the vision of life on earth as an 'insubstantial pageant', a transitory and delusive patterning. And this was probably not just an aspect of the poet's, or painter's, view of life but something of which all, through the very temporariness of life, and through the fragility of its patterns, were kept aware, perhaps more than we are. The quality of court life, with its love of ceremony, its indulgence in courtly games, its rich ornamentation and formalisation of the fabric of living, emphasised the microcosmic, inward-looking nature of the court, its need to establish the appearance of permanence and order. The peripatetic court of James IV, processing from castle to castle and taking with it its furnishings and wall-hangings, its protective environment, as it were, had, perhaps, a heightened awareness of this impermanence. It is tempting, as an illustration, to draw a parallel between the temporariness of the palace built by the Duke of Atholl for James V and burnt down after three days and nights of occupation and the suddenness with which Dunbar's vision, in *The Goldin Terge* (ll.226–43), disappears 'in twynkling of ane ee' at the bugle blast of the God Eolus, and the rainbow is broken:

> . . . The Earle of Atholl heirand of the kingis coming maid ane great provisioun for him in all thingis pertening to ane prince, that he was as weill servitt and eassit witht all thingis necessar pertening to his estaitt as he had bene in his awin palice in Edinburgh. He wantit no thing for I hard say this nobill Earle of Atholl gart mak ane curieous palice to the king and to his mother and to the ambassadour quhair they war honourabill ludgit as they had ben in Ingland, France, Itallie and Spaine for thair huntting and pastyme, quhilk was buildit in the midis of ane fair medow, ane faire palice of greine tymmer wond witht birkis that war grein batht wnder and abone, quhilk was fesnitt in foure quarteris and everie quarter and nuike thairof ane greit round, as it has bene ane blokhouse quhilk was loftit and iestit the space of thrie house hight; the fluir laid witht greine cherittis witht sprattis, medwartis and flouris. Then no man knew quhairon he zeid bot as he had bene in ane gardin. Farder thair was tua great roundis in ilk syde of the zeit and ane greit portculis of trie falland doune the maner of ane barrace witht ane greit draw brege, and ane great fowsie and strak of watter of sextene foot deipe and xxx futte braid of watter, and also this palice withtin was weill syllit and hung witht fyne tapistrie and arrasis of silk, and sett and lightit witht fyne glassin wondowis in all airttis [so] that this palice was allis pleisantlie decoirit witht all necessaris pertenand to ane prince as it had bene his awin palice royall at hame. . . . The king remanit in this present wildernes at the huntting the space of thrie dayis and thrie nightis, and his companie as I haue schawin to zow affoir. I hard men say that ewerie day was the Earle of Atholl in expenssis ane thowsand pound. This ambassadour of the paipis, seand this great bancat

> and treumph being maid in ane wildernes, quhair thair was not toune neir be xx myle, thocht it ane great merwell that sic ane thing sould be in Scottland, considerand that it was bot the erse of the warld be wther contries, thair sould be sic honestie and polliecie in it and spetiall in the hieland, quhair thair is bot wode and wildernes. Bot maist of all this ambassadour merwellit quhene the king depairtit and all his men tuike thair leif, the hieland men sett all this fair palice in ane fyre that the king and his ambassadouris might sie thame. Then the ambassadour said to the king, 'I merwell that ze sould tholl zone fair palice to be brunt that zour grace hes ben so weill ludgit into'. Than the king ansuerit the ambassadour and said, 'It is the wse of our hielandmen thocht thay be newer so weill ludgit, to burne thair ludging quhene they depairt'.[30]

And it is perhaps not too much of an overstatement to suggest that Dunbar's state of 'trance', in *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,* was as readily achieved as the sudden shifts of the dream vision poems would suggest; that there was a sense in which reality was held in suspension and in which serious comedy resulted from the exposure of the fragility of the pattern, or set of patterns, in life—either by a slight shift in the balance, as towards the detached observation of a flat, static representation of life which made the notion of order delusive, as in Bannatyne's version of the *Satyre,* by the superimposition of one pattern over another, as in the two 'Dance' poems, or by partial disorientation as in Lichtoun's *Dreme.*

What is important, in comparison with later comedy, is the absence of a secure paradigm of normality: Jonson's comedy is anchored, as is Fielding's, by a set of norms against which deviations can be measured. In the medieval comic vision it is as though there is no such anchor; the poet exists in a state of suspension, a state of 'free fall', and can either slip indulgently into a role, in the knowledge that he is conforming to an illusory pattern, but may offer some comfort by doing so, or manipulate one role or pattern against another—as in either of the two 'Dance' poems or, more explicitly, in *The Dregy,* where the poet maintains a tight-rope balance between two illusory worlds, the Purgatory of Stirling and the Heaven of the court at Edinburgh, each of which has validity only in its relation to the other.

This perhaps helps explain the catholicity of medieval comedy and the absence of the corrective. *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* is comic not because it exposes the boorish manners of the Scottish peasantry but because it encapsulates one representation of the sliding of man into sin and, by its stylisation, invites the reader to give it wider application; similarly, Dunbar's *The Turnament* makes no comment on the occupations of 'telȝoris and sowtaris' or indeed on tournaments, as it is, as the Bannatyne order recognises, a second vision within the same 'trance' as *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht*—the same word is used (l.103) —and offers not so much a social inversion of the chivalric order, to the ridicule of both the order and the combatants, as a switching of the vision, a refocusing, so that the pattern revealed is not the most elaborate and refined of courtly patterns but its grossest parody. The effect is again, as in *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,* to hold reality in suspension

and to push opposing views to their furthest extremes, to require the audience to see both the tinsel of a courtly dance on Fastern's Eve and its transposition as a grotesque moral allegory, both the idealisation of chivalric virtues conventionally symbolised by the tournament and the transposition that occurs when the elements of refinement are reversed, and the pattern serves to expose rather than conceal man's animal nature. And there is perhaps confirmation of this concern with the insubstantiality of life in the third poem of the sequence, a separate dream vision, *þe Amendis to þe Telȝoris and Sowtaris,* which finds ironic grounds for apology in the skill of tailors and sowtars to conceal what God has mismade—skill to preserve the courtly illusion, the reason they are labelled 'knavis in this cuntre'. To take a third, and less serious, example, the lovers' dialogue: there is exactly this sort of suspension in *In secreit place this hindir nycht,* where the pattern of a courtly and refined lovers' dialogue has superimposed upon it a pattern which is as distorted in the direction of the grotesque as the hypothetical courtly model is in the direction of the idealised. It would of course be idle to look for the expression of social attitudes in this poem, or others of its kind; the point is that the situation the poem describes is, as a social situation, unimportant, Dunbar's primary interest being in the realisation of a fiction. He does not, as in caricature, refer back to a norm, relate the fiction to a reality but, in a very real sense, indulges his poetic imagination in what is essentially an exercise in fantasy, an essay in unreality: he does not explore the illusion but, having assumed it, sustains it by first promulgating its conventions and then amplifying them as fully as possible.

With the exception of *In secreit place this hindir nycht,* the examples we have taken so far—at least in the interpretation we have put upon them—have been serious. And in serious comedy, that is, comedy which is stating a view of life, the controls on the poems are imposed by its moral purpose. Thus there is a great deal of incidental humour in both *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* and *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* but in both it is the containing vision, as unified and symbolised by the dance, that is all-important. There is an obvious enjoyment to be derived from the creation of the illusory vision but only in so far as it relates to the artificiality and delusiveness of any of the patterns within which man may seek to represent his life on earth. In the lighter comic poems the illusory becomes important in a different way, the poet taking licence, as it were, from the fictive nature of life on earth and indulging his poetic imagination in the sustaining of the fictions or in the invention of further fictions. *In secreit place this hindir nycht* illustrates this on a small scale; a poem like Dunbar's *Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* the possible fullness of the extension. This latter is, as first conceived, an exercise in genre-switching; its first moment of comic impact results from this, as does its finish, as a poem, but its real force comes from Dunbar's seemingly inexhaustible inventiveness, his ability to sustain the joke, once it is declared, at the level and within the decorum he has established. Another obvious example is *The Flyting* and, indeed, poems as various as Rowll's *Cursing* and *Listis, lordis, I sall ȝow tell* similarly derive their comic effect from their successful maintenance of the assumed decorum.

It is of course an over-simplification to think of poems like these in terms only of their being exercises in rhetoric. A rhetoric requires both a

defined situation within which it operates and established precedents, and in this case it is the court that provides the situation and a rich tradition of oral verse that supplies the precedents. The poet is a craftsman, probably also a skilled performer; he knows and can have confidence in the sophistication of his audience, and is to them a known and familiar figure who plays several roles, from public orator on ceremonial occasions to spiritual adviser in the meditative context to entertainer on festive or informal occasions. Each role has, of course, its own decorum and to a very large extent the poet's success depends on his observance of this—whether he accepts it and works within it, as Henryson does so immaculately in, say, *The Traitie of Orpheus King* or manipulates it, introducing extraneous elements, playing with poetic conventions and seeking shock effects, as the more flamboyant Dunbar prefers to do. And as this sort of manipulation is only possible in a situation in which the poet is sufficiently skilled to ring the changes and his audience sufficiently sophisticated to recognise them, where there is an orthodoxy of poetic practice, so the manipulation of perception, the play with the concepts of illusion and reality, is only possible against a parallel orthodoxy of belief. In the serious comic poems one is always conscious of the divine perspective, of the poet either assuming an Olympian viewpoint, like that which types the behaviour of man in Lindsay's *Satyre,* or choosing to expose the illusory quality of life on earth by balancing one of its sets of illusory patterns against another, as in *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* or *The Dregy.* The two come together in what is perhaps the greatest of medieval comic poems in English, *Troilus and Criseyde,* with Chaucer setting up so carefully the patterns followed by Troilus, Criseyde, and Pandarus and then exposing their futility to Troilus. Chaucer's commentary in that poem preserves his detachment and prepares for Troilus's final recognition of the fragility and delusiveness of life; but it also declares his sympathetic involvement, his complicity as a fellow man. And, while there is no poem in the Bannatyne which approaches *Troilus and Criseyde* in the complexity of its vision, there is a sense in which the whole collection can be divided into poems written from a detached point of view, like the uncompromising *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* in which the poet is standing aside; and poems which expressly argue the poet's complicity, which seek to console through a joking camaraderie and through an escape into fantasy which allows delusions some of their grandeur, preserves some of the dignity of its subjects, offers laughter as the comfort of complicity rather than as criticism, but affirms, because it never questions, the basic tenets of the orthodoxy from which the 'escape' is projected, the christian view of man.

In *Troilus and Criseyde* the uses of comedy, from the gentle, teasing dalliance of Criseyde talking with Pandarus to the elaborately contrived farce which so undermines the 'courtesy' of the third book, and particularly of Troilus's consummation of his love, are contained within the broader perspective of divine comedy, the one confirming the poignant beauty of humanity 'that passeth soone as floures faire' (V. l.1841), the other the elements of the ridiculous present in all activity directed towards achieving or maintaining the happiness of this life, in all the patterns of earthly happiness. The *Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis,* because they are the work of many hands and

because the controlling presence is editorial rather than creative, obviously do not present so integrated a picture. But, though the comic elements are displayed more randomly, the containing philosophy is the same. *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* invites the reader to give himself over to the merriment of life, but contains a hint of the warning driven home by *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht.* These two poems, and the last, Bannatyne's version of the *Satyre,* spread before the reader a variously viewed pageant of life on earth which contains the glimpses and details supplied by the many smaller poems. The admonitory lyrics spell out what the characteristic method of perception makes plain, the insubstantiality of this pageant. Throughout, there is this extraordinary poise which comes from the knowledge that it is not reality that is being grappled with but scenes, situations, or characters in this pageant. These can be perfectly realised in art, because they are artificial and are funny because the whole of life is, to a greater or lesser degree, ridiculous and laughter like that of Troilus makes it all more bearable.

1 C.S. Lewis, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century,* p.71.
2 It should be remembered that, in printing his parallel texts, Hamer rearranges the Bannatyne text to match the Charteris and this rather distractingly emphasises its fragmented nature. Hamer, *The Works of Lindsay,* II.
3 John MacQueen, *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis,* Studies in Scottish Literature, III, 1965 p.133.
4 *Ibid.,* p.135.
5 Which argues strongly its derivation from a prompt copy, the stage directions in Bannatyne exceeding those in Charteris in the proportion of fifteen to three. *Ibid.,* p.133.
6 Thus the comment at the beginning of the sixth interlude reads more like a prefatory note than a stage direction: 'Heirefter sall Gud Counsale appeir (the direction in Charteris) and sal be bostit away, and Lady Chestetie and Verretie sall be put in stokis; and Sensualitie sall gyd the ȝung king for a tyme.' The line preceding this, 'Finis of this interlude and pairt of play', following the misplaced interlude and preceding the heavily abridged second half of the play looks, again, like editorial comment.
7 Hamer, *The Works of Lindsay,* III, pp.134–5.
8 MacQueen, *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis,* p.134.
9 Cf. MacQueen, *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis,* p.133, who argues that 'it is probably fair to assume that the original from which [Bannatyne] copied was also in the wrong order'.
10 This is supported by the fact that Bannatyne includes Dunbar's *This nycht in my sleip I was agast* amongst the comic poems and *Devorit with dreme* amongst the preceding moral poems.
11 G.F. Jones *'Cristis Kirk, Peblis to the Play* and the German Peasant Brawl', *PMLA,* LXVIII, 1953, pp.1101–25.
A.H. Maclaine, 'The *Cristis Kirk* Tradition: Its Evolution in Scots Poetry to Burns', *Studies in Scottish Literature,* II, 1964–65, p.4.
12 Tom Scott, *The Penguin Book of Scottish Verse,* London, 1970, p.38.
13 A.H. Maclaine, 'The *Cristis Kirk* Tradition', p.13.
14 See Stevens, *Music and Poetry in the Early Tudor Court,* p.168.
15 J.M. Clark, *The Dance of Death in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance,* Glasgow, 1950, p.1.
16 Cf. plate XIII in the Duc de Berry's *Très Riches Heures.*
17 Cf. Elizabeth Salter's ref. to Bosch's 'Haywain', *Piers Plowman: An Introduction,* Oxford, 1969, pp.71–2.
18 See G.R. Owst, *Literature and Pulpit in Medieval England,* New York, 1961, pp.393–5.
19 Cf. Chaucer's *Knight's Tale,* '. . . the wey is slider', l.1264.
20 J.W. Baxter, *William Dunbar,* Edinburgh, 1952, p.160.
21 Evidence of the identification of some of those named survives but little, of course, of their character. Sir John Sinclair is frequently named in the Treasurer's Accounts and one can reasonably conjecture, from Dunbar's comment here on his fashionableness and from payments made to him after play with the King at cards or bowls, that he was an appropriate choice for the role. Of the others, nothing is known for certain: Master Robert Shaw was a Court physician; the Queen's Almoner was a Dr Babington; the 'Queen's Dog', James Doig, Keeper of the Queen's Wardrobe. Mistress Musgrave, from her being addressed as 'Mistress', English and therefore probably the wife of Sir John Musgrave, probably the principal of the ladies who accompanied Margaret from England. 'Dame Dountebour' remains a mystery. See Small, *The Poems of Dunbar* I, pp. ccvi, ccxvi–ccxix, ccl–ccli, cclvii, cclviii, J.W. Baxter, *William Dunbar,* pp.160–2.
22 'pillie wanton', see Small, *The Poems of Dunbar,* III, p.285.
23 Cf. The rude awakening of James in *The Kingis Quair,* Dunbar himself in *The Goldin Terge,* Douglas in *The Palice of Honour,* and Lindsay, in his *Dreme.*
24 *O.E.D., trance,* 1.
25 Eunuchs were notoriously beardless and this may be the suggestion at l.27.
26 l.106 appears to refer to an actual event.
27 *Full oft I mvss,* l.39.
28 *Troilus* II.424.
29 *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness,* l.46.
30 Pitscottie, *Historie and Cronicles,* I, pp.335–8.

Chapter 7

The Fictive Licence: Rostand straberries at ane fyre of snaw

The view of comedy outlined in the preceding chapter is essentially a serious view; it derives from the orthodox christian recognition of the transitory and delusively patterned nature of man's life on earth, and from the poet's recognition of the analogy between the artificiality of art and that of life. But if, in the more serious poems, the poet's stance is either that of an omniscient recorder of the pageant of human life—as in the Bannatyne version of the *Satyre*—or one which maintains a state of suspension from reality, of 'free fall', setting one illusory pattern against another—as, most explicitly, in *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht*—in the lighter poems the poet's stance is made, immediately and unequivocally, by his entering into the spirit and manner of the chosen fiction, that of the entertainer. Further, within the encompassing, serious view of comedy, established by the placing of the several pageant of life poems, and by the thread of admonitory lyrics which runs through the *Ballettis Mirry,* the several directions open to a lighter more purely consolatory comedy are indicated by the first block of poems in the sequence. Thus the spirited and 'open ended' invitation which *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* makes to the reader to give himself over to the merriment of life is supported by the direct, and outrageous inversion, in Dunbar's *Dregy,* of two illusory extremes, the 'Hevins glory' of the court in Edinburgh and the 'Purgatory' of the Observantine Priory in Stirling; by Dunbar's *In secreit place this hindir nycht,* a poem in which there is a similar suspension between extremes of stylisation, the courtly and the vulgar, but in which the primary energy is that of verbal display; by *The Cursing of Sir Iohine Rowlis,* again primarily a verbal display poem in some ways akin to the flyting; and by *Quhy Sowld Not Allane Honorit Be?,* a wittily sustained conceit which plays on the subject of man's fondness for drink. It is less the subject matter of these poems, though they are all worldly in their concerns, than the energy they draw from the poet's acceptance of a fiction, and mode of fiction, within which he has chosen to work, that gives them their strength. The decline into worldliness, already foreshadowed by the disordered momentum of *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* is sharply arrested by the succeeding group of poems, *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness, Off Februar the fyiftene nycht*—plus the attendant *Turnament.* and *þe Amendis to the Teȝoris and Sowtaris*—and the moral lyric, *I mak it kend, he þat will spend:* there is a sense in which the poems clearly represent, for Bannatyne, indulgences in folly. But, as they would have been, in a performing context, unmistakable as 'entertainments' so, for the reader, though there is an occasional intrusive underlying seriousness, these poems boldly assert and energetically sustain their character as literary jokes. The analogy with the altogether humbler activity of telling a joke,

or a humorous anecdote, as we know it in the context of bar-room or barrack-room, is therefore useful. Such a context implies a coincidence of knowledge, taste, and experience. The bar-room raconteur knows or can assume his audience's readiness to suspend disbelief when even the most audacious demands are made upon its fancy; and the 'art' of his telling rests in the balance he achieves between pace and style, between the movement towards an anticipated dénouement, which must always appear deliberate and purposeful, and the exploitation of the narrative by tempting the audience into a dalliance with not directly relevant detail, which acts as a counter to the otherwise unimpeded forward movement of the narrative. A well-told story has neither weak lines nor limp moments and if there is discursiveness or embellishment it is usually serving either to heighten the audience's anticipation by interrupting, or to enrich its enjoyment by developing the situation to the full, by exploiting the intrinsic character of the decorum as, for instance, in dialect jokes, by working out the logical developments of a conceit, or by pushing an assumed fantasy to its very limits.

It follows that, in a literary treatment of a joke or anecdote, it is this second element, the 'enriching' element of amplification or embellishment, which is the more important; and each of these five poems is, in a sense, a virtuoso performance built up about the basically simple joke which is its starting point. Thus Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis* displays its energy and its strength not in the initial joke, which is declared immediately, or in any sense of progression towards a dénouement, but in the seemingly endless inventiveness of its author and in his ability to make each new incident in the dream funnier than the last. Dunbar's *Dregy,* similarly, declares the joke immediately; the poem's success derives from its exploitation of this initial audacity and, again, from a progression in which each new development fills out the last. The flyting, of which *The Cursing of Sir Iohine Rowlis* is a derivative, is essentially an embellishment, or verbal display, game, as is that late development from the pastourelle, *In secreit place this hindir nycht.* And the last, *Quhy Suld Not Allane Honorit Be?,* is an expanded conceit, the joke progressively declared as new phases of the conceit are opened. In each case, then, the poem is addressed, by an accomplished makar, to a known audience which approaches poetry, whether light or serious, with a relatively sophisticated knowledge, taste, and experience of its craft; in each case it is the performance, as a performance, which matters more than the conception about which it is built. These five poems are examined in this chapter, with a view to establishing their place within the comic framework outlined above.

Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis* is a nonsense poem. It begins with an abrupt declaration of the dreamer-poet's entry into a topsy-turvy world:

> Quha douttis dremis is bot phantasye?
> My spreit was reft and had in extasye;
> My heid lay laich into þis dreme; but dout
> At my foirtop my fyve wittis flew out;
> I murnit and I maid ane felloun mane.
> Me thocht þe king of farye had me tane
> And band me in ane presoun fute and hand,
> Withoutin reuth, in ane lang raip of sand.
> (ll.1–8)

Entry into the dream is entry into a world which is the reverse of the rational, a world in which man is as disoriented as he would be in faerie. To describe the poem as 'a very whimsical production', as Laing did,[1] is to imply too idiosyncratic a sense of humour, just as seeing it as a collection of absurdities which, cumulatively, suggest a nightmarish state of disorder in which none of the illusory patternings of man's life on earth has stability or permanence, is to place too great an emphasis on one level of the poem's meaning, to take it altogether too seriously. *Quha douttis dremis* has strictly literary antecedents, as its audience would have recognised: it takes as its frame the dream vision, with the poet going on a journey through '*þe* volt' (l.18)[2] if not through the spheres, through many terrestrial regions and through Paradise, a journey in which, after the dreamer has descended to earth 'To see mae farleis' (l.46), he finds himself, immediately before a rude awakening, in a 'park' (l.83). In addition to this the poem draws on another familiar genre of Scottish court poetry—one which testifies to the closeness of court and country—finding much of its subject matter in what is essentially folk material. Other examples of this in Bannatyne, various in their treatment, are *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene, The Wyf of Auchtirmwchty,* and *My guddame wes ane gay wyfe.*

In Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis,* as in Dunbar's *Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo,* the dream vision provides a framework deliberately at odds with the poem's subject matter—to good, if different, comic effect in each case. But whereas, in Dunbar's longer poem, there is a direct and sharply delineated shift between frame and content, between the poem's beginning and ending and the three most uncourtly confessions overheard by the poet, Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis* makes what is not so much a shift between genres as play, and essentially lighthearted play, with them. Thus, though the courtly connotations of 'meadow' are reduced by the presence of the humble 'busk of mynt' (l.55) and those of 'park' through its sudden diminution into 'ane henslaik' (l.85), this reduction is an indication not of a primary and meaningful shift in the poem but of its volatility and essential meaninglessness. The poem accepts the dream framework as it provides the necessary minimal structure, but each detail—the flight through the 'volt', the geographical tour, the visit to Paradise, the park to which the dreamer descends, the manner of his awakening, even the notion of the dreamer-poet seeking knowledge, his journeying 'to see mae farleis' (l.46)—is funny incidentally and independently and not as part of a sequence which adds up to, say, a parody of the dream vision convention.

A third element, again with literary antecedents, is the suggested presence of the other world, through allusions to '*þe* king of farye' (ll.6) and to the pundler's 'elrich horne' (l.58), and through the use of threes and sevens (ll.23, 24, 56, 60). The poet's first thought, following his loss of reason as he enters into the 'extasye' (l.2) (or state of being 'beside oneself')[3] of his 'phantasye', (l.1) or delusive dream, is that he has been bound and imprisoned by '*þe* king of farye'. His dream, until he escapes from this prison and, angered at being 'hurt' (l.21), embarks on his journey, is a 'dullie dreme' (l.19): there is a nightmarish quality about the description of the imprisonment, a sense of indefinable menace which emerges again, towards the end of the poem, when the 'thre

quhyte quhailis' being shepherded by the pundler, himself 'no manis pege' (l.74) pursue the dreamer. Lichtoun's technique is, again, to deflate any pretensions to seriousness: though there is more than a hint, in these two passages, of man's fear of the irrational and the unknown, the poem's direction is overwhelmingly towards the nonsensically absurd; though the dream begins with the poet under threat from 'þe king of farye' it concludes with his revealing that his real place of imprisonment was 'Doun in ane henslaik/. . . betuix ane picher and the wall' (ll.85–6), and that the real reason for his disorientation was 'That gentill aill is oft the causs of dremes' (l.90). This manner of awakening finishes the poem neatly, allowing Lichtoun to withdraw from his fantasy without disturbing its equilibrium. But it is in no sense a dénouement: *Quha douttis dremis* declares itself in the opening line, in its use of 'phantasye', and its primary energy is directed to exploiting the licence afforded by this promise, in inventing absurdity upon absurdity.

A dream vision which ends in 'ane henslaik' is incongruous to the point of being absurd, as is a dream initially attributable to 'þe king of farye' but ultimately explained as the result of a surfeit of drink. And the numerous individual jokes in the poem depend similarly on incongruities which are either stretched through an extravagant fancy to the point of being absurd or, more commonly, developed in terms of opposites and impossibilities. Thus the rope with which the prisoner is bound is of sand (l.8), the mire into which he sinks is of flint (l.11), the feathers on which he flies aloft are of lead (l.14), and the hillock on which he breaks his head is of cream (l.20). This arresting and reversing of the audience's expectation is the basic humorous device and the most successful figures in the poem are those which combine the humour of reversed expectation with that of an imaginative extravagance which Lewis has described as eldritch.[4] The description of the prison is, essentially, an accumulation of reversals; the poem's first imaginative leap coincides with the dreamer making a caricatured tumbler's clowning leap, toe in mouth, through the vault of the prison without damaging its arching roof. Again, when the poet sets sail in a barge filled with brewer's waste, on a sea which is frozen—this figure continuing the dominant pattern of reversal—he comes on the extraordinary spectacle of Enoch and Elijah, in a Yule season antipodean in its spring colouring, 'Rostand straberries at ane fyre of snaw' (l.42), if not the first at least the most exotic barbecue in British literature! On this same level of extravagance the dreamer nearly misses knocking his head on the moon, fails to climb on a sunbeam because of an eclipse, and is seven years lost before coming on the major (in terms of length) episode of *Quha douttis dremis,* that of the encounter with the pundler and the 'thre quhyte quhailis'.

This, the most extended and most detailed of the episodes in *Quha douttis dremis,* is perhaps an indication both of the poem's occasion and of the poet's characteristic method of working. Whales were the king's beasts, their impounding when washed ashore always a matter of some concern but especially to a court denied meat during Lent. There is no evidence to suggest that the whiteness of whales, undoubtedly so rare as to make this figure one of the poem's numerous reversals, had the connotations of the pinkness of elephants: it seems more plausible to suggest that some incident attending a whale being washed ashore sparked the poem off and that the poet consequently felt more urge to

elaborate this incident than any other. The technique remains the same, the vastness of the whales contrasting with the fragility of their diminutive tethers, the dress of the pundler a corresponding accumulation of incongruities, the spectacle of white whales first grazing and then pursuing both pundler and poet a brilliantly bizarre amplification of the original conception.

Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis* is thus a tour de force, a virtuoso performance in a mode represented elsewhere in Bannatyne, less concentratedly, by *Sym of Lyntoun* and *þe Droichis Pairt of the Play*. It is important to Bannatyne's editorially imposed conception of comedy, as its being placed immediately after *Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene* makes plain, as representing, figuratively, a final disruption of the artificial patterning of earthly life. *Was nevir in Scotland* displays man, left to pursue his own merriment, descending into chaos; Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis,* at this same serious level, laughs at the false orderliness of the fabric of life by upturning both its formalisation, in its handling of the dream vision, and its every incidental detail, by either exposing the fragility of illusion through the comedy of abrupt reversal or indulging in the creation of the illusory to the point at which it becomes absurd. The poem itself, of course, is much less serious than this description of its determinative level would suggest; but the direction given to the comedy derives from the combination of this sense of an ordered world always at the point of going awry with the poet's acceptance of the release offered by the fictive licence, his ready indulgence in the proferred mode of 'phantasye'. Lewis has aptly described this humour as 'eldritch', meaning simply that it is a humour which admits the supernatural; but it is eldritch in its conception as well as in its content, in the recognition of human reality as 'this frawdfull fary', of life in 'this fals warld' as 'ay on flocht',[5] and of the very fact of the fragility of life's patterns as material for comedy.

The Dregy, similarly, declares its incorrigible jester's joke in its opening lines:

> We that ar heir in Hevin's glory
> To 3ow that ar in Purgatory
> Commendis ws on our hairtly wyiss—
> I mene we folk in Parradyiss,
> In Edinburcht with all mirriness—
> To 3ow of Striuilling in distress
> Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is.
> For pety thus ane apostill wrytis.
> (ll.1–8)

The identifying of 'Hevin's glory' with Edinburgh and 'Purgatory' with the Observantine Priory in Stirling poses two illusory worlds, each of which is obtained by carrying its initial conception to a logical extreme which is then inverted, and each of which has validity only when poised against the other. It thus takes the same direction to comedy as does *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* but, whereas in that poem the poet remains suspended in a 'trance' between the ironically glimpsed 'Hevin' of Scotland's court and the manifest Hell over which Mahoun presides, in *The Dregy,* as in *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer,* the poet is an active parti-

cipant. Audacious spokesman for the joys of Edinburgh in the first two parts of the poem, he caps the joke in the third by assuming the role of the divine messenger and offering James the promise of deliverance from penance:

> And I, þat dois 3our panis discryve,
> Thinkis for to vissy 3ow belyve,
> Nocht in desert with 3ow to dwell
> Bot, as the angell Sanct Gabriell
> Dois go betwene fra Hevinis glory
> To thame þat ar in Purgatory
> And in thair tribulation
> To gif thame consolatioun,
> And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar past
> They sall till Hevin cum at last.
> (ll.71–80)

The joke belongs, it would seem likely, to a reasonably close circle. Dunbar as tempter of the king assumes the role of 'apostill' (l.8), and carries the promise of a visit to Stirling, though this does not, of course, preclude the possibility of performance at either court or priory. But the poem remains occasional and intimate, the product of a particular set of circumstances and of the peculiarly close relationship that existed between Dunbar and his king. Thus the audacity of its address is matched by that of its treatment of the *Office for the Dead* and both are, in a sense, sanctioned by Dunbar's confidence in the king's response.

The poem's structure is both neat and simple. The epistolary introduction is matched by the closing prayer, and these contain a sequence of three lessons, each followed by a response. The responses, written in the French 'triolet' form with short lines and repetitive rhymes,[6] repeatedly urge the king's return to Edinburgh and supply an incantatory 'chorus' to the more sustained exhortations of the *lectiones*. Each of these is a straightforward amplification of a single theme: the first asserts the opposition between 'Hevin's glory' and 'Purgatory' in the introduction, playing on the inversion by characterising Mary as 'the *mirthfull* Mary, virgene chaist', Stirling as 'every court manis fo', and the virtues of Edinburgh as 'wirschep, welth, and weilfar', 'pley, plesance *and eik honesty*'[7] the second, after a high-sounding apostrophe to

> Patriarchis, profeitis, and appostillis deir,
> Confessouris, virgynis and marteris cleir
> And all the saitt celestiall
> (ll.45–7)

tempts the penitent with 'swan, cran, pertrik, and plever/And every fische that swymis in rever', with fresh Rhine wines and the clarets out 'of Angerss and Orliance'; the third is more direct, playing down the element of parody to give pride of place to Dunbar's emissary, with its most outrageous tantalising of the King:

> And how nane servis to haif sweitness
> that nevir taistit bittirness.

And þairfoir how suld ȝe considdir
Of Edinburcht bliss, quhen ye cum hiddir,
Bot gif ye taistit had befoir
Of Striuilling toun þe panis soir?
And thairfoir tak in patience
ȝour pennance and ȝour abstinence
And ȝe sall cum, or ȝule begyn
Into þe bliss þat we ar in.
(ll.81–90)

The final prayer consists of a series of free adaptations of the words of the service and an apparently 'straight' prayer for the freeing of those in Stirling to the joys of Edinburgh, with its sting in the last line, *'Vt requiescat, Striuilling'*.

Those who have argued that Dunbar would not have presented the poem to James[8] deny *The Dregy* an element of pragmatism which is essential to its conception as comedy. Just as *þe Wowing of the King quhen he wes in Dumfermeling* is patently a poem written to be delivered in the king's presence—because it is good-humoured, its zest being in the embellishment of the joke and not in any criticism, explicit or implied, of the king's conduct—so *The Dregy* is dependent on the intimacy of both the court circle and special relationship existing between James and Dunbar. Thus it is an important element of the poem's comedy that Dunbar assumes the role in the third *lectio* of the angel Gabriel, an act of participation which, like his appearance as one of the dancers in *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer,* asserts a control over the poem's ambience and ensures that it remains localised. With Dunbar in the role of the divine messenger, we might ask, how could the poem possibly have implications beyond those of the immediate occasion? And how could an audience expect to find serious attitudes to either church or court in a poem which, in a manner not unlike that of Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis,* derives its licence from a perception of life's transience which is dramatised in terms of man's assumption of roles to play?

The next two poems, *In secreit place this hindir nycht* and *The Cursing of Sir Iohine Rowlis* are, more precisely, genre pieces. Each, basically, is a poem in which a role is assumed but each finds its fulfilment not in play with or about the notion of parts to be played in the pageant of life, with all that notion's suggestion of the illusory nature of life on earth, but in the poet's wholehearted entry into, and exploitation of, a chosen mode. Each has both a social function and a set of literary antecedents, so that each is both closely a part of the actual court context and peculiarly adapted to the court audience, in seeking to meet its literary expectations. This is the more obvious in the case of *In secreit place this hindir nycht.*

'A grotesquely comic chanson d'aventure',[9] the poem works first by redirecting the literary expectations of its audience, in the manner of, for example, Hoccleve's *Of my lady well me rejoise I may* or Skelton's *My darling dere, my daysy floure.*[10] But the redirection is not simply a matter either of imposing an incongruous contrast between form and content, as in these two poems, or of substituting the mores of one class for those of another, as Kinsley appears to suggest by characterising the lover and his lady as 'a backstairs fornicator, foul in person and in manners' and 'a

giggling kitchen girl'.[11] At the heart of the poem is the progressive debate of the pastourelle; but if, in Henryson's *Robene sat on gud grene hill,* the best known example of the genre in Middle Scots, the progression is towards, and then away from, an anticipated dénouement, the poem built neatly about the text

> The man that will nocht quhen he may
> Sall haif nocht quhen he wald
> (ll.91–2)

Dunbar's poem moves exuberantly forward, frankly savouring its foregone conclusion. The gentle lyricism of the one wooing contrasts with the lewd directness of the other, the balance of anticipation and rejection in Henryson's poem with the growing, because shared, sexual excitement of Dunbar's. The debate structure of the pastourelle is being used as surely in each poem but to very different ends.

In secreit place this hindir nycht begins, then, by confounding the literary expectations which its opening, through the pairing of 'bern' and 'bricht', encourages. A pastourelle is announced but, instead of a witty and teasing exchange, with the 'bern' forthright in his wooing and the 'bricht' ostensibly hesitant in granting her favours, the poem changes, as suddenly as Dunbar's *Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* does, into something of an altogether different kind. The lady's 'To hie', like Iynny's in *Robeyn's Iok*[12] (l.13) or that of the 'wenschis' in *Peblis to the Play* (l.205), acknowledges a ready complicity, and she plainly needs no wooing.[13] The pattern of pastourelle dialogue is retained but the dialogue itself is directed more towards display than debate, the conventional ebb and flow movement replaced by a strong forward surge in which the verbal antics of each new stanza cap those of the stanza preceding. It is idle to look for the expression of social attitudes of court poetry in the first stanza, in the hero's adoption of the stance of 'luifar leill' and the ironical depiction of the lady as under Danger's sway, but these are hardly strong enough to stand against the comically alliterative surge of the lover's first address to the lady, 'My hunny, my houp, my hairt, my heill', (l.3), and are, anyway, denied in the immediately following description of the lover as 'to mich fulich and gukkit' (l.10) and of his trim but soup-stained beard.

As the poem develops, it is less the lover's uncourtliness that matters than his gracelessness and inexperience: his is a brash and lusty first wooing, hers the ready compliance of an older woman, gentler, but no less wise in the ways of the world, than that well-known trio whose conversations Dunbar also overheard and recorded. This stock comic situation shapes the dialogue, from the over-eager lover's first verbal assaults to the expression of feigned but pleasurable dismay with which the lady concludes. Two related comic directions are pursued: first, the bawdy narrative of a sexual encounter, which turns the hypothetical courtly model in the direction of the grotesque; and second, the creating and exploiting of a fictive language of love, a nonsense language, alliterative, richly assonant, as much a language of sound as of sense. In both the impression of growing urgency is important. Just as, in *Robene sat on gud grene hill,* the pace of the poem accelerates as Makyne presses home the first assault—notably in the shift to a more rapid alternation of pro-

position and response—so here the poem's growing verbal feverishness parallels its rising sexual excitement. And this, essentially, is the poem's point: to make a literary model of a wooing which is as unreal as the courtly model, which takes a stock situation, funny in itself as bawdy, in terms of its literary antecedent, and in its reversal of expected values, and develops it according to its own inherent logic as an exercise in fantasy, an essay in illusion.

The following poem *The Cursing of Sir Iohine Rowlis vpon the Steilaris of his Fowlis,* is in a completely different mood and is obviously not unrelated, in its manner and in its function as entertainment, to the flyting. It is distinct, of course, in that it is a monologue and in that the poem's primary energy is directed not to abuse of the persons involved but to a hectic catalogue of curses upon them as transgressors, for having denied the writer the tithes that were his due. Thus the poet calls down a remarkable catalogue of 'adversities', most of them diseases, to afflict the transgressors while they remain on earth, and then, having consigned them to Hell, proceeds to further catalogues of the devils that await them and the punishments to be inflicted:

> The memberis of tha wickit men
> That staw þe guse, þe cok, the hen,
> Thay sal be revin be þe throttis
> For cutting of tha fowlis croppis,
> Syne led in towis and in laing tedderis
> And daly etin with taidis and edderis
> That all þe court of Hevin may knaw
> Thay war þe thevis þat Rowlis geiss staw
> For quhy grit God our hiest iuge,
> He gaif decreit, but refuge,
> That all pykaris of pultre
> Gais nocht to Hevin, bot thay sall fle
> To Hell without redemptioun
> Quhair is no remissioun.
> The forme of thir vgly devillis:
> Thay hafe lang tailis on þair heilis
> And rumpillis hingand on þair tailis,
> Dragoun heidis and warwolf nalis,
> With glowrane ene as glitterand glass,
> With bowgillis and hornis maid of brass,
> And dyverss facis, repleit with yre,
> Spowand vemmin and sparkis of fyre,
> And sum with teith and tegir tungis
> Attour þair chin, with bludy dungis
> Spottit and sprinklit vp and doun
> Reid, attry lyk a scorpioun.
> (ll.175–200)

The random conjunctions and makeshift rhymes are indicative of Rowll's method. The poem has a loose structure, beginning with an invocation, proceeding to the two 'halves' which detail the punishments on earth and in Hell, and concluding with a prayer that the curse might be withdrawn in the event of repentance and restoration. But, within this

structure, it advances in an apparently extemporaneous fashion, at times with little logic, at times with the logic of immediate association. Neither 'one of the duller specimens of eldritch humour', as Lewis found it,[14] nor the 'very long, filthy, and despicable piece' it appeared to Pinkerton,[15] Rowll's *Cursing* had its place amongst these five poems indicating directions within the comic as a comparatively short example of that particular sort of poetic licence found also in *The Flyting*.[16] It is both less demanding and less accomplished than Dunbar's *In secreit place this hindir nycht* but, like it, is a verbal extravaganza and, like it and *The Flyting,* argues a love of word-play which operates at all levels of language, which, in a poetic circle of considerable sophistication, finds licence to exploit the more naive forms of verbal humour, to indulge in a coarse and unsubtle rhetoric, and to eschew the 'southron' skills of the makar. And we should not fail to notice that the poem's joke, simple and easy to sustain as it is, implies the same sort of reversal of expectation so fully exploited by Lichtoun: here the speaker is a priest, bringing down his curses on those who have defrauded him of the tithes that were his due.

Each of the four poems so far examined in this chapter has been, in some way, an exercise in 'phantasye'. In two, Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis* and Dunbar's *Dregy,* the determinative level has been shown to be strong, *Quha douttis dremis* finding its being in turning the delusive patterns of life into the chaos of absurdity, and *The Dregy* achieving a fine poise in its balancing of two fancifully developed extremes. In these the patterning of life is the subject of the play. In the next two, Dunbar's *In secreit place* and Rowll's *Cursing,* the determinative level, the philosophical basis of the comedy, is not evident in the poems themselves; it is, rather, their point of departure, the poet's accepting the licence it offers to indulge in particular, contained 'phantasyes', to exploit for humorous effect familiar modes. In these, individual 'patterns' are the subject of the play, in both instances literary patterns which the poets accept before exploiting their possibilities for verbal display. In all four poems as, indeed, in those poems considered in the previous chapter, there is an element of conceit, if 'conceit' is taken in the broad sixteenth century sense of 'fancy or imagination'. And this would be the implication of Bannatyne's description of this whole 'thrid pairt of this buik' as 'contenand *Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis* set furth be diuers ancient poyettis'. The collocation 'Solatius Consaittis' brings together the two essential elements: *consolation,* comfort in this 'frawdfull fary', and *conceit,* the use of the human imagination to develop some 'fanciful, ingenious, or witty notion or expression'[17] which makes play neither with the nature of man's existence or with fantasy, which necessarily exposes illusion, based on particular aspects of it. It is worth noting that the *Oxford English Dictionary* cites Gavin Douglas's eulogistic comment on Virgil in the first prologue to *Eneados:*

> Als oft as ȝe him reid, full weill I wait,
> ȝe fynd ilke tyme sum mery new consait
> (ll.337–8)

as the earliest example of this use of the word and, like the *Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue,* does not record Bannatyne's use (which is still some years earlier than the first English use).

Clearly, Douglas's use and Bannatyne's are transitional: the word is mid-way between its long-established English sense, general in medieval and renaissance non-literary contexts, of 'that which is conceived in the mind, thought, idea, concept', and the new sense, soon to carry a note of disparagement, as 'fanciful', 'ingenious', and 'witty' concomitantly begin to do. And, while Bannatyne's use may indicate an awareness of changing attitudes towards wit in poetry it is primarily important because of the generality of its application, its apt suggestion of the imaginative element present in all the comic poems, the 'eldritch' play made, at differing levels, with the transitory and illusory nature of life on earth. Bannatyne's attribution of the comic poems to 'diuers ancient poyettis' suggests, as do his principles of inclusion and grouping, a sense of poetic continuity which the Stewart court, perhaps less susceptible to foreign fashions than the English, must clearly have endorsed.

For this reason, though a poem like *Quhy Sowld Nocht Allane Honorit Be?,* probably of fairly late composition,[18] may be thought of as exhibiting a wit different from that of *þe Wowing of the King quhen he wes in Dumfermeling,* it should be kept in its relation with the other comic directions displayed and not seen as a new departure. For it accords with the other four poems discussed in this chapter, in that it makes and develops, with a sense of amplification rather than progression, a joke that is declared immediately. Thus, whereas Dunbar's *þe Wowing of the King quhen he wes in Dumfermeling* is, in essence, a genre-shifting poem, working out a single and intimate situation in terms of the imagined correspondence of a beast-fable, *Quhy Sowld Nocht Allane Honorit Be?* is a sustained metaphor, basically anthropomorphic but shifting through several phrases: the first five stanzas use a folk-hero motif; envisaging the people hastening to succour (i.e. harvest) the grain, the next five continue, less uncompromisingly and therefore more immediately humorously, the military metaphor

> The grittest cowart in this land
> Fra he with Allane entir in band,
> Thocht he may nowdir gang nor stand
> ȝit fowrty sall nocht gar him fle.
> Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?
> (ll.26–30)

The last two stanzas acknowledge man's subservience to 'Allane' the first in terms of a complaint against the cost of allegiance, the second in an ironical tribute to the generosity of such a lord. There is a wit in the shifting which is a response to the many-sidedness of the metaphor but the inspiration behind the poem is little different from that behind *þe Wowing of the King* or *Listis, lordis, I sall ȝow tell* (the story of Lord Fergus's ghost), each involving play with, and the amplification of, a comic situation or perception. Here, as in Dunbar's *Lucina schynnyng in silence of the nicht,* a more complex and more extravagant poem but, basically similar to *Quhy Sowld Nocht Allane Honorit Be?* in being an expansion of a single metaphor, life is a matter for laughter and poetry is play.

1 David Laing, *Early Scottish Metrical Tales,* Edinburgh, 1889, p.38.
2 i.e. the ceiling.
3 *O.E.D.* 1: thus close to Dunbar's 'trance'.
4 *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century,* p.72.
5 Dunbar, *Full oft I mvss,* ll.39, 2.
6 See W. Mackay Mackenzie, (ed.), *The Poems of William Dunbar,* London, 1932, 1970 edition, p.209; cf. Small, *The Poems of Dunbar,* I, p.clxxxix.
7 Italics supplied.
8 Lord Hailes, *Ancient Poems from the MS of George Bannatyne. MDLXVIII,* Edinburgh, 1770, p.244, and T.F. Henderson, *Scottish Vernacular Literature,* London, 1898, p.177.
9 So R.T. Davies, *Medieval English Lyrics,* London, 1963, p.358.
10 Both in Davies, pp.165, 267–8.
11 James Kinsley, *William Dunbar: Poems,* Oxford, 1968, p.118.
12 *Bannatyne,* III, pp.15–18.
13 See also Chaucer's *Miller's Tale* (l.3740) and the comments of J.A.W. Bennett, *Chaucer at Oxford and Cambridge,* Oxford, 1974, p.114.
14 *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century,* p.73.
15 John Pinkerton, *Ancient Scottish Poems never Before in Print but Now Published from the MS Collections of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington,* London, 1786, 2 vols, I, p.451.
16 *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedie,* placed later amongst the comic poems in the midst of a miscellaneous grouping, was perhaps thought too unwieldy for this opening section.
17 *O.E.D.,* Conceit: III, 8.
18 John MacQueen and Tom Scott, in the *Oxford Book of Scottish Verse,* Oxford, 1966, p.218–20, place the poem in the reigns of James V and Mary I.

Chapter 8

Ballattis of Luve: Curious thochtis and quyet secreitis

The merle said, 'Quhy put God so grit bewte
In ladeis, with sic womanly having,
Bot gife he wald þat thay suld luvit be?
To luve eik natur gaif thame inclynnyng,
And he of natur þat wirker wes and king
Wald no thing frustir put nor lat be sene
In to his creature of his awin making.
A lusty lyfe in luvis seruice bene.'

The nychtingall said, 'Nocht to þat behufe
Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face,
That scho suld haif the thank þairfoir or lufe,
Bot he the wirker þat put in hir sic grace
Off bewty, bontie, richess, tyme or space,
And every gudness þat bene to cum or gone,
The thank redoundis to him in every place,
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.'

(Dunbar, *In May as that Aurora did vpspring*, ll.49–64)

If one poet dominates *Ballattis of Luve* it is Alexander Scott; if there is one poem it is Douglas's *With bemes schene thow bricht Cytherea*, the prologue to the fourth book of the *Eneados*, the last poem Bannatyne added to the section and his conclusive comment on the 'ioly wo' of love that,

Begynning with an fenȝeit faynt plesance,
Continewith with lust, and endis with pennance.

(ll.6–7)

Bannatyne's division of his poems of love into four groups, 'songis of luve', 'contemptis of luve and evill wemen', 'contempis of evill, fals, vicius men', and 'ballattis detesting of luve and lichery', confirms this emphasis: though the number of 'songis' is large, the context in which they are placed is unequivocal. The first poem, a poetically insignificant debate between Cor and Corpus, alerts the reader to the central debate, even reminds the reader, in its opening apostrophe, *O foly hairt, fetterit in fantesye*, of the dramatic realisation of Folly in the immediately preceding pageant of life, Bannatyne's carefully re-arranged version of Lindsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*. Poems in the final quarter, Dunbar's *In May as that Aurora did vpspring* and *Now Cumis Aige quhair ȝewth Hes Bene*, Scott's *ȝe blindit luvaris, luke*, and Douglas's *With*

bemes schene thow bricht Cytherea, are poems with a cumulative and coherent strength, a strength which is entirely outside the conventions of love recognised by the three preceding quarters. The 'songis of luve' and, indeed, the two sets of 'contemptis', are allowed their integrity, but only in so far as it is contained within the context defined by these moral poems. As in Dunbar's *In May as that Aurora did vpspring*, the merle is allowed an apparent equivalence of song until such time as it joins with the nightingale in acknowledging the truth of the triumphant refrain: 'All luve is lost bot vpone God allone'.

No such counter is needed, in *Ballattis of Luve*, as is supplied by the thread of moral lyrics which runs through *Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis*. Bannatyne's audience, indeed any court audience which knew the poems of Henryson or, later, Lindsay, would have recognised that the artificiality of the 'songis of luve' was a measure of the falseness of the felicity they purported to endorse: whereas some of the more imaginative of the *Ballettis Mirry*, poems like Dunbar's *Off Februar the fyiftene nycht* of Lichtoun's *Quha douttis dremis*, are genuinely exploratory in their handling of man's vain and illusory sense of his power to evolve patterns by which he lives and to determine his own destiny, the *Ballattis of Luve* are, without exception, poems written within an established literary tradition and with an awareness both of the range of poetic opportunity it offers and of the pervasiveness of the element of 'game'. If the court is allowed, as it is in poems as different as Dunbar's *Of a Dance in þe Quenis Chalmer* and Mersar's *Off luve, quhay lyikis to haif ioy or confort*, an existence as a microcosmic vision of man's life on earth, it is clear that the patterns of courtesy developed in poems of courtly love work in two ways: at one level, in their endorsement and implementation of a code of manners, they offer some reassurance to those participating in the 'game'; at another, and higher level of poetic realisation, they expose the limitations and unreality of such participation in their formalisation of its frailty. Thus the poet of love exercises a licence which is similar, in its constraints and freedoms, to the fictive licence of the comic poet: the framework is firm, the opportunities within it limited but clear. Man may derive some pleasure and some passing comfort from poems which work around the patterns of courtesy developed in a 'game' of love which is a denial of the only true love, that of man for God. But there is no tendency, in Stewart love poetry, for the two loves to merge, for the love of man for woman to be so refining in its requirements and ennobling in its effects as to approximate to or be incorporated into the love of man for God. Rather, the separation of the appetitive and the intellectual energies, announced in Henryson's *The Traitie of Orpheus King* and pursued in Lindsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis*, is confirmed: poems of counsel to lovers may offer some guidance towards virtuous living, as do the 'applied' moral lyrics, but may also offer the counsels of Pandarus to lovers whose ambitions are more precisely defined and more easily realised than those of Troilus:

> Luvaris, lat be the frennessy of luve
> And mvse nor mvrne no moir in till ȝour mynd,
> Bot sollace seik and sorrow ay remove.
> Cast ȝow to conqueiss luve ane vþir kynd,

For knew ȝe wemenis natur. course. and strynd,
ȝe wald nocht be so trew to thair vntrewth
Quhilkis hes no petie thocht ȝour hairtis be pynd,
Nor of ȝour restless womenting no rewth.

Bot wald ȝe rewill ȝow, keip this regiment:
Be subteill, secreit, sobir in thair sicht,
Facound of wordis, bot feckill of intent
And nevir lat ȝour mowth and mynd go richt.
Swey as thay swey, be blyth quhen thay ar licht,
And preiss ȝow ay in presenss to repair,
Forvey no tyme, be reddy day and nicht
Vpoun ȝour kneis to serve thame soletare.
(Scott, *The Slicht Remeid of Luve*, ll.1–16)

As Bannatyne's arrangement of the *Ballattis of Luve* establishes unequivocally the intellectual framework within which the 'songis' and the two sets of 'contemptis' are to be read, so his address to the reader, ostensibly an invitation to the reader to roam as he will amongst the delights that follow, is explicit in its counsel:

Heir haif ȝe, luvaris, ballattis at your will,
How evir ȝour natur directit is vntill;
Bot, wald ȝe luve eftir my counsalling,
Luve first ȝour God aboif all vder thing,
Nixt, as ȝourself, your nichtbur beir gud will.

But, the reformer's conscience thus served, the anthologist is allowed a proper freedom, and the 135 'ballattis' that follow show something of the range and richness of the 'commonyng' of the Stewart court, that ritualised converse of 'lustie lordis and lufesum ladyis ȝing' which offers both confirmation and denial of its tenuously held patterns of courtesy. Bannatyne's first choice as song of love, and an instance of the editorial deliberateness with which often quite unremarkable poems are in this as in other sections used to guide the reader, leads into this equivocal world, challenging the 'foly hairt, fetterit in fantesye' for succumbing to 'werry, warldly wane plesance', but sliding itself, in the ensuing debate between Cor and Corpus—

To luve I wet it is bot naturall
Till all mankynd, in ȝoutheid specialie—
(ll.49–50)

into the sweet surrender so amply illustrated in the poems that follow. It is a surrender which, it must be said, can only be countenanced because the lady's perfection is as unquestioned as the assumption that the lover will seek only to model himself upon it:

Amang all vþir scho wes an A per se,
Curtass and kynd, full of humilitie,
Bayth gyd and grund of all gud gouernance.
(ll.36–8)

The group of five poems, which follows *O foly hairt, fetterit in fantesye*, two by Dunbar, one by Henryson, one by Mersar, and one by Scott, is so arranged as to confirm and develop this emphasis on the naturalness of love and on 'gud gouernance'. Two, poems by Dunbar and Mersar, are poems of love only in that the virtues they endorse are those peculiarly appropriate to the lover, and are in other respects not unlike those 'applied' *Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie* which are concerned with the conduct of the virtuous life. Thus Dunbar's *Be ȝe ane luvar, think ȝe nocht ȝe suld* makes the assumption that man will love, and uses the pattern of unrelieved imperatives found in a humble counsel of manners like *For helth of body couer weill thy heid*[1] and in Henry Stewart's bland advice to his ruler, *Be gouernour baith guid and gratious*, to direct him. Less a poem of instruction than a rehearsal of accepted values, it uses an occasion for talking of love to affirm, in a small but not unimportant way, those aspects of courtesy which may be illustrated from the conventional lover's conduct, in particular the need for 'governing' of the self. Mersar's *Off luve, quhay lyikis to haif ioy or confort* is similar. An ABC of love, purportedly addressed to Mersar's son and not un-Polonian in tone, a poem sometimes as much of manners as of morals and not without a certain practicality, it nonetheless recognises that the son will seek the joys of love and centres on his choice and attainment of a lady, counselling him to

> Alswa cheiss the a lusty paramour
> Fulfillit of gudly gouirnance.
> (ll.19–20)

Here again it is not unreasonable to assume a social context, an audience other than the individual to whom the poem is addressed, appreciative of the nuances of the counsel but glad also of the counsel's affirmation of its assumed values.

The three other poems, Scott's *Luve preysis but comparesone*, Dunbar's *Sen þat I am a presoneir*, and Henryson's *þe Garmont of Gud Ladeis*, are different, more complex and more aspiring poems, not easily either reduced to a single statement or identified with a simple purpose. Scott's poem in particular loses much of its possible richness if it is read in as reduced a fashion as Bannatyne's placing of it here would seem to require. It is, first of all, in the form of a 'sedull', or epistle from lover to lady. Like others in Bannatyne's collection it is not a poem to be read and perhaps answered in private, but a poem to be read aloud before, and savoured by, a coterie of intimates; and it is therefore in part a 'sedull', an address to a lady, and in part a dramatic commentary on the poet's feelings as he presents, or envisages the presentation of, his 'sedull'. Indeed the punning line with which it concludes would only gain in effect if the putative audience were able to set suitor against rival suitor, Scott (in the person of the writer, Alexander Scott), against a possible English writer of similar station, the witty purveyor of irreproachable good sense who can laugh off his 'lawlines' against a fellow poet who perhaps has little else to plead:

> Bot pleiss hir prowdens to imprentit,
> Scho may persaue sum Inglis throw it.
> (ll.39–40)

Scott's amplification of his theme allows a keen but pleasantly ironical comment on the nature of love to develop around the central notion that while the lady has the 'soverenitie' which belongs to the high-born (and which is unqualified in this poem) the lover is characterised by the devotion to service and the loyalty which marks the lowly-born. Love's spontaneity and naturalness, as well as its power to bring out the best in all, if not proclaimed, is not denied.

The two allegories are, similarly, poems of considerable artistry, each using its achieved aesthetic qualities to endorse and underline its statement. Dunbar's allegorical narrative of 'Bewty' and her 'presoneir' is of course primarily the familiar narrative of a wooing but, given its small compass and conventional materials, it successfully hastens the audience through a brisk siege narrative to the point of the poem's dénouement, the appearance and action of King Matremony: and the restoration, after the exile of Sklander to '*þe* west se cost', of 'Gud Famiss air'. The unelaborated narrative is followed by an equally spare conclusion, Dunbar's only comment on the restitution of reputation through marriage being a terse 'as it wes resone'. It is undoubtedly this resolution of a poem otherwise apparently slight and entirely within the courtly allegorical tradition that attracted Bannatyne; indeed, it is the briskness of the narrative, its lack of elaboration, and unrelieved use of the imagery of forced imprisonment and warfare that suggests the violence that is done to 'gud gouernance' by the blind romantic love into which the presoneir has fallen. He, like James in *The Kingis Quair*, is a prisoner of his own ignorance and dotes on a beauty beyond his comprehension, though he does not receive James' education into the virtues of married love:

> Off quhich ryght thus hir ansuere was in bref: 127
> "My son, I haue wele herd, and vnderstond,
> Be thy reherse, the matere of thy gref,
> And thy request to procure, and to fonde
> Off thy pennance sum confort at my hond,
> Be counsele of thy lady venus clere,
> To be with hir thyne help In this matere.
>
> Bot in this case thou sall wele knawe and witt, 128
> Thou may thy hert[ë] ground on suich a wise,
> That thy laboure will be bot lyttil quit;
> And thou may set It In [an]othir wise,
> That wil be to the grete worschip and prise;
> And gif thou durst vnto that way enclyne,
> I will the geve my lore and disciplyne.
>
> Lo, my gude sone, this Is als mich to seyne, 129
> As, gif thy lufe [be] sett alluterly
> On nycë lust, thy trauail is in veyne;
> And so the end sall turne of thy folye
> To payne and repentance; lo, wate thou quhy?
> Gif the ne list of lufe thy vertew set,
> Vertu sall be the cause of thy forfet.

Tak him before In all thy gouernance, 130
That in his hand the stere has of ÷ ouiall,
And pray vnto his hyë purueyance,
Thy lufe to gye, and on him traist and call,
That corner-stone and ground is of the wall,
That failis noght, and trust, without drede,
Vnto thy purpose sone he sall the lede.

For lo, the werk that first Is foundit sure 131
May better bere a pace and hyare be
Than othir wise, and langere sall endure
Be monyfald, this may thy resoun see,
And stronger to defend aduersitee:
Ground [thou] thy werk, therefore, vpon the stone,
And thy desire sall forthward with the gone.

Be trewe, and meke, and stedfast in thy thoght, 132
And diligent hir merci to procure,
Noght onely in thy word; for word is noght,
Bot gif thy werk and all thy besy cure
Accord thereto, and vtrid be mesure,
The place, the houre, the maner, and the wise,
Gif mercy sall admitten thy seruise.

'All thing has tyme,' thus sais Ecclesiaste; 133
And wele is him that his tyme wel abit:
Abyde thy tyme; for he that can bot haste,
Can noght of hap, the wisë man It writ;
And oft gude fortune flourith with gude wit:
Quharefore, gif thou will [ay] be wele fortunyt,
Lat wisedom ay [vn] to thy will be Iunyt.

Bot there by mony of so brukill sort, 134
That feynis treuth In lufë for a quhile,
And setten all thaire wittis and disport
The sely Innocent woman to begyle,
And so to wynne thaire lustis with a wile;
Suich feynit treuth is all bot trechorye,
Vnder the vmbre of hid ypocrisye.

For as the foulere quhistlith in his throte 135
Diuerëly, to counterfete the brid,
And feynis mony a suete and strangë note
That in the busk for his desate is hid,
Till sche be fast lokin his net amyd;
Rysght to the fatoure, the false theif, I say,
With suete tresoun oft wynnith thus his pray.

Fy on all suich ! fy on thaire doubilnesse! 136
Fy on thaire lust and bestly appetite!
Thaire wolfis hertis, in lambis liknesse,
Thaire thoughtis blak, hid vnder wordis quhite!

Fy on thaire laboure! fy on thaire delyte,
That feynen outward all to hir honour,
And in thaire hert hir worschip wold deuoure!

So hard It is to trusten now on dayes 137
The warld, It is so double and inconstant,
Off quhich the suth is kid be mony assayes;
More pitee is; for quhich the remanant,
That menen wele, and ar noght variant,
For otheris gilt are suspect of vntreuth,
And hyndrit oft, and treuely that is reuth.

Bot gif the hert be groundit ferm and stable 138
In goddis law, thy purpose to atteyne,
Thy laboure is to me [ful] agreable;
And my full help, with counsele trew and pleyne,
I will the schewe, and this is the certeyne;
Opyn thy hert, therefore, and lat me se
Gif thy remede be pertynent to me."
(ll.883–966)

His devotion to his lady finally spurs 'Matremony, that nobill king' into granting him that 'band of freindschip'. The poem, then is a young lover's *cursus vitae*, a summary account of a human love which is brought to a point consonant with the opening poem's statement that it is natural for man to love, 'in ÷ outheid specialie' and, given 'gud gouernance', virtuous. There can be no doubt of the presoneir's error, so there can be no questioning Matremony's judgement or Dunbar's asseveration of reason: the brevity of the asseveration is part of the poem's strength.

Henryson's poem, so different in mood and manner, provides a strange but welcome balance. An emblematic allegory, it is little more than an inventory of the ideal qualities of an idealised lady: 'he honour', 'gouernance so gud', 'chestetie', 'schame', 'dreid', 'constance', 'lesum lufe', 'gudliness', 'benignitie', 'humilitie', 'fair having', 'trewth', 'gud pansing', 'rewth', 'esperance', 'gud gouirnance', 'sickernes', and 'honestie'. The correspondence between the garment and the part of the body it clothes or adorns is simple and explicit: the 'sark . . . of chestetie' is, with 'schame and dreid togidder mixt', next to her body, her 'schone [are] of sickernes, / In syne that scho nocht slyd'. Nearest her head, her intellectual self, is her hood 'off he honour', 'Garneist with gouirnance so gud' (1.7) nearest her hands, the representation of her sensual self,

Hir gluvis of gud gouirnance
To hyd hir fyngearis fair.
(ll.31–2)

Henryson's poem offers a full characterisation of the sort of lady to whom all lovers should aspire—

ane A per se,
Curtass and kynd, full of humilitie,

Bayth gyd and grund of all gud gouernance—
(*O foly hairt*, ll.36–8)

a lady as far removed from that Bewty who first seduced Dunbar's presoneir as her 'garmond gay' is from the 'grene' and 'gray' colours used by Henryson to symbolise the fashionable world of the court, the world of 'warldlie wane plesance'.[2] It thus reaffirms and amplifies the statement of the first three poems and, while it is ostensibly an address to the lady and thus an appropriate, because so decorous, introduction to the long string of such addresses which now follow and make up the bulk of 'songis of luve', its strength, in itself and for Bannatyne's editorial programme, is in its delineation of a code of manners. It is in this also that it counters Dunbar's poem: whilst Dunbar's extended metaphor of the siege is so developed as to suggest the brutish and uncourteous nature of the presoneir's love for Bewty, Henryson's poem is written with a graceful and refined decorum which is one with that of its sentiments, and is thus a perfect model of the 'gentilesse' it counsels.

It may seem odd indeed for Bannatyne to have begun his 'songis of luve' with a sequence of poems of good counsel. But it is possible that he was more constrained by his time in this section than in any other, finding it necessary in the course of revision, even despite the highly prejudicial editorial titles, to bolster up the final section in 'contempt of blyndit luve' by adding Douglas's extraordinarily powerful fourth prologue. It is probable also, as Helena Shire has remarked, that the range of poems which might have been included in *Ballattis of Luve* was already reduced:

> Were a survey desired of how the later medieval view of love in society appeared to the age of Reformation, Bannatyne's could hardly be bettered. How much his choice of contents was his own and how much that choice was already narrowed by disappearance beyond his horizon of Roman Catholic devotional poetry or of certain 'love-cult' verses, we shall never know. Bannatyne's anthology itself conditions our idea of the scope of what had once existed. When we make the effort to envisage earlier 'Scottis Poesie' apart from Bannatyne's choice we find there are questions to ask. Where are gone Dunbar's poems written 'in love's court', composed to answer a taste for courtly making perhaps during his younger days in the fifteenth century? Where are his tales 'of sanctis in glorie, Baithe of commoun and propir storie', the pieces in celebration of saints in general terms or written for the special keeping of their own days in the calendar? For hymns to the Virgin we have to go to the earlier Asloan Manuscript and the fine 'ballatis of our ladye' by Dunbar and Dunbar's rival, Kennedy or to the later writing of covert Catholics.[3]

This is not to suggest that there is anything lack-lustre about the lyrics that Bannatyne has gathered. John MacQueen's selection entitled *Ballatis of Luve*, is proof enough of this. But, more than its inclusion of numerous poems of individual merit, Bannatyne's collection demonstrates, as MacQueen's, because of his attempt to rearrange the

poems chronologically and, in particular, to establish some order of development in the poems of Alexander Scott, does not, the particular quality and richness that Stewart love poetry has because of its being so intimate and important a part of the 'commonyng' of 'lustie lordis and lufesum ladyis ȝing'. With very rare exceptions, and these mostly in the poetry of Alexander Scott, the poems cannot be seen to encapsulate moments of human experience or to explore the innermost feelings of the lover-poet. They are not personal poetry but, rather, contributions to a social pastime and therefore, whether sung, as they must mostly have been, or recited, marked by an element of performance and an awareness of an audience attuned to such poems and more variously responsive than the ears of the formal recipient alone might possibly be. In this respect they share qualities with both the moral and the religious lyrics and exhibit something of the same poetic range: at the humblest level they do little more than go through the motions, handling both the versification and the predominantly conventional content with competence if not with life; at the higher levels of poetic aspiration they seek, in a manner more analogous to that of the religious lyrics than that of the moral lyrics, bound as these are by their employment of the single decorum of gravity, to realise as fully as possible, or to exploit for the purposes of the occasion, the true and known nature of the experience they describe.

Like the writer of the religious lyric the love poet is in a sense a community spokesman, his task to provide a song which serves and is appropriate to an occasion, which recognises and accepts the decorum of that occasion, which, at its best, enhances that occasion by capturing its essence, the sense of 'gentilesse' caught so perfectly in Henryson's *þe Garmont of Gud Ladeis*, the sense of 'game' so manifoldly sought in the poems of Alexander Scott. It is therefore as wrong to expect the autobiographical, in the form of developing, inward-looking exploration and discovery, in the love poems as it is to seek it in the *Ballatis of Theoligie*. Most of the poems in 'songis of luve' are either direct or indirect addresses to a lady or essays on the lover's state of despair. They range from simply worked apostrophes or expostulations to elaborate and highly-wrought tributes or complaints, from the simplest of songs, incomplete if separated from the music and dance they properly accompany, to 'sedullis', poems which either are addresses to a lady or take, wholly or in part and with varying degrees of seriousness, the form of such addresses, contributions to a different sort of social occasion encouraging the competitive display of verbal facility and wit, the introduction of in-jokes and innuendoes. They range enormously in quality, from the mechanical and repetitively banal to the technically virtuose and the intellectually complex, to the rare poem which, like *Quhen Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht*, achieves emblematic vision.

Alexander Scott stands out not simply because of the number of his poems or their remarkable assurance and craftsmanship but because he more than any other exploits rather than builds upon the conventional stances and themes. Thus, to give but one example, there is a tendency amongst the lesser poets towards the 'encyclopaedic', towards the accumulation in a single poem of a multiplicity of well-tried themes and images, as if in the belief that one of a quiverful of arrows

must surely strike home. *Ma commendationis with humilitie* is a successful poem of this type, genuinely innovative in some of its figures and polished in its execution; but a poem like *Fresche fragrent flour of bewty souerane*, cast explicity in the form of a 'bill' or 'sedull', founders under its own weight, labouring as it does under such cumulative disabilities as a long line, a long and complexly rhymed stanza, a vocabulary always verging on aureation and rich in commonplaces, and lumbering protestations as various and sometimes contradictory as

> My hummill seruice tak nocht in disdane (1.2)
>
> My spreit as thrall is fetterit to remane (1.5)
>
> 3our sycht hes slane my corss without recure (1.7)
>
> But 3our remeid my lawbour is in vane. (1.8)[4]

One may compare with this Scott's strikingly effective use of the familiar theme,

> Ane laid may lufe ane leddy of estait
> Ane lord ane lass. Lufe hes no vdir law[5]
> (ll.1–2)

in his 'sedull', *Luve preysis but comparesone*. The difference is between a poet who seeks to please with the lavishness and stylistic elevation of his tribute and the poet who seeks to please through an appositeness of sense and occasion. As Scott himself wrote:

> Sum luvaris thame delytis till indyte
> Fair facound speich blandit with eloquence,
> And vþer sum dois sett thair wit perfyte
> To pleis thair ladeis with all thair diligens.
> Sum luffaris wantis, throw thair negligens,
> For falt of speich, the lufe of his maistres,
> Without hir witting in distress.
> (*Only to 3ow in erd þat I lufe best*, ll.8–14).

John MacQueen has remarked the 'detached cynicism of the poems which observe rather than participate in the ritual of love', even going so far as to suggest that

> . . . it is easy to read Scott's lyrics as recording the effect on a temperament naturally inclined to detachment and cynicism of an unhappy experience of passionate love, an experience which ultimately impelled him towards total rejection and a position from which it was easy for him to adopt some, perhaps all, of the more rigorous beliefs and attitudes of the Reformers.[6]

Yet such a reading of Scott's poems seems both hazardous and unnecessary. Scott's strength, it is true, is his ability to stand away from the con-

ventional realisation of the suppliant or the despairing lover, rejecting what has become commonplace or repetitive and, by intellectualising his own realisation, both revivifying the convention and responding to the court's need for a particular sort of entertainment. Nowhere is this better illustrated than by the set of poems addressed to the heart, his *Considdir, hairt, my trew intent*, identified in Bannatyne[7] as an answer to the anonymous *Haif hairt in hairt, ȝe hairt of hairtis haill*, and two others, apparently closely related, *Hence, hairt, with hir that most depairte* and *Returne the, hairt, hamewart agane*. It is possible, as MacQueen suggests, that Scott's *Ansueir to the Ballat of Hairtis*, as it is entitled in Bannatyne,[8] is in response to a poem 'addressed to Scott by a woman',[9] and that the two survive from an actual exchange of 'sedullis', with what degree of public performance or awareness can never be known. But is it not equally possible that Scott's answer was a competitive response to a fellow poet's *tour de force*, perhaps presented to a court gathering a night or two before? Though a prisoner of its own ingenuity *Haif hairt in hairt* is an energetic and well executed poem, never becoming tiresome as does, for instance, the limping, long-drawn-out, and argumentative *My hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one* (where the imperfectly sustained play is on 'speik' and 'speche'). Scott's answer is masterly, modestly decrying its own eloquence at the same time as, with a pleasant irony, it turns the numbers game upon the other poet. But, as it then develops its argument, with a sufficiently dense repetition of 'hairt' to be of a kind, it displays a superior rhetoric which without refuting the nature of the game rejects the level on which it is being played. The conceit is further developed, as MacQueen argues, in the remaining and connected poems, poems which have the same stanzas and metrical pattern, and a refrain, perhaps also in *Oppressit hairt, indure in dolour and distress*.[10]

The importance of this group of obviously related poems is not that it provides evidence that the exchange of 'sedullis' took place, as it clearly did, sometimes with the privacy that *To ȝow þat is þat is þe harbre of my hairt* promises:

> Wryt quhat ȝe will, I sall it keip vnkend
> Full cloiss fra ony cristiane criature,
> Except my self, your faythfull seruiture.[11]
> (ll.40–3)

It is rather that it provides evidence that such exchanges were sometimes public, as is made plain by the last stanza of *Hence, hairt, with hir that most depairte*:

> Deploir, ȝe ladeis cleir of hew,
> Hir absence, sen scho most depairte,
> And specialy ȝe luvaris trew
> That woundit bene with luvis darte,
> For sum of ȝow sall want ane harte
> Alsweill as I.þairfoir at last
> Do go with myn with mynd inwart
> And byd with hir thow luvis best.
> (ll.33–40)

Another poem of Scott's, *Marvilling in mynd quhat ailis fortoun at me*, a poem reflecting upon the despairing lover's state, is similarly a public poem, the lady being referred to only in the third person and the refrain addressed to a wider audience: 'Sen I mon de, adew, luvaris, adew'. And, clearly, poems written from such opposite points of view as Stewart's *For to declair þe he magnificens* and Scott's *3e blindit luvaris, luke* require an audience in which both sides are represented and the debate can be more widely taken up. Two other anonymous poems, different in kind, again offer internal evidence of their public character: *O maistres myld, haif mynd on me* consists of four stanzas of address to the lady and two of address to a second and wider audience which is asked to reflect upon the poet's misfortune.[12] *Off lufe and trewth with lang continwans* explicitly invites '*3e luvaris cum leir at me*'.[13] One need hardly go beyond these to poems as various as the apparently much older alliterative narrative, *In May in a morning I movit me one*, the emblematic narrative so blatantly derivative of Henryson, *Wald my gud ladye that I luif*, the hymn to the awakening of nature, *Be glaid al 3e that luvaris bene*, or the sadly incomplete dream narrative, *Lait, lait on sleip as I wes laid*,[14] or indeed the six poems with which Bannatyne begins, to argue that there is ample evidence amongst the 'songis of luve' that these are predominantly oral poems intended to be performed before a highly sophisticated court audience for its edification and delight. And clearly the 'contemptis of luve and evill wemen', the 'contempis of evill fals vicius men', and 'ballattis detesting of luve and lichery' are similar.

MacQueen so arranges his selection of Scott's poems as to chart the progress of the poet's disillusion. But Bannatyne's arrangement, under his four broad subject-types, is the more truly representative and the more revealing: there are poems of both the joy and the sorrow of love amongst the 'songis'; a general satire on women, and a poem on the theme 'Als gud luve cumis as gais, or rapir bettir',[15] as well as lyrics like *To luve vnluvit it is ane pane* amongst the 'contemptis of luve and evill wemen'; the lighthearted *Ladies, be war þat plesand ar* as well as the sage *Fra raige of 3owth the rynk hes rune* amongst the 'contempis of evill, fals, vicius men'. And surely an apparent poem of personal experience, like *Lo, quhat it is to lufe*, must be put alongside those poems in 'contempt of blyndit luve' which Bannatyne places amongst his 'ballattis detesting of luve and lichery' like *3e blindit luvaris, luke* and *Quha lykis to luve or þat law pruve* with its concluding addresses to '3e luvaris' and 'my brethir deir'. Scott, therefore, must in the first instance be read as a poet of the game of love, a poet whose poems of love (and one must not forget his poems in other modes, his New Year's gift to Queen Mary, his translations of psalms, *The Iusting and Debait*) are poems written for social occasions as Dunbar's religious poems were written for occasions in the church calendar; they are poems in a sense written to order, exercises in a mode, art poetry, and their excellence lies essentially in their formal qualities.

A lesser poet, perhaps Clerk, has scorned both the game of love and the love poet's pursuit of conceits with which to gratify his audience:

> Fane wald I luve bot quhair about?
> Thair is so mony luvaris þairowt
> That thair is left no place to me

Quhair of I hovit now in dowt
Gif I sowld luve, or lat it be.

So mony ar thair ladeis treitis
With trivmphand amowres balleitis
And dois þair bewteis pryiss so he
That I find not bot daft consaitis
To say of luve. Bot lat it be.
(ll.1–10)

Scott, more than the other poets in Bannatyne, exploits the conceit. He has that rare quality in a poet, the ability to 'converse', with complete naturalness, in verse, in moments of higher lyricism to transform the speaking into the singing voice. So MacQueen, commenting on the range of styles he employs has observed:

> Scott was also an accomplished performer in the high style, which most modern tastes find less congenial than the middle and low. It is probably fair to say that for twentieth century readers his greatest achievement is to combine the singing with the speaking voice in poems which after four centuries still preserve their urgency and flavour.[16]

The 'urgency' of the love poems results peculiarly from the tension between this easy and accomplished discourse and the intellectual toughness, the sometimes precarious tautness with which his conceits are teased into being. In a sense, as his singing voice is in part the product of the context of public performance within which and for which he was writing, some poems written to be sung and some for recitation or address, his perfection of the conceit is a response to the competitive social situation which Clerk observed with such disdain. There was nothing new to say of the game of love; no poet chose, in so patently ritualised and unnatural a context as that of courtly song and dance, to reveal the 'quyet secreitis' of his heart. Rather he strove to dress out his protestations, or the emotions appropriate to his despairing state, in the way best calculated to give to his audience not the pleasure of new discovery but a pleasure in part that of recognition and affirmation of convention, in part that associated with the trained appreciation of any artefact, pleasure in its execution and its resultant perfect form. In poems as different as *Rycht as þe glass bene thirlit thrucht with bemis, Vp, helsum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp, Considdir, hairt, my trew intent, Quha is perfyte to put in wryt*, and *Depairte, depairte, depairte,* Scott attains this perfection. His audience would not have wanted more, and a modern audience which seeks to find more runs the grave risk of breaching the decorum Scott so immaculately preserves.

Depairte, depairte, depairte is the song of a lover taking leave of his lady; the music survives and the connection with the 'Master of Erskyn', for whom Scott wrote the poem, has been established.[17] Some time after the death of the Master at Pinkie in 1547 the poem acquired its usual title, *The Lament of the Master of Erskine*, and its elegiac overtones.

The particular poignancy that a stanza like the last has acquired is thus no true part of the poem:

> Adew my awin sueit thing, my ioy and comforting,
> My mirth and sollesing of erdly gloir.
> Fair weill, my lady bricht and my remembrance rycht,
> Fair weill and haif gud nycht. I say no moir.

But, as *Tayis Bank* is in a sense emblematic of Scotland's aureate age, so this stanza lingers in the mind, recalling the 'ioy and comforting' of 'commonyng' at court, the 'sollesing of erdly gloir' in the song and dance of the game of love as the earnest argument of *In May as that Aurora did vpspring*, the scornful harangue of *3e blyndit luvaris, luke,* and the thundering sermon of Douglas's fourth prologue bring *Ballattis of Luve* to a close:

> With bemes schene thow bricht Cytherea,
> Quhilk only schaddowis among sterris lite,
> And thy blind wingit sone Cupido, 3e twa
> Fosterreris of birnyng carnall het delite,
> 3our ioly wo neidlingis most I endite,
> Begynning with ane fen3eit faynt plesance,
> Continewith with lust, and endis with pennance.
>
> In fragill flesche 3our febill seid is saw,
> Rutit in delyte, welth and fude delicate,
> Nureist with slewith and mony vnsemelie saw
> Quhair schame is loist thair spreidis 3our burgeons hate.
> Oft to revolue ane vnlefull consait
> Rypis 3our perrellis fructis and vncorne.
> Off wicket grane how sall gude schaif be schorne?
>
> Quhat is 3our force bot febling of the strenth,
> 3our curious thochtis quhat bot missery?
> 3our fremmit glaidnes restis not ane houris lenth.
> 3our sport for schame 3e dar not specify.
> 3our fruct is bot vnfructous fantessy.
> 3our sory ioyis bene bot iangling and iaipis,
> and 3our trew serwandis silly Godis aipis.
> (ll.1–21)

NOTES

1 *Bannatyne*, II, pp.178–80; a Scots version of stanzas 4, 13–21 of Lydgate's *A Dietary, and a Doctrine for Pestilence.*
2 *O foly hairt*, 1.40.
3 Helena Shire, *Dance and Poetry*, p.21.
4 The examples are all from the first stanza. Compare also the use of the lady as 'manslaar' figure in this poem and *Brycht sterne of bewtie and well of lustines.*
5 *Bannatyne*, III, p.341.
6 *Ballattis of Luve*, pp.liii–iv.
7 By a later hand.
8 By the same later hand.
9 MacQueen, *Ballattis of Luve*, p.lii.
10 *Ibid.* pp.lii–iii. It seems more likely that *Oppressit hairt* is an independent return to the convention.
11 *Bannatyne*, III, p.265.
12 *Bannatyne*, III, pp.292–3.
13 *Ibid.*, pp.270–2.
14 Lait, lait, on sleip as I wes laid
This hindir nycht my rest to tak,
To me in sleip appeird a maid
And gudly wordis to me scho spak.
Scho bad þat I suld comfort mak,
'For I am scho þat help 3ow may.'
Gudly in my armis I did hir tak,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Quhat garmond come scho in, trest 3e?
In till ane mantill of lusty blew.
It sett hir weill, as semit me.
Sayand scho wes ane luvar trew,
Scho said to me as I say 3ow—
Quhat war þe wordis I did 3ow pray?—
That lufe for lufe scho wald renew,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Hir hair wes lyk þe oppynnit silk,
Ane mantill of luve our me scho spred
And, with hir body quhyt as milk,
Vnto my bed scho maid a braid.
Softly talkand to me scho said,
'Be 3e on sleip?' and I said, 'Nay'.
Hir chirry lippis to me scho laid,
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Than in my armes I did hir brace.
With gudly wordis scho said to me
'O ser, how lyk 3e this solace?
Content 3e this? Tell me', quod sche.
I said, 'Maistres, 3is verrelie.
No thing to pleiss me bettir may
Nor with 3our persone evir to be.'
Bot quhen I walknyt scho wes away.

Scho sayis, 'God keip 3ow. Now I go.'
Than I kist hir. Allace, me thocht.
Than vp scho raiss and went me fro . . .

(The poem is incomplete because two leaves, folios 232 and 233, are missing.)

15 *Bannatyne*, IV, pp.15–16.
16 MacQueen, *Ballattis of Luve*, pp.lxii–iii.
17 See especially Helena Shire, *Dance and Poetry*, pp.47–8, 53, 58–9, and MacQueen, *Ballattis of Luve*, pp.xxxviii–ix, 90.

Chapter 9

Fabillis wyiss and sapient: Of man be fegour of ane vþer thing

My freindis, thir storeis subsequent,
Albeid bot fabillis thay present,
ȝit devyne doctowris of iugement
Sayis thair ar hid, but dowt,
Grave materis wyiss and sapient,
Vnder the workis of poyetis gent.
(George Bannatyne, *To the Redar*, ll.1–6)

Quhen riallest, most redowttit, and he,
Magnificat crownit kingis in maieste,
Princis, duces, and marquis curiouss,
Erlis, barronis, and knychttis chevelrouss,
And gentillmen of he genolegye
As scutiferais and squieris full courtlye,
Ar assemblit and sett in a ryell se
With namit folkis of he nobilite,
Thair talk þat tyme in table honorable,
Befoir lordingis and ladeis amiable,
Is oft singing and sawis of solace
Quhair melody is þe mirthfull maistrace—
Ermy deidis in auld dayis done afoir,
Croniculis, gestis, storeis and mich moir,
Manestralis among mvsicianis merely
To haif hairtis in hevinly armony—
So semis it weill þat suthly so war ay.
Quhat is þe warld without plesance or play
Bot passionale?
(*Colkelbie Sow*, ll.1–19)

Henryson dominates Bannatyne's *Fabillis*, a more commanding presence than that of Scott in *Ballattis of Luve*, a more sustained and less various presence than that of Dunbar in *Ballettis Mirry*. Ten of the thirteen fables, intruded on by *The Houlate*, *The Traitie of Orpheus King*, and *This hindir ȝeir I hard be tald*, make up the greater part of a sequence which has for Bannatyne its own validity and which is defined by example. As was the practice in each of the first four sections of the Manuscript, the early poems are so arranged as to establish the essential character of the fable genre, which following poems either accept or amplify. All of the Bannatyne fables are of course narrative poems, but a more important mark of identity is the seriousness which derives from the poet's consciousness of vocation, a seriousness more ample and therefore more accommodating than that of the moral lyric, but without

the sometimes harsh sense of the vanity of human wishes which lies behind the major comic poems. Henryson's poems, not because they are numerically predominant but because they are so searching and so rich an exercise in so constrained a medium, because they exhibit this deep seriousness so fully, both define the moral and philosophic function of the allegorical narrative poem and declare the poet's responsibility to his vocation. The three Henryson prologues are therefore of primary importance as statements. They lack the reasoned explicitness of later Renaissance apologies for poetry, even of Douglas's much more expansive *Palice of Honour*, but they do nonetheless, in Henryson's characteristically understated way, make large claims for the poet, particularly for his providing the most valuable, the furthest reaching of all man's attempts to stretch human wisdom towards the unattainable knowledge of God.

John MacQueen has argued that there is some significance in the order in which the *Fabillis* occur in Bannatyne, 'a significance which in the other authorities is lost'.[1] If the prologues are taken in the order in which they are found there they make, as Bannatyne would appear to have seen, a sequence of statements about poetry and the poet which develops incrementally and which is strongly reinforced in its development by the content of the associated fables, including those which Bannatyne has intruded into the Henrysonian series. The first two poems, *The Preiching of the Swallow* (to which the first of Henryson's prologues belongs) and *The Houlate*, are poems of grand design and catholic statement. In both all creation is invoked and in both there is a contrast between the wisdom and providence of God manifest in the richness and order of creation and the blind folly of mankind, 'Ay scraipand in þis wardlis vaine plesaunce' (*Preiching*, l.296), in despite of the exhortation of the 'halye precheour' (*Preiching*, l.303) or the 'mirrour' offered by the ill-fortuned 'houlate'. The linked sequence of three which follows, *The Taill of Schir Chantecleir and the Foxe, The Taill how this Foirsaid Tod Maid his Confessioun to Freir Wolf Waitskaith*, and *The Taill of the Sone and Air of the Foirsaid Fox, Callit Father Wer; alswa The Parliament of Fourfuttit Beistis Haldin be the Lyoun*, is similarly concerned with man's inability to see beyond the temptations of 'this warld', to triumph over his 'monye thochtis vane' (*Parliament*, ll.295, 324), and may therefore be seen as a set of specific exemplifications of the general thesis. Both *The Traitie of Orpheus King* and *This hindir ȝeir I hard be tald* develop the contrast declared in *The Preiching*, the one through its allegory of Christ's redemption, the other through its assertion of man's high lineage and the power of reason—

> Fair Phebus is þe god of sapience.
> Caliope his wyfe is eloquence.
> Thir twa mareit gat Orpheus belyfe
> Quhilk callit is the pairte intelletyfe
> Off manis saule and vndirstanding, fre
> And seperat fra sensualitie.
> *The Traitie of Orpheus King* (ll.425–30)

It is important also in this developing *schema*, given that creation is represented in both *The Preiching of the Swallow* and *The Houlate* by

the bird world, and in the following sequence by the *Parliament of Fourfuttit Beistis*, that Henryson's defence of animal fables and assertion of the rich and diverse representativeness of the animal world should precede *The Traitie of Orpheus*, with its assertion of the primacy of reason:

> Thoucht brutale bestis be irrationale,
> That is to say lakking discretioun,
> ȝit ilkane in thair kyndis naturale
> Hes monye diuerss inclinatioun:
> The bair bustouss, the wolf, þe wyld lyoun,
> The fox, fenȝeit, craftye and cautelouss,
> The dog to berk in nycht and keip the houss.
>
> So different thay bene in propirteis,
> Vnknawin vnto man and infynite,
> In kynd haifand so fele diuersiteis,
> My connyng it excedis for to dyte.
> Forthy as now my purpois is to wryte
> A cass I fand, quhilk fell this hinder ȝere
> Betuix a fox and gentill Chanteclere.
> (*Schir Chantecleir*, ll.1–14)

The second of the three prologues, that attached to *The Taill of the Cok and the Iasp*, thus follows a coherent sequence of fables and, in its proclamation of the poet's role, both draws on the richness of the depiction of the musician Orpheus's lineage and recalls the ineffectuality of the swallow as preacher, his failure to free man from the 'presoun' of his blindness described in the second and third stanzas of the prologue to *The Preiching of the Swallow:*

> Thairfore, our saull with sensualitie
> So fettrit is in presoun corporale
> We may nocht cleirlye vndirstand nor see
> God as he is, a thing celestiale.
> Oure mirk and deidlye corss materiale
> Blindis þe spirituall operatioun,
> Lyke as man war bundin in presoun.
>
> In *Metaphisik* Aristotle sayis
> That man saule is lyke ane bakkis ee
> Quhilk lurkis still, as lang as lycht of day is,
> And in þe gloming cumis furth to flee.
> Hir eine ar waik. þe sun scho may nocht see.
> So is oure saule with phantesye opprest
> To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.
> (ll.8–21)

This prologue introduces a group of fables which have a more direct social and political application, concluding with *The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mous*, a fable which deals with the proper relation between a king and his people and to which the third of the prologues is attached. Henryson's two statements about poetry and the poet's role, the answer

which these two may offer to the dilemma posed in the first prologue, thus begin and conclude a second coherent sequence, and there is a measure of appropriateness in the attachment of the fuller of the two statements to a fable dealing with the place of the king in the social contract. Dunbar's *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past*, which follows immediately, is thus not only a poem in which there is similarly a parliament and an endorsement of the proper use of regal authority, but one in which the poet explicitly offers counsel to his king. Bannatyne's first four categories of poetry have established the primacy of man's communication, through prayer or hymns of praise, with God; endorsed the 'reminder' function of poetry, manifest at the simplest level in *memento mori* or *contemptus mundi* poems, at the richest in poems which assume, with varying degrees of explicitness, that all creation can be read as a lesson or reminder of mortality; and allowed both comic exploration and the consolation of poems which indulge in various lighter sorts of comedy and in the peculiarly human and most fragile of comedies, that of love. The *Fabillis* were a late addition to the *Ballat Buke* and they add to it a dimension otherwise lacking, drawing the uses of poetry so far displayed together into one serious, catholic and multi-faceted kind of poetry which exhibits the employment of the creative imagination to explain as much as is explicable, the reaching of the human mind towards even a limited understanding of the meaning of life.

Two poems argue this claim for poetry with some force. Thus, in *The Traitie of Orpheus King*, itself about the struggle between the intellectual and the affective appetites, the constrained and pedagogically conducted *mortalitas* at once makes quite explicit one basic but essentially limited level of allegorical meaning and underlines, in its contrast with the richly suggestive message of Henryson's narrative, both its own shortcomings and the strength of the poet's, as opposed to the scholar's view. Orpheus, in the *moralitas*, is identified as 'the pairte intelletyfe/Off manis saule and vndirstanding' (ll.428–9), as man's intellectual power, but the *moralitas* defines this only by reference to Orpheus's parents, Phoebus, 'god of sapience', and Calliope 'eloquence', and does not otherwise detail the lineage which the poet so stresses in the opening stanzas. Orpheus is a musician and his mother 'finder of all armony' (l.67): it is appropriate to the fable that 'The sueit lecour of all mvsik perfyte' (l.70) that he took from his mother should be both the 'armony celestiall' (l.59) of which he learns something in his journey through the spheres and his inherited skill as a musician—if a neglected and ill-understood skill as the failure of his music to comfort would suggest.[2] But Orpheus's high lineage includes the Muses, who preside over poetry as well as song, who are collectively the source of poetic art and poetic learning; he is divinely descended from the union of Jupiter and Memoria 'Vpone the mont of Electone' (l.29), Helicon, home of the Muses and source of poetic inspiration. If, then, he is

> degenerat,
> Nocht following of his progenitour
> The worthe rewll and þe lordly estait
> (ll.9–11)

as the poem but not the *moralitas* would argue, it is because he has failed to use the divine gifts of his inherited inspiration to reveal something of the celestial harmony, of 'The he prudence and wirking mervellus,/The profound wit of God omnipotent,/. . . Excelland fer all manis argument'. (*Preiching*, ll.1–2, 4). The narrative of the fable would not, of course, have allowed Orpheus to do so but his degeneracy is the greater because he is not just man's intellectual power, which the *moralitas* equates with reason, but poetic inspiration. The claim for poetry is asserted even though it is not realised.

Even in the best of circumstances, of course, because man's understanding is so far removed from God's wisdom, the poet's view is imperfect, can only be, as man's can only be, one of glimpses. In a more pertinent, because explicit, statement of this position Gavin Douglas's dreamer-poet in *The Palice of Honour* serves a comprehensive apprenticeship as poet but is still unable to reveal the ultimate truths. Douglas's poet, arrested by Venus as Chaucer's dreamer was by the God of Love in the prologue to the *Legends of Good Women*, sees the court of the Muses, and its attendant poets, approach:

> '3one is', quod thay, 'the Court Rethoricall
> Of Poet termis, singand Poeticall,
> And constant ground of famous storeis sweit.
> 3one is the facound well Celestiall,
> 3one is the Fontane and Originall
> Quhairfra the well of Helicon dois fleit.
> 3one ar the folk that comfortis euerie spreit
> Be fine delite and dite Angelicall,
> Causand gros leid of maist gudnes gleit.
>
> 3one is the Court of plesand stedifastnes,
> 3one is the Court of constant merines,
> 3one is the Court of Ioyous discipline,
> Quhilk causis folk their purpois to expres
> In ornate wise, prouokand with glaidnes
> All gentill hartis to thair lair Incline.
> Euerie famous Poeit men may deuine
> Is in 3one rout. Lo, 3onder their Princes,
> Thespis, Mother of the Musis nine.'
> (ll.835–52)

The power of poetry to delight, to comfort, and to teach is celebrated, as is the long and honourable tradition of poetry evoked through the catalogue of laurel crowned poets, 'Of wise, degest, Eloquent Fathers trew' (l.793). With the blessing of the Muses he begins a long apprentice's journey, a poetic representation of Boccaccio's insistence that to aspire to the vocation of poet one needs first 'to behold the monuments and relics of the Ancients, to have in one's memory the histories of the nations, and to be familiar with the geography of various lands, of seas, rivers and mountains'.[3] But even with this training, and with all the authority of the great tradition behind him, Douglas's

dreamer-poet falls momentarily blinded at his keyhole glimpse of God in the hall of 'hie honour':

> And to proceid, my Nimphe and I furth went
> Straicht to the Hall throwout the Palice gent,
> And ten stages of Topas did ascend.
> Schute was the dure; in at a boir I blent,
> Quhair I beheld the glaidest represent
> That euer in eirth I, wretchit Catiue, kend.
> Breiflie this proces to conclude and end,
> Methocht the flure was all of Amatist,
> Bot quhairof war the wallis I not wist.
>
> The multitude of precious stanis seir
> Thairon sa schane my febill sicht but weir
> Micht not behald thair verteous gudlines.
> For all the Ruif, as did to me appeir,
> Hang full of plesand lowpit Sapheiris cleir,
> Of Dyamontis and Rubeis, as I ges.
> War all the buirdis maid of maist riches,
> Of Sardanis, of Iasp and Smaragdane.
> Traistis, Formis and benkis war poleist plane.
>
> Baith to and fro amid the Hall thay went,
> Royall Princes in plait and Armouris quent,
> Of birneist gold couchit with precious stanis.
> Enthronit sat ane God Omnipotent,
> On quhais glorious visage as I blent,
> In extasie be his brichtnes atanis
> He smote me doun and brissit all my banis.
> Thair lay I still in swoun with colour blaucht,
> Quhill at the last my Nimphe vp hes me caucht.
> (ll.1900–26)

And so the understanding towards which the poet, through his imagination, reaches in a way that the scholar cannot, is part of a hidden wisdom, as the prologue attached to *The Taill of the Cok and the Iasp* argues and the tale itself exemplifies. The three prologues, then, have a special importance. The first stanzas of *The Preiching of the Swallow* contrast God's unattainable wisdom, 'The profound wit of God omnipotent', with man's feeble comprehending, yet suggest that, if man had eyes to see, God's wisdom is all about him; the prologue to *The Cok and the Iasp* develops this theme and suggests that the poet is a visionary, has a special, seer-like power, and may be able to communicate through his poetry, something of the truth. The first twelve stanzas of *The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mous*, through the special qualities given to Aesop, further and make more explicit the consciousness of vocation which, in his *Testament*, Henryson so powerfully assumes.

The first thirteen stanzas of *The Preiching of the Swallow* make, first of all, a hymn to creation. Henryson begins with the argument, developed to a different end in Douglas's tenth prologue, that

The he prudence and wirking mervelus,
The profound wit of God onmipotent,
Is so perfyt and so ingenis,
Excelland fer all mannis argument.
(ll.1–4)

In the two following stanzas he gives two illustrations of man's inability to comprehend God's workings, that of the man bound by his own sensuality, as if imprisoned, and that, drawn from Aristotle's *Metaphisik*, likening man's soul to 'ane bakkis ee'.[4] The next two stanzas affirm the feebleness of man's comprehension but assert that, through God's creatures, we may know something of him:

For God is in his power infinyte
And mannis saule is febill and owir small,
Off vndirstanding waik and vnperfyse
To comprehend him þat contenis all.
Non suld presume be reasoun naturale
To serche þe secretis of þe Trinetie,
Bot trow fermlie and lat dirk ressounis be.

3it, nevirþeles, we may hawe knawlegeing
Off God almychtie be his creatouris.
That he is guid, fair, wyiss and bening
Exemple takis be thir iolye flouris
Rycht sweit off smell and plesand of colouris—
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpure, quhyte and ride,
Thus distribute þe gift of his Godheid.
(ll.22–35)

The music of the spheres, the four elements, the creatures of the earth, the seasons: from all these man 'may hawe knawlegeing / Off God almychtie'. These stanzas are, of course, both part of the introductory argument and part of the following tale: the two cannot be too arbitrarily held distinct though the first greatly enlarges the significance of the second.[5] The first season described is summer, the most fully described winter. The narrative begins in spring, the season of life and growth; the source of wisdom, the swallow, has something of the oracular character that the bird speakers have in the moral lyrics; the wisdom offered and scorned is that man should prepare against the winter of the soul, and not be seduced by the brief comforts of the summer.

Quhilk as þe caff ar tome without substaunce,
Litill of vaill and full of variance.
(ll.298–9)

The tale thus endorses, by urging the individual application of this lesson, the premise of the opening stanzas. But the two together, because of the expanded reference which the introductory stanzas encourage, make much more than a moral lesson, an invitation to exploratory and interpretative thought, to a 'reading' of God's creation.

The second prologue, that conventionally attached to *The Cok and*

the Iasp, demonstrates the same degree of integration with the fable that follows, the cock symbolising the vain reader, 'ennemy to science and cunnyng' (l.148), and the jasp the 'perfyt prudens' (l.128) which equates with the 'morall sueit sentence' that springs from '*þe* scitell dyt of poetre' (ll.12–13) even as the flowers or corn spring from the rude earth, or the kernel can be found in the nut's hard shell. The fable, with its own sophisticated interplay between narrative and *moralitas*, can and does stand alone; but it gains a particular strength through its dramatisation of one aspect of the thesis of the prologue—that flowers and corn are won by those that cultivate them, the wisdom in poetry by those who can read the subtle art of making to good effect.

Henryson makes other points in this prologue, some nonetheless important for being conventional:

> Thocht fenȝeit fables of auld poetre
> Be nocht grundit all vpoun trewth, ȝit than
> Thair poleit termis of sueit retory
> Ar rycht plesand vnto the heir of man,
> And als *þe* causs quhi thay first began
> Was to repreife *þe* vyce of mysdoing
> Of man be fegour of ane vper thing.
>
> In lyk maner as throw a busteois erd,
> So it be lawborit with grit diligence,
> Springis *þe* flouris and *þe* cornis brerd,
> Hailsum and gud to manis sustenence,
> So springis *þair* a morall sueit sentence
> Out of *þe* scitell dyt of poetre,
> To gud purpoiss quha culd it rycht aply.
>
> Thir nutis schellis, thocht *þai* be hard and tuich,
> Thay hald *þe* cirnall sueit and delectable.
> So, lyis *þair* a doctryne wyse anewch
> And full of fruct vndir a fenȝeit fable.
> As clerkis sayis it is rycht proffitable
> Amang ernyst to myng a merry sport
> To blyth *þe* spreit and gar *þe* tyme be schort.
>
> For, as we se, *þe* bow *þat* ay is bent
> Wordis vnsmart and dullis on *þe* string.
> So dois *þe* mynd *þat* is ay diligent
> In ernyst thocht and in studdeing.
> With sad materis sum mirriness to myng
> Accordis weill; thus Isop, I wiss:
> Dulcius arrident seria picta iocis.
>
> Of *þis* poyet, my masteris with ȝour leife,
> I me deffer to ȝour correctioun
> In moder tong of Latyne I wald preife
> To mak a maner of translatioun.
> Nocht of my self for vane presumptioun,
> Bot be requeist and prayeris of a lord,
> Off quhome *þe* name it neidis nocht record.

In hamely langage and in termes rud
Me neidis wryt, for quhy of eloquence
No rethory I neuir vndirstud.
Thairfoir meikly I pray 3our reuerens
Gife 3e fynd ocht þat throw my negligence,
Or diminut, or 3it superfluys,
Correct at 3our willis gratius.

Myne auctour in his fable tellis fow
þat brutall beistis spak and vndirstud
And till gud purpoiss dispit and argow,
A sylogysme propone, and eik exclud,
Putting axample and symiltitude
How mony men in operatioun
Ar lyk to beistis in þair conditioun.

No mervell is a man be lyk a beist
Quhilk leivis ay in carnall fowll delyte,
That schame can nocht deren3e nor arreist,
Bot takis all þair lust and appetyt,
Quhilk throw þe custome and þe dayly ryte
Syn in þe mynd is sa fast radicat
That he in brutall beist be transformat.

This noble clerk Ysop, as I haif towld,
In gay metir facound and purperat,
Be fegour wret his buk, for he nocht wowld
Tak þe disdane of he nor law estate.
And to begyn first at a cok he wrate
Seikand his meit quhilk fand a goly stone,
Off quhome þe fable 3e sall heir annone.
(ll.1–63)

Learning can properly, and profitably, be mixed with pleasure; the mind responds to study and contemplation the better for being allowed some relaxation, for being entertained; the poet denies any 'vane presumptioun' on his own part by declaring his work 'ane maner of translatioun' (l.32) made 'be requeist and prayeris of lord' (l.34); he similarly offers an apology for his ignorance of rhetoric and for his necessarily translating into 'hamely langage' and 'termes rud' (l.36); and, using his author as authority, concludes by expressing no wonder that men can so readily be likened to beasts (ll.50–6). Each of the three points made in this stanza deserves notice. The mock apology is conventional and, like all conventions, variously used. In this instance, it is used partly for its gently tongue-in-cheek effect but largely, as MacQueen has noticed, to define the stylistic level which Henryson finds proper to fables, neither 'diminut' nor 'superfluys'.[6] In the same way, particularly in view of his reference here to the 'noble clerk Ysop' and the terms of his later, fuller description of Aesop in the third prologue, Henryson's denial of 'vane presumptioun' on his own part has to be read as ironical. The poet's vocation, his 'presumptioun', is not vain, nor is it to be disparaged. Though Henryson uses Aesop to justify describing the ways of men

through beast allegory, it is Henryson himself who is so strongly censorious of man's susceptibility to 'carnall fowll delyte' (l.51). And this is not the stance of a translator.

The third prologue, that preceding *The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mous*, develops this brief statement of the poet's role and status:

> In myddis of Iune, þat ioly sueit sessoun,
> Quhen þat fair Phebus with his bemis brycht
> Had dryit vp þe dew fra daill and doun
> And all the land maid with his lemys lycht,
> In a mornyng betuix midday and nycht
> I raiss, and put all slewth and sleip on syd,
> Ontill a wod I went allone but gyd.
>
> Sueit wes the smell of flouris quhyt and reid,
> The noyis of birdis rycht delicius,
> The bewis bred blwmyt abone my heid,
> The grund growand with gress gratius,
> Off all plesans that place wes plenteus,
> With sueit odour and birdis armony,
> The mornyng myld: my mirth wes mair for thy.
>
> The roissis reid arreyit rone and ryss,
> The prumross and the purpour viola,
> To heir it was a poynt of paradyss,
> Sic myrth the maviss and the merle cowth ma.
> The blosummis blyth brak vp on bank and bra,
> The smell of herbis, and of fowlis cry
> Contending quha suld haif þe victory.
>
> Me to conserf than fra the sonis heit,
> Vndir the schaddow of an awthorne grene
> I lenyt doun amangis the flouris sueit,
> Syne maid a corss and closit baith myne ene.
> On sleip I fell amang the bewis bene
> And in my dreme me thocht come throw þe schaw
> The fairest man befoir þat evir I saw.
>
> His goun wes of a claith als quhyt as mylk,
> His chymmeris were of chamelet purpour broun,
> His hude of skarlet, bordowrit with silk,
> In hekle wyss vntill his girdill doun,
> His bonat round wes of þe auld fassoun.
> His heid was quhyt, his ene wes grene and gray
> With lokar hair quhilk our his schulderis lay.
>
> A roll of paper in his hand he bair,
> A swannis pen stickand vndir his eir,
> Ane ynkhorne with a pretty gilt pennair,
> A bag of silk all at his belt he weir,
> Thus wes he gudly grathit in his geir.
> Of stature lerge and with a feirfull face,
> Evin quhair I lay he come a sturdy pace.

And said, 'God speid, my sone'. And I wes fane
Off þat cowth word and of his cumpany.
With reuerence I salust him agane:
'Welcum fader', and he sat doun me by.
'Displeiss 3ow nocht, my gud maister, thocht I
Demand 3our birth, 3our faculty and name,
Quhy 3e come heir, or quhair 3e dwell at hame.'

'My sone,' said he, 'I am of gentill blude.
My natall land is Rome, withowttin nay,
And in þat toun first to þe scoullis 3ude
And science studeit mony a day
And now my winnyng is in Hevin for ay.
Isope I hecht. My wrytin and my werk
Is cowth and kend to mony cunnand clerk.'

'O maistir Ysop, poet lawreat,
God wait 3e ar full deir welcum to me.
Ar 3e nocht he þat all thir fabillis wrate
Quhilk, in effect, suppoiss they fen3eit be,
Ar full of prowdens and moralite?'
'Fair sone,' said he, 'I am þat samyne man.'
God wait gif þat my hairt wes mirry than.

I said, 'Isop, my maistir venerable,
I 3ow beseik hairtly, for cherite,
3e wald dedene to tell a pretty feble
Concludand with a gud moralitie.'
Schakand his heid he said, My sone, lat be.
For quhat is worth to tell a fen3eit taill
Quhen haill preiching may no thing now awaill?

'Now in this warld me think rycht few, or nane,
Till Godis word that hes deuotioun.
The eir is deiff, the hairt is hard as stane,
Now oppin syn without correctioun,
The e inclynand to þe erd ay doun,
Sua rowstit is þe warld with kanker blak
That my taillis may littill succour mak.'

'3it, gentill ser,' said I, 'for my requeist
Nocht till displeiss 3our fadirheid, I pray,
Vndir þe figure of sum brutall beist
A morall fable 3e wald dedene to say.
Quha wate nor I may leir and beir away
Sum thing þairby heireftir may awaill?'
'I grant', quod he, and thus begowth a taill.
(ll.1–84)

Here, again, Henryson speaks not directly of himself as poet but of Aesop, an obliqueness which is perhaps deliberately and strategically self-effacing inasmuch as the lion is plainly James III, the lords the Scot-

tish nobility, and the mouse the common people of Scotland.[7] Henryson's counsel, of poet to king, gains authority from Aesop's presence and, as the poet in the prologue to *The Preiching of the Swallow* was the recipient of that bird's oracular advice so, in this poem, he is the visionary whose dream calls up an ancient source of wisdom and whose powers enable him to offer counsel in a cankered world where 'haill preiching may no thing now awaill' (l.70):

> Quha wate nor I may leir and beir away
> Sum thing þairby heireftir may awaill?
> (ll.82–3)

The poet dreams, it may be noted, in the world's summer and, while he responds to its beauty, the fullness of the creation described in *The Preiching of the Swallow*, he feels the need to shelter from the 'sonis heit' (l.22) and there is perhaps an edge to his finding pleasure in the noise of the birds 'Contending quha suld haif þe victory' (l.21). There is also, here as in *The Preiching of the Swallow*, a suggestion of accession to a higher wisdom in the use of the hawthorn to define the poet's resting place.[8] That the poem is a dream vision is, of course, again significant. Aesop, as he appears to the dreaming poet, combines aspects of the delineation of allegorical figures, like Holychurche in *Piers Plowman*, with realistic, probably autobiographical, and certainly contemporary, detail. The one connotes the accumulated wisdom available to man which Aesop represents, whilst the other carries sufficient detail to make the association with Henryson himself apparent. Thus Aesop is 'The fairest man befoir þat evir I saw' (l.28) but 'with a feirfull face' (l.41).[9] His paper, quill, penholder and silken bag are emblematic details, but his clothes are consistent with a contemporary description of the academic dress of a fifteenth-century doctor and, like Henryson himself, he has at 'þe scoullis . . . science studeit'[10] (ll.52–3). Henryson of course, is his own interlocutor, and he is able to provide Aesop with a more receptive audience than that figured forth in either *The Cok and the Iasp* or *The Preiching of the Swallow*. There is more sadness than anger in the judgement that there are:

> Now in this warld me think rycht few, or nane,
> Till Godis word that hes deuotioun.
> The eir is deiff, the hairt is hard as stane,
> Now oppin syn without correctioun,
> The e inclynand to þe erd ay doun,
> Sua rowstit is þe warld with kanker blak
> That my taillis may littill succour mak.
> (ll.71–7)

Henryson's three prologues thus make an integrated and formidable statement of God's ubiquitous presence and the poverty of man's response; of the parallel that exists between God's creation and the poet's, the latter, of course, a servant of the former but created in its image and possessing a parallel difficulty of comprehension; of the special place that the poet's imagination may have in guiding man towards some bridging of the gap between man's knowledge and God's; of

the special place that the poet has, in the social contract, as counsellor to the king, a place which derives from both the accumulated authority of the poet and his sage-like detachment from the contemporary political, as opposed to the eternal moral, situation. Douglas's *Palice of Honour* makes a statement similar in intent though different in its emphases and its amplifications, a more elaborated and determined manifesto. Henryson, in these three prologues, articulates, albeit without the explicitness of a treatise, a philosophy of poetry which is profound, responsible, imaginative in its use of its resources, sure aesthetically because it is sure morally and spiritually, aware of those limitations which a creation of men, addressed to men, necessarily has. That it is a christian philosophy gives it both strengths and weaknesses; but neither its seriousness nor its aspirations can be denied.

Not all of the fables assembled by Bannatyne subscribe to this exacting formula. Henryson acknowledged with the clerks that

> . . . it is rycht proffitable
> Amang ernyst to myng a merry sport
> To blyth þe spreit and gar þe tyme be schort.
> (*Cok and the Iasp*, ll.19–21)

And the anonymous author of the bizarre *Colkelbie Sow* set the sort of entertainment the poet might offer more explicitly in the court context. None of the writers of the fables would have denied Henryson's statement of the highest aims of poetry, but all would have recognised also the social uses of literature. One of these is the provision of entertainment and, at the opposite extreme from Henryson's *The Traitie of Orpheus King*, or the three fables the prologues of which have just been discussed, are poems like *The Freiris of Berwik* and *Robene sat on gud grene hill* which subordinate any higher or didactic function to that of making 'sum sport / And recreatioun the cumpany to confort' (*Colkelbie Sow*, ll.19–20). The essence remains, though the proportions are markedly different. Thus *Robene sat on gud grene hill* is a pastourelle and the chief pleasure it offers is a refined delight in its art, in the grace and economy of the lovers' exchanges and the humour of their reversing positions. But, while the proverb Makyne adduces is pertinent enough in context and does nothing to disturb the pastoral decorum, the fact that it is a proverb, and has the generality of a proverb, establishes it as a rule of conduct which may have other, and wider, applications:

> Robene, thow hes hard soung and say
> In gestis and storeis auld.
> The man that will nocht quhen he may
> Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
> (ll.89–92)

This effect is heightened by the poignant finality of Makyne's further rejoinder to Robene's pleading:

> Robene, þat warld is all away
> And quyt brocht till ane end
> And never again þairto, perfay,
> Sall it be as thow wend.
> (ll.105–8)

The touch remains light, the delicacy of the poem unaffected. But there is enough in the suggestion of time and opportunity lost to add a further dimension to the poem, to cause the audience momentarily to pause.

The Freiris of Berwik, similarly, would be damaged by any attempt to read too heavy a moral into it. The poem is of the fabliau type, its pleasure that of a good story well told, of skilful elaboration to whet the appetite for narrative, as in the description of the towers of Berwick, economical telling, rich appreciation of the detail of situations. It cannot be described as having a moral purpose yet it is, at the simplest level, a moral poem: rough justice is done and the greater part of the laughter provoked is at the discomfiture of the guilty. Like *Colkelbie Sow* it could have been placed amongst the *Ballettis Mirry*. While it is perhaps here intended by Bannatyne to provide some relief from the more morally serious poems that precede it, it does not disturb the tenor of *Fabillis Wyiss and Sapient* but, by its presence, argues for the accommodating nature of the view of poetry outlined in Henryson's prologues and intelligently illustrated by Bannatyne's division into categories, partly by function and partly by content.

Bannatyne's ordering of his five categories gives primacy to the religious poems, which have the special function of prayer, of being converse with God, which assume complete orthodoxy and the acceptance of values which do not need to be stated. The didactic function of poetry, again with a completely orthodox frame of belief, is declared next, in the moral lyrics. As the didactic function is amplified, by the comic poems and the love lyrics, it is made to allow both the exposure of vanities and the indulgence of them; both the imaginative interpretation of the human predicament which manifests its ridiculousness in the comic poems, and its falseness in the love lyrics, and the consolatory presentation which allows, as 'game', innocent merriment and unfettered indulgence in the 'feynit fantasie' of earthly love. In the fables, because the extremes are so definitive and the scale on which the poet is working so ample, one is made more aware of the various ways in which the occasional uses of literature intersect with the functional. Thus *Colkelbie Sow* has a didactic base, in its handling of the parable of the talents, but begins by ostensibly rejecting this, in its effort to 'mak sum sport/And recreatioun the cumpany to confort' (ll.19–20). The poet then goes on to propose a middle way, in the remaining lines of a proem which appears mere foolery but which makes a deliberate parallel between the poem which follows and the life of man, mirroring in one the random variety of the other, inviting the audience to 'read' his creation as it must indeed discriminatingly 'read' and learn from God's creation:

> Wold my lordis do se quho wold begin it,
> Quho sall furthschaw, or quho sall first fall in it?
> Quho with discreit correctioun of 3ow
> Bot I, quho hath begune this mater now?
> For begynnyng without end quhat availis
> Bet lyk a tre flureist quhair the fruct falis?
> To quhich all man, of quhat estait he be,
> With recent mynd suld evir haif his e
> Nocht to begin flureist and syne decress—
> The langir lyfe and gud loss than to cess.

Quhat sal be said bot at his ending he,
Frome on fair ymp, fell doun a widderit tre?
The lyfe is gone. The loss lesting is lost.
The begynning, thay say, was bot a wost.
Quhairfoir ȝe men, most honorable at all,
Quhich eternall wald haif memoriall,
Gyd ȝow so that first ȝour God plesit be
And obtene name and wirchep quhen ȝe de.
And quho will nocht eftir his gudly powere,
Considering his estait, go profess him a mertere
Or sustene lak so may he lyknit be
A fair flureiss fadit in a falty tre.
All be my self is this symylitude.
Suld I begin to sport and nocht conclude
Than wold ȝe all belyve say, 'Lo, him ȝondir,
That set to bourd and left it in a blondir.'
Quhairfoir I will say of my fantesy
Sum solasing to glaid this cumpany.
Bot, for Godis luve and his appostill Petir,
Pardoun the fulich face of this mad metir.
Sen þe sentence to feill is fantastike,
Lat the lettir and langage be such like.
Sen all the world changis so mony facis
I trest I will cast caissis vpoun caisis.
And so lat se quhat cais ȝe think most nyce—
Wisdome vmquhile holdis þe nycest wys,
So þat it be sport in discretioun,
Without odius crewale comparisoun.
Pairticular malice and all such thing removit,
The wyss nycest the wisest quhile is provit.
For quhich, knawing myne vnsufficience
To be comprysit preticiane with prudence,
I propone, nocht as wiss presumpteouss,
Bot raþir sport, myne awin spereit to reioss.
And my lordis to heir þat will deden,
Now I begin with titill est amen.
(ll.21–65)

There is a profound seriousness underneath the foolery, but it is one only apparent to an audience with a very sophisticated sense of the concessions poetry can make to occasion without losing any of its higher aspirations just as the blend of didacticism and fantastic foolery is only possible to a poet who can be completely sure of his audience's response.

The proem of *Colkelbie Sow*, then, stands in the same relation to the following three parts of the poem as does any one of Henryson's prologues to its tale. It invites the audience to interpret the poem as they should attempt to interpret God's creation, of which it is a small but emblematic part. But it is more emphatic than the Henrysonian prologue in its recognition of audience and occasion, primacy in the poem being given to the entertaining, the comforting function of court literature. It suggests what the three following parts of the poem demonstrate, not that the writer has achieved a simple compromise between two functions

of literature, the didactic and the entertaining, but that there is a highly adaptable poetic base which lends itself to an explicitly didactic allegorical narrative as readily as it does to any of the social uses of literature, to the decorative use of allegory or the simply entertaining use of narrative. If Henryson's three prologues establish what is in the fullest sense a philosophy of poetry, *Colkelbie Sow* makes explicit the recognition of occasion which is so important a part of the function of poetry within the sophisticated and self-contained milieu of the Scottish court. Other poems exhibit other occasional uses: *Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past* has its fullest meaning as part of the most elaborate ceremonial occasion of James IV's reign; *The Houlate* probably fulfilled a similar ceremonial function at the level of the baronial court. *The Goldin Terge* responds to one aspect of the ceremonial, that of the splendour of pageantry and, with the minimum of didactic allegorical content to sustain it, is essentially decorative art. *Robene sat on gud grene hill*, and *The Freiris of Berwik* are uncomplicated poems of 'sport/And recreatioun', simple narratives with none of the bewilderingly enigmatic quality of *Colkelbie Sow*. These are, in a sense, variations of the Henrysonian fable 'legitimised' by their response to particular occasions. Like each of Bannatyne's four other categories of poetry they emphasise both the closeness of the relation between poetry and society and the readiness, within this context, of the poet's response to particular social needs.

Just how richly this association could be developed and how powerfully the poet could assume the role that Henryson claimed is shown by that encyclopaedic entertainment, *The Houlate*, a poem written for the wife of Archibald Douglas, Earl of Moray, to whom the author was secretary, probably about the middle of the fifteenth century.[11] The poem is therefore comparatively early, as its complex alliterative form might suggest. It succumbs easily if unprofitably to division into its composite and mainly conventional parts, the essential fable, the rise and fall of the owl who loathed his own ugliness, appealed against it, and was granted by Nature the chance to clothe himself in feathers of other birds, occupying less than a quarter of its thousand lines. The narrative is begun promptly, after three highly aureate stanzas describing a paradisal May morning landscape and offering a mock apology for the poet's proclaimed lack of eloquence, but interrupted equally promptly by three lengthy passages: the first a catalogue of the birds summoned to advise the peacock (the pope) in giving an answer to the owl's plea; the second a catalogue of the birds summoned by the eagle (the emperor), interrupted itself by descriptions of the arms of the pope, the emperor, France and Scotland, descriptions dwarfed by almost three hundred lines of description and historical explication of the Douglas arms; and the third an account of the assembly and entertainments which precede the owl's presentation of his plea. Once resumed the narrative proceeds with expedition and force, the newly plumed owl displaying inordinate pride and, Lucifer-like, being promptly cast down. First Nature departs, then all the other birds, leaving the poem's once brilliantly occupied stage to the owl, who offers two terse stanzas counselling all manner of men to make a mirror of him, and the poet, who addresses his poem to Elisabeth Dunbar, wife of Archibald Douglas, makes the conventional apology for any failing of his, and asks God's blessing for himself and his audience.

The poem is, like Chaucer's *Nun's Preist's Tale*, high comedy: there is no doubting the seriousness of its moral, but the poem is distinguished also by the joyous energy of its prosecution, the richness of its incidental content, its consummate verbal artistry, its wit, the verve and sharp comic realism of its many catalogue portraits, the strength and beauty of the Douglas panegyric, the manner in which it embraces other modes, notably that of heroic romance in which the account of James Douglas's pilgrimage with the heart of Bruce is related. It is a rich, varied, and brilliantly executed tapestry of a poem, one of which the reader might indeed say 'Here is God's plenty', its several sections independently exciting admiration for its makar but remaining collectively a source of confusion for the modern reader requiring an integrated and cohesive poem whose proportions support its main emphases. It seems one of the most brilliant yet one of the most neglected of the poems of the Stewart court. Perhaps, like Dunbar's *Golden Terge*, it is best thought of in pictorial terms, as decorative allegory, a glittering surface. But perhaps, also, it is a manifestation of fable which responds in a peculiarly acute way to the social and political context within which it was written, integrating in a manner which has not yet been fathomed. Neither it nor the *Golden Terge* has responded very happily to modern critical inquiry: it is our hope that these, and other poems like *Colkelbie Sow*, will benefit from being read in the context of Bannatyne's anthology and that new lights will in time be shed on such Stewart uses of fable.

NOTES

1 MacQueen, *Henryson*, p.192.
2 See ll.144–51, 184–5.
3 *Genealogia Deorum*, XIV, vii, C.G. Osgood (trs.), *Boccaccio on Poetry*, Princeton, 1930, p.40.
4 *Metphysics*, 1 M.1.3.
5 Like Bannatyne, neither Charteris nor Harleian distinguish between prologue and tale. No source is known for the prologue; the tale occurs in the so-called *Romulus* of Gualterus Anglicus (c. later half twelfth century) and also in two French paraphrases *Lyons Isopet* (extant in a thirteenth century MS), and *Isopet I* (fourteenth and fifteenth century MSS). Most of the *Lyons Isopet* version is lost because two leaves of the MS are missing.
6 MacQueen, *Henryson*, p.99.
7 *Ibid.*, p.170.
8 *Ibid.*, p.168 and see also A.D. Hope, *A Midsummer Eve's Dream*, New York, 1970, pp.21–2.
9 Cf. *Piers Plowman* C Text, Passus II, ll.3,10.
10 MacQueen thinks Bannatyne's 'science' is corrupt on metrical grounds and prefers the 'Ciuile Law' of Charteris, Harleian and Bassandyne (*Henryson*, pp.168–9), but the comprehensive 'science', which, as Jamieson points out, implies moral wisdom as well as factual knowledge, is at least as appropriate to the context (*The Poetry of Robert Henryson: A Study of the Use of Source Material*, 1965, an unpublished thesis in the library of Edinburgh University, pp.54–55).
11 See M.P. McDiarmid, 'Richard Holland's *Buke of the Howlat*: An Interpretation', *Medium Aevum*, 38, 1969, p.280.

1 The Wryttar to the Reidaris

3e reverend redaris, thir workis revolving richt,
Gif 3e get crymis, correct thame to 3our micht
And curss na clark that cunnyngly thame wrait.
Bot blame me, baldly brocht this buik till licht
In tenderest tyme quhen knawlege was nocht bricht;
Bot lait begun to lerne and till translait
My copeis awld, mankit, and mvtillait,
Quhais trewth as standis 3it haif I, sympill wicht,
Tryd furth; thairfoir excuse sumpairt my estait.

Now 3e haif heir this ilk buik sa provydit
That in fyve pairtis it is dewly devydit.
1 The first concernis Godis gloir and ouir saluatioun,
2 The nixt ar morale, grave and als besyd it
3 Grund on gud counsale. The thrid, I will nocht hyd it,
Ar blyith and glaid, maid for ouir consollatioun.
4 The ferd of luve and thair richt reformatioun.
5 The fyift ar tailis and storeis weill discydit.
Reid as 3e pleiss: I neid no moir narratioun.

revolving: pondering; *crymis:* errors; *mankit:* corrupt; *mvtillait:* mutilated; *Tryd furth:* extracted; l.16 The fourth are poems of love and its proper reforming; *discydit:* resolved; *narratioun:* exposition.

Ballatis of Theoligie

2 God

God is a substance for evir durable,
Eterne, omnipotent, mercifull, and iust,
Quha gydis all thingis in order convenable,
A God in quhome ilk man awcht for to trust;
Quha, for prayar, givis grace to mortifie our lust;
In quhais feir and luve all þat sall endeur
Sall, eftir this lyif, off bettir lyif be seur.

3 Heir begynnis the richt excellent, godly, and lernit werk callit The Benner of Peetie, compylit be the famous and renowmit poet, Master Johine Bellenden, Archeden of Murray, concerning the incarnatioun of our saluiour Chryist.

fol.1*a*

Quhen goldin Phebus movit fra the Ram
In to the Bull to mak his mansioun,
And hornit Dean in the Virgin cam
With visage paill, in hir assentioun
Approcheand to hir oppositioun;
Quhen donc Awrora, with hir mistie schowris
Fleand of skyis the bricht reflexioun,
Hir siluer teiris skalit on the flouris:

The sesoun quhen the greit Octauian
Baith erd and seis had had in govirnance,
With diademe as roy Cesarian
In maist excellent honor and plesance,
With every gloir that micht his fame advance,
Quhen he the croun of hie triumphe had worne,
Be quhais peax and royell ordinance
The furious Mars wes blawin to the horne;

The samyne tyme quhen God omnipotent
Beheld of man the greit callamitie,
And thocht the tyme wes than expedient
Man to redeme fra thrald captiuitie,
And to reduce him to felicitie,
With body and sawle to be glorificat,
Quha wes condempnit in the Lymb to bie
Fra he wes first in syn prevaricat:

Peetie: pity; *skalit:* scattered; l.8 Bannatyne *schowris;* Draft MS. *flouris; Octauian:* the Caesar Augustus of *Luke* II.1; *peax:* peace (*Luke* II.14); *blawin to the horne:* proclaimed an outlaw; *reduce:* recall; *Lymb:* Limbo; *prevaricat:* deviated;

Mercie Befoir the Fader Mercy than appeiris;
With flude of teris rainnand fra hir ene fol.1*b*
Said: 'Man hes been in Hell fyve thowsand ȝeiris,
Sen he wes maid in feild of Damascene,
And crewall tormentis daly dois sustene
But ony confort, cryand for mercie.
How may thy grace nocht with thy pietie mene
Of thy awin werk the grit infirmitie?'

Veretie And be the contrare than said Veretie:
'Thy word eterne, but end, is permanent,
Vnalterat, but mvtabilitie,
Withowttin slicht of ony argument,
Quhen Adame wes fund inobedient
In Paradice, thruche his ambitioun,
Perpetualy, be richtouis iugement,
Off thy blist visage tynt fruisioun.'

Pece Than Pece said: 'Lord, haif in thy memorie
That man, thy wark, was creat to that fyne
That he micht haif perfyte felicitie
With the aboif the hevynis cristellyne,
Quhilk Lucifer did thrwch his foly tyne—
Sumtyme maid to thy image worthiest.
It wes said than, be prophecie devyne,
That thow sowld sleip and in my bosum rest.'

Iustice And Iustice said: 'His odius offence
Contrare thy hie excellent dignitie,
His oppin syn and wilfull negligence
Befoir thy sicht, sowld mair aggregit bie
Sen thow art alpha, O, and veritie.
Be richtous dome, Adame and all his seid,
For tressone done agane þi maiestie,
Condempnit is to thoill the bittir deid.'

Thir ladeis foure contending beselie,
With argumentis and mony strong repplyis
Befoir the blissit Fader, equalie fol.2*a*
Sum for iustice and sum for mercie cryis.
Sentence The Fader wret ane sentence in this wyiss:
'For tressone, done aganis oure maiestie,
The bittir deid sal be ane sacrifyiss,
The grit offence of man to satisfie.'

---

ene: eyes; *feild of Damascene:* Garden of Eden; *mene:* make allowance for; *tynt:* lost; *fruisioun:* pleasure of possessing; *fyne:* end; *thrwch:* through; *tyne:* lose; *sowld mair aggregit bie:* should appear graver; *alpha, O:* beginning, end; *dome:* judgement; l.55: Bannatyne, *thay;* Draft MS. *þi; thoill:* suffer; *sentence:* judgement;

The hevin, the eird, baith serchit vp and doun,
Nane wes thair fund sufficient cheretie
Man to redeme with this conditioun.
Than God eterne, in his diuinitie,
Seand it wes sa grit difficultie
To purge the spot of syn originall,
Wes penitent that he maid man to bie
In to this warld, with sawle perpetuall.

Thir ladeis foure than callit hes agane
And said: '3our myndis sall fulfillit be,
3e sall ay still in to my court remane
And in this maner haif fraternitie:
My Mercy sal be knit to Veritie,
Than Peax and Iustice sall togidder brace;
My Sone sal beir the burding of this plie
And man sal be reconcyld to my grace.'

The Fader than on Gabriall did call
And said: 'My serwand, pass with diligence
To Mary myld, my spous emperiall,
In wark nor word that nevir maid offence,
And say to hir with humill reverence,
My tender Sone sall in hir bosum breid
And in hir chalmer mak his residence,
Hir honor savit and hir madinheid.'

Man micht nocht mak ane sacrifice conding
For Adam's syn, and his posteritie.
To God alswa it wes nocht according
Allanerlie to thoill oure miserie. fol.2*b*
Thairfoir it wes convenient to be
Chryist, God and man, with dowble natur cled,
That he, as man, for oure offence micht de
And syne, as God to ryiss agane frome dede.

Off God and man the reuthfull mediateur,
Be sentence of the blissit Trinitie,
Is cum in bosum of the virgin peure
Subdewand him to our mortalitie,
Thocht he wes equall in diuinitie
To God eterne fader omnipotent:
3it man to saif fra thrald captiuitie,
Vnto the deid wes maid obedient.

As craft of hand vpoun the stringis playis
Proportionat in hevinly melodie,
Quhair thre attanis presentlie assayis

myndis: wishes; *brace:* embrace; *plie:* quarrel; *conding:* fitting; *alswa:* even so; *according:* fitting; *Allanerlie* i.e. in his own *nature; cled:* possessed of; l.97: Bannatyne, *blissit;* Draft MS, *reuthfull;* l.101: Bannatyne, *diuitie;* Draft MS *diuinitie; attanis:* together;

The vnisone and concord armonie—
The craft, the string, the hand, indifferentlie—
Ane sound is hard over the eir iocund,
Suppois thir thre concurris equalie,
3it nane of thame, bot stringis, makis the sound.

Richt so, the Fader and the Halie Spreit
Off man tewk nevir incarnatioun
And 3it thay war in to thair mynd compleit
Participant in operatioun,
Consenting to that hie legatioun
Maid to the blissit Virgin tendirlie.
Quhen Gabriell maid annuntiatioun,
The Sone incarnat wes allanerlie.

Than ionit wes in perfyt vnitie
Devyne persone and miserie of man.
The moder peur, full of virginitie,
The fervent hairt and faith maist souerane, fol.3*a*
God, saule and flesche at anes to remane,
Passing the strenth of mannis argument,
Ane standing thre, and thre ay standing ane,
Be michtie werk of God omnipotent.

Thre Mervelus thingis

And of thir thre the formest vnioun
Wes mervellus in maist excellent gre:
Quhen of the Hevin the michtie campioun
His Godheid knit to oure humanite,
Oppynit the port, and coft our libertie,
Quhairthrow the fruct of all oure grace began—
Quhilk micht nocht haif sa grit difficultie
As to tak natur of ane mortall man.

The secund wes ane richt excellent thing:
Quhen moderfull wes the Virgin vndefloir,
Quhair Natur stwneist and had grit wondering
And all that hevinlie labur did abhoir,
Than Ressone said: 'It wes nocht sene afoir
Into this warld be ony levand leid,
Ane chyld to be of ony woman boir
Hir bosum clene, withowttin mannis seid.'

The thrid excellent wes and mervellus
Quhen fervent hairt and faith togidder ran;
Ane thing to Natur richt contrarius
Quhen scho this subteill argument began.
How may thir tway haif creddence soveran,

---

concord: unanimous; *allanerlie:* singly; *at anes:* in unity; *gre:* degree; *coft:* purchased; *Quhilk:* he *who;* *vndefloir:* chaste; *stwneist:* was astonished; *did abhoir:* was dismayed by; *levand leid:* living person; *boir:* born;

With sicker faith, in to our hairt obscure
That God eterne micht stand ane mortall man,
Ane mother how to be the Virgin pure?

Thow Godheid trine, rignand in vnitie,
Mover of all, with sicht maist provident,
Gevar of lyfe, with all tranquillitie, fol.3*b*
Into thy self ay standand permanent;
All vþir thing, bot thow, art indigent,
Thy mercie grit, thy gudnes ineffable;
Baith hevin and erd ar insufficient
To schaw thy wit and gloir inestimable.

O Sone of God, that for the weill of ws
Tuik in thy mynd so grit sollicitude
Fra Hivin to cum in natur glorius,
Off the blist Virgin takand flesche and blude;
Howbeit thy Godheid and oure nature rude
Discordand war be distance infinite,
Thow schawin hes thy michtie celcitude
Quhen thay wer knit in ane persone perfite.

For thy grit gudnes and that mekle pane
Thow had in corps and sawle intellectyve,
Quhen blude and watter birst fra every vane
And grundin speir owt throw thy hairt did ryve,
Quhen fra thy body chasit wes thy lyve,
Bring us amang tha happie senatouris
Quhome thow hes coftin with thy woundis fyve,
Quhen saule depairtis in oure lattir houris.

Heir endis The Benner of Pietie, compylit be Maister Iohine Bellentyne, Archedene of Murray.

5 The Prollog of the Tent Buik of Virgill, compyld be the noble poet Master Gawyn Dowglass, Bischop of Dumkeld: of Godis workis to be inconprehensible be man wit or ressone, as for example, of the Trinitie. fol.9*a*

He plasmatour of thingis vniuersall,
Thow renewar of kynd that creat all,
Inconprehensible thy werkis ar to consaif,
Quhilk grantit hes to every wicht to haif
Quhat thing maist ganis vnto his governall.

sicker: steadfast; *obscure:* unenlightened; *trine:* triune; *weill:* well-being; *sawle intellectyve:* mind; *ryve:* thrust; *senatouris:* saints; *coftin:* redeemed; *He:* high; *plasmatour:* creator; *kynd:* nature; *ganis:* is suitable; *governall:* government;

How mervellus bene diuisionis of thy gracis
Distribut so to ilk thing in all placis:
The son to schyne over all and schaw his licht,
The day to labour, for rest thow ordanit nicht,
For diuerss caussis schupe seir sessonis and spacis:

Fresche ver to burgeoun herbis and sueit flowris,
The hait sommer to nvreiss corne all houris
And breid al kynd of fowlis, fische and beist,
Hervist to randir his fructis, maist and leist,
Winter to snyb the erth with frostie schowris.

Nocht that thow neidit ocht. All thing thow wrocht
Bot to that fyne: thow maid all thingis of nocht
Of thy gudness to be participant.
Thy Godheid na richer, nor ȝit mair skant,
Nowthir now nor than, set ws wrocht of nocht.

Thy maist supreme indiuisible substance—
In ane natur thre personis, but discrepance,
Rignand eterne — ressavis nane accident:
For quhy thow art richt at this tyme present
It that thow wes, and evir sall, but variance.

Sen our natur God hes to him vnyt
His Godheid, vncorrupt, remanis perfyt,
The Sone of God havand verry naturis twane fol.9*b*
In ane persone, and thre personis all ane
In deitie, natur, maiestie and delyt.

The Sone the self thing with the Fader is;
The self substance the Holie Gaist, I wiss,
Is with thame baith: thre disunit personage
As wes, and sal be evir of ane age,
Omnipotent, ane Lord, equall in bliss.

Quhilk soverane substance, in gre superlative,
Na cunning comprehend ma, nor discrive;
Nowthir generis, generat is, nor dois proceid,
Allane begynner of every thing, but dreid,
And in the self remanis eterne on lyve.

The Fader, of none generat, creat nor bore,
His onlie Sone ingenneris evirmoir;
Not makis, creatis, bot ingeneris alway
Of his substance; and all tyme of baith tuay
Proceidis the Haly Gaist, equall in glore.

seir: various; *ver:* Spring; *burgeoun:* cause to sprout; *snyb:* repress; *set:* although; *but discrepance:* perfect (as one and as a trinity); *rignand:* reigning; l.23: Bannatyne: *accidence;* Cambridge MS, *accident,* inessential quality; *For quhy:* because; *I wiss:* certainly; *disunit:* separate; *gre:* degree; *dois proceid:* has progenitors;

Off baith, frome ane begynning, proceidis he.
Sa bene the werkis of the Trinitie
Maist excellent and wonderfull to consaif.
ȝit thame to trest, the mair mereit we haif
That be na manis ressone previt may bie.

The Fader knawis him self, quhilk knalege spreidis
Be generatioun eterne, that evir breidis
His Sone, his word, and wisdome eternale;
Betuix thir twa is luve perpetuale
Quhilk is the Haly Gaist, fra baith proceidis.

Nocht that the Faderis natur myneist is.
Of his substance he generis his Sone in bliss.
Nor so the Sone of kynd is eiboir
That he ane pairt hes and no moir. fol.10*a*
Bot all he gevis his Sone and all is hiss.

The ilk thing he him gevis, that he remanis.
This single substance indifferentle thus ganis
To thre in ane, and ilk ane of tha thre
The samyne thing is in ane maiestie,
Thocht thir thre personis be seuerall in thre granis.

Similitude: Lyk as the sawll of man is ane, we waite,
Havand thre poweris distinct and seperait:
Vndirstanding, ressone, and memoir—
Intelligence considderis the thing befoir,
Ressoun decernis, memor keipis the consait—

As thay bene in ane substance knit all thre,
Thre personis regnis in ane Deitie,
We may tak als ane vþir similitude
Groisly the samyn purpois to conclude:
Flamb, heit, and licht bene in ane fyre; we se

Quhair evir the low is, hete and licht bene thare,
And had the fyre bene birnand evirmair
Evir sowld the flamb ingennerit haif his licht,
And of the birnand low the flambis bricht
Perpetwaly sowld heir hait haif sprung alquhare.

So generis the Fader the Sone with him eterne,
Frome baith proceidis the Haly Gaist coeterne.
Thus rud exampillis and figuris may we geif,
Thocht God be his awin createur to preif,
War mair vnlikness than liknes to descerne.

---

myneist: diminished; *eiboir:* brought forth; *ganis:* belongs; *ilk ane:* each one; *granis:* branches; *waite:* know; *groisly:* imprecisely; *low:* flame; *alquhare:* everywhere; l.84: Bannatyne omits *God;* supplied from Cambridge MS;

Freind, ferly not. Na causs is to complene
Albeit thy wit grit God may nocht attene.
For, micht thow comprehend be thyne engyne
The maist excellent maiestie devyne, fol.10*b*
He micht be reput ane pretty God and mene. 90

Considder, thy ressone is so feble and lite
And his knawlege profound and infinite.
Considder how he is vnmensurable.
Him as he is, to knaw thow art nocht able.
It sufeiss the, belief the *Creid* perfyte. 95

God is, I grant, in all thing not excludit,
Gevis all gudnes and is of nocht denudit.
Of him hes all thing pairt and he not mynneist.
Haill he is alquhair, not devydit nor fynneist.
Withowt all thing he is and not excludit. 100

O Lord, thy wayis bene investigable.
Sweit Lord, thy self is sa inestimable,
I can wryt nocht bot wounderis of thy micht
That lawleit sa far thy maiestie and hicht
To be borne man, in till ane oxis stabill. 105

Thow tuke mankynd of ane vnwemmit maid,
Inclosit within ane virgynis bosum glaid,
Quhome all the hevynnis micht nevir comprehend,
Angellis, scheipherdis and kingis thy Godheid kend
Thocht thow in crib, betuix twa beistis, wes laid. 110

Quhat infinit, excellent, hie bonte
Aboif thy werkis all in wonderfull gre,
Lord, quhen thow man maid to thyne awin image
That tynt him self throw his fulische dottage,
Thow man become, and deit to mak him fre. 115

Maid thow nocht man first presedent, vndir the,
To dant the beistis, fowlis, and fische in se,
Subdewit till him the erth, and all thairin, fol.11*a*
Syne Paradice grantit him and all his kin,
Gaif him fre will and power nevir to de. 120

Enarmid him with ressone and prudence,
Only bad him keip thyne obedience
And to him sowld all creaturis obey.
Bittir was that fruct for his ofspring, and fey;
Maid deth, vnknawin, be fund and lyf ga hence. 125

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ferly: marvel; *reput:* considered; *lite:* inadequate; *sufeiss:* is sufficient for; *grant:* acknowledge; *fynneist:* finite; *withowt:* outside; *investigable:* inscrutable; *lawleit:* humbled; *vnwemmit:* unblemished;

O thyne inestimable lufe and cheretie,
Become ane thrall to mak ws bundin fre,
To quickin thy sklavis thold schamefull deid maist fell.
Blist be thow virginall fruct, that herreit Hell
And payit the price of the forbiddin tre.

Thocht thow lerge stremis sched vpoun the rude,
Ane drop had been sufficient of thy blude
Ane thowsand warldis to haif redemit, I grant.
Bot thow the well of mercy wald not skant
Ws to provok to lufe the, and be gude.

Commoun-ioun: Over all thys, syne, thy infinit Godheid,
Thy flesche and blude lufly, with wyne and breid
To be our fude of grace, in plege of glorie,
Thow last ws gaif, in perpetuall memorie
Of thy passioun and dolorus panefull deid.

Quhat thankis dew or gaiȝeild, Lord benyng,
May I, maist sinfull, wrechit cative indyng,
Rander for this soverane hie bontie
Sen body, sawle and all I haif of the?
Thow art my price. Mak me thy pray conding.

My makar, my redemar and support,
Fra quhome all grace and gudnes cumis at schort,
Grant me thy grace my misdeiddis till amend, fol.11*b*
Of this, and all my warkis to mak gud end.
This I beseik the, Lord I the exhort.

Frome the begynning and end be thow my Muse,
All vſir Ioue and Phebus I refuse.
Lat Virgill hald his maumentis till him self,
I wirschep nowdir ydoll, stok nor elf.
Thocht furth I wryt so as myne auctor duse.

Is nane bot thow, the Fader of goddis and men,
Omnipotent eternall Ioue. I ken
Only thy help, Fader. Thair is nane vthir.
I compt nocht of thir pagane godis ane futhir,
Quhas power may nocht help ane haltane hen.

The Scriptur clips the God of goddis, Lord,
For quhay thy mandimentis keipis in accord
Bene ane with the, not in substance, bot grace.
And we our Father callis the, in every place.
Mak ws thy sonis in cheretie, but discord.

---

sklavis: slaves; *thold:* suffered; *gaiȝeild:* return; *indyng:* unworthy; *price:* the one who paid the debt; *conding:* worthy; *maumentis:* false gods; *futhir:* fart; *haltane:* lame; *clips:* calls; *mandimentis:* commands;

Thow haldis court over cristall hevynis cleir
With angellis, sanctis and hevinly spreitis seir.
Thay, but seissing, thy gloir and loving singis.
Manifest to the and patent bene all thingis—
Thy spous and quene maid and thy moder deir.

Concord forevir, mirth, rest and endless bliss,
Na feir of Hell nor dreid of deth thair is
In thy hie realme nor na kynd of ennoye,
Bot all weilfair, eiss and evirlestand ioye,
Quhais he plesance, Lord, lat ws nevir miss.

Finis. Quod Master Gawyne Dowglas.

6 Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the Warld, Man, his Fall and Redemptioun, maid to the tone of 'The Bankis of Helecon'.

God, be his word, his work began
To forme the erth and hevin for man:
The sie and watter deip,
The sone, the mone, the starris bricht,
The day divydit frome the nicht,
Thair coursis for to keip;
The beistis that on the grund do mvfe
And fische in to the se,
Fowlis in the air to fle abvfe
Off ilk kynd creat hee—
Sum creiping, sum fleiting,
Sum fleing in the air
So heichtly, so lichtly
In moving heir and thair.

Thir workis of grit magnificence
Perfytit be his providence
According to his will,
Nixt maid he man to gif him gloir,
Did with his ymage him decoir,
Gaif Parradice him till.
Into þat garding hevinly, wrocht
With plesowris mony one,
The beistis of every kynd war brocht.
Thair names he sowld expone—
Thame nemmyng and kennyng
As he list for to call;
For pleising and eising
Off man, subdewit thame all.

seir: many; *ennoye:* annoyance; *eiss:* ease. *fleiting:* floating; *decoir:* adorn; *expone:* expound; *nemmyng:* naming; *kennyng:* identifying;

G

In hevinly ioy man so possest,
To be allone God thocht not best—
Maid Eve to be his maik,
Bad thame incress and mvltiplie,
And eit of every fruct and trie;
Thair plesour thay sowld taik,
Except the trie of gud and ill
That in the middis dois stand,
Forbad that thay sowld cum it till
Or twiche it with thair hand,
Leist plucking or lucking,
Baith thay, and als thair seid,
Seveirly, awsteirly fol.12*b*
Sowld dye, withowt remeid.

Now Adame and his lusty wyfe
In Parradyce leidand thair lyfe
With plesowris infineit,
Wanting na thing sowld do thame eiss,
Ilk beist obeying, thame to pleiss,
As thay cowld wiss in spreit,
Behald the serpent subtilly
Invyand manis estait.
With wickit craft and subtilty
Eve temptit with dissait—
Nocht feiring, bott speiring
Quhy scho tuke not hir till
In vsing and chusing
The fruct of gud and ill.

'Commandit ws', scho said, 'the Lord,
Nowayis þairto we sowld accord,
Vnder eternall pane,
Bot grantit us full libertie
To eit of every fruct and trie,
Except that tre in plane.'
'No, no, not so', the serpent said.
'Thow art dissauit thairin.
Eit ȝe þairof, ȝe sall be maid
In knawlege lyk to him—
In semying and demyng
Off every thing arricht,
Als dewly, als trewly
As ȝe war goddis of micht.'

Eve, with thir fals wordis thus allurit,
Eit of the fruct and syne procurit
Adame the same to play.

---

possest: endowed; *maik:* mate; *twiche:* touch; *lucking:* looking; *lusty:* delightful; *wiss:* show; *speiring:* asking; l.59: under (the threat of) eternal pain; *in plane:* entirely; *seming:* reconciling; *demyng:* judging; *play:* do;

'Behald', said scho, 'how pretious,
So dilicat and delitious,
Besyd knawlege for ay.'
Adame, puft vp in warldly gloir,
Ambitioun and of pryd,
Eit of the fruct. Allace, thairfoir.
And swa thay baith did slyd—
Neglecting, forȝetting
The eternall Goddis command,
Quha scurgit and purgit
Thame quyt owt of that land.

Quhen thay had eitin of that frute, fol.13*a*
Off ioy than war thay destitute
And saw thair bodyis bair.
Annone thay past with all thair speid
Off leivis to mak thame selvis a weid.
To cleith thame was thair cair.
During the tyme of innocence
No syn nor schame thay knew.
Fra tyme thay gat experience,
Vnto ane buss thay drew
Abyding and hyding
As God sowld nocht thame see,
Quha spyit, and cryit:
'Adame, quhy hyddis thow thee?'

'I being naikit, Lord, throw feir,
For schame I durst nocht to compeir
And so I did refuse.'
'Had thow nocht eitin of that tre,
That knawlege had nocht bene in the—
Nor ȝit, no sic excuse.'
'This helper, Lord, thow gaif to me
Hes cawsit me transgress.'
Sayd scho: 'The serpent subtilly
Perswadit me, no less,
Intreitting, be eitting,
That we sowld be perfyte.
Me sylit, begylit—
In him lyis all the wyte.'

The Lord, that evir iugeit richt,
Bringand his iustice to the licht,
The serpent first did iuge:
'Becauss the woman thow begylit,
For evir thow sall be exylit',
Said he, 'withowt reffuge.
Betuix hir seid and thy ofspring

cleith: clothe; *buss:* bush; *compeir:* appear (before a *judge); sylit:* deceived; *wyte:* blame;

Na peax nor rest sal be,
And hir seid sall thy heid doun thring
For all thy subtilty.
Abhorrit, deformit,
Thow on thy breist sall gang,
In feiding and leiding
Thy lyfe the beistis amang.'

The woman nixt for hir offence
Did of the Lord ressaif sentence: fol.13*b*
Hir sowrrow sowld incress,
With wo and pane hir childrene beir,
Subdewit to man vndir his feir,
No liberty possess.
For Adamis falt he curst the erth
That barane it sowld be;
Withowt labour, sowld ȝeild na birth
Off coirnis, erb nor tre,
Bot wirking and irking
For evir sowld remane.
And being, in deing,
In erth return agane.

O crewall serpent vennemus,
Dispytfull and seditious,
The grund of all our cair,
Thow fals, bound slave vnto the divill,
Thow first inventar of the evill
Off bliss quhilk maid ws bair.
O diuillis slaive, did thow beleif?
Or how had thow sic grace
Thairby for evir thow micht leif
Aboif in to that place?
Thy grudgeing gat scrudgeing,
And swa God lute the sie:
A dissavar no cravar
Off his reward sowld be.

O dilicat dame, with eiris bent,
That harknit to that fals serpent,
Thy banis we may sair ban.
Without excuse, thow art to blame.
Thow iustly hes obtenit that name—
The verry wo of man.
With teiris we may bewaill and greit
That wickit tyme and tyd
Quhen Adame was caussit to sleip
And thow tane of his syd,

thring: thrust; *falt:* sin; *bot:* only; *irking:* growing weary; *bair:* bereft; *grudgeing:* murmuring; *scrudgeing:* punishment; *lute:* let; *bent:* inclined; *banis:* bones; *ban:* curse; *greit:* weep; *tyd:* season;

No sleiping, bot weiping,
Thy seid hes fund sensyne.
Thy eitting and sweitting
Is turnd to wo and pyne.

Adame, thy pairt quha can excuse?
With knawlege thow þat did abuse
Thy awin felicitie.
The serpentis fals inventing, fol.14*a*
The womanis sone consenting
Was nocht sa wickitlie.
God did prefer the to þis day
And thame subdewid to the;
So all that thay cowld mene or say
Sowld not haif movit the
To brecking, abiecking
That heich command of lyfe
Quhilk gydit, provydit
The ay to leif but stryfe.

Behald the stait þat man was in
And als how it he tynt throw syn
And loist the same for ay.
ȝit God his promeiss dois performe,
Send his sone of the virgyn borne
Oure ransone for to pay.
To that gret God lat ws gif gloir,
To ws hes bene so gude,
Quha be his deith did ws restoir
Quhairof we war denude.
Nocht karing, nor sparing
His body to be rent—
Redemyng, releiving
Ws quhen we war all schent.

Finis. Quod Ser Richart Maitland of Lethingtoun, Knycht.

8 A Song of him Lying in Poynt of Deth

O Lord, my God, sen I am brocht
To grit distress
And thrwche my body thair is nocht
Bot haviness,
Mak haist in tyme to succour me,
O richteouss Iuge,
Sen I haif nane in erth bot the
For my refuge.

sensyne: since then; *sweitting:* delighting; *sone:* rapid; *prefer the:* put you first; *brecking:* breaking; *abiecking:* rejecting; *tynt:* lose; *denude:* deprived; *schent:* damned;

My only howp and confidence
In the is sett,
Assuring me that my offence
Sal be forȝett,
And all my tormentis sall tak end
With suddane speid
Quhen thow sic confort sall me send
As I haif neid.
Lord strenth me with thy patience fol.15*a*
To suffer ay
Quhat pleissis best thyne excellence
On me to lay,
And lat me nocht declyne at all
In tyme of greif,
Bot evirmair on the to call
For my releif.
Help me to beir my burding, Lord,
For I am waik,
And latt my strenth and chairge accord
For thy names saik.
Assist me with thyne Haly Spreit
That I may still,
With steidfast hairt and howp repleit,
Abyid thy will.
At leist sum pairt I the beseik
To swaige my pane.
As thow art luving, kynd, and meik
Thy wreth refrane.
Into thy iustice and iugement
Deill nocht with me,
Bot sen I am so penitent
Grant me mercie.
Quhen þat my senssis ar all gone,
And wordis dois faill,
My hairt and mynd on the allone
Sal be all haill.
Thy sweit promeiss and tendir luve
Na tyme nor tyde
Owt of my mynd sall nocht remuve,
Nor ȝit lat slyd.
And gif thow will that suddanly
I sall depairt,
I recommend my sawle to the
With cheirfull hairt,
Quhair it sall haif ane dwelling place
With angellis hie
To rigne in hevinly luve and peace
Eternallye,
Or ellis, gif that thy plesour be
My lyfe to spair,

l.47: remuve; Bannatyne, *remve;*

Releif me of my meserie
And present cair.
Remeid me, that am lyik to mang
And soir opprest,
And I sall sing thy praeyse als lang
As I may lest.

Finis.

9 The Sawle of Man

Off all the gude createuris of Goddis creating
Maist peur and pretious is the sawle of man,
A perfect substance, at na tyme abating,
Quhilk with the body the passionis suffer can,
In vertew ioyus, in vyce baith wyiss and wan,
Quhilk eftir daith sall ressaif the rewarde
Of werkis in lyftyme it did maist regarde.

10 The Lyfe in Man

Lyfe that cuppillis the sawle and body in ane
Is fraill and vane, mair slippry than the slyme,
A heipfull of cairis, bot quyet hes it nane,
Ordanit of God, a prissone for a tyme
To plege and purge the body and sawle frome
cryme, fol.15*b*
Quhilk quha sa spendis verteously and wele 6
Sall eftir it ay in glory and ioyis dwele.

11 Conscience

In quhat ordor sa evir a manis lyfe is heir led
The conscience excusis or accusis plane,
V*þ*irwayis to perswaid standis in na sted;
It prevailis in witness to ioy or to pane.
Feir God, trust in him, the wickitness refraine,
Keip saif the conscience frome feir and trymbling
That trew faith and peax may be at thy ending.

12 Prayar and Repentance

Prayar is the maist haly devyne serwice
That man heir on erth vnto God may present.
Faith with repentance is the dew and perfect device
That withstandis the diuill and his cursit entent.

---

mang: err;

Pray to God, trust in him, bot first be penitent,
For, as a seuir schip savis thame that be thairin,
Sa prayar be repentance savis ws frome drownying in syn.

13 Faith

Faith is a steidfastnes and trewth of thingis
Spokin and convenantit off God or of man.
A richt faith in God with it all wayis bringis
Invinsibill powar that michtelly can
Withstand the assaltis of the crewall Satan,
For he þat is faithfull and trew in all thingis
Hes michtyar servandis than lordis or kingis.

14 Feir of God

Withowt the feir of God na man can be iust,
Nor ȝit richtly rewill his corrupt nature.
Feir strangly mortifyis all filthy lust.
Feir fyndis entrance in to a lyfe moist peure,
Quhilk feir vpoun luve dependis maist seure,
Or ellis feir withowt luve incressis hatred,
And quhame men do feir thay wiss war perischeid.

15 Aristotle

Bettir it is to dye the sawlis lyfe to save
Than to loiss the sawle the bodyis lyfe to have.

16 Seneca

It is better to haif the sawle garnissid with vertew
Than the body deckid with purple, gold, or blew.

Finis.

17 The First Salme: Beatus Vir

fol.16*a*

Happie is hie hes hald him fre
Frome folkis of defame,
Alwayis to fle iniquite
And sait of syn and schame,

Bot hes his will conforme vntill
The Lordis command and law,

ll.1–9: Happy is he . . . to know — he shall have fame; *sait:* seat;

Thame to fulfill, with purpoiss still
Boith day and nicht, to knaw

He sall haif brute, as tre on rute,
Endlang the rever plantit
To burge and schute, and sall gif frutt
In tyme, as God hes grantit;

Quhois leif and blaid sall nevir faid
Bot, fragrant, ay be flureist,
Quhois workis on braid sall evir spraid
And richtously be nvreist.

Sall non be so, off nochtis no,
Quhilk bene of cursit kind,
Bot thay sall go, lyk dust and stro
Bene vaneist with the wind.

Evill men, lykwyiss, sall nocht arryiss
To iugement as the trust,
Nor thame that lyiss in syne of syiss
To counsale with the iust.

For air and lait, the Lord weill wait
The wayiss of vertewus men,
And every gait off wicket stait
Sall perreiss owt of ken.

Gloria Patri

To Fader, gloir be evirmoir
To Sone and Haly Spreit.
As wes afoir, now is in stoir,
And ay sal be. So be it.

Finis. Quod Alexander Scott.

18 The Fyifty Pshalme

fol.16*b*

Lord God deliuer me, allace,
For thy grit mercy, rewth, and grace,
Soir mornyng, grufling on my face,
Rew on my miserie.
Als, for the mvltitud and space
Off thy heich clemenss, heir my cace
And my trespass expell and chace.
Lord God deliuer me.

brute: fame; *burge:* sprout; *on braid:* abroad; *nochtis:* good-for-nothings; l.18: *kind;* Bannatyne, *bind; of syiss:* oft-times; *wait:* knows; *gait:* way;

Wesche me and mak my sawle serene
Frome all iniquite that bene.
Clenge me of cryme and mak me clene,
All vycis for to fle:
For my transgressioun haif I sene,
Quhilk tormentis me with tray and tene,
And ay my syn forgane myne ene.
Lord God deliuer me.

Only to the I did offend.
May non my miss, bot thow, amend:
As by thy sermondis thow art kend
Ourcum all contrarie.
In filth, lo, I begyn and end.
By syn maternall I am send.
With vyce I vaneiss and mon wend.
Lord God deliuer me.

Thow had to veritie sic ȝeill
That of thy wisdome did reweill
Incertane hid thingis, for my weill,
And laid befoir myne e.
For quhen thy fowth of grace I feill,
I sal be clengit clene as steill
And quhyttar than the snaw, gret deill.
Lord God deliuer me.

Thow sall gif glaidnes vnto heir
Me in to ioy and mirthfull cheir,
Quhen all my febill bonis efeir
Sall gif the lovingis hie.
Heirfoir, avart thy visage cleir
So that my synnis cum not the neir.
Off my misdeidis, quhilk dois me deir,
Lord God deliuer me.

Creat within me and infound
Ane hart immaculat and mound.
Ane steidfast hairt renew and ground
Within my breist to be.
Fleme me nocht fra thy face fecound
Bot lat thy Haly Spreit abound.
Lord God deliuer me.

Restoir me to the exultatioun
I had in the of my saluatioun,

Clenge: cleanse; *tray and tene:* grief and trouble; *forgane:* before; *miss:* error; *send:* sent (into the world); *ȝeill:* zeal; *reweill:* reveal; *fowth:* abundance; *clengit:* cleansed; 11.33–4: Thou shalt give gladness unto (my) hearing/ (Bringing) me into joy and mirthful cheer; *efeir;* together; *lovingis:* praises; *dois me deir:* injure me; 1.40: *Lord;* Bannatyne, *Lor; infound:* infuse; *mound:* pure;

And with thy spreit of cheif probatioun
Vpstirre my hairt to thee.
I sall to synnaris mak narratioun,
And wicket men in deviatioun
I sall thame ken to consolatioun.
Lord God deliuer me.

Lord God deliuer me and gyd
Frome schedding blude and homicyd.
My tung sall preiss the iust, by pryd,
And petefull, all thre.
Lowse thow my lippis, that tyme and tyd,
I may gif to the lovingis wyd,
Till all þat fermely list confyd.
Lord God deliuer me.

Knew I thow covet sacrifyiss,
Or offerand holocast wald pryiss,
I sowld thame gif, bot thow dennyiss
Sic to ressaif in gre.
For thy oblatioun, Lord, it lyiss
In humill hairt, contreit alwyiss—
Pennens of spreit thow nolt dispyiss:
Lord God deliuer me.

Sweit Lord, to Syon be suave
And strenth the wallis of thy conclave fol.17*b*
Jerusalem, thy haly grave,
Quhilk makis ws ransone fre,
This sacrifice than thow salt have
Off thy iust pepill, and ressave
Thair laill trew hairtis. With all the lave,
Lord God deliuer me.

Gloir to the Fader he aboif,
Gloir to the Sone for our behoif,
Gloir to the Haly Spreit of loif,
In trenefald vnitie—
As wes, is, sal be ay, but roif—
Ane thre, and thre in ane. To proif
Thy Godheid nevir may remoif.
Lord God deliuer me.

Finis. Quod Scott.

probatioun: moral testing; 1.51: Bannatyne, *Ainx sovirlie;* for emendation see Cranstoun, p.95; *ken:* guide; *dennyiss:* do refuse; *gre:* satisfaction; *nolt:* will not; *Syon:* Jerusalem; *conclave:* private chamber; *behoif:* advantage; *trenefald:* threefold; *roif:* end;

19 To the, O mercifull Salviour Iesus,
My King, my Lord, and my Redemar sweit,
Befoir thy bludy figor dolorus
I repend my synnys, with humill hart contreit,
That evir I did vnto this hour compleit,
Baith in werk, in word and eik intent.
Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

To the, my sweit Saluiour, I me schirryve,
Committing me in thy mercy excelling,
Off the wrang spending of my wittis fyve:
In hering, seing, gusting, twiching and smelling,
Ganestanding, greving, moving, and rebelling
Aganis the, my God and Lord omnipotent.
With teiris of sorrow frome my ene distilling,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I, wretchit synner, vyle and full of vyce,
Off the sevin deidly synnys dois me schirryve:
Off pryd, off yre, invy and covetyce, fol.18*a*
Off lichery, gluttony, with slewth ay to ourdryve,
Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,
For quhilk, allace, I servit to be schent.
Rew on me, Iesu, for thy woundis fyve.
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I confess me, Lord, that I abusit haif
The sevin deidis of mercy corporall:
To hungre meit, nor drynk to thristy gaif,
Nor veseit the seik, nor did redeme the thrall,
Harbreit the wolsome, nor naikit cled att all,
Nor ȝit the deid to bury tuke I tent.
Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

In the sevin deidis of marcy spirituall:
To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,
Synnaris correctioun, nor destitut counsall,
Na vnto wofull wretchis conforting,
Nor to my nychtbouris support of my praying,
Nor was to ask forgifnes penitent,
Nor to forgif my nychtbouris offending.
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

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compleit: fully; *schirryve:* confess; *excelling:* surpassing; *greving:* injuring; *moving:* provoking; *rebelling:* refusing obedience; *ourdryve:* spend time; *exercing:* practising; *servit:* deserved; *schent:* damned; *deidis of mercy corporall:* corporal works of mercy; *wolsome:* wandering, homeless; *deidis of marcy spirituall:* spiritual works of mercy;

Lord, I haif done full littill reverence
To thy sacramentis excellent of renoun:
Thy haly supper, for my syn recompence
And of my gilt the holy satisfactioun,
And bapteme als, quhilk all my syn wesche doun,
Heirof, als far as I was negligent,
With hairt contreit and teiris falling doun,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

Commandis The ten commandis: ane God for till honour,
Nocht tane in vane his name, no sleyar to be,
Fader and moder to wirschep at all hour,
To be no theif, the haly day to vphie,
Nychtbouris to lufe, fals witness for to fle,
To leif adultre, to covet no manis rent—
Aganis thir preceptis, culpable knaw I me. fol.18*b*
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

Articulis Creid The articulis of trewth: in God to trow,
The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,
And in his haly blissit Sone, Iesu,
Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to Hell discendit,
The thrid day rysing, to the Fader ascendit,
Off quick and deid to cum and hald iugement—
In to thir poynttis, O Lord, quhair I offendit,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I trow in to the blissit Haly Spreit
And in the kirk, to do as it commandis,
And to thy dome that we sall ryss compleit
And tak our flesche agane, baith feit and handis,
All to be saiff in stait of grace that standis.
Plane I rewoik in thir quhair I miswent
Befoir the, Iuge and Lord of see and landis.
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I synnyt, Lord, I nocht being strong as wall
In howp, in faith, in fervent cheretie,
Nocht with the foure vertewsis cardenall
Aganis vycis seure enarming me,
With fortitude, prowdence, temperance, thir thre,
With iustice evir work, word, or intent.
To the, Chryst Iesu, casting vp myne e,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

Off syn als aganis the Haly Spreit,

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satisfactioun: atonement; *vphie:* observe; *leif:* abstain from; *rent:* revenue; *poynttis:* particulars; *rewoik:* make revocation; l.73 Bannatyne: 'I synnyt, Lord, that nocht . . .', Maitland MS omits *that;* *seure* (l.76): firmly; ll.81–3: Of blasphemy, postponing the adoption of the virtuous life, and sodomy, of betraying the confidences of the confessional;

Of vertew postponyng and syn aganis nateur,
Off contritioun confessour indiscreit,
Of ressait sinful of the my Saluiour,
Of non repentance and satisfaction seur,
Of the sevin giftis the Haly Gaist me sent,
Of sex petitionis in Pater Noster peur,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

Nocht thanking the, of gratitud nor grace,
That thow me wrocht and bocht with thy blude; fol.19*a*
Of this schort lyf remmembring nocht the space,
The Hevinis bliss, the Hellis hiddouss feid,
But moir trespass my synnis to remeid,
Concluding nevir all thrwch in myne entent.
Thow, quhois blude on rude ran for my deid,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I knaw me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable
In aithis sweiring, leising, and blaspheming,
Off frustrat speiking in court, in kirk and table,
In wordis vyle, in vaneteis expreming,
Preysing my self and evill my nichbouris deming,
And so in ydilnes my dayis haif spent.
Thow that was rent on rude for my redeming,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I synnit in consaving thochtis iolie,
Vp to the hevin extolling myne ententioun,
In he exaltit arrogance and folye,
Prowdnes, derisioun, scorne and vilipentioun,
Presumption, inobedience and contemptioun,
In fals vane gloir and deidis negligent.
O thow that deit on rud for my redemptioun,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I synnit als in reif and in oppressioun:
In wranguss gudis taking and posseding
Contrar gud ressoun, conscience and discretioun;
Of prodigall spending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding;
In fowll disceptionis, in fals inventionis breiding
To conqueiss honor, tresor, land and rent;
In fleschly lust aboif mesur exceding.
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

---

seur (l.85): steadfast; *sevin giftis:* wisdom, understanding, knowledge, piety, fortitude, counsel, fear of the Lord; ll.93–4: Without further trespass, to rectify my sins, holding steadfastly to my course; *leising:* lying; *frustrat:* foolish; *expreming:* expressing; *iolie:* amorous; *he:* high; *vilipentioun:* vilifying; *reif:* robbery; *wranguss:* wrongful; *posseding:* possessing; *inventionis:* fabrications; *breiding:* originating; *conqueiss:* acquire;

Off mynd dissymvlat, Lord, I me confess:
Of feid vndir freindly countenance,
Of parciall iugeing, and pervess wilfulness
In flattering wordis and fenȝeing for substance,
Of fals solisting for wrang deliverance
At counsale, sessioun and at parliament.
Of every gilt and wicket govirnance,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

I schryve me of all cursit cumpany fol.19*b*
All tymes, both witting and vnwitting me,
Off criminall causs, off deid of fellony,
Of tyranny and vengeable crewaltie
In hurt or slawchter; culpable gif I be
Be ony maner, deid, counsale or consent,
O deir Iesu, that for me deit on tre,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

Thocht I haif nocht thy pretious feit to kiss
As had the Magdalene quhen scho did mercy craif,
I sall, as scho, weip teiris for my miss
And every morrow seik the at thy graif.
Thairfoir, forgif me as thow hir forgaif
That seis my hart, as hiris, penitent.
Thy pretious body in breist or I ressaif,
I cry the mercy and lasar to repent.

To mak me, Iesu, on the to remmember,
I ask thy passioun me so to habound
Quhill nocht vnmenȝeit be in me ane membir,
Bot fall in wo with the of every wound
And every straik mak throw my hart a stound,
That evir did stenȝie thy fair flesche innocent,
So þat no pairt of my body be sound
Bot crying the mercy and lasar to repent.

Off all thir synnis that I did heir expreme
And als forȝet, to the, Lord, I me schryif,
Appeling fra thy iustice court extreme
Vnto thy court of mercy exvlyif,
Thow mak my schip in blissit port to arryif
That sailis heir in stormis violent.
And saif me, Iesu, for thy woundis fyve,
That cryis the mercy and lasar to repent.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

dissymvlat: deceitful; *feid:* enmity; *pervess:* wicked; l.124 from Maitland MS, Bannatyne has *In flattering wordis for syning of substance; fenȝeing:* deceiving; *solisting:* importuning; *causs:* charge; *deid:* act; *breist:* heart; *habound:* overflow; *vnmenȝeit:* without pain; *fall:* reference is to Christ's fall on the way to Calvary; *stenȝie:* blemish; *extreme:* severe; l.156: Bannatyne: *Vnto thy thy;* Draft MS: *Vnto thy; exvlyif:* high, triumphantly joyful;

20 O most heich and eternall King, fol.20*a*
Thow helppis the lame and blind to sicht.
Frome the dois every vertew spring
Geving the sone and mone thair licht.
Help now to gyd my mynd arricht
This lattir sentence till apply
Quhilk come to me this vþir nicht:
He that wold leif most lerne to dy.

My cluddy sicht, O Lord, mak cleir.
Tak of the mist that hurtis soir
And latt the licht of grace appeir.
Thow cumis to saif that wes forloir.
The blind to sicht thow dois restoir,
Sic is thy gentill courtasie.
To the be lawid and prayiss thairfoir.
He that wold leif most lerne to dy.

Oppin my eis, my mercifull Lord,
The licht of faith cleirly to sie,
And to beleif thy secreit word,
The quhilk dois say, 'Cum vnto me
All ȝe that labor refrescit to be.'
This proclamatioun Chryist did cry
To tak frome ws iniquitie.
He that wold leif most lerne to dy.

Chryst come nocht the richtouss to call
Bot synnaris to repentance.
Off him we haif the confort all.
Quhairfoir his holy name avance.
He makis for ws perurveance;
Gif we in tyme frome vyce dois flee
With him we sall haif heretance.
He that wold leif most lern to dy.

Agane, God sayis, 'Gif ȝe me luve
Than ȝe most keip my commandement.'
This text all godly men dois move
To be to him obedient.
It is for ws expedient
His godly will to magnifie
And of our sinfull lyvis repent. fol.20*b*
He that wold leife most lerne to dy.

Dy frome all syn and wicketnes,
Frome pryd and abhominatioun,
Dy frome slewth and covetousnes.
Preiss to gud occupatioun.

---

lattir: concluding; *forloir:* lost; *lawid:* glory; l.24 supplied from Draft MS; *perurveance:* provision; *magnifie:* extol;

Now is tyme, mak preparatioun
Our synfull lyvis to mortify.
For help, to God mak meditatioun.
He þat wold leif most lerne to dy.

Gif thow desyre for to leif long
In rest and peice and see gud dayis,
Frome speiking lyis refrane thy tong.
The four and thretty salme thus sayis.
To call ws vnto godly wayiss
And wickit toungis to pacifie.
Remmembir this, mak no delayis.
He þat wold leif most lerne to dy.

Tak Chryistis croce vpon 3our bak
And follow him in leving peur.
Wirk weill in tyme and be nocht slak
For heir we can not long endeur.
Tyme gois away, 3e may be seur,
Our flowris fedis away trewly.
Thairfoir to God for grace procure.
He þat wold leif most lerne to dy.

The psalme doith say, 'Call vpoun me
In tyme of tribulation
And than I will deliuer the.'
The Lord hes sic compassioun:
To him mak supplicatioun
And call vpoun him fathfully
Quhen 3e haif visitatioun.
He þat wold leif most lerne to dy.

O Lord of lordis celestiall,
Thy michty arme doith ws defend.
Be the we ryiss quhen we do fall.
Thy mercy non can comprehend.
Lord pardone ws quhair we offend
Heir in this vaill of miserie.
Thus I conclud and makis ane end:
He that will leif most lerne to dy.

Finis. Quod Norvall.

fol.21*a*

l.51: *Quis est homo qui vult vitam; diligit dieo videre bonos: Prohibe linguam tuam a malo: et labia tua ne loquantur dolum. Vulgate,* Ps. 34, 12–13; *fedis:* fade; ll.65–7 paraphrase *Iste pauper clamavit, et Dominus exaudivit eum: et de omnibus tribulationibus ejus salvavit eum. Vulgate,* Ps. 34, 5;

24 Cum Haly Spreit moist superne
Vesy thy pepill and inspyre. fol.23*a*
Illumene ws with licht eterne.
Inflame ws with the fervent fyre
Of luve of the with sic desyre
That nothing erdly sover ws
Nor pairt ws fra thy hie empyre.
Veni Creator Spiritus.

Quhen ony werkis we begin
Thow be with ws. O Haly Gaist
Latt no evill spreit ws within
Mak soiorne quhair thow sowld be plaist.
Cum sone and tak the houss in haist.
Cum capitane gude and gratius
At morrow or our claythis be laist.
Veni Creator Spiritus.

And thocht the ennemy wald intend
To sett a sege the houss abowt,
Be thow within for to deffend,
We force nocht quha assaill þairowt.
Cum lord and in our lugeing lowt.
Cum our protector glorius
Quhone we sall thank and lawd but dowt.
Veni Creator Spiritus.

Finis.

26 ȝe that contreit bene and confest, fol.24*a*
A sprituall glaidnes to ȝow tak,
For ȝe ressaif a glorious gaist
The Lord that all the hevynnis did mak.
Awalk in spreit and be not waik.
Think evir thair watis ȝow ane fo.
With humill hairt him not foirsaik—
Letamini iusti in Domino.

ȝe sowld be glaid for ressonis seir,
For now it is the tyme of grace,
The tyme of penitence and prayeir,
The tyme of conqueiss and of purchace
Of the triumphand hevinly place

---

superne: exalted; *vesy:* look upon; *inspyre:* give spiritual life to; *sover:* sever; *Veni Creator Spiritus:* Come Creator Spirit; *ws within/Mak soiorne:* stay within us temporarily; *plaist:* established; *or:* before; *claythis be laist:* clothes are laced up; *force:* care; *lugeing:* lodging; *lowt:* stoop and enter. *gaist:* guest; *awalk:* awake; *watis:* lies in wait for; l.7 *him* i.e. the *glorious gaist* of l.3; *Letamini iusti in Domino:* Rejoice O you just, in the Lord; *seir:* various; *purchace:* acquisition;

That evill angellis wer baneist fro.
For 3e sall see his blissit face,
Letamini iusti in Domino.

Now is the tyme of battell stowt
That every ane of ws sowld be
Inarmit, baith within and owt,
With howp, faith and cheritie
Aganis thir crewall fayis thre,
The divill, the warld, the flesche also.
With the croce in 3our standart hie,
Letamini iusti in Domino.

3e that ar richtous of intent
And groundit vpon suthfastnes
And list not to no wrang consent,
To lye, dessaif, nor to oppress,
Lat ioy into 3our hairtis incress,
For he þat brocht ws owt of wo
Sall weill reward 3ow moir and less.
Letamini iusti in Domino.

Finis.

27 Ane Prayer for the Pest

O eterne God of power infinyt,
To quhois hie knawlege na thing is obscure—
That is, or was, or evir sal be perfyt fol.24*b*
In to thy sicht. Quhill that this warld indure
Haif mercy of ws, indigent and peure.
Thow dois na wrang to pvneiss our offens.
O Lord, that is to mankynd haill succure,
Preserve ws fra this perrelus pestilens.

We the beseik, O Lord of lordis all,
Thy eiris inclyne and heir our grit regrait:
We ask remeid of the in generall,
That is of help and confort desolait
Bot thow with rewth our hairtis recreat.
We ar bot deid, but only thy clemens.
We the exhort, on kneis law prostrait:
Preserf ws fra this perrellus pestilens.

We ar richt glaid thow pvneiss our trespass
Be ony kynd of vþir tribulatioun,
Wer it thy will. O Lord of Hevin, allaiss

---

fayis: foes; *moir and less:* the powerful and the humble. l.3 Bannatyne: *evir sal be perfyt;* Draft MS: *or sal be is perfyt; regrait:* lamentation; l.12: *That:* i.e. 'we' of l.11;

That we sowld thus be haistely put doun
And dye as beistis without confessioun,
That nane dar mak with vþir residence.
O blissit Iesu, that woir the thorny croun,
Preserve ws frome this perrellus pestilens.

Vse derth, O Lord, or seiknes and hungir soir;
And slaik thy plaig that is so penetryve
Thy pepill ar perreist. Quha ma remeid þairfoir
Bot thow, O Lord, that for thame lost thy lyve?
Suppoiss our syn be to the pungityve,
Oure deid ma nathing our synnys recompens.
Haif mercy Lord. We ma not with the stryve.
Preserve ws frome this perrellus pestilens.

Haif mercy Lord, haif mercy Hevynis King.
Haif mercy of thy pepill penetent.
Haif mercy of our petouss punissing.
Retreit the sentence of thy iust iugement
Aganis ws synnaris that servis to be schent
Withowt mercy. We ma mak no defens. fol.25*a*
Thow that, but rewth, vpoun the rude was rent
Preserve us from this perrellus pestilens.

Remmember, Lord, how deir thow hes ws bocht,
That for ws synnaris sched thy pretius blude.
Now to redeme that thow hes maid of nocht,
That is of vertew barrane and denude,
Haif rewth, Lord, of thyne awin symlitude.
Puneiss with pety and nocht with violens.
We knaw it is for our ingratitude
That we are pvneist with this pestilens.

Thow grant ws grace for till amend our miss
And till evaid this crewall suddane deid.
We knaw our syn is all the cause of thiss,
For oppin syn thair is set no remeid.
The iustice of God mon pvneiss than bot dreid,
For, by the law, he will with non dispens.
Quhair iustice laikis thair is eternall feid
Of God, that sowld preserf fra pestilens.

Bot wald the heiddismen, that sowld keip the law,
Pveneiss the peple for thair transgressioun,
Thair wald na deid the peple than owrthraw.
Bot thay ar gevin so planely till oppressioun
That God will nocht heir thair intercessioun,
Bot all ar pvneist for thair innobediens
Be sword or deid withowttin remissioun,
And hes iust cause to send ws pestilens.

---

slaik: cease; *pungityve:* wounding; *retreit:* withdraw; *schent:* damned; *heiddismen:* rulers;

Superne Lucerne, guberne this pestilens,
Preserve and serve that we not sterve thairin.
Declyne that pyne be thy devyne prudens.
O Trewth, haif rewth, lat not our slewth ws twin.
Our syt full tyt, wer we contryt, wald blin.
Dissiver did never quha evir the besocht.
Send grace with space and ws imbrace fra syn. fol.25*b*
Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht.

O Prince preclair, this cair, cotidiane
We the exhort, distort it in exyle.
Bot thow remeid, this deid is bot ane trane
For to dissaif the laif, and thame begyle.
Bot thow, sa vyiss, devyiss to mend this byle
Of this mischeif, quha ma releif ws ocht
For wrangus win, bot thow our syn oursyll?
Latt nocht be tynt that thow so deir hes bocht.

Sen for our vyce, that iustyce mon correct,
O King most hie now pacifie thy feid.
Our syn is huge. Refuge we not suspect.
As thow art iuge, deluge ws of this dreid.
In tyme assent. Or we be schent with deid
We ws repent, and tyme mispent, forthocht.
Thairfoir, evirmoir be gloir to thy Godheid.
Lat nocht be tynt that thow sa deir hes bocht.

Finis.

28 The Song Of The Virgin Mary

Magnificat anima mea dominum

With lawd and prayiss my saule hes magnifeid
The eternal God, both ane, two and thre,
That all hes maid and every thing dois gyid,
Quhilk of his micht and bonteuss petie,
Off his gudnes and eik benignitie,
Only of his mercy list to haif plesance
For to considder and gratiouslie to sie
To my meiknes and humill attendance.

et exultauit spiritus meus

My spreit also, with thocht and hairt efeir,
Reiosit hes, with fully haboundance,
In God that is my souerane, haill, enteir,
And all my ioy and all my sufficance,

Superne: celestial; *guberne:* control; *sterve:* die; *twin:* destroy; l.69: If we were contrite our suffering would very quickly cease; l.70: Whoever sought you, you did never cast away; *preclair:* illustrious; *cotidiane:* daily; *distort:* turn aside; ll.75–6: Unless you give help, death by this means will seem a trick to deceive those still living and cheat them of their lives; ll.77–9: Unless you, who are so wise, take steps to stop this hideous plague, who may give us relief?—unless you overlook our sinful profiteering; *feid:* enmity; *suspect:* doubt; *forthocht:* wasted;

My haill desyre and my full sustenance.
Within my thocht he is so deip ingrave
That bot in him, withowt variance,
In all this warld I can no glaidnes haive.

For he frome Hevin gudly hes behold fol.26*a*
Quia Of his handmaid the humilitie,
respexit Quhairfoir in sic, only for he wold
humilitatem All kinrikkis saue, blissit call thay me,
ancille sue Of quhilk, O Lord, the thank be vnto the,
With prayiss and honor of hevery hairt and toung,
For this allone, be to thy name ay soung.

quia fecit For he to me hes done thingis grit,
mihi Of he renoun and passing excellence,
magna His grace so fully to me dois fleit
For hie is michty, off maist magnificence,
His name is holy and maist of reverence.
Than for to leif it sall I nevir astart
To trust in him with my hoill mynd and hairt.

Et misericordia eius etc.

And his marcy, moist passing famouss,
Frome kin to kin and so doun to kinreid,
Sall throw his grace be so plenteouss,
Perpetualy that it sall ay proceid,
And specialy to thame that luve and dreid
My gratius Lord with hairt, will and mynd,
To suche his pitie sall spring and spreid
Of dew richt and nevir be behind.

Fecit potentia in brachio suo

And als his arme he forcit and maid strang,
His dreidfull micht that men may sie and knaw,
And prowd men þat thay ringin not to lang
He severit hes and maid thame so full law,
With all his hairt doun fra the quheill thame thraw
For to abait thair surquedry and pryd
Full soddanly, and laid thair boist on syd.

Deposuit potentes de sede

The michty potent frome thair ryell sie,
Evin as he wold, he hes thame brocht law doun,
And humill and meik for thair humilitie fol.26*b*
He hes avancit to full hie renoun,
For he can mak ane transsmutatioun
Fro law to hie, as it is sene full oft,

---

kinrikkis: kingdoms; *fleit:* flow; *astart: shun; kinreid:* kinred; l.35: Bannatyne: *thame*

thame that . . ., ringin: exercise power;

And quhen he list the dominatioun
Of warldlie pomp to fallin full vnsoft.

Esurientes impleuit

He hes fulfillit and fosterit in thair neid
With gudis and plenteus lerges
Thame that hungyrie, indigent and in dreid,
And thame relevit of all thair wretchitnes,
And he the riche hes rawcht frome thair riches,
Full wyld and waist to walk vpoun the plane,
And suddanlie thame plungit in distress
And solitar to lat thame leif in pane.

Suscepit Israell puerum suum

And he his chosin chyld of Ysraell
Benynglie hes taik in to his grace,
And of his mercy hes remembrit weill
To woyid all vengeance frome his face,
And humill pepill sall occupy his place,
And peax sal be seisit in his stall,
And rewth sall his richt so imbrace
To sett his mercy aboif his warkis all.

Sicut locutus est

As he hes spokin and suthfastly behecht
To our faderis that we haif had befoir,
To Abrahame and to his syid arricht,
That his mercy sall lest for evirmoir,
For withowt it this warld had bene forloir.
To the quhilk, to mak men to attene,
He hes maid mercy, mankynd to restoir,
Off all his werkis to be soverene.

Finis.

Followis ballatis of the nativitie of Chryste

29 Now glaidith euery liffis creature fol.27*a*
With bliss and confortable glaidness:
The Hevynnis King is cled in our nature
Ws fro *þe* deth with ransoun for to redress,
The Lamp of Ioy, *þat* chasis all dirkness,
Ascendit to be *þe* warldis Licht,
Fro every baill our boundis for to bless,
Borne of *þe* glorius Virgyn Mary bricht.

l.6: *þe:* Bannatyne, *þe þe; baill:* misery;

Abone þe radius Hevin etheriall,
The court of sterris, þe courss of sone and mone,
The potent Prince of Ioy imperiall,
The he surmonting Empriour abone,
Is cummyn fra his mychtie Faderis trone
In erd with ane inestimable licht,
And is of angellis with a sueit intone
Borne of þe most chest Virgin Mary bricht.

Quhoeuir in erd hard so blyth a story
Or tithing of sa grit felicite,
As how þe garthe of all grace and glory,
For luve and mercy, hes tane humanite,
Makar of angellis, man, erd, hevin and se,
And, to ourcum our fo and put to flicht,
Is cumin a bab full of benignite
Borne of þe most chest Virgin Mary bricht?

The souerane Senȝour of all celsitude,
That sittis abone þe ordour cherubin,
Quhilk all thing creat and all thing dois includ,
That neuir sall end na neuir moir did begin,
But quhome is nocht, fra quhome no tyme dois rin,
With quhome all gud is, with quhome is euery wicht,
Is with his woundis cum for to wesche our syn,
Borne of þe most chest Virgin Mary bricht.

Quhairfoir, sing all with confort and glaidnes
And cast away all cair and cuvatice.
Devoyd all wo and leif in merines.
Exerce vertew and banyss every vice.
Dispyss fortoun. Richt rynis on synk and sise.
And in þe honour of his blisful mycht,
All welcum we þe Prince of Paradice,
Borne of þe most chest Virgyn Mary bricht.

Finis.

30

Rorate celi desuper:
Hevins distill ȝour balmy schouris
For now is rissin þe bricht Day Ster
Fro þe ross Mary, flour of flouris.
The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris,
Surminting Phebus in þe est,
Is cumin of his hevinly touris
Et nobis Puer natus est.

radius: shining; *intone:* song; *in:* upon; *garthe:* garden; *tane:* taken; *celsitude:* majesty; *cherubin:* cherubim; *But:* without; *rin:* escape; *Devoyd:* cast aside; *leif:* live; *Richt rynis on synk and sise:* Right runs on five and six, i.e. on the highest casts of the dice. l.1: Let dew fall from above you heavens; l.8: *Puer:* Bannatyne, *power; Et nobis puer natus est:* and to us the son is born;

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis, fol.27*b*
Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris seir,
And all 3e hevinly operationis—
Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir
Fyre, erd, air, and watter cleir—
To him gife loving, most and lest,
That come in to so meik maneir
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Synnaris, be glaid and pennance do
And thank 3our Makar hairtfully,
For he, þat 3e mycht nocht cum to,
To 3ow is cumin full humly,
3our saulis with his blud to by
And louss 3ow of þe feindis arrest,
And only of his awin mercy
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

All clergy do to him inclyne
And bow vnto þat barne benyng,
And do 3our obseruance devyne
To him þat is of kingis King.
Ensence his altar, reid and sing
In haly kirk, with mynd degest,
Him honouring attour all thing
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Celestiall fowlis in þe are
Sing with 3our nottis vpon hicht
In firthis and in forrestis fair.
Be myrthfull now, at all 3our mycht,
For passit is 3our dully nycht.
Aurora hes þe cluddis perst.
The Son is rissin with glaidsum lycht
Et nobis Puer natus est.

Now spring vp flouris fra þe rute.
Reuert 3ow vpwart naturaly
In honour of þe blissit Frute
That raiss vp fro þe rose Mary.
Lay out 3our levis lustely.
Fro deid tak lyfe now at þe lest,
In wirschip of þat Prince wirthy
Qui nobis Puer natus est.

Syng Hevin imperiall most of hicht.
Regions of air mak armony.

dompnationis: dominations (the fourth of the nine angelic orders); *potestatis:* powers (the sixth angelic order); *operationis:* works; *speir:* sphere; *by:* redeem; *louss:* free; *arrest:* grasp; *Pro:* for; *Ensence:* incense; *degest:* serene; *attour:* above; *Qui:* who; *Reuert:* spring; *levis:* leaves;

All fishe in flud and foull of flicht
Be myrthfull and mak melody.
All, 'Gloria in excelsis' cry—
Hevin, erd, se, man, bird and best.
He þat is crownit abone þe sky
Pro nobis Puer natus est.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

34 Omnipotent Fader, Sone and Haly Gaist,
Egall in glory, puer and maieste,
Thre evin of mycht and on of mychtis maist,
Ay rignand in eterne diuinite,
Off a will, substance and equalite,
In quhome is nowþir first, last, moir nor lest,
To the laud in tryne and vnite,
Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Sentence of grace is now diffinityfe,
Concludit in þe hevinly concistory.
Our deth anon returnit is to lyfe.
In erd is borne þe blisfull King of Glory
To manis heir, quhilk is a myrthfull story.
Sing christin peplle with solace, joy and fest,
Be glaid and blyth and be no langar sory,
Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Our dirk orisoun and sable emysphery
Is lychnyt now with licht of euery licht,
Discendit is þe prince of he empery
With schynyng face to chace away our nycht
And mak vpspring our purpour dawing brycht.
Our blisfull day is clerit in þe est,
The sterne of joy hes lent of him a sicht,
Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Go we and meit him with deuot orisoun
And welcum him our saluiour most sueit,
That for ws sufferit grit vexatioun
And hurt of body bair, of heid and feit,
In travell, torment, thrist, hungir, cauld and heit,
And syne for ws a martir heir did sist.
Off quhois cummyng tak confort euery spreit,
Pro nobis Christus homo factus est.

Finis.

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puer: power; *rignand:* reigning; *Pro nobis Christus homo factus est:* For us Christ is made man; *orisoun* (l.17); horizon; *emysphery:* hemisphere; *orisoun* (l.25): prayer; *travell:* travail;

Finis natiuitatis Dei, sequntur de eius passione quedem cantilenee.

37 O wondit spreit and saule in till exile,
Schaddow of deth and myrrour of myrknes
Spendand thy sicht, thy gyd is full of gile.
Vndir þe hevin thow findis bot fikilnes.
Dignite is dowble; in euery stait distres.
Deid is certane. O blind lust, I inquyre,
In vicius vanite wilt thow ȝit persewyr?

O faith deformit (and gife it be faltles
Quhy in thy deidis is sic diuersite?)
As witles worme vanerand in wrechitnes,
Pure of vertew, riche in iniquite,
Refusand verite, chesand vanite,
Sen Chryst and sanctis sa deir þe hevin hes bocht
Trest weill, O man, thow cumis nocht þair for nocht.

Off euery wa the verry deliuerance,
The grund of grace, off syn remissioun,
Victorius trivmphe of vertewis haboundance,
The grund and hicht of verry perfectioun:
All thir ar fundin in Chrystis passioun.
O hevinly tresur, in falt of serching hid,
Imprent thy grace off my mynd in þe mid. fol.32*b*

With mynd deuot and hairtly compacience
Behald þe Sone of God in orisoun.
In bludy sueit he prayit for our offence;
In pacience eik the kiss tuk of tressoun.
The appostils fled with desolatioun.
As presoner commend the in his cure
The to redeme sic dolour cuth indure.

Freindles amang his fais in febill plite
As impotent and wirthy of dampnatioun
Thay fylit his face with spitting and dispite,
Sylit his ene as fule in dirisioun.
His patience passit imaginatioun.
Peter than fell. Quhairfoir, O synnare,
Repent with Petir and leif nocht in dispare.

Finis natiuitatis Dei, sequntur de eius passione quedam cantilenee: The end of the nativity of God; what follows are certain songs concerning his passion; *wondit:* wounded; *spendand:* squandering; *persewyr:* continue; *and gife it be faltles:* suppose it is without defect; *worme:* miserable creature; *vanerand:* wandering; *pure:* poor; *in falt of serching hid:* concealed from those who fail to search; *compacience:* compassion; *sueit:* sweat; *cuth indure:* was able to sustain; *As* (l.30): as one; *fylit:* defiled; *Sylit his ene:* blindfolded him (*Luke* XXII.64); *leif:* live;

Quhen Mary saw hir blissit sone Ihesu
Led throw þe cite with diuerss panis smerte
Hir dule exceidand his dolour cowth renew.
Vnthankfulnes of man thirlit his hairte.
The end of auirice of wrechis now aduert.
Iudas throw cuvatice, the girn of Sathanas,
Hingit him self as man dispair of grace.

Christ wes accusit in presens of Pilate,
The Iowis cryit him for to crucefie,
Barrabas wes fred. O chance infortunate,
The Sone of God wes scurgit crewalie.
O hevinly flour of our humanitie,
Thy fairnes fedit, thy virgin face vox pale.
Now, man, behald þi makar immortale.

Vpoun his heid thay thrang a croun of thorn
For diadem a croce to beir of tre.
Ane king of Iowis thay salust him in scorn,
Betuix twa thevis þai deput him to de.
Thus throw his lufe and our iniquite
He sufferit. Thow synnit, O man maist frevolus.
Thocht thow be wrechit, thy price is rycht pretius.

Thay drew him on þe croce with violence,
His vanis brak. His banis wes innwmerable.
Cavillit his clething. The theif confessit offence,
With all his mycht to grace he maid him able.
Cryst prayit þair for his fais, but fable,
His meik mudir, abone all virgins blist,
Hairtly commendit to Iohine the euangelist.

O blissit Virgin, sege of our Saluiour, fol.33*a*
Quhat thocht thow of thy commendatioun?
Sic dule mycht neuir ȝit martiris indure.
Thair panis wes mixt with consolatioun
Bot in þe laik of lamentatioun
Thow sowpit wes, seand thy son torment,
Complenand thus to God omnipotent:

'O God abufe, þat regnis eternally,
Excerce thy servand plungit in strang distres
Seand my Sone and makar immortall
Thus hoverand in þe hicht of hevines,
The sowrd of sorrow at my hairt cowth increș.'

dule: grief; *cowth renew:* revived; *thirlit:* pierced; *wrechis:* wretches; *aduert:* observe; *girn:* snare; *fedit:* faded; *thrang:* pressed; *deput:* assigned; *price:* ransom; *vanis:* veins; *banis:* bones; *Cavillit:* divided by lot; *able:* deserving; *but fable:* in truth; *sege:* dwelling; *laik:* lake; *sowpit:* drenched; *Excerce:* possess; *hoverand:* suspended;

With pvnist spereit in sic perplexite,
Dippit in dolour, dre furth þi prophece.

O man behald þe wofull disseuerance.
Behald Mary. Behald hir sone Iesu.
Gife rewth hes rowme in thy remembrance
With peteous hairt his passioun thow persew
Throw quhilk thow may thy innocence renew.
O hevinly saule knaw thy felicite,
Slay nocht thy self with fals iniquite.

Att hour of none he cryit, 'Haly',
The sone wes closit in till clud obscure.
Myr mixt with gall he taistit þair trewly.
The stanis raif. Deid raiss abufe nature.
The Magdalenis but distance culd indure.
Off all his panis quha mycht expreme þe lest
Quhen þat he cryit, 'Consumatum est'?

His spreit commendit in to his faderis cure
The vale trymblit throw diuisioun.
Bayth hevin and erd and lyfeles criature
Vnto þi makar schew compassioun.
Resume thy spereit, man, full of confusioun.
For lufe of Iesus devoyd þe of þi vice
Quhilk for the offerit him self in sacrifice.

Doun fra þe croce Ioseph than Iesu bur
And spycit his body with pretius vnȝement,
Syn grathit him in to his sepulture.
Mary his muder with him wes ay present.
Immortal God, makar omnipotent,
Gife me þi grace. Forgiff me my offence.
Conforme my will to thy benevolence.

Punyss nocht thy peple, Lord God, in thy grevance.
Think quhy thy sone Cryst sufferit sic passioun.
The croun of thorne, the croce, eik Longius lance
For manis syn makis intercessioun. fol.33*b*
Haif rewth of manis lamentatioun
To quhome as redemar thow culd with all commend.
For lufe of him ws fra our fa defend.

Finis.

Dippit: plunged; *dre furth þi prophece:* endure what was prophesied of you (*Luke* II.35–6); *disseuerance:* separation; *Haly: (Mark* XV.34); *Myr:* this may refer to the hyssop of *John* XIX.29 or it may be metaphorical; *raiss abufe nature:* arose supernaturally; *expreme þe lest:* describe the least; *Consumatum est:* It is achieved; *vnȝement:* ointment; *grathit:* placed; *Longius lance:* the soldier who pierced the side of the crucified Christ (*John* XIX.34) was, according to the apocryphal *Acts of Pilate,* named Longinus;

Finis de Passione et sequitur de Resurrectione

40 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.
The Lord is rissin fra deid to lyfe agane,
Qui pro nobis pependit in ligno,
Quhilk for our synnys on þe croce wes slane.
Quhame to annoynt went Mary Magdalene,
Ibat Maria Salame cum ea,
Quhen Godis angell thus did ansuer plane:
'Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua.'

This angellis weid wes snawith in cullour.
His face, as fyrflacht, flawmyt ferly brycht.
The knychtis, keparis of Christis sepultour,
Fell doun as deid, offerit of his licht,
Quhome to behald thay had no grace nor mycht.
Et terre motus est factus in Iudea.
The wird of Iesew is fulfillit rycht:
'Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua.'

Behaldin þe brichtnes of þis angell,
The Magdalene and Mare Salamee
Abasit wer in sprit, as sayis þe ewangell,
And stud abak. 'Be nocht afferd', said he,
'The Lord is rissin quhome ȝe come to se,
Ipse precedit vos in Gallelela.
To his appostillis, ga tell þe verite:
Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua.'

All honour we this Lord with ioy and glory,
Thanking þat mychty Campioun invincible
That wan on tre trevmphe of he victory,
Syne brak þe Hellis dungeoun most terrible
And chest þe dragonis hidous and horrible
Per crucis validissima trophea
And brocht þe sawlis to joy euir permansible.
Surrexit sicut dixit, allalua.

Pleiss we this Lord þat did in battel byd fol.35*a*
For ws, quhilk had non vþir bute nor beild,
Quhill bludy wes his bak, body, and syd.
He wes our mychte paviss and our scheild,
Or Phebus dirknes him Goddis Sone reveild:

Finis de Passione et sequitur de Resurrectione: The end of the Passion and what follows concerns the Resurrection; l.1: The Lord is risen from the tomb; l.3: Who for us hung on the cross; l.6: Mary Salome went with her; l.8: He is risen as he said, alleluia; *snawith:* snow-white; *fyrflacht:* lightning flashes; *ferly:* wondrously; *offerit:* frightened; l.14: And a movement of the earth took place in Judea; l.22: He is gone before you in Galilee; l.30: Through the most powerful victories of the cross; *permansible:* enduring; *byd:* remain; *bute:* help; *beild:* protection; *paviss:* convex shield, large enough to cover the entire body;

Sanguinea erant eius cannepea.
He deit triumphand. He raiss and wan þe feild.
Surrexit sicut dixit, allelua.

Finis.

Done is a battell on þe dragon blak.
Our campioun Chryst confountet hes his force.
The ȝettis of Hell ar brokin with a crak.
The signe trivmphall rasit is of þe Croce,
The diuillis trymmillis with hiddouss voce.
The saulis ar borrowit and to þe bliss can go.
Chryst with his blud our ransonis dois indoce.
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

Dungin is þe deidly dragon Lucifer,
The crewall serpent with þe mortall stang,
The auld kene tegir with his teith on char,
Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for ws so lang
Thinking to grip us in his clowss strang.
The mercifull Lord wald nocht þat it wer so:
He maid him for to felȝe of þat fang.
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

He for our saik þat sufferit to be slane,
And lyk a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,
Is lyk a lyone rissin vp agane
And, as gyane, raxit him on hicht.
Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht.
On loft is gone þe glorius Appollo,
The blisfull day depairtit fro þe nycht:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The grit Victour agane is rissin on hicht
That, for our querrell, to þe deth wes woundit.
The Sone, þat vox all paill, now schynis bricht
And, dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit.
The knell of mercy fra þe hevin is soundit.
The Cristin are deliuerit of þair wo.
The Iowis and þair errour ar confoundit:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

The fo is chasit. The battell is done ceiss,
The presone brokin, the ievellouris fleit and flemit.

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l.38: His coverings were bloody. *confountet:* overthrown; *ȝettis:* gates; *borrowit:* ransomed; *indoce:* endorse; *dungin:* vanquished; *stang:* sting; *on char:* in the act of closing; *wait:* ambush; *lyne:* lain; *clowss:* claws; *felȝe:* fail; *fang:* prey; *dicht:* prepared; *raxit him:* stretched himself; *radius:* radiant; *vox:* grew; *ievellouris:* jailers; *flemit:* expelled;

The weir is gon. Confermit is þe peiss,
The fetteris lowsit and þe dungeoun temit,
The ransoun maid, the presoneris redemit.
The feild is win. Ourcumin is þe fo,
Dispulit of þe tresur þat he ȝemit:
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

Finis. Quod Dunbar.

Followis exortationis of Chryst to all synnaris to repent thame of the same

42 'O man, remember and prent in to thy thocht fol.35*b*
Quhat I haif done to bring thy saule to rest.
The gloir of Hevin I left and sett at nocht
And tuk mankynd thy dolour to degest,
In all my lyfe rycht panefully opprest.
Syne, for invy, þe Iowis culd me sla
Rycht crewaly, with malice manifest.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Wald thow behald perfytly my passioun
With hairt contreit and rew on my torment,
Haif thow no dout, it suld be thy saluatioun.
Wald thow remembir with schame as I wes schent
Fra I wes borne quhill þat my spereit wes sprent,
That neuir had rest bot pyne nycht and day,
Quhill I, but rewth, vpoun þe rud wes rent.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Remembir man, vpoun Mont Oleueit,
Quhen I satt þair at my deuotioun,
That for the bayth blud and wattir suet
Our all my body in grit effusioun,
For feir of deid wes lyk to suelt in swoun.
Na tung can tell þe torment, tene, and tra
That I haif tholit for thy redemptioun.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Quhen Iudas me kist, the Iowis but baid me band
With raipis rud, quhill þat þe blud brest out.
Hurlit, as ane theif þat durst þame nocht ganestand,
To Annas houss, with þat fowll rounsy rout

weir: war; *temit:* emptied; *dispulit:* stripped; *ȝemit:* guarded. *degest:* dissipate; *myss:* wrong-doing; *plaig:* damnation; *schent:* disgraced; *sprent:* gone forth; *rud:* cross; *Mont Oleueit:* Mount of Olives (*Luke* XXII.39); *the* (l.19): thee; *suet:* sweated; *tene and tra:* sorrow and trouble; *tholit:* suffered; *baid:* delay; *band:* bound; *Hurlit:* hustled; *Annas:* father in law of Caiphas, the Jewish high priest (*John* XVIII.15); *rounsy:* disorderly;

Calland me fule, with mony ane cry and schout,
Blerand þair ene cryand, "O, bubo, ba",
As blind feld best thay beft me all about.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'To Pylet than thay presentit me in haist,
Be his decreit þat I suld sone be deid.
Than he furthwith to Herod sone me chaist
Becaus he had þe Galianis to leid.
In habeit quhyt for hething he me cled
In foull derisioun to him þat I come fra.
Be my presens endit wes þair feid.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Than he anone dispoȝeit me all bair,
And I wes bund and bett both, bak and syd.
Thay sonȝeit nocht to mak my sydis sair.
With all þair wit thay wrocht me woundis wyd,
Fra nek to heill, vnhurt thay left no hyd.
Forbled and blaknit quhill I wes blak and bla,
Be my manheid in wit I mycht nocht byd.
Amend thy miss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'In purpour habit thay cled me as ane king, fol.36*a*
With reid in hand, with grit dispyt and scorn,
"Haill King of Iowis", wes than þair salusing.
Blerand þair ene thay knelit me beforne,
Syn thristit on ane crewall croun of thorne
Vpoun my heid and pairsit my harnis swa
That windir wes nor my lyffe wes forlorne.
Amend thy miss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Ane heuy croce, þat wes bayth grit and squair,
Thay gart me beir to Caluary on my bak
With littill help. Thay sonȝeit nocht my sair.
To furdir my deid my fais wes rycht frak.
Dispytfull wirdis betuene to me thay spak.
Wes nane to help. My freindis wes fled away;
My face ourspittit, bludy, wan and blak.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Syne sett me doun quhill I wes cald agane—
And ay þai dred þat I suld gett reskew.
With all þair wit þai sett to get me slane.
Quhill I wes deid, þair mycht no mirth þame glew.
Thairfoir my deid þai scharply did persew

bubo: fool; *ba:* bah; *beft:* struck; *chaist:* drove; *Galianis:* Galileano (*Luke* XXIII.7); *hething:* derision; *feid:* enmity; *dispoȝeit:* stripped; *sonȝeit:* hesitated; *forbled:* exhausted from bleeding; *bla:* blue; *reid:* reed (*Matt.* XXVII.29); *harnis:* brain; *frak:* eager; *wan:* livid; *glew:* gladden;

Quhen all wes dry bayth bak and syd couth fla
And raif of, all my panis to renew.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Be this wes done, with nalis lang and grit
Baith feit and handis thay nalit to þe croce.
On lenth and breid, as thay wer out of wit,
Thay drew me lang and maid me meit of force.
Quhen þat wes don, thay leit me fall deorss,
Renewand agane my pane fra top to ta,
That all my vanis and sennonis wer devorss,
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'For grit dispyt vpone Mont Caluary,
To wondir on as I had bene ane theif,
I hang on croce, þat all þe warld mycht se,
Betuene twa theifis as I had done mischeif.
Thow did þe deid. Thow mycht mak no releif.
Grit schame I sufferit þe mendis for to ma.
Blasphemit I wes with sorrow and repreif.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'For grit dispyt vpoun Mont Caluary,
Als lang als lyfe wes left my corss within,
Thay tyrit nocht to do me tene and tray.
With ane scherp spair thay thocht it wes no sin
To perss my harte, quhill all ran on þe grene,
Syne gaif me to drink bittir gall betuene.
Syne gafe þe gaist—my baner can displa—
Oursett þe diuill and all his werkis, but vene.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'O man unmercifull, quhat is within þi mynd fol.36*b*
Seand quhat pane I sufferit for his saik,
That is to me vnthankfull and vnkynd,
Quhilk is þi makar and maid the as his maik?
To se þe schent my sorrow may nocht slaik.
Thow suffers nocht my torment and my wa.
Agane my will thy weill gois all to wraik.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Thow hes grit caus to murne and nocht to sing
For thy misdeid þat cairis for no syn.
Thow lykis in lust and ryalte to ring,
Having no dreid how lang to ly þairin.
3it thow presomes eternall bliss to win.
Thow art begyld, and thow trow it be sa,

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dry: bloodless; *couth fla:* flayed; *raif of:* tore off; *meit:* fit; *deorss:* unsupported; *vanis:* veins; *sennonis:* sinews; *mendis:* reparation; *tyrit:* wearied; *gafe þe gaist:* died (*Matt.* XXVII.50); *vene:* doubt; l.101: *his,* Bannatyne, *thy; maik:* image;

Confess in tyme and of þi malice blin.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Do thow nocht this, presome nocht to haif lyif.
Iustice man punyss the syn quhair euir it be.
Into þis warld wes neuir syn moir ryif,
And nane to pvnyss þe grit iniquite
That now aboundis in he and law degre.
Iustice will nocht that sin vnpvnist ga,
Suppois þat I of synnaris haif pete.
Amend thy myss. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Thow irkis nocht to serue thy ennemy
That ill reuardis his seruand at þe end.
My law with the is lychleit and laid by.
Thow takis nocht keip þi makar to offend
Off all þi malice þat may þe weill amend.
Both thocht and deid thow pleisis weill thy fa
And in my seruice listis nocht thy tyme expend.
Amend thy lyfe. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Wolupteouss lyif quhy thinkis thow so weill,
The quhilk sall end with sorrow and with pane,
That þe begylis and may nocht help a deill?
To thy tinsall it schawis bot a trane.
Throw sensuall lust thy saule may sone be slane.
Resist in tyme. To syn be euir thra,
Schort is þe ioy, þe pane will ay remane.
Amend thy lyfe. This plaig sall pass þe fra.

'Quhy haitis thow me þat luvis þe our all thing?
That I þe lufe, the deid now may be schawin.
Off all my workis thow hes þe gouerning
And be thy deid thy lufrent may be knawin.
I lyk it nocht þat thow suld be ourthrawin
And sched my blud, thy ransone for to pa,
And maid the fre off det that thow wes awin.
Amend thy miss. This plaig sall pass the fra.

'Quhat sall I say? Thow vnkynd, but weir,
Vntrew, vnthankfull vnto thy Creatore
That the hes bocht with my hairt bluid so deir.
Quhair haif I feilit or done to the iniure?
To win thy luve I haif done all my cure.
Leive thy evill lyfe and leif vpoun my lay
And thow sall neid non vþir procureur.
Amend thy miss. This plaig sall pass the fray.'

fol.37*a*

blin: cease; *man:* must; *ryif:* prevalent; *irkis:* are disturbed; *lychleit:* disdained; *keip:* care; l.133: It leads, as a snare, to your damnation; *thra:* unyielding; *lufrent:* devotion; *pa:* pay; *weir:* doubt; *lay:* instruction; *procureur:* defender;

Haif mercy, Lord, our error we deploir.
We grant our gilt, submittand ws to grace.
Latt nocht this deid but pietie ws devoir.
Quhair we haif failit to the, O Lord, allace,
We sall ammend and thow will grant ws pece.
Haif mercy, Lord. Haif mercy, we the pray.
Thow Fruct vnfyld, thow farest Floure of face,
Beseik oure God this plaig to put ws fray.

Finis. Quod Stewart.

47 Quhen, be devyne deliberatioun
Off personis thre in a Godheid yfeir,
The grit message and hie legatioun fol.40*a*
Wes send vnto the blissit lady deir
Be Gabriell, scho being in hir prayeir
Asking of God, as profeitis dois expreme,
To send the Sone that sowld the warld redeme,

The angell to the virgin is removit
And to Marie he said on this maneir:
'Haill full of grace, derrest and best belovit,
God is with the. To him thou art most deir,
Most pretious and principall, but peir.
Thow sweit Fructtre and Well of Sanetie,
God will of the tak his humanitie.'

The virgin wynderit of that hie message
And was abaisit in hir humill spreit
On to the Angell, having this langage.
With sobir mynd and wordis verry sweit,
As scho þat was of grace full repleit:
'How may this be I sowld consave a chyld?
I knaw no man. My madinheid is vnfyild.'

'Be nocht perturbat in 3our aduertance.
3our benyng eir vnto my voice inclyne.
The Faderis power, the Sonis sapience,
The vertew of the Holie Gaist devyne
Within thy wame sall obvmbir and schyne.
Thow sall consaif, baith clene in deid and thocht,
Him that the maid, and all this warld, of nocht.'

All creatouris on kneis fall 3e doun.
Consent, Virgin vnto this hie message,
Quhairby followis the redemptioun
Of Abrahame and all his haill lynnage.
Thow, Word, may now infernall folk dischairge,

devoir: destroy; *vnfyld:* unsullied. *yfeir:* together; *Fructtre:* fruit; *repleit:* imbued; *aduertance:* mind; *obvmbir:* overshadow; *dischairge:* set free;

The faderis eik, that dirknes dois inhanss, fol.40*b*
With wofull Adame weiping in pennanss.

This glorius lady and virgin celestiall,
As God sa wald his prophecie fulfill,
Remmembring eik the weilfair of ws all,
'Lo heir,' scho said, 'Godis humill ancill,
Be it to me eftir thy word and will.'
And be scho had hir wordis thus expremit,
Consauit was hie that all the world redemit.

Thow Moyses busk remanyng vncombust,
Quhilk was fair signe of thy virginitie,
Refrene ws fra all warldlie fleschlie lust,
No thing to ioy bot in thy Sone and the,
And gif ws grace, that hour quhen we sowld dee,
Be thy fair Fruct, that place in Hevin to win
That ordanit was for Adame and all his kin.

Finis.

48 O Lord my God on quhome I do depend, fol.41*a*
Thow þat hes evir bene my help and gyd
And daylie dois frome denger me defend,
Grant me in the fermlie for to confyd.
Suffer me nocht throwcht slewthfulnes to slyd,
Bot grant me grace boith now and evirmoir
To randir the most humill thankis thairfoir.

A parfyt luve, gud Lord, grant vnto me
With humill hairt to gif the praysis still,
Feiring for till offend thy maiestie
Bot daylie to obey thyne holy will.
Be my defens frome that thing that is ill
And for thy onlie trewth and promeiss saik
Gif eir and heir the prayar that I maik.

Grant me thy grace to gyd me vprichtlie.
Mak me thyne holy preceptis for to knaw.
Lett thy commandimentis so governe me
To do to every ane the thing I aw.
Instruct me Lord in thy most blissit law.
Maik me nocht our desyrus for to haif,
Bot ay to rander as I wold ressafe.

For of ane mass thow hes ws formit all,
And of the clay thow creat every wicht,

eik: also; *inhanss:* monopolise; *ancill:* handmaid; *Consauit:* conceived; *Moyses busk:* Moses' bush (*Exodus* III.2). *the* (l.9): thee; *Feiring:* being fearful; *aw:* ought;

And to the erth schortly returne we sall
Nocht knawing quhen nor quhair be day or nicht.
Sen all þat leivis ar synnaris in thy sicht,
Oure confort, ioy, and our felicitie
Consistis only in thy grit marcye.

Body and sawill I humly recommend
Into the handis of the, my God, allone.
As thow hes evir done in tymes bygone, fol.41*b*
Harkin vnto my petouss plaint and mone
And gif me patiens to abyd thy will,
With perfyt hairt to gif the prayissis still.

Finis.

49 O creaturis creat of me ȝour creator,
To my liknes wrocht be my providence,
Quhy felȝie faith? Quhy fall ȝe in error?
Evir quhair ȝe syn throw follyth negligence.
Sen I proffer ay to be ȝour deffence,
ȝe mankynd, quhy tak ȝe not now na heid?
My will war, thocht thow did offence,
Thow sowld me not mistrest for thy misdeid.

Thow sleipis in syn fra ȝeir to ȝeir.
Fro day to day thow will not ryiss.
Bot quhen thow feilis the deth is neir
Than begynnis thow for till aggryiss.
Than sayis thow, 'Mercy will not suffyiss;
Thocht I it ask it will nocht speid.'
Thow wreche, quhy will thè me dispryiss?
Mistrest me nevir for thy misdeid.

Gif thow fallis throw thy brukilnes
Cast vp thy heid, behald the Hevin,
Think on the pane and grit distress
I sufferit for the. In myld stevin
Call vpoun me baith morne and evin
And thow sall find me reddy at neid.
Haif cheretie, and luve thy nychtbouris evin,
And nocht mistrest for thy misdeid.

Do this and trest thy synnis be forgeif,
For trest sall causs redemptioun.
Dispair thow not, how evir thow leif,
Marcy is in my faderis possessioun.
Cleme it for heretage, þat is ressoun,
And thow sall haif it to thy neid

felȝie: falls short; *aggryiss:* be terrified; *dispryiss:* disparage; *brukilnes:* frailty; *stevin:* voice;

Aganis the devillis strang temptatioun.
Mistrest me nevir for thy misdeid.

I bid the ask, for grant I wald, fol.42*a*
I bid the serche among the laif.
I bid the trest to mak the bald:
Ask of thy bruþir and thow sall haif.
Vnkynd thow art me to dissaif.
Denny I will not the, albeid
That thow a fute war neir the graif.
3it nocht mistrest for thy misdeid.

I am thy bruþir and sittis in trone,
Thow leidis thy life vndir my feit
Wappit in misdeidis mony one.
I mycht smot oft quhair I the treit
Bot I thold sic panis greit
To saif thy sawll. Wald thow tvik heid.
Behold my woundis of rewth repleit
And nevir mistrest for thy misdeid.

I wald nocht force to die agane
And ane drop mercy war fundin dry.
It is full sweit to suffer pane
To saive ane sawill eternaly.
And I haif micht, will and maistry
Ane kingis word sall stand in steid.
Quhy fleis thow than for thy folly?
Mistrest me nevir for thy misdeid.

It grevit me moir than Caen mistrest
The keling of Abell þat was so gude,
And moir displeisd me þat Iudas lest
No mercy craif, me selling to þe rude,
To Pylat and Herod þat war so wude.
My mercy wald I nevir forbeid.
Than withstand not, as thay withstude.
Man mistrest nevir for thy misdeid.

Cum to my croce and sie ane theif.
For onis his asking gat him grace.
Se Pawle, þat did me mekle grief, fol.42*b*
How wirthy appostill he eftir wass.
Se Mary Magdalene for hir trespass,
And Petir forsuk me thryiss for dreid,
Now be thay worthy in Hevnis place.
Than mistrest nocht for thy misdeid.

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laif: rest; *wappit:* entangled; *smot:* have smitten; l.44: *oft; Bannatyne, of; treit:* deal kindly with; *force:* scruple; *And* (l.50): if; *wude:* lunatic; *forbeid:* withhold;

My moder knelit vnto me
And mvrnit for me þat was in cair,
And to my fader I knelit for the
And schew my body and woundis bair.
Than quho may stop my mercy thair?
Gif deth war neidfull ȝit sowld thow speid.
In weill or wo quhair evir thow fair
Mistrest me not for thy misdeid.

Quhat neid the now for to dispair
And hes sic freindis for the to speik?
My fader is thyne. Thow art his air.
I am thy broder. Quho can it breik?
My modir is thyne that is so meik.
I will the help quhen thow hes neid.
Thy luve fra me quhy wald thow steik?
Mistrest me not for thy misdeid.

Quhat lyikis the now? Quhat will thow moir?
Gif thow hes neid heir is succour.
Gife thow be neidles tell me befoir;
I see thy governance in every hour.
Thow dwellis in presone. Heir is thy boure.
Cum hame again. Tak thair thy meid,
Celestiall bliss of hie honour,
And mistrest not for thy misdeid.

Finis. Quod Ledgait, monk of Bery.

Heir endis the first pairt of this buke,

contenand Ballatis of Theoligie.

air: heir; *steik:* shut out.

Followis the secound pairt of this buk, conteneand verry singular Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie etc.

Ballatis Full of Wisdome and Moralitie

Tu viuendo bonos, scribendo sequare peritos

50 Wit

The grittest tresour, withowt comparison,
For man's felicitie heir in this lyfe—
Aboif gold and siluer—is wit, and discretion
To tempir the ioyfull and confort the pensyfe,
Or vþir wayis to instruct man in peice or stryif.
Wit alsa is incressit be wyiss workis reiding
And lyk the fructles tre is wit but gud doing.

51 Furth throw ane forrest as I fure

fol.44*a*

Furth throw ane forrest as I fure
Attour ane rever cowth I ryd.
All kynd of birdis þat body bure
Vpoun tha brenchis could abyd.
Than spak ane bird, hard me besyd:
'For ony thing þat evir may be
Thir wirdis in hairt se þat thow hyd.
In alkyn mater mesure the.

'First luve thy God attour all thing
That maid the lyk to his image
And syne the ordand in Hevin to ring
But end, to haif þat heretage
Till Adame, throw his grit outtrage,
Maid ws to licht—this is no le—
Law in to hell in grit thirlelege.
In alkyn mater mesur the.

'Sen God hes ransonit all at richt
Out of þe feindis handis of Hell,
Chryst wes born of þe Virgyn bricht—
So said Sanct Iohine in his wangell—
Syne deid and raiss and herreit Hell

Tu viuendo bonos, scribendo sequare peritos: You, in living should follow the good, in writing, the experts. *Wit:* understanding; *discretion:* judgement; *fure:* went; *Attour:* beyond; *rever:* river; *þat body bure:* that existed; *hyd:* protect; *In alkyn mater mesure the:* Be moderate in everything; *outrage:* sin; *licht:* be brought down; *le:* lie; *thirlelege:* bondage; *wangell:* gospel;

And fred mankynd and maid him fre.
Sen it is trew þat I the tell,
In alkyn mater mesure the.

'ȝit sall he cum on domisday
And deme our deidis, dout ȝe nocht,
Sum to pane and sum to pley,
Eftir þe werkis þat we haif wrocht.
Fra baill to bliss sen he hes bocht,
And denȝeit him self for ws to de,
We lufe him baith in deid and thocht.
In alkyn mater mesure the.

'Mesure is ane instrument
Decernis thingis þat is in weir.
Quha þat to mesure takkis tent
To tell his tretiss wer full teir.
Leit at my lair gif thow will leir
The gait quhair glaidnes is and gle.
Sen he may help baith thair and heir,
In alkyn mater mesure the.

'Be nocht ourskerss nor ȝit our lerge
Gif thow will leir sone at my lair,
For thow hes a full havy chairge,
Bot gif thow wysly spend and spair.
Tak mesur with the evir mair,
Se thow na wreche nor waistour be.
Sen heir is nocht bot fenȝeit fair,
In alkyn materis mesur thee.

'Be nocht our mad attour mesure,
Nor ȝit our meik in thy moving.
Be nocht our rad for no dreddure,
Nor ȝit our derf in thy doing.
As Cato sayis in his teiching:
"In al thingis knaw þe quantetie
As all tyme askis of every thing."
In alkyn materis mesur the.

'Do for thy freind as it effeiris,
Chaistyn thy serwand with mesure,
Reward thow as þe causs requyris.

fred: redeemed; *maid him fre:* made him free, and also, ennobled him; *baill:* misery; *bocht:* redeemed; *denȝeit:* humbled. *instrument:* means; *Decernis:* distinguishes; *in weir:* uncertain; *takkis tent:* pays attention; *tretiss:* story; *teir:* difficult; *leit:* linger; *lair:* teaching; *leir:* learn; *gait:* road; *ourskerss:* too niggardly; *our lerge:* too generous; *chairge:* burden; *Bot gif:* unless; *spair:* save; *wreche:* niggard; *fenȝeit fair:* false pleasance; *mad:* enthusiastic; *moving:* urging; *rad:* frightened; *dreddure:* apprehension; *derf:* bold; ll.54–5 are a free translation of *dandum etenim est aliquid, cum tempus postulat aut res, Disticha Catonis* II, 5, 2; *effeiris:* is appropriate;

Thy maister wirschep and honour,
To pure and seik gif thow succour.
Thy nychtbour lufe in cheritie,
Thy weddit wyf lufe paramour.
In alkyn materis mesure the.

'With mesure suld we walk and sleip,
With mesure suld we spend and spair.
With mesur suld we gaddir and keip,
With mesur suld thow leif evirmair.
With mesur suld we lufe and fair,
With mesur suld we serch and fle.
Sen mesur is most singulair,
In alkyn materis mesure the.

'Thocht a man be keip in presone,
Be nocht our perte him to suppryss.
Oft tymis thow may se be ressone
A man may fall and rycht vpryss.
Thow art nocht sicker on na kin waiss.
The siclyk caiss thy awin may be,
That sample may be sene oft syiss.
In alkyn materis mesure the.

'Mesure stanchis sturtis and stryvis;
It is a rewll of grit wysness.
It garris ressoun ring and ryss
And exylis wrang and wicket distress.
Quhair men dreidis, it is doutless
The suthfastness it garris thame se,
Sen it is grund till all glaidness.
In alkyn materis mesure the.

'Mesure is a ticht castell,
Ane haisty causs of repentance.
Be war for war for, wit ȝe weill,
Off evill tungis cumis ignorance.
Be nocht our dum for no distance,
Nor our mirthfull for maiestie.
Cast baill and bliss in a ballance.
In alkin materis mesure the.

'Fra pryd and cuvatice the keip, fol.45*a*
Fra wicket yre and fra invy.
In deidly syn se thow nocht sleip,
In lichery, nor glottony,

l.63: Love (only) your wedded wife sexually. *perte:* audacious; *suppryss:* rescue; *sicker:* secure; *on na kin waiss:* by any means; *siclyk:* such-like; *caiss:* case; *syiss:* times; *stanchis:* allays; *sturtis:* disputes; *stryvis:* quarrels; *garris:* causes; *ring and ryss:* assume power and increase in importance; *ticht castell:* strong fortress; l.91: Beware of contention because . . .; *dum:* silent; *distance:* discord; *maiestie:* dignity;

Nor in sweirnes, for, wat thow quhy?
Thir ar the sevin grathis the to die
And slayis thy sawll eternaly.
In alkin mater mesur the.

'Aganis pryd, tak thow lawlines,
And cheretie aganis invy;
Aganis yre also, tak meikness,
And chestetie for lichery;
For sweirnes and for gluttony
Tak abstinens and vertewis be.
For covetyce, gife liberally.
In alkin materis mesur the.'

I prayit that bird of patience,
Quhat that scho was, or of quhat kynd.
Scho said to me: 'Dame Conscience
That oft remmemberis manis mynd.
Sen Chryst the coft, be to him kynd
That maid this warld, verralie.
Thow clenge the clene, or thow hyne wend.
In alkyn materis mesur the.'

Finis.

52 The Prollog of the Nynt Buk of Virgell: In Commendatioun of Vertew

Thir lusty versis of he nobilite
Agilite did write of lusty clerkis
And þairon markis wisdome, vtilitie.
Na vilite, no sic vnworthy werkis.
Scurrilite is bot for doggis þat barkis—
Quhay thairto harkis fallis in fragilite.

Honestie is the way to wirthiness, fol.45*b*
Vertew dowtles the perfyt gait to bliss.
Thow do no miss and eschew ydilnes.
Persew proves. Hold nothing that is his.
Be not rakles to say sone, I wiss,
And of this the contrair wirk express.

Do to ilk wicht as done to thow wold be:
Be nevir sle and dowble nor ȝit ouir licht;
Vse not thy micht aboif thyne awin degre.

sweirnes: sloth; *grathis:* cause; *remmemberis:* reminds; *coft:* redeemed; *kynd:* loving; *clenge:* cleanse. *lusty:* delightful; *Agilite:* cleverness; *markis:* is impressed; *vilite:* vileness; *harkis:* listens; *fallis in fragilite:* sinks into frailty; *proves:* approved things; *Hold:* keep; *rakles:* reckless; *say sone:* speak hastily; *licht* (l.14): frivolous; *micht:* power;

Clym not ouir hie nor ȝit ouir law to licht.
Wirk no mawgre. Thocht thow be nevir so licht,
Hold with þe richt and preiss the nevir to lie.

Finis. Quod Gawyn Dowglass.

54 Allone as I went vp and doun
In ane abbay, was fair to se,
Thinkand quhat consolatioun
Was best in to adwersitie,
On caiss I kest on syd myne e
And saw this writtin vpoun a wall:
'Off quhat estait, man, that thow be
Obey and thank thy God of all.

'Thy kindome and thy grit empyre,
Thy ryaltie nor riche array,
Sall nocht endeur at thy desyre
Bot, as the wind, will wend away.
Thy gold and all thy gudis gay,
Quhen fortoun list, will fra the fall.
Sen thow sic sampillis seis ilk day,
Obey and thank thy God of all.

'Iob wes maist riche in writ we find, fol.47*a*
Thobe maist full of cheritie.
Iob woux pure and Thobe blynd,
Bath tempit with aduersitie.
Sen blindnes wes infirmitie,
And pouerty wes naturall,
Thairfoir, rycht patiently, bath he and he
Obeyid and thankit God of all.

'Thocht thow be blind or haif ane halt
Or in thy face deformit ill,
Sa it cum nocht throw thy defalt,
Na man suld the repreif by skill.
Blame nocht thy Lord. Sa is his will.
Spurn nocht thy fute aganis þe wall
Bot, with meik hairt and prayer still,
Obey and thank thy God of all.

'God of his iustice mon correct
And of his mercy petie haif.
He is ane iuge, to nane suspect,

licht (l.16): descend; *mawgre:* spite; *licht* (l.17): carefree; *preiss:* strive. *sampillis:* examples; *Iob:* see the *Book of Job*; *writ:* The Bible; *Thobe:* see the *Book of Tobias*; *woux pure:* became poor; *tempit:* tempted; *repreif by skill:* reprove on good grounds; *to nane suspect:* distrusted by no one;

To puneiss synfull man and saif.
Thocht thow be lord attour the laif
And eftirwart maid bound and thrall,
Ane pure begger with skrip and staif,
Obey and thank thy God of all.

'This changeing and grit variance
Off erdly staitis vp and doun
Is nocht bot causualitie and chance,
As sum men sayis, without ressoun,
Bot be þe grit prouisioun
Of God aboif, þat rewll the sall.
Thairfoir, evir thow mak the boun
To obey and thank thy God of all.

'In welth be meik, heich nocht thy self;
Be glaid in wilfull pouertie.
Thy power and thy warldis pelf
Is nocht bot verry vanitie.
Remember him þat deit on tre
For thy saik taistit þe bittir gall,
Quha heis law hairtis and lawis he.
Obey and thank thy God of all.'

Finis. Quod Mr Robert Henrysone.

55 Memento, homo, quod ciniss ess—
Think, man, thow art bot erd and ass.
Lang heir to dwell na thing thow press
For as thow come, sa sall thow pass.
Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glass
Hyne glydis all thy tyme þat heir is. fol.47*b*
Think thocht thy bodye ware of brass
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Worthye Hector and Hercules,
Forcye Achill and strong Sampsone,
Alexander of grit nobilnes,
Meik Dauid and fair Absolone
Hes playit þair pairtis and all are gone
At will of God, that all thing steiris.
Think, man, exceptioun þair is none
Sed tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht now thow be maist glaid of cheir,
Fairest and plesandest of port,

saif: give (him) salvation; *laif:* rest; *skrip and staif:* alms bag and staff; *causualitie:* fortuity; *boun:* ready; *heich:* exalt; *wilfull:* voluntary; *pelf:* riches; l.55: Who exalts the humble and humbles the exalted; l.1: Remember, man, that you are ashes; from the Ash Wednesday liturgy; see also *Genesis* III.19; *Hyne:* hence; l.18: That you will return to ashes;

3it may thow be within ane 3eir
Ane vgsum vglye tramort.
And, sen þow knawis thy tyme is schort,
And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
Think, man, amang all vthir sport
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thy lustye bewte and thy 3outh
Sall feid as dois the somer flouris.
Syne sall þe swallow with his mouth
The dragone death, that all devouris.
No castell sall þe keip nor touris
Bot he sall seik þe with thy feiris.
Thairfore, remembir at all houris
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht all þis warld thow did posseid,
Nocht eftir death thow sall possess
Nor with þe tak bot thy guid deid
Quhen thow dois fro þis warld þe dress.
So speid the man and þe confess
With humill hart and sobir teiris,
And sadlye in thy hart inpress
Quod tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Thocht þow be taklit nevir so sure
Thow sall in deathis port arryve,
Quhair nocht for tempest may indure
Bot ferslye all to speiris dryve.
Thy ransonner with woundis fyve
Mak thy plycht anker and thy steiris
To hald thy saule with him on lyve
Cum tu in cinerem reuerteris.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

56 O mortall man, remembir nycht and day fol.48*a*
How schort the tyme is þat thow hes heir to spend.
Remember eik thy pompeouss he array,
How suddanly it sall tak ane fynall end.
Cast the, thairfoir, mispendit tyme to mend;
Quhill thow hes space, thow of thy foly cess.
Leif thy trespass, thy God dreid till offend.
Memento homo, quod cinis ess.

vgsum vglye tramort: loathsome ugly corpse; *in weir:* in doubt; *feiris:* comrades; *did posseid:* possessed; *þe dress:* betake yourself; *taklit:* rigged; l.44: *dryve*, supplied from Hunterian; But all is violently broken to spars; *plycht anker:* sheet-anchor; *steiris:* helm; l.8: Remember man that you are ashes;

Remembir man, how noble thow art wrocht
Vnto the similitud of Godis image.
Remembir als how deir he hes the bocht
With his hairt blude and with non vder wage.
Remember als the strang and he vaslage
He did for the, to bring thy saule to peiss.
For schame, þairfoir, stynt of thy foly rege,
Memento homo, quod cinis ess.

Gife thow with syn hes done thy saule forfair,
Behald thy consciens with thy spritualle
And, gif thow fyndis it hurt and woundit sair,
Cast for remeid or dowtless it will de.
Thairfoir, in tyme, ceiss sensualite,
Call on thy Lord, most peirless of provess,
Off micht and power, mercy and pece.
Memento homo, quod cinis ess.

Thy licherows lyf both and thy wantouness,
Bot gif tho mend quhill thow hes tyme and space,
Sall turne in eternall bittirness
Fra deid cum to and lay on the his mace.
Eftir that rest thair is no rest, allace.
Tak heid in tyme. This ressoun is, no less,
Thairfoir, but latt I pray the purchess grace:
Memento homo, quod cinis ess.

Gife thow mispendit hes thy tyme bipast
Throw ȝewthis rege with fruster vane plesans,
Return agane. Haif houp. Be nocht agast
Quhen every man of Chrystis allegance
Forthinkis thair syn and takis thame to pennans;
To be of mair perfectioun suld thay press.
Repent þairfoir with haill deliuerans,
Memento homo, quod cinis ess.

Confess thy synnis with hairt and mynd contreit,
Compleit thy pennans gevin by the prechour,
Than dowt thow nocht the diuillis dynt a myte—
Thow art the sone than of our Saluiour
Quhilk sched his precius blud for the in stour.
Thus may thow nocht bot gif thow wilt perreiss.
He is sa gracius evir, aboif mesour.
Memento homo quod cinis ess.

Quod Lichtoun, monicus.

vaslage: chivalrous act; *stynt:* cease; *rege:* madness; *done . . . forfair:* brought to ruin; *Fra deid:* from (the time that) death; *mace:* staff of office; *but latt:* without delay; *fruster:* useless; *Forthinkis:* repents; *press:* strive; *deliuerans:* surrender; *dowt:* fear; *stour:* pain; l.46: If you don't do this (i.e. confess) you will perish;

57 Off Lentren in the first mornyng, fol.48*b*
Airly as did þe day vp spring,
Thus sang ane bird with voce vpplane:
'All erdly ioy returnis in pane.

'O man haif mynd þat thow mon pass,
Remembir þat thow art bot ass
And sall in ass return agane.
All erdly ioy returnis in pane.

'Haif mynd þat eild ay followis ȝowth.
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth
Devoring fruct and flowring grane.
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

'Welth, wardly gloir and riche array
Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane.
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

'Come nevir ȝit May so fresche and grene
Bot Ianuar dome als wod and kene.
Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane.
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

'Evirmair vnto this warldis ioy,
As nerrest air, succeidis noy.
þairfoir, quhen joy ma nocht remane,
His verry air succeidis, pane.

'Heir, helth returnis in seikness
And mirth returnis in haviness,
Toun in desert, forrest in plane,
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

'Fredome returnis in wrechitness
And trewth returnis in doubilness
With fenȝeit wirdis, to mak men fane.
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

'Vertew returnis in to vyce
And honour in to avaryce.
With cùvatyce is consciens slane.
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

'Sen erdly ioy abydis nevir,
Wirk for þe ioy þat lestis evir,
For vder ioy is all bot vane.
All erdly ioy returnis in pane.'

Quod Dumbar.

vpplane: rustic; *ass:* ash; *eild:* old age; *Ourcowerd:* covered over; *trane:* snare; *wod:* ferocious; *kene:* piercing; *drowth:* dry period; *air:* heir; *noy:* trouble; *fane:* glad;

58

Doun by ane rever, as I red
Outthrow a forrest that wes fair
Thynkand how þat this warld wes maid—
Sa suddanly away we fair
That kingis and lordis sall haif no mair
Fra tyme þat he be bund on beir—
Thus spak a fowll, I 3ow declair,
'Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.'

I marvellit quhat that bird sowld be, fol.49*a*
That wes so fair with fedderis gent.
Scho bowind hir nocht to fle fra me
Bot satt and tald me hir intent:
'Off thy misdeidis thow the repent
And of thy synnys confess the cleir,
For deid he hes his bow ay bent.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'Fra he begyn to schute his schot
Thow wat nocht quhen that it will licht.
He spairis the nocht in schip nor bot,
In coive, nor craig, na castell wicht.
Bot as the sone that schynis bricht
Owtthrwch the glass that is so cleir,
To lenth thy lyfe thow hes no micht.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'Give ony man his lyfe micht lenth
I wat it had bene Salamone.
Of all wisdome he had the strenth.
He knew the vertew of erb and stone.
He cowld nocht for him self dispone
Attoure his dait to leif a 3eir.
Ane wysar wicht was never none.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'Quhairto sowld I thir sampillis say?
Thow hes sene mo than I can tell
Off lordis in to this land perfay,
Sum wyse, sum wicht, sum forss, sum fell.
Thay dowttit nowþir Hevin nor Hell
Thay wer so wicht, withowttin weir.
Now with thair sawle we will nocht mell.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'And gif thow beis ane marchand man
And wynnis thy living be the see,
Spend pairt of the gude thow wan fol.49*b*
And keip the ay with honestie.

---

l.6: *he:* they; l.8: Be active for your spiritual welfare whilst you are on earth; *gent:* beautiful; *bowind:* prepared; *wicht:* strong; *dispone:* arrange; *perfay:* verily; *forss:* powerful; *fell:* ruthless; *weir:* doubt; *mell:* concern ourselves;

Fra thow be gane, I tak on me,
Thy wyfe will haif ane vþir feir—
Thy dalie sample thow may se.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'Or gif thow hes a benefice,
Preiss nevir to hurde the kirkis gude.
Do almouss deidis to peure alwayss
In to this warld to win the rude.
Thow mon be bwreit in thy hude.
Thy windene scheit is nocht in weir—
Thy airis ar off eild to dwid.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'I say this be a preist of pryd
That wes full wanton of his will.
Gold and siluer lay him besyd.
The fremmit þairof thair baggis can fill.
All þat thay prayit for him wes ill,
For now thay drink and makis gud cheir.
Wyismen said he did nane skill.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'And of this preist I will speik mair
That had sa mekle of warldis wrack:
Off all his freindis, less and mair,
He wald nocht mend thame worth ane plack
Quhill deid he hint him be the back,
That he micht nowdir stand nor steir,
And lute him nocht his testment mack.
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.

'Sen for no wisdome nor no strenth,
Nor for no richess in this erd
That ony man his lyf may lenth,
Naþir for freyndschip agane wanewerd,
I tak on hand, fra thow be berd
Thy sectouris spendis thy gudis cleir.
Thow may say that a fowle the lerd:
Do for thy self quhill thow art heir.'

Finis.

Lettres of gold writtin I fand
Intill a buike was fair to reid,
The sentence plane till vndirstand.

vþir feir: other mate; *dalie sample:* daily warning; *preiss:* strive; *hurde:* hoard; *rude:* Christ's cross; *bwreit in thy hude:* buried in thy hood [and the priest's calling thus declared]; *in weir:* in doubt; *dwid:* do it; *fremmit:* strangers; *warldis wrack:* worldly possessions; *mend:* profit; *plack:* farthing; *lute:* allowed; *wanewerd:* misfortune; *berd:* buried; *sectouris:* executors;

Thairfoir till it I tuik gude heid.
With havy hairt and mekle dreid.
I red the scriptour verement; fol.51*a*
The quhilk said thus, trew as the Creid,
'Ryiss deid folk and cum to iugement.'

'Ryiss deid folk, ryiss,' forsuth it said,
'Cum on belyve. 3e mon compeir
That law doun on the erth ar laid.
Get vp gud speid and be nocht sweir.
Mak compt how 3e haif levit heir
In to this wretschit warld present.
3our conscience tellis 3our deidis cleir
Befoir the Iuge in iugement.

'Fra Hevin to Hell, throw erd and air,
That hiddouss trump sa lowid sall sound
That throw the blast, I 3ow declair,
The stanis sall cleive, erd sall redound.
Sall no man respect get þat stound
For gold, for riches or for rent,
For all mon cum ouir see and sound
And present thame to iugement.

'In flesche and bane as 3e war heir,
Thocht 3e wer brint in powder all,
Befoir the Iuge 3e mon compeir
To mak 3our compt, baith grit and small,
Nane adwocat for ocht sall fall,
Bot 3our awin conscience innocent
Sall speik for 3ow, quhen 3e ar call
Befoir the Iuge in iugement.

'May nocht be hid, I 3ow declair,
That evir 3e did in deid or thocht.
Sall nocht be cullerit. All beis bair,
How prevelly þat evir 3e wrocht.
The twynkling of 3our ene beis socht
Quhen synnaris schamefully ar schent.
Thairfoir be war or 3e be brocht
Our soddanly to iugement.

'Paip or prelattis, precissit of wit, fol.51*b*
In to this warld that clymmis so hie
To win the fowll vane gloir of it,
Be war. 3e sall accusit be.
The folk 3e tuke to keip lat se
The faith to teiche as 3e wer sent

verement: truly; *belyve:* quickly; *compeir:* appear before the judge; *gud speid:* quickly; *sweir:* slothful. *cleive:* split; *redound:* reverberate; *stound:* time; *mon:* must; *sound:* strait; *cullerit:* disguised; *precissit:* refined; *lat se:* show;

Hirdis to be and tuke 3our fee.
Cum anser now in jugement.

'3e kingis, he of stait and micht,
That warldly conqueiss and vanegloir
Desyrit ay baith day and nicht,
And all 3our lawbor set þairfoir
Quhat helpis than, 3our micht, 3our stoir?
Quhen warldis welth away is went,
May nane 3ow hyd in hoill nor boir,
For all mon ryss to iugement.

'Gif 3e haif keipit iust and richt
The law ellyk to riche and peure,
With blyth hairt in the Iugeis sicht
3e may appeir, I 3ow assure.
Haif 3e misgorvernit ocht 3our cure,
Sair may 3e dreid the hard torment
Off Hellis fyre that sall indure
Perpetuall eftir iugement.

'O crewall knychtis and men of pryd,
That evir in armes and chevelrye
Hes socht oure all this warld so wyd
3ow till avance with victory,
Ay blud to sched sa crewaly,
Gud tyme were heir for to repent
Or 3e be schot doun soddanly
And brocht on forss to iugement.

'For that day is no grace to gett,
Nor þat day sall na mercy be
Fra that the Iuge in sait be sett.
Haif thow done weill, full weill is the
That awfull Iuge quhen thow sall se,
Sa full of yre in face fervent
To synneris for iniquitie
That mon vpryiss to iugement.

3e men of kirk that cure hes tane
Of sawlis for to wetsche and keip,
3e will be tynt and 3e tyne ane,
In 3our defalt, of Goddis scheip.
Be walkand ay that 3e nocht sleip.
Luke that 3our bow be reddy bent,
The wolf abowt 3our flok will creip.
3e mon mak compt at iugement.

'Be gude of lyfe and bissie ay
Gud examplis for to schaw,

hoill nor boir: nook nor cranny; *ellyk:* equally; *cure:* guardianship; *on forss:* compulsorily; *fervent:* severe; *wetsche:* watch; *tynt:* damned; *tyne:* lose;

Stark in the faith and luke allwey
That na man cryme vnto 3ow knaw.
Lat ay 3our deid follow 3our saw
And to this taill 3e tak gud tent:
Sayweill but doweill is nocht worth a straw
For 3ow to schaw in iugement.

'And warldly wemen, be 3e war.
3our wit is waik; leir to be wyss.
Grit cawss of syn forsoth 3e ar
Throw 3our fowll pryd and claithis of pryiss,
Ay prowd in busking and garmond nyiss,
Inflammand lycht men of intent
To lichery thame for to tyiss.
3e mon mak compt in iugement.

3e merchantis that the gold sa reid
Vpbrace in to 3our boxis bad,
Quhat may it help quhen 3e ar deid?
The gadderit riches þat 3e had
Be all weill win, 3e may be glad
Befoir the Prince maist prepotent;
Be it nocht so, 3e may be sad
Quhen þat 3e cum to iugement.

'Leill labouraris þat nicht and day
Dois þat thay may for to vphald
This wretschit lyfe, full blyth may thay
Cum to thair compt quhen thay ar cald.
Weill may thay byd with hairtis bald,
To no man did thay detriment
Bot pure lyfe led heir as God wald,
3it thay sall cum to iugement.

'Thairfoir me think, for to conclude,
Grit rent nor riches proffeitis nocht,
For grit aboundance heir of gude
Dois men grit truble in thair thocht.
Weill sall thay worth that sa hes wrocht
Off sufficence can be content.
Thair can no sickerer way be wrocht
To help thame at iugement.

All is bot vane and vanitie
Into this warld that we haif heir.
Grit riches and prosperitie

fol.52*b*

saw: word; *Sayweill but doweill:* pious words without good deeds; *busking:* adornment; *nyiss:* affected; l.102: *lycht men,* Bannatyne, *Lychman; tyiss:* entice; *Vpbrace:* fasten up; *boxis:* money chests; *weill win:* honestly acquired; *Bot:* only; *Weill sall thay worth:* they shall be blessed;

Vpfosteris vyce, that is na weir,
Makis men to fall in synnis seir,
Misknaw thair God syne consequent,
To Godis seruice makis thame maist sweir.
Ryiss deid folk cum to iugement.'

Finis. Quod Walter Broun.

61 At matyne houre, in midis of the nicht,
Walknit of sleip, I saw besyd me sone
Ane aigit man, semit sextie 3eiris of sicht,
This sentence sett and song it in gud tone:
'Omnipotent and eterne God in trone,
To be content and lufe the I haif causs
That my licht 3owtheid is opprest and done.
Honor with age to every vertew drawis.

'Grene 3owth, to aige thow mon obey and bow.
Thy foly lustis lestis skant ane May.
That than wes witt is naturall foly now
As warldly witt, honor, richess or fresche array.
Deffy the devill. Dreid God and domisday,
For all sal be accusit, as thow knawis. fol.53*a*
Blissit be God my 3utheid is away.
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

'O bittir 3owith, that semis delitious;
O haly aige, that sumtyme semit soure!
O restles 3owth, hie, hait, and vicious;
O honest aige, fulfillit with honoure!
O frawart 3owth, frutles and fedand flour,
Contrair to conscience, baith to God and lawis,
Of all vanegloir the lamp and the mirroure!
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

'This warld is sett for to dissaive ws evin;
Pryd is the nett and covece is the trane.
For na reward, except the ioy of hevin,
Wald I be 3ung in to this warld agane.
The schip of faith tempestous wind and rane
Dryvis in þe see of lollerdry þat blawis:
My 3owth is gane and I am glaid and fane.
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

Vpfosteris: encourage; *sone:* forthwith; *of sicht:* at a glance; *sentence:* sermon: *sett:* composed; *tone:* tune; *in trone:* enthroned; *licht:* frivolous; l.8: With the onset of old age, the man of honour pursues all virtues; *naturall foly:* unenlightened stupidity; *hie:* arrogant; *frawart:* perverse; *fedand:* fading; *evin:* equally; *covece:* covetousness; *trane:* snare; *lollerdry:* lollardry; *fane:* well pleased;

'Law, luve and lawtie gravin law thay ly;
Dissimvlance hes borrowit conscience clayis.
Aithis, writ, walx nor seilis ar not set by;
Flattery is fosterit, baith with freindis and fayis.
The sone to bruike it þat his fader hais
Wald se him deid, Sathanas sic seid sawis.
ȝowtheid adew, ane of my mortall fais:
Honor with aige with every vertew drawis.'

Finis. Quod Kennedy.

62 Walking allone amang thir levis grene
Into ane semely forrest fair and fre,
Quhair I was cled with bewis bricht and schene,
I did me lene vntill ane athorne tre
Quhair birdis sang with curage, wounder hie, fol.53*b*
Rehersand ay this verss in to my eir: 6
'Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

I marvellit gritly quhat this song sowld mene
And it imprentit sadly in my thocht.
Than sang ane bird with curage fra the splene: 10
'O man, revolue and think how thow art bocht,
Quhairwith, quhomefra, quhairto and quha the coft
Fra the fowill feyind and all his felloun feir.
Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

I studeit than of this birdis indyte 15
And did revolve rycht oft in myne entent
Gif I sic sentence had hard in to wryte.
This bird than sang agane incontinent:
'O fuliche man, dreid thow thy iugement
Or throw thy hert the deth do dryve his speir. 20
Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

Proceiding furth so in hir sermond seir
With cowrious not and wordis scherp and kene
Hir girsly text did perss myne hert weill neir.
As throw the quhilk, away I wald haif bene 25
For quhy I micht not hairtly do sustene
So scherp ane sermone blawing in myne eir:
'Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

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gravin law: buried deeply; *clayis:* clothes; *set by:* esteemed; *fayis:* foes; *bruike it þat his fader hais:* enjoy his father's possessions; *sic seid sawis:* sows such seed; *bewis:* branches; *athorne:* hawthorn; *with curage:* vigorously; *hie:* loud; *wrangus geir:* ill-gotten goods; *sadly:* firmly; *splene:* heart; *coft:* redeemed; *felloun feir:* savage company; *in to wryte:* correctly; *incontinent:* immediately; *seir:* severe; *girsly:* grim; *For quhy:* because; *hairtly:* courageously;

My stormy face schew weill than myne entent
Vnto this bird and scho sang suddanly:
'Quhat, man, availis all this warldis rent,
Thy self in Hell thair to dwell fynaly?
Thairfoir in tyme, I reid the, ask mercy
And for thy syn daly mvrne mony a teir
Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.

'Thocht thow in dignitie be constitute,
Or 3it of landis thow haif grit heretage,
On thy subiect gif thow makis wrang persute,
Dowtles thy sawill sall stand for that in plege
On dumisday quhen thow sowld tak curage fol.54*a*
The to defend befoir the iuge austeir.
Man mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.

'Thocht thow be 3ung in to thy 3eiris grene,
Beleving that thy lyfe sall long endeure,
My counsale is thy foly thow refrene,
Or Dowt, the theif, cum brek thy sawlis dure
Quhen thow wait not, in to the mirk obscure.
Than is no tyme. I tell the now, but weir,
Man mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

I answerit than this bird in crabitnes
'I wait I am in to my flowris grene
And als my corps is haill withowt seiknes,
Thairfoir I wait I may richt weill sustene
Thir mony 3eiris. My curage is so clene
Quhairfoir sowld I sa sone his lessone leir
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir?

'God sayis his selfe in sacreit wangell:
Till him quha cumis in the thrid vigill
Sall nevir haif pairte of no kin pane of Hell,
So he will than amend his vycis ill.
For thy, quhairfoir sowld I my 3owtheid spill,
Pynnand my self, doand away pleseir
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir?

'Thairfoir, in to my 3eiris grene and 3ing,
I will to craif and tak that I may gett.
For wysemen sayis: Quha dois in 3owith inbring,
In aige he sall grit stormes do ouresett.
Quhairfoir, grene 3owth, I will not do for3ett,
For no sic song that bird may sing on breir,
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

rent: revenue; *reid:* advise; *constitute:* set; *in plege:* as hostage; *Dowt:* fear; *wait:* watch; *crabitnes:* irritability; *wangell:* gospel; *the thrid vigill:* between midnight and 3 a.m. (*Luke*, XII. 38); *inbring:* accumulate riches; *do ouresett:* overcome;

'Weill', quod the bird, 'thy curage is richt hie
Havand hie knawlege of thy mortall stait,
Thinkand perchance ay in this lyfe to be.
Na. Na, in faith, with deth thow mon debait. fol.54*b*
Quhair, as I trow, thow than sall haif chekmait
Quhen thow wald beg ane houre owt of a ȝeir
To mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

Hir crewall dyte than maid me moir agast
And als hir song richt soir effrayit me.
Luking quhen deth his speir sowld at me cast,
My curage fell, befoir was wounder hie.
Not ȝit for þat my sensuality
Vnto my ressone wold aggreit neir
To mend my lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.

Incontinent, this bird persavit weill
How at hir sermond bait my conscience.
Scho sayd: 'Twa contrar wayis I feill.
The ane is gud, the vþir is offence.
Thairfoir, the rewill with ressone and prudence
Than fra contraryis thow art purgeit cleir.
Man, mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

I said annone, 'Quhat kynd of bird art thow
That tareis me all day with tyrsum taill?'
Scho answerit sone and said, 'I tell the now
Synderisis my name is, but ony faill,
Quhilk the sall dryve to þe fyre infernaill
Bot gif thow wirk as I do the requeir:
To mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.

'Now to conclude and end this breif sermond:
Quhairevir thow fair, entrest thow sickerly
Myne endyting in to þin eiris sall sound
And perce thy conscience continwaly.
Quhairfoir, gif thow willis leif eternaly,
Persew vertew and vycis do forbeir.
Man mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

Scho braidit furth with that and twik the flicht
And I vprais and hamewart schup to fair.
Be than fair Phebus with his bemis bricht fol.55*a*
Had purgit clene and pvrefeit the air.
My ressone sone vnto me did repair
And counsallit me this lessone for to leir:
Man mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.

Richt weill I knew than in this schort lessone
The verry wey vnto saluatioun.

aggreit: be reconciled; *bait:* kindled; *feill:* know; *tareis:* delays; *tyrsum taill:* irksome tale; *Synderisis:* remorse; *fair:* go; *braidit:* sprang;

Be grace devyne than opnit my ressone
Till vndirstand this proclamatioun
The quilk, with grit mvltiplicatioun,
This bird so sweitly song on breir:
'Man mend thy lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

Thus I come hame within my covertour,
Reiosit gritly of this visioun
Quhilk I had sene in this grit vardour,
And on my kneis I said this orisioun:
'O eternall God, trenefald in vnioun,
Grant ws mercy and grace quhill we ar heir
To mend our lyfe and restoir wrangus geir.'

Finis

63 The Ressoning betuix Aige and 3owth

3owth

Quhen fair Flora, the godes of the flowris,
Baith firth and feildis freschely had ourfret
And perly droppis of the balmy schowris
Thir widdis grene had with thair water wet,
Movand allone in mornyng myld I met
A mirry man, that all of mirth cowth mene,
Singand the sang that richt sweitly was sett:
'O 3owth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene.'

Aige

I lukit furth a litill me befoir
And saw a cative on ane club cumand,
With cheikis clene and lyart lokis hoir.
His ene was how. His voce was hess hostand. fol.55*b*
Wallowit, richt wan and waik as ony wand,
Ane bill he beure vpoun his breist abone
In letteris leill, but lyis, with this legand:
'O 3owth, thy flowris fedis fellone sone.'

3owth

This 3ungman lap vpoun the land full licht
And marvellit mekle of his makdome maid.
'Waddin I am', quod he, 'and woundir wicht,

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covertour: abode; *vardour:* forest. *firth:* wood; *ourfret:* decorated; *widdis:* woods; *mene:* think; *sett:* composed; *cative:* poor wretch; *club:* staff; *clene:* hairless; *lyart:* grey; *ene:* eyes; *how:* hoilow; *hess hostand:* hoarse [from] coughing; *Wallowit:* withered; *wand:* slender stick; *leill:* true; *fedis:* fade; *fellone:* extremely. *makdome:* comeliness; *Waddin:* vigorous; *woundir wicht:* wonderfully strong;

With bran as bair and breist burly and braid.
Na growme on ground my gairdone may degraid
Nor of my pith may pair of wirth a prene.
My face is fair. My fegour will not faid.
O ȝowith, be glaid in to thy flowris grene.'

Aige

This senȝeour sang, bot with a sobir stevin.
Schakand his berd he said, 'My bairne, lat be:
I was within thir sextie ȝeiris and sevin
Ane freik on fold als forss and als fre,
Als glaid, als gay, als ȝing, als ȝaip as ȝie,
Bot now tha dayis ourdrevin ar and done.
Luke thow my laikly luking gif I lie.
O ȝowth, thy flowris, fadis fellone sone.'

ȝowth

And vpir verss ȝit this ȝungman cowth sing:
'At luvis law a quhyle I think to leit,
In court to cramp clenely in my clething
And luke amangis thir lusty ladeis sweit.
Of mariage to mell with mowthis meit
In secreit place quhair we may not be sene,
And so with birdis blythly my bailis beit.
O ȝowth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene.'

Aige

This awstrene greif anserit angirly:
'For thy cramping thow salt baith cruke and cowre.
Thy fleschely lust thow salt also defy
And pane the sall put fra paramour.
Than will no bird be blyth of the in bouir.
Quhen they manheid sall wendin as the mone,
Thow sall assay gif that my song be soure:
O ȝowth, thy flowris fedis fellone sone.'

ȝowith

This mirry man of mirth ȝit movit moir:
'My corps is clene, withowt corruptioun,
My self is sound, but seiknes or but soir,
My wittis fyve in dew proportioun.

fol.56*a*

bran: brawn; *bair:* bear; *breist:* chest; *burly:* sturdy; *braid:* broad; *growme:* man; *ground:* earth; *gairdone:* guerdon; *pith:* strength; *pair:* impair; *prene:* pin; *stevin:* voice; *freik:* man; *fold:* earth; *forss:* strong; *ȝaip:* vigorous; *ȝie:* you; *ourdrevin:* passed away; *laikly:* loathsome; *leit:* linger; *cramp clenely:* swagger elegantly; *mell:* speak; *mowthis meit:* courteous talk; *birdis:* ladies; *bailis:* torments; *beit:* assuage; *awstrene:* grave; *greif:* man; *cramping:* swaggering; *cruke:* become crooked; *cowre:* cower; *paramour:* sexual love; *movit:* uttered;

My curage is of clene complexioun.
My hairt is haill, my levar and my splene.
Thairfoir to reid this roll I haif no ressoun.
O 3owth, be glaid in to thy flowris grene.'

Aige

The bevar hoir said to this berly berne:
'This breif thow sall obey sone, be thow bald.
Thy stait, thy strenth, thocht it be stark and sterne,
The feveris fell and eild sall gar the fald.
Thy corps sall clyng. Thy curage sall wax cald.
Thy helth sall hynk and tak a hurt. But hone
Thy wittis fyve sall vaneis thocht thow not wald.
O 3owth, thy flowris fedis fellone sone.'

This gal3art, grathit with sic grit greif,
He on his wayis wrethly went, but wene.
This lene awld man luche not, bot tuk his leif.
And I abaid vnder the levis grene.
Of the sedullis, the suthe quhen I had sene,
Of trewth me thocht thay trevist in thair tone.
'O 3owth be glaid in to thy flowris grene.'
'O 3owth thy flowris faidis fellone sone.'

Finis. Quod Mr Robert Hendersone

64 The Ressoning betuix Deth and Man

Deth

'O mortall man, behold, tak tent to me
Quhilk sowld thy mirrour be, baith day and nicht: fol.56*b*
All erdly thing that evir tuik lyfe mon die.
Paip, empriour, king, barroun, and knycht,
Thocht thay be in thair roall stait and hicht,
May not ganestand quhen I pleiss schute and derte.
Waltownis, castellis and towris nevir so wicht
May nocht risist, quhill it be at his herte.'

The Man

'Now quhat art thow that biddis me thus tak tent
And mak ane mirrour day and nicht of the,
Or with thy dert I sowld richt soir repent?

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splene: spleen; *roll:* scroll; *bevar hoir:* infirm (?) old man; *berly berne:* sturdy warrior; *gar the fald:* make you lose courage; *clyng:* wither; *hynk:* falter; *hone:* delay; l.65: Bannatyne, *gowand;* Maitland MS, *gal3art:* gallant; *grathit:* overcome; *wrethly:* angrily; *wene:* doubt; *luche:* laughed; *sedullis:* letters; l.70: Bannatyne, *trivmphit*; Maitland MS *trevist:* ran contrary. *hicht:* eminence;

I trest trewly off that thow sall sone lie.
Quhat freik on fold sa bald dar maniss me
Or with me fecht owþir on fute or horss?
Is non so wicht or stark in this cuntre
Bot I sall gar him bow to me on forss.'

Deth

'My name forswth? Sen þat thow speiris
Thay call me Deid, suthly I the declair,
Calland all man and woman to thair beiris
Quhen evir I pleiss, quhat tyme, quhat place or quhair.
Is nane sa stowt, sa fresche nor ȝit sa fair,
Sa ȝung, sa ald, sa riche nor ȝit sa peur,
Quhair evir I pass owþir lait or air,
Mon put thame haill, on forss, vndir my cure.'

Man

'Sen it is so that nature can so wirk
That ȝung and awld with riche and peure mon die,
In my ȝowtheid, allace, I wes full irk—
Cowld not tak tent to gyd and governe me
Ay gude to do, fra evill deidis to fle,
Trestand ay ȝowtheid wold with me abyde,
Fulfilland evir my sensualitie
In deidly syn and specialy in pryd.'

Deth

'Thairfoir, repent and remord thy conscience.
Think on thir wordis I now vpoun the cry: fol.57*a*
O wrechit man, O full of ignorance,
All thy plesance thow sall richt deir aby.
Dispone thy self and cum with me in hy
Edderis, askis and wormis meit for to be.
Cum quhen I call. Thow ma me not denny
Thocht thow war paip, empriour and king, all thre.'

Man

'Sen it is swa fra the I may not chaip
This wrechit warld, for me, heir I defy;
And to the, Deid, to lurk vnder thy caip,
I offer me with hairt richt humly,
Beseiking God the diuill, myne ennemy,
No power haif my sawill till assay.
Iesus on the, with peteous voce, I cry
Mercy on me to haif on domisday.'

Finis. Quod Hendersone.

maniss: threaten; *speiris:* ask; *Edderis:* adders; *askis:* newts;
irk: careless; *remord:* examine; *chaip:* escape;
aby: pay for; *Dispone:* prepare;

65 Within ane garth vndir a reid roseir
Ane awld man and decripit hard I sing.
Gay wass the not. Sweit was þe voce and cleir.
It was grit ioy to heir of sic a thing
And, as me thocht, he said in his dyting:
'For to be ȝung I wald not for my wiss
Of all this warld to mak me lord and king.
The moir of aige, the nerrer Hevynis bliss.

'Fals is this warld and full of variance,
Besocht with syn and vþir slichtis mo.
Trewth is all tynt. Gyle hes the govirnance.
Wrechitnes hes wrocht all weill to wo.
Fredome is tynt and flemit þe lordis fro
And covettyce is all the causs of thiss.
I am content þat ȝowtheid is ago.
The moir of aige, the nerer Hevinis bliss.

'The stait of ȝewth I repute for no gude
For in þat stait sic parrell now I see. fol.57*b*
But speciall grace, the regeing of his blude
Can none ganestand quhill þat he aigit be.
Syne of the thing befoir þat ioyit he
Nothing remanis now to be callit his,
For quhy it was bot verry vanitie.
The moir of aige, the nerer Hevinis bliss.

'Sowld no man trust this wretchit world, for quhy
Of erdly ioy ay sorrow is the end.
The stait of it can no man certify.
This day a king, to morne haif not to spend.
Quhat haif we heir bot grace ws to defend?
The quhilk, God grant ws till amend our miss
That to his gloir he ma our sawlis send.
The moir of aige, the nerrer Hevins bliss.'

Finis. Quod Hendersone.

66 Followis, The Thre Deid Pollis

O sinfull man, in to this mortall se
Quhilk is the vaill of mvrnyng and of cair,
With gaistly sicht, behold our heidis thre,
Oure holkit ene, oure peilit pollis bair.
As ȝe are now in to this warld we wair
Als fresche, als fair, als lusty to behald.
Quhan thow lukis on this swth examplair
Off thy self, man, thow may be richt vnbald.

roseir: rose bush; *wiss:* desire; *slichtis:* sleights; *flemit:* banished; *repute:* consider to be; *parrell:* peril; *regeing:* raging; *Pollis:* heads; *gaistly:* ghastly; *holkit ene:* hollowed eyes; *peilit:* stripped; *vnbald:* fearful;

For suth it is þat every man mortall
Mon suffer deid, and de, þat lyfe hes tane.
Na erdly stait aganis deid ma prevaill.
The hour of deth and place is vncertane,
Quhilk is referrit to the hie God allane.
Heirfoir, haif mynd of deth that thow mon dy. fol.58*a*
This fair exampill to se quotidiane
Sowld causs all men fra wicket vycis fle.

O wantone ȝowth, als fresche as lusty May,
Farest of flowris renewit quhyt and reid,
Behald our heidis. O lusty gallandis gay,
Full laichly thus sall ly thy lusty heid,
Holkit and how and wallowit as the weid.
Thy crampand hair and eik thy cristall ene
Full cairfully conclud sall dulefull deid.
Thy example heir, be ws it may be sene.

O ladeis quhyt, in claithis corruscant,
Poleist with perle and mony pretius stane,
With palpis quhyt and hals elegant
Sirculit with gold and sapheris mony ane,
ȝour finȝearis small, quhyt as quhailis bane,
Arrayit with ringis and mony rubeis reid,
As we ly thus, so sall ȝe ly, ilk ane,
With peilit pollis and holkit thus ȝour heid.

O wofull pryd, the rute of all distres,
With humill hairt vpoun our pollis penss,
Man, for thy miss ask mercy with meikness.
Aganis deid na man may mak defenss.
The empriour for all his excellenss,
King and quene and eik all erdly stait,
Peure and riche sal be but differenss,
Turnit in ass and thus in erd translait.

This question quha can obsolue, lat see,
Quhat phisnamour of perfyt palmester:
Quha was farest or fowlest of ws thre,
Or quhilk of ws of kin was gentillar,
Or maist excellent in science or in lare,
In art, mvsik or in astronomye?
Heir sowld be ȝour study and repair
And think as thus all ȝour heidis mon be. fol.58*b*

de, þat lyfe hes tane: die who has received life; *quotidiane:* daily; *laichly:* lowly; *how:* hollow; *wallowit:* withered; *weid:* grass; *crampand:* curling; *cairfully:* sorrowfully; *conclud:* bring to an end; *corruscant:* sparkling; *palpis:* breasts; *hals:* neck; *finȝearis:* fingers; *differenss:* distinction; *obsolue:* explain; *phisnamour:* physiognomist; *palmester:* psalmist.

O febill aige, drawand neir the dait
Of dully deid, and hes thy dayis compleit,
Behald our heidis with mvrning and regrait.
Fall on thy kneis. Ask grace at God. Greit
With oritionis and haly salmes sweit
Beseikand him on the to haif mercy,
Now of our sawlis bydand the decreit
Of his Godheid quhen he sall call and cry.

Als we exhort þat every man mortall,
For his saik þat maid of nocht all thing,
For our sawlis to pray in generall
To Iesus Chryst, of Hevin and erd the king,
That throwch his blude we may ay leif and ring
With the hie Fader be eternitie,
The Sone alswa, The Haly Gaist conding,
Thre knit in ane be perfyt vnitie.

Finis. Quod Patrik Iohinstoun.

67 Sen throw vertew incressis dignitie,
And vertew is floure and rute of nobill ray,
Off ony vertewis stait that evir thow be
His stoppis persew and dreid the non effray.
Exyle all vyce and follow trewith alway.
Luve most thy God that first thy luve began
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Be not our prowde of thy prosperitie
For, as it cumis, so will it pass away.
The tyme to compt is schort, thow ma weill se,
For of grene gress sone cumis wallowit hay.
Labor in trewth quhill licht is of the day.
Trust most in God for he best help the can
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Sen wordis ar thrall and thocht is only fre, fol.59*a*
Thow dant thy tung, that power hes and may.
Thow steik thyne ene fra warldis vanitie.
Refrene thy lust, harkin quhat I say.
Graip or thow slyd and creip furth on the way,
And keip thy faith thow aw to God and man
And for ilk inche he will the quyt a span.

Finis.

Greit: weep; *oritionis:* prayers; *decreit:* judgement; *leif:* live; *ring:* rule; *condign:* exalted; *Patrik Iohinstoun:* in Maitland MS the poem is ascribed to *Mr Robert Henrysoun*, an ascription accepted by modern editors. There was however a Middle Scots poet named Patrik Iohinstoun; see *I, þat in heill wes and glaidness*. l.71. *ray:* king; *stoppis:* purposes; *effray:* terror; *wallowit:* withered; *dant:* control; *steik:* close;

Followis, certane ballattis aganie the vyce in sessioun, court, and all estaitis.

68 Ane mrvlandis man of vplandis mak
At hame thus to his nychtbour spak:
'Quhat tydingis, gossep, peax or weir?'
The toþer rownit in his eir:
'I tell 3ow this vndir confessioun,
Bot laitly lichtit of my meir,
I come of Edinburch fra the sessioun.'

'Quhat tythingis hard 3e thair, I pray 3ow?'
The tother answerit: 'I sall say 3ow.
Keip this all secreit, gentill brother.
Is na man thair that trestis ane vther.
Ane commoun doar of transgressioun
Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher.
Sic tydingis hard I at the sessioun.

'Sum with his fallow rownis, him to pleiss,
That wald for invy byt of his neiss.
His fa sum by the oxstar leidis.
Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis
That hes his mynd all on oppressioun.
Sum beckis full law and schawis bair heidis
Wald luke full heich, war not the sessioun.

'Sum, bydand the law, layis land in wed.
Sum super expendit gois to his bed.
Sum speidis, for he in court hes menis.
Sum of parcialitie complenis— fol.59*b*
How feid and favour flemis discretioun.
Sum speiks full fair and fasly fenis.
Sic tythingis hard I at the sessioun.

'Sum casts summondis and sum exceptis.
Sum standis besyd and skaild law keppis.
Sum is continwit. Sum wynnis. Sum tynis.
Sum makis him mirry at the wynis.
Sum is put owt of his possessioun.
Sum herreit and on creddens dynis.
Sic tydingis hard I at the sessioun.

'Sum sweiris and forsaikis God,
Sum in ane lambskin is ane tod.

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mvrlandis: moorlands; *vplandis:* Highland; *rownit:* whispered; l.4: Bannatyne, *heir*; Maitland MS: *his eir*; *prevenis a futher:* goes before a crowd; *Sum:* one; *byt of his neiss:* bite off his nose; *oxstar:* arm; *beckis:* bows; *wed:* pledge; *super expendit:* over spent; *menis:* means; *feid:* enmity; *flemis:* banish; *fasly:* falsely; *fenis:* pretends; *exceptis:* objects; *skaild law keppis:* gathers up fragments of law; *continwit:* adjourned; *herreit:* brought to ruin; *on creddens dynis:* dines on credit; *tod:* fox;

Sum in his toung his kyndes tursis.
Sum cuttis throttis and sum pykis pursis.
Sum gois to gallouss with processioun.
Sum sanis the sait and sum thame cursis.
Sic tydingis hard I at þe sessioun.

'Religious men of diuerss placis
Cumis thair to wow and se fair facis.
Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris
Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris
And ar vnmyndfull of thair professioun—
The ȝungar at the eldar leiris.
Sic tydingis hard I at þe sessioun.

'Thair cumis ȝung monkis of he complexioun,
Of devoit mynd, luve, and affectioun,
And in the courte thair hait flesche dantis
Full faderlyk, with pechis and pantis.
Thay ar so humill of intercessioun,
All mercyfull wemen thair eirandis grantis.
Sic tydingis hard I at the sessioun.'

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

69 Devorit with dreme, devysing in my slummer fol.60*a*
How þat this realme with nobillis owt of nummer
Gydit, provydit, sa mony ȝeiris hes bene;
And now, sic hunger, sic cowartis, and sic cummer
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sic pryd with prellattis, so few till preiche and pray,
Sic hant of harlettis with thame bayth nicht and day
That sowld haif ay thair God afoir thair ene—
So nyce array, so strange to thair abbay
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

So mony preistis cled vp in secular weid,
With blasing breistis casting thair clathis on breid—
It is no neid to tell of quhome I mene—
So quhene the psalme and testament to reid
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

So mony maisteris, so mony guckit clerkis,
So mony westaris to God and all his warkis,
So fyry sparkis of dispyt fro the splene,

kyndes tursis: kindness carries; *sanis:* blesses; *sait:* session court; *Carmeleitis:* Carmelite monks; *Cordilleris:* Franciscans; *genner:* beget; *devoit:* devout; *dantis:* subdue; *pechis and pantis:* laboured breathing and pants; *Devorit:* sunk in sleep; *cummer:* trouble; *hant:* company; *nyce:* affected; *blasing:* brightly coloured; *on breid:* wide open; *quhene:* few; *guckit:* foolish; *dispyt:* animosity;

Sic losin sarkis, so mony glengoir markis
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mony lordis, so mony naturall fulis
That better accordis to play thame at the trulis
Nor seiss the dulis that commonis dois sustene;
New tane fra sculis sa mony anis and mvlis
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mekle tressone, sa mony partiall sawis,
Sa littill ressone to help the commoun cawis
That all the lawis ar not sett by ane bene,
Sic fenȝeit flawis, sa mony waistit wawis
Within this warld was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mony theivis and mvrderis weill kend,
Sa grit relevis off lordis thame to defend
Becawis thai spend the pelf thame betwene,
So few till wend this mischief till amend fol.60*b*
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

This to correct thay schoir with mony crakkis
Bot littill effect of speir or battell ax
Quhen curage lakkis the corss þat sowld mak kene;
Sa mony iakkis and brattis on beggaris bakkis
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sic vant of wostouris with hairtis in sinfull staturis,
Sic brallaris and bosteris degenerit fra thair naturis,
And sic regratouris the peure men to prevene,
Sa mony tratouris, sa mony rubeatouris
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mony iugeis and lordis now maid of lait,
Sa small refugeis the peur man to debait,
Sa mony estait, for commoun weill sa quhene,
Ouir all the gait sa mony thevis sa tait
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mony ane sentence retreitit for to win
Geir and acquentance or kyndnes of thair kin—

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losin sarkis: shirts with lozenge-shaped patterns; *glengoir markis:* signs of the pox; *trulis:* ? a game played with balls or bowls; *dulis:* miseries; *anis and mvlis:* asses and mules; *partiall sawis:* biased decrees; *fenȝeit flawis:* quibbles; *waistit wawis:* crumbling walls; *relevis:* protection; l.33: Bannatyne, *the*; Maitland MS, *thai*; *pelf:* booty; *schoir:* threaten; *crakkis:* shouts; l.37: Bannatyne, *Battar*; Maitland MS, *battell*; *lakkis:* is wanting; *iakkis:* knaves; *wostouris:* boasters; *staturis:* bodies; *brallaris:* brawlers; l.42: Bannatyne, *degerat frat*; Maitland MS *degenerit fra*; *regratouris:* retailers; *prevene:* frustrate; *rubeatouris:* scoundrels; *refugeis:* pretexts; *debait:* beat down; *quhene:* few; *tait:* active; *sentence:* judgement; *retreitit:* reversed; *geir:* possessions; *gin:* stratagem; *pin:* gallows;

Thay think no sin quhair proffeit cumis betwene,
Sa mony ane gin to haist thame to þe pin
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sic knavis and crakkaris to play at cartis and dyce,
Sic heland schekkaris quhilk at Cowkelbyis gryce
Ar haldin of pryce quhen lymmaris dois convene,
Sic stoir of vyce, sa mony wittis vnwyce
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mony merchandis, sa mony ar mensworne,
Sa peur tennandis, sic cursing evin and morne
Quhilk slayis þe corne and fruct þat growis grene,
Sic skaith and scorne, sa mony paitlattis worne
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mony rakkettis, sa mony ketchepillaris,
Sic ballis, sic nackettis, and sic tutivillaris,
And sic evill willaris to speik of king and quene,
Sic pudding fillaris discending doun frome millaris fol.61*a*
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sic fartingaillis on flaggis als fatt as quhailis,
Facit lyk fulis with hattis þat littill availlis
Ane sic fowill tailis to sweip the calsay clene
The dust vpskaillis, mony fillok with fuck sailis
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Sa mony ane Kittie drest vp with goldin chenȝe,
So few witty that evill he fabillis fenȝe,
With apill renȝe ay schawand hir goldin chene,
Off Sathanis senȝie syne sic ane vnsall menȝie
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

73 Musing allone this hinder nicht fol.63*b*
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
Within ane garth vndir a tre
I hard ane voce þat said on hicht,
'May na man now vndemit be.

crakkaris: boasters; *schekkaris:* dancers; *Gowkelbyis gryce:* an unruly gathering such as that in *Colkelbie's Sow*; *lymmaris:* scoundrels; *vnwyce:* foolish; *mensworne:* perjure; *skaith:* injury; *paitlattis:* ruffs; *rakkettis:* racquets; *ketchepillaris:* tennis players; *ballis:* balls; *nackettis:* ball-boys; *tutivillaris:* devilish creatures; *willaris:* wishers; *fartingaillis:* farthingales; *flaggis:* buttocks; *Facit lyk fulis:* having foolish faces; *fowill tailis:* dirty trains; *calsay:* paving; *vpskaillis:* throw up; *fillok:* giddy girl; *fuck sailis:* flounces; *Kittie:* wench; *apill renȝe:* pomander; *goldin chene:* golden chain; *Sathanis senȝie:* Satan's court; *vnsall menȝie:* unholy company. *vndemit:* uncensored;

'For thocht I be ane crownit king,
ȝit sall I not eschew deming.
Sum callis me guid. Sum sayis I lie.
Sum cravis of God to end my ring—
So sall I not vndemit be.

'Be I ane lord and not lord lyk,
Than every pelour and purspyk
Sayis, "Land war bettir warit on me."
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
ȝit can he not lat deming be.

'Be I ane lady fresche and fair
With gentillmen makand repair,
Than will thay say, baith scho and hie,
That I am iaipit lait and air—
Thus sall I not vndemit be.

'Be I ane courtman or ane knycht
Honestly cled þat cumis me richt,
And prydfull man than call thay me,
Bot God send theme a widdy wicht
That can not lat sic demyng be.

'Be I bot littill of stature,
Thay call me catyve createure
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monstrowis of nature—
Thus can not I vndemit be.

'And be I ornat in my speiche,
Than Towsy sayis I am sa screiche
I speik not lyk thair houss menȝie.
Suppois hir mowth misteris a leiche,
ȝit can not I vndemit be.

'Bot wist thir folkis þat vþir demiss fol.64*a*
How þat thair sawis to vþir semiss,
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
Thair tratling tungis þat all furth temiss,
Sum wald lat thair demyng be.

'Gude Iames the Ferd, our nobill king,
Quhen þat he was of ȝeiris ȝing
In sentens said full subtillie:
"Do weill and sett not by demyng
For no man sall vndemit be."

ring: reign; *pelour:* thief; *purspyk:* pickpocket; *warit:* bestowed; *dow:* is fit; *tyk:* dog; *makand repair:* associating; *iaipit:* seduced; l.21: Bannatyne omits I; *þat cumis me richt:* as befits my rank; *widdy wicht:* strong halter; *catyve:* wretched; *Towsy:* nickname for a skivvy; *screiche:* affected; *houss menȝie:* household servants; *misteris:* requires; *leiche:* physician; *tratling:* babbling; *temiss:* empties out;

'And so I sall with Goddis grace
Keip his command in to þat cace,
Beseiking ay the Trinitie
In Hevin þat I may haif ane place,
For thair sall no man demit be.'

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

Fredome, honour and nobilnes,
Meid, manheid, mirth and gentilnes
Ar now in cowrt reput as vyce,
And all for causs of cuvetice.

All weilfair, welth and wantones
Ar chengit in to wretchitnes
And play is sett at littill price,
And all for causs of covetyce.

Halking, hunting, and swift horss rynning
Ar chengit all in wrangus wynnyng.
Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce,
And all for causs of covetyce.

Honorable houshaldis ar all laid doun.
Ane laird hes with him bot a loun
That leidis him eftir his devyce,
And all for causs of covetyce.

In burghis to landwart and to sie, fol.65*a*
Quhair was plesour and grit plentie—
Vennesoun, wyld fowill, wyne and spyce—
Ar now decayid thruch covetyce.

Husbandis that grangis had full grete—
Cattell and corne to sell and ete—
Hes now no beist bot cattis and myce,
And all thrucht caus of covettyce.

Honest ȝemen in every toun,
War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
Ar now arrayit in raggis, with lyce,
And all thrucht caus of covetyce.

And lairdis in silk harlis to þe eill,
For quhilk thair tennents sald somer meill,
And leivis on rutis vndir þe ryce,
And all thrucht caus of covetyce.

Meid: merit; *wrangus wynnyng:* striving for ill-gotten gains; *loun:* rogue; *Husbandis:* farmers; *grangis:* barns; *harlis:* trails; *eill:* heel; *somer meill:* meal to be used during summer until the reaping of the new crop; *ryce:* bushes;

Quha þat dois deidis of petie
And leivis in pece and cheretie,
Is haldin a fule and þat full nyce,
And all thrucht caus of covetyce.

And quha can reive vþir menis rowmis,
And vpoun peur men gadderis sowmis,
Is now ane active man and wyice,
And all thrucht caus of covetyce.

Man, pleiss thy Makar and be mirry
And sett not by this warld a chirry.
Wirk for þe place of Paradyce
For thairin ringis na covettyce.

Finis.

76 My mynd quhen I compas and cast,
Me think this warld chengis fast.
Quhen God thinkis tyme, he may it mend:
Lawty will leif ws at the last.
Ar few for falsett may now fend.

Thift and tressoun now is chereist.
Law and lawtie is disherreist
And quyt owt of this regioun send.
Thift and tressoun now is cherreist.
Ar few for falsett now may fend.

War all this realme in two devyddit,
Lat lawty syne and falset gyddit;
Quhome on will moniest depend,
Quha wysest is can not dissyddit.
Ar few for falset now may fend.

No man is countit worth a peir
Bot he þat hes gud horss and geir
And gold in to his purss to spend.
The peur for this is spulȝeit neir.
Ar few for falset now may fend.

Haif ane peur woman ane cow or twa
Glaidly scho wald gif ane of tha
To haif the tother at þe ȝeiris end.
Scho may thank God and scho chaip sa.
Ar few for falset now may fend.

fol.65*b*

nyce: foolish; *reive:* plunder; *rowmis:* farms; *sowmis:* sums of money; *wyice:* wise. *Lawty:* (earthly) loyalties; *leif:* leave; l.5: Because of falsity, few are able to sustain themselves; *disherreist:* dispossessed; *gyddit:* guide it; *moniest:* most; *dissyddit:* decide it; *peir:* pear; *spulȝeit:* dispoiled; *chaip sa:* escape so;

Peur husband men leivis on thair plwch
Thay think þat thay ar riche annewch.
Away with it the theivis dois wend
And leivis thame bair as ony bewch.
Ar few for falset now may fend.

The rankest theif of this regioun
Dar pertly compeir in sessioun,
And to þe Tolbuth sone ascend
Syne with the lordis to raik and roun.
Ar few for falset now may fend.

The regentis þat this realme sowld gyd,
For schame ȝe may ȝour facis hyd:
To quhat effect sowld ȝe pretend,
So slewthfully, to latt ouirslyd
Sic falsett now as ws offend?

Finis

77 How sowld I rewill me or quhat wyiss
I wald sum wyisman wald dewyiss. fol.66*a*
I can not leif in no degre
Bot sum will my maneris dispyiss.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

Gif I be galland, lusty, and blyth
Than will thay say on me, full swyth,
That owt of mynd, ȝone man, is hie
Or sum hes done him confort kyth.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

Gife I be sorrowfull and sad,
Than will thay say that I am mad,
I do bot drowp as I wold die.
Thus will thay say baith man and lad.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

Gife I be lusty in array,
Than luve I parramouris thay say,
Or in my hairt is prowd and hie,
Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

Gif I be nocht weill als besene,
Than twa and twa sayis thame betwene

plwch: plough; *bewch:* bough; *pertly:* audaciously; *compeir:* appear before a judge; *raik and roun:* wander about and whisper; *ouirslyd:* pass unnoticed. *or quhat wyiss:* or (in) what manner; *swyth:* quickly; l.8: That that man is out of his mind; *done . . . confort kyth:* shown kindness; *sad:* sober; *parramouris:* sexually; *weill . . . besene:* well-dressed;

That evill be gydis, 3one man, trewlie,
Lo, be his claithis it may be sene.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

Gif I be sene in court ouirlang,
Than will thay mvrmour thame ammang,
My freyndis ar not worth a fle
That I sa lang but reward gang.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

In court rewaird than purchess I
Than haif thay malyce and invy
And secreitly thay on me lie
And dois me hinder prevely.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

I wald my gyding war dewysit.
Gif I spend littill, I am dispysit; fol.66*b*
Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fre,
A prodigall man I am so prysit.
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

Now iuge thay me, baith guid and ill,
And I may no man's tung hald still.
To do þe best my mynd sal be;
Latt every man say quhat he will.
The gratious God mot governe me.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

79 Sum tyme this warld so steidfast was and stabill fol.67*a*
That manis word was obligatioun,
And now it is sa fals and dissavable
That word and deid discordis in conclusioun.
Ar no thing lyk bot turnit vp and doun.
Is all this warld for greid and wilfulnes
That all is loist for laik of steidfastnes.

Trewith is put doun. Ressoun is haldin fabill,
Vertew hes nane at hir devotioun,
Petie exylit and na man meretabill.
Throw cuvettyce, blind is discretioun.
The warld hes maid ane permvtatioun
Fra richt to wrang, fra ressone to wilfulnes,
That all is loist for lak of steidfastnes.

Quhat makis this warld to be so variable
Bot lust, quhilk folk hes but discretioun?
Among ws now ane man is haldin vnhable

gydis: conducts his life; lies about one; *vnhable:* unfit;
purchess: obtain; *on me lie:* tell

Bot gif he can, be sum collusioun,
Doing his nychtbour wrang or oppressioun.
Quhat makis this bot wofull wretchitnes,
That all is loist for lack of steidfastnes?

Falsheid, that sowld bene abhominable,
Now is regeing but reformatioun.
Quha now gifis lergly ar maist dissavable
For vycis ar *þe* grund of sustentatioun.
All wit is turnit to cavillatioun,
Lawtie expellit, and all gentilnes,
That all is loist for lak of steidfastnes.

O prince, desyre for to be honorable,
Chereiss thy folk and hait extortioun,
Suffer nothing *þat* bene reprovable,
Schaw furth thy swerd of castigatioun
That vertew may rigne within thy regioun.
Dreid God. Do law. Luve trewith and richtousnes
And bring thy folk agane to steidfastnes.

Finis.

81 To dwell in court, my freind, gife *þat* thow list,
For gift of fortoun invy thow no degre.
Behold, and heir, and lat thy tung tak rest.
In mekle speiche is pairt of vanitie.
And for no malyce preiss the nevir to lie,
Als trubill nevir thy self, sone, be no tyd,
V*þ*iris to reiwll that will not rewlit be.
He rewlis weill that weill him self can gyd.

Bewar quhome to thy counsale thow discure, fol.68*b*
For trewth dwellis nocht ay for *þat* trewth appeiris.
Put not thyne honour into aventeure:
Ane freind may be thy fo as fortoun steiris.
In cumpany cheiss honorable feiris
And fra vyle folkis draw the far on syd.
The psalme sayis, 'Cum sancto sanctus eiris'.
He rewlis weill that weill him self can gyd.

Haif pacience, thocht thow no lordschip posseid,
For hie vertew may stand in law estait.
Be thow content. Of mair thow hes no neid.
And be thow nocht, desyre sall mak debait
Evirmoir till deth say to the than, 'Chakmait'.
Thocht all war thyne this warld within so wyd,

sustentatioun: maintenance; *cavillatioun:* chicanery; *degre:* rank; l.4: *speiche,* Bannatyne, *speice*; *sone:* son; *discure:* disclose; *aventeure:* risk; *Cum sancto sanctus eiris:* With the holy you shall be holy (*Ps.* XVIII. 25); *debait:* strife;

Quha can resist the serpent of dispyt?
He rewlis weill that weill him self can gyd.

Fle frome the fallowschip of sic as ar defamit
And fra all fals tungis fulfild with flattry,
Als fra all schrewis, or ellis thow art eschamit;
Sic art thow callit as is thy cumpany.
Fle perrellus taillis foundit of invy.
With wilfull men, son, argown thow no tyde,
Quhome no ressone may seiss nor pacify.
He rewlis weill that weill him self can gyd.

And be thow not ane roundar in the nwke
For, gif thow be, men will hald the suspect.
Be nocht in countenance ane skornar, nor by luke:
Bot dowt, siclyk sall stryk the in the neck.
Be war also to counsall or coreck
Him þat extold hes far him self in pryd.
Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effect,
He rewlis weill that weill him self gan gyd.

And sen thow seyis mony thingis variand fol.69*a*
With all thy hart treit bissines and cure.
Hald God thy freind. Evir stabill be him stand.
He will the confort in all misaventeur.
And be no wayis dispytfull to þe peure,
Nor to no man do wrang at ony tyd.
Quho so dois this, sicker, I 3ow asseure,
He rewlis weill that sa weill him can gyd.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

91 Documenta

Grund the in patience. Blind nocht thy conscience.
Do thy God reuerence, thankand him ay.
Dress the with diligence to put away negligence.
Ceiss the with sufficience. This warld will away.

Finis.

94

Remembir, man, on endles Hellis vexatioun.
Fle fra temptatioun, thow brukle flesche as glass.
Thow art bot ass for all thy dominatioun.
Leif fornicatioun and mend thy vyle trespass,
Think thow mon pass to thy lang habitatioun.
Wirk for salvatioun, sen borne þairto thow wass.

Finis.

schrewis: villains; *perrellus:* harmful; *roundar in the nwke:* whisperer in the corner; *siclyk sall stryk the in the neck:* the same shall recoil upon you; *parrell:* danger; *treit:* carry on; l.46: *do,* Bannatyne, *to;* *Documenta:* teachings;

98 Dissait dissauis and sal be dissauit:
Quha with dissait is dissauable,
Thocht his dissait be nocht all out persauit,
To þe dissatour dissait is ay returnable.
Frawd quyt with frawd is guerdoun conveniable:
And quha with fraud is frawdfully ay fund,
To þe defraudour defraud sall ay redound.

Finis.

100 'Quho will be gud he may be gud and gud is gud to hald.
Quha hes nocht gud he can no gud', ane gud man thus me tald.
'It is nocht gud for ony gud off gud to be our bald.
Bot richtous gud, quhair grund is gud, that gud will neuir fald.
Throw gud cumis mekle gud. Vngud and gud sall fair
Bot richteous gud, quhair grund is gud, lestis for euir mair.'

Finis.

105 Quhat is this lyfe? Ane draucht way to þe deid,
Quhilk hes tyme to pas and nane to dwell.
Ane slyding quheill ws lent to win remeid.
Ane fre choiss gevin to Parradice or Hell.
Ane pray to deid, quhome vane is to repell.
Ane schort torment for infinit glaidnes,
A schort ane ioy for lestand hevines.

Finis.

117 Grit fule is he þat puttis in denger fol.76*b*
His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht.
Grit fule is he þat will nocht glaidlie heir
Counsale in tyme, quhill it availis ocht.
Grit fule is he þat no thing hes in thocht
Bot tyme present, nor eftir quhat may fall,
Nor of þe deid hes no memoriall.

Finis.

123 Thingis in kynd desyris thingis lyke,
Bot discontrair haitis every thing.
Saif only mankynd, can nevir weill lyke
Bot gif he haif a licentious leving.

guerdon conveniable: appropriate reward; *fald:* yield; *fair:* go; *draucht way:* highway; *Quhilk:* in which one; *quhill:* whilst. *leving:* living;

Fleschly desyre and gestly nvrissing
In till a persone all semyne to be wrocht,
Watter and fyre togidder in kendling:
It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.

A man at anis for to serue lordis tuane,
The quhilk be baith contrair in opinioun,
To pleiss thame bath and purches nocht disdane
Talk with the ane and with the vþir roun;
Be trew to both, without tuich of tressoun,
Tell him of him the thing þat neuer wes wrocht
To bring all this to gud conclusioun:
It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.

To haif a gall clippit a gentill dow,
To be my freind and gevis me fals counsale,
To brek my heid and syne put on myn how,
To be religiouss and formest in to battell,
To ly in bed and sege ane strang castell,
To be ane merchand quhair na gud may be bocht,
To haif a trew wyfe with a wantoun taill:
It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.

To be of na cunnyng and knaw the herbis,
To karp langage þat nane may vndirstand,
A fule to haif every wyse proverbis,
A fair borne bairne of hir þat is barrand,
Vnpossible thingis to take vpoun hand,
To big a castell or the grund be wrocht,
To gife a dome be law þat may nocht stand: fol.79*b*
It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.

A wrech to weir a noble skarlet goun,
A begger furrit purfillit weill with sable,
A gud hussy wyfe trubland ay the toun,
A chyld to thryfe quhilk is vnchestable,
To be content and lichtly chengeable,
To haif in dainte thing þat neuir docht,
A Rome raker without lesing or fable:
It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.

A michty king in to a pure regioun,
Ane haisty wit and he thingis to devyse,
Mekle almouss deid and fals detractioun,
Knychtlie manheid and schamefull cowardyse,
Ane hevinly Hell, ane panefull Paradyse,

gestly nvrissing: gentle breeding; *kendling:* kindling; *gall:* gull; *clippit:* called; *how:* cap; *wantoun taill:* lascivious inclinations; *big:* build; *wrech:* pauper; l.34: Bannatyne, *A bag lyne furring . . .* Maitland MS, *A begger furrit*; *purfillit:* bordered; *hussy wyfe:* housewife; *vnchestable:* rebellious; l.38: Bannatyne, *drink*, Maitland MS, *dainte*; *docht:* did good; *Rome raker:* cleric frequently visiting Rome in pursuit of preferment; *lesing:* lying; *almouss deid:* alms giving;

Ane haly doctour with ane lecherouss thocht,
To wirk on heid syne eftir tak avyse:
It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.

A gilty toung cullorit with eloquens,
A fals intent within and dissavable,
A blyth wisage with freindly apperens,
A crewale hairt invyouss and vengeable,
A gentill horss within a nakit stable,
A mirry sang with sorrow socht:
To jone thir all and mak thame agreable
It may weill ryme bot it accordis nocht.

Frely to spend and full of cuvatyse,
To seik burgeonis out of ane auld dry stok,
Ane gay temple without devyne seruyse,
A birdlies cage, ane key without a lok,
A tome schip ay rydand on a rok,
A mychty bischop in ane realme of nocht,
A wantoun hird and a weill rewlit flok:
It may well ryme bot it accordis nocht.

Finis.

126 This warld is all bot fenȝeit fair
And als vnstable as the wind.
Gud faith is flemit, I wat nocht quhair,
Trest, fallowschip is evill to find,
Gud conscience is all maid blind
And cheritie is nane to gett;
Leill loif and lawte lyis behind
And auld kyndnes is quyt forȝett.

Quhill I had ony thing to spend
And stuffit weill with warldis wrak
Amang my freindis I wes weill kend.
Quhen I wes prowd and had a pak
Thay wald me be the oxstar tak
And at the he burd I wes set;
Bot now thay latt me stand abak,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt forȝet.

Now I find bot freindis few.
Sen I wes prysit to be pure,
Thay hald me now bot for a schrew.
To me thay tak bot littill cure,
All þat I do is bot iniure,

fol.81*a*

tak avyse: take advice; *nakit:* unequipped; *burgeonis:* swelling buds; *tome:* empty; *hird:* shepherd; *flemit:* banished; *leill loif:* true love; l.10: And was well provided with worldly goods; *pak:* fortune; *oxstar:* arm; *he burd:* high table;

Thocht I am bair I am nocht bett,
Thay latt me stand bot on the flure,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt forȝet.

Suppoiss I mene I am nocht mendit.
Sen I held pairt with pouerte
Away, sen þat my pak wes spendit,
Adew, all liberalite.
The prowerb now is trew, I se,
'Quha may nocht gife will littill gett'.
Thairfoir, to say the varite,
Now auld kyndnes is quyt forȝet.

Thay wald me hals with hude and hatt
Quhill I wes riche and had anewch.
About me freindis anew I gatt,
Rycht blythlie on me thay lewch,
Bot now thay mak it wondir tewch
And lattis me stand befoir þe ȝett.
Thairfoir, this warld is verry frewch
And auld kyndnes is quyt forȝett.

Als lang as my cop stud evin
I ȝeid bot seindill myn allane.
I squyrit was with sex or seven
Ay quhill I gaif thame twa for ane,
Bot suddanly fra that wes gane
Thay passit by with handis plett.
With purtye fra I wes ourtane
Than auld kyndnes wes quyt forȝett.

In to this warld suld na man trow,
Thow may weill se the ressoun quhy,
For evir bot gif thy hand be fow
Thow arte bot littill settin by.
Thow art nocht tane in cumpany
Bot thair be sum fisch in thy nett.
Thairfoir, this fals warld I defy
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt forȝet.

Sen þat na kyndnes kepit is
Into þis warld þat is present,
Gife thow wald cum to Hevynnis bliss
Thy self appleiss with sobir rent;
Leife godly and gife with gud intent
To every man his proper dett;
Quhat evir God send hald the content,
Sen auld kyndnes is quyt forȝet.

Finis.

bett: assisted; *Suppoiss:* although; *mene:* complain; *hals:* greet; *lewch:* laughed; *tewch:* tough; *frewch:* frail; *cop:* cup; *squyrit:* attended; *plett:* folded; *purtye:* poverty; *fow:* full; *appleis:* satisfy; *sobir:* moderate; *rent:* income;

132 Quhome to sall I complene my wo
And kyth my kairis, on or mo?
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure
Quha is my freynd, quha is my fo,
For in this warld may non assure.

Lord, how sall I my dayis dispone?
For lang seruice rewarde is none,
And schort my lyfe may heir indure
And lossit is my tyme bygone.
Into this warld ma none assure.

Oft falsett rydis with ane rowt
Quhen trewth gois on his fute abowt
And lak of spending dois him spur.
Thus quhat to do I am in dowt.
In to this warld ma none assure.

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,
And bot pure men ar pluckit doun,
And nane bot iust men tholis injure—
Sa wit is blindit and ressoun.
In to this warld ma none assure.

Vertew the court hes done dispyiss:
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryiss,
And cairlis of nobillis hes the cure,
And bumbardis brukis the benifyiss.
Into this warld ma none assure.

All gentrice and nobiltie
Ar passit out of he degre.
On fredome is laid foirfaltour.
In princis is thair no pety
For in this warld ma none assure.

Is non so armit in to plait
That can fra truble him debait. fol.84*b*
May no man lang in welth indure
For wo þat evir lyis at þe wait.
Into this warld may none assure.

Flattry weiris ane furrit goun,
And falsett with the lord dois roun,
And trewth standis barrit at þe dure
And exul is of þe toun.
In to this warld may none assure.

kyth: reveal; *rowt:* crowd of fellows; *cairlis:* peasants; *bumbardis:* sluggards; *brukis:* enjoy; l.27: Have deserted the aristocracy; *foirfaltour:* forfeiture; *in to plait:* in coat of mail; *debait:* protect;

Fra everilk mowth fair wirdis proceidis,
In every hairt disceptioun breidis.
Fra everylk e gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deidis.
In to this warld may none assure.

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt stone,
And ene of amiable blyth asure,
And handis of adamant, laith to dispone.
In to this warld may none assure.

ȝit hairt with hand and body all
Mon anser deth, quhen he dois call
To compt befoir þe Iuge future.
Sen all ar deid, or than de sall,
Quha suld in to this warld assure?

No thing bot deth this schortly cravis
Quhair fortoun, evir as fo, dissavis
With freyndly smylingis of ane hure
Quhais fals behechtis as wind, hyne wavis.
In to this warld may none assure.

O, quha sall weild the wrang possessioun,
Or þe gold gatherit with oppressioun,
Quhen the angell blawis his bugill sture,
Quhilk vnrestorit, helpis no confessioun?
In to this warld may none assure.

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis sevin
Quhen na houss is, bot Hell and Hevin,
Palice of licht, or pitt obscure
Quhair ȝoulis ar hard with horreble stevin?
In to this warld may none assure.

Vbi ardentes anime,
Semper dicentes, 'Ve, ve,'
Sall cry, allace, þat wemen thame bure.
O, quante sunt iste tenebre.
In to this warld may none assure.

Than quho sall wirk for warldis wrak
Quhen flude and fyre sall our it frak,
And frely fruster feild and fure,
With tempest kene and hiddouss crak?
In to this warld may none assure.

blyth asure: pleasant blue; *weild:* enjoy; *sture:* loud; *Quhilk vnrestorit:* which (i.e. *the wrang possessioun*, l.61) not returned to its rightful owner; *ȝoulis:* howls; ll.71–2. Where there are burning souls/Always saying, 'Woe, woe,'; l.74. O how great are those shadows; *wrak:* refuse; *frak:* move quickly; *frely:* totally; *fruster:* destroy; *fure:* ford;

Lord, sen in tyme sa sone to cum, fol.85*a*
De terra surrectourus sum,
Reward me with non erdly cure,
Tu regni da imperium.
In to this warld may non assure.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

147 Be gouernour baith guid and gratious;
Be leill and luifand to thy liegis all.
Be large of fredome and no thing desyrous;
Be iust to pure for ony thing may fall.
Be ferme of faith and constant as ane wall,
Be reddye evir to stanche evill and discord.
Be cheretabill and sickerlye thow sall
Be bowsum ay to knaw thy God and lord.

Be nocht to proud of wardlie guidis heir;
Be weill be thocht þai will remane na tyde.
Be sicker als þat þow man die, but weir;
Be war þairwith, þe tyme will no man byde.
Be vertewus and sett all vyce on syde;
Be patient, lawlie, and misericord.
Be rewlit so quhair evir þow go or byde;
Be bowsum ay to knaw thy God and lord.

Be weill awysit of quhome þow counsale tais;
Be sever of þame þat þai be leill and trew.
Be think þe als quhidder þai be freindis or fais
Be to thy saull, þair sawis or þow persew.
Be nevir our haistye to wirk and syne to rew;
Be nocht þair freind þat makis the fals record.
Be reddye evir all guid workis to renew:
Be bowsum ay to knaw thy God and lord.

Be traist and conquese thy awin heretage
Be ennemyes of auld now occupyit
Be strenth and force. þow sobir, þai man swage:
Be law of God þair may no man denyid.
Be nocht as lantern in mirknes vnspyit.
Be thow in rycht, þi landis suld be restord
Be wirschop so thy name beis magnefeit:
Be bowsum ay to knaw thy God and lord.

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l.82: I am about to arise from the earth; l.84: Give command of the kingdom. *bowsum:* compliant; l.10: Although highly valued, they will last only a short while; *misericord:* compassionate; *Be weill awysit:* consider very carefully; *saull:* soul; *þair sawis or þow persew:* before you follow their advice; *conquese:* conquer; *þow sobir, þai man swage:* you pacify, they must become less violent;

Be to rebellis strong as lyoun eik;
Be ferce to follow þame quhair evir thai found.
Be to thy liege men bayth soft and meik;
Be þair succour and help þame haill and sound.
Be knaw thy cure and caus quhy thow was cround;
Be besye evir that iustice be nocht smord.
Be blyith in hart. þir wordis oft expound:
Be bowsum ay to knaw thy God and lord.

Finis. Quod Henrye Stewart.

148 This hindir nycht, neir by the hour of nyne,
To bed I went. As is my consuetud
I sanyt me and sone I slepit syne.
And, as I thocht, ane lady be my stud, fol.88*a*
Plesand, but peir of port and pulcritud,
With cristall corpis translucent as a glass,
Of alkin clething nakit and denud,
Bair, vnabulȝeit as scho borne wass.

Hir body bair was bricht as beriall
And thrucht þe samyn, as semit to my sicht,
I mycht weill see ressones on the wall
Als weill as mony lampis had bene licht.
I saw scho wes so wondirfull a wicht,
I askit of hir name for cherite.
Debonerly scho anserit me, þat bricht,
And said, 'Thay call me Lady Varite,

'Quhilk fra thir bowndis lang hes beneist bene,
Nor heir mycht haif no rest nor residence,
Quhairthrow my freindis ar confundit clene
Off the fell falsheid throw thy offence.
Thy self is ane þat oft in myne absence
Hes tholit pane becaus thow tuk my pairte.
Bot I sall make the rychttouss recompence
Quhen fals folk sall forthink it at þair hairte.'

And quhen þat I persauit in to plane
Dame Verite my presens appeir,
I salust hir as lady souerane
And hir besocht, in maist hummill maneir,
This caus obscure to mak vnto me cleir:
'Quhen sall the kyth þe cuntre of Scotland
In peax and rest and plenty perseueir
With sic ordour as vsis in vþir land?'

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cure: office; *smord:* smothered. *consuetud:* custom; *sanyt:* made the sign of the cross; *but peir:* without equal; *port:* bearing; *cristall corpis:* body as bright as crystal; *translucent:* luminous; *glass:* looking-glass; *vnabulȝeit:* undressed; *beriall:* beryl; l.11: Bannatyne omits *see*; *ressones:* wall plates; *thir bowndis:* these territories; *forthink:* repent; *in to plane:* clearly; *the kyth:* you reveal; *vsis:* obtains;

Then said this bird of beuty maist benigne,
'Sone thow sall haif solutioun sufficient
Quhen thir bairnis ar baneist fra 3our King,
Fro counsale, sessioun, and parliament,
Off quhome þe names schortly subsequent
I sall declair dewly with diligence
Or I depairte furth to this place present,
And thow þairto gife thy audience.

'First Wilfull Wrang in ane widdy mon waif,
And Hid Hatreit be hangeit by the heid,
And 3ung Counsale þat dois 3ow all dissaif,
And Singular Proffeit stolling of the steid,
Dissimvlance þat dois 3our lawis leid,
Flatterry and Falsheid, þat 3our fame hes fylit,
And Ignorance be put to beg thair breid,
And all thair kin furth of the court exylit.

'Than Tressone mon be tronit to ane tre,
And Murthour merkit for his grit mischeif,
And the foull feid that 3e call Symone
Mon planely be depryvit without repreif,
Quhill this be done 3e sall haif no releif,
Bot schamefull slawtir, derth, and indigens, fol.88*b*
And tak this for thy anser in to breif
Quhilk, I the pray present vnto thy prence.

'For all this sort with schame mon by exylit
Or than demanit as I haif deuysit,
And vþir personis in to þair placis stylit,
The quhilk sen Flowdoun Feild hes bene dispysit
In this cuntre, and in all vþiris prysit,
Quhois names I sall causs the for to knaw
That thow may sleip þairwith and be awysit.
Syne bayth the sortis to thy souerane schaw.

First Iustice, Prudens, Forss, and Temperans,
With Commounweill and Auld Experience,
Concord, Correctioun, Cunnyng and Constans,
Lufe, Lawty, Science and Obedience,
Gud Conscience, Trewth and Intelligence,
Mercy, Mesour, Fayth, Houp, and Cherite,
Thir in his court mon mak residence
Or 3e gett plenty and prosperite.'

This being said, this lady lumynoss
Fra my presens hir persoun did depairt,

solutioun: settlement; *widdy:* halter; *waif:* swing; *Hid Hatreit:* concealed hatred; *Singular Proffeit:* private advantage (as opposed to the common weal); *stolling:* stealing; *steid:* land; *fylit:* stained; *tronit to ane tre:* pilloried; *Symone:* simony; *demanit:* dealt with as traitors; *stylit:* named;

And I awaikit and suddanly vproiss.
Syne tuk my pen and put all in report
As ȝe haif hard. ƿairfoir, I ȝow exhort,
My Souerane Lord, vnto this taile attend
And ȝow to serue seik suddanly this sort,
Sen Verite this counsale to ȝow send.

And lat thir falty folk ƿat scho refusit
Be flemit fra thair infilicite,
For ȝe with thame to lang hes bene abusit
And ȝour peple put to penurite.
Schaip sum remeid for Godis deite
And lat no moir the weid ourga the corne.
De ȝe nocht sa, ȝe sall accusit be
Afoir the king ƿat wore the croun of thorne.

Finis.

149 Precellend Prince, havand prerogatyue
As rowy royall in this regioun to ring,
I the beseik aganis thy lust to stryue
And loufe thy God aboif all maner of thing,
And him imploir, now in thy ȝeiris ȝing,
To grant the grace thy folk to defend,
Quhilk he hes gevin the in gouerning,
In peax and honour to thy lyvis end.

And sen tho standis in so tendir aige
That natur to the ȝit wosdome denyis,
Thairfoir submit the to thy counsale seige
And in all wayss wirk as thay devyiss. fol.89*a*
Bot, ovir all thing, keip the fra cuvaytyiss
To princely honour gife thow wald pretend.
Be liberall. Than sall thy fame vpryiss
And wyn the honour to thy lyvis end.

It ƿat thow gevis deliuer quhen thow hechtis,
And suffir nocht thy hand thy hecht delay,
For than thy hecht and thy deliuerance fechtis.
Far bettir war thy hecht had biddin away.
He aw me nocht that sayis me schortly, 'Nay'.
Bot he ƿat hechtis and caussis me attend,
Syne gevis me nocht I may him repute ay
Ane vntrew dettour to my lyvis end.

Bettir is gut in feit nor cramp in handis.
The falt of feit with horss thow may support
Bot quhen thyn handis ar bundin in with bandis,

Precellend: pre-eminent; *rowy:* king; *ring:* reign; *seige:* sage; *hechtis:* promises; *fechtis:* be in conflict; *gut:* gout;

Na surrigiane may cure þame nor confort
Bot thow thame oppin, payntit as a port,
And frely gife sic gudis as God þe send,
Than may thay mend within ane sessone schort
And win the honour to þi lyvis end.

Gif every man eftir his faculty
And with discretioun thow dispone thy geir.
Gife nocht to fulis and cunnyng men ourse,
Thocht fulis roun and flatter in thyne eir.
Gife nocht to thame þat dois thy sawis sueir,
Gife to þame þat ar trew and constant kend.
Than our all quhair thay sall thy fame furth beir
And win the honour to thy lyvis end.

Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all,
Gevin be God to thy governance,
Luke þat thow rewll the rute originall
Thatt in thy falt no member mak vþeris grevance;
For quha can nocht him self gyd nor awance,
Quhy suld ane provynce do on him depend,
To gyd him self þat hes na purveance
With peax and honour to thy lyvis end?

Dreid God. Do counsale. Off thy leigeis leill
Rewaird gud deid. Puneiss all wrang and vice.
Se that thy saw be sicker as thy seill.
Fleme frawd and be defender of iustyce.
Honour all tyme thy noble genetryce.
Obey the kirk. Gif thow dois miss amend.
Sa sall thow win ane place in Paradyce
And mak in erd ane honourable end.

Finis. Quod W. Stewart.

152 Ane New ȝeir Gift to the Quene Mary, quhen scho come first hame. 1562.

Welcum illustrat ladye and oure quene.
Welcum oure lyone with þe floure delyce.
Welcum oure thrissill with þe Lorane grene.
Welcum oure rubent roiss vpoun þe ryce.
Welcum oure iem and ioyfull genetryce.
Welcum oure beill of Albion to beir.
Welcum oure plesand princes maist of pryce.
God gif þe grace aganis þis guid new ȝeir.

surrigiane: surgeon; *payntit as a port:* open as a door. *faculty:* station; *ourse:* disregard; *sueir:* reluctantly; *all quhair:* everywhere; *awance:* advance; l.51: Bannatyne. *The*; Maitland Ms, *Se*; *saw:* word; *seill:* seal; *genetryce:* mother. *floure delyce:* fleur de lys; *rubent:* red; *ryce:* branch; *genetryce:* mother; l.6: Welcome to be the mother of our king;

This guid new ȝeir we hoip, with grace of God,
Sal be of peax, tranquillitie, and rest.
This ȝeir sall rycht and ressone rewle þe rod,
Quhilk sa lang seasoun hes bene soir supprest.
This ȝeir ferme fayth sall frelie be confest
And all erronius questionis put areir.
To lauboure þat þis lyfe amang ws lest,
God gif þe grace aganis þis guid new ȝeir.

Heirfore, addres the dewlie to decoir
And rewle thy regne with hie magnificence.
Begin at God to gar sett furth his gloir
And of his gospell gett experience;
Caus his trew kirk be had in reuerence,
So, sall thy name and fame spred far and neir.
Now this thy dett to do with diligence,
God gif þe grace aganis þis guid new ȝeir.

Found on þe first four vertewus cardinall—
On wisdome, iustice, force, and temperans.
Applaud to prudent men and principall
Off virtewus lyfe, thy wirschep till avance
Waye iustice equale without discrepance.
Strenth thy estait with steidfastnes to steir.
To temper tyme with trew continuance,
God gife þe grace aganis þis guid new ȝeir.

Cast thy consate be counsale of þe sage
And cleif to Christ, hes kepit þe in cure,
Attingent now to twentye ȝeir of aige,
Preservant þe fra all misaventure.
Wald thow be servit and thy cuntre sure,
Still on þe commoun weill haife e and eir.
Preiss ay to be protectrix of þe pure.
So God sall gyde thy grace this gude new ȝeir.

Gar stanche all stryiff and stabill thy estaitis
In constance, concord, cherite and lufe.
Be bissie now to banisch all debatis
Betuix kirkmen and temporall men dois mufe. fol.90*b*
The pulling doun of policie reprufe
And lat perversit prelettis leif perqueir,
To do þe best besekand God above
To gife the grace aganis þis guid new ȝeir.

Att Croce gar cry be oppin proclamatioun,
Vndir grit panis, þat nothir he nor scho
Off halye writ haif ony disputatioun
Bot letterit men or lernit clerkis þairto.

rewle þe rod: hold sway; *areir:* in the background; *decoir:* adorn; *gar sett furth:* cause to be proclaimed; *Cast thy consate:* direct your judgement; *policie:* (ecclesiastical) buildings; *perqueir:* perfectly. *Croce:* market cross;

For lymmer lawdis and litle lassis lo,
Will argunn bayth with bischop, preist and freir.
To dantoun þis thow hes aneuch to do.
God gife þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

Bot wyte the wickit pastouris wald nocht mend
Thair vitious leving all þe warld prescryvis.
Thai tuke na tent þair traik sould turne till end,
Thair wer sa proud in þair prerogatyvis.
For wantonnes, thay wald nocht wed na wyvis,
Nor 3it leif chaste, bot chop and change þair cheir.
Now, to reforme þair fylthy licherous lyvis,
God gife þe grace aganis þis guid new 3eir.

Thai brocht þair bastardis, with þe skrufe thai skraip,
To blande þair blude with barrownis be ambitioun.
Thai purchest pithles pardonis fra þe paip
To caus fond folis confyde he hes fruitioun
As God, to gif for synnis full remissioun
And saulis to saif frome suffering sorowis seir.
To sett asyde sic sortis of superstitioun,
God gife þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

Thai lost baith benefice and pentioun þat mareit,
And quha eit flesch on Frydayis was fyrefangit.
It maid na miss quhat madinnis þai miscareit
On fasting dayis, þai wer nocht brint nor hangit.
Licence for luchrie fra þair lord belangit
To gif indulgence, as þe devill did leir.
To mend þat men3e hes sa monye mangit
God gif þe grace aganis þis guide new 3eir.

Thai lute thy liegis pray to stokkis and stanes
And paintit paiparis—wattis nocht quhat þai meine.
Thai bad þame bek and bynge at deid mennis banes,
Offer on kneis to kiss, syne saif þair kin.
Pilgrimes and palmaris past with þame betuene
Sanct Blais, Sanct Boit, blait bodeis ein to bleir.
Now to forbid þis grit abuse hes bene,
God gife þe grace aganis þis guid new 3eir.

Thai tyrit God with tryfillis, tvme trentalis,
And daisit him with daylie dargeis,

lymmer lawdis: knavish lads; *dantoun:* suppress; *wyte:* blame; *prescryvis:* condemns; *traik sould turne till end:* business was bound to have an end (with death); *prerogatyvis:* privileges; *cheir:* entertainment; *þe skrufe thai skraip:* the money they extort; *pithles:* worthless; *fruitioun:* power; *fyrefangit:* burned; *miscareit:* seduced; *luchrie:* lechery; *belangit:* pertained; l.79: Bannatyne, *þat e men3e*; *men3e:* company; *sa monye:* so many; *mangit:* led astray; *lute:* let; *paintit paiparis:* painted papers; *bynge:* bow; *blait bodeis:* simple peoples. *tyrit:* wearied; *tryfillis:* trifles; *tvme:* meaningless; *trentalis:* sets of thirty requiem masses; *dargeis:* dirges;

With owklie abitis to augment þair rentalis
Mantand mort mvmlingis mixt with monye leis.
Sic sanctitude was Sathanis sorcereis
Christis sillie scheip and sobir flok to smeir.
To ceiss all sindrye sectis of hereseis,
God gif þe grace aganis þis guid new 3eir.

With mess nor matynes no wayis will I mell; fol.91*a*
To iuge þame iustlie passis my ingyne.
Thai gyde nocht ill þat governis weill þame sell
And lelalie on lawtie layis þair lyne.
Dowtis to discus for doctouris ar devyne,
Cunnyng in clergie to declair þame cleir.
To ordour this, the office now is thyne.
God gife þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

As beis takkis walx and honye of þe floure
So dois þe faythfull of Goddis word tak frute.
As waspis ressauis of þe same bot soure,
So reprobatis Christis buke dois rebute.
Wordis without werkis availȝeis nocht a cute.
To seiss thy subiectis so in lufe and feir
That rycht and reasoun in thy realme may rute,
God gife þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

The epistollis and evangelis now ar prechit
But sophistrie or ceremoneis vaine.
Thy pepill, maist pairt, trewlie now ar techit
To put away idolatrie prophaine.
But in sum hartis is gravit new agane
Ane image callit cutatyce of geir.
Now to expell þat idoll standis vp plane
God gif þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

For sum ar sene at sermonis, seme sa halye,
Singand Sanct Dauidis psalter on þair bukis,
And ar bot biblistis fairsing full þair bellie,
Bakbytand nychtbouris noyand þame in nwikis,
Ruging and raifand vp kirk rentis lyke ruikis—
As werrie waspis aganis Goddis word makis weir.
Sic Christianis to kis with Chauceris kuikis,
God gife þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

Dewtie and dettis ar drevin be dowbilnes.
Auld folkis ar flemit fra 3ung fayth professouris,
The grittest ay the grediar, I gess.
To plant quhair preistis and personis wer possessouris,

owklie: weekly; *abitis:* ceremonies in commemoration of the dead; *rentalis:* revenues; *mell:* interfere; *lyne:* principle of behaviour; *cute:* jot; *seiss:* seize; *biblistis:* those for whom the bible is the only guide; *fairsing:* cramming; *Ruging:* tearing; *raifand:* riving; *werrie:* very; *kis with Chauceris kuikis:* banish from decent society. *professouris:* adherents;

Teindis ar vptane be testament transgressouris.
Credence is past off promeiss, thocht thai sweir
To punisch Papistis and reproche oppressouris,
God gif þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

Pure folk ar famist with þir fassionis new.
Thai faill for falt þat had befoir at fouth.
Leill labouraris lamentis and tennentis trew
That þai ar hurt and hareit, north and south.
The heidismen hes cor mundum in þair mouth
Bot nevir with mynd to gif þe man his meir.
To quenche þir quent calamiteis so cowth,
God gife þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

Protestandis takis þe freiris auld antetewme:
Reddie ressauaris bot to rander nocht.
So, lairdis vpliftis mennis leising ouir thy rewme
And ar rycht crabit quhen þai crave þame ocht.
Be thai vnpayit, thy pursevandis ar socht
To pund pure communis corne and cattell keir.
To wisy all þir wrangus workis ar wrocht,
God gife þe grace aganis þis gude new 3eir.

Paull biddis nocht deill with thingis idolatheit
Nor quhair hyprocrasie hes bene committit,
Bot kirk mennis cursit substance semis sweit
Till laud men with þat leud burd lyme ar byttit.
Giff thow persave sum sen3eour it hes smittit,
Solist þame softlie nocht to perseveir.
Hurt nocht þair honour thocht thy Hienes wittit,
Bot gratiouslie forgife thame þis gude 3eir.

Foirgifanis grant, with glaidnes and gude will,
Gratis till all into 3our parliament.
Syne stabill statutis steidfast to stand still
That barrone, clerk and burges be content.
Thy nobillis, erlis and lordis consequent
Treit tendir to obtene þair hartis inteir,
That þai may serve and be obedient
Vnto thy grace, aganis þis gude new 3eir.

Sen so thow sittis in saitt superlatywe
Caus everye stait to þair vocatioun go:
Scolastik men þe scriptouris to descrywe
And maiestratis to wse þe swerd also,
Merchandis to trafique and travell to and fro,

fol.91*b*

Teindis: tithes; *at fouth:* abundantly; *cor mundum:* pure heart (*Ps.* LI.10); *meir:* mare; *quent:* frequent; *Protestandis:* protestants; *antetewme:* sermon-text; *leising:* falsehood; *rewme:* kingdom; *pursevandis:* officials; *wisy:* punish; *leud burd lyme:* evil bird lime; *byttit:* caught; *wittit:* is aware of it (i.e. their guilt);

Mechanikis wirk, husbandis to saw and scheir.
So sal be welth and weilfaire without wo,
Be grace of God, aganis þis guid new 3eir.

Latt all thy realme be now in reddines
With coistlie clething to decoir thy corss,
3ung gentilmen for dansing þame address
With courtlie ladyes cuplit in consorss,
Frak, ferce gallandis for feild gemmis enforss,
Enarmit knychtis at listis with scheild and speir
To fecht in barrowis, bayth on fute and horss,
Agane thy grace gett ane guid man þis 3eir.

This 3eir sal be imbassattis heir belyffe
For mariage from princes, dukis and kingis.
This 3eir within thy regioun sall aryse
Rowtis of þe rankest þat in Europ ringis.
This 3eir bayth blythnes and abundance bringis
Naveis of schippis outthrocht þe sea to sneir
With riches raymentis and all royall thingis
Agane thy grace get ane gude man þis 3eir.

Giffe sawis be suth, to schaw thy Celsitude
Quhat berne sould bruke all Bretane be þe see,
The prophecie expreslie dois conclude
The French wyfe of þe Brucis blude suld be.
Thow art be lyne fra him þe nynte degree
And wes King Frances pairty, maik and peir.
So, be discence, þe same sowld spring of þe
By grace of God, agane þis gude new 3eir.

Schortlie to concluid: on Christ cast thy confort
And chereis þame þat thow hes vnder charge.
Suppone maist sure he sall þe send support
And len þe lustie liberos at large.
Beleif þat Lord may harbary so thy bairge
To mak braid Britane blyth as bird on breir
And þe extoll, with his triumphand targe,
Wictoriuslie agane þis guid new 3eir.

fol.92*a*

Lenvoy

Prudent, maist gent, tak tent and prent þe wordis
Intill this bill with will, thame still to face
Quhilkis ar nocht skar to bar on far fra bawrdis,

consorss: companionship; *Frak:* bold; *feild gemmis:* field sports; *belyffe:* forthwith; *Rowtis:* throngs; *sneir:* scud; *Brucis:* (i.e. Robert Bruce's); *þe nynte degree:* the ninth degree (of kinship); *pairty:* partner; *liberos:* children. ll.209–12: Wise and most beautiful lady, take heed, firmly imprint upon your mind, and face the implications of, the words in this poem which are forthrightly serious but unfailingly loyal and intended to benefit your grace;

Bot leale but feale may haell avaell thy grace.
Sen lo, thow scho þis to now do hes place,
Resaif swaif and haif, ingraif it heir.
This now for prow, þat þow, sweit dow, may brace
Lang space with grace, solace and peace þis 3eir.

Lectori

Fresch, fulgent, flurist, fragrant flour formois,
Lantern to lufe, of ladeis lamp and lot,
Cherie maist chaist, cheif charbucle and chois,
Smaill sweit smaragde smelling but smit of smot,
Noblest natour nurice to nurtour, not
This dull indyte, dulce dowble dasy deir,
Send be thy sempill servand Sanderris Scott
Greting grit God to grant thy grace gud 3eir.

Finis.

154 Iesu Chryst þat deit on tre
Send ws thy grace doun frome the Hevin.
As thow was borne of a virgin fre
Keip ws fra deidly synnis sevin.
We ar ay wauerand, od and evin,
Suddanly slane with speir and scheild,
We haif no man the law to nevin.
Allace, oure king is nocht of eild.

Lord God eternall, and Fader most deir,
That maid þis warld and ws of nocht,
3e heir þe prayer of þe pure
That sittis and sichis with sorrow socht,
The leill men þat for þair levingis wrocht
Ar ransonit rudly, euery deill,
Tane and presonit, slane and brocht,
For saik our king is nocht of eild.

We haif no man to plen3e to bot 3ow
For it wes thow þat coft ws deir.
Thay leif ws nowdir cow nor 3ow.
Stirk nor staig, horss nor meir.
The lordis will nocht our complaint heir.
Our barnis lyis nakit on the feild,
The commonis makis ane hiddous beir
Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

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swaif: graciously; *prow:* advantage; *dow:* dove; *fulgent:* brightly shining; *formois:* beautiful; *lot:* lotus; *smaragde:* emerald; *smelling:* diffusing fragrance; *smit:* blemish; *smot:* stain; *not:* note. *nevin:* declare; *pure:* poor; *plen3e:* complain; *coft:* ransomed; *3ow* (l.19): ewe; *Stirk:* ox; *beir:* clamour;

I call þat counsall nocht worth a prene
That to þair kinryk makis no correctioun.
Thocht we ws help it is no wene,
Thay will nocht sit to heir our actioun
Saifgaird, nor þair grit protectioun
To ws is nowdir help nor beild.
Trew men can gett no satisfactioun
Because our king is nocht of eild.

Thocht we haif regentis in this realme
Ane, or ma, and sindre diuers,
We wait nocht quhome to we sall complene
Quhen thevis and reveris ws disprysis.
The leill men all in sic perrell lyis
That thay ar losit and chesit our feild,
Gart thig thair meit, bayth barnis and wyffis,
For saïk our king is nocht of eild.

This kinryk wantis bot a man
þat held ws ay in rest and pese.
That wareit feild we may sair ban
Quhair did our wirthy prince decese.
The lordis all ar full of cuvatyse
That caussis ws for to be keild,
Thocht thay anuch of riches hess.
Allace, our king is nocht of eild.

The chancellar and the chalmerlane,
The regent and the protectouris,
The mekle deill be of þame fane,
That giffis sic licens to delatouris,
To theif and revir to be victouris
Within this realme for to ring in beild
And leill men to be sesit as tratouris,
Becaus our king is nocht of eild.

I byd to mak no langar processis,
Bot herkin to þe indir end:
Quha coppeis this with sindre vocissis
And makis this wret for to be kend;
Quha takis budis thame to defend
And caussis falsheid to be heild,
Thay sall murne quhen thay ma nocht mend
Quhen evir God sendis our king to eild.

Finis.

---

prene: pin; *kinryk:* kingdom; *wene:* hope; *beild:* relief; *reveris:* robbers; *disprysis:* disparages; *Gart thig:* made to beg; *wareit:* accursed; *ban:* curse; *mekle deill:* greater part; *be . . . fane:* are content; *delatouris:* informers; *beild:* protection; *indir end:* last words; *kend:* known; *budis:* bribes;

157 Schir, ȝit remembir as of befoir
How þat my ȝowth I done forloir
In ȝour seruice, with pane and greif.
Gud consciens cryis reward þairfoir,
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

ȝour clerkis ar seruit all about
And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,
To cum to lure þat hes no leif,
Quhair my plummys begynis to brek out.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

Forsett is ay þe falconis kynd, fol.95*a*
Bot euir the mittane is hard in mynd,
Of quhome the gled dois prectikis preif,
The gentill goishalk gois vndynd.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

The pyet with hir pretty cot
Fenȝeis to sing þe nychtingalis not,
Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif
For harsknes of hir carlich throt,
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

Ay farest faderis hes farrest fowlis,
Suppois thay haif no sang bot ȝoulis,
In siluer caigis þai sit at cheif,
Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

O gentill egill how may this be,
That of all fowlis dois heest fle,
ȝour legis quhy will ȝe nocht releif
And chereiss eftir thair degre?
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

Quhen seruit is all vdir man,
Gentill and semple of euery clan,
Kyne of Rauf Colȝard and Iohine the Reif,
Na thing I get, na conquest than.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

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done forloir: have lost; *reid halk:* kestrel; ll.8–9: That has no leave to come to the lure,/ When my plumage begins to moult; *Forsett:* overpowered with work; *kynd:* sort; *mittane:* ? hawk; *hard in mynd:* to the forefront; *gled:* kite; *prectikis:* tricks; *preif:* experience; l.14: Bannatyne, *vnkynd*, Maitland MS, *vndynd:* without dinner; *pyet:* magpie; *the corchat cleif:* reach the high note; *carlich:* rustic; *faderis:* feathers; *at cheif:* in the place of honour; *cleik:* hatch; *legis:* subjects; *Kyne:* kindred; *Rauf Colȝard:* a collier ennobled by Charlemagne, who became Marshall of France; *Iohine the Reif:* a bailiff who was similarly elevated by Edward I; *conquest:* grant of land;

Thocht I in court be maid refuss,
And haif few vertewis for to russ;
3it am I cumin of Adame and Eif
And fane wald leif as vderis doiss.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

Or I suld leif in sic mischance,
Gife it to God war no grevance,
To be a pykthank I wald preif,
For thay in warld wantis no plesans.
Excess of thocht dois me mischief.

In sum pairte on my self I plen3e:
Quhen vdir folkis dois flattir and fen3e,
Allace, I can bot ballattis breif,
Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill ren3e.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

I grant my seruice is bot licht,
Thairfoir, of mercy, and nocht of richt,
I ask 3ow, Ser, no man to greif,
Sum medecyne gife þat 3e micht.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

May nane remeid my melady
Sa weill as 3e, Ser, veraly,
For with a benefice 3e may preif
And gif I mend nocht hestely.
Excess of thocht dois me mischief.

I wes in 3owth on nureiss kne fol.95*b*
Dandely, bischop, dandely,
And quhen þat ege now dois me greif,
Ane semple vicar I can nocht be.
Excess of thocht dois me mischief.

Iok, þat wes wont to keip the stirkis,
Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis
With ane fals cairt in to his sleif
Worth all my ballattis vndir the birkis.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

Twa curis, or thre, hes vpolandis Michell,
With dispensationis bund in a knitchell.
Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
He playis with totum and I with nichell.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

russ: praise; *leif:* live. *pykthank:* sycophant; *plen3e:* complain; *fen3e:* pretend; *breif:* write; *bairneheid:* childishness; *biddis:* controls; *ren3e:* rein; *And gif:* if; l.62: ſ Called/ Bishop dandely, dandely; *ege:* age; *stirkis:* oxen; *clerk:* number; *cairt:* card; *birkis:* birches; *knitchell:* bundle; l.73: Though only a short while ago he tended cattle; l.74: He takes the whole stake and I have nothing;

How suld I leif þat is nocht landit,
Nor ȝit with benefice am I blandit?
I say nocht, Ser, ȝow to repreif,
Bot doutles I ga rycht neir hand it.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

As saule is heir in Purgatory,
Leving in pane and houp of glory,
Seand my self I haif beleif
In howp, Ser, of ȝour adiutory.
Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

Heir endis the second pairte of this buke.

leif: live; *blandit:* mingled; *adiutory:* help;

Heir begynnys the thrid pairt of this buik contenand Ballettis Mirry and Vther Solatius Consaittis set furth be diuers ancient poyettis, 1568.

161 Hermes the Philosopher

fol.97*b*

Be mirry and glaid, honest and vertewous,
For that suffisis to anger the invyous.

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Be mirry, man, and tak nocht far in mynd — fol.98*a*
The wawering of this wrechit warld of sorrow.
To God be hvmill and to thy freynd be kynd
And with thy nychtbouris glaidly len and borrow:
His chance to nycht, it may be thyne to morrow.
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wysmen it hes bene said a forrow,
Without glaidnes awailis no tressour.

Mak the gud cheir of it þat God the sendis,
For warldis wrak but weilfair nocht awailis.
Na gude is thyne saif only bot thow spendis,
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis.
Seik to solace quhen sadnes the assailis,
In dolour lang thy life ma nocht indure:
Quhairfoir of confort set vp all thy sailis.
Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait,
With famows folkis hald thy cumpany.
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait
For warldly honour lestis bot a cry.
For truble in erd tak no mallancoly.
Be riche in patience gif thow in gudis be pure:
Quho levis mirry, he levis michtely.
Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

Thow seis thir wrechis sett, with sorrow and cair,
To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space,
And quhen thair baggis ar full, thair selfis ar bair
And of thair richess bot the keping hess
Quhill vþiris cum to spend it þat has grace,

---

a forrow: before; *warldis wrak:* worldly goods; *weilfair:* happiness; ll.11–12: No possession is yours except what you spend, / All that is left over you have in possession only with pain; *cry:* short time;

Quhilk of thy wynning no labour had nor cure:
Tak thow example and spend with mirriness.
Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

Thocht all the werk þat evir had levand wicht
Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall
Bot meit, drynk, clais, and of the laif a sicht;
3it to þe Iuge thow sall gif compt of all.
Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small.
Be iust and ioyows and do to non ingure
And trewth sall mak the strang as only wall. fol.98*b*
Without glaidness availis no tresure.

Quod Dumbar.

163 Full oft I mvss and hes in thocht
How this fals warld is ay on flocht,
Quhair no thing ferme is nor degest,
And quhen I haif my mynd all socht
For to be blyth me think it best.

This warld evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun sa fast hir quheill dois cary
Na tyme bot turne can tak rest.
For quhois fals change suld none be sary,
For to be blyth me thynk it best.

Wald men considdir in mynd rycht weill,
Or Fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
That erdly honour may nocht lest,
His fall less panefull he suld feill.
For to be blyth me thynk it best.

Quha with this warld dois warsill and stryfe
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
Thocht he in lordschip be possest,
He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe.
For to be blyth me thynk it best.

Off warldis gud and grit richess
Quhat fruct hes man but miriness?
Thocht he this warld had, eist and west,
All wer pouertie but glaidness.
For to be blyth me thynk it best.

Quho suld for tynsall drowp or de,
For thyng that is bot vanitie,
Sen to þe lyfe þat evir dois lest
Heir is bot twynklyng of ane e?
For to be blyth me think it best.

clais: clothes; *ragment:* account; *degest:* fixed; *warsill:* wrestle;

Had I for warldis vnkyndness
In hairt tane ony haviness,
Or fro my plesans bene opprest,
I had bene deid lang syne dowtless.
For to be blyth me think it best.

How evir this warld do change and vary
Lat ws in hairt nevir moir be sary,
Bot evir be reddy and addrest
To pass out of this frawdfull fary.
For to be blyth me think it best.

Quod Dunbar.

164 Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene fol.99*a*
Sic dansing nor deray,
Nowthir at Falkland on the grene
Nor Peblis at the play
As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
At Chryst kirk on ane day.
Thair come our kitteis weschin clene
In thair new kirtillis of gray, full gay,
At Chrystis kirk of the grene.

To dans thir damysellis thame dicht,
Thir lassis licht of laitis,
Thair gluvis wes of *þe* raffell rycht,
Thair schone wes of *þe* straitis,
Thair kirtillis wer of lynkome licht,
Weill prest, with mony plaitis.
Thay wer so nyss, quhen men thame nicht
Thay squeilit lyk ony gaitis, so lowd,
At Chrystis kirk of *þe* grene *þat* day.

Off all thir madynis myld as meid
Wes nane so gympt as Gillie.
As ony ross hir rude wes reid,
Hir lyre wes lyk the lillie,
Fow ȝellow, ȝellow wes hir heid,
Bot scho of lufe wes sillie:
Thocht all hir kin had sworn hir deid
Scho wald haif bot sweit Willie allone,
At Chrystis kirk of *þe* grene.

Scho skornit Iok and skraipit at him
And mvrionit him with mokkis.
He wald haif luvit; scho wald nocht lat him

fary: illusion. *deray:* disorderly mirth; *wowaris:* suitors; *kitteis:* wenches; *laitis:* behaviour; *raffell:* doeskin; *straitis:* Moroccan leather; *lynkome:* Lincoln green; *nyss:* coy; *nicht:* approached; *gaitis:* goats; *meid:* mead; *gympt:* slender; *rude:* complexion; *lyre:* face; *Fow:* very; *skraipit:* scoffed; *mvrionit:* jibed at;

For all his ȝalow loikkis.
He chereist hir. Scho bad ga chat him;
Scho compt him nocht twa clokkis.
So schamefully his schortgoun set him,
His lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis, scho said,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Thome Lular wes thair menstrall meit;
O Lord, as he cowd lanss.
He playit so schill and sang so sweit
Quhill Towsy tuke a transs.
Auld lychtfute þair he did forleit
And counterfutit Franss.
He vse him self as man discreit
And vp tuk moreiss danss full lowd,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Than Stevin come stoppand in with stendis— fol.99*b*
No rynk mycht him arreist.
Platfute he bobbit vp with bendis,
For Mald he maid requeist:
He lap quhill he lay on his lendis,
Bot rysand he wes preist,
Quhill þat he oistit, at bath þe endis,
For honour of þe feist that day,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Syne Robene Roy begowth to revell
And Dwny till him druggit.
'Lat be,' quod Iok and cawd him iavell
And be the taill him tuggit.
The kensy cleikit to þe cavell,
Bot Lord, than gif thay luggit.
Thay pairtit hir manly with a nevell—
God wait gif hair wes ruggit betuix thame,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt cowd steir him;
Grit skayth wesd to haif skard him.
He chesit a flane as did affeir him.
The toder said, 'Dirdum, dardum.'
Throwcht baith the cheikis he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw þe erss haif chard him,
Bot be ane akerbraid it come nocht neir him.
I can nocht tell quhat mard him thair
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

chat him: hang himself; *clokkis:* beetles; *lanss:* spring; *forleit:* abandon; *Franss:* a French dancing style; *stendis:* strides; *Platfute:* the name of a comic dance; *lendis:* limbs; *oistit:* coughed; *druggit:* dragged; *iavell:* ruffian; *kensy:* lout; *cleikit:* laid hold; *cavell:* brute; *luggit:* tugged; *nevell:* wallop; *ruggit:* wrenched; *sturt:* strife; *skayth:* injury; *wesd:* was it; *skard:* scared; *chesit:* chose; *flane:* arrow; *Dirdum, dardum:* an expression of contempt; *chard:* pierced; *akerbraid:* acre's breadth; *mard:* hampered;

With that a freynd of his cryd 'Fy'
And vp ane arrow drew.
He forgit it so fowriously,
The bow in flenderis flew.
Sa wes the will of God trow I,
For had the tre bene trew,
Men said that kend his archery
That he had slane anew that day
At Chrystis kirk on þe grene.

Ane haisty hensure callit Hary,
Quha wes ane archer heynd,
Titt vp a taikle withowttin tary
That torment so him teynd.
I wait nocht quhiddir his hand cowd wary
Or the man wes his freynd,
For he eschaipit throw michtis of Mary,
As man þat no ill meynd, bot gud,
At Chrystis kirk on þe grene.

Than Lowry as ane lyon lap
And sone a flane cowd fedder.
He hecht to perss him at the pap, fol.100*a*
Thair on to wed a weddir.
He hit him on the wame a wap,
It buft lyk ony bledder.
Bot swa his fortoun wes and hap,
His dowblet wes maid of ledder and saift him,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

A ȝaip ȝung man that stude him neist
Lowsd of a schot with yre.
He ettlit the bern in at the breist;
The bolt flew our the byre.
Ane cryit, 'Fy'. He had slane a preist
A myll beȝon ane myre.
Than bow and bag fra him he keist
And fled als ferss as fyre of flynt,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

With forkis and flailis thay lait grit flappis
And flang togiddir lyk friggis.
With bowgaris of barnis thay beft blew kappis
Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis.
The reird raiss rudly with the rappis
Quhen rungis wes layd on riggis.

---

flenderis: splinters; *hensure:* fellow; *heynd:* dextrous; *taikle:* weapon; *teynd:* enraged; *wary:* vary; *meynd:* intended; *hecht:* promised; *wed a weddir:* wager a wether; *buft:* puffed; *ȝaip:* keen; *ettlit:* aimed at; *myll:* mile; *myre:* bog; *keist:* cast; *ferss:* headlong; *flappis:* blows; *friggis:* ? harridans; *bowgaris:* rafters; *beft:* beat; *blew:* blue; *kappis:* caps; *briggis:* bridges; *rappis:* knocks; *rungis:* cudgels; *riggis:* backs;

Thy wyffis come furth with cryis and clappis.
'Lo, quhair my lyking liggis,' quod thay,
At Chryst kirk of þe grene.

Thay girnit and lait gird with granis.
Ilk gossep vder grevit:
Sum straik with stingis, sum gaderit stanis,
Sum fled and evill mischevit.
The menstrall wan within twa wanis—
That day full weill he previt,
For he come hame with vnbirsd banis
Quhair fechtaris wer mischevit for evir
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Heich Hucheoun with a hissill ryss
To red can throw thame rummill.
He mudlet thame doun lyk ony myss,
He wes no barty bummill.
Thocht he wes wicht, he wes nocht wyss
With sic iangleris to iummill,
For fra his thowme thay dang a sklyss
Quhill he cryd, 'Barla fummyll, I am slane;'
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Quhen that he saw his blude so reid
To fle micht no man lat him.
He wend it bene for auld done feid
The far sarar it set him.
He gart his feit defend his heid.
He thocht ane cryd, 'Haif at him,'
Quhill he west past out of all pleid.
He suld bene swift þat gat him, throw speid,
At Chryst kirk of þe grene.

The toun sowtar in greif wes bowdin,
His wyfe hang in his waist.
His body wes with blud all browdin,
He granit lyk ony gaist.
Hir glitterand hair þat wes full goldin
So hard in lufe him lest
That for hir saik he wes nocht ȝoldin
Seven myll quhill he wes chest, and mair,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

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girnit: snarled; *lait gird:* let fly; *granis:* groans; *grevit:* harassed; *stingis:* poles; *wan:* hid; *wanis:* dwellings; *vnbirsd:* unbruised; *fechtaris:* brawlers; *hissill ryss:* hazel branch; *red:* separate; *rummill:* knock about; *mudlet:* mowed; *barty bummill:* feckless person; *iummill:* brawl; l.133: *his,* Bannatyne, *hishes; thowme:* thumb; *dang:* struck; *sklyss:* slice; *Barla Fummyll:* truce; *lat:* prevent; *auld done feid:* old past quarrel; *sarar:* fiercer; l.140: He made his feet defend his head; *west:* was; *pleid:* argument; *sowtar:* shoemaker; *bowdin:* swollen; *browdin:* stained; *granit:* groaned; *lest:* held; *ȝoldin:* given up;

The millar wes of manly mak;
To meit him wes na mowis.
Thair durst nocht ten cum him to tak
So nowit he thair nowis.
The buschment haill about him brak
And bikkerit him with bowis,
Syne tratourly behind his bak
Thay hewit him on the howiss behind,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Twa þat wes heidmen of the heird
Ran vpoun vderis lyk rammis.
Than followit feymen rycht on affeird,
Bet on with barrow trammis,
Bot quhair thair gobbis wes vngeird
Thay gat vpoun the gammis
Quhill bludy berkit wes thair beird,
As thay had wirreit lammis, maist lyk,
At Chryst kirk of the grene þat day.

The wyvis kest vp ane hiddouss ȝell
Quhen all thir ȝunkeris ȝokkit.
Als ferss as ony fyrflawcht fell,
Freikis to þe feild thay flokkit.
Tha cairlis with clubbis cowd vder quell
Quhill blud at breistis out bokkit.
So rudly rang the commoun bell
Quhill all þe stepill rokkit for rerd,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Quhen thay had berit lyk baitit bulis
And branewod brynt in bailis,
Thay wer als meik as ony mvlis
That mangit wer with mailis.
For fantness tha forfochin fulis
Fell doun lyk flawchtir failis
And freschmen come in and held þair dulis
And dang thame doun in dailis, bedene,
At Chrystis kirk of þe grene.

Quhen all wes done, Dik with ane aix
Come furth to fell a fidder.
Qod he, 'Quhair ar ȝone hangit smaix

mowis: joke; *nowit:* knocked; *nowis:* heads; *buschment:* ambush; *bikkerit:* assailed; *bowis:* bows; *howiss:* boughs; *feymen:* madmen; *barrow trammis:* barrow shafts; *gobbis:* mouths; *vngeird:* opened; *gammis:* teeth; *berkit:* encrusted; *ȝunkeris:* stalwarts; *ȝokkit:* set to; *fyrflawcht:* lightning; *Freikis:* men; *bokkit:* poured; *commoun bell:* community bell; *berit:* roared; *branewod:* firewood; *brynt:* burnt; *bailis:* bonfires; *mangit:* burdened; *mailis:* loads; *forfochin:* exhausted with fighting; *flawchtir:* turf cut off with a spade; *dulis:* goals; *dailis:* large numbers; *bendene:* forthwith; *fidder:* great number; *smaix:* wretches;

Rycht now wald slane my bruder?'
His wyfe bad him, 'Ga hame, gub glaikis,'
And sa did Meg, his muder.
He turnd and gaif thame bayth thair paikis
For he durst ding nane vdir, for feir,
At Chryst kirk of the grene þat day.

Finis. Quod King Iames the First.

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Quha douttis dremis is bot phantasye?
My spreit was reft and had in extasye;
My heid lay laich into þis dreme; but dout
At my foirtop my fyve wittis flew out;
I murnit and I maid ane felloun mane.
Me thocht þe king of farye had me tane
And band me in ane presoun fute and hand,
Withoutin reuth, in ane lang raip of sand.
To perss þe presoun wall it wes nocht eith
For it wes mingit and maid with mussill teith
And in þe middis of it ane myir of flynt.
I sank þairin quhill I was neir hand tynt.
And quhen I saw thair was none vþer remeid
I flychterit vp with ane feddrem of leid.
For þat I thocht me ferye of my 3outh
I tuke my lytill tae into my mouth
And kest my self rycht with ane mychtie bend
Outthruch þe volt and percit nocht þe pend.
And thus I thocht, into my dullie dreme,
I brak my heid vpoun ane know of reme.
That I suld hurt my self I had dispyte
And in all tene I turnit vp full tyte,
Drank of ane well þat wes gane drye sevin 3eir,
Syne lap thre lowpis and I was haill and feir.
Syne efter that I had eschapit þis cace,
Me thocht I wes in monye diuerss place,
Quhilk wer to lang to have in perfyte mynd, fol.101*b*
In Egipt, Ireland, Arragone and Ynd,
In Burgonye, Burdeaux and in Bethleem,
In Iurye Land and in Ierusalem,
In France, in Freisland and in Cowpland fellis
Quhair clokkis clekkis crawburdis in cokkill schellis,
In Poill, Pertik, Peblis, and Portiafe,
And þair I schippit into ane barge of drafe.

---

gub glaikis: fool; *paikis:* blows; *laich:* low; *felloun mane:* very loud moan; *eith:* easy; *myir:* bog; *neir hand:* almost; *ferye:* nimble; *volt:* roof; *pend:* sky; *dullie:* gloomy; *know:* hillock; *reme:* cream; *had dispyte:* regarded with violent dislike; *lowpis:* leaps; *Arragone:* Arragon; *Ynd:* India; *Iurye land:* Palestine; *Cowpland fellis:* ? Coupland Hill in Crawford; l.32: Where beetles hatch rooks in cockle shells; *Poill:* Poland; *Pertik:* Partick; *Peblis:* Peebles; *Portiafe:* Jaffa; *drafe:* draff;

We pullit vp sailis and culd our ankeris wey
And suddanelye out thruch þe throsin sey
We sailit in storme, but stier, gyde, or glass
To Paradice, þe place quhair Adame was.
Be we approchit into þat port in hye,
We ware weill ware of Enoch and Elye
Sittand on ȝule evin in ane fresch grene schaw
Rostand straberries at ane fyre of snaw.
I thocht I wald nocht skar þame in þat place
Quhill þai had drawin þe burd and said þe grace,
Than suddanelie I wolk out throw þe plane
To see mae farleis þat I mycht tell agane.
Me thocht I happinnit on ane montane sone:
I wanderit vp and was wer of þe mone
And had nocht bene I lowtit in þe steid
I had strukkin ane lump out of my heid.
Quhen I was weill, me thocht I culd nocht leif
Bot than I tuke þe sone beme in my neif
And wald haif clum in, bot it was in ane clipss.
Schortlie I slaid and fell upoun my hipss
Doun in ane midow besyde ane busk of mynt.
I socht my self and I was sevin ȝeir tynt,
ȝit in ane mist I fand me on þe morne.
I hard ane pundler blaw ane elrich horne
And syne besyde me in ane medow grene
I saw thre quhyte quhailis, semelie to be sene.
Thair tedderis wes of grene gersshopperis hair,
Off mige schankis, baith clene, quhyte and fair,
Thair tedderis wer maid, weill grit to graip,
With silkin schakillis and sowlis of quhyte saip.
This pundler ran fast faynand for to find
Thir quhailis thre, vpoun his gerss to pind.
He had ane cloik, weill maid and wounder meit,
Off ganand graith of gude gray, girdill feit,
Ane cleirly coit maid in courtly wyiss fol.102*a*
Of emmot skynis, with mony sketh and plyiss,
Ane pair of hoiss maid of ane auld myll hopper,
Ane pair of courtly schone of gude reid copper,
Ane heklit hud maid of the wyld wode sege—
Trest weill this pundlar thocht him no manis pege.
He bure ane club, maid mony ane carle coy,
Maid of ane auld burd of the ark of Noy.

throsin: ? stormy; *glass:* compass; *Enoch:* father of Methuselah (*Genesis* 5, 18–24); *Elye:* the prophet Elijah; *schaw:* wood; *skar:* scare; *burd:* table; *grace:* prayer of thanksgiving for food; *wolk:* walked; *plane:* plain; *farleis:* marvels; *sone:* soon; *lowtit:* stooped; *leif:* live; *neif:* fist; *slaid:* slid; *busk:* bush; *tynt:* lost; *pundler:* impounder; *elrich:* elvish; *quhailis:* whales; *tedderis:* tethers; *gersshopperis:* grasshoppers; *mige schankis:* midges' legs; *schakillis:* shackles; *sowlis:* rings; *saip:* soap; *gerss:* grass; *pind:* impound; *ganand graith:* becoming material; *girdill:* belt; *feit:* neat; *emmot skynis:* ant skins; *sketh:* breadth; *plyiss:* folds; *myll hopper:* mill hopper; *heklit:* fringed; *sege:* sedge; *pege:* page; *burd:* board;

He draif thir thre quhailis vnto ane lie.
Ane him swelleit and bair him to the sie
And thair he levit on lempettis in hir wame
Quhill harvist tyme þat hirdis draif thame hame.
Be this wes done the toder twa returnit
To suallow me. Grit dule I maid and murnit.
Me thocht I fled and throcht a park cowd pass
And walknit syne. Quhair trow 3e þat I wass?
Doun in ane henslaik and gat ane fellon fall
And lay betuix ane picher and the wall.
As wyffis commandis, this dreme I will conclude—
God and the rude mot turn it all to gud.
Gar fill the cop, for thir auld carlingis clames
That gentill aill is oft the causs of dremes.

Explicit. Quod Lichtoun, monicus.

166 The Dregy of Dunbar, maid to King James þe Fyift, being in Striuilling.

We that ar heir in Hevin's glory
To 3ow þat ar in Purgatory
Commendis ws on our hairtly wyiss—
I mene we folk in Parradyiss,
In Edinburcht with all mirriness—
To 3ow of Striuilling in distress
Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is.
For pety thus ane apostill wrytis:
O, 3e heremeitis and hankersaidilis
That takis 3our pennance at 3our tablis
And eitis nocht meit restoratiue,
Nor drynkis no wyn comfortatiue
Bot aill, and that is thyn and small,
With few coursis into 3our hall,
But cumpany of lordis and knychtis
Or ony vder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand 3our allone
Seing no thing bot stok and stone:
Out of 3our panefull Purgatory
To bring 3ow to the bliss of glory
Off Edinburgh, the mirry toun, fol. 102*b*
We sall begyn ane cairfull soun,
Ane dergy, devoit and meik,
The Lord of bliss doing beseik
3ow to delyuer out of 3our nowy
And bring 3ow sone to Edinburgh joy,
For to be mirry amang ws.
And sa the dergy begynis thuss:

Lectio Prima

lie: lea; *swelleit:* swallowed; *lempettis:* lampreys; *henslaik:* fowl yard; *fellon:* violent; *picher:* pitcher; *carlingis clames:* claim; *Dregy:* dirge; *hankersaidilis:* anchorites; *stok:* tree stump; *soun:* sound; *Lectio Prima:* First Reading;

The Fader, the Sone and Haly Gaist,
The mirthfull Mary, virgene chaist,
Of angellis all the ordouris nyne
And all the hevinly court devyne,
Sone bring 3ow fra the pyne and wo
Of Striuilling, every court manis fo,
Agane to Edinburghis joy and bliss
Quhair wirschep, welth and weilfar is,
Pley, plesance and eik honesty.
Say 3e amen for cheritie.

Responsio, tu autem Domine . . .

Tak consolatioun in 3our pane.
In tribulatioun tak consolatioun.
Out of vexatioun cum hame agane.
Tak consolatioun in 3our pane.

Iube, Domine, benedicite . . .

Oute of distress of Strivilling toun
To Edinburcht bliss God mak 3ow boun.

Lectio secunda

Patriarchis, profeitis, and appostillis deir,
Confessouris, virgynis, and marteris cleir
And all the saitt celestiall:
Devotely we vpoun thame call
That sone out of 3our panis fell
3e may in Hevin heir with ws dwell
To eit swan, cran, pertrik and plever
And every fische þat swymis in rever,
To drynk with ws the new fresche wyne
That grew upoun the rever of Ryne,
Fresche fragrant clairettis out of France,
Of Angerss and of Orliance,
With mony ane courss of grit dyntie.
Say 3e amen for cheritie.

Responsorium, tu autem Domine

God and Sanct Ieill heir 3ow convoy fol.103*a*
Baith sone and weill; God and Sanct Ieill
To sonce and seill, solace and ioy.
God and Sanct Geill heir 3ow convoy
Out of Striuilling panis fell:
In Edinburcht joy sone mot 3e dwell.

Lectio tertia

Sone: soon; *Responsio, tu autem Domine:* Response, but thou O Lord . . .; *Iube, Domine, benedicite:* Command, Lord, bless . . .; *boun:* ready to go; *saitt:* court; *fell:* cruel; *Ieill:* Giles; *sonce:* prosperity; *seill:* happiness;

We pray to all þe sanctis of Hevin
That ar aboif the sterris sevin
3ow to deliuer out of 3our pennance,
þat 3e may sone play, sing and dance
Heir in to Edinburcht and mak gud cheir
Quhair welth and weilfair is, but weir.
And I, þat dois 3our panis discryve,
Thinkis for to vissy 3ow belyve,
Nocht in desert with 3ow to dwell
Bot, as the angell Sanct Gabriell
Dois go betwene fra Hevinis glory
To thame þat ar in Purgatory
And in thair tribulatioun
To gif thame consolatioun,
And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar past
Thay sall till Hevin cum at last,
And how nane servis to haif sweitness
That nevir taistit bittirness.
And þairfoir how suld 3e considdir
Of Edinburcht bliss, quhen 3e cum hiddir,
Bot gif 3e taistit had befoir
Of Striuilling toun þe panis soir?
And thairfoir tak in patience
3our pennance and 3our abstinence
And 3e sall cum, or 3ule begyn,
Into þe bliss þat we ar in,
Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie.
Say 3e amen for cheritie.

Responsorium

Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling.
Frome hiddouss hell cum hame and dwell
Quhair fische to sell is non bot spirling.
Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling.

Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Striuilling
Sed libera nos a malo illius. fol.103*b*
Requiam Edinburgi dona eijs Domine,
Et lux ipsius luceat eijs.
A porta tristicie de Striuilling,
Orna, Domine, animas eorum.
Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,
In villa viuentium.

weir: doubt; *vissy:* visit; *servis:* deserves; *spirling:* sprats;
ll.97–111: Lead us not into the temptation of Stirling, but deliver us from its evil. Give them the rest of Edinburgh Lord, and let its light shine upon them. From the gate of dolour of Stirling deliver, Lord, their souls. I believe that they will yet taste the wine of Edinburgh in the land of the living. May they rest in Edinburgh, Amen. O God who deigns to free the just and humble of heart from all their tribulation, liberate thy children who live in the town of Stirling from its pains and sorrows, and lead them to the joys of Edinburgh, that Stirling may be at rest.

Requiescant Edinburgi, amen.
Deus qui iustos et corde humiles
Ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,
Libera famulos tuos apud villam de Stirling versantes
A penis et tristitijs eiusdem,
Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,
Vt requiescat, Striuilling. Amen.

Heir endis Dumbaris dergy to the king, bydand to lang in Stirling.

167 In secreit place this hindir nycht,
I hard ane bern say till a bricht,
'My hunny, my houp, my hairt, my heill,
I haif bene lang 3our lufar leill
And can of 3ow gett confort nane.
How lang will 3e with denger deill?
3e brek my hart my bony ane.'

His bony berd wes kemd and croppit,
Bot all with kaill it wes bedroppit,
And he wes to mich fulich and gukkit.
He clappit fast. He kist. He chukkit
As with the glaikkis he wer ourgane,
3it be his feiris he wald haif fukkit.
'3e brek my hairt my bony ane.'

Qod he, 'My hairt, sweit as the hunny,
Sen þat I born wes of my mynny
I wowit nevir ane vder bot 3ow.
My wame is of 3our lufe so fow
That as ane gaist I glour and grane,
I trymmil sa, 3e will not trow.
3e brek my hairt my bony ane.'

'To hie,' quod scho, and gaif ane gawf,
'Be still my cowffyne and my cawf,
My new spaind howphyn fra the sowk,
And all þe blythnes of my bowk, fol.104*a*
My sweit swanky, saif 3ow allane, 26
Na leid I luvit all this owk,
Fow leiss me that graceles gane.'

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bricht: fair one; *houp:* hope; *heill:* health; *denger:* disdain; *kemd:* combed; *kaill:* cabbage; *fulich;* foolish; *gukkit:* silly; *clappit:* fondled; *chukkit:* chucked under the chin; *glaikkis:* sexual desire; *ourgane:* overcome; *feiris:* behaviour; *mynny:* mother; *glour:* gaze; *grane:* groan; *To hie:* tee hee; *gawf:* guffaw; *cowffyne:* obscure; *cawf:* calf; *spaind:* weaned; *howphyn:* oaf; *sowk:* suck; *bowk:* body; *swanky:* big chap; *leid:* man; *owk:* week; l.28: Very dear to me is that ugly face;

Qoth he, 'My claver, my curledoddy,
My hony soppis, my sweit possoddy,
Be nocht our bustious to ȝour Billie.
Be warme hartit and nocht illwillie.
ȝour halss, quhyt as quhalis bane,
Garss ryss on loft my quhillylillie.
ȝe brek my hairt my bony ane.'

Qoth scho, 'My clip, my vnspaynd jyane
With mvderis milk ȝit in ȝour michane,
My belly huddroun, my sweit hurle bawsy,
My honygukkis, my slasy gawsy,
ȝour mvsing wald perss ane hairt of stane
Sa tak gud confort, my gritheidit gawsy,
Fow leis me that gracles gane.'

Qoth he, 'My kid, my capircalȝeane,
My bony bab with þe ruch brilȝeane,
My tendir girdill, my wally gowdy,
My tirly mirly, my towdy mowdy,
Quhen þat our mowthis dois meit at ane
My stang dois torkin with ȝour towdy.
ȝe brek my hairt my bony ane.'

Qoth scho, 'Tak me by the hand.
Wylcum my golk of Maryland,
My chirry and my maikles mynȝeoun,
My sucker sweit as ony vnȝeoun,
My strummill stirk ȝit new to spane,
I am applyid to ȝour opinȝoun,
Fow leis me that graceles gane.'

He gaif till hir ane appill ruby.
'Gramercy', quod scho, 'my sweit cowhuby.'
Syne tha twa till ane play began
Quhilk that thay call þe dirrydan,
Quhill bayth thair bewis did meit in ane.
'Fow wo,' quod scho, 'quhair will ȝe man?
Full leis me that graceles gane.'

Finis.

claver: clover; *curledoddy:* ribwort plantain; *soppis:* sops; *possoddy:* sheep's head broth; *bustious:* rough; *quhillylillie:* penis; *clip:* big, soft chap; *vnspaynd jyane:* unweaned giant; *michane:* obscure; *belly huddroun:* large bellied one; *hurle bawsy:* fanciful term of endearment; *honygukkis:* ibid.; *slasy gawsy:* fat one; *gritheidit gawsy:* big-headed fat one; *capircalȝeane:* capercaillie; *ruch:* rough; *brilȝeane:* obscure; *girdill:* girdle; *wally gowdy:* precious jewel; *tirly mirly:* ?plaything; *towdy mowdy:* ludicrous term of endearment; *stang:* penis; *torkin:* stiffen; *towdy:* buttock; *golk of Maryland:* cuckoo from Fairyland; *chirry:* cherry; *maikles mynȝeoun:* peerless minion; *vnȝeoun:* onion; *strummill stirk:* stumbling young ox; *appill ruby:* red apple; *cowhuby:* booby; *dirrydan:* name of a dance; *bewis:* thighs; *Fow wo:* exclamation of surprise.

168 Heir followis The Cursing of Sir Iohine Rowlis vpoun the Steilaris of his Fowlis

fol.104*b*

Devyne power of michtis maist
Of Fadir, Sone and Haly Ghaist,
Iesu Chryst and his appostillis,
Petir, Paule and his discipillis
And all *þe* power vndir God,
And now of Rome *þat* beiris the rod
Vndir *þe* hevin to lowse and bind,
Paip Alexander *þat* we do fynd
With *þat* power that Petir gaif,
Godis braid malesone mot thay haif
And all *þe* blude about *þair* hairt.
Blak be *þair* hour, blak be *þair* pairt,
For fyve fat geiss of Ser Iohine Rowlis
With caponis, henis and v*þ*ir fowlis,
Baith *þe* halderis and conceilaris,
Ressettaris and the preve steilaris,
And he *þat* saulis saifis and dammis,
Beceith the devill thair guttis and gammis,
Thair toung, thair teith, thair handis, thair feit
And all thair body haill compleit,
That brak his ȝaird and stall his frutt
And raif his erbis vp be *þe* rute,
His quheit, his aitis, his peiss, his beir,
In stowk or stak to do him deir,
In barne, in houss, in kill, or mill—
Except it had bene his awin will—
His wow, his lamb, his cheis, his stirk,
Or ony teyndis of haly kirk,
And all *þat* lattis, vnkend or knawin,
The vicar to dispone his awin
Kirland hay or gerss to awaill,
Be thair support, bed or counsall,
Now cursit and wareit be *þair* werd
Quhill thay be levand on this erd
Hungir, sturt and tribulatioun,
And nevir to be without vexatioun
Of vengance, sorrow, sturt and cair,
Graceless, thriftles and threid bair,
All tymes in *þair* legasie
Fyre, sword, watter and woddie,
Or ane of thir infirmeteis
Off warldly scherp aduerseteis, fol.105*a*
Pouertie, pestilence or poplecy,

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braid malesone: extensive curse; *Ressettaris:* receivers of stolen goods; *preve:* proven; *Beceith:* bequeath; *gammis:* jaws; *brak:* broke into; *raif:* tore; *beir:* barley; *do him deir:* injure him; *wow:* wool; *stirk:* bullock; *teyndis:* tithes; *lattis:* hinders; *wareit:* accursed; *werd:* destiny; *sturt:* trouble; *thriftles:* poverty-stricken; *woddie:* halter; *poplecy:* apoplexy;

Dum, deif or edroposy,
Maigram, madness or missilry,
Appostrum or þe perlocy,
Fluxis, hyvis or huttit ill,
Hoist, heidwark or fawin ill,
Kald, kanker, feistir or feveris,
Brukis, bylis, blobbis and bleistiris,
Emeroidese or the sair halss,
The pokkis, the spaving in þe halss,
The panefull gravell and the gutt,
The gulsoch that thay nevir be but,
Seattica and arrattica,
The cruke, the cramp, the colica,
The worme, the wareit wedonynpha,
Rumbursin, rippilis or bellythra,
The choikis that haldis the chaftis fra chowing,
Golkgaliter at þe hairt growing,
The stane, wring stane and stane blind,
The bernebed and morbehind,
The stranȝelour and grit glengoir,
The harchatt in þe lippis befoir,
The mowlis and þair sleip the mair,
The kanker and the kattair
Mott fall vpoun þair kankart corss
With all þe evill þat evir had horss,
Fische, fowll, beist or man
In erd sen first þe warld began,
Till thay remember, or thay de,
Repentand þair iniquitie
And draw þair inclinatioun
Fra stowth to contemplatioun,
Fra feyndis fell subiectioun
To haly kirkis correctioun.
Sua thay mak plane confessioun,
Thair gud will and contritioun,
Confessand þame to þair curatt
That in þair hairtis is evill indurat,
Na vþir preist hes power, nor freir,
And thay that daly will perseveir
Nocht dreidand God in work nor word,
Nor ȝit of haly kirk the suord,
Bot in þair cursit and sinfull wayis

edroposy: dropsy; *missilry:* leprosy; *Appostrum:* impostume; *perlocy:* palsy; *huttit:* detested; *hoist:* cough; *heidwark:* headache; *fawin ill:* falling sickness; *Brukis:* inflamed tumours; *blobbis:* pustules; *Emeroidese:* haemorrhoids; *halss:* neck; *spaving:* tumour; *gutt:* gout; *gulsoch:* jaundice; *arrattica:* gout; *cruke:* limp; *wareit:* accursed; *wedonynpha:* ague; *Rumbursin:* rupture; *rippilis:* weakness in the back and loins; *bellythra:* colic; *chaftis:* jaws; *Golkgaliter:* obscure; *wring stane:* shrivelled testicles; *benerbed:* infection of the womb after childbirth; *morbehind:* diarrhoea; *stranȝelour:* stricture; *grit glengoir:* pox; *harchatt:* hare lip; *mowlis:* chilblains; *kattair:* catarrh; *kankart:* poisoned; *corss:* body; *stowth:* plundering; *fell:* wicked; *indurat:* hardened;

Levand and dryvand our thair dayis
Nor ask God mercy, nor repent,
Than this sal be þair sacrament:
Fra God, Our Lady and all thair hallowis, fol.105*b*
To þe feynd þair saulis, thair craig the gallowis
I gif, and Cerberus thair banis sall knaw
For þair dispyt of þe kirkis law
Gog and Magog and grym Garog,
The devill of Hell, the theif Harog,
Sym Skymnar and Sir Garnega,
Iulius appostata,
Prince Pluto and Quene Cokatrice,
Devetinus, þe devill þat maidd þe dyce,
Cokadame and Semiamis,
Fyremouth and Tutivillus
And Browny als þat can play kow
Behind þe claith with mony mow,
All thir about the beir sal be
Singand ane dolorus dergie,
And vþiris devillis thair sal be sene
Als thik as mot in sonis beme,
Thair sall thay kary in þair clukis
Sum libberlais and sum hell crukis,
Sum with kamis and sum with kardis
Sum with quhippis of leddroun tardis,
Sum with clubbis and mellis of leid,
Sum with brandrathis birnand reid,
Sum with rumpillis lyk a skait
And geiss and caponis rostit hait
That sal be laschit on þair lippis,
Cum thay within þe devillis grippis,
With skulȝeoun clowttis and dressing knyvis
Platt for plat on þair gyngyvis,
Sayis richt thus of Rowlis geiss:
'Thame chaftis, þame chowit every peiss,
For thow art he and thow art scho
That Rowlis blak robene put in bro
And thow art scho that stall þe hen
And put hir in þe pot þair ben.
Lo, this is he þat with his hairt
Wald nevir gif þe vicar his pairt,
Bot ay abowt for to dissaif
The haly kirk þat it sowld haif.'
Than Ruffy Tasker with his flaill
Sall beit þame all fra top to taill
And Ruffy Ragmen with his taggis

hallowis: saints; *craig:* neck; *banis:* bones; *kow:* goblin; *mow:* jest; *dergie:* dirge; *mot:* mote; *clukis:* claws; *libberlais:* cudgels; *kamis:* wool combs; *kardis:* wool cards; *tardis:* thongs; *mellis of leid:* maces of lead; *brandrathis:* gridirons; *rumpillis:* behinds; *skait:* skate; *skulȝeoun clowttis:* dishcloths; *Platt for plat:* blow for blow; *gyngyvis:* gums; *bro:* broth; *þair ben:* in the inner part of the house; *taggis:* tatters;

Sall ryfe þair sinfull saule in raggis.
And quhen þe devillis hes þame tirvit
All þair saulis sal be transformit,
Sum in bichis and sum in beiris,
Sum in mvlis and sum in meiris
Aganis the scalour þat thay wer in
For vengence of þair deidly sin
To ryd and tak possessioun
Throw all Hell vp and doun.
And with grit din and deray
Compeir sall Sathan but delay fol.106*a*
Sayand richt thus with sentence he:
'Vpoun þe day þat thow sall de
I, devill of deillis, I 3ow condame
For geis, for 3owis, for woll, for lame,
Thairfoir hy 3ow to þat pott of Hell
With Sathan our Abirone to dwell
As feyndis spreitis perpetualy
For to remane in mesary.
Deip Acheron 3our saulis invaid
Als blak, as ruch, as ony taid,
Snaykis, serpentis and edderis
Mott stuff 3our bellyis and 3our bledderis
In Hellis hoill, quhair nevir is licht,
Nor nevir is day, bot evir nicht,
Quhair nevir is joy, evin and morrow,
Bot endles pane, dule and sorrow
Quhair nevir is petie nor concord,
Nor amitie bot discord,
Malice, rancour and invy,
With magry and malancoly.'
Than fra þe sentence be on þame said,
Grit Baliall sall gif a braid
And bakwart leip vpoun a beir,
Sum on ane mvle, sum on a meir,
Sum on wolffis and sum on wichis
Sum on brodsowis, sum on bichis.
Than is þair nocht bot sadill and brydill,
Thir outtit meiris hes lang gane ydill,
Bot sic ane clawing with þair clukis
And sic ane reirding with þair rukis,
Rampand with ane hiddowis beir,
Cryand, 'All is ouris þat is heir.'
The memberis of tha wickit men
That staw þe guse, þe cok, the hen,
Thay sal be revin be þe throttis
For cutting of tha fowlis croppis.

tirvit: stripped; *bichis:* bitches; *beiris:* bears; *meiris:* mares; *scalour:* squalor; *3owis:* ewes; *pott:* abyss; *Abirone:* Abraham; *ruch:* rough; l.153: Bannatyne, *swaykis,* Maitland MS *snaykis;* *dule:* misery; *magry:* ill-will; *braid:* roar; *wichis:* witches; *brodsowis:* brood sows; *outtit:* put out to grass; *Rampand:* raging; *beir:* noise;

Syne led in towis and in laing tedderis
And daly etin with taidis and edderis
That all þe court of Hevin may knaw
Thay war þe thevis þat Rowlis geiss staw
For quhy grit God our hiest iuge,
He gaif decreit, but refuge,
That all pykaris of pultre
Gais nocht to Hevin, bot thay sall fle
To Hell without redemptioun
Quhair is no remission.
The forme of thir vgly devillis:
Thay hafe lang tailis on þair heilis
And rumpillis hingand on þair tailis,
Dragoun heidis and warwolf nalis,
With glowrane ene as glitterand glass,
With bowgillis and hornis maid of brass
And dyverss facis, repleit with yre,
Spowand vemmin and sparkis of fyre,
And sum with teith and tegir tungis
Attour þair chin, with bludy dungis
Spottit and sprinklit vp and doun
Reid, attry lyk a scorpioun,
And sum ar smeith and sum ar ruch
And sum ar lyk ane serpentis sluch,
With prik mule eiris sum ar lyk.
Thair eiris, neiss ar lyk ane midding tyk
With gaipand mowth richt ȝaip to swelly
The mair þe less devill in his belly.
Of þair fowle fegouris na man can tell,
Thocht thay wer sevin ȝeiris in Hell
To leir to paynt portour or blasoun
Thair forme and thay feyndly fassoun,
Thair vgsum horribiliteis
Nor ȝit na þat schaipis with scheiris,
Thocht infineit he be of ȝeiris,
Maist principaly to schaip þair graith
In Hell for steiling heir of claith
Can conterfit, nor mak it meit,
Ane gabart for a deill compleit.
And ȝit in Hell ar mony ane
That said þai war als trew as stane.
Gif þair be ony in þis houss
That beiris þe nedill gorrit the lowss
I þame beseik thay be nocht wraith,
Suppois they clyit haif pairte of claith,
Bot seik þe causs and leif þe deid
And blame þe scheiris þat raif þe skreid.

fol.106*b*

towis: ropes; l.181: *Hevin,* Bannatyne, *evin; pykaris:* stealers; *glowrane:* staring; l.193: Bannatyne, *evne,* Maitland MS, *ene; bowgillis:* bugles; *Spowand:* spewing; *attry:* venomous; *smeith:* smooth; *sluch:* cast off skin; *midding tyk:* midden dog; *ȝaip:* eager; *swelly:* swallow; *graith:* clothing; *gabart:* cloak; *gorrit:* pierced; *clyit:* pilfered; *skreid:* tear;

And quha þat steilis and on stowth levis
Cursit mot thay be amang thir thevis.
Now to þe effect ga will I
And speik of feyndis phantesy
In court nocht with þe Quene of Fary
But heltaris, heidtailis, sonkis or sadillis
But butis or spurris, crukis or ladillis,
With full berdis blasand in þe wind
And hett speitis in þair taill behind.
Than Inflar Tasy with his iaggis
And Belly Bassy with his baggis
At Hellis ȝettis sall mak sic reirding
On thir steilaris of geiss sall ding
That it beis hard in middilerd.
Tha grit flappis with sic faird
Thunder blastis and fyre sall blaw
That na devill may ane vþir knaw
For reik, stynk and bryntstane birnand,
Devillis ȝelpand, gaipand and girnand.
Than sall bla Baliall gif ane brattill
And all the thevis in Hell sall startill, fol.107*a*
Lyk to ane gaid of yrne or steill
That doun war sinkand in ane weell,
Sa sall thay ga to endles pane
And nevir to cum hame agane.
Now Iesu, for thy passioun,
That deit for our redemptioun,
Of mankynd haif mercy sone,
Latt nevir this sentence fall þame vpone
Bot grant þame grace ay till forbeir
Ressett or stowth of vþir menis geir,
And als agane þe geir restoir
Till Rowle, as I hafe said befoir,
And to repent thay may in tyme
Pray we to God. Thus endis þe ryme.
This tragedy is callit, but dreid,
Rowlis Cursing. Quha will it reid?

Finis. Quod Rowll.

169 Quhy Sowld Nocht Allane Honorit Be?

Quhen he wes ȝung and cled in grene
haifand his air abowt his ene,
Baith men and wemen did him mene

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stowth; theft; *levis:* lives; *heltaris:* halters; *heidtailis:* horse-collars; *sonkis:* horse-cloths; *butis:* whips; *speitis:* spits; *iaggis:* jagged edges of garment; *reirding:* roaring; *ding:* strike; *in middilerd:* on earth; *faird:* impetus; *bla:* livid; *brattill:* rattle; *gaid:* goad; *Ressett:* possession; *stowth:* stealing. *air:* hair; *mene:* esteem;

Quhen he grew on ȝon hillis he.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

His fostir faider fure of þe toun,
To vissy Allane he maid him boun.
He saw him lyane, allace, in swoun
For falt of help and lyk to de.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Thay saw his heid begin to ryfe.
Syne for ane nvreiss thay send belyfe,
Quha brocht with hir fyfty and fyve
Of men of war full prevely.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Thay ruschit furth lyk Hellis rukis
And every ane of þame had hukis.
Thay cawcht him schoirtly in þe clukis,
Syne band him in ane creddill of tre. fol.107*b*
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Thay brocht him invart in þe land.
Syne every freynd maid him his band,
Quhill thay micht owdir gang or stand,
Nevir ane fute fra him to fle.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

The grittest cowart in this land
Fra he with Allane entir in band,
Thocht he may nowdir gang nor stand
ȝit fowrty sall nocht gar him fle.
Quhy sowld nocht Allan honorit be?

Sir Allanis hewmond is ane cop
With ane sege feddir in his top.
Fra hand till hand so dois he hop
Quhill sum may nowdir speik nor se.
Quhy sold nocht Allane honorit be?

In ȝule quhen ilk man singis his carrell
Gud Allane lyis in to ane barrell.
Quhen he is thair he dowtis no parrell
To cum on him be land or se.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

ȝit wes þair nevir sa gay a gallane
Fra he meit with our maistir Ser Allane,
Bot gif he hald him by þe hallane

---

fure of: went from; *boun:* ready; *lyane:* lying; *ryfe:* burst open; *Hellis rukis:* Hell's rooks; *hukis:* hooks; *clukis:* claws; *creddill of tre:* cradle of wood; *band:* compact; *hewmond:* helmet; *cop:* cup; *parrell:* peril; *hallane:* cottage partition.

Bak wart on þe flure fallis he.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

My maistir Allane grew so stark
Quhill he maid mony cunning clerk.
Vpoun þair faiss he settis his mark:
A blud reid noiss besyd þair e.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

My maistir Allane I may sair curss.
He levis no mony in my purss—
At his command I mon deburss
Moir nor þe twa pairt of my fe.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

And last, of Allane to conclude,
He is bening, courtass, and gude
And servis ws of our daly fvde—
And þat with liberalitie.
Quhy sowld nocht Allane honorit be?

Finis. Quod Allane Matsonis Suddartis.

170 I, þat in heill wes and glaidness, fol.109*a*
Am trublit now with grit seikness
And feblit with infirmitie:
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

Our plesans heir is all vane glory;
This fals warld is bot transitory.
The flesche is brukle, the feyind is sle.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

The stait of man dois chainge and vary:
Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,
Now dansand mirry, now lyk to die.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

No stait in erd heir standis sicker.
As with þe wind wavis the wicker
So waveris þis warldis vanitie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

Vnto þe deth gois all estaitis,
Princis, prelattis and potestaitis,
Bayth riche and pure of all degre.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

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heill: health; *wicker:* willow twig; l.15: Bannatyne, *wannis,* Maitland MS, *waveris; potestaitis:* rulers:

He taikis þe knychtis in to þe feild,
Enarmit vndir helme and scheild,
Victor he is at all mellie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

That strang vnvynsable tirrand
Takis, on the muderis breist sowkand,
The bab full of benignitie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

He taikis the campioun in the stour,
The captane closit in þe tour,
The lady in bour full of bewtie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

He spairis no lord for his piscens,
Nor clerk for his intelligens.
His awfull straik may no man fle.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

Art magicianis and astrologis,
Rethoris, logicianis and theologis,
Thame helpis no conclusionis sle.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

In madecyne the most practitianis,
Leichis, surrigianis, and phesicianis
Thame self fra deth ma nocht supple.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

I se the makkaris, amangis the laif,
Playis heir thair padȝanis, syne gois to graif.
Sparit is nocht thair facultie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

He hes done petouslie devoir
The noble Chawser, of makaris flour,
The Munk of Berry and Gowyir, all thre.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

The gud Ser Hew of Eglingtoun,
Ettrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
He hes tane out of this cuntre.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

That skorpioun fell hes done infek
Maister Iohine Clerk and James Afflek
Fra ballat makking and tragedy.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

fol.109*b*

mellie: battle; *vnvynsable:* invincible; *stour:* battle; *piscens:* power; *Art magicianis:* ? practitioners of black magic; *Rethoris:* rhetoricians; *practitianis:* skilful; *supple:* rescue; *padȝanis:* pageants; *infek:* infect;

Holland and Barbour he hes berevit.
Allace, that he nocht with ws levit
Sir Mungo Lokkart of *þe* Lie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane
That maid *The Awnteris of Ser Gawane.*
Sir Gilbert Gray endit hes hie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

He hes Blind Hary and Sandy Traill
Slane with his schot of mortall haill,
Quhilk Patrik Iohinstoun mycht nocht fle.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

He hes reft Mersar his indyte
That did in luve so lyfly wryte,
So schort, so quick, of sentens hie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

He hes tane Rowll of Abirdene
And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyne—
Two bettir fallowis did no man sie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

In Dumfarmeling he hes tane Broun
With gud Maister Robert Henrysoun.
Sir Iohine the Ross imbraist hes hie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

And he hes now tane last of aw
Gud gentill Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
Of quhone all wichtis hes pitie.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

And Maister Walter Kennedy
In poyntt of deth lyis, verely:
Grit rewth it wer *þat* so suld be.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

Sen he hes all my bre*þ*er tane,
He will nocht lat me leif allane.
On forss, I mon his nixt pray be. fol.110*a*
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

Sen for the deth remeid is non,
Best is *þat* we for deth dispone,
Eftir our deth that leif may we.
Tymor mortis conturbat me.

Quod Dumbar.

l.81: *tane,* Bannatyne, *taie;* *dispone:* prepare;

171 Off Februar the fyiftene nycht,
Full lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay in till a trance
And than I saw baith Hevin and Hell. *The dance*
Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane dance
Off schrewis þat wer nevir schrevin,
Aganiss the feist of Fasternis Evin
To mak thair observance.
He bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss
And kast vp gamountis in the skyiss
That last came out of France.

'Lat se,' quod he, 'now quha begynnis?'
With that, the fowll sevin deidly synnis
Begowth to leip at anis,
Pryd And first of all in dance wes Pryd
With hair wyld bak and bonet on syd,
Lyk to mak vaistie wanis,
And round abowt him, as a quheill,
Hang all in rumpillis to the heill
His kethat, for the nanis.
Mony prowd trumpour with him trippit
Throw skaldand fyre. Ay as thay skippit
Thay gyrnd with hiddouss granis.

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wyiss
Come in with mony sindrie gyiss,
Bot ȝit luche nevir Mahoun
Quhill preistis come in with bair schevin nekkis:
Than all the feyndis lewche and maid gekkis
Blak Belly and Bawsy Brown.

Yre Than yre come in with sturt and stryfe.
His hand wes ay vpoun his knyfe,
He brandeist lyk a beir.
Bostaris, braggaris, and barganeris
Eftir him passit in to pairis,
All bodin in feir of weir,
In iakkis and stryppis and bonettis of steill
Thair leggis wer chenȝeit to þat heill.
Frawart wes thair affeir: fol.110*b*
Sum vpoun vdir with brandis beft,
Sum iaggit vþiris to þe heft
With knyvis þat scherp cowd scheir.

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graith a gyiss: prepare a masque; *gamountis:* gambols; l.17: *hair,* Bannatyne, *bair; vaistie wanis:* empty dwellings; *kethat:* cassock; *trumpour:* deceiver; *gyrnd:* snarled; *Heilie:* proud; *hawtane:* haughty; *luche:* laughs; *Quhill:* until; *gekkis:* gibes; *beir:* boar; *bodin:* armed; *iakkis:* doublets; l.37: Bannatyne, *scryppis;* Maitland MS; *stryppis:* bands of steel; *affeir:* appearance; *beft:* beat; *heft:* handle;

Invy Nixt in the dance followit Invy
Fild full of feid and fellony,
Hid malyce and dispyte.
For pryvie hatrent that tratour trymlit.
Him followit mony freik dissymlit
With fenȝeit wirdis quhyte
And flattereris in to menis facis
And bakbyttaris of sindry racis,
To ley that had delyte,
And rownaris of fals lesingis.
Allace, that courtis of noble kingis
Of thame can nevir be quyte.

Auaryce Nixt him in dans come Cuvatyce,
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce
That nevir cowd be content.
Catyvis, wrechis and ockeraris,
Hud pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris
All with that warlo went.
Out of thair throttis thay schot on vdder
Hett moltin gold, me thocht a fudder,
As fyreflawcht maist fervent.
Ay as thay tomit thame of schot
Feyndis fild thame new vp to the thrott
With gold of alkin prent.

Sueirnes Syne Sweirnes, at the secound bidding,
Come lyk a sow out of a midding.
Full slepy wes his grunȝie.
Mony sweir bumbard belly huddroun,
Mony slute daw and slepy duddroun
Him serwit ay with sounȝie.
He drew thame furth in till a chenȝie
And Belliall with a brydill renȝie
Evir lascht thame on the lunȝie.
In dance thay war so slaw of feit,
Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit
And maid thame quicker of counȝie.

Lichery Than lichery, that lathly corss,
Come berand lyk a bagit horss,
And Ydilness did him leid;
Thair wes with him ane vgly sort

feid: enmity; *Hid:* concealed; *hatrent:* hatred; *trymlit:* trembled; *quhyte:* plausible; *rownaris:* whisperers; *lesingis:* lies; *Catyvis:* villains; *ockeraris:* usurers; *Hud pykis:* misers; *hurdaris:* hoarders; *gadderaris:* misers; *warlo:* warlock; *fudder:* cart-load; *fyreflawcht:* lightning; *tomit:* emptied; *alkin prent:* every sort of impression; *midding:* dung heap; *grunȝie:* snout; *sweir:* idle; *bumbard:* lazy; *belly huddroun:* fat-bellied person; *slute:* sluttish; *daw:* slattern; *duddroun:* slut; *sounȝie:* care; *lascht:* lashed; *lunȝie:* loin; *counȝie:* action; 1.80: *Come* supplied from Maitland MS; *berand:* neighing; *bagit horss:* stallion;

And mony stynkand fowll tramort
That had in syn bene deid.
Quhen thay wer entrit in the dance fol.111*a*
Thay wer full strenge of countenance, 86
Lyk turkass birnand reid.
All led thay vþir by the tersis,
Suppoiss thay fycket with thair ersis,
It miycht be na remeid. 90

Gluttony Than the fowll monstir Glutteny,
Off wame vnsasiable and gredy,
To dance he did him dress.
Him followit mony fowll drunckart
With can and collep, cop and quart, 95
In surffet and excess.
Full mony a waistless wallydrag,
With wamiss vnweildable, did furth wag
In creishe þat did incress.
'Drynk', ay thay cryit with mony a gaip. 100
The feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,
Thair lovery wes na less.

Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowt,
For glemen thair wer haldin owt
Be day and eik by nycht, 105
Except a menstrall þat slew a man—
Swa till his heretage he wan
And entirt be breif of richt.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand padʒane.
Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfadʒane 110
Far northwart in a nuke.
Be he þe correnoch had done schout,
Erschemen so gadderit him abowt
In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.
Thae tarmegantis with tag and tatter 115
Full lowd in Ersche begowth to clatter
And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
The devill sa devit wes with thair ʒell
That in the depest pot of hell
He smorit thame with smvke. 120

179 He that hes gold and grit richess
And may be into mirryness
And dois glaidness fra him expell

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tramort: corpse; *turkass:* tongs; *tersis:* penises; *fycket:* fidgeted; *ersis:* arses; *collep:* flagon; *cop:* cup; *quart:* measure; *wallydrag:* sloven; *creishe:* fat; *gaip:* gape; *lovery:* bounty; *padʒane:* pageant; *Makfadʒane:* an opponent of Wallace; *nuke:* nook; *correnoch:* deathwail; *Erschemen:* Gaelic speakers; *tarmegantis:* termagants; *tag and tatter:* in absolute rags; *rowp:* croaked; *revin:* raven; *ruke:* rook; *devit:* deafened; *pot:* abyss; *smorit:* smothered;

And levis in to wrechitness, fol.116*a*
He wirkis sorrow to him sell.

He þat may be but sturt or stryfe
And leif ane lusty plesand lyfe
And syne with mariege dois him mell
And bindis him with ane wicket wyfe,
He wirkis sorrow to him sell.

He þat hes for his awin genȝie
Ane plesand prop but mank or menȝie
And schuttis syne at ane vncow schell
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenȝie,
He wirkis sorrow to him sell.

And he þat with gud lyfe and trewth,
But varians or vder slewth,
Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell
That nevir of him will haif no rewth
He wirkis sorrow to him sell.

Now all this tyme lat ws be mirry
And sett nocht by this warld a chirry.
Now quhill thair is gude wyne to sell
He þat dois on dry breid virry
I gif him to the devill of Hell.

Quod Dumbar.

180 Follows, þe Wowing of the King quhen he wes in Dumfermeling.

This hindirnycht in Dumfermeling
To me wes tawld ane windir thing:
That lait ane tod wes with ane lame
And with hir playit and maid gud game.
Syne till his breist did hir imbrace
And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane rame
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

He braisit hir bony body sweit
And halsit hir with fordir feit.
Syne schuk his taill with quhinge and ȝelp
And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp,
Syne lowrit on growfe and askit grace,

him sell: himself; *mell:* meddle; *genȝie:* arrow; *prop:* butt for shooting at; *mank or menȝie:* flaw or stain; *schuttis:* shoots; *vncow schell:* unknown ? target; *forfairn:* wasted; *fleis of Spenȝie:* Spanish fly; *virry:* choke; *tod:* fox; *ferly cace:* marvellous occurrence; *braisit:* embraced; *bony:* attractive; *fordir:* fore; *quhinge:* whine; *todlit:* played; *lowrit:* grovelled; *on growfe:* flat on the ground;

And ay the lame cryd, 'Lady, help!',
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes nowder lene nor skowry.
He wes ane lusty reid haird lowry,
Ane lang taild beist and grit with all.
The silly lame wes all to small
To sic ane tribbill to hald ane bace.
Scho fled him nocht. Fair mot hir fall.
And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

The tod wes reid, the lame wes quhyte; fol.116*b*
Scho wes ane morsall of delyte.
He lovit na ȝowis auld, twch and sklender.
Becaus this lame wes ȝung and tender,
He ran vpoun hir with a race
And scho schup nevir for till defend hir
And thiss me thocht ane ferly cace.

He grippit hir abowt the west
And handlit hir as he had hest.
This innocent, that nevir trespast,
Tuke hert that scho wes handlit fast
And lute him kiss hir lusty face.
His girnand gamis hir nocht agast
And þat me thocht ane ferly cace.

He held him till hir be the hals
And spak full fair, thocht he wes falss.
Syne said and swoir to hir be God
That he suld nocht twich hir prenecod.
The silly thing trowd him, allace,
The lame gaif creddence to the tod,
And þat me thocht ane ferly cace.

I will no lesingis put in verss
Lyk as thir iangleris dois reherss,
Bot be quhat maner thay war mard
Quhen licht wes owt and durris wes bard.
I wait nocht gif he gaif hir grace,
Bot all the hollis wes stoppit hard,
And þat me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen men dois fleit in ioy maist far
Sone cumis wo, or thay be war.
Quhen carpand wer thir two, most crowss,
The wolf he ombesett the houss

nowder: neither; *skowry:* shrunken; *lowry:* fox; *tribbil:* treble; *bace:* bass; *sklender:* emaciated; *race:* run; *schup nevir:* made no effort; *hest:* wish; *fast:* persistently; *girnand gamis:* snarling teeth; *prenecod:* pincushion; *mard:* distracted; *fleit:* float; *carpand:* talking; *crowss:* jauntily; *ombesett:* besieged;

Vpoun the tod to mak ane chace.
The lamb than cheipit lyk a mowss
And þat me thocht ane ferly cace.

Throw hiddowis ȝowling of the wowf,
This wylie tod plat doun on growf
And in the silly lambis skin
He crap als far as he micht win
And hid him thair ane weill lang space.
The ȝowis besyd thay maid na din
And þat me thocht ane ferly cace.

Quhen of the tod wes hard no peip,
The wowf went all had bene on sleip
And quhill the bell had strikkin ten
The wowf hes drest him to his den,
Protestand for þe secound place.
And this report I with my pen,
How at Dumfermling fell the cace.

Quod Dumbar.

181 Ane Ballat of the Fenȝeit Freir of Tungland, how he fell in the Myre fleand to Turkiland.

fol.117*a*

As ȝung Awrora with cristall haile
In orient schew hir visage paile,
A swenyng swyth did me assaile
Off sonis of Sathanis seid.
Me thocht a Turk of Tartary
Come throw the boundis of Barbary
And lay forloppin in Lumbardy,
Full lang in waithman weid.

Fra baptasing for to eschew,
Thair a religious man he slew
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his dissimvlance,
And all his cursit govirnance,
For feir he fled and come in France
With littill of Lumbard leid.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair,
Quhilk mony a man micht rew evirmair,

plat doun on growf: fell flat on the ground; *win:* attain; *went:* thought; l.66: Bannatyne, *tod,* Maitland MS, *bell; drest:* directed; *cristall haile:* bright halo; *swenyng:* dream; *swyth:* quickly; *forloppin:* vagabond; *waithman weid:* wanderer's dress; *abeit:* habit; *leid:* language; *leiche:* physician; *fenyt him:* pretended;

For he left nowþir seik nor sair
Vnslane or he hyne ȝeid.
Vane organis he full clenely carvit,
Quhen of his straik so mony starvit,
Dreid he had gottin þat he desarvit
He fled away gud speid.

In Scotland than the narrest way
He come, his cunnyng till assay.
To sum man thair it was no play,
The preving of his sciens.
In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne.
He murdreist mony in medecyne.
The Iow was of a grit engyne
And generit was of gyans.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
He wald haif for a nicht to byd
A haiknay and the hurtmanis hyd.
So meikle he was of myance
His yrnis was rude as ony rawchtir. fol.117*b*
Quhair he leit blude it was no lawchtir.
Full mony instrument for slawchtir
Was in his gardevyance.

He cowth gif cure for laxatyve
To gar a wicht horss want his lyve,
Quha evir assay wald, man or wyve,
Thair hippis ȝeid hiddy giddy.
His practikis nevir war put to preif
Bot suddane deid or grit mischeif.
He had purgatioun to mak a theif
To dee withowt a widdy.

Vnto no mess pressit this prelat
For sound of sacring bell nor skellat.
As blaksmyth bruikit was his pallatt
For battering at the study.
Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
He had dispensit with matynnis channoun.
On him come nowþer stole nor fannoun
For smowking of the smydy.

sair: those in pain; *or he hyne ȝeid:* before he went away; *starvit:* died; *In:* into; *preving:* experiencing; *pottingry:* administration of medicines; *Iow:* Jew; *engyne:* ingenuity; *generit:* descended; *of gyans:* from giants; *leichecraft:* medical skill; ll.34–6: For one night's attendance he would have a horse and the skin of the injured man. So resourceful he was; *yrnis:* instruments; *rawchtir:* rafter; *gardevyance:* chest; *wicht:* strong; *widdy:* gallows; *mess:* mass; *pressit:* went; *sacring bell:* bell rung at the consecration of the eucharist during mass; *skellat:* small hand bell rung during church services; *bruikit:* blackened; *pallatt:* head; *study:* anvil; *channoun* (l.53): canon; *channoun:* canonical; *fannoun:* maniple;

Me thocht seir fassonis he assaiȝeit,
To mak the quintessance and faiȝeit,
And quhen he saw þat nocht availȝeit
A fedrem on he tuke
And schupe in Turky for to fle,
And quhen þat he did mont on he
All fowill ferleit quhat he sowld be
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus,
Sum the Menatair marvelus,
Sum Martis smyth Wlcanus
And sum Saturnus kuke.
And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,
The hudit crawis his hair furth ruggit,
The hevin he micht not bruke.

The myttane and Sanct Martynis fowle
Wend he had bene the hornit howle.
Thay set avpone him with a ȝowle
And gaif him dynt for dynt.
The golk, the gormaw, and the gled
Beft him with buffettis quhill he bled,
The sparhalk to the spring him sped
Als fers as fyre of flynt.

The tarsall gaif him tug for tug,
A stanchell hang in ilka lug.
The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
The stork straik ay but stynt.
The bissart, bissy but rebuik,
Scho was so cleverus of hir clvik,
His bawis he micht not langer bruik,
Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis
Of marleȝonis, mittanis and of mawis
That bikkrit at his berd with blawis
In battell him abowt.
Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
The rerd of thame raiss to þe sky,

fol.118*a*

seir fassonis: many experiments; *quintessance:* life force; *fedrem:* coat of feathers; *ferleit:* wondered; *Menatair:* Minotaur; *cuschettis:* ring doves; *druggit:* pulled; *ruggit:* tore; *bruke:* enjoy; *myttane:* hawk; *Sanct Martynis fowle:* hen-harrier; *golk:* cuckoo; *gormaw:* cormorant; *gled:* kite; *sparhalk:* sparrow-hawk; *tarsall:* falcon; *stanchell:* kestrel; *ilka lug:* each ear; *pyot:* magpie; *pennis:* feathers; *but stynt:* without ceasing; *bissart:* buzzard; *cleverus:* nimble; *clvik:* talon; *bawis:* testicles; *bruik:* enjoy; *hint:* grasp; *clud:* cloud; *kayis:* jackdaws; *marleȝonis:* merlins; *mawis:* gulls; *bikkrit:* assailed; *nybbillit:* repeatedly bit; *rerd:* noise;

And evir he cryit on fortoun, 'Fy.'
His lyfe was in to dowt.

The ia him skrippit with a skryke
And skornit him as it was lyk.
The egill strong at him did stryke
And rawcht him mony a rowt.
For feir vncunnandly he cawkit
Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit
Beneth him with a spowt.

He schewre his feddreme þat was schene
And slippit owt of it full clene
And in a myre vp to the ene
Amang the glar did glyd.
The fowlis all at þe fedrem dang
As at a monster thame amang
Quhill all the pennis of it owsprang
In till the air full wyde.

And he lay at the plunge evirmair
Sa lang as any ravin did rair.
The crawis him socht with cryis of cair
In every schaw besyde.
Had he reveild bene to the rwikis fol.118*b*
Thay had him revin all with thair clwikis.
Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
He did with dirt him hyde.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
That come with ȝawmeris and with ȝowlis
With skryking, skrymming and with scowlis
To tak him in the tyde.
I walknit with the noyis and schowte
So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
Sensyne I curss that cankerit rowte
Quhair evir I go or ryde.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

ia: jay; *skrippit:* mocked; *skryke:* screech; *rawcht:* gave; *rowt:* blow; *vncunnandly:* without being able to help himself; *cawkit:* excreted; *drawkit:* drenched; *nolt:* cattle; *hawkit:* white streaked; *schewre:* tore; *glar:* mud; *dang:* struck; *plunge:* place where he had plunged; *schaw:* wood; *dub:* mud; *dukis:* ducks; *dirkit:* darkened; *ȝawmeris:* loud complaints; *tyde:* water; *walknit:* awakened; *beir:* uproar; *Sensyne:* since then; *cankerit rowte:* bad-tempered crowd;

197 My guddame wes ane gay wyfe bot scho wes rycht gend,
Scho dwelt far furth in France, on Falkland fell.
Thay callit hir Kynd Kittok sa quha weill hir kend.
Scho wes lyk a caldrone cruk, cleir vnder kell.
Thay threipit scho deid of thrist and maid a gud end.
Eftir hir deid scho dreidit nocht in Hevin to dwell
And so to Hevin the hie way, dreidles, scho wend.
3it scho wanderit and 3eid by to ane elrich well
And thair scho met, as I wene,
Ane ask rydand on ane snaill.
Scho cryd, 'Ourtane fallow, haill, haill',
And raid ane inch behind the taill
Quhill it wes neir ene.

Sua scho had hap to be horst to hir harbry
At ane ailhouss neir Hevin, it nychtit thame thair.
Scho deit for thrist in þis warld þat gart hir be so dry.
Scho eit nevir meit, bot drank our missour and mair.
Scho sleipit quhill the morne at none and raiss airly,
And to þe 3ettis of Hevin fast cowd scho fair,
And by Sanct Petir in at þe 3ett scho stall prevely.
God lukit and saw hir lattin in and luch his hairt sair,
And thair 3eiris sevin
Scho levit ane gud lyfe,
And wes our Leddeis henwyfe
And held Sanct Petir in stryfe,
Ay quhill scho wes in Hevin.

Scho lukit out on a day and thocht verry lang fol.136*a*
To se the ailhouss besyd in till ane evill hour,
And out of Hevin the hie gait cowth the wyfe gang
For to gett ane fresche drink. The haill of Hevin wes sour.
Scho come agane to Hevinis 3et quhen þat þe bell rang,
Sanct Petir hit hir with a club quhill a grit clour
Raiss on hir heid behind becauss the wyfe 3eid wrang.
And than to the ailhouss agane scho ran, the pitscheris to pour,
Thair to brew and to baik.
Freyndis, I pray 3ow hairtfully,
Gife 3e be thristy or dry.
Drynk with my guddame quhen 3e gang by
Anis, for my saik.

Explicit.

gend: foolish; *caldrone cruk:* cauldron hook; *cleir vnder kell:* beautiful under her headdress; *threipit:* asserted; *3eid:* went; *elrich:* fairy; *ask:* newt; *Ourtane:* overtaken; *ene:* evening; *hap:* luck; *horst:* carried on horseback; *it nychtit:* night overtook; *gart:* made; *our missour:* excessively; *luch:* laughed; *levit:* lived; *clour:* bruise; *Anis:* once.

216 Quha hes gud malt and makis ill drynk
Wa mot be hir werd.
I pray to God scho rott and stynk
Sevin ȝeir abone þe erd,
Abowt hir beir na bell to clynk,
Nor clerk sing, lawid nor lerd.
Bot quytt to Hell þat scho may sink
The taptre quhyll scho steird.
This beis my prayer
For þat man sleyar,
Quhill Chryst in Hevin sall heird.

Quha brewis and gevis me of þe best,
Sa it be stark and staill.
Quhyt and cleir, weill to degest,
In Hevin meit hir þat aill.
Lang mot scho leif. Lang mot scho lest fol.145*b*
In lyking ane gude saill
In Hevin or erd that wyfe be best.
Without barrett or baill,
Quhen scho is deid,
Withowttin pleid,
Scho pass to Hevin all haill.

Quod Allanis Subdert.

222 Of May fol.156*b*

May is the moneth maist amene
For thame in Venus seruice bene
To recreat thair havy hartis.
May caussis curage frome the splene
And every thing in May revartis.

In May the plesant spray vpspringis.
In May the mirthfull maveiss singis,
And now in May to madynnis fawis
With tymmer wechtis to trip in ringis
And to play vpcoill with the bawis.

In May gois gallandis bring in symmer
And trymly occupyis thair tymmer
With, 'Hunts vp', every morning plaid.
In May gois gentill wemen gymmer
In gardynnis grene thair grumis to glaid.

werd: fate; *lawid:* unlearned; *lerd:* learned; l.8: While she was drawing liquor; l.11: *Chryst,* Bannatyne, *Chyst; heird:* hear it; *stark:* strong; *staill:* plentiful; *barrett or baill:* trouble or sorrow; *pleid:* dispute. *amene:* pleasant; *recreat:* refresh; *curage:* high spirits; *splene:* heart; *revartis:* revives; *maveiss:* thrush; *tymmer wechtis:* tambourines; l.10: To play at throwing balls; *symmer:* summer; *tymmer:* labor; *gymmer:* more gaily dressed; *grumis:* lovers; *glaid:* gladden;

In May quhen men ȝeid everich one
With Robene Hoid and Littill Iohne
To bring in bowis and birkin bobbynis,
Now all sic game is fastlingis gone
Bot gif it be amangis clovin Robbynis.

Abbotis by rewll and lordis but ressone,
Sic senȝeouris tymis ourweill this sessone,
Vpoun thair vyce war lang to waik,
Quhais falsatt, fibilnes and tressone
Hes rung thryis oure this ȝodiak.

In May begynnis the golk to gaill.
In May drawis deir to doun and daill.
In May men mellis with famyny
And ladeis meitis thair luvaris laill
Quhen Phebus is in Gemyny.

Butter, new cheis and beir in May,
Comamis, cokkillis, curdis and quhay, fol.157*a*
Lapstaris, lempettis, mussillis in schellis,
Grene leikis and all sic, men may say,
Suppois sum of thame sourly smellis.

In May grit men within thair boundis
Sum halkis the walteris, sum with houndis
The hairis owtthrowch the forrestis cachis,
Syne efter thame thair ladeis foundis,
To sent the rynnyng of the rachis.

In May frank archeris will affix
In place to meit, syne marrowis mix
To schute at buttis, at bankis and brais,
Sum at the reveris, sum at the prikkis,
Sum laich and to beneth the clais.

In May sowld men of amouris go
To serf thair ladeis and no mo,
Sen thair releis in ladeis lyis.
For sum may cum in favouris so
To kiss his loif on Buchone wyis.

bowis and birkin bobbynis: birch branches and seed pods; *fastlingis:* almost; ll.21–5: Abbots of Misrule and Lords of Unreason, such gentlemen extend their activities beyond this season; waiting for the end of their misbehaviour is a lengthy business, whose falsity, feebleness and treason have been in control three times this year; *golk:* cuckoo; *gaill:* sing; *mellis:* have dealings; *famyny:* women; *laill:* true; *Comamis:* ? rabbits; *Lapstaris:* lobsters; *halkis:* practise hawking; *walteris:* waters; *foundis:* go; *rachis:* hounds; *marrowis:* friends; ll.44–5: Some at passing, and some at fixed targets, some low down and under the clothes; *releis:* relief; l.50: to copulate;

In May gois dammosalis and dammis
In gardyingis grene to play like lammis,
Sum at the bairis thay brace lyk billeis
Sum rynnis at barlabreikis lyk rammis,
Sum round abowt the standard pilleis.

In May gois madynis till Lareit
And hes thair mynȝonis on the streit
To horss thame quhair the gait is ruch.
Sum at Inchebukling Bray thay meit,
Sum in the middis of Mussilburch.

So May and all thir monethis thre
Ar hett and dry in thair degre.
Heirfoir, ȝe wantoun men in ȝowth,
For helth of body now haif e
Nocht oft till mell with thankless mowth.

Sen every pastyme is at plesure, fol.157*b*
I counsale ȝow to mel with mesure.
And namely now May, June and Julij
Delyt nocht lang in luvaris lesure
Bot weit ȝour lippis and labor hully.

Quod Scott.

230 How the First Helandman of God was maid Of ane Horss Turd in Argylle, as is said

God and Sanct Petir was gangand be the way
Heiche vp in Ardgyle quhair thair gait lay,
Sanct Petir said to God, in a sport word,
'Can ȝe nocht mak a heilandman of this horss tourd?'
God turnd owre *þe* horss turd with his pykit staff
And vp start a helandman blak as ony draff.
Qwod God to *þe* helandman,
'Quhair wilt thow now?' fol.163*a*
'I will doun in *þe* lawland, Lord, and thair steill a kow.'
'And thow steill a cow, cairle, thair thay will hang the.'
'Quattrack Lord of that? For anis mon I die.'
God than he lewch and owre the dyk lap
And owt of his scheith his gowlly owtgatt.

bairis: a game; *brace:* embrace; *billeis:* lovers; *barlabreikis:* a chasing game; *pilleis:* poles; *Lareit:* a chapel in Musselburgh, dedicated to Our Lady of Loretto, and notorious for the immorality of pilgrims; *mynȝonis:* lovers; *gait:* road; *ruch:* rough; *Inchebukling Bray:* a hill near Musselburgh; *e:* eye; *mell with thankless mowth:* have intercourse; *mesure:* moderation; *draff:* refuse; *cairle:* man; *anis:* once; *lewch:* laughed; *dyk:* ditch; *lap:* leaped; *gowlly:* large knife;

Sanct Petir socht this gowly fast vp and doun,
3it cowld not find it in all that braid rownn.
'Now', quod God, 'heir a marvell. How can this be
That I sowld want my gowly, and we heir bot thre?'
'Humff', quod the helandman and turnd him abowt
And at his plaid nuk the guly fell owt.
'Fy', quod Sanct Petir, 'thow will nevir do weill
And thow bot new maid sa sone gais to steill.'
'Vmff', quod the helandman, and swere be 3on kirk,
'Sa lang as I may geir gett to steill will I nevir wirk.'

Finis.

Heir begynnis the proclamatioun of the play maid be Dauid Lynsayis of the Month, Knicht, in the Playfeild in the moneth of , the 3eir of God 155 3eiris.

fol.164*a*

233 Proclamatioun maid in Cowpar of Fyffe

fol.164*a*

Richt famous pepill, 3e sall vndirstand
How þat ane prince richt wyiss and vigilent
Is schortly for to cum in to this land,
And purposs is to hald ane parliament.
His thre estaitis thairto hes done consent
In Cowpar toun in to thair best array,
With support of the Lord omnipotent,
And thairto hes affixt ane certane day.

With help of him that rewlis all abone
That day sal be within ane litill space.
Our purposs is on the sevint day of June,
Gif weddir serve and we haif rest and pece,
We sall be sene in till our playing place,
In gude array, abowt the hour of sevin.
Off thriftiness that day I pray 3ow ceiss:
Bot ordane ws gude drink aganis allevin.

Faill nocht to be vpone the castell hill
Besyd the place quhair we purpoiss to play.
With gude stark wyne 3our flacconis see 3e fill,
And hald 3our self the myrieast that 3e may.
Be not displeisit quhatevir we sing or say:

braid rownn: wide country; *plaid nuk:* fold in the plaid; *proclamatioun,* MS, *plocamatioun; Month:* Mount; *Cowpar of Fyffe:* Cupar in Fife; *Off thriftiness:* from work; *allevin:* eleven;

Amang sad mater howbeid we sumtyme relȝie
We sall begin at seuin houris of the day.
So ȝe keip tryist. Forswth, we sall nocht felȝie.

Cotter

I sal be thair, with Goddis grace,
Thocht thair war nevir so grit ane prese,
And formest in the fair;
And drink ane quart in Cowpar toun
With my gossep, Iohine Willamsoun,
Thocht all the nolt sowld rair.
I haif ane quick divill to my wyfe fol.164*b*
That haldis me evir in sturt and stryfe:
That warlo, and scho wist
That I wald cum to this gud toun
Scho wald call me fals ladrone loun,
And ding me in the dust.
We men þat hes sic wickit wyvis
In grit langour we leid our lyvis
Ay dreifland in diseiss.
ȝe preistis hes grit prerogatyvis
That may depairt ay fra ȝour wyvis
And cheiss thame ȝat ȝe pleiss:
Wald God I had þat liberty
That I micht pairt als weill as ȝe
Withowt the constry law.
Nor I be stickit with a knyfe,
For to wad ony vder wyfe
That day sowld nevir daw.

Nuntious

War thy wyfe deid I see thow wald be fane.

Cotter

ȝe, that I wald, sweit sir, be Sanct Fillane.

Nuntius

Wald thow nocht mary fra hand ane vder wyfe?

Cotter

Na than the dum divill stik me with ane knyfe.
Quha evir did mary agane the feind mot fang thame
Bot as the preistis dois ay stryk in amang thame.

Nuntius

Than thow mon keip thy chestety as effeiris.

---

relȝie: rail; *prese:* crowd; *gossep:* friend; *nolt:* cattle; *rair:* bellow; *warlo:* warlock; *ladrone loun:* rascally blackguard; *dreifland:* living miserably; *Nuntious:* messenger; *Fillane:* Fillan; *fra hand:* immediately; *fang:* take; *effeiris:* is proper;

Cotter
I sall leif chest as abbottis, monkis, and freiris.
Maister, quhairto sowld I my self miskary
Quhair I as preistis may swyve and nevir mary?

Wyfe
Quhair hes thow bene, fals ladrone loun?
Doyttand and drinkand in the toun,
Quha gaif the leif to cum fra hame?

Cotter
3e gaif me leif, fair lucky dame.

Wyfe
Quhy hes thow taryit heir sa lang?

Cotter fol.165*a*
I micht not thrist owtthrow the thrang
Till þat 3one man the play proclamit.

Wyfe
Trowis thow that day, fals cairle defamit,
To gang to Cowpar to see the play?

Cotter
3e, that I will deme, gif I may.

Wyfe
Na. I sall cum thairto sickerly,
And thow salt byd at hame and keip the ky.

Cotter
Fair lucky dame, that war grit schame
Gif I that day sowld byid at hame.
Byid 3e at hame, for cum 3e heir
3e will mak all the toun a steir.
Quhen 3e ar fow of barmy drink
Besyd 3ow nane may stand for stink.
Thairfoir byid 3e at hame þat day
That I may cum and see the play.

Wyfe
Fals cairle, be God, that sall thow nocht,
And all thy crackis sall be deir coft.
Swyth, cairle, speid the hame speidaly,
Incontinent, and milk the ky
And mvk the byre or I cum hame.

---

miskary: ill-treat; *swyve:* copulate; *thrist:* push; *cairle:* carl; *ky:* cattle; *a steir:* astir; *fow:* full; *crackis:* abusive attacks; *coft:* bought; *swyth:* quick; *incontinent:* immediately; *mvk:* clean out;

Cotter
All sal be done, fair lucky dame.
I am sa dry dame, or I gae
I mon ga drink ane penny or twae.

Wyfe
The divill a drew sall cum in thy throte.
Speid hand or I sall paik thy cote;
And to begin, fals cairle, tak thair ane plate.

Cotter
The feind ressaif the handis that gaif me that.
I beseik 3ow, for Goddis saik, lucky dame,
Ding me na mair this day till I cum hame.
Than sall I put me evin in to 3our will.

Wyfe
Or evir I stynt thow sall haif straikis thy fill.

Heir sall the wyfe ding the carle and he sall cry Goddis mercy.

[Cotter]
Now wander and wa be to thame all thair lyvis 95 fol.165*b*
The quhilk ar maryit with sic vnhappy wyvis.

Wyfe
I ken foure wyvis, fals ladrone loun,
Baldar nor I dwelland in Cowpar toun.

Cotter
Gif thay be war, ga thow and thay togidder;
I pray God nor the feind ressaif the fidder.

Fynlaw of the fute band
Wow, mary, heir is ane fellone rowt:
Speik, seris, quhat gait may I get owt?
I rew *þ*at I come heir.
My name, seris, wald 3e vndirstand?
They call me Findlaw of the fute band,
A nobill man of weir.
Thair is na fyifty in this land
Bot I dar ding thame hand for hand;
Se, sic ane brand I beir
Nocht lang sensyne besyd ane syik,
Vpoun the sonny syd of ane dyk,
I slew with my richt hand
Ane thowsand 3e, and ane thowsand to.

drew: drop; *speid hand:* make haste; *paik:* thrash; *wander:* misery; *war:* worse; *fidder:* the whole lot; *fute band:* infantry; *fellone rowt:* rascally band; *seris:* sirs; *gait:* way; *weir:* war; *brand:* sword; *sensyne:* since then; *syik:* stream;

My fingaris ȝit ar bludy, lo,
And nane durst me ganestand.
Wit ȝe it dois me mekill ill
That can nocht get fechting my fill,
Nowdir in peax nor weir.
Will na man for thair ladyis saikis
With me stryk twenty markit straikis
With halbart, swerd, or speir?
Quhen Inglismen come in to this land,
Had I bene thair with my bricht brand
Withowttin ony help,
Bot myn allane, on Pynky Craiggis
I sowld haif revin thame all in raggis,
And laid on skelp for skelp.
Sen nane will fecht I think it best
To ly doun heir and tak me rest,
Than will I think nane ill.
I pray the grit God, of his grace,
To send ws weir and nevir peace,
That I may fecht my fill.

Heir sall he ly doun.

The Fule

My Lord, be him that ware the croun of thorne,
A mair cowart was nevir sen God was borne. 135 fol. 166*a*
He lovis him self and vþir men he lakkis,
I ken him weill, for all his boistis and crakkis.
Howbeid he now be lyk ane captane cled
At Pyncky Clewch he was the first þat fled.
I tak on hand or I steir of this steid
This crakkand cairle to fle with ane scheip heid.

Here sall the auld man cum in leidand his wyfe in ane dance.

Bessy, my hairt, I mon ly doun and sleip,
And in myne arme se quyetly thow creip.
Bessy, my hairt, first lat me lok thy cunt,
Syne lat me keip the key, as I was wount.

Bessy

My gud husband, lock it evin as ȝe pleiss.
I pray God send ȝow grit honor and eiss.

Heir sall he lok hir cunt and lay the key vnder his heid: he sall sleip and scho sall sit besyd him.

---

markit: recorded; *Pynky Craiggis:* the battle of Pinkie Cleuch where the English defeated the Scots in 1547; *lakkis:* finds fault with; *steir:* move; *steid:* place; *crakkand:* boasting;

The Courteouer

Lusty lady, I pray 3ow hairtfully
Gif me licence to beir 3ow cumpany.
3e sie I am ane cumly courteour,
Quhilk nevir 3it did woman dishonour.

Marchand

My fair maistres, sweitar than the lammer,
Gif me licence to luge in to 3our chalmer.
I am the richest merchand in this toun:
3e sall of silk haif kirtill, hude and goun.

Clerk

I 3ow beseik, my lusty lady bricht,
To gif me leif to ly with 3ow all nicht,
And of 3our quomam lat me schut the lokkis;
And of fyne gold 3e sall ressaif ane box.

Fwill

Fair damesell, how pleiss 3e me!
I haif na mair geir nor 3e sie.
Swa lang as this may steir or stand
It sall be ay at 3our command.
Na it is the best þat evir 3e saw?

Bessy

Now welcome to me, aboif thame aw.
Was nevir wyf sa straitly rokkit;
Se 3e not how my cunt is lokkit? fol.166*b*

Fule

Thinkis he nocht schame, that brybor blunt,
To put ane lok vpoun 3our cunt?

Bessy

Bot se gif 3e can mak remeid,
To steill the key fra vndir his heid.

Fule

That sall I do, withowttin dowt.
Lat se gif I can get it owt;
Lo, heir the key, do quhat 3e will.

Bessy

Na than lat ws ga play our fill.

Heir sall thay go to sum quyet place.

---

lammer: amber; *quomam:* quim; *Fwill:* fool; *geir:* equipment; *aw:* all; *rokkit:* tied up; *brybor:* wretch; *blunt:* stupid;

Fynlaw of the fute band
Will nane with me in France go to *þe* weiris,
Quhair I am captane of ane hundreth speiris?
I am sa hardy, sturdy, strang, and stowt,
That owt of Hell the divill I dar ding owt.

Clerk
Gif thow be gude or evill I can not tell:
Thay ar not sonsy that so dois ruse thame sell.
At Pyncky Clewch I knew richt woundir weill
Thow gat na creddence for to beir a creill.
Sen sic as thow began to brawll and boist
The commoun weill of Scotland hes bene loist.
Thow cryis for weir, bot I think peax war best.
I pray to God till send ws peice and rest
On that conditioun that thow and all thy fallowis
War be the craiggis heich hangit on the gallowis
Quha of this weir hes bene the foundament.
I pray to the grit God omnipotent
That all the warld and mae mot on thame wounder
Or ding thame deid with awfull fyre of thunder.

Fynlaw
Domine doctor, quhair will ȝe preiche to morne?
We will haif weir, and all the warld had sworne.
Want we weir heir I will ga pass in France
Quhair I will get ane lordly governance.

Clerk
Sa quhat ȝe will, I think seuer peax is best;
Quha wald haif weir, God send thame littill rest.
Adew, crakkar, I will na langar tary:
I trest to see the in ane firy fary
I trest to God to see the and thy fallowis fol.167*a*
Within few dayis hingand on Cowpar gallowis.

Fyndlaw
Now art thow gane. The dum divill be thy gyd.
ȝone brybour was sa fleit he durst not byid.
Be Woundis and Passionis had he spokkin mair ane word
I sowd haif hackit his heid af with my swerd.

Heir sall the gudman walkin and cry for Bessy.

My bony Bessy, quhair art thow now?
My wyfe is fallin on sleip, I trow.
Quhair art thow Bessy, my awin sweit thing,
My hony, my hairt, my dayis darling?
Is thair na man that saw my Bess?

sonsy: lucky; *creill:* basket; *craiggis:* necks; *seuer:* secure; *firy fary:* great confusion; *brybour:* rascal; *fleit:* cowardly; *walkin:* waken;

I trow scho be gane to the mess.
Bessy, my hairt, heiris thow not me?
My joy, cry 'Peip', quhairevir thow be.
Allace for evir now am I fey,
For of hir cunt I tynt the key.
Scho may call me ane iufflane Iok;
Or I swyve I mon brek the lok.

Bessy
Quhat now, gudman, quhat wald 3e haif?

Awld man
No thing, my hairt, bot 3ow I craif:
3e haif bene doand sum bissy wark?

Bessy
My hairt, evin sewand 3ow ane sark
Of Holland claith baith quhyt and tewch:
Lat pruve gif it be wyid annewch.

Heir sall scho put the sark over his heid
and the Fuill sall steill in the key agane.

Awld [man]
It is richt verry weill, my hairt,
Oure Lady lat ws nevir depairt.
3e ar the farest of all the flok;
Quhair is the key, Bess, of my lok?

Bessy
3e reve, gudman, be Goddis breid,
I saw 3ow lay it vndir 3our heid.

Awld man
Be my gud faith, Bess, that is trew
That I suspectit 3ow, sair I rew. fol.167*b*
I trow thair be no man in Fyffe
That evir had sa gude ane wyfe.
My awin sweit hairt, I had it best
That we sitt doun and tak ws rest.

Fyndlaw
Now is nocht this ane grit dispyte
That nane with me will fecht nor flyte?
War Golias in to this steid
I dowt nocht to stryk of his heid.
This is the swerd that slew Graysteill
Nocht half ane myle be3ond Kynneill.

mess: mass; *fey:* doomed by fate; *iufflane:* ? bungling; *Or:* before; *sark:* shirt; *tewch:* tough, strong; *reve:* rave; *dispyte:* insult; *Golias:* Goliath; *Graysteill:* Sir Greysteel; *Kynneill:* Kinneil, Linlithgowshire;

I was that nobill campioun
That slew Ser Bewas of Sowthhamtoun:
Hector of Troy, Gawyne, or Golias
Had nevir half sa mekle hardiness.

Heir sall the Feule cum in with ane scheip heid on ane staff and Fynlaw sall be fleit.

Wow, wow, braid benedicitie,
Quhat sicht is 3one, seris, that I see?
In nomine Patris et Filij
I trow 3one be the spreit of Gy.
Na, faith, it is the spreit of Marling,
Or sum scho gaist, or Gyr Garling;
Allace, for evir, how sall I gyd me?
God sen I had ane hoill till hyd me;
But dowt, my deid 3one man hes sworne.
I trow 3one be grit Gowmakmorne.
He gaippis, he glowris. Howt, welloway!
Tak all my geir and lat me gay.
Quhat say 3e, ser, wald 3e have my swerd?
3e, mary, sall 3e, at the first word;
My gluvis of plait, and knapskaw to.
3our pressonar I 3ield me, lo.
Tak thair my purss, my belt, and knyfe,
For Goddis saik, maister, save my lyfe.
Na, now he cumis evin for to sla me:
For Godis saik, seris, now keip him fre me.
I see not ellis bot tak and slae.
Wow, mak me rowme and lat me gae.

Nuntius
As for this day I haif na mair to say 3ow.
On Witsone Tysday cum see our play, I prey 3ow;
That samyne day is the sevint day of Iune.
Thairfoir get vp richt airly and disiune; fol.168*a*
And 3e ladyis that hes na skant of leddir,
Or 3e cum thair, faill nocht to teme 3our bleddir.
I dreid, or we haif half done with our wark,
That sum of 3ow sall mak ane richt wait sark!

Bewas: Sir Bevis of Southampton, like the others listed, a hero of popular romance; *fleit:* frightened; *braid benedictie:* bless you; l.250: *In,* Bannatyne, *I; Gy:* Guy; *Marling:* Merlin; *Gyr Garling:* Gyre Carling; *Howt, welloway:* woe, alas; *mary:* marry; *knapskaw:* headpiece; *Witsone:* Whitsun; *disiune:* breakfast; *leddir:* leather, skin (fig.); *teme:* empty; *bleddir:* bladder; *wait:* wet; *sark:* shift;

Heir begynnis Ser Dauid Lyndsay's play, maid in the Grenesyd besyd Edinburgh, quhilk I writtin bot schortly be interludis, levand the grave mater þairof, becaws the samyne abvse is weill reformit in Scotland, praysit be God; quhairthrow I omittit that principall mater and writtin only sertane mirry interludis þairof, verry plesand, begynning at the first part of the play.

The Fader, foundar of faith and felicitie
That 3our fassone formit to his similitude;
And his Sone, 3our saluiour, scheild in necessitie,
That bocht 3ow frome bailis, ransonit on the rude,
Replegeing his prissonaris with his pretious blude;
The Haly Gaist, governour and grundar of grace, fol.168*b*
Of wisdome and weilfair baith fontane and flude,
Save 3ow all that I se seisit in this place,
And scheild 3ow fra syn,
And with his spreit 3ow enspyre.
Till I haif schawin my desyre.
Scilence, soveranis, I requyre,
For now I begyn.

Pausa.

Pepill, tak tent to me and hald 3ow coy.
Heir am I sent to 3ow, ane messingeir
Frome ane nobill and richt redowttit roy,
The quhilk hes bene absent this mony ane 3eir:
Humanitie, gif 3e his name wald speir,
Quha bad me schaw to 3ow, but variance,
That he intendis amang 3ow to compeir
With ane trivmphant awfull ordinance—
With croun and swerd and sceptour in his hand—

Temperit with mercy quhen penitence appeiris.
Howbeid þat he hes bene langtyme sleipand,
Quhairthrow misrewill hes rung thir mony 3eiris,
And innocentis bene brocht vpoun thair beiris
Be fals reportaris of this natioun.
Thocht 3ung oppressouris at the elderis leiris
Be now weill seur of reformatioun.

Lyndsay's: Bannatyne, *Lyndsay; Replegeing:* pledging; *seisit:* seated; *variance:* quarrel; *compeir:* appear; *ordinance:* sovereign authority; *rung:* reigned;

Se no misdoaris be so bawld
As to remane in to this hawld,
For quhy be him that Iudas sawld
Thay will be heich hangit.
Faithfull folk now may sing,
For quhy it is the bidding
Off my soverane, the king,
That na man be wrangit.
Thocht he ane quhyle was in his flowris
Be governit be trumpouris
And sumtyme to lufe parramowris,
Hald him excusit:
For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,
With Verety and Discretioun,
Thay will be baneist of the toun
Quhilk hes him abusit.

And heir be oppin proclamatioun
I warne, in name of his Magnificence,
The thre estaitis of this natioun
That thay compeir with detfull diligence,
And till his Grace mak thair obedience.
And first I warne the spritualitie,
And see the burges spair nocht for expence
Bot speid thame heir with temporalitie.
Als I beseik 3ow famous awditouris,
Convenit in to this congregatioun.
To be patient the space of certane howris
Till 3e haif hard our schort narratioun.
And als we mak 3ow supplicatioun
That no man tak our wordis in disdane,
Howbeid 3e heir, be lamentatioun,
The commoun weill richt petously complane.

Richt so the verteous lady Veretye,
Will mak ane peteous lamentatioun
And for the trewth scho will imprissonit bee,
And banissit a tyme owt of the toun.
And Chestety will mak hir narratioun,
How scho can get na lugeing in this land
Till that the hevinly knycht Correctioun,
Meit with our king and commoun hand till hand.

Prudent pepill, I pray 3ow all
Tak no man greif in speciall;
For we sall speik in generall
For pastyme and for play.
Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
And our mistonit songis be sung,

hawld: abode; *flowris:* flower of youth; *trumpouris:* tricksters, deceivers; *parramouris:* sexually; *detfull:* dutiful;

Lat every man keip weill his tung,
And every woman tway.

King

O Lord of lordis, and King of kingis all,
Omnipotent off power, Prince but peir,
Eterne rignand in gloir celestiall,
Vnmaid makar, quhilk, havand no mateir,
Maid hevin and erth, fyre, air, and watter cleir,
Send me the grace with peax perpetuall,
That I may rewill my realme to thy pleseir;
Syne bring my sawill to ioy angelicall.

Sen thow hes gevin me dominatioun,
And rewill of pepill subiect to my ceur,
Be I nocht rewlit be counsale and ressoun
In dignitie I may nocht lang indeur. fol.169*b*
I grant my stait my self may nocht asseur,
Nor 3it conserve my lyfe in sickernes:
Haif pety, Lord, of me thy createur,
Supportand me in all my bissines.

I the requeist, quhilk rent was on the rude,
Me till defend frome deidis of defame,
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saifgaird boith fra syn and schame.
I knaw my dayis indeuris bot a drame
Thairfoir, O Lord, hairtly I the exhort
Till gif me grace till vse my diadame
To thy plesour and to my grit confort.

Heir sall the King pass to royall sait and sit with ane grave countenance till Wantones cum.

[Wantones]

My soverane lord, and prince but peir,
Quhat garris 3ow mak sa dreiry cheir?
Be glaid sa lang as 3e ar heir
And pass tyme with plesour.
For als lang leivis the mirry man
As the sory, for ocht he can.
His banis bittirly sall I ban
That dois 3ow displesour.
Sa lang as Placebo and I
Remanis in to 3our cumpany
3our Grace sall leif richt mirrely,
Haiff 3e na dowt.
So lang as 3our Grace hes ws in ceure,
3our prudence sall want na pleseur;
War Sollace heir, I 3ow asseure
He wald reioss this rowt

drame: dream; *banis:* bones; *ban:* curse; *leif:* live;

Placebo

Gude bruder quhair is Solace,
The mirrour of all mirrenes?
I haif marvell, be the mess,
He taryis so lang.
Byd he away we ar bot schent;
I ferly how he fra ws went.
I trow he hes impediment
That lattis him to gang.

Wantones

I left Sollace, that loun,
Drinkand doun in to *þ*e toun.
It will coist him half ane croun
Thocht he had na mair!
And als he said he wald gang see
Fair Lady Sensualitie,
The beriall of bewtie
And portratour preclair.

Placebo

Be God I se him at the last,
As he war chessit rynnand fast,
He glowris evin as he war agast
Or fleid for ane gaist.
Na, he is druckin, I trow;
I persaive him weill fow;
I ken be his creische mow
He hes bene at ane feist.

Sollace

Wow, quha sa evir sic ane thrang?
Me thocht sum said I had gane wrang.
Had I help I wald sing ane sang
With ane mirry noyiss.
I haif sic plesour at my hairt
That garris me sing the tribill pairt.
Wald sum gude fallow fill the quairt,
That wald my hairt reioyss.
Howbeid my coit be schort and nippit,
Thankit be God, I am weill hippit;
Thocht all my gold may sone be grippit
In till ane penny purss.
Thocht I ane servand lang hes bene,
My purchess is nocht worth ane prene.
I may sing *Peblis on the Grene*
For ocht that I may turss.
Quhat is my name? Can 3e nocht gess?
Ken 3e nocht Sandy Sollace?

fol.170*a*

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schent: ruined; *lattis:* prevents; *beriall:* beryl; *portratour:* portraiture; *preclair:* famous; *fleid:* frightened; *druckin:* drunk; *fow:* full, drunk; *creische:* greasy; *mow:* mouth; *sa:* saw; *quairt:* quart pot; *prene:* pin; *turss:* stow away;

Thay callit my moder Bony Bess,
That dwelt betwene the Bowis.
Off twelf 3eir awld scho leird to swyve;
Thankit be the grit God of lyve
Scho maid me faderis four or fyve!
But dowt, this is na mowis;
Quhen ane was deid I gat ane vder.
Was nevir man had sa gud ane moder,
For scho hes maid me freindis ane fudder,
Off lawit and leirit.
Scho is baith wyiss, worthy, and wicht,
For scho spairis nowdir cuik nor knicht,
3e, four and twenty vpoun ane nicht
Thair ene scho bleirit,
And gif I ley, seris, 3e ma speir. fol.170*b*
Bot saw 3e nocht the king cum heir?
I am ane sportour and playfeir
To that 3ung king.
He said he wald within schort space,
To pass his tyme cum to this place.
I pray to God to gif him grace
And lang to ring.

Placebo
Sollace, quhy tareit thow so lang?

Sollace
The feind a faster I micht gang!
I micht not thrist owtthrow the thrang
Off wyvis fyftene fuder.
Than for to ryn I tuik ane rink,
Bot I felt nevir sic ane stink.
For our Lordis luve gif me ane drink,
Placebo, my bruder.

Heir sall Placebo gif Sollace ane drink.

King
My servand, Sollace, quhat gart 3ow tary?

Sollace
I wait nocht, ser, be sweit Sanct Mary
I haif bene in ane feryfary
Or ellis in till ane transs.
Schir, I haif sene, I 3ow asseur,
The farest erdly criateure
That evir was formit be nateur,
And moist till advance.
To luik on hir is grit delyte,

Bowis: Bows, streets so named; *leird:* learned; *na mowis:* no joke; *fudder:* large number; *lawit:* lay; *leirit:* learned; *ley:* lie; *speir:* ask; *playfeir:* playfellow; *fuder:* large numbers; *rink:* course; *feryfary:* confusion;

With lippis reid, and cheikis quhyte,
I wald gif all this warld quyte
To stand in hir grace.
Scho is wantone and scho is wyiss,
And cled vpoun the new gyiss;
It wald gar all 3our flesche arryiss
To luik on hir face.
Wer I ane king, it sowld be kend
I sowld not spair on hir to spend
And this same nicht for hir till send
For my plesour.
Quhatraik of 3our prosperetie
Gif 3e want Sensualitie?
I wald not gif ane flane fle
For 3our tresour.

King

Forswth, my freind, I think 3e ar nocht wyiss
Till counsale me to brek commandiment fol.171*a*
Directit be the Prince of Parradyiss,
Considering 3e knaw that myne entent
Is for till be to God obedient,
Quha dois forbid men to be licheruss.
Do I nocht so, perchance I sall repent.
Thairfoir I think 3our counsale odiuss
The quhilk 3e gif me till,
Becauss I haif bene to this dae
Tanquam tabula rasa,
Quhilk is als mekle for till sae
Rady for gud and ill.

Placebo

Beleif 3e that we will begyle 3ow?
Or frome 3our vertew for till wyil 3ow?
Or with evill counsale for till fyle 3ow
Bot in to gude and evill?
To tak 3our Gracis pairt we grant,
In all 3our deidis pairticipant,
So 3e be nocht ane ouir 3ung sanct
And syne ane awld divill.

(Wantones)

Beleif 3e, ser, that lichery be syn?
Na trow nocht that: this is my reasone quhy.
First at the Romane court will 3e begyn,
Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lichery,
Quhair cardinallis and bischoppis generaly
To luve ladyis thay think ane plesand sport;
And owt of Rome hes baneist Chestety,
Quha with our prellattis can get na resort.

quyte: completely; *gyiss:* fashion; *Quhatraik:* what matters it; *flane fle:* flayed fly; *Tanquam tabula rasa:* like a scraped tablet of wax, innocent;

(Sollace)
Schir, quhill 3e get ane prudent quene
I think 3our Maiesty serene
Sowld haif ane lusty concubene,
To play 3ow with all.
For I ken be 3our qualitie
3e want the gift of chestetie
Fall to in nomine Domini
For this is my counsall.

Placebo
Schir send furth Sandy Sollace,
Or ellis 3our myn3eoun Wantouness,
And pray my Lady Pryores
The swth till declair,
Gif it be syn to tak ane Katy
Or to leif lyk ane bummill baty;
The buik sayis, Ser, omne probate
And nocht for to spair.

Sollace
I speik, ser, vndir protestatioun
That none at me haif indignatioun, fol.171*b*
For all the prellattis of this natioun,
For the maist pairt,
Thay think na schame to keip ane heuir;
And sum hes thre vnder thair ceuir,
How this bene trew, I 3ow asseuir,
3e sall wit eftirwart.
Schir, knew 3e all the matar thrwch
To play 3e wald begyn:
Speir at the monkis of Balmirrynoch
Gif lichery be syn.

Heir sall entir Dame Sensualitie with hir madynnis, Hamelines and Denger.

Sensualitie
O luvaris walk, behald the fyrie speir;
Behald the naturall dochter of Venus;
Behald, luvaris, this lusty lady cleir,
The fresche fontane of knichtis amorus,
Quhat thay desyre in laitis delitius.
Or quha wald mak to Venus observance
In my mirthfull chalmer mellodiouss,
Thair sall thay fynd all pastyme and plesance.

in nomine Domini: in the name of the Lord; *myn3eoun:* minion; *Katy:* wench; *bummill baty:* simpleton; *omne probate:* try everything; *heuir:* whore; *Balmirrynoch:* Balmerino, near Cupar, where there was a Cistercian monastery of apparently ill repute; *walk:* wake; *laitis:* ways;

Behald my heid, behald my gay intyre,
Behald my hals, luffsum and lilly quhyte,
Behald my visage flammand as the fyre,
Behald my palpis of portratour perfyte.
To luik on me lovaris hes grit dellyte:
Richt so hes all the kingis of christindome.
To thame I haif done plesouris infinyte
And specialy vnto the court of Rome.

Ane kiss of me war worth in ane morrowing
Ane myl3eoun of gold to knicht or king;
And 3it I am of nateur so towart
I latt no lovaris pass with sorry hairt.
Of my name, wald 3e witt the verretye?
Forswth thay call me Sensualitye.
I hald it best now, or we forder gang,
To Dame Venus latt ws go sing ane sang.

Hamelines

Madame, but tayreing,
For to serve Venus deir
We sall pass in and sing:
Cum on, sister Dengeir.

Danger

Sister I was nevir sweir
To Venus observance,
Howbeid I mak dangeir,
3it be continewance
Men may haif thair plesance.
Thairfoir lat no man fray;
We will tak it, perchance,
Howbeid that we say nay.

Hamelynes

Sister, cum on ouir way,
And lat ws not think lang,
In all the haist we may
To sing Venus ane sang.

Danger

Sistir, to sing this sang we mannot
Withowt the help of gud Fund Ionnet.
Fund Ionet, how cum tak a pairt.

Fund Ionnat

That sall I do, with all my hart.
Sister, howbeid þat I am hess,
I am content to beir ane bess.
3e twa sowld luf me as 3our lyif:

palpis: breasts; l.574, Bannatyne, *ling;* 1602 text, *sing;* *sweir:* disinclined; *fray:* fear; *Fund Ionnet:* Foundling Janet; *hess:* hoarse; *bess:* bass;

ȝe knaw I leird ȝow baith to swyif
In my chalmer, ȝe wait weill quhair.
Sen syne the feind a man I spair.

Hamelines
Fund Ionat, fy, ȝe ar to blame!
To speik fowill wordis, think ȝe na schame?

Fund Ionatt
Thair is ane hunder heir sittand by
That luvis iaping als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in prevetie.
Bot quha begynnis the sang lat sie.

Wantounes
I trow, ser, be the Trinitie,
ȝone same is Sensualite,
Gif it be scho, sone sall I see
That soverane serene.

Heir sall Wantones ga spy thame and cum agane to þe king.

King
Quhat war thay ȝone, to me declair?

Wantounes
Dame Sensualitie, baith gude and fair.

Placebo
Schir, scho is mekill till advance,
For scho can baith sing and dance,
That patrone of plesance,
The perle of pulchritude.
Soft as silk is hir lyre,
Hir hair lyk the gold wyre;
My hairt birnys in ane fyre.
Schir, be the rude,
I think that fre sa woundir fair
I wait weill scho hes na compair.
War ȝe weill lernit at luvis lair,
And syne had hir sene,
I wate, be cokkis passioun, fol.172*b*
ȝe wald mak supplicatioun
And spend on hir ane milȝeoun
Hir luve till obtene.

Sollace
Quhat say ȝe, ser, ar ȝe content
That scho cum heir incontinent?

lyre: skin; *be cokkis passioun:* by God's passion; by cock's passion, a perversion

Quhat waillis 3our kingdome, and 3our rent,
And all 3our grit tressour,
Withowt 3e haif ane mirry lyfe
And cast assyd all sturt and stryfe?
And so lang as 3e want ane wyfe,
Schir, tak 3our plesour.

King

Gif it be trew, that 3e me tell,
I will na langer tary.
I will gang preif that play my sell,
Howbeid the warld me wary.
Als fast as 3e may cary,
Speid 3ow with diligence.
Bring Sensualitie
Fra hand to my presence.
Forswth, I wait not how it standis
Bot, sen I hard of 3our tythandis,
My body trymblis, feit and handis,
And sumtyme het as fyre.
I trow Cupido with his dart
Hes woundit me owtthrwche the hart;
My spreit will fra my body part
Get I nocht my desyre.
Pass on away with diligence,
And bring hir heir to my presence.
Spair nocht for travell nor expence;
I cair for na coist.
Pass 3our way, Wantouness,
And tak with 3ow Sollace,
And bring that lady to this place,
Or ellis I am loist.

Command me to that sweit thing,
And hir present this riche ring,
And say I ly in languissing
Bot scho mak remeid.
With siching soir I am bot schent
Withowt scho cum incontinent
My grit langour for to relent,
And saif me fra deid.

Wantounes

Or 3e tuik skaith, be Godis croun,
I leuer thair was not vp and doun
Ane tvme cunt in all this toun,
Nor ten mylis abowt.
Dowt not, ser, bot 3e will get hir; fol.173*a*
We sal be fery for to fet hir,

waillis: avails; *wary:* curse; *fra hand:* forthwith; *Command:* commend; l.663: *cum,* MS. is obscure; *skaith:* harm; l.667: Bannatyne, *leir;* l.1602 text, *leuer:* had rather; *tvme:* unused; *fery:* active;

Bot we wald speid far the bettir
To gar our purss rowt.

Sollace
Schir, lat na sorrow in 3ow sink,
Bot gif ws duccattis for to drink,
And we sall nevir sleip a wink,
Till it be bak or age;
3e knaw weill, ser, we haif na cun3ie.

King
Sollace, þat sal be na sun3ie,
Beir thow that bag vpoun thy lun3ie
And win weill thy wage.
I pray 3ow speid 3ow sone agane.

Wantounes
3e, of this fang, ser, we ar fane.
We sall nowdir spair for wind nor rane
Till our day wark be done.
Fairweill, for we ar at the flicht.
Placebo rewill ouir roy at richt,
We sal be heir, man, or midnicht
Thocht we merche with the mone.

Heir sall thay depairt, singand mirrelly.

Wantounes
Pastyme with plesour and grit prosperitie
Be to 3ow, soverane Sensualitie.

Sensualitie
Sirss, 3e ar wylcum, quhair go 3e eist or west?

Wantounes
In faith, I trow we be at the farrest.

Sensualitie
Quhat is 3our name, I pray 3ow that declair.

Wantounes
Mary, Wantounes, the kingis secretair.

Sensualitie
Quhat king is that quhilk hes sa gay ane boy?

Wantounes
Humanitie, that richt redowttit roy,
Quha dois commend him to 3ow hairtfully,
And sendis 3ow heir a ring with ane ruby

rowt: jingle; *bak or age:* back or edge; till the business is done; *cun3ie:* coin; *sun3ie:* cause for delay; *lun3ie:* back; *fang:* booty; *the farrest:* the furthest point, destination;

In takin that, abufe all creatour,
He hes chosin 3ow to be his paramour.
He bad ws say that he wil be bot deid
Withowt þat 3e mak hestelly remeid.

Sensualitie
Quhat can I help, howbeit he sowld forfair?
3e ken richt weill I am na medcynnair.

Sollace
3is, lusty laidy, thocht he war nevir so seik,
I wait 3e beir his helth in to 3our breik.
Ane kiss of 3ow in to ane morrowing
Till his seiknes micht be grit conforting.
And als he makis 3ow supplicatioun fol.173*b*
This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

Sensualitie
I thank his Grace of his benivolence.
Gude serris, I sall be reddy evin fra hand.
In me thair sal be fund na negligence,
Boith nicht and day quhen his Grace will demand.
Pass 3e befoir and say I am cumand
And thinkis richt lang to haif of him ane sicht.
And I to Venus makis ane faythfull band
That in his armes I think to ly all nicht.

Wantones
That sal be done bot 3it, or I hyne pass,
Heir I protest for Hamelines, 3our lass.

Sensualitie
Scho sal be at command, ser, quhen 3e will:
I trest scho sall fynd 3ow flynging 3our fill.

Wantounes
Hay, for ioy now I dance:
Tak thair ane gawmond of France.
Am I not wirdy till avance,
And ane gud page,
That sa spedely can rin,
To tyist my maister to sin.
The diuill ane groit he will win
Off this mariage.
I rew, be sweit Sanct Michaell,
Nor I had previt hir my sell,
For quhy, 3one king, be Brydis bell,
Kenis na mair ane cunt
Nor dois the noveis of ane freir.

forfair: perish; *breik:* breach; *mak collatioun:* take refreshment; *band:* bond; l.721: *Hamelines;* Bannatyne, *hameles; gawmond:* gambol, dance; *wirdy:* worthy; *tyist:* entice; *be Brydis bell:* by St. Bride's bell;

It war almouss to pull my eir
That wald not preive 3one gayis geir;
Fy, þat I am sa blunt.
I think this day to win thank.
Hay, as ane brydlit catt I brank,
I haif wreistit my schank.
Be Sanct Michaell,
Quhilk of my leggis, as 3e trow,
Was it þat I hurt now?
Quhairto sowld I speir at 3ow?
Me think thame baith haill.
Gude morrow, Maistir, be the mess.

King

Wylcum my myn3eoun Wantouness.
How hes thow fairin in thy travell?

Wantounes

Richt weill, be him þat herreit Hell,
3our eirand is weill done. fol.174*a*

King

Than, Wantounes, full weill is me,
For thow hes saird beth meit and fee,
Be him þat maid the mone.
Thair is ane thing þat I wald speir:
How sall I do quhen scho cumis heir?
For I knaw nocht the craft perqueir
Off luvis gyn;
Thairfoir at lenth 3e mon me leir
How to begyn.

Wantounes

Kiss hir, and clap hir, and be nocht affeird.
Scho will not hurt, thocht 3e hir kiss a span within the beird.
And gif 3e se scho thinkis schame, than hyid the bairnis ene
With hir taill, and tent hir weill; 3e wat quhat I mene.
Will 3e gif me leif, ser, first till go to,
And I sall ken 3ow the kewis how 3e sall do?

King

God forbid, Wantounes, that I gif the leif:
Thow art ouir perrellus ane pege sic practikkis to preif!

Wantounes

Now, ser, preve as 3e pleiss. I se hir cummand.
Ordour 3ow with gravety, and we sall be 3ow stand.

---

almouss: a good deed; *blunt:* stupid; *brank:* prance; *wreistit:* twisted; *travell:* travail; *saird:* deserved; *meit and fee:* payment; *perqueir:* by heart; *gyn:* skill; *taill:* skirt; *tent:* hold; *kewis:* cues;

Heir sall Sensualitie cum to the king and say:

O Venus goddes, vnto thy celsitude
I gife lawid, gloir, honour and reverence,
Quhilk granttit me sic perfyte pulchritude
That princis of my persone hes plesance.
I mak ane vow, with humill observance,
Richt reverently thy tempill to visie,
With sacrifice vnto thy deitie.

To every stait I am so aggreable
That few or none refusis me at all.
Paipis, patriarkis, nor prellattis venerable,
Commoun pepill, nor princis temporall,
Bot subiect all to me, Dame Sensuall.
So sall it be ay quhill the warld enduris,
And specially quhair 3owtheid hes the curis.
Quha knawis the contrair?
I trest few in this cumpany,
Wald thay declair the verety,
Vnthrald to sensualatye,
Bot with me makis repair.

Bot now my way I mon advance
Till ane prince of pissance,
Quhilk 3ung men hes in govirnance, fol.174*b*
Rolland in his rage.
I am richt glaid, I 3ow asseuir,
That potent prince to get in ceuir,
Quha is of lustines the luir,
And moist of curage.

Heir sall scho mak reverence and say:

O potent Prince, of pulchritude preclair,
God Cupido preserve 3our Celsitude;
And Dame Venus mot keip 3our corss fra cair
As I wald scho did keip my awin hairt blude.

King

Wylcum to me, perles of pulchritude;
Wylcum to me, thow sweittar nor the lammer,
Quhilk hes me maid of all dollour denude.
Sollace, convoy this lady to my chalmer.

Heir sall scho pass to the chalmer and say:

I ga this gait with richt gude will.
Ser Wantounes, tary 3e still:
Lat Hamelenes the cop fill
And beir 3ow cumpany.

pissance: puissance; *Rolland in his rage:* luxuriating in folly; *luir:* lure; *lammer:* amber;

Hamelines
That sall I do, withowttin dowt,
For he and I sall play cop owt.

Wantounes
Now, lady, len me thy batty towt.
Fill in, for I am dry.
3our dame be this, trewly,
Hes gottin vpoun the gwmmis.
Quhatraik thocht 3e and I
Go ione our iusting lwmes?

Hamelines
I am content, with richt gud will,
Quhen evir 3e ar reddy,
All 3our plesour to fulfill.

Wantounes
Now weill said, be our leddy,
I will beir my maister cumpany
Till þat I may endeur.
Gife he be wiskand wanttonly,
We sall fling on the fleuir.

Heir sall thay pass all to the chalmer and Gude Counsale sall say:

Immortall God, moist of magnificence,
Quhois maiesty no clerk can comprehend,
Saif 3ow my sen3eouris, that givis sic awdience,
And grant 3ow grace never till him offend
Quhilk on the croce did wilfully ascend fol.175*a*
And sched his pretious bluid on every syde;
Quhois petious passioun frome feindis 3ow defend
And be 3our gratius govenour and gyd.
Considder my soveranis, I 3ow beseik
The caussis moist principall of my heir cuming.
Princis nor potestattis ar not worth a leik
Be thay nocht gyddit be grace and governyng:
Thair was nevir empriour, conquerour, or king,
Withowt my wisdome micht availl thair weill to awance.
My name is Gude Counsale, withowt fen3eing;
Lordis for lack of my law ar brocht till mischance.
And so, for conclusioun,
Quho gydis thame not be gud counsale,
All in vane is thair travell,
And fynally fortoun sall thame faill,
And bring thame to confusioun.
And this I vndirstand,

play cop owt: carouse; *batty towt:* ? drinking cup; *gottin vpoun the gwmmis:* got upon the gome, having sexual intercourse; *Quhatraik:* what does it matter; *ione:* join; *lwmes:* limbs; *wiskand:* moving;

For I haif maid residence
With princis of pissance
In Ingland, Italy, and France,
And mony vþir land.
Bot owt of Scotland, allace,
I haif bene benneist lang space,
That gart ouir gydaris want grace
And dy lang or thair day.
Becauss thay lichtlyit gude counsale
Fortoun turnit on thame hir saill,
Quhilk brocht this realme to mekill baill;
Quha can the contrair say?
My lordis, we come not heir to lye.
Way is me for King Humanitie,
Ouirsett with Sensualitye
In his first begynning,
Thruche vicious counsale insolent.
So thay may get riches or rent,
Of his weilfair thay tak no tent,
Nor quhat sall be the ending.
3it, in this realme I wald mak sum repair
Gif I belevit my name sowld not forfair.
For, wald this king be 3it gyddit with resoun
And of misdoaris mak pvnissioun,
Howbeid þat I langtyme hes bene exylit,
I trest in God my name sowld 3it be stylit.
So, till I se God send mair of his grace,
I purpoiss till repoiss me in this place.

Heir I omit the nixt mater following, becauss it is writtin heirefter in the leif quhair Flattry enterris. Now enteris Dame Chestetie.

Heir sall Dame Chestety pass and seik lugeing athort all the sprituall estait and temporall estait quhill scho cum to the sowttar and teil3eour and say: fol.175*b*

Chestety

3e men of craft, of grit ingyne,
Gif me harbry, for Chrystis pyne,
And win Goddis bennyssone and myne,
And help my hungry hairt.

Sowttar

Wylcum, be him þat maid the mone,
Till dwell with ws till it be Iune.
We sall mend baith 3our hoiss and schone,
And planely tak 3our pairt.

---

baill: woe; *Way:* woe; *stylit:* named, recognised; *athort:* abroad; *sowttar:* cobbler; *teil3eour:* tailor; *ingyne:* ability; *harbry:* lodging; *bennyssone:* blessing;

Taiłȝeour
Is this fair Ledy Chestety?
Now wylcum, be the Trinitie.
I think it war a grit pitie
That ȝe sowld ly thairowt.
ȝour grit displisour we forthink.
Sit doun, madame, and tak a drink;
And lat na sorrow in ȝow sink,
Bot lat ws play cop owt.

Sowttar
Fill in and drink abowt,
For I am wounder dry.
The divill snyp of thair snowt
That haitis this cumpany.

Heir sall thay gar Chestety sit doun and drink:

Iynny
Mynny, how, mynny, mynny!

Taiłȝouris Wyfe
Quhat wald thow my deir dochter Ienny?
Ienny, my ioe, quhat dois thy daddy?

Ienny
Mary, drinkand with a lusty laiddy,
Ane fair ȝung madin cled in quhyt,
Off quhome my daiddy takkis delyt.
I trest, gif I can rakin richt,
Scho schaipis to luge with thame all nicht.

Sowttaris Wyfe
Quhat dois the sowttar, my gudman?

Ienny
Mary, fillis the cop and temiss the can.
Or ȝe cum hame, be God, I trow
He sal be druckin lyk a sow.

Taiłȝeouris Wyfe
This is ane grit dispyt, I think,
For to ressaif sic ane cowclynk.
Quhat is ȝour counsall þat we do?

Sowttaris Wyfe
Cummar this is my counsall, lo, fol.176*a*
Ding ȝe the ane and I the vder!

---

forthink: regret; *mynny:* mother; *ioe:* joy; *temiss:* empties; *cowclynk:* prostitute; *cummar:* gossip;

Tailȝeouris Wyfe
I am content, be Goddis Moder.
I think, for me, thay hursoun smaikis
Thay serve richt weill to get thair paikis.
Quhat, maister feind, neidis all this haist?
For it is half a ȝeir almaist
Sen evir that loun laborit my leddir.

Sowteris Wyfe
God nor my trucour menss a tedder
For it is mair nor fourty dayis
Sen evir he cleikit vp my clayis;
And last, quhen I gat chalmer glew,
That fowill sowttar began to spew,
And now thay will sitt doun to drink
In cumpany with ane ȝung kowclink.
Gif thay haif done sic dispyte,
Lat ws go ding thame quhill thay dryte.

Tailȝeouris Wyfe
Go hence, harlot. How durst thow be so bawld
To luge with oure gudmen but our licence?
I mak ane vow, till him þat Iudas sawld,
This rok of myne sal be thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name, duddroun, with diligence.

Chaistety
Mary, Chestety is my name, be Sanct Blayis.

Tailȝeouris Wyfe
I pray God nor he wirk on the vengence
For I luvit nevir chestety all my dayis.

Sowttaris Wyfe
Bot, my gudeman, the trewith I say the till,
Garris me keip chestety sair aganis my will.
Becauss that monstour he hes maid sic ane mynt
With my bedstaff that dastard beiris ane dynt
And als I vow, cum thow this gait agane,
Thy buttokkis sal be beltit, be Sanct Blane.

Tailȝeouris Wyf
Fals hursone cairle, but dowt thow sall forthink
That evir thow eit or drank with ȝone cowclink.

---

hursoun: whoreson; *smaikis:* wretches; *paikis:* thrashings; *laborit my leddir:* had sexual intercourse with me; *trucour:* deceiver; *menss:* grace; *tedder:* gallow's rope; *cleikit:* lifted; *clayis:* clothes; *chalmer glew:* chamber glee; l.926: Bannatyne, *cowcling:* 1602 text, *kowclink; dryte:* shit; *duddroun:* slut; *Sanct Blayis:* St. Blair; *maid sic ane mynt:* made such a mess with, spoilt; *bedstaff:* staff used in bedmaking, here, penis; *forthink:* repent;

Sowteris Wyfe
I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispynane
I sal be wrockin on thy graceles gane
And, to begin the play, tak thair a platt.

Sowttar
The feind ressaif the handis that gaif me that.

Sowttaris Wyfe
Quhat now, hursone, begynnys thow for to ban?
Tak thair ane vddir vpoun thy peild harne pan.
Quhat now, cummer, will thow not tak a pairt?

Tailȝeouris Wyfe
That sall I do, cummer, be Goddis hairt.

Heir thay sall ding thair gudmen.

Tailȝeour fol.176*b*
Allace, gossop, allace, how standis it with ȝow?
ȝone cankert carling, allace, hes brokin my brow.
Now weilis ȝow preistis, weilis ȝow in all ȝour lyvis,
That ar nocht waddit with sic wicket wyvis.

Sowttare
Bischopis ar blist, howbeit þat we be wareit,
For thay may fuck thair fill and nocht be mareit.
Gossop, allace, that blak band we may wary
That ordanit sic peur men as we to mary.
Quhat may be done bot tak in pacience
And on all wyvis to cry ane lowid vengence?

Heir sall the wyvis stand be the water syd and say:

Sowtaris Wyfe
Sen of our cairlis we haif the victory,
Quhat is ȝour counsale, cummar, þat be done?

Tailȝeouris Wyfe
Send for gude wyne, and hald ws blyth and mirry:
I hald þat best, gude cummer, be Sanct Clone.

Sowtaris Wyfe
Cummar, will ȝe draw of my hoiss and schone:
To fill the quart I sall ryn to the toun.

Tailȝeouris Wyfe
That sall I do, be him þat maid the mone,

Sanct Crispynane: St. Crispin; *wrockin:* avenged; *gane:* ugly face; *platt:* blow; *ban:* curse; *peild:* bald; *harne pan:* brain box; *cankert:* spiteful; *carling:* old woman; *weilis:* happy are; *waddit:* wedded; *wareit:* accursed; *Sanct Clone:* St. Clune;

With all my hairt. þairfoir, cummar, sit doun,
Kilt up 3our clais abone 3our waist,
And speid 3ow hame agane in haist,
And I sall provyd for a paist,
Our corssis to confort.

Sowteris Wyfe
Than help me for to kilt my clais.
Quhat and the paddois nipt my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
Withowt I get support.
Cummar, I will nocht droun my sell:
I will go be the castell hill.

Tail3eouris Wyfe
I am content, be Bryddis bell,
Sa 3e haist 3ow, go quhair 3e will.

Heir sall thay depairt and Diligence sall say:

Madame, quhat garris 3ow gang sa lait?
Tell me how 3e haif done debait
With the temporall and spriruall stait.
Quha did 3ow maist kyndnes?

Chaistetie
In faith, I fand bot ill and war,
That gart me stand frome thame a far,
Evin lyke a beggar at the bar,
And flemit me moir and less.

Finis of this first interlude: and followis The Peur Man and the Pardonnar.

fol.177*a*

Heir followis certane mirry and sportsum interludis contenit in the play maid be Ser Dauid Lindsay of the Month, Knycht, in the Playfeild of Edinburcht to the mocking of abusionis vsit in the cuntre be diuerss sortis of estait.

Heir sall entir the peur man.

Off 3our almous, gude folkis, for Goddis luve of Hevin,
For I haif moderles bairnis owþir sex or sevin.
Gife 3e will gif na gude for luve of sweit Iesus
Wiss me the richt way to Sanct Andrus.

paist: pastry; *paddois:* toads; *war:* worse; *flemit:* banished;

Diligence sayis:
Quhair haife we gottin this gudly companȝioun?
Swyth, furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place
Quhen sic ane wyld beggar kerle may get entres.
Fy on ȝow, officiaris, that mendis not thir failȝeis;
I gif ȝow all to the diuill, baith provest and bailleis
Withowt ȝe cum sone and chace this cairle away,
The diuill a word ȝe get of sport or play.
Fals hursone, raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?

Peurman
Quhae devill maid ȝow a gentillman wald nocht
stow ȝour luggis?

Diligence
Quhat now? Methink this cullroun cairle
begynnis to crak,
Swyth, kerle, away. Or be this day I sall brek thy bak.

Heir sall the carle clym vp and sit in the kingis chyre.

Cum doun, or be Godis croun, theif loun, I sall slay the.

Peurman fol.177*b*
Now sweir be thy brunt schynnis. The divill ding
thame fray the.
Quhat say ȝe, be thir court knavis? Be thay gett haill claiss,
Sa sone thay leir to ban, to sweir and trip on their taiss.

Diligence
Methocht the cairle me callit knave, evin in my face.
Be Sanct Fillane thow salt be slane bot gife
thow ask grace.
Lowp, or be the gude Lord thow salt loiss thy heid.

Peurman
ȝit sall I drink or I ga, thocht thow had sworne my deid.

Heir he takkis away the ledder.

Diligence
Lowp now, gif thow list, for thow hes loist the ledder.

Peurman
It is full weill thy kynd to lowp and licht in a tedder;
Thow sal be fane to fetche agane the ledder or I lowp.
I sall sitt heir in to this chyre, till I haif towmit this stowp.

---

failȝeis: shortcomings; *ruggis:* tear at; *stow:* cut off; *luggis:* ears; *cullroun:* rascally; *rubric:* Bannatyne, *chy;* 1602 text, *tchyre; brunt:* burnt; *schynnis:* shins; *ban:* curse; *taiss:* toes; *tedder:* gallow's rope; *stowp:* pint measure;

Heir sall the karle lowp of the caffald.

Diligence
Swyth, beggir bogill, haist the away;
Thow art our perte to spill the proces of our play.

Peurman
I will not gif for ȝour play nocht a fulis fart,
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.

Diligence
Quhat diuill allis the cowid carle?

Peurman
Mary, mekle sorrow.
I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg nor to borrow.

Diligence
Quhair dwellis thow, dyvour, or quhat is thyn entent?

Peurman
I dwell in to Lowthiane, a myle bot fra Tranent.

Diligence
Quhair wald thow be, karle? The swth to me schaw.

Peurman
Schir evin at Sanct Andrus, for to seik law.

Diligence
To seik law in Edinburgh is the narrest way.

Peurman
Schir, I haif socht law thair this mony a deir day,
Bot I cowld nevir find law at sessioun or senȝie.
Thairfoir the mekle dun divill droun all that menȝie.

Diligence
Schaw to me thy mater, man, with all sircumstance,
How thow hes hapinit this vnhappy chance.

Peurman fol.178*a*
Gude man, will ȝe gife me of ȝour chirretie
And I sall declair to ȝow the blak veritie.
My fader was ane awld man and ane hair,
And was of aige fourscoir ȝeiris and mair,
And Mald, my moder, was fourscoir and fyiftene,
And with my labour I did thame baith sustene.
We had a meir that careit salt and coill,

caffald: scaffold, dais; *bogill:* bogey; *perte:* presumptuous; *cowid:* cropped; *dyvour:* bankrupt; *senȝie:* consistory court; *hair:* hoary; *meir:* mare; *coill:* coal;

And everilk ȝeir scho brocht ws hame a foill.
We had thre ky, that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydiar hyne to þe toun of Air.
My fader was sa waik of bluide and bane
He dyit, quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane.
Than scho deit to within ane olk or two,
And thair began my poverty and wo.
Our gud gray meir was baitand on the feild,
Oure landis laird tuik hir for his hereȝeild;
Oure vicar tuik the best kow be the heid,
Incontinent, quhen my fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how þat my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane vther.
Than Meg my wyfe did mvrne baith evin and morrow,
Till at the last scho deit for verry sorrow.
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyf was deid,
The thrid kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair vmuest clais quhilk was of roploch gray,
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away.
Quhen þat was gane, I micht mak no debait;
Bot with my bairnis past for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tald ȝow the blak verritie,
How I am brocht to this miseritie.

Diligence
How did the persone? Was he not thy gud freind?

Peurman
How? The diuill stik him. He curst me for my teind;
And haldis me ȝit vndir the same proces,
That gart me want my sacrament at Pess.
In gudfaith, ser, thocht ȝe wald cutt my thrott,
I haif no geir except ane Inglis grott,
Quhilk I purpoiss to gif ane man of law.

Diligence
Thow art the daftest fule that evir I saw.
Trewis thow, man, be the law to gett remeid
Of men of kirk? Na nevir till thow be deid.

Peurman
Schir, be quhat law tell me quhairfoir or quhy
That our vicar sowld tak fra me thre kye?

Diligence
Thay haif na law except ane conswetude,
Quhilk law to thame is sufficient and gude.

---

tydiar: fuller-uddered; *olk:* week; *baitand:* grazing; *hereȝeild:* heriot tax; *kow:* the ecclesiastical death tax whereby, for each death in the family, the vicar took a cow; *cleikit:* took; *vmuest:* outer; *roploch:* homespun woollen cloth; *persone:* parson; *curst:* cursed (excommunicated); *teind:* tithe; *Pess:* Easter; *grott:* groat; *conswetude:* custom;

Peurman

Ane conswetude aganis the commoun weill
Sowld be no law, I think, be sweit Sanct Ieill.
Quhair will 3e find that law, tell gif 3e can
To tak thre ky fra ane peur husbandman?
Ane for my fader, and for my wyfe ane vder,
And the thrid cow he twke for Meg, my moder.

Diligence

It is thair law all þat thay haif in vse,
Thocht it be kow, sow, ganar, gryce, or gwse.

Peurman

Ser, I wald speir at 3ow ane questioun.
Behald sum prellattis of this regioun:
Manifestly during thair lusty lyvis
Thay swyve ladeis, madinis, and menis wyvis,
And so thair cuntis thay haif in conswetude.
Quhidder say 3e, that law is evill or gude?

Diligence

Hald thy tung, man. It semis that thow art mangit;
Speik thow of preistis, but dowt thow wilt be hangit.

Peurman

Be him that beure the crewall croun of thorne
I cair not to be hangit, evin the morne.

Diligence

Be sure of preistis thow will get na support.

Peurman

Gif that be trew, the feind ressaif the sort.
So, sen I se I get non vþer grace,
I will ly doun and rest me in this place.

Heir sall the peurman ly doun in feild
and the pardonar sall cum in and say:

Devoit pepill, gudday, a say 3ow,
Now tary a lytill quhyll, I pray 3ow,
Till I be with 3ow knawin:
Wait 3e not weill how I am nemmit?
A nobill man and vndefamit,
And all the swth war schawin.
I am Ser Robert Romerakar,
Ane publict perfyte pardonar,
Admittit be the paip.
Schir, I sall schaw 3ow, for my wage,
My pardonis and my prevelage,
Quhilk 3e sall se and graip.

fol. 179*a*

Sanct Ieill: St. Giles; *ganar:* gander; *gryce:* pig; *gwse:* goose; *mangit:* stupid;

I gif to the divill, with gud entent,
This wofull wicket New Tessment,
With thame that it translaittit.
Sen lawit men knew the veritie,
Pardonaris gettis no cherretie,
Withowt that we debaitit
Amangis the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis,
As all my marrowis men begylis
Be our fair fals flattry.
3e, all the craftis I can perqueir,
Richt weill informit be a freir
Callit Ypocrasy.
Bot now, allace, our grit abusioun
Is cleirly knawin, to our confusioun,
Quhilk I may sair rapent.
Off all creddence now am I quyt;
Ilk man hes me now at dispyte
That reidis the New Testment.
Wander be to thame þat it wrocht,
Swa fall thame þat the Buik hame brocht.
Als I pray to þe rude
That Martyne Luter, that fals loun,
Bullengerus and Melanctoun,
Had bene smord in thair cwde.
Be him þat bere the croun of thorne,
I wald Sanct Pawle had nevir bene borne;
And als I wald his buikis
War nevir red in to the kirk,
Bot amang freiris into þe mirk,
Or revin amang the ruikis.

Heir sall he lay doun his wairis vpoun the burde.

My potent pardonis, 3e ma see,
Cum fra the Can of Tartarie,
Weill seilit with oster schellis.
Thocht 3e haif no discretioun,
3e sall haif full remissioun
With help of buikis and bellis.
Heir is a rillik, lang and braid, fol.179*b*
Of Fyn Makowll the richt chaft blaid,
With teith and all togidder,
Off Collingis kow heir is a horne:
For eitting of Makconnellis corne,
Was slane in to Baquhidder.
Heir is the coirdis, baith grit and lang,

Wander: misery; *Bullengerus:* Heinrich Bullinger; *Melanctoun:* Philip Melanchthon; (both, like Luther, leaders of the Reformation); *mirk:* darkness, obscurity; *burde:* table; *Can of Tartarie:* Khan of Tartary (symbolising the devil); *oster schellis:* oyster shells (a pilgrim's badge); *rillik:* relic; *Fyn Makowll:* Fyn MacCoul (Celtic lord); *richt:* real; *chaft blaid:* jaw bone;

Quhilk hangit Ionnye Armestrang,
Of gud hempt, soft and sound.
Gude haly pepill I stand ford:
Quha ever beis hangit in this cord
Neidis nevir to be drownd.
The culum of Sanct Brydis cow;
The grunttill of Sanct Antonis sow,
Quhilk bure his haly bell:
Quha evir heiris this bell clynk,
Gife me a duccat to the drink,
He sall nevir gang till Hell,
Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
Maisteris, trow ȝe þat this be scorne?
Cum win this pardone, cum.
Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hairt,
I haif power thame to depairt.
Me think ȝow deif and dum.
Hes nane of ȝou curst wickett wyvis,
That haldis ȝow in to sturt and stryvis?
Cum tak my dispensatioun:
Off þat cummer I sall mak ȝow quyt,
Howbeid ȝowr self be in the wyte,
And mak ane fals narratioun.
Cum win the pardone. Now lat sie:
For meill, for malt, or for money,
For cok, hen, gwse, or gryss,
Off rillikkis heir I haif a hunder.
Quhy cum ȝe not? This is a woundir.
I trow ȝe be not wyiss.

Sowttar

Welcum hame, Robene Romerakar,
Our haly patent pardoner.
Gif ȝe haif dispensatioun
To pairt me and my wickett wyfe,
And me deliuer fra sturt and stryf,
I mak ȝow supplicatioun.

Pardonar fol.180*a*

I sall the pairt but mair demand,
Sa I get money in my hand.
Thairfoir lat se thy cunȝie.

Sowtar

I haif na silver, be my lyfe,
Bot fyve schilling, and my schaping knyfe,
That sall ȝe haif, but sunȝie.

Pardonar

Quatkin a woman is thy wyfe?

---

cunȝie: coin; *schaping knyfe:* cobbler's knife; *sunȝie:* cause for delay; *Quatkin:* what kind;

Sowtar

A quick diuill, ser, a storme of stryfe,
A frog that fylis the wind,
A filland flag, a flyrie fuff,
At ilka pant scho lattis a pwff,
And hes no ho behind.
All the lang day scho me dispyttis,
And all the nicht scho flingis and flyttis;
Thus sleip I never a wink.
That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
The mekle divill ma not indeure
Hir stuburnes and stink.

Sowtaris Wyfe

Theif cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill,
In faith my freindschip thow salt feill,
And I the fang.

Sowtar

Gif I said ocht, deme, by the rude,
Except ȝe war baith fair and gude,
God, nor I hang.

Pardonar

Fair dame, gif ȝe wald be a wowar,
To pairt ȝow twa I haif a powar:
Tell on, ar ȝe content?

Sowtaris Wyfe

ȝe, that I am, with all my hairt,
Fra þat fals hursone to depairt,
Sa þat theif will consent.
Cawsis to pairte I haif anew,
Becauss I get na chalmer glew,
I tell ȝow verralie.
I marvell not, sa mot I thryve,
Suppois that swngeour nevir swyve;
He is baith cawld and dry.

Pardonar

Quhat wilt thow gif me for thy pairte?

Sowtaris Wyf

A cuppill of sarkis, with all my hairt,
The best claith in this land.

Pardonar fol.180*b*

To pairt sen ȝe ar baith content,
I sall pairt ȝow incontinent
Bot ȝe mon do command.

---

fylis: defiles; *filland:* filling; *flag:* slut; *flyrie:* obscure; *fuff:* puff of wind; *ho:* control; *flyttis:* scolds; *cokatrice:* whore; *wowar:* applicant; *swngeour:* scoundrel;

My decreit and my finall sentence is:
Ilk ane of 3ow vþiris erssis kiss.
Slip doun thyne hoiss; me think the cairle is glaikit.
Sett thow not by howbeid scho kist and slaikkit.

Heir sall scho kiss his erss.

Lift vp hir clayis. Kiss hir hoill with thy hairt.

Sowttar
I pray 3ow, sir, forbid hir for to fart.

Heir the sowtar sall do the lyk.

Pardonar
Dame, pas 3e to þe eist end of þe toun;
And pass 3e wast, evin lyk a cukald loun.
Go hence, 3e baith, with Baliallis braid blissing.
Schirris, saw 3e evir mair sorrowles depairting?

Heir sall his boy, Wilkin, cry of the hill, and say:

How maister, quhair ar 3e now?

Pardonar
I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow.

Wilkin
Schir, I haif done 3our bidding,
For I haif fund a grit horss bane,
Ane farar saw 3e nevir nane,
Vpoun Thome Fleschouris midding.
Ser, 3e may gar the wyffis trow
It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow,
Gude for the fevir cartane.
Schir, will 3e rewill this rilik weill,
All haill the wyvis will kiss and kneill,
Betuix this and Dumbartane.

Pardonar
Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

Wilkyn
Sum sayis 3e ar a verry loun,
Sum sayis legatus natus,
Sum sayis ane fals Sarisiane,

---

glaikit: foolish; l.1237: Think nothing of it even though she kisses it and slobbers; *Baliallis:* Belial's; *widdifow:* rascal (gallows full); *horss bane:* horse bone; *farar:* fairer; *Thome Fleschouris:* Thomas Flesher's; *fevir cartane:* quartan fever (occurring every fourth day); *Dumbartane:* Dumbarton; *legatus natus:* legate in ordinary; *Sarisiane:* pagan;

And sum sayis 3e ar, for certane,
Diabulus incarnatus.
But keip 3ow fra subiectioun
Of that curst King Correctioun
For be 3e with him fangit,
Becaus 3e ar ane Rome Rakar,
A commoun publick calsay paikar,
But dowt, 3e wil be hangit.

Pardonar

Quhair sall I luge in to *þe* toun?

Wilkyn

With gud kynd Christane Andirsoun,
Quhair 3e wil be weill treittit.
Gife ony lymmar 3ow demandis,
Scho will defend 3ow with hir handis,
And womanly debaittit.
Bawburde sayis be the Trinitie,
That scho sall beir 3ow cumpany,
Quhowbeid 3e byid all 3eir.

Pardonar

Thow hes done weill, be Goddis Moder,
Tak thow the ane and I the vder,
So sall we mak gud cheir.

Wilkyn

I pray 3ow speid 3ow heir
And mak na langar tarye;
Byd 3e lang thair, but weir,
I dreid 3our werd 3e wary.

Heir sall the begger ryiss and rax him and say:

Quhat thing was 3one that I hard crak and cry?
I haif bene dronand and dremand on my ky.
With my richt hand my haill body I sane:
Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, send me my ky agane.
I se standand 3ondar ane haly man;
To mak me help, lat me se gif 3e can.
Haly maister, God speid 3ow, and gud morne.

Pardonar

Wylcum to me, thocht thow wer at the horne.
Cum, win the pardoun, and syne I sall the sane.

Peurman

Will *þat* pardoun get me my kye agane?

Diabulus incarnatus: devil incarnate; *calsay paikar:* street walker; *lymmar:* rogue; *Bawburde:* whore (personification); *werd:* fate; *wary:* curse; *rax:* stretch; *dronand:* ? lazing; *sane:* make the sign of the cross over; *at the horne:* outlawed;

Pardonar
Cairle, of thy kye I haif no thing ado.
Cum, win my pardoun, and kiss my rillikis to.

Heir sall the pardonar sane him with his rillikis.

Now lowiss thy purss, and lay doun thy offrand, fol.181*b*
And thow sall haif my pardoun, evin fra hand.
With raipis and rillikas I sall the sane agane:
Gravell nor gut thow sall nevir haif but pane.
Now, win the pardoun, lymmar, or thow art lost.

Peurman
Now, haly maister, quhat sall that pardoun cost?

Pardonar
Lat see quhat money thow beiris in thy bag?

Peurman
I haif ane groit heir bundin in ane rag.

Pardonar
Hes thow nane vþir siluer bot ane grote?

Peurman
Gif I haif mair, ser, cum and ryp my cote.

Pardonar
Gif me that grote, man, gif thow hes no mair.

Peurman
With all my hairt, maister, lo, tak it thair.
Now latt me see 3our pardoun with 3our leif.

Pardonar
A thowsand 3eir of pardone I the gife.

Peurman
A thowsand 3eir? I will not leif sa lang.
Delyver me it, maister, syne lat me gang.

Pardonar
A thowsand 3eir I lay vpoun thyne heid,
With totiens quotiens. Now mak me no moir pleid.
Thow hes ressauit my pardoun now all reddy.

Peurman
Bot I can se nothing, ser, be our Leddy.
Forswth, maister, I trow I be not wyiss

---

gravell: gravel (a disease); *gut:* gout; *totiens quotiens:* so often, how often;

To pay or I haif sene my merchandyiss.
That ȝe haif gottin my grote, full sair I rew.
Schir, quhidder is ȝour pardone, blak or blew?
Maister, sen ȝe haif tane fra me my cunȝie,
My merschandyce schaw me withowttin fennȝie;
Or to the bischop I sall pass and planȝie,
In Sanct Andrus, and summond ȝow to thair senȝie.

Pardonar
Quhat cravis thow cairle? Methink thow art not wyiss.

Peurman
I crave my grote, or ellis my merchandyiss.

Pardonar fol. 182*a*
I gaif the pardoun for a thowsand ȝeir.

Peurman
Quhan sall I gett þat pardoun, latt me heir?

Pardonar
Stand still; and I sall tell the all þe story:
Quhen thow art deid, and gois to Purgatory,
Beand condampnit to pane ane thowsand ȝeir,
Than sall thy pardoun the releif but weir.
Now be content; thow art a mervellus man.

Peurman
Sall I get nathing for my grote quhill than?

Pardonar
That sall thow not. I mak it to the plane.

Peurman
Na? Than, maister, gif me my grote agane.
Quhat say ȝe, maisteris? Call ȝe this a gud ressoun,
That he sowld prommeiss me ane gud pardoun,
And heir ressaif my money in this steid,
Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full sickerly,
My silly sawle sall pass to Purgatory.
Declair me that, now God nor Baliall bind the,
Quhen I am thair, curst cairle, quhair sall I find the?
Nocht in to Hevin, bot rader in to Hell.
Quhan thow art thair, thow can not help thy sell.
Quhen wilt thow cum, my bailis for to beit?
Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.
Trowis thow, bowchour, þat I will by blind lammis?
Gife me my grote. The diuill dryte on thy gammis.

---

heit: heating; *dryte:* shit; *gammis:* tricks;

Pardonar
Swyth, stand abak. I trow this man be mangit.
Thow gettis not this grote thocht thow sowld be hangit.

Peurman
Gife me my grote weill bund in to my clowt
Or, be Goddis breid, Robene sall beir a rowt.

Heir sall thay fecht togedder, and the peurman sall cast doun the burd, and cast the rillikis in the watter.

Heir endis this interlud and followis ane vþir interlud of the samyne play.

Heir enteris Folly fol. 182*b*

Gude day, my lordis, and God sane.
Will na man bid guday agane?
Quhan fulis ar fow than ar thay fane.
Ken ȝe not me?
Quhow call thay me? Can ȝe not tell?
Now, be him þat herryit Hell,
I wat not how thay call my sell,
Bot gif I lowd lie.

Diligence
Quhat brybour is ȝone that makis sic beiris?

Foly
The feind ressaif that mowth that speiris!
Gudman, ga play ȝow amang ȝour feiris,
With mvk vpoun ȝour mow.

Diligence
Found fwle, quhair hes thow bene so lait?

Foly
Mary, cumand doun thruch the Bony Gait.
Bot thair hes bene ane grit debait
Betuix me and ane sow:
The sow cryid 'Guff', and I, 'To gay';
Throw speid of fut I gatt away
Bot in the middis of the cawsay
I fell in to ane midding.
Scho lap vpoun me with a bend;
Quha evir tha middingis sowld amend,

clowt: cloth, rag. *sane:* bless you; *fane:* willing; *beiris:* rattling noises; *found:* fond; *Bony Gait:* Bonnygate, a street in Cupar; *To gay:* go away; *bend:* bound;

God send thame ane mischevous end
For þat is Goddis bidding.
As I was pudlid thair, God wait,
Bot with my club I maid debait;
I sall nevir cum agane that gait,
Schir, be all hallowis.
I wald the officiaris of the toun,
That sufferis sic confusioun,
That thay war harbreit with Mahoun,
Or hangit on the gallowis.
Fy, þat sa fair a cuntre
Sowld stand sa lang but pollecie.
I gif thame to þe diuill, hairtlie,
That hes the wyte.
I wald the provest wald tak in heid,
Of 3one middingis to mak remeid,
Quhilk patt me and the sow at feid.
Quhat ma I do bot flyte?

King
Pass on, my serwand Diligence,
And bring 3one fule to our presence.

Diligence fol.183*a*

It sal be done but tareing
Foly, thow mon go to the king.

Foly
The king? Quhat kynd a thing is that?
Is 3one hie with the goldin hat?

Diligence
3one same is he. Cum on thy way.

Foly
Gif 3e be King, God gif 3ow gud day.
I haif ane plent to mak to 3ow.

King
Quhome on, Foly?

Foly
Mary, of ane sow.
Schir, scho hes sworn þat scho sall slay me,
Or ellis byt baith the bagstanis fra me.
Gif 3e be King, Ser, be Sanct Anne,
3e sowld do iustyce to ilk man.
Had I nocht kepit me with my club

pudlid: in a puddle; *all hallowis:* all the saints; *Mahoun:* the devil; l.1403: Bannatyne, *Quome,* 1602 text, *Quhome; bagstanis:* balls;

That sow had drownd me in ane dub.
I heirsay thair is cum to the toun
Ane king callit Correctioun:
I pray ȝou tell my quhilk is he?

Diligence
ȝone with the wingis. Ma thow not se?

Foly
Now wally faw that weilfard mow!
Schir, I pray ȝow correct ȝone sow
Quhilk with hir teith, but swerd or knyf,
Had maist have reft me of my lyf.
Gif ȝe will not mak correctioun,
Than gif me ȝour protectioun,
Of all swyne to be skaithles,
Betuix this toun and Inuernes.

Diligence
Hes thow, Foly, ane wyf at hame?

Foly
ȝe, þat I have, God send hir schame,
I trow, be this, scho is neir deid.
I left ane wyf bindand hir heid.
To schaw hir seiknes I think grit schame. fol.183*b*
Scho hes sic rumling in hir wame,
That all the nycht my hairt ourcastis
With bokking and with hinder blastis.

Diligence
Peraventeur scho be with bairne.

Foly
Allace, I trow scho be forfarne.
Scho sobbit and scho fell in soun,
And than thay rubbit hir vp and doun.
Scho riftit, ruckit, and maid sic stendis,
Scho ȝeild, and ȝet at baith the endis,
Till scho had cassin a cuppill of quartis;
Syne all turnd till a rak of fartis.
Scho blubbirt, bokkit, and braikit still,
Hir erss gaid evin lyk ane wind mill,
Scho puft and ȝiskit with sic riftis,
That verry dirt come furth with driftis.
Sic dry smell droggis fra hir scho schot

dub: puddle; *wally faw:* good luck to; *bokking:* retching sounds; *forfarne:* dying; *soun:* swoon; l.1434: Bannatyne, *rowit:* 1602 text, *rubbit; riftit:* belched; *ruckit:* bellowed; *stendis:* leaps; *ȝeild:* gave forth; *ȝet:* let go; *cassin:* thrown up; *rak:* large number; *blubbirt:* blubbered; *braikit:* broke wind; *ȝiskit:* belched; *riftis:* blasts; *driftis:* impetuses; *droggis:* excrement;

Quhill scho maid all the flure on flot.
Of hir hurdeis scho had no hawld,
Quhill scho had temid hir monyfawld.

Diligence
Bettir bring hir to þe leichis heir.

Foly
Trittill trattill, scho ma not steir.
Hir verry buttokkis makis sic beir,
It skarris baith foill and filly.
Scho bokkis sic baggage fra hir breist,
Thay want na bubbillis þat sittis hir meist,
And ay scho cryis, 'A preist, a preist,
With ilk a quhillie lillie.'

Diligence
Recoverit not scho at the last?

Foly
3e, bot wat 3e weill, scho farttit fast.
3it quhen scho sichis my hairt is sairy.

Diligence
Will scho nocht drink?

Foly
3e, be Sanct Mary,
Ane quart attanis, it will not tary
And leif the divill a drop.
Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir, fol. 184*a*
Abowt the wallis, God wait, sic wair,
Quhen all is drunkin I get to skair
The likkyngis of the cop.

Diligence
Quhat is in þat creill? I pray the tell?

Foly
Mary, I haif Foly Hattis to sell.

Diligence
I pray the sell me ane or tway.

Foly
Na, tary quhill the market day.
I will sit doun heir, be Sanct Clune,
And gif my babbeis þair disione.

hurdeis: buttocks; *Trittill trattill:* prattle; *beir:* liquid excrement; *baggage:* corrupt matter; *bubbillis:* bubbles; l.1453 supplied from 1602 text; *quhillie lillie:* penis; *flobbage:* foul vomit; *wair:* matter; *skair:* snare; *Foly Hattis:* fools' hats; *disione:* breakfast;

Cum heir, gud gukkis. My dochter deir,
Thow sal be maryit within ane 3eir,
Vpoun ane freir of Tullilum.
Na, thow art nowder deif nor dum.
Cum heir Stulty, my sone and air,
My io, thow art baith gude and fair.
Now sall I feid 3ow, as I mae,
Cry lyke the gorbettis of ane kae.

Diligence
Get vp, Folly, but tareing,
And speid 3ow haistelly to the king.
Gett vp. Me think the carle is dum.

Foly
Now bumbalary, bum, bum.

Diligence
I trow the truccour lyis in ane transs.
Get vp, man, with a mirry mischanss
Or, be Sanct Dynneiss of Franss,
Thow sall want thy wallat.
Its schame, man, to se how thow lyis.

Foly
Wa; 3it agane; now this is thryiss.
The divill wirry me and I ryiss,
Bot I sall brek thy pallat.
Me think my pillok will not ly doun,
Hald doun 3our heid, 3e ladroun loun,
3one fair lass with the sating goun
Garris 3ow this bek and bend.
Tak thair a neidill for 3our cace:
Now, for all the hyding of 3our face, fol.184*b*
Had 3e it in till a quiet place,
3e wald not wane to flend.
Thir bony armis, that ar cled in silk,
Thay ar als wantoun as ane wilk;
I wald forbeir baith breid and milk
To kiss thy bony lippis.
Suppois 3e luik as 3e war wreth,
War we at quiet behind a claith,
3e wald nocht spair to preve my graith
With hobbing of 3our hippis.
Be God, I ken 3ow weill annewch:
3e ar fane, thocht 3e mak it twich;

gukkis: fools; *Tullilum:* a monastery near Perth; *io:* joy; *gorbettis:* young unfledged birds; *kae:* jackdaw; *Sanct Dynneiss:* St. Denis; *pallat:* pate; *pillok:* penis; *sating:* satin; *neidill:* needle (penis); *wane:* think; *flend:* flee; l.1500: Bannatyne, *anis,* 1602 text, *armis; wilk:* whelk; *wreth:* wrath; *graith:* equipment; *twich:* difficult;

Think ȝe not on into the sewch,
Besyd the quarrell hoillis?
ȝe wan fra me baith hoiss and schone,
And gart me mak mowis to þe mone,
And ay lap on ȝour courss abone.

Diligence
Thow mon be dung with poillis.
Swyth harlot, haist the to the king,
And lat allane thy tratling.
Lo heir, ser, is Folly all reddy,
A richt sweir swyngeour, be our Leddy.

Foly
Thow art nocht half so sweir thy sell.
Quhat menis this pulpet? I pray the tell.

Diligence
Our new bischoppis hes maid a preiching;
Bot thow hard nevir sa plesand teiching.
ȝone bischop will preiche thruche all the cost.

Foly
Than stryk ane hag in to the post,
For I hard nevir, in all my lyfe,
A bischop cum to preiche in Fyfe.
Gife bischopis to be preichouris leiris,
Walloway, quhat sall word of freiris?
And prellattis preiche in brugh and land,
The silly freiris I vndirstand,
Thay will get na mair meill nor malt;
So I dreid freiris sall dee for falt.
Sen swa is þat ȝone nobill King
Will mak men bischoppis for preiching,
Quhat say ȝe, ser, hald ȝe not best
That I ga preiche amang the rest? fol.185*a*
Quhen I haif preichit on my best wyiss,
Than will I sell my merchandyiss
To my bredir and tendir maitis
That dwellis amang the thre estaitis.
For I haif heir gud chaffray
Till ony fwle þat listis to by.

Heir sall Folly hing vp his hattis vpon the pulpet.

God sen I had ane doctoris hude!

King
Quhy, Foly, wald thow mak ane preiching?

sewch: ditch; *quarrell hoillis:* quarry holes; *dung:* beaten; *poillis:* poles; *swyngeour:* scoundrel; *sweir:* disinclined; *cost:* coast; *hag:* notch; *leiris:* learn; *chaffray:* merchandise;

Foly

3e, þat I wald ser, be the rude,
But owder flattry or fleiching.

King

Now, bruder, lat ws heir 3one teiching,
To pass our tyme and heir him raiff.

Diligence

He war far meitar in the keching,
Amang the pottis, sa Chryst me saiff,
Fond Foly, I will be thy clark,
And anser ay with 'Amene'.

Foly

Now, att þe begynnyng of my wark,
The feind ressaive þat graceles gane.

Heir sall Foly begin his sermon.

Text

Stultorum numerus infinitus

Salamone, the moist sapient king,
In Israell quhen he did ring,
Thir wordis in effect he did wryte:
The number of fulis ar infinyte.
I think no schame, sa Chryst me saive,
To be ane fule amang the laive,
Howbeid ane hundreth standis heirby,
Peranter ar als guckit fulis as I.

Stultorum *etc.*

I haif of my genology,
Dwelland in every cuntry,
Erlis, duckis, kingis, and empriouris,
With mony gukkit conquerouris,
Quhilk dois in foly perseveir, fol.185*b*
And hes done so this mony a 3eir.
Sum seikis in warldly digniteis,
And sum in sensuall vaniteis;
Quhat vailis all thir vane honouris,
Nocht beand seur to leve twa houris?
Sum gredy fule dois fill the box;
Ane vþir fule cumis and brekis the lokkis,
And spendis that vþir fulis hes spaird,
Quha nevir thocht on thame to waird.
Sum dois as thay sowld nevir dee.
Is not this foly? Quhat say 3ie?

fleiching: cajoling; *keching:* kitchen; *stultorum numerus infinitus:* the number of fools is infinite;

Sapientia huius mundi est stultia apud Deum

Becaus thair is sa mony fulis,
Rydand on horss and sum on mulis,
Heir I haif brocht gud chaffry
Till ony fule þat lykis to by.
And specialy for the thre staitis,
Quhair I haif mony tendir maitis,
Quhilk gart thame gang, as ȝe ma se,
Bakwart thruche all the cuntre.
With my cramery gif ȝe list mell,
Heir I haif Foly Hattis to sell.
Quhomefor is this hat, wald ȝe ken,
Mary, for insaciable merchand men,
Quhen God hes send thame haboundance,
Ar nocht content with sufficance,
Bot sailis in to þe stormy blastis,
In wintter to get grittar castis,
In mony terrible grit torment,
Aganis the actis of parliament.
Sym tynis thair geir, and sum ar dround,
With this, sic merchandis sowld be cround.

Diligence
Quhometo myndis thow to sell þat hude?
I trow to sum grit man of gude.

Foly
This hude to sell, richt fane I wald,
To him þat is baith awld and cald,
Reddy to pass till Hell or Hevin,
And hes fair bairnis, sax or sevin,
And is of aige fourscoir of ȝeir;
And takkis a lass to be his peir,
Quhilk is not fourtene ȝeiris of aige,
And bindis with hir in mariage,
Gifand hir trest that scho not wald
Richt haistelly mak him cukcald.
Quho mareis, beand so neir deid,
Set on this hatt vpoun his heid.

Diligence
Quhat hwde is that? Tell me, I pray the.

Foly
This is ane haly hude, I say the.
This hude is ordanit, I the asseure,
For spriţuall fulis that takkis in cure
The sawlis of grit dyoceis,

Sapientia huius mundi est stultia apud Deum: The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God; *cramery:* merchandise;

fol. 186*a*

And regiment of grit abbaseis,
For gredines of wardly pelf,
That can not iustly gyd thameself.
Vþir sawlis to saive it settis thame weill,
Syne sendis thair awin sawle to þe deill.
Quho evir dois so, this I conclude,
Vpoun his heid sett on this hude.

Diligence
Foly, is thair ony sic men
Now in the kirk that thow can ken?
How sall I ken thame?

Foly
Na keip that closs!
Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos.
And fulis speik of the prellacie
It will be haldin heresie.

King
Speik on, Foly. I gif the leif.

Foly
Than haive I remissioun in my sleif.
Will ȝe leif me to speik of kingis?

King
ȝe, hardelly, speik of all kin thingis.

Foly
Conformand to my first narratioun,
ȝe are all fulis, be Goddis passioun. fol.186*b*

Diligence
Thow leis. I trow the fule be mangit.

Foly
Gif I lie, God nor thow be hangit.
For I haif heir, I to the tell,
Ane nobill kaip imperiell,
Quhilk is not ordanit for dringis,
Bot for duikis, empriouris, and kingis,
For princely and imperiall fulis:
Thay sowld have luggis als lang as mvlis!
The pryd of princis, withowttin faill,
Garris all the warld rin top our taill.
To win thame warldly gloir and gude,
Thay cure not schedding of cristin blude.
Quhat cummer haif we had in Scotland

regiment: rule; *Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos:* by their fruits you shall know them; *sleif:* sleeve; *dringis:* poor, miserable fellows; *cummer:* confusion;

Be our awld ennemeis of Ingland?
Had not bene the support of France,
We had bene brocht to grit mischance,
Now I heir say the empriour
Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,
And is movand his ordinance
Aganis the nobill King of France.
Bot I knaw not his iust querrell
That he hes for to mak battell.
All the princis of Allman3ie,
Span3ie, Flanderis, and Italie,
This present 3eir, ar all on flocht:
Sum will thair wagis find deir bocht.
The paip, with bumbard, speir and scheild,
Hes send his army to the feild:
Sanct Petir, Sanct Pawle, nor Sanct Androw
Rasit nevir sic ane oist, I trow.
Is this fraternall cheritie?
Or furius foly? Quhat say 3ie?
Thay leird not this at Chrystis sculis;
Thairfoir I think thame verry fulis.
I think it folly, be Goddis Moder,
Ilk cristin prince to ding doun vder.
Becauss that this hatt sowld belang thame,
Ga thow, and pairte it richt amang thame.
The profesy, withowttin weir,
Off Marling beis compleit this 3eir. fol.187*a*
For my guddame, the Gyre Carling,
Leird me this prophecy of Marling,
Quhairof I sall schaw the sentence
Gif 3e will gif me awdience:

Flan, Fran resurgent; simul Ispan viribus vrgent;
Dani vastabunt; Valances bella parabunt.
Sic tibi nomen in a.
Mulier caccauit in olla;
Hoc epulum commedes.

Diligence
Mary, that is ane evill saird mess.

Foly
So, be this prophecy, planely it appeiris
That mortall weir sal be amang the freiris,
That thay sall not weill knaw in to thair cloisteris
To quhome þat thay sall say thair pater nosteris.
Wald thay fall to and fecht with speir and scheild,

Allman3ie: Germany; *bumbard:* bombard, small brass gun; *Marling:* Merlin: ll.1686–1690: Flanders, France will arise; Spain will press on with strength; the Danes will lay waste; the Welsh are preparing for war. So to you a name in A. The woman has shit in the pot; You will eat this feast;

The divill mak cair quhilk of thame tynt the feild.
Now of my sermond I have maid ane end,
To Gilly-mowband I 3ow recommend,
And als, I 3ow beseik richt hertfully,
Pray for the sawle of gud Kae Cappetie,
Quha laitly drownd him self in to Lochlevin,
That his sweit sawle may be aboif in Hevin.

Finis of this interlude.

Ane vþir interlude.

Heir entiris Flattry new landit owt of France and stormested at the May.

Mak roum, siris, how, that I may rin.
Lo, se how I am new cum in,
Begareit all in sindry hewis.
Lat be 3our din, till I begin
And I sall tell 3ow of my newis.
Throw all realmes cristnit I haif past,
And am cum heir now at the last,
Stormested be sie, ay sen 3ule day,
That we war fane till hew our mast
Not half a myle be3ond the May.
Bot now amang 3ow I will remane.
I purpoiss nevir to saill agane, 1715 fol.187*b*
To put my self in chance of watter.
Was nevir sene sic wind and rane,
Nor of schipmen sic clittir clatter:
Sum bad 'Haill', sum bad, 'Stand by';
'On steirburde, how'; 'Alluff, fy, fy';
Quhill all the raipis began to rattill.
Was nevir wy sa fleid as I
Quhen all the sailis plaid brittill brattill.
To see the wawis it was a woundir,
And wound, that raif the sailis in schunder:
Bot I lay braikand lyk a brok,
And schot sa fast abone and vnder
The divill durst not cum neir my dok.
Now am I chaipit fra that fray
Quhat say 3e, ser, am I not gay?
Ken 3e not Flattry, 3our awin fule,
That 3eid to mak this new array?
Was I not heir with 3ow at 3ule?
3is, be my faith, I think on weill.

Gilly-mowband: a fool at the court of James V; *Kae Cappetie:* ? another fool. Stormested: delayed by storm; *May:* the Isle of May in Firth of Forth; *hew:* hew down; *clittir clatter:* ineffectual chatter; *plaid brittill brattill:* flapped continuously; *wound:* wind; *braikand:* breaking wind; *brok:* badger; *dok:* backside; *3eid:* went;

Quhair ar my fallowis. That wald I feill:
We sowld haif cumin heir for a kast.
How, Falsatt, how.

Falsatt
Wa serve the diuill.
Quhais that cryis for me sa fast?

Flattry
Quhy, bruder Falsat, knawis thow not me?
I am thy bruder, Flattree.

Falsat
Now welcum, be the Trinitie;
This meting cumis for gude.
Now lat me braiss the in myne armes:
'Quhen freindis meitis hairtis warmes',
Quod Iohine, þat frely fude.
How hapnit thow in to þis place?

Flattry
Now, be my sawle, bot evin be cace.
I come in sleipand at the port,
Or evir I wist, amang this sort.
Quhair is Dissait, þat lymnar loun?

Falsat
I left him drinkand in the toun.
He will be heir incontinent. fol.188*a*

Flattry
Now, be the haly sacrament,
Tha tydanis confortis all my hairt;
I wat Dissait will tak ane pairte.
He is richt crafty, as ȝe ken,
And counsalour to the merchand men.
Lat ws ly still baith heir and spy
Gife we persaif him rynnand by.

Heir sall Dissait entir.

Bongour, bredir, with all myne hairt,
Heir am I cum to tak ȝour pairte
Baith in to gude and evill.
I met Gud Counsale be þe way,
Quha pot me in ane fellone fray;
I gife him to þe divill.

---

feill: ascertain; *kast:* ploy; *frely fude:* hearty fellow; *evin be cace:* just by chance; *sleipand:* slipping; *port:* gate; *lymnar loun:* scoundrel; *Bongour:* Fr. bonjour; *fellone:* terrible; *fray:* fear;

Falsett
How chaippit thow, I pray the tell?

Dissait
I slippit in ane fowll bordell,
And hid me in ane bawburdis bed;
Bot suddanly hir schankis I sched,
With hochurhudy amang hir howis:
God wait gif we maid mony mowis.
And how come ȝe heir, I pray ȝow tell me?

Falsat
Mary, seikand King Humanitie.

Dissait
Now, be the gud lady þat did me beir,
That samyn horss is my awin meir.
Now till our purpoiss lat ws ga.
Quhat is ȝour counsale, I pray ȝow sa?
Sen we thre seikis ȝone nobill king,
Lat ws devyiss sum subtell thing;
And als I pray ȝow, as ȝour bruder,
That we bi ilk ane trew till vder.
I mak ane wow with all my hairt
In evill and gude to tak ȝour pairte.
I pray to God nor I be hangit,
Bot I sall dy or ȝe be wrangit.

Falset
Quhat is ȝour counsale þat we do?

Dissait fol.188*b*

Mary, this is my counsale, lo:
Till tak our tyme quhill we ma get it,
For now thair is no man to let it.
Fra tyme the king begin to steir him,
Gud Counsale than I dreid cum neir him;
And be we knawin with Correctioun
It will be our confusioun.
Thairfoir now, brethir, devyiss
To find sum toy of the new gyiss.

Flattry
Mary, I sall fynd ane thowsand wylis.
We mon tvrne our claithis and chainge our stylis.
And dissagyiss ws þat na man ken ws.
Hes na man clerkis clething to len ws?
And lat ws keip grave countenance,
As we war new cumin owt of France.

---

chaippit: escaped; *bordell:* brothel; *bawburdis;* whores; *sched:* parted; *hochurhudy:* tumbling about; *howis:* thighs; *maid mony mowis:* enjoyed ourselves;

Dissait
Be my sawle, þat is weill devysit;
3e sall see me sone dissagysit.

Falset
So sall I be, man, be the rude.
Now sum gud fallow len me ane hude.

Heir sall Flattry help his twa marrowis.

Dissait
Now am I buskit. Quha can spy?
The diuill stik me gif this be I.
Is this I? Or nocht I? Can 3e not say?
Or hes the feind, or fairfolk, borne me away?

Falset
And war my hair vp in ane how,
The feind a man wald ken me now.
Quhat sayis thow of my gay garmoun?

Dissait
I say thow lukis evin lyk a loun.
Now, bruder Flattry, quhat do 3e?
Quhat kynd a man schaip 3e to be?

Flattry
Now, be my faith, my bruder deir,
I will ga counterfute the freir.

Dissait
A freir; quhairto, thow can not preiche.

Flattry
Quhattrak bot I can flattir and fleiche;
Perventur cum to þat honour fol.189*a*
To be the kingis confessour.
Peur freiris ar fre at every fest,
And merchellit ay amang the best.
Als God hes lent to thame sic gracis
That bischoppis puttis thame in thair placis,
Owtthrwch thair dyoceis to preiche.
Bot farly not, howbeid thay fleiche;
For schaw thay all the veretie
Thaill want the bischoppis cheretie.
3it thocht the corne be nevir so scant,
Gud wyvis will nevir lat freiris want.
For quhy thay ar thair confessouris,
Thair prudent hevinly counsalouris.
Thairfoir wyvis planely takkis thair pairtis,

marrowis: companions; *fairfolk:* fairies; *how:* cap; *fleiche:* cajole; *merchellit:* marshalled; *farly:* wonder;

And schawis the secreitis of thair hairtis
To freiris with bettir will, I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bedfallow.

Dissate
And I reft anis a freiris cowll,
Betuix Sanct Iohinstoun and Kynnowll.
I sall ga fetche it, gif thow wilt tary.

Flattry
Now play me that of cumpanary:
3e saw him nocht this hundreth 3eir
That bettir can counterfet the freir.

Dissait
Heir is thy ganenyng all and sum,
This is the cowll of Tullylum.

Flattry
Quha hes ane porteus to len me?
The feind a sawll I trow will ken me.

Falset
Bruder, pass on quhair evir thow will,
Thow may be fallow to Freir Gill,
Bot with Correctioun, and we be kend,
I dreid we mak a schamefull end.

Flattry
For þat mater, I dreid na thing,
Freiris ar exemit fra the king;
For freiris will reddy entress gett
Quhen lordis ar haldin at the 3ett.

Falsat
We mon do mair 3it, be Sanct Iames,
For we mon change all thre our names.
Cristin me, and I sal bapteiss the.

Dissait
Be God, and thairabowt mot it be;
How will thow call me, I pray the tell?

Falset
Mary, I wat not how to call my sell.

Dissait
Bot 3it anis name the bairnis name.

Sanct Iohinstoun: St. John's Town, near Perth; *Kynnowll:* Kinnoull, a Perthshire parish; *cumpanary:* good fellowship; *ganenyng:* gaining; *porteus:* breviary;

Falset
Discretioun, Discretioun, a Goddis name.

Dissait
I neid not now to cair for thrift,
Bot quhat sal be my godbairne gift?

Falsat
I gif the all the divillis of Hell.

Dissait
Na, bruder, hald þat to thy sell.
Now sit doun, lat me bapteiss the.
Bot ȝit I wat not quhat to call the.

Falset
I pray the, name þe bairnis name.

Dissait
Sapience, Sapience, a Goddis name.

Flattry
Bruder Dissait, cum bapteiss me.

Dissait
Than sit doun lawly on thy kne.

Flattry
Now bruder, name the bairnis name.

Dissait
Devotioun, in the diuillis name.

Flattry
The diuill ressaif the, laidroun loun!
Thow hes wat all my new schevin croun.

Dissait
Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun:
We thre may rewll a haill regioun.
We sall fynd mony crafty thingis,
For to begyle ane hundreth kingis,
For thow sall crak, and thow sall clattir,
And I sall fenȝie, and thow sall flattir.

Flattry fol.190*a*

Bot I wald haif, or we depairtit,
A drink to mak ws bettir hairtit.

Dissait
Weill said, be him þat herreit Hell,
I was evin thinkand that my sell.

Heir sall thay drink, and the king sall cum furth of his chalmer and call for Wantones.

Heir the king hes bene with his concubyne and thaireftir returnis to his ȝung cumpany.

Now, till we get the kingis presence,
We will sit doun and keip sylence.
I se ane ȝonder, quhatevir he be,
I trow ful weill ȝone same is hie.
Steir nocht, bruder, bot hald ws still,
Till we haif hard quhat be his will.

King
Now quhair is Placebo and Solace?
Quhair is my mynȝeoun Wantoness?
Wantones, how, cum to me sone.

Wantones
Quhy cryid ȝe, Ser, till I had done?

King
Quat was thow doand, tell me that?

Wantones
Mary, leirand how my fader me gat.
I wait not how it standis, but dowt,
Methink the warld rynnis round abowt.

King
And so think I, man, be my thrift:
I se fyiftene monis in the lift.

Wantones
Lat Hamelines, my lass, allane.
Scho bendit vp ay twa for ane.

Hamelines
Howbeid, ȝe gat that ȝe desyrit,
Or I was temprit ȝe was tyrit.

Denger
And als for Placebo and Sollace,
I held thame baith in mirrenes.
Howbeid I maid it sunthing tewch,
I fand thame chalmer glew annewch.

Sollace
Mary, thow wald gar ane hundreth tyre:
Thow hes ane cunt lyk ane quaw myre.

Danger fol.190*b*

Now fowll fall 3ow, it is na bourdis
Befoir ane king to speik fowll wowrdis.
Or evir 3e cum that gait agane,
To kiss my cloff 3e sal be fane.

Sollace
Now schaw me, Ser, I 3ow exhort,
How ar 3e of 3our luve content.
Think 3e not this ane mirry sport?

King
3e, þat I do in verement.
Quhat bernis ar 3one vpoun the bent?
I did not se thame all this day.

Wantones
Thay will be heir incontinent:
Stand still and heir quhat thay will say.

Heir sall the thre Vycis cum and mak thair salutatioun to the king and say:

Lawd, honor, gloir, trivmphand victorie,
Be to 3our moist excellent Maiestie.

King
3e ar wylcum, gud freindis, be the rude.
Apparendly 3e seme grit men of gud.
Quhat ar 3our names? Tell me withowt dellay.

Dissait
Discretioun, ser, that is my name, perfay.

King
Quhat is 3our name, ser, with the clippit croun?

Flattry
But dowt, my name is callit Devotioun.

King
Wylcum Devotioun, be Sanct Iame.
Now, sirray, tell quhat is 3our name?

Falset
Mary, thay call me, quhat call thay me?
I wat not weill bot gif I lie.

King
Can thow not tell quhat is thy name?

cloff: cleft;

Falset
I kend it or I com fra hame.

King
Quhat aillis the can not schaw it now?

Falset
Mary, thay call me Thyn Drink, I trow.

King
Thyn Drink? Quhat kin a name is that?

Dissait
Sapience, thow servis to beir a plat:
Me think thow schawis the not weill wittit.

Falset fol.191*a*
Sypyns, ser, Sypynis, mary, thair ȝe hittit.

Flattry
Ser, gif ȝe pleiss to lat me sa,
Forsuth his name is Sapientia.

Falset
That same is it, be Sanct Michaell.

King
Quhy cowld thow not tell thy name thy sell?

Falsat
I pray ȝour Grace to pardone me,
And I sall schaw the verritie.
I am sa full of sapience,
That sumtyme I will tak a trance:
My spreit was reft fra my body,
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

King
Sapience sowld be ane man of gude.

Falset
Ser, ȝe may knaw *þ*at be my hude.

King
Now haive I Sapience and Discretioun,
How can I faill to rewill this regioun?
And Devotioun to be my confessour.
I trow thir thre come in a happy hour.
Heir I mak the my secretar
And thow sall be my thesawarar,

---

plat: blow;

And thow salt be my counsallour,
In sprituall thingis to be confessour.

Flattry

Soverane, I sweir 3ow, be Sanct An,
3e mett nevir with ane wysar man.
Mony a craft, Ser, I can,
War thay weill knawin.
I haif na feill of flattry,
Bot fosterit with philosephie,
A strange man in astronomy,
Quhilk sal be sone schawin.

Falsat

And I haif grit intelligence
In quelling of the quyntacence;
Bot to preve my experience,
Ser, len me fourty crownis,
To mak mvltiplicatioun;
And tak my obligatioun
Gif we mak fals narratioun,
Hald ws for verry lownis.

Dissait fol.191*b*

Schir, I ken be 3our phisnomye
3e sall conqueiss, or ellis I lyie,
Danskyn Denmark and all Almane,
Spittelfeild, and the realme of Spane.
3e sall haive at 3our govirnance
Remfrew, and the realme of France,
3e, Rugling and the toun of Rome,
Corstorphyne, and all cristindome,
Quhairto, ser, be the Trinitie,
3e ar ane verry A per see.

Flattry

Schir, quhen I dwelt in Italy,
I leint the craft of palmestry.
Schaw me the luffe, ser, of 3our hand,
And I sall gar 3ow vndirstand
Gife 3our Grace be infortunat,
Or gife 3e be predestinat.
I see 3e will have fyiftene quenis,
And fyiftene scoir of concubenis.
Now the virgin Mary save 3our Grace,
Saw evir man sa quhyt a face,
Swa grit ane arme, sa fair ane hand?

quelling: extracting; *quyntacence:* quintessence; *Danskyn:* Danish; *Almane:* Germany; *Spittelfeild:* Spittalfields, a Perthshire village; *Remfrew:* Renfrew; *Rugling:* Ruglen (Rutherglen); *Corstorphyne:* Corstorphine, a village west of Edinburgh; *luffe:* palm; *infortunat:* destined to have ill fortune; *predestinat:* destined to have good fortune;

Thair is not sic ane leg in all this land.
War 3e in harnes, I think na wounder
Howbeid 3e dang doun twenty hunder.

Dissait
Be my sawle, that is trew thow sais,
Was nevir man sett sa weill his clais:
Thair is no man in cristianitie
So meit to be ane king as 3e.

Falset
Schir, thank the haly Trinitie
That sen ws to 3our cumpany.
For God, nor I gaip in ane gallowis,
Gif evir 3e fand thre bettir fallowis.

King
3e ar all wylcum, be the rude;
3e seme to be thre men of gude.

Finis of this interlude and pairt of play.

Heireftir sall Gud Counsale appeir and sal be bostit away and Lady Chestetie and Verretie sall be put in stokis; and Sensualite sall gyd the 3ung king for a tyme.

King
Bot quhae is 3one that standis sa still? fol.192*a*
Go spy, and speir quhat is his will.
And gif he 3airnis my presence,
Bring him to me with diligence.

Dissait
That sal be done, be Godis breid,
We sall him bring owdir quick or deid.

Flattry
I dreid full soir, be God him sell,
That 3one awld carle be Gud Counsall:
Get he anis to *þe* kingis presence,
We thre will get na audience.

Dissait
That mater sall I tak in hand,
And say it is the kingis command
That he, annone, devoyd this place
And cum not neir the Kingis Grace;
And that vndir the pane of tressone.

---

harnes: armour;

Flattry
Bruder I think that counsale ressoine
Now lat ws heir quhat he will say.
Awld berdit mowth, gude day, gud day.

Gude Counsall
Gud day, agane, seris, be the rude;
I pray God mak 3ow men of gude.

Dissait
Pray not for that to lord nor leddy,
For we ar men of gude all reddy.
Ser, schaw till ws quhat is 3our name.

Gud Counsall
Gude counsale, thay call me at hame.

Falset
Quhat sayis thow, cairle, art thow Gud Counsale?
Swyth, pass the hence, vnhappy vnsale.

Gud Counsale
I pray 3ow, seris, gife me licence
To cum anis to *þ*e kingis presence,
To speik bot thre wordis with his grace.

Flattry
Swyth, hursone cairle, devoyd *þ*is place.

Gud Counsale fol.192*b*
Bruder, I ken 3ow weill annewch,
Howbeid 3e mak it nevir sa tewch:
Flattry, Dissait, and Fals Report,
Thay will not suffer to resort
Gude Counsale to *þ*e kingis presence.

Dissait
Swyth, hursone karle, ga pak the hence.

Heir sall thay hurle away Gud Counsale.

Sen at this tyme I can gett na presence,
Is no remeid bot tak in pacience.
Howbeid Gud Counsale hestaly be not hard
With 3ung princis, 3it sowld thay not be skard;
Bot quhen 3owtheid hes blawin his wantoun blast,
Than sall Gude Counsale rewill him at the last.

Heir sall the thre Vycis pass to ane counsale.

---

vnsale: unhallowed;

Flattry
Now quhill Gud Counsale is absent,
Bredir, we mon be diligent
And mak betuix ws sovir bandis,
Quhen vacanis fallis in ony landis,
That every man sall help his fallow.

Dissait
I hald, deir bruder, be All Hallow,
So thow fische not within our boundis.

Flattry
That sall I not, be cokkis woundis,
Bot I sall planely tak ȝour pairtis.

Falset
So sall we thyne, with all our hairtis.
Bot haist ws quhill the king is ȝung,
And lat ilk man keip weill a tung,
And in ilk quartir have a spy,
Ws till aduerteiss haistelly,
Quhen ony cawsualiteis
Sall happin in our cuntreis.
And lat ws mak provisioun,
Or he cum to discretioun.
No moir he wat now nor ane sanct,
Quhat thing it is to haive of want:
Or he cum to his perfyt aige,
We sal be sicker of our waige,
And than lat ilk ane cairle crave vthir.

Dissait
That mowth speik mair, my awin deir bruthir!

Heir sall Veritie entir and pass to hir place quhair Flattry sall spy hir with feir.

Veritie
Gif men of me wald haif intelligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me Veritie.
Off Chrystis law I haif experience,
And hes oursalit mony stormy sie;
Now am I seikand King Humanitie,
For of his Grace I have gud esperance.
Fra tyme that he acquentit be with me,
His heich honour and gloir I sall avance.

Dissait
Sancte Pater, quhair haif ȝe bene?
Declair to ws of ȝour novellis.

---

novellis: news;

Flattry
Thair is new lichtit on the grene,
Dame Veritie, be bukis and bellis.
Bot cum scho to *þe* kingis presence,
Thair is na bute for ws to byde.
Thairfoir I rid ws all go hence.

Falset
That will we not ȝit, be Sanct Bryd;
Bot we sall owdir gang or ryd
To lordis of spritualitie,
And gar thame trow ȝone bag of pryd
Hes spokin manifest heresie.

Heir the vycis gais to þe sprituall estait, and lyis vpoun Veretie, desiring hir to be put in captiuitie quhilk is done with diligence.

Flattry
Quhat buk is *þat*, harlat, in to thy hand?
Owt, walloway, this is the *New Testment,*
In Ingliss tung and prentit in Ingland:
Heresy, heresy, fy, fyre incontinent.

Veretie
Forswth, freind, ȝe haive ane wrang iugment,
For in that Buike thair is no heresie,
Bot Chrystis word, richt dulce and redolent, fol.193*b*
Ane springand well of sinceir veretie.

Dissait
Cum, on ȝour way, for all ȝour ȝallow lokkis,
ȝour wantone wordis but dowt ȝe sall repent.
This nicht ȝe sall bedryt ane pair of stokkis,
And syne the morne be brocht to iugement.

Veretie
For Chrystis saik I am richt weill content
To suffer all thing that sall pleiss his Grace.
Howbeid ȝe put a thowsand to torment,
A hundreth thowsand sall ryiss in thair place.

Heir sall Veretie sit doun on hir kneis and say:

Gett vp, thow sleipis all to lang, O Lord,
And mak ane ressonable reformatioun
On thame quhilk dois tramp doun thyne hevinly word,
And hes ane deidly indignatioun
At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun.
Suffer thame not no moir to be mollest.

---

trow: believe; *bedryt:* dirty with excrement;

O Lord, I mak the supplicatioun:
With thyne vnfreindis, lat me not be opprest.
I haif no moir to say.

Flattry
Sit doun and tak 3ow rest
All nicht till it be day.

Dissait
My lordis we have with diligence,
Bucklit weill vp 3one bladdrand baird.

Spritualitie
I think 3e sarve sum recompence:
Tak thair ten crownis for 3our rewaird.

Heir sall entir Chaistetie and say:

How lang sall this inconstant warld endure,
That I sowld baneist be sa lang, allace?
Few criateuris or none takis of me ceure
Quhilkis garris me mony nichtis ly harbreles.
Thocht I have past all nicht fra place to place,
Amang the temporall and sprituall estaitis
Nor amang princis I can gett na grace,
Bot busteously ar haldin at thair 3aittis.

Dilligence fol.194*a*
Lady, I pray 3ow schaw to me 3our name;
It dois me noy 3our lamentatioun.

Chaistetie
My freind, þairof I neid not think na schame:
Dame Chestetie, banneist frome toun to toun.

Diligence
Than pass to ladeis of religioun,
Quha makkis thair vow to observe chestetie:
Lo quhair thair sittis ane priores of renown
Amang the rest of spritualitie.

Heir sall scho pass to the haill sprituall estait and scho sall not be ressauit, bot put away.

Dilligence
Madame, quhat garris 3ow gang sa lait?
Tell me how 3e haif done debait
With the temporall and sprituall stait.
Quha did 3ow moist kyndnes?

---

l.2134: Bannatyne, *Phow;* 1602 text, *How;*

Chestetie
In faith I fand bot ill and war,
That gart me stand frome thame afar,
Evin lyk a beggar at the bar,
And flemit me moir and less.

Dilligence
I counsale 3ow, but tareing,
Pass till Humanitie þe king.
Perchance he of his grace benyng
Will mak to 3ow support.

Chaistetie
Off 3our counsale, I am content
To pass to him incontinent,
And my seruice till him present
In howp of sum comfort.

Sollace
Soverane, get vp and sie ane hevinly sicht:
Ane fair lady in quhyt abil3ement.
Scho may be peir to ony king or knycht,
Moist lyk ane angell be my iugement.

Sensualitie
Now lat me se quhat this mater ma mene:
Perchance þat I may knaw hir be hir face.
But dowt, this is Dame Chestetie, I wene.
Sir, scho and I ma not byd in a place
Bot, gif it be the plesour of 3our Grace
That I remane in to 3our cumpany,
Than this woman richt haistelly gar chace,
That scho be no moir sene in this cuntre.

King
As evir 3e pleiss, sweit hairt, so sall it be.
Dispone hir as 3e think expedient,
Evin as 3e list to latt hir leif or de:
I will refer to 3ow þat iugement.

Sensualitie
Pass on than, Sapience, and Discretioun,
And baneiss hir owt of the kingis presence.

Dissait
That sall we do, madame, be Goddis passioun,
We sall do 3our command with diligence
And at 3our hand serve gudly recompence.
Dame Chestetie, cum on, be nocht agast;
We sall richt sone vpoun 3our awin expence
In to þe stokkis 3our bony feit mak fast.

fol.194*b*

Heir sall thay harle Chestety to the stokkis and scho sall say:

I pray 3ow, seris, be patient,
For I sal be obedient
Till do quhat 3e command,
Sen I se thair is no remeid,
Howbeid it war to suffer deid,
Or flemd fourth of the land.
I wyt the Empriour Constantyne
That I am put to sic rewyne,
And baneist frome the kirk;
For sen he maid the paip a king,
In Rome I cowld get na lugeing,
Bot hyd me in the mirke.
Bot Lady Sensualitie
Sensyne hes gydit that cuntre,
And mekle of the rest;
And now scho rewlis all this land
And hes directit hir command
That I sowld be opprest.
Bot all cumis for the best,
To thame þat lovis the Lord:
Thocht I be now opprest,
I trest to be restord.

Heir sall thay put hir in the stokkis and scho sall say to Verete:

Sister, allace, this is a cairfull caice,
That we with princis sowld sa be abhord.

Verete

Be blyth, sister, I trest within schort space
That we sal be richt hónorablie restord,
And with the king we sal be at concord;
For I heir tell Devyne Correctioun
Is new landit, thankit be God our Lord.
I wat he will be our protectioun.

Finis of this interlude.

Ane proclamatioun to be tane in eftirwart of the Paliament.

Heir sall messinger Dilligence say:

At the command of King Humanitie,
I warne and chairge all memberis of parliament,
Baith spirituall stait and temporalitie,

That to his Grace thay be obedient,
And speid thame to þe court incontinent,
In gud ordour, arrayit ryally.
Quho beis absent or inobedient,
The kingis displesour thay sall vndirly.

And als I mak 3ow exortatioun,
Sen 3e haif hard the first pairt of our play,
Ga tak ane drink, and mak collatioun.
Ilk man drink to his marrow, I 3ow pray;
Tary nocht lang; it is lait of the day.
Lat sum drink aill, and sum the cleret wyne:
Be grit doctouris of phesik I heir say
That michty drink confortis a dull ingyne.

This verss eikit quhilk is in the first proclamatioun.

Prudent pepill, I pray 3ow all,
Tak no man greif in speciall;
For we sall speik in generall,
For pastyme, be my fay.
Thairfoir till our rymes be rung,
And our mistonit sangis be sung,
Lat every man keip weill a tung
And every woman tway.
And 3e ladeis þat list to pische,
Lift vp 3our taill, steill in a dische;
And gife 3our quhislecaw cry quhiche,
Stop in ane wisp of stray.
Latt not 3our bleddir birst, I pray 3ow, fol.195*b*
For þat is evin annewch till slay 3ow,
Becauss thair is to cum, a say 3ow,
The best pairte of our play.

Heir sall entir Correctionis varlet for reformatioun and say:

Schiris, stand a bak and hald 3ow coy;
I am the King Correctionis boy,
Cum heir to dress his place.
Se þat 3e mak obedience
Vnto his nobill excellence,
Fra tyme 3e se his face.
For he makis reformationis
Owtthrwch all cristin nationis,
Quhair he findis grit debaitis;
And sa far as I vndirstand
He sall reforme in to this land
All the thre estaitis.
God furth of Hevin he hes him send,

first proclamatioun: ll.2236–43 repeat ll.347–54 of the first interlude; *quhislecaw:* onomatopoeic; *quhiche:* whish;

To puneiss all þat dois offend
Vnto his Maiestie,
As evir him list, to tak vengence
Sum tyme with swerd and pestilence,
With derth and povertie;
Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he geif thame grace;
Bot thay þat will not be correctit,
Richt suddanly will be derectit,
And flemid far frome his face.
For scylence I protest
Off lord, laird, and leddy:
Now will I rin but rest
And tell þat all is reddy.

Dissait

Bruder, hard ȝe ȝone proclamatioun?
I dreid full sair for reformatioun,
ȝone message makkis me mangit.
Quhat is ȝour counsale, to me tell?
Remane we heir, be God him sell,
We will all thre be hangit.

Flattry

I will ga to Spritualitie,
And preiche owt thruche his dyocie
Quhair I wilbe vnknawin,
Or keip me cloiss in to sum closter,
With mony peteous *Pater Noster,*
Till all the boist be blawin.

Dissait fol.196*a*

I will be treittit as ȝe ken
With my maisteris the merchandmen,
Quhilk can mak small debait.
ȝe ken richt few of þame that thryvis,
Or can begyle the landwart wyvis,
But me, thair man, Dissait.
Now Falsat, quhat sall be thy chift?

Falsat

Na, cair thow not man for my thrift.
Trow thow þat I be daft?
Na, I will leif a lusty lyfe,
Withowttin ony sturt or stryfe,
Amang the men of craft.

---

mangit: stupid;

Flattry
I will remane na mair besyd 3ow.
I counsale 3ow richt weill to gyd 3ow:
Byd nocht vpoun Correctioun.
Fairweill, I will na langar tary.
I pray the alreche Quene of Fary
To be 3our protectioun.

Dissait
Falsat I wald we maid ane band
Now, quhill the king is sound sleipand,
Quhattrax to steill his box.

Falsat
Na, weill said, be the Sacrament
That sall I do incontinent,
Thocht it had twenty lokkis.

Heir sall thay steill the kingis box etc.

Lo, heir the box; now lat ws ga;
This may suffyice for our rewardis.

Dissait
3e, þat it may, man, be this day;
It may weill mak ws landward lairdis.
Now latt ws cast away thir clais,
In dreid sum follow on the chace.

Falsat
Richt weill devysit, be Sanct Blaiss;
Wald God we war owt of this place.

Heir sall thay cast away thair conterfit clais.

Dissait
Now, sen thair is no man to wrang ws,
I pray 3ow, bruder, with all myne hairt,
Latt ws now pairt this pelf amang ws;
Syne hestelly latt ws depairt.

Falsatt fol.196*b*

Trowis thow to get als mekle as I?
That sall thow not. I stall the box.
Thow did na thing bot luikit by,
And lurkit lyk a wyly fox.

Dissait
Thy heid sall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, withowt I get my pairt.

alreche: eldritch; *Pelour:* thief;

Swyth, hursone smaik, ryve vp the lokkis,
Or I sall stik the thruch the hairt.

Heir sall thay fecht with sylence.

Falsat

Allace, for evir myne e is owt;
Walloway, will no man red the men?

Dissait

Vpoun thy clof tak thair a clowt;
To be cowrtace I sall the ken.
Fair weill, for I am at the flicht.
I will not byd on na demandis:
And we tway meit agane this nicht,
Thy feit sall be wirth fourty handis.

Correctioun enteris. I tak heir bot certane schort pairtis owt of the speichis becauss of lang proces of the play.

Correctioun

I am ane iuge, richt potent and seveir,
Cum to do iustice mony thowsand myle.
I am sa constant, baith in peax and weir,
Na bud nor favour ma my face oursyle.
Thair is þairfoir richt mony in this yle,
Of my repair, but dowt, quhilk dois repent.
Bot vertewis men, I trest, sall on me smyle
And of my cuming be richt weill content.

Gud Counsale

Wylcum, my Lord, wylcum ten thowsand tymes,
Till all faythfull and trew men of this regioun.
Wylcum, for till correct all faltis and crymes
Amang this cankart congregatioun.
Lowiss Chestety, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
And put till fredome fair Laidy Veretie
Quhilk, be vnfaithfull folk of this regioun,
Lyis bund ful fast in to captiuitie.

Correctioun

I mervell, Gud Counsale, how þat may be.
Ar 3e not with the king familiar? fol.197*a*

Gud Counsale

That am I not, my Lord, full wa is me,
Bot lyk ane brybour haldin at the bar
Thay play bokeik evin as I war a skar.
Thair come thre knavis in clething conterfait,

smaik: wretch; *red:* separate; *clof:* backside; *bud:* bribe; *oursyle:* beguile; *repair:* coming; *bokeik:* bo-peep; *skar:* scarecrow;

And fra the king thay gart me stand a far,
Quhois names war Falsat, Flattry, and Dissait.
Bot quhen thay knavis hard tell of 3our cuming,
Thay stall away ilk ane a sindry gait,
And kest fra thame thair conterfait clething,
For thair leving full weill thay can debait:
The merchandmen thay haive resset Dissait;
And for Falsat, full weill, my Lord, I ken
He will be richt weill treitit air and lait
Amang the maist pairt of the craftismen;
Flattry hes tane the habeit of a freir,
Purposing to begyle the sprituall estait.

Correctioun
But dowt, my freindis, and I leive half a 3eir,
I sall serche owt thair iniquitie.
Quhair lyis 3one ladyis in captiuitie?
How now, sisteris, quho hes 3ow so disgysit?

Veretie
Vnmercifull memberis of iniquitie
Dispytfully hes ws, my Lord, supprysit.

Correctioun
Ga put 3one ladyis to thair libertie
Incontinent, and brek doun all the stokkis.
But dowt, thay ar full deir wylcum to me.
Mak diligence, methink 3e do bot mokkis.
Speid hand, and spair not for to brek the lokkis,
And tendirly tak thame vp be the hand.
Had I thame heir, thay knavis sowld ken my knokkis
That thame opprest and baneist of this land.

Heir sall thay be tane owtt of the stokkis and thay sall say:

We thank 3ow, ser, of 3our benignitie;
Bot I beseik 3our Maiestie royall
That 3e wald pass to King Humanitie,
And fleme fra him 3one Lady Sensuall,
And entir in his seruice Gude Counsall; fol.197*b*
For 3e will find him verry counsalable.

Correctioun
Cum on, sisteris, as 3e haif said I sall
And gar him stand at 3ow thre, firme and stable.

Heir sall Gud Counsale, Verete, and Chestetie cum to the king with Correctioun.

Correctioun
Get vp, Ser King, 3e haif slepit annewch

In to the armes of Lady Sensuall.
Be sure þat moir belangis to the plewch,
As eftirward, perchance, reherss I sall;
Remembir how the King Sardanapall
Amang fair ladyis tuk his lust sa lang,
So þat the moist pairt of his liegis all
Rebeld, and syne him dulfully doun thrang.
Remembir how, in to the tyme of Noy,
For the fowle stinkand syn of lichery
God be my wand did all the warld distroy.
Sodome and Gomer, richt so, full rigourusly,
For þat self syn war brint rycht crewally.
Thairfoir I the command incontinent
Banneiss frome the that huir, Sensualitie,
Or ellis, but dowt, rudly thow salt repent.

King

Be quhome haif ȝe so grit awtoritie,
Quhilk dois presome for till correct a king?
Knaw ȝe nocht me, the King Humanitie,
That in my regioun royally did ring?

Correctioun

I haif power grit princis to doun thring,
That leivis contrar the Maiestie devyne,
Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling;
But thay repent I put thame to rewyne.

I wil begin at the, quhilk is the heid,
And mak on the first reformatioun.
Thy liegis than will follow the but pleid.
Swyth harlot, henss the withowt dilatioun.

Sensualitie

My Lord, I mak ȝow supplicatioun.
Gif me licence to pass agane to Rome.
Amang the princis of þat natioun
I lat ȝow wit my bewty thair will blome.

Heir sall Sensualitie depairt fra the king. fol.198*a*

Correctioun

My Lord, sen ȝe ar quyt of Sensualitie,
Ressaif in to ȝour seruice Gud Counsale,
And richt so this fair lady Chestetie.
Till ȝe mary sum quene of blude royall,
Observe than chestetie matrimoniall.
Richt so ressaif heir Veretie be the hand;
Vse thair counsale, ȝour fame sall nevir fall:
Thairfoir, with thame mak ane perpetuall band.

plewch: plough; l.2404: Bannatyne, *fow,* 1602 text, *how; Noy:* Noah; *maling:* malign;

Heir sall the King ressaif the thre vertewis.

I am content 3our counsale till inclyne,
3e beand of so gude conditioun.
At 3our command sall be all þat is myne,
And heir I gif 3ow full commissioun
To pvneiss faltis and gif remissioun.
To all vertew I sal be consonable;
With 3ow I sall confirme ane vnioun,
And at 3our counsale stand ay firme and stable.

Correctioun
I counsall 3ow, incontinent,
Agane proclame the parliament
Of all the thre estaitis,
That thay be heir with diligence,
To mak to 3ow obedience,
And sone dress all debaitis.

King
That sall be done but mair demand.
How, Diligence, cum heir fra hand
And tak 3our informatioun.
Go warne the spritualitie,
Richt so the temporalitie
To gif ws thair counsailis.
Quho so beis absent, to þame schaw
That thay sall vndirly our law
And puneist be that failis.

Diligence
Schir, I sall baith in bruch and land
With diligence do 3our command,
Vpoun my awin expens.
Schir, I haif seruit all this 3eir,
But I gat nevir ane dynneir
3it for my recompence.

King fol.198*b*

Pass on, for thow sal be regairdit,
And for thy seruice weill rewairdit.
For quhy, with my consent
Thow sall haif 3eirly, for thy hyre,
The teind mvssillis of the Ferry Myre,
Confirmd in parliament.

Dilligence
I will get riches with that rent
Eftir the day of dome,

bruch: burgh; *dynneir:* penny; *teind mvssillis:* tithe mussels; *Ferry Myre:* ? Fernie Myre, an inland place, and therefore an impossible payment;

Quhen, in the coillpottis of Trannent,
Buttir will grow on brome.
All nicht I had sa mekle drowth
I micht not sleip a wink;
Or I proclame ocht with my mowth,
But dowt, I mon haif drink.

Correctioun
Cum heir, Placebo, and Solace,
Wtih 3our compan3eoun, Wantones,
I ken weill 3our conditioun.
For tysting of Humanitie
To ressaif Sensualitie
3e mon suffir pvnitioun.

Wantoness
We grant, my Lord, we haif done ill;
Thairfoir we put ws in 3our will.
Bot we haif bene abusit
For, in gudfaith, ser, we belevit
That lichery sowld no man haif grevit,
Becauss it is so vsit.
Schir, we sall mend our conditioun,
So 3e gif ws ane fre remissioun.
Bot gif ws leif to sing,
To dance, and play at chess and tabillis,
To reid storyis, and mirry fabillis,
For plesour of the king.

Correctioun
So þat 3e do non vþer cryme,
3e sall be pardond at this tyme,
For quhy, as I suppois,
Princes sumtyme mon seik sollace,
With mirth and lefull mirreness,
Thair spreitis to reioiss.

King fol.199*a*
Quhair is Sapience, and Discretioun,
And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar?

Veretie
Sapience, ser, was ane verry loun,
And Discretioun was nyne tymes war.
The swth, ser, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle 3our Excellence,
And wald not suffer to resort
Non of ws thre to 3our presence.

---

coillpottis: coal pits; *drowth:* thirst; *tysting:* enticing;

Chaistetie
Thay thre was Flattry, and Dissait
And Falsat, that vnhappy loun,
Aganis ws thre quhilk maid debait,
And baneist ws frome toun to toun.
Thay gart ws tway fall in to soun,
Quhen thay ws lokkit in the stokkis.
That dastard, quhilk ȝe call Discretioun,
Full thiftously, he stall ȝour box.

King
The divill tak thame, sen thay ar gane:
Me thocht thame ay thre verry smaikis.
I mak ane vow to sweit Sanct Fillane,
Get I thame, thay sall beir thair paikis.
I se thay playd with me the glaikkis.
Gud Counsale now schaw me the best,
Sen I fix on ȝow thre my staikis.
How sall I keip my realme in rest?

Heir sall the thre estaitis compeir to the parliament and the king sall say:

My prudent lordis of the thre estaitis,
It is our will, aboif all vþir thing,
For to reforme all thay that makis debaitis
Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling,
And thay þat dois the commoun weill doun thring.
With help and counsale of King Correctioun,
It is our will for to mak punissing,
And plane oppressouris put to subiectioun.

Dilligence fol. 199*b*
All mener of men, I warne, that bene opprest,
Cum and complene and thay sall be redrest.
For quhy, it is ȝone nobill princis willis,
That all complenaris sall gif in thair billis.

Iohine the Commoun Weill
Owt of my gait, for Goddis saik, lat me gae.
Tell me agane, gudmaister, quhat ȝe sae?

Dilligence
I warne all þat bene wrangusly offendit,
Cum and complene, and thay sall be amendit.

Commoun Weill
Thankit be Chryst that ware the croun of thorne,
For I was nevir sa blyth sen I was borne.

---

soun: swoon; *paikis:* thrashings;

Dilligence
Quhat is thy name, fallow, þat wald I feill?

Iohine
Forswth, thay call me Iohine the Commoun Weill.
Gud maister, I wald speir at 3ow ane thing:
Quhair trest 3e sall I find 3one new maid king?

Dilligence
Cum our, and I sall schaw the till his Grace.

Iohine
Now, Godis braid bennisoun licht vpoun that face
Stand by the gait; lat se gif I can lowp.
I mon rin fast in dreid I gett a cowp.

Heir sall Iohine ryn to lowp our the water and he sall fall in the middis of it.

Dilligence
Speid the away; thow taryis all to lang.

Iohine
Schir, be this day, I micht not gaster gang.
Gudday, gudday, grit God saive baith 3our Gracis,
Wally, wally faw tha twa weill fard facis.

King
Schaw me thy name, gud man, I the command.

Iohine
Mary, Iohine the Commoun Weill of fair Scotland.

King
The Commoun Weill hes bene amang his fais.

Iohine fol.200*a*
3e, þat, ser, garris the Commoun Weill want clais.

Correctioun
Iohine, quhome vpoun complene 3e or quho makis
3ow debaitis?

Iohine
Schir, I complene vpoun the king and all the thre estaitis,
As for our reverend faderis of spritualitie,
Thay ar led be covetice and cairles sensualitie:
And als 3e se temporalitie hes neid of correctioun,
Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publict oppressioun.

lowp: leap; *cowp:* overturning; *wally faw:* good luck to; *fard:* fared; l.2568: supplied from 1602 text; Bannatyne: *Ar led be covetyce, þis cairle, and temporalitie;*

Lo, see quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak.
Get vp, I think to se thy craig gar a raip crak.
How, fenȝeit Flattry; the feind fart on that face:
Quhen ȝe war gydar of the court we gat littill grace.
Ryss vp, Falsat, and Dissait, withowt ony sonȝie,
I pray God nor the divillis dam dryt on that grunȝie.
Behald, as the loun luikis evin lyk a theif;
Mony wicht workmen ȝe haif brocht to mischeif.
My soverane Lord Correctioun, I mak ȝow supplicatioun:
Put thir tryit trucouris frome Crystis congregatioun.

Correctioun
As ȝe haif devysit, but dowt, it sal be done.
Cum heir annone, my seriandis, and do ȝour det sone.
Put first the thre pilouris in to þe prissone strang;
Howbeid ȝe hang thame hestelly ȝe do thame no wrang.

First Sariand
Soverane Lord, we sall obey all ȝour commandis.
Bruder, vpoun thay harlottis lay on ȝour handis.
Ryiss vp, lowry, ȝe luik evin lyk a lurdane;
ȝour mowth war meit evin to drink owt a iurdane.

Secund Sariand
Cum heir, gossep, cum heir, cum heir!
ȝour rakles lyff ȝe sall repent:
Quhen had ȝe wont to be so sweir?
Stand still, and be obedient.

First Sariand
Thair is not ane in all þis toun
Bot I wald nocht this taill war tawd;
Bot I wald hang him for his goun
Quhiddir he war lord or lawid.
I trow this pylour be spurgawd;
Thow art ane stif knaif I stand ford.
Howbeid I se thy skalp skyr skawd,
Put in thyne handis in to this cord.

Heir ar thay led and put in the stokkis.

Gud Counsale fol.200*b*
My wirdy lordis, sen ȝe haif on hand
Sum reformatioun to mak in to this land,
And als ȝe knaw it is the kingis mynd,
Quhilk to the commoun weill hes ay bene kynd,
Thocht reiff and thift war stanchit weill annewch,

craig: neck; *sonȝie:* delay; *dryte:* shit; *grunȝie:* snout; *loun:* the vice of the temporality, public oppression; *seriandis:* sergeants; *lowry:* rascal; *lurdane:* blackguard; *iurdane:* chamber pot; *sweir:* unco-operative; *lawid:* layman; *spurgawd:* spur-galled; *skalp skyr skawd:* scalp lumpy with scirrhus and scabby;

ȝit sum thing moir belangis to the plewch.
Now in to peice ȝe sowld provyd for weiris,
And be seur off how mony thowsand speiris
The king ma be quhen he hes ocht ado.
For quhy, my lordis, this is my resone, lo:
The husbendmen and commouns thay war wount
Go in the battell formest in the brount;
Bot I haif tynt myne experience
Withowt ȝe mak sum bettir dilligence,
The commoun weill mon vþir wayis be stylit,
Or, be my faith, the realme will be begylit.
Thir peur commouns, daylie, as ȝe may sie,
Declynis doun till extreme povertie.
For sum ar heichtit so in to thair maill,
Thair wynning will nocht find thame wattir caill.
How kirkmen heichtis thair tendis, it is weill knawin;
That husbendmen no wayis may hald thair awin,
And now begynis ane plaig vpoun thame new;
That gentillmen thair steidingis takis in few,
Thus mon thay pay grit ferme or leif the steid;
And sum ar planely hurlit owt be the heid.
Thay ar distroyit without God on thame rew.

Povertie

Schir, be Godis breid, that taill is verry trew.
It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horss;
Now all my geir ȝe se vpoun my corss.

Correctioun

Or I depairt, I think to mak gud ordour.

Commoun Weill

I pray ȝow, ser, begin than at the Bordour.
For how sowld we defend ws agane Ingland,
Quhen we can nocht within our native land
Distroy our awin Scottis commoun trator theivis
That to leill labowraris daylie dois mischeivis?
War I ane king, my Lord, be cokkis woundis,
Quha evir held commoun theivis within thair boundis,
Quhairthrow þat leill men daylie micht be wrangit,
Withowt remeid thair cheftanis sowld
be hangit.
Quhidder he war ane knycht, lord, or laird,
The diuill beir me till Hell and he war spaird.

Temporalitie

Quhat vþir ennemyis hes thow, lat ws ken?

---

brount: brunt; *heichtit:* raised; *ferme:* rent; *nolt:* cattle; *maill:* tax; *caill:* kale; *few:* feu;

Commoun Weill

Schir, I complene vpoun all ydill men,
For quhy, Ser, it is Goddis awin bidding
All cristiane men to wirk for thair leving.
Sanct Pawle, the pillar of the kirk,
Sayis to tha wratchis þat will nocht wirk
And bene to vertewis labour laith,
Qui non laborat, non menduceth,
This bene in Inglis toung to treit:
Quho labouris nocht, he sall not eit.
This bene agane thir strang beggaris,
Fidlaris, pypparis, and pardonaris,
Thir iuglaris, iestouris, and ydill hensouris,
Thir babill beraris, and thir bairdis,
Thir cariowris, and thir quynte sensouris,
Thir sweir swyngeouris with lordis and lairdis,
Mo than thair rentis may sustene,
Or to þair proffeit neidfull bene,
Quhilk bene ay blythest of discordis,
And deidly feid amang the lordis.
For than thay trucouris man be treitit,
Or ellis thair quarrellis ar vndebaitit;
And munkis, preistis, channonis, and freiris,
Augustynis, Carmeleitis, and Cordeleirs,
And vþiris þat in cowlis bene cled,
Quhilk labouris not and bene weill fed.

Correctioun

Quhome vpoun ma wilt thow complene?

Iohine

Mary, ser, ma, and mae agane.
For the peur pepill cryis with cairis
The grit misvsing of iustice airis,
Exercit mair for covettyce
Nor for pvnissing of vyce.
Ane pegrall theif that steilis a kow
Is hangit; bot he þat steilis a bow,
With als mekle geir as he may turss,
That theif is hangit be the purss.
So pykand, pegrall theivis ar hangit;
Bot he þat all the warld hes wrangit,
A crewall tirrand, a strang transgressour,
Ane commoun, publict, plane oppressour,
By buddis will he obtene favouris
Off thesawrar and compositowris:
Thocht he serve grit pvnisioun,
Gettis esy compositioun.

fol.201*b*

hensouris: ? henchmen; *cariowris:* mountebank carriers; *sensouris:* quintessencers; *babill:* bauble; *bairdis:* bards; *sweir:* idle; *swyngeouris:* rogues; *Cordeleirs:* Franciscans; *airis:* eyres, assizes; *pegrall:* paltry; *turss:* carry; *buddis:* bribes; *compositowris:* settlers of disputes;

And thruche lawis consistoriall,
Prolixt, corrupt, and perciall,
The commoun pepill ar put at vnder:
Thocht thay be peure, it is na wounder.

Correctioun
Gude Iohine, I grant all þat is trew.
3our infortoun full sair I rew.
Or I pairte of this natioun,
I sall mak reformatioun,
And als my lordis temporalitie,
I 3ow command in tyme þat 3ie
Expell oppressioun of 3our landis.
And als I say to 3ow, merchandis,
And evir I fynd, be land or sie,
Dissait in to 3our cumpanye,
Quhilk ar to Commoun Weill contrare,
I wow to God I sall not spair
To put my sword to executioun,
And mak on 3ow extreme pvnissioun.
Mairattour, my Lord Spiritualitie,
In gudly haist I will þat 3ie
Sett in to few 3our temporall landis,
To men þat labowris with þair handis—
Bot nocht to iynkyne gentill man,
That nowdir will he wirk or can—
Quhairby that pollecy may incress.

Temporalitie
I am content, ser, be the mess,
Swa þat the spritualitie
Sett thairis in few als weill as we.
My spritуall lordis, ar 3e content?

Spritualitie
Na, we mon tak avysement.
In sic materis for to conclude
Our hestelly, I think nocht gude.

Correctioun
Conclude 3e not with þe Commoun Weill,
3e sal be puneist, be sweit Sant Ieill.

Spritualitie
Schir, I can schaw 3ow exemptioun
Fra 3our temporall pvnissioun,
The quhilk we purpoiss to debait.

Mairattour: moreover; l.2705: Bannatyne, *Temporalitie;* 1602 text, *Spiritualitie; iynkine:* evasive;

Correctioun
Wa, than, 3e think to stryve for stait?
My lordis, quhat say 3e to this pley?

Temporalitie
My soverane Lord, we will obey,
And tak 3our pairte with hairt and hand,
Quhat evir 3e pleiss ws to command.

Heir sall thay sit doun and ask grace.

Bot we beseik 3ow, our Soverane,
Of all our crymes þat ar bygane,
To gif ws twa ane full remissioun;
And heir we mak to 3ow condissioun
The commoun weill for till defend
Frome hynefurth till our lyvis end.

Correctioun
On þat conditioun I am content
Tell pardoun 3ow, sen 3e repent.
And Commoun Weill tak be the hand
And mak with him perpetuall band.

Heir sall thay imbrace the Commoun Weill.

Correctioun
Iohine, haif 3e ony ma debaitis
Aganis my lordis, the spirituall estaitis?

Iohine
Na, ser, we dar not speik a word.
To plene on preistis, it is na bowrd.

Spritualitie
Flyt on thy fill, fule, I defy the:
Sa thow schaw bot the verety.

Iohine
Gramercy, than sall I not spair
First to complene on our vicair:
The peur cottar lyand to die,
Havand small bairnis two or thre,
And hes two ky, withowttin mo,
The vicar most haif on of tho,
With the gray coit that happis the bed,
Howbeid the wyf be peurly cled.
And gif the wyf de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis sowld be forlorne,
The vþir cow he cleikis away,

stait: supremacy; *happis:* covers;

With hir peur coit of roploch gray.
Wald God this custome war put doun
Quhilk nevir was foundit be ressoun.

Temporalitie
Ar all thay tailis trew þat thow tellis?

Povertie
Trew, ser, ȝee, the diuill stik me ellis.
For, be the holy Trinitie,
That same was practik vpoun me.
For our vicar, God gif him pyne,
Hes ȝit thre tydy ky of myne:
Ane for my fader, and for my wyf ane vder,
The thrid cow he tuik for Meg my moder.

Iohine
Our parsone heir, he takis na vder pyne
Bot to ressaif his teindis, and spend thame syne.
Howbeid þat he be obleist be ressoun
To preiche the evangell to his parichoun,
And thocht thay want the preiching sevintene ȝeir,
Our parsone will not want ane scheif of beir.

Temporalitie
Forswth, my lordis, I think we sowld conclude,
Twiching this kow, ȝe haif ane conswetude.
We will decerne heir þat the Kingis Grace
Sall wryt vnto þe Popis Halyness:
With his consent be proclamatioun,
Baith cors present and cow we sall cry doun.

Sprituality
To that, my lordis, planely we disconsent.
Natar, thairof I tak ane instrument.

Scryb
ȝe gar me wryt mony sindry act,
And to me ȝe nevir cast in a plack.

Peverty
Ha, my lordis, for the holy Trinitie,
Remembir for to reforme the consistory:
It hes mair neid of reformatioun
Nor Plutois court, be cokkis passioun.

Persone fol.203*a*
Quhat causs hes thow, pylour, for to plenȝie?
Quhair was thow evir summond to thair senȝie?

tydy: fat; *scheif of beir:* sheaf of barley; *cors present:* corpse present, gift to the priest by the deceased's relatives; *Natar:* notary; *tak ane instrument:* make legal protest; *plack:* small copper coin worth one third of an English penny;

Povertie

Mary, I lent my gossop my meir to fetche in coilis,
And he dir drownit in to the quarrell hoilis;
And I ran to the constry for to plenȝie,
And thair I hapnit amang ane greidy menȝie.
Thay gaif me first ane thing thay call citandum
Within awcht dayis I gat bot libellandum
Within ane moneth I gat ad opponendum;
In half ane ȝeir I gat interloquendum;
And syne I gat, quhow call ȝeid? ad replicandum.
Bot I cowld nevir ane word ȝit vndirstand him.
And than thay gart me cast owt mony plakkis,
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis
Bot, or thay come half gait ad concludendum
The feind ane plak was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa ȝeir with thair trane,
Syne hodie ad octo bad me cum agane.
And than thay ruikis thay rowpit woundir fast,
For centence silver thay cryit at the last.
Off pronunciandum thay maid me woundir fane,
Bot I gat nevir my gud gra meir agane.

Temporalite

My lordis, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
Quhois grit defame abone the hevin blawis.
I wist ane man in persewing ane kow,
Or he had done, he spendit half a bow;
So þat the kingis honor we may advance,
We will conclud as thay haif done in France.
Lat sprituall materis pas to spritualitie,
And temporall materis to temporalitie.
Quho failis in this sall coist thame of thair gude.
Scrib, mak ane Act, for so we will conclude.

Spritualite

That Act, my lordis, planely I ȝow declair
It is aganis our proffeit singulair.
Till all ȝour actis planely I disconsent:
Notar, pairof I tak ane instrument.

Heir sall entir Commoun Thift

Ga by the gait, man, lat me gang.
How diuill come I in to this thrang?
With sorrow I may sing my sang,
And I be tane.

---

citandum: to be summoned; *libellandum:* the first plea in a cause; *ad opponendum:* the opponent's reply; *interloquendum:* intermediate decree; *ad replicandum:* reply of plaintiff; *gait:* way; *ad concludendum:* to the conclusion; *trane:* trick; *hodie ad octo:* today week; *rowpit:* crowed; *centence silver:* legal fees paid before judgement is passed;

I haif run baith nicht and day. fol.203*b*
Throw speid of fute I gat away,
Bot be I kend heir, walloway,
I wil be slane.

Povertie
Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

Thift
Hursone, thay call me Commount Thift,
For I had nevir na vder clift
Sen I was borne.
In Ewisdaill was my dwelling place.
Mony wyfe gart I cry allace;
At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
Bot ay forlorne.
Sum sayis ane king is cum amang ws,
That purposis to heid and hang ws.
Thair is na grace and he may fang ws
Bot on ane pin.
Ring he, we theivis will get na gude.
I pray God, and the holy rude,
Sen he had smord in till his cude,
And all his kin.
Get this curst king me in his grippis,
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis:
The divill I gif thair tung and lippis
That of me tellis.
Adew! I dar nocht langar tary.
For be I kend, thay will me kary,
And put me in ane fery fary.
I see nocht ellis.
I raif, be him þat herreit Hell!
I had almaist forȝet my sell.
Will na gud fallow to me tell
Quhare I may fynd
The Erle of Rothes best haiknay?
That was my erand heir away.
He is richt stark, as I heir say,
And swift as wind.
Heir is my brydill and my spurris,
To gar him lanss our feild and furris.
Mycht I him gett now Ewis the durris
I tak na cure.
Off þat horss micht I get ane sicht
I had na dowt ȝit or midnicht,
That he and I sowld tak the flicht
Thruche Dysart Mvre.

thrift: profit; *chift:* livelihood; *Ewisdaill:* Ewesdale, Dumfriesshire; *pin:* gallows pin; *cude:* baptismal cloth; *raif:* rave; *lanss:* bound; *furris:* furrows; *Ewis the durris:* Ewes-doors; *Dysart Mvre:* Dysart Moor, Fife;

Off cumpanary tell me, bruder, fol.204*a*
Quhilk is the richt way to the Struder?
I wald be wylcum to my moder,
Gif I micht speid.
I wald gif baith my hat and bonat
To gett my Lord Lindsayis broun ionet.
War we beȝond the Watter of Annet,
We sowld nocht dreid.
Quhat now, Oppressioun, my bruder deir?
Quhat mekle divill hes brocht the heir?
Maister, tell me the cause perqueir,
Quhat ȝe haif done?

Oppressioun
Forswth, the Kingis Maiestie
Hes sett me heir as ȝe may see.
Micht I speik with Temporalitie
He wald releif me sone.
I beseik ȝow, my brother deir,
Bot half ane hour for to sit heir;
ȝe knaw þat I was nevir sweir,
ȝow till defend.
Put in ȝour leg in to my place,
And heir I sweir, be Goddis grace,
ȝow to releif within schort space,
Syne latt ȝow wend.

Thift
Than maister deir, gif me ȝour hand,
And mak to me ane sober band
That ȝe sall cum agane fra hand,
Withowttin faill.

Oppressioun
Tak thair my hand, richt hairtfully,
Als I promit the, verraly,
To gif to the ane cuppill of ky
In Liddisdaill.

Heir sall Commoun Thift put his feit in the stokkis And Oppressioun sall steill away and betra him.

Oppressioun
Bruder, tak patience in thy pane.
For I sweir the, be Sanct Fillane,
We twa sall nevir meit agane,
In land nor toun.

Struder: the Struther, Fife; *ionet:* gennet; *Watter of Annet:* Water of Annand, Dumfriesshire; l.2887: supplied from 1602 text; *Liddisdaill:* Liddisdale, like Ewesdale, in the Border country;

Thift
Maister, will ȝe not keip conditioun,
And put me furth of this suspitioun?

Oppressioun
Na, nevir quhill I get remissioun.
Adew my companȝeoun.
I sall command the to thy dame.

Thift
Adew than, in the divillis name.
For to be fals, thinkis thow na schame
To leif me in this pane?
Thow art ane loun and þat ane liddir.

Oppressioun
Bo, man, I will go to Baquihiddir.
It sall be Pasche, be Goddis Moder,
Or evir we meit agane.
Haif I nocht maid ane honest chift,
That hes betrasit Commoun Thift?
For thair is nocht vnder the lift
A curstar corss.
I am richt seur þat he and I,
Within this half ȝeir craftely,
Hes stowin ane thowsand scheip and ky,
By meiris and horss.
Wald God þat I war, sound and haill,
Now liftit in to Liddisdaill
The Merss sowld fynd me beif and caill.
Quhattrak of breid?
War I thair liftit, with my lyfe,
The diuill sowld stik me with a knyf
And evir I come agane in Fyfe
Quhill I wor deid.
Adew, I leif the divill amang ȝow,
That in his fingaris he may fang ȝow,
With all leill men þat dois belang ȝow;
For I may rew
That evir I come in to this land.
For quhy, ȝe may weill vndirstand,
I gat na geir to turne myne hand.
ȝit anis, adew.

Correctioun
I counsale ȝow, ser, now fra hand,
Gar baneiss ȝone freir owt of this land
And that incontinent.
Do ȝe not so withowttin weir,
We will mak all this toun on steir.
I knaw his fals intent:

fol.204*b*

liddir: lazy; *Merss:* the Merse, a district in Berwickshire;

3one flattrand knavis, withowttin fable,
I think thay ar nocht profitable
For Chrystis regioun.
To begin reformatioun,
Mak of thame deprivatioun:
This is my opinioun.

First Sariand
Schir, pleiss 3e þat we twa invaid thame,
And 3e sall se ws sone degraid thame,
Of cowle and skaiplarie.

Correctioun
Pas on. I am richt weill content.
Syne baneiss thame, incontinent,
Owt of this cuntrie.

First Sariand
Cum on, Ser Freir, and be nocht fleit.
The king, our maister, mon be obeyit,
Bot 3e sall haif no harme,
Gif 3e wald travell fra toun to toun,
I think this huid and hevy goun
Will hald 3our wame our warme.

Flattry
Now quhat is this thir monstouris menis?
I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,
And fra all humane law.

Secound Sariand
Tak 3e the huid and I the goun.
This lymmar luikis als lyk a loun
As ony that evir I saw.

First Sariand
Thir freiris, to escaip pvnissioun,
Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,
And no man will obey.
Thay ar exemit, I 3ow assure
Fra paipis, kingis and empriour,
And þat makis all the pley.

Second Sariand
On domisday quhen Chryst sall say,
'Venite benedicti',
The freiris will say withowt delay,
'Nos sumus exempti'.

Heir sall thay spul3e Flattry of the freirs habeit.

skaiplarie: scapulary, short cloak; *Venite benedicti:* come, blessed ones; *Nos sumus exempti:* we are exempt; rubric: Bannatyne, *kings;* 1602 text, *freirs;*

Gud Counsale
Schir, be the haly Trinitie,
This same is fenʒeit Flattrie:
I ken him be his face.
Belevand for to get promotioun,
He said þat his name was Devotioun,
And so begyld ʒour Grace.

First Sariand
Cum on, Ser Flattry, be the mess,
We sall leir ʒow to dance,
Within ane bony littill spaice,
Ane new paven of France.

Flattry
Now, my Lord, for Goddis saik, latt nocht hang me,
Howbeid thir widdefowis wald wrange me. fol.205*b*
I can mak no debait
To win my meit at plewch or harrowis,
Bot I sall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith Falsat and Dissait.

Correctioun
Than pass thy way, and graith the gallowis;
Syne help for to hang vp thy fallowis:
Thow gettis na vder grace.

Flattry
Off þat office I am content,
Bot our prellattis I dreid repent,
Be I flemid frome thair face.

Heir sall Flattry pass to the stokkis and sit besyd his marrowis.

Dissait
Now, Flattry, my awld companʒeoun,
Quhat dois ʒone King Correctioun?
Knawis thow not his entent?
Declair till ws of thy novellis.

Flattry
ʒeill all be hangit, I se nocht ellis,
And þat incontinent.

Dissait
Now, walloway, will he gar hang ws?
The divill brocht ʒone curst king amang ws,
For mekle sturt and stryfe.

---

paven: pavane; *widdefowis:* the gallows; rascals, those who should fill

Flattry
I had bene put to deid amang 3ow,
War nocht I tuik on hand to hang 3ow,
And so I savit my lyfe.
I heir thame say thay will cry doun
All freiris and preistis of this regioun,
Sa far as I can feill,
Becaus thay ar not necessar,
And als thay ar all haill contrar,
To Iohine the Commoun Weill.

Povertie
Now I beseik 3ow, for all hallowis,
Gar hang Dissait, and all his fallowis;
And baneiss Flattry of the toun,
For thair was nevir sic ane loun.
That beand done, I hald it best
That every man go tak his rest.

Correctioun
As thow hes said it sall be done.
Swyth, sariandis, hang 3one swyngeouris sone.

Heir sall the sariandis lowiss thame furth of the stokkis and leid thame to the gallowis. fol.206*a*

First Sariand
Cum heir, Ser Theif, cum heir, cum heir.
Quhen war 3e wont to be so sweir?
To hunt cattell 3e war ay speidy:
Thairfoir 3e sall waif in a widdy.

Thift
Man I be hangit, allace, allace?
Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
3it, or I dee, gif me a drink.

First Sariand
Fy, hursone cairle, I feill a stink.

Thift
Thocht I wald not þat it war wittin,
Schir, in gud faith I am beschittin.
To wit the veretie, gif 3ie pleiss,
Lowiss doun my hoiss, put in 3our neiss.

First Sariand
Thow art ane lymmar, I stand ford;
Slip in thy heid in to this cord,
For thow had nevir ane metar tippat.

widdy: gallows rope; l.3038: Bannatyne, *cairkle;* 1602 text, *cairle; neiss:* nose; *tippat:* hangman's rope;

Thift
Allace, this is ane fellone rippat.
The widdefow wardanis tuik my geir,
And left me nowdir horss nor meir,
Nor erdly gude that me belangit.
Now, walloway, I mon be hangit.

Repent 3our lyvis, all plane oppressouris,
All mvrdressaris, and strang transgressouris,
Or ellis ga chuse 3ow gud confessouris,
And mak 3ow ford.
For and 3e tary in this land,
And come vnder Correctionis band,
3our grace sal be, I vndirstand,
Ane gud scharp cord.
Adew, my brethir commoun theivis,
That helpit me in my mischeivis.
Adew Grossaris, Niksonis, and Bellis:
Oft haif we fairne owtthruche the fellis.
Adew Robsonis, Hawis, and Pylis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis,
Littillis, Trumbillis, and Armestrangis.
Adew all theivis that me belangis,
Tail3eouris, Erewynis, and Elwandis,
Speidy of feit, and slicht of handis, fol.206*b*
The Scottis of Eisdaill, and the Grames:
I haif na tyme to tell 3our names.
With King Correctioun be 3e fangit,
Beleif richt seur 3e will be hangit.

First Sariand
Speid hand, man, with thy clittir clatter.

Thift
For Goddis saik, man, latt me mak watter.
Howbeid I haif bene cattell greidy,
It is schame to pische in a widdy.

Heir sall Flattry hang Thift.

Secound Sariand
Cum heir, Dissait, my compan3eoun.
Saw evir man lykar ane loun
To hing vpoun ane gallowis?

Dissait
This is annewch to mak me mangit.
Dull fell me. Sen I mon be hangit,
Lat me speik with my fallowis.
I trow wan fortoun brocht me heir.

---

fellone rippat: a bad turn of events; ll.3061 ff.: the names of Border families; *Dull:* devil;

Quhat mekle feind maid me so speidy,
Sen it was said it was sevin ȝeir
That I sowld waif in till a widdy?
I leirit my maisteris to be greidy.
Adew, for I se no remeid:
Se quhat it is to be evill deidy.

Secound Sariand
Now in this helter put in thyne heid.
Stand still; me think ȝe draw abak.

Dissait
Allace, maister, ȝe hurt my crag.

Secound Sariand
It will hurt bettir, I wad ane plak,
Richt now quhen ȝe hing on a knag.

Dissait
Adew, my maisteris, merchandmen.
I haif ȝow seruit, as ȝe ken,
Trewly baith air and lait.
I say to ȝow for conclusioun,
I dreid ȝe gang to confusioun
Fra tyme ȝe want Dissait.
I leirit ȝow merchandis mony a wyle,
Vpaallandis wyvis for to begyle
Vpoun the mercat day;
And gart thame trow ȝour stuff was guid fol.207*a*
Quhen it was rottin, be the rude,
And swer it was not sway.
I was ay roundand in ȝour eir,
And leird ȝow for to ban and sweir
Quhat ȝour geir coist in France,
Howbeid the divill a word was trew.
ȝour craftines, gif Correctioun knew,
Wald turne ȝow to mischance.
I leird ȝow wylis monyfald:
To mix the new wyne with the ald;
That fassone was na folly;
To sell richt deir and by gud chaip;
And mix ry meill amang þe saip,
And saffroun with oyldolly.
Forȝett not ockar, I counsale ȝow,
Mair nor the vicar dois the cow
Or lordis thair dowbill maill.
Howbeit ȝour elwand be to scant,
Or ȝour pund wecht twa vncis want,
Think that bot lyttill faill.
Adew the grit clan Iamesoun,

knag: gallows arm; *saip:* soap; *oyldolly:* olive oil; *ockar:* usury; *maill:* rent; *elwand:* ell wand, measure;

The blude rowyall of Cowpar toun;
I was ay to ȝow trew.
Boith Andersone and Patersone,
Abone thame all, Thome Williamsone
My absens sair will rew.
Thome Williamsone, it is ȝour pairte
To pray for me with all ȝour harte,
And think vpoun my warkis;
How I leird ȝow ane gud lessoun,
For to begyle in Edinburcht toun
The bischop and his clerkis.
ȝe ȝung merchandis may cry allace,
Lucklaw, Welandis, Carruderss, Dowglace,
ȝon curst king ȝe may ban.
Had I levit bot half ane ȝeir,
I sowld haif leird ȝow craftis perqueir,
To begyle wyfe and man.
How may ȝe merchandis mak debait,
Fra ȝe want me, ȝour man, Dissait?
For ȝow I mak grit cair:
Withowt I ryss fra deid to lyve,
I wait weill ȝe will nevir thryve,
Fairdar nor the fourt air.

Heir sall Dissait be hangit.

First Sariand fol.207*b*

Cum heir, Falset, and menss this gallowis,
ȝe mon hyng vp amang ȝour fallowis,
For ȝour cankart conditioun.
Mony ane wicht man haif ȝe wrangit:
Thairfoir, but dowt, ȝe sall be hangit,
But mercy or remissioun.

Falset

Allace, mon I be hangit to?
Quhat mekle diuill is this ado?
How com I to this cummer?
My gud maisteris, ȝe craftismen,
Want ȝe Falsat, full weill I ken,
ȝe will de all for hunger.
ȝe men of craft may cry, allace,
Quhen ȝe want me, ȝe want ȝour grace.
Thairfoir put in to wryte
My lessonis, þat I did ȝow leir,
Howbeid the commownis ene ȝe bleir,
Compt ȝe not that a myte.
Find me ane wobstar þat is leill,
Or ane walker þat will not steill;
Thair craftines I ken.

---

air: generation;

Or ane millar þat hes na falt,
That will steill nowdir meill nor malt:
Hald thame for hely men.
At our fleschouris tak ȝe no greif:
Thocht þat ȝe blaw lene mvttone and beif,
To gard seme fat and fair,
Thay think that practik bot a mow.
Howbeid the divill a thing it dow,
To thame I leird þat lair.
I leird telȝeouris in every toun,
To schaip fyve quarteris fra a goun,
In Anguss and in Fyffe.
To vpalandis telȝeouris I geve gud leve
To steill a silly stump or sleve
To Kittok his awin wyfe.
My gud mester, Andro Fortoun,
Of telȝeouris þat may weir the croun,
For me he will mangit.
Telȝeour Beverage, my sone and air,
I wait for me will rudly rair
Fra tyme he se me hangit.
To bairfit dekin, Iamy Raff,
Quha nevir ȝit bocht kow nor caff
Becaus he can not steill;
Willy Caidȝeoch will mak no pleid,
Howbeit his wyf want beif and breid,
Get he gud mat and meill.
To the browstaris of Cowpar toun,
I leif thame my blak malesoun,
Als hairtly as I may:
To mak thin aill thay think na falt,
Off mekle burne and littill malt,
Agane the mercat day;
And thay can mak, withowttin dowt,
A kynd of aill thay call 'harnis owt':
Wait ȝe how thay mak that?
A culroun quene, a laithly lurdane,
Off strang wesche scho ill tak a iurdane,
And settis in the gylefat.
Quha drinkis of þat aill, man or pege,
It will gar all thair harniss rege.
That iurdane I may rew;
It gart my heid ryn hiddy giddy,
Schiris, God nor I de in ane widdy,
Gif this taill be not trew.
Speir at the sowttar, Gordy Selly,

blaw: blow up, inflate; *mow:* jest; *stump:* leg of a garment; l.3187: Bannatyne, *hangit;* 1602 text, *mangit; rair:* roar; *bairfit:* barefooted; *malesoun:* curse; l.3201: Bannatyne, *barme;* 1602 text, *burne; harnis owt:* brains out; *culroun:* wretched; *wesche:* urine; *iurdane:* chamber pot; *gylefat:* brewing vat;

Frome tyme þat he hes fild his belly,
With this vnhelsum haill.
Than all the baxstaris will be ban,
That mixis breid with dust and bran,
And fyne flour with beir meill.
Adew my maisteris, wrychtis and masonis:
I meid not leir 3ow ony lessonis.
3e knaw my craft perqueir.
Adew blaksmythis and loremeris;
Adew the stinkand cordineris
That sellis the schone our deir.
Goldsmythis fair weill, abone thame all:
Remembir my memoriall
With mony ane crafty cast.
To mix, set 3e not by twa prenis,
Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
Lyk as I leird 3ow last.
Quhen I was lugit vpaland
The schiphirdis maid to me ane band,
Richt craftelly to steill.
Than did I gif a confirmatioun fol.208*b*
Till all the schiphirdis of this natioun,
That thay sowld nevir be leill,
And ilk ane to resset ane vder.
I knaw fals schiphirdis fifty fuder,
War all thair cawteilis kend,
How thay mak thair conventionis
On montanis far fra ony townis:
God lat thame nevir mend.
Amang craftismen it is ane woundir,
To find ten leill amang ane hundir:
The trewth I to 3ow tell.
Adew, I ma na langar tary.
I mon pass to the King of Fary
Or ellis strecht way till Hell.

Heir sall he luik vp to his marrowis that ar hingand and say:

Wais me for the, gud Commoun Thift:
Was nevir man maid mair honest chift
His levin for to win.
Thair was nocht in all Liddisdaill,
That ky mair craftelly cowd staill,
Quhair thow hingis on that pin.
Sawthan ressaif thy sawle, Dissait:
Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,
And als my fader bruder.
Duill fell the silly merchand men;

l.3218: *ban* from 1602 text; MS obscure; *gudlynis:* gold coins; *resset:* give shelter to, receive stolen goods from; l.3252: Bannatyne, *mand;* 1602 text *man;*

To mak thame serwice weill I ken
Sall nevir get ane vder.

Heir sall Flattry fessin the cord abowt his nek, and þaireftir Falsat sall say:

Gif ony man list for to be my mait
Cum follow me, for I am at the gait.
Cum follow me, all cative cuvettouss kingis,
Revaris but richt of vþir menis realmes and ringis,
Togidder with all wrangus conquerouris;
And bring with 3ow all publict oppressowris.
With Pharo, King of the Egiptianis,
With him in Hell sall be 3our recompences.
All crewall scheddaris of bluid innocent,
Cum follow me or ellis ryn and repent.
Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,
And will not preiche, nor teiche the veretie, fol.209*a*
Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for graces:
In hiddouss Hell I sall prepair thair places.
Cum follow me, all fals, corruptit iuges:
With Ponte Pylat I sall prepair 3our lugis.
All the officiallis þat pairtis men with thair wyvis:
Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend 3our lyvis;
With all fals ledaris of the constry law,
With wantone scrybis, and clarkis all in ane raw,
That to þe peur makis mony partiall trane,
Syne hodie ad octo garis thame cum agane.
And 3e that takis rewaird at both the handis,
3e sall with me be bund in Bellialis bandis.
Cum fallow me, all curst vnhappy wyvis,
That with 3our gudmen dayly flyttis and stryvis,
And quyetly with rebaldis makis repair,
And takis na ceur to mak ane wrangus air:
3e sall in Hell rewardit be, I wene,
With Iesabell, of Ysraell the Quene.
I haif ane curst vnhappy wyf my sell;
Wald God scho war befoir me in till Hell.
That bismair, war scho thair, withowttin dowt,
Owt of the Hell, the divill scho wald ding owt.
3e maryit men, evin as 3e lvif 3our lyvis,
Lat nevir no preistis be haimly with 3our wyvis.
My wyfe with preistis scho did me grit vnricht,
And maid me nyne tymes cukald on a nicht.
Fair weill, for I mon to þe widdy wend;
For quhy Falsett maid nevir ane bettir end.

Heir sall Flattry hing him vp and a kae sall be castin vp as it war his sawll.

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l.3273: supplied from 1602 text; *kae:* jackdaw;
bismair: scold; *haimly:* familiar;

Flattry

Haif I nocht chaipit the widdy weill?
3ee, þat I haif, be sweit Sanct Ieill.
For I had nocht bene wrangit,
Becauss I servit, be all hallowis,
To haif bene merchellit with my fallowis
And heich abone thame hangit.
I maid far ma faltis nor my maitis:
I begyld all the thre estaitis
With my ypocresie;
Quhen I had on the freiris hude,
All men belevit þat I was gude.
Now iuge 3e gif I lie.
Tak ane rakles rubiature,
Ane theif, ane tirrand, or ane trature,
Off every vyce the plant:
Gif him the habeit of ane freir,
The wyvis will trow, withowttin weir,
He be ane verry sanct.
I knaw the cowill and skaiplary
Generis moir heit nor cheretie,
Thocht thay be blak or blew.
Quhat halines is thair within
Ane wolf cled in ane lambis skin?
Iuge 3e gif this be trew.
Sen I haif chaipit this fery fary,
Adew, I will na langar tary
To cummer 3ow with my clatter;
Bot I will with ane humill spreit,
Ga serve the heremeit of Lawreit
And leir him for to flatter.

Gude Counsale

Or 3e depairt, ser, of this regioun,
Gif Iohine the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun.
Becauss the commoun weill hes bene ourlukit,
That is þe causs that Commoun Weill is cruikit.
With singular proffeit he hes bene supprysit,
That he is naikit, lene, and disagysit.

Correctioun

As 3e haif said, Fader, I am content.
Sariandis, gif Iohine ane new abil3ement
Off satyne, damess, or of velvet fyne,
And gif him place in to our parliament syne.

Commoun Weill

All vertewis pepill now may be reiosit
Sen Commoun Weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun,

3310 fol.209*b*

chaipit: escaped; *servit:* deserved; *rubiature:* libertine; *plant:* source; *Lawreit:* Loretto, near Musselburgh, where a chapel was founded c.1530, which was apparently of ill-repute.

And ignorantis owt of the kirk deposit.
Devoit doctouris and clerkis of renoun
Now in the kirk sall haif dominioun,
And Gud Counsale with Lady Veretie
Ar profest with our Kingis Maiestie.
Blist be that realme that hes ane prudent king, fol.210*a*
Quhilk dois delyt to heir the veretie,
Punissing thame quhilk planely dois maling
Contrair the commoun weill and equitie.
Thair may na pepill haif prosperite,
Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun,
And commoun weill by tirrandis strampit doun.

Finis.

Heir I omit the actis maid at this parliament, with the reformation of the sprituall estait, becauss the same is prolixt and sa passis to the conclusion.

Dilligence

Famows pepill, hairtly I 3ow requeir
This littill sport to tak in patience.
We trest in God, leif we ane vder 3eir,
Quhair we haif falit, we sall do diligence
With moir plesour mak 3ow gude recompence.
Becauss we haif bene sumparte tediouss,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence,
And als, perchance to sum men odiouss,

Adew; we will mak no langar tary,
Prayand to Iesu Chryst, oure saluiour,
That be the requeist of his moder Mary
He do preserve this famous awditour.
Withowt þat grittar materis do incure,
For 3our plesour we sall devyse ane sport,
Plesand till every gentill creatour,
To raiss 3our spreitis to plesour and confort.

Now lat ilk man his way awance,
Lat sum go drink, and sum ga dance,
Menstrallis blaw vp ane brawll of France:
Lat see quha hobbillis best.
For I will rin incontinent
To the taverne or evir I stent.
I pray to God omnipotent,
To send 3ow all gud rest.

Heir endis the schort interludis of Ser Dauid Lyndsayis play, maid in the Grensyd besyd Edinburcht in anno 1550 3eiris.

Heir endis the Buik of Mirry Ballettis, set furth be diuers new and ancient poettis.

Heir followis *Ballattis of Luve* devydit in four pairtis. The first ar songis of luve. The secound ar contemptis of luve and evill wemen. The thrid ar contempis of evill, fals, vicius men; and the fourt ar ballattis detesting of luve and lichery.

238 To the Reidar

Heir haif 3e, luvaris, ballattis at 3our will,
How evir 3our natur directit is vntill,
Bot, wald 3e luve eftir my counsalling,
Luve first 3our God aboif all vder thing,
Nixt, as 3ourself, 3our nichtbur beir gud will.

Songis of luve

240 Disputatio

O foly hairt, fetterit in fantesye,
Wincust with werry, wardly wane plesance,
Compone thy self and lat þi sychin be;
Think þat þis warld is all bot wariance.
Tak nevir no thing in to remembrance
That may displeiss þi makar immortaill.
Think quhat he sufferit and keip thyne observance.
Remembir als þat thow man die, but faill.

Syche for no sorrow bot for þi syn allane.
Greit for thi gilt; thow ma get forgifnaiss.
Sen of thy deid the day is incertane
Keip the ay clene fra cryme in every caiss.
Thow hes no causs to tak sic haviness,
Thairfoir be blyth or thow sall beir þe blame.
Thow sychis so sair with pane in every plaiss
That sickerly thow garris me think grit schame.

Respontio Cordis

'I may nocht seiss bot syche I am sa sair,
Thairfoir get vp and tak ane pen and wryt,
And all þe caiss I sall to the declair
Off my peteouss and peroles pane perfyt.
I dreid me soir that thow be fund þe wyt.'

Songis of luve: Bannatyne, *Ballattis of Lufe*; *Compone:* bring to composure; *sychin:* sighing; *bot wariance:* only discord; *man:* must; *Greit:* weep; *sickerly:* certainly; *garris:* causes; *wyt:* blameworthy one;

Corpus Than in a greif I grathit me to ryss.
Quhen I sat doun and dresset me to dyt,
Sychand full soir, my hairt said on þis wyss:

Cor 'Fair weill all joy and walcum steidfastness,
Evir mair with me for to be mancipait.
My hoip, my haill, is turnit in hawyness.
Thair is no mirth my mynd may recetait
Sen that my lufe hes left me desolait,
Quhilk I luvit best attour all erdly thing.
Thair is nocht wycht in to þis warld I wait
That hes moir causs to syche quhen he suld sing.

'That lady leill of wirchep wes þe well
To quhome wes lent sic liberalitie
That now my wit exceidis for to tell.
Amang all vþir scho wes ane A per se,
Curtass and kynd, full of humilitie,
Bayth gyd and grund of all gud governance.'
Corpus Quhen I hard this I said, 'Alace, lat be.
Cast out of mynd sic wardlie wane plesance.

'Cair nocht for hir; scho wes ay wnkynd,
Pensyt and prowd, rycht fenȝeit and frawdolent.'
Cor 'Allacce lat be.' I wait I knaw hir mynd.
The for to pleiss scho wes ay deligent
And sickerlie scho set all hir intent
To lufe þe best abouf all creatur,
Thairfoir me think þat thow suld nocht repent
That chosin hes so trew a parramour.'

Corpus 'To lufe I wet it is bot naturall
Till all mankynd, in ȝoutheid specialie.
Bot sen þat þow art cheif and principall,
Grantit be God to gowirne thy bodie,
Thow suld the set to serwe him identlly
And luf him best þat bocht þe with his blud.
My hart, remembir how deir he cowth by
Quhen he, for the, wes rent vpoun þe rud.'

Cor 'Thy langege is to me intollerabill,
Thairfoir I will thow sobir þe and heir.
I lat the wit I am nocht wariabill
Na nevir sall vnto my lady deir.
I will hir luve quhill I be brocht on beir

fol.212*b*

grathit: prepared; *dresset me to dyt:* prepared myself to write; *mancipait:* enslaved; *haill:* health; *recetait:* receive; *attour:* above; *leill:* virtuous; *A per se:* paragon; *wardlie wane pleasance:* vain wordly pleasure; *Pensyt:* affectedly haughty; *fenȝeit:* deceitful; *wet:* know; *identlly:* assiduously; *bocht:* ransomed; *how deir he cowth by:* how he paid with suffering; *rud:* cross; *sobir þe:* control yourself; *quhill I be brocht on beir:* until I die;

And mak hir serwice suthlie in certane.
Reproif me nocht, for I warne the, but weir
War scho to luve, I wald hir luve agane.'

Corpus Quhen of my hairt I hard þe fynall end
þat schort wald serwe þis foirsaid lady fre,
I did wrang me thocht for to contend,
Bot I besocht to lat sic syching be.
Syne to my hairt I haill confermit me
For quhy I luve þat lady in a pairt,
The quhilk wes flour of all faminitie.
And thus endit my body with my hairt.

Finis.

241 Be ȝe ane luvar, think ȝe nocht ȝe suld
Be weill adwysit in ȝour gouerning.
Be ȝe nocht sa it will on ȝow be tauld;
Bewar þairwith for dreid of mysdemyng.
Be nocht a wreche nor skerche in ȝour spending;
Be layth alway to do amiss or schame.
Be rewlit rycht and keip this doctring:
Be secreit, trew, incressing of ȝour name.

Be ȝe ane lear þat is werst of all;
Be ȝe ane tratlar, that I hald als ewill.
Be ȝe ane ianglar and ȝe fra vertew fall;
Be nevir mair on to þir vicis thrall.
Be now and ay þe maistir of ȝour will;
Be nevir he þat lesing sall proclame.
Be nocht of langage quhair ȝe suld be still:
Be secreit, trew, incressing of ȝour name.

Be nocht abasit for no wicket tung;
Be nocht sa set as I haif said ȝow heir.
Be nocht sa lerge vnto þir sawis sung;
Be nocht our prowd, thinkand ȝe haif no peir.
Be ȝe so wyiss þat vderis at ȝow leir;
Be nevir he to sklander nor defame,
Be of ȝour lufe nor prechour as a freir:
Be secreit, trew, incressing of ȝour name.

Finis. Dumbar.

242 Off luve, quhay lyikis to haif ioy or confort, fol.213*a*
ȝe man begin and leir this A B C
Heireftir writtin quha will it rycht repoirt,

I haill confermit me: I entirely yielded myself; *misdemyng:* being misjudged; *skerche:* niggardly; *lear:* liar; *tratlar:* gossip; *ianglar:* detractor; *lesing:* falsehood; l.15: Do not speak where you should be quiet;

First to be courtess, wyiss, gentill and fre,
Lairge, honest, gentill, bayth secreit and preve,
And of him self na vantour, as I wene.
Be sobir, trew and every day luste
And quhair thow luvis se thow be senedill sene.

Be nocht our hamely in to presenss,
Nor ȝit our wanderand in to secreit wiss.
Se all thy deidis be mixt with plesance,
And quhen thow maj prophir hir thy serwiss.
Paynit nocht thy wirdis, se þat thow be nocht niss,
Speik nocht in termis of clergy.
Vse the to rewlis þat may þe weill suffiss
And, as I trest, thair sall þe few denny.

My sone, quhill thow of ȝowthed hes þe flour,
ȝarnand to be of luvis obserwans,
Alswa cheiss the a lusty paramour,
Fulfillit of gudly gouirnance.
Thow ȝarnand of hir to haif plesans,
Wirk by þis counsale þat I þe gif,
Tak tent to þis lair, be ay leill to þi luf.

Gif þat I sall þe wiss þe narrest way,
Be nocht lang out of hir presens.
Certis it is suth, I hard men say,
Is no thing hinderand moir than lang absens.
Be nocht of wirdis our grit perfluens,
Nor ȝit of langage aw þair lest,
In myddill way þi tung be ay nurest.

Se for na thing þat þow abasid be
In þe begynnyng thocht scho wer nevir so nyss.
On þe first day, and þe kepar be sle,
Ane castell is nocht ay win be geperdyss.
Clayth is nocht haldin at þe first pryss.
I say for me, lat ilk man say quhat þai list,
Quhay weill abidis is abill to speid best.

Gif mony luvaris þi lady will persew,
Swa at þow leif nocht in iolesy,
Scho is þe bettir swa þat scho be trew,
Non wald hir luve war scho nocht womanly.
Repair nocht till hir ay oppinly,
Bot in all tyme be reddy hir to pleiss,
Howbeit þi hairt thow think sumtyme at weiss.

Lairge: generous; *preve:* private; *vantour:* boaster; *our hamely:* too familiar; *Paynit nocht:* do not excessively adorn; *niss:* disdainful; *termis of clergy:* learned jargon; *lusty:* delightful; *lair:* instruction; *leill:* faithful; *wiss:* guide; *perfluens:* superfluous; *aw þair lest:* be too sparing; *sle:* cunning; *geperdyss:* hazard; *at weiss:* ? impulsive;

Be nocht a vantour, gif thow thinkis to speid,
For þat is haittit of wemen at our all thing.
Harche notht, se thow haif no dreid,
Gif thow hir luf thow man mak sum conking,
For harcheness dois grit hindering,
Howbeit for luf þat þow wald almaist de,
Bot reveling mone be first in the.
Fair weill sweit sone, thow speidis, ser, now or nevir,
fol.213*b*
Sen I haif teld þe all haill my devyss.
Do my counsale and fra it nocht dissevir,
For and thow do certiss thow art nocht wyss.
Leif hir nocht, thocht scho be nevir so he empryss,
Bot ay be gudly to þat gay,
Turne thyne intent quhen that scho wrythis away.

Finis. Quod Mersar.

243 Luve preysis but comparesone
Both gentill, sempill, generall,
And of fre will gevis waresone,
As fortoun chansis to befall.
For luve makis nobill ladeis thrall
To bassir men of birth and blud.
So luve garris sobir wemen small
Get maistrice our grit men of gud.

Ferme luve for fauour, feir or feid,
Of riche nor pur to speik suld spair,
For luve to hienes hes no heid,
Nor lychtleis lawlines ane air,
Bot puttis all personis in compair,
This prowerb planely for till preue,
That men and wemen less and mair
Ar cumd of Adame and of Eue.

So thocht my lyking wer a leddy
And I no lord, ȝit nocht þe less
Scho suld my serwyce find als reddy
As duke to duches docht him dress.
For as prowd princely luve express
Is to haif souerenitie,
So serwice cumis of sympilness
And leilest lufe of law degre.

vantour: boaster; *Harche:* ? whisper; *conking:* ? advance; l.50: *Howbeit:* Bannatyne, *Howeit*; *reveling:* revelation; *devyss:* plan; *dissevir:* become separated; *Leif:* leave; *empryss:* undertaking; *gay:* lady; *wrythis:* turns; *preysis:* subdues; *but comparesone:* incomparably; *generall:* everyone; *waresone:* reward; *feid:* hostility; *heid:* heed; *lychtleis:* despises; *air:* jot; *in compair:* on a level; *lyking:* love; *docht him dress:* could address him;

So luvaris lair no leid suld lak,
A lord to lufe a silly lass,
A leddy als for luf to tak
Ane proper page hir tyme to pass,
For quhy as bricht bene birneist brass
As siluer wrocht at all dewyss,
And als gud drinking out of glass
As gold, thocht gold gif grittar pryss.

Suld I presome þis sedull schaw,
Or lat me langouris be lamentit?
Na. I effrey for feir and aw
Hir comlie heid be miscontenttit.
I dar nocht preiss hir to presentit
For be scho wreth, I will nocht wow it;
Bot pleiss hir prowdens to imprentit,
Scho may persaue sum Inglis throw it.

Finis. Quod Scott.

244 Sen þat I am a presoneir fol.214*a*
Till hir þat farest is and best,
I me commend fra 3eir till 3eir
In till hir bandoun for to rest.
I govit on þat gudliest,
So lang to luk I tuk laseir,
Quhill I wes tane withouttin test
And led furth as a presoneir.

Hir sweit having and fresche bewte
Hes wondit me but swerd or lance,
With hir to go commandit me
Ontill þe castell of pennance.
I said, 'Is this 3our gouirnance
To tak men for thair luking heir?'
Bewty sayis, '3a, ser, perchance
3e be my ladeis presoneir.'

Thai had me bundin to þe 3et
Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay
And in deliuerit me þairat
And in þir termis can thai say,
'Do wait and lat him nocht away.'
Quo Strangnes vnto þe porteir,
'Ontill my lady, I dar lay,
3e be to pure a presoneir.'

---

leid: person; *silly:* simple; *at all dewyss:* elaborately; *sedull:* poem; *I effrey:* I am afraid; *wow:* avow; *bandoun:* dominion; *govit:* gazed; *gudliest:* most beautiful one; *Quhill:* until; *test:* trial; *having:* manners; *gouirnance:* mode of behaviour; *3et:* gate; *Do wait:* keep watch; *pure:* poor;

Thai kest me in a deip dungeoun
And fetterit me but lok or cheyne.
The capitane hecht Comparesone,
To luke on me he thocht greit deyne.
Thocht I wes wo I durst nocht pleyne
For he had fetterit mony a feir.
With petouss voce thus cuth I sene
'Wo is a wofull presoneir.'

Langour wes weche vpoun þe wall,
That nevir sleipit bot evir wouke.
Scorne wes bourdour in þe hall
And oft on me his babill schuke,
Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.
'Quhat is he 3one þat methis ws neir?
3e be to townage, be þis buke,
To be my ladeis presoneir.'

Gud Houp rownit in my eir
And bad me baldlie breve a bill,
With Lawliness he suld it beir,
With Fair Serwice send it hir till.
I wouk and wret hir all my will:
Fair Serwice fur withouttin feir
Sayand till hir with wirdis still
'Haif pety of 3our presoneir.'

Than Lawlines to Petie went fol.214*b*
And said till hir in termis schort,
'Lat we 3one presoneir be schent
Will no man do to ws support;
Gar lay ane sege vnto 3one fort.'
Than Petie said, 'I sall appeir.'
Thocht sayis, 'I hecht, coim I ourthort,
I houp to lowss þe presoneir.'

Than to battell þai war arreyit all
And ay þe wawart kepit Thocht.
Lust bur þe benner to þe wall
And Bissines þe grit gyn brocht.
Skorne cryis out, sayis, 'Wald 3e ocht?'
Lust sayis, 'We wald haif entre heir.'
Comparisone sayis, 'þat is for nocht.
3e will nocht wyn þe presoneir.'

---

l.28: He disdained to look on me; l.30: *a feir:* companion; Bannatyne, *affeir*; *cuth I sene:* I said; *bourdour:* jester; *babill:* bauble; *methis ws neir:* comes within our bounds; *townage:* uncourtly; *rownit:* whispered; *breve a bill:* write a letter; *wouk:* kept awake; *fur:* went; *still:* quiet; *schent:* destroyed; *Gar lay:* cause . . . to be laid; *hecht:* promise; *coim I ourthort:* if I come across; *wawart:* vanguard; *gyn:* war engine;

Thai thairin schup for to defend
And thai þairfurth sailȝeit ane hour.
Than Bissines þe grit gyn bend,
Straik doun þe top of þe foir tour.
Comparisone began to lour
And cryit furth, 'I ȝow requeir
Soft and fair and do fawour
And tak to ȝow þe presoneir.'

Thai fyrit þe ȝettis deliuerly,
With faggottis wer grit and huge,
And Strangenes, quhair þat he did ly,
Wes brint in to þe porter luge.
Lustely thay lakit bot a iuge;
Sik straikis and stychling wes on steir,
The semeliest wes maid assege
To quhome þat he wes presoneir.

Thrucht Skornes noss thai put a prik,
This he wes banist and gat a blek.
Comparisone wes erdit quik
And Langour lap and brak his nek.
Thai sailȝeit fast all the fek,
Lust chasit my ladies chalmirleir,
Gud Fame wes drownit in a sek,
Thus ransonit þai þe presoneir.

Fra Sklandir hard Lust had vndone
His ennemeis, him aganis
Assemblit ane semely sort full sone,
And raiss and rowttit all þe planis.
His cusing in þe court remanis,
Bot ialouss folkis and geangleiris,
And fals Invy þat no thing lanis
Blew out on luvis presoneir.

Syne Matremony, þat nobill king, fol.215*a*
Was grevit and gadderit ane grit ost,
And all enermit, without lesing,
Chest Sklander to þe west se cost.
Than wes he and his linege lost,
And Matremony, withowttin weir,
þe band of freindschip hes indost
Betuix Bewty and þe presoneir.

schup: prepared; *sailȝeit:* assaulted; *bend:* made ready for firing; *foir tour:* fore tower; *deliuerly:* quickly; *brint:* burnt; *in to:* in; ll.77–80: There being no judge, they boldly acted in contempt; such strokes and struggling were astir that the seemliest, to whom he was prisoner, was herself besieged; *banist:* banished; *blek:* stain; *erdit quik:* buried alive; *lap:* leaped; *fek:* others; *chalmirleir:* chamberlain; *sek:* sack; *hard:* heard; *sort:* company; *raiss:* rose; *cusing:* kinsman; *geangleiris:* backbiters; *lanis:* conceals; *Blew out on:* disparaged; *enermit:* armed; *lesing:* falsehood; *weir:* doubt; *indost:* endorsed;

Be that of eild wes Gud Famiss air,
And cumyne to continwatioun,
And to þe court maid his repair
Quhair matremony than woir þe crowne.
He gat ane confirmatioun
All þat his modir aucht but weir,
And baid still, as it wes resone,
With Bewty and þe presoneir.

Finis.

245 Wald my gud lady lufe me best
And wirk eftir my will,
I suld ane garmond gudliest
Gar mak hir body till.

Off he honour suld be hir hud
Vpoun hir heid to weir,
Garneist with gouernance so gud,
Na demyng suld hir deir.

Hir sark suld be hir body nixt,
Of chestetie so quhyt,
With schame and dreid togidder mixt,
The same suld be perfyt.

Hir kirtill suld be of clene constance
Lasit with lesum lufe,
The mailȝeis of continwance
For nevir to remvfe.

Hir gown suld be of gudliness,
Weill ribband with renowne,
Purfillit with plesour in ilk place,
Furrit with fyne fassoun.

Hir belt suld be of benignitie,
Abowt hir middill meit,
Hir mantill of humilitie
To tholl bayth wind and weit.

Hir hat suld be of fair having,
And hir tepat of trewth,
Hir patelet of gud pansing,
Hir hals ribband of rewth.

---

ll.105–6: By that time Good Fame's heir was of age and had inherited his property; *aucht:* owned; *baid still:* stayed there; *deir:* injure; *lesum lufe:* lawful love; l.15: The eyelets of steadfastness; l.19: *Purfillit:* decorated; Bannatyne, *Pursillit*; *tholl:* tolerate; *having:* demeanor; *tepat:* cape; l.27: Her ruff of commendable meditation; *hals:* neck;

Hir slevis suld be of esperance fol.215*b*
To keip hir fra dispair,
Hir gluvis of gud gouirnance
To hyd hir fyngearis fair.

Hir schone suld be of sickernes
In syne þat scho nocht slyd.
Hir hoiss of honestie, I ges,
I suld for hir provyd.

Wald scho put on þis garmond gay,
I durst sweir by my seill,
That scho woir nevir grene nor gray
That set hir half so weill.

Finis of þe Garmont of Gud Ladeis.
Quod Master Robert Henrysoun.

247 For to declair þe he magnificens
And grit bountie þat in to ladeis is,
The wirdines and verteus excellense,
The lawd, þe brut, þe bewty and þe bliss
My barbir tung is vnwirthy, I wiss;
Bot nocht þe les my pen I will apply
To say þe suth, thocht eloquens I miss,
Off femenene þe fame to fortefie.

Thocht ald dotaris addressit þair delyt
To dyt of ladeis defamatioun,
Wa wirthi wycht suld set his appetyt
To reid sic rollis of reprobatioun;
Bot titar mak plane proclamatioun
To gaddir all sic bybillis besely,
And in þe fyre mak þair locatioun
Off famenyne þe fame to fortefie.

For quho so list þe rycht for to reherss, fol.216*b*
To gloir humane þai mak habilitie.
Quhen men ar sad at þame solace þai serss
As habitaklis of all humilitie.
Thai bring grit weiris to tranquilitie,
Malis of men þai meiss and pacefy,
To saul and bodeis bayth vtilitie;
Thairfoir all men þair fame suld fortefie.

---

esperance: hope; *gouirnance:* behaviour; *syne:* sin; *seill:* seal. *lawd:* glory; *brut:* fame; *femenene:* womanhood; *dyt:* write; *Wa wirthi:* cursed be; *titar:* sooner; *mak habilitie:* acquire aptitude; *serss:* seek; *habitaklis:* dwelling places; *weiris:* wars; *Malis:* malice; *meiss:* assuage; *vtilitie:* profitable;

Thocht ane persone had paciable to spend
All mychttis movit within þe mappamond,
Wanting wemenis weil fair wer at end
Without þair confort, cair suld him confound.
Quhair ladeis abydis bliss dois ay abound
And quhair þai fle felicitie gois by;
But þair solace no sege may be found,
Thairfoir all men þair fame suld fortefy.

Sen God hes grantit þame sic gudlinas
And formit þame eftir sa fyn fassioun,
Syne put sa blumyng bewty in þair face
Quhy suld nocht men hald þame of he renown?
Sene God hes gevin þame sa grit guerdoun,
With sic meiknes done þame magnifie,
Quhi suld me mak to þame comparesone,
Bot our allquhair þair fames to fortefie?

Off Mary myld, þe maid immaculat,
To fortefie of famenene þe fame,
Christ wes incarnat and incorporat
And nureist nyn monethis in hir wame,
And eftir borne and bocht ws fra þe blame
Of Baliall þat brint ws bittirly.
That onlie act saivis þame all fra schame
And our allquhair þair fame dois fortify.

Ladeis þai ar of excelland valour.
Ladeis ar ding to haif auctoritie.
Ladeis ar clene of confortand cullour.
Ladeis ar wyiss and full of veritie.
Ladeis ar chest and full of cheritie.
Ladeis are menis parradice erdly.
Ladeis ar plantit full of puritie,
Thairfoir all men þair fame suld fortefie.

War all þe erd papir and perchmyne
And pennis wer all treis, herbis and flouris,
And all þe sternis in þe lift dois schyne
War in þis erd moist ornat oratouris,
The se wer ink with fresche fludis and schouris,
All wer to small ane buk to edify,
For to contene of ladeis þe honouris
And factis þat þair fame dois fortefie.

Finis. Quod Stewart.

paciable: peaceably; *mychttis:* riches; *movit:* circulated; *mappamond:* world; *But:* without; *sege:* happiness; *guerdoun:* reward; *done þame magnifie:* glorified them; *allquhair:* everywhere; *bocht:* ransomed; *þe blame/Of Baliall:* i.e. Hell; *brint:* burnt; *onlie:* single; *ding:* worthy; *clene:* entirely; *confortand cullour:* comforting disposition; *sternis:* stars; *lift:* firmament; *edify:* compose; *factis:* deeds;

248 My hairt is lost onlie for lufe of one. fol.217*a*
For laik of speche and all for schamefulness
I dar nocht speik my purpois to propone,
Nor wat nocht how my purpois how till dress.
Speik I to hir and scho be mairciless,
And nocht do denȝe agane to speik to me,
Than haif I tynt my speiking moir and less.
Onsped speche bettir vnspokin be.

I dar nocht speik in dreid þat scho dispyt
My rurall termes and say I do bot raif;
And speik I nocht vnto my lady quhyt,
Withour speche hir luf I can nocht haif.
Bot gif I speik quhat can I of hir craif?
I spair to speik for laik of eloquens.
And scho but speche my synis cuth persaif,
I wald nocht speik to hir magnificens.

Fayne wald I speik and speiking mycht awaill,
And scho for speiking wald speik to me agane.
I spair to speik for spilling of my taill,
Than I my speiking spendit hes in vane.
To speik and speid nocht it is ane lestand pane.
How sall I speik? I dar nocht speik for dreid.
Be it gud or evill to speik to me agane,
ȝit sall I speik: vnspokin can nocht speid.

Quhat sall I speik, sen I mon speik on forss,
To hir þat is of speche most eloquent?
I sall speik how þat my cairfull corss
Throw laik of speche is day and hour torment,
Becaus I can nocht speik to hir my haill intent
For laik of speche and ornat termis plane,
Beseikand hir with speiking reuerent
That scho wald speik to confort me agane.

Finis.

250 The bewty of hir amorus ene
Quhen I behald my lady bricht
Dois perss my hairt with dairtis kene.
I am so reft be luvis micht
Rest man I nocht day nor nycht.
My hairt is so in hir serwice
Quhilk is þe verry lantrene lycht
Off womanheid, ane flour delice.

---

propone: set forth; *till dress:* to direct; *nocht do denȝe:* does not deign; *tynt:* lost; *Onsped:* unsuccessful; *dispyt:* despises; *synis:* signs; *spilling:* spoiling; *on forss:* of necessity; *flour delice:* fleur de lys;

Scho is þe preclair portratour, fol.218*a*
Fulfillit with all lustiness,
Of puchritude þe fair figour,
The mirrour eik of all meikness,
The verry stapill of steidfastness,
Off flurist fame þe strang pavice.
Scho is þe gem of gentilness,
Off womanheid ane flour delice.

Now sen I am hir seruitoure
And flurist in my ȝeiris grene,
I trest I do to lang indure
That will nocht schaw my karis kene.
This to my lady will I mene,
That I so lufe without fantice.
She is my souerene and serene,
Off womanheid þe flour delice.

Finis.

255 Fresche fragrent flour of bewty souerane,
My hummill seruice tak nocht in disdane
Bot me accep to be ȝour seruiture,
That in ȝour cur with cair cotidiane
My spreit as thrall is fetterit to remane,
þat but ȝour grace my life may nocht indur.
ȝour sycht hes slane my corss without recure;
But ȝour remeid my lawbour is in vane
That luvis ȝow best abuve all creature,

And evir sall withouttin fenȝeing;
To quhome my hairt I send in gouernyng,
Wondit with dreid, abyding þe confort
Of ȝow, my luf, maist bowsum and benyng,
Quhois cristall ene vnto my mynd rolling
Reuellis my pane, but solace or repoirt.
Ressaif to grace ȝour serwand, I exhort,
For and ȝe list to make me conforting,
All my diseiss war turnit in dispoirt.

Moir amorus wes nevir erdlie wicht
Be natur wrocht of plesand bewty bricht,
Quhome to behald ane hevin is of delyt,
Of womanheid þe mirrour schynand lycht,
Quhilk is þe rute of my remembrance rycht,
Ioyand my spreit þe verteus to indyt
Of ȝow, lady, þe spectakle perfyte
Of all þis warld apperand to my sycht;
I may nocht lest ȝour lufe and ȝe me nyt.

preclair portratour: pre-eminent form; *pavice:* shield; *mene:* lament; *cur:* charge; *cotidiane:* daily; *bowsum:* agreeable; *repoirt:* response; *diseiss:* distress; *dispoirt:* pleasure;

Go littill bill and be my aduocat
Onto my lady best modestiat.
Bid hir haif rewth vpoun hir luvar trew
And mak hir hairt with mercy mytigat,
For in hir lufe I am so laqueat
That I may nocht enchenge hir for no new.
I may forthink þat evir I hir knew
To me in mynd; and scho be indurat,
All erdlie ioy for evir moir adew.

Beseik þat schene with hummill reuerence
The to ressaif and haif remembrance
On me, hir seruand, subiect and hir thrall,
That of my wo scho haif compacience,
Quhilk nevir did hir falt nor ȝit offence,
Bot evir bowsum, obeyand to hir call,
In word and deid hes bene ane evir moir sall
With hairt and mynd and all obeysance.
Go þi, for grace þow instantlie call.

Say also to þat gudlie fair and fresche,
Of all my panis scho may me weill relesche
With breif in bill or bodwart send agane,
Quhilk mycht releif me of my haviness.
My plungit corss, þat dalie in distress,
Vpon hir grace sall evir moir remane
þat merciles hir seruand be nocht slane;
Quhilk and scho do, hir fame sall evir decress
In hurt and hindering of hir gud name.

Bot wo wer me þat it suld so betyd
þat scho þairthrow suld be cald ane homicyd.
Thairfoir do grace and be nocht obstinat.
Without scho do, scho will be notifyd
A manslaar and þairfoir ratefyd.
Bot O, allace, be nocht so indurat.
With mercy mak ȝour malice mitigiat.
I ask bot grace, quhilk nocht suld be denyd,
For seruice done vnto ȝour hie estait.

Adew, fair weill, my lustre lady sueit.
Adew, my seill and confort of my spreit.
Alss trew as steill I sal be to ȝour grace.
Adew, my joy and paramour compleit.
My hairt with noy, bot gif ȝe iust decreit,
Will me distroy throw amouris of ȝour face.
Adew, my hairt, þe flour of lustinece,

fol.220*a*

bill: petition; *laqueat:* ensnared; *forthink:* repent; *indurat:* obstinate; *schene:* bright one; *bowsum:* compliant; *breif:* letter; *bill:* scroll; *bodwart:* message; *plungit corss:* grief-stricken body; l.51: *Vpon,* Bannatyne, *þat; lustre:* splendid; *seill:* happiness; *compleit:* entire; *noy:* suffering; *iust decreit:* decide correctly; *lustinece:* beauty;

Quhen we depairt with sorow sone I meit
With panis smart and sychis cald, allace.

Finis.

257 In to my hairt emprentit is so soir
Hir schap, hir forme and eik hir seymliness,
Hir port, hir cheir, hir gudnas mair and mair,
Hir womanheid and eik hir gentilness,
Hir trewth, hir fayth and also hir meikness
With all verteouss, iche set in his degre.
Thair is no lak bot onlie pete.

Hir sad demyng, of will nocht variable,
Off louke benyng and rut of all plesans
And exampillair to all þat bene stable,
Discreit, prudent, of wisdome sufficiens,
Mirrour of wit, grund of gud gouernans,
A warld of bewty compasit in hir face,
Quhois present luk did throcht my hart glace.

Quhat wondir is than thocht I be with dreid
Inly supprysit for to askin grace
Of hir þat is a quene of womanheid,
For weill I wat þat in so he a place
I will nocht be in dispair in no caice,
Bot suffir lawly thus þat I indure,
Till scho of pietie tak me in hir cure?

Finis.

260 Brycht sterne of bewtie and well of lustines, fol.222*a*
Flour of honour and he nobilitie,
Iem and grit jowell of wit and steidfastnes,
Renownit lady in liberaltie,
Our all þis land ȝe stand as A per se;
For bontie, bewtie, trewth and womanheid
Springyth in ȝow as flouris in þe meid.

Thairfoir I wait, sen þat þe God aboif
Hes formit ȝow so fair of hyd and hew,
Wald nocht ȝe suld luvit be and lufe
And mercy haif vpoun ȝour seruand trew,
Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, of me haif rewth and rew.
Louke quhat ȝe ask of God in ȝour preyer,
And ȝald ȝour seruand in þe same maneir.

---

port: bearing; *cheir:* demeanour; *sad demyng:* sober judgement; l.16: *supprysit:* overpowered, Bannatyne, *suppoysit; hyd:* skin; *rewth:* compassion; *rew:* pity; *ȝald:* yield;

Dreidfull dispair oft syis dois me schoir
And cursit dangeir my sillie hairt to slay.
Wicket wanhoip sayis I sall lufe no moir;
Saif asperans, freindis I fynd no may,
Quhilk oftymes biddis me to 3ow say,
'Haif mercy, lady, and be nocht obstinat
For deth in schort 3our serwand will chakmait.

'Bethink 3ow how þat holie scriptour sayth
Quhai saikles slayis sall nevir moir se þe face
Of God eterne or than wyiss clerkis leith.
And sen þat 3e ma, lady, with 3our grace
The lyfe or deth of me 3our man purchace,
O God forbeid þat evir so 3ow betyd
That 3e suld be ane cursit homicyd.'

Finis.

264 Ma commendationis with humilitie
I send vnto hir faythfull womanheid
Than þair is dropis of wattir in se, fol.223*b*
Sternis in þe hevene, flouris in þe meid.
Pleiss 3e remembir quhen 3e thir lettres reid,
That I am trew nocht fekill of efferis,
Dittand þir verss with disconfort and dreid,
Mixand my ynk ay with my bittir teris.

Quhat windir is my hairt be granit thrwcht?
Fro out þe rute rewthles, 3e haif it revin.
3e haif þe 3ok. With me remanis þe slwche
To schaw ane schaddow quhair my hairt hes bene.
Allace, þe rewling of 3our wanttoun ene,
Thai war þe caus and gaif þe iugement.
Thus am I met and wat nocht quhome to mene.
My corss is thrallit and my hairt is rent.

War nocht reasone, sen þat 3e haif my hairt,
3our gratious mercy þat 3e wald schaw
And gif me 3ouris, owdir all or pairte,
And tak my hairtles corss and hald 3ow aw?
O lord Cupeid, we wait þis is þe law!
Sen 3e ar luf goddes and moder,
Rathir my secreit deidis, 3e wald knaw,
De in 3our grace nor leif and serss ane vþer.

How sall I do? Quhat sall I say? Allace
Is non bot 3ow þat may mak me remeid.

syis: times; *schoir:* threaten; *dangeir:* disdain; *wanhoip:* despair; *asperans:* hope; *saikles:* the guiltless; *leith:* lie; *fekill of efferis:* fickle; *Dittand:* composing; *granit:* pierced; *3ok:* yolk; *slwche:* ? white of an egg; *mene:* lament (to); *aw:* own (it); *nor leif and serss:* than live and look for;

I may nocht vdir bot do me in 3our grace,
Sen in 3our handis standis bayth lyfe and deid.
Fortoun, allace, quhy am I thus at feid
With ane on quhome natur hes done hir cure,
Thus standand daylie in þe poynt of deid,
And merciles bene ay 3our seruiture?

Luf hes me wardit in ane park of pane,
With dolour is þe dowbill dykis dicht,
And lust is foster with his bow and flane.
Fro tre to tre he chaissis me in þe nycht.
I weip. I wring. Wes nevir ane veriar wicht.
Thus nycht and day with petouss wox I cry,
'Wes nevir ane vndir þe sonis lycht
Mair patient sufferrit proctory.'

Wald 3e send help sone with ane speid of hop
And cast þe dyk of dolour to þe erd,
With lusty hairt than suld I gif ane loip
And cum to 3ow. I ken þe gait onsperd.
My hairt is 3ouris, full steidfastlie vnsteird,
Fetterit full fast quhill 3e mak it fre.
I send till 3ow, most farrest in þis erd,
Ma commendationis with humilitie.

Finis.

267 Fair weill my hairt. Fair weill bayth freind and fo.
Fair weill þe weill of sweitast madicyne.
Fair weill my lufe, bayth lyfe and deth also,
Fair weill blythnes. Fairweill sweit lemmane myne.
Fair weill þe flour of colour gud and fyne
That fadis nocht for weddir, wen nor weit,
No moir than in þe somer sessone sweit.

How sall I do quhen I mon 3ow forgo?
How sall I sing? How sall I glaid than be?
How sall I leif? I luve 3ow and no mo.
Quhat sall I do? How sall I confort me?
How sall I than thir bittir panis dre,
Quhair now I haif als mekle as I may,
Of cairis cauld in syching euerilk day?

Quhat sall I wryt in to þis petouss bill?
Quhat sall I say for owttin awdiens?

feid: enmity; *done hir cure:* taken care of; *wardit:* enclosed; *dykis:* walls; *dicht:* decorated; *foster:* forester; *flane:* arrow; *wring:* writhe; *veriar:* wearier; *proctory:* legal administration by another; *speid:* assistance; *loip:* leap; *ken þe gait onsperd:* know the way without asking; *vnsteird:* unchanged; *farrest:* fairest; *wen:* gloomy; *leif:* live; *dre:* suffer; *bill:* letter; *for owttin awdiens:* without a hearing;

Quhat sall I dyt for to declair my will?
Quhat sall I say as now to ȝour presens
I ȝow beseik with all my diligens,
Throw ȝour lustines and flour of womanheid,
Anis for me this bill to see and reid.

I can nocht say no moir in þis prolong,
For I nocht wait gif it be profitable
For to declair ȝow all my panis strong
Heir in to wret be word or be fabill,
Or gif it be to ȝow commendabill.
Thairfoir, as now, this littill remembrance
ȝe tak and keip in to ȝour gouernance.

Finis.

269 In May in a morning I movit me one
Throw a grene garding with gravis begone,
As leid without lyking but langour allone
For misheiss and murning makand my mone,
But mo,
With hairt als havy as stone.
Of covir confoirt had I none,
As wy þat wist of na wone,
Bot wandreth in wo.

For wo and wandreth I waik, I weip and I wring
For on so myld without maik þat mais my murnyng.
Oft syss I syche for hir saik and sendill I sing.
Hir lillie lyre as þe laik dois me langing
For lufe.
That brycht fra baill ma me bring
To kyth on me sum conforting,
Wald scho bethink, þat sweit thing,
Quhat panis I prufe.

Thocht pane but play be my pairt, I preiss nocht to pleid, fol.226*a*
Sen I hir hecht all my hairt to steir and to leid,
To chyd as a cowart I call no remeid,
Sen scho wrocht wreth otwart, I wallow as þe weid
In weir.
The fair þat forgis þis feid,
May scho nocht sair rew þat reid,

lustines: beauty; *Anis:* once; *prolong:* prologue; *wait:* know; *in to wret:* in writing; *me one:* by myself; *gravis begone:* surrounded by trees; *leid:* creature; *lyking:* happiness; *misheiss:* distress; *But mo:* alone; *covir:* recovery; *confoirt:* encouragement; *wy:* creature; *wist:* knee; *wone:* dwelling; *wandreth:* sorrow; *wring:* writhe; *on:* one; *maik:* equal; *Oft syss:* often; *lyre:* face; *laik:* fine bleached linen; *dois me langing:* causes me longing; *kyth:* show; *hecht:* promised; *Sen scho wrocht wreth otwart:* since she was visibly angry; *wallow:* grovel; *In weir:* in fear; *feid:* feud; *reid:* advice;

Gif scho gravis me to deid
With doggit dangeir.

Sall dengeir thus with me deill? In this hir decreit
For lang seruice and leill, hir luvar forleit?
Scho is þe hoip of my heill, alhaill I beheit
To fend with freindschipis feill, to fall at hir feit
As thrall.
Quhat euir scho wone I wald weit.
Fro I be gravit in greit,
Than hes scho seruandis þat ar sweit
The fewar at call.

Thocht I wer reddy to graif thinkis scho þat ganand,
ȝit scho hes and sall haif my hairt in hir hand,
Quhiþer scho schent or scho saif I am hir serwand
To leif hir leir our þe laif quhill I am levand,
But less.
I am so bunding in hir band,
I wait no way to ganestand,
Bot pray to þat plesand
Of petie and pess.

Off pety and pess I hir pray and plane I repent
Gif I haif wrocht ony way to wryth hir intent.
Sen scho my mvrning meiss may within a moment,
It war hir syn I dar say I suld thus be schent
Saikless,
Suld scho nocht dreid and dissent
To martir me innocent,
That fra hir will can nocht went
For deid nor distress.

At hir will sall I wair my wit in þis plit
To lufe hir wirschep weill mair than wantone delyt.
Will scho hir man than forfair all wycht will hir wyt.
Bot scho cuvir me of cair my confort is quyt
For aye.
Evir quhair scho will I wryt,
In hairtly plesans perfyt,
To quhome direct I this dyt
Ane morning of May.

Finis.

gravis me to deid: drives me to the grave; *doggit:* unyielding; *dangeir:* disdain; *alhaill:* entirely; *beheit:* promise; *fend with freindschipis feill:* defend with many acts of friendship; *wone:* ? wont to; *weit:* defend; *gravit:* buried; *greit:* earth; *ganand:* suitable; *schent:* destroy; *leif:* trust; *leir:* lore; *laif:* rest; *levand:* living; *less:* lies; *bunding:* bound; *wait:* know; *ganestand:* withstand; *pess:* peace; *wryth:* distort; *meiss:* assuage; *Saikless:* innocent; *went:* depart; *deid:* death; *wair:* spend; *forfair:* destroy; *wycht:* men; *wyt:* blame; *cuvir me:* causes me to recover; *hairtly plesans:* sincere pleasure;

275 Haif hairt in hairt, 3e hairt of hairtis haill,
Trewly, sweit hairt, 3our hairt my hairt sal haif.
Expell, deir hairt, my havy hairtis baill,
Praying 3ow hairt, quhilk hes my hairt in graif,
Sen 3e, sweit hairt, my hairt may sla and saif,
Lat nocht, deir hairt, my leill hairt be forloir,
Excelland hairt of every hairtis gloir.

Glaid is my hairt with 3ow, sueit hairt, to rest
And serue 3ow, hairt, with hairtis observance.
Sen 3e ar hairt, with bayth our hairtis possest
My hairt is in 3our hairtis gouernance.
Do with my hairt 3our hairtis sweit plesance,
For is my hairt thrall 3our hairt vntill.
I haif no hairt contrair 3our hairtis will.

Sen 3e haif, hairt, my faythfull hairt in cure
Vphald þe hairt quhilk is 3our hairtis awin.
Gif my hairt be 3our hairtis seruiture,
How may 3e thoill 3our trew hairt be ourthrawin?
Quhairfoir, sweit hairt, nocht suffer so be knawin,
Bot 3e be, hairt, my hairtis reiosing
As 3e ar hairt of hairtis conforting.

Finis. The anser heirof is in þe ccxxxv leif.
(In this edition on p.442)

276 Wald my gud ladye that I luif fol.228*b*
Luiff me best for ay,
I suld gar mak for hir behuif
Ane garmond gude and gay.

Off vertew suld hir hude be wrocht,
The garnising of grace,
To gyde hir weill in deid and thocht
Fra cryme in ony caiss.

Poleist with plesand portratour,
With diamandis of discretioun,
The chafrone sett with fyne favour,
And rubeis of rycht ressoun.

Ane targate of trewth hingand thairat,
Weill cuplit with constans,
Off huimbilnes suld be hir hatt,
Hir teppett of temperans.

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graif: grave; *thoill:* endure; *Poleist:* adorned; *portratour:* appearance; *chafrone:* headdress; *targate:* shield shaped ornament; *teppett:* cape;

Hir sark suld be of sobirnes,
Weill fentit with gude fame,
The semis sewit with sacreitnes,
With nurtour and gude name.

Hir collare suld be of considerans
Quhair wisdome may be sene,
Rubanit with riche remembrans
And beidis of bountie betwene.

Hir kirtill suld be of compacience,
Off þe puir to have pietie,
Weill watit with benevolence,
Lynit with liberalitie,

Mailyeit, with maneris and mesour,
Weill lasit with luifsumnes,
Toukit with trew luif the tresour,
Hir stomok of stedfastnes.

Hir goun suld be of all guidnes,
Begareit with fresche bewtie,
Knit with rubanis of richtuusnes,
And perfewit with prosperitie.

Hir slewis suld be of sueit semblans,
Vanit with womanlie manneir,
Weill cuffit with continewance,
In vertew and wit but weir.

Hir paitlat suld be of hie prudence,
Weill furrit with fair affere,
With peirlit prenis of pacience
For hir wirschop to weir.

Hir belt suld be of bowsumnes,
Meit to hir middill small,
Baith heid and pendes with hartlines
Inemmellit weill with all.

Hir chemȝe suld be of chaistetie,
About hir halss so quhyte,
Hir halls peirlis of pudicitie,
Rycht plesand and perfyte.

Hir cloik suld be of clene consciens,
Weill lynit with lawlines,

sark: shift; *fentit:* edged; *Rubanit:* embroidered; *watit:* bound; *Mailyeit:* furnished with eyelets; *mesour:* temperance; *lasit:* laced; *Toukit:* tucked; *tresour:* border; *stomok:* stomacher; *Begareit:* ornamented; *perfewit:* bordered; *Vanit:* ornamented; *but weir:* without doubt; *pailat:* partlet; *affere:* appearance; *peirlit prenis:* shining headed pins; *bowsumnes:* obedience; *chemȝe:* chemise; *pudicitie:* chastity;

Denudit of all negligence
And borderit weill with besines.

Off grene ȝouth suld hir gluiffis be,
For hir fair fingaris quhyte,
Kervit with kyndnes but creweltye,
Our ringis of delyte.

Hir hoiss of honest hamelines,
Na proudnes to pretend,
Hir pantonis of persewerans,
In honour till hir end.

This haif I cled my luif rycht weill,
Na weid will cum hir better,
Nor this garmond sa haif I seill,
Nor halff so weill will sett hir.

Finis.

278 Quhen Tayis bank wes blumyt brycht fol.229*a*
With blosomes blyth and bred,
Be þat rever ran I doun rycht.
Vndir þe ryss I red.
The merle melit with all hir mycht
And mirth in mornyng maid.
Throw solace, sound and semely sicht
Alswth a sang I said.

Vndir þat bank quhair bliss had bene
I bownit me to abyde.
Ane holene hevinly hewit grene
Rycht heyndly did me hyd.
The sone schyne our þe schawis schene
Full semely me besyd.
In bed of blumes bricht besene
A sleip cowth me ourslyd.

About all blomet wes my bour
With blosummes broun and blew,
Ourfret with mony fair fresch flour,
Helsum of hevinly hew,
With schakeris of þe schene dew schour
Schynnyng my courtenis schew,
Arrayit with a rich vardour
Of natouris werkis new.

hameliness: friendliness; *seill:* assurance; *bred:* broad; *ryss:* bough; *red:* rode; *merle:* blackbird; *melit:* joined (the singing); *Alswth:* at once; *bownit me:* prepared myself; *holene:* holly; *heyndly:* pleasantly; *schawis:* groves; *schene:* beautiful; *besene:* arrayed; *cowth me ourslyd:* slid over me; *Ourfret:* adorned; *Helsum:* wholesome; *schakeris:* quivering; *vardour:* verdure;

Rasing þe birdis fra þair rest
The reid sone raiss with rawis.
The lark sang lowd quhill lycht mycht lest
A lay of luvis lawis.
The nythingall woik of hir nest
Singing 'þe day vpdawis'.
The mirthfull maveiss merriest
Schill schowttit throw þe schawis.

All flouris grew þat firth within
þat man cowth haif in mynd
And in þat flud all fische with fyn
þat creat wer be kynd.
Vndir þe rise þe ra did ryn
Our ron, our rute, our rynd.
The dvn deir dansit with a dyn
And herdis of hairt and hynd.

Wod winter with his wallowand wynd
But weir away wes went.
Brasit about with wyld wodbynd
Wer bewis on þe bent.
Allone vnder þe lusty lynd
I saw ane lusum lent,
That fairly war so fare to fynd
Vndir þe firmament.

Scho wes þe lustiest on lyfe
Allone lent on a land,
And farest figour be sic syve
That evir in firth I fand.
Hir cumly cullour to discryve
I dar nocht tak on hand.
Moir womanly borne of a wyfe
Wes neuer, I dar warrand.

To creatur þat wes in cair,
Or cauld of crewelty,
A blicht blenk of hir vesage bair
Of baill his bute mycht be.
Hir hyd, hir hew, hir hevinly hair
Mycht havy hairtis vphie.
So angelik vndir þe air
Neuir wicht I saw with e.

The blosummes þat wer blyth and brycht
By hir wer blacht and blew.

rawis: beams; *maveiss:* thrush; *firth:* wood; *ra:* roe; *ron:* stream; *rynd:* bark; *Wod:* mad; *wallowand:* gusty; *But weir:* without doubt; *Brasit:* embraced; *bewis:* boughs; *bent:* field; *lynd:* lime tree; *lusum:* loved one; *lent:* tarrying; *fairly:* wonder; *lustiest:* most beautiful; *be sic syve:* by far; *blenk:* glance; *bute:* remedy; *hyd:* skin; *vphie:* uplift; *blacht:* bleached;

P

Scho gladit all þe foull of flicht
That in þe forrest flew.
Scho mycht haif comfort king or knycht,
That euer in cuntre I knew,
As waill and well of warldly wicht
In womanly vertew.

Hir cullour cleir, hir countinance,
Hir cumly cristall ene,
Hir portratour of most plesance
All pictour did prevene.
Off every vertew to avance
Quhen ladeis prasit bene,
Rychttest in my remmembrance
That rose is rutit grene.

This myld, meik, mansuet Margrite,
This perle polist most quhyt,
Dame Natouris deir dochter discreit,
The dyamant of delyt,
Neuer formit wes to found on feit
Ane figour moir perfyte,
Nor non om mold þat did hir meit
Mycht mend hir wirth a myte.

This myrthfull maid to meit I ment
And merkit furth on mold,
Bot sone within a wane scho went,
Most hevinly to behold.
The bricht sone with his bemys blent
Vpoun þe bertis bold,
Farest vnder þe firmament
That formit wes on fold.

As parradice þat place but peir
Wes plesand to my sicht,
Of forrest and of fresch reveir,
Of firth and fowll of flicht,
Of birdis bay on bonk and breir
With blumes brekand bricht,
As hevin in to þis erd doun heir,
Hertis to hald on hicht.

So went þis womanly away
Amang þir woddis wyd,
And I to heir þir birdis gay
Did in a bonk abyd
Quhair ron and ryss raiss in aray
Endlang þe reuer syd. fol.229*b*

gladit: gladdened; *waill:* choice; *ene:* eyes; *portratour:* figure; *prevene:* surpass; *mansuet:* gentle; *found on feit:* travel on foot; *merkit furth:* moved forward; *wane:* dwelling; *blent:* glanced; *bertis:* parapets; *bay:* song;

This hapnit me in a tyme in May
In till a morning tyd.

The rever throw þe ryse cowth rowt
And roseris raiss on raw.
The schene birdis full schill cowth schowt
Into þat semly schaw.
Ioy wes within and ioy without
Vnder that wlonkest waw,
Quhair Tay ran doun with stremis stout
Full strecht vnder Stobschaw.

Finis.

280 All for ane is my mane,
Bot ane I can lufe.
War scho gane than war nane
My mane to remufe.
That I am tane with sic ane
I thank God abufe,
And bot þat ane will I nane,
Quhat panis I prufe.

Finis.

281 Be glaid al 3e þat luvaris bene
For now hes May depaynt with grene
The hillis, valis and þe medis
And flouris lustely vpspreidis.
Awalk out of 3our sluggairdy
To heir þe birdis melody,
Quhois suggourit nottis loud and cleir
Is now ane parradice to heir.
Go walk vpoun sum rever fair.
Go tak þe fresch and holsum air.
Go luke vpoun þe flurist fell.
Go feill þe herbis plesand smell,
Quhilk will 3our comfort gar incres
And all avoyd 3our havines.
The new cled purpour hevin aspy,
Behald þe lark now in þe sky,
With besy wyng scho clymis on hicht
For grit ioy of þe dayis licht.
Behald þe verdour fresch of hew
Powdderit with grene, quhyt and blew,
Quhairwith Dame Flora in þis May
Dois richely all þe feild array;
And how Aurora with visage pale
Inbalmes with hir cristall hale

cowth rowt: roared; *roseris:* rose bushes; l.118: *wlonkest:* fairest, Bannatyne, *vnlonkest*; *waw:* wall; *strecht:* straight; *mane:* complaint; l.4: *mane*, Bannatyne, *name*; *prufe:* experience; *rever:* river bank; *flurist fell:* flowery hill; *avoyd:* dispel; *hale:* hail;

The grene and tendir pylis ȝing
Of every gress þat dois vpspryng,
And with hir beriall droppis bricht
Makis þe gresys gleme of licht.
Luk on þe saufir firmament
And on þe annammellit orient.
Luke or Phebus put vp his heid
As he dois raiss his baneris reid,
He dois þe eist so bricht attyre
That all semis birnying in a fyre
Quhilk comfort dois to every thing,
Man, bird, beist and flurissing.
Quhairfor luvaris, be glaid and lycht
For schort is ȝour havy nycht
And lenthit is ȝour myrry day.
Thairfoir ȝe velcum new þis May,
And, birdis, do ȝour haill plesance
With merry song and obseruance
This May to velcum at ȝour mycht
At fresch Phebus vprysing bricht;
And all ȝe flouris þat dois spreid,
Lay furth ȝour levis vpoun breid
And welcum May with benyng cheir,
þe quene of euery moneth cleir;
And euerry man thank in his mynd
The God of natur and of kynd
Quhilk ordanit all for our behufe,
The erd vndir, the air abufe,
Bird, beist, flour, tyme, day and nycht,
The planeitis for to gif ws licht.

Finis.

284 As Phebus bricht in speir merediane,
E of þe warld and lamp etheriall,
Passis þe licht that cleipit is Dyane
Quhen scho is lucent, round as ony ball,
And Lucifair all vþer sternis small,
My lady so in bewty dois abound
Aboif all vþir ladies on þe ground.

Hir hair displayit as þe goldin wyre
Aboif hir heid with bemys radient
Is lyk ane buss þat birnys in þe fyre,
With flammys reid, but fumys elevant.
War nocht scho is sum thing to variant,
I mycht of ressone say þat Dame Nature
Formit nevir in erd so fair a creature.
My hairt, þat nevir wes thirlit vnto wicht,

pylis: blades; *saufir:* sapphire; *flurissing:* blossoms; *vpoun breid:* in full display; *cheir:* countenance; *kynd:* order; *behufe:* use; *cleipit:* called; *lucent:* shining; *sternis:* stars; *buss:* bush; *but fumys elevant:* without rising smoke; *thirlit:* enslaved;

In deidly dwalmys sowpit is for evir
For luve of hir þat is my lady bricht,
Quhois plesant hals is quhytter than the evir
Or snaw but spot þat fallis in þe revir.
The fragrant balme of odour comfortatyve
May nocht for sueitness with hir lippis stryve.

Thow drery gost þat dwynnis in dispair,
Pass with this bill vnto my lady sueit
And in to presens of hir visage fair.
Vpone thy kneis thow fall befoir hir feit,
Askand hir mercy with thy cheikis weit
To comfort me of my woundis smert,
Quhome dart of luve hess persit throw the hert.

Sen Athroposs my fatell threid hes worne fol.231*a*
Inplenyng soir and rewthfull womenting,
And þat asperans is non vnto þe morne
Of my pure hairt dyand in lang vysing,
Thow bury my corps but ony tareing,
For Acteon wes slatit at þe well
Be wreth of Dyane with his awin houndis fell.

O thunderane boir in thy most awfull rege
Quhy will thow nocht me with thy tuskis ryve
Sen no thing may my grevouss pane assuage
Bot scho, quhilk is the revar of my lyve
With sichis soir and caris pungetyve,
Quhairthrow my blude resoluit is in teiris
And 3it no rewth in to hir hairt appeiris?

God gife it wer my fatell aventure
To fecht aganis hir fayis to þe deid,
With speir and scheild and all þat I micht fure
To pruve hir flour and well of womanheid,
Howbeit it wer nocht to my lyfe remeid
It wald me suffyiss sen þat scho hes no maik
Till end my lyfe in battell for hir saik.

3it I beseik hir for þe grit delyte
That semyt in hir bewty naturall
With rewthfull presens of hir visage quhyt
Scho wald decoir my feistis funerall,
That luvaris mycht espy in generall,
Gife þat hir ene for weping mycht indure,
To luk vpoun my rewthfull sepulture.

Finis. Quod Bannatyne.

dwalmys: swoons; *sowpit:* steeped; *hals:* neck; *evir:* ivory; *dwynnis:* languishes; *bill:* letter; *womenting:* lamentation; *asperans:* hope; *pure:* poor; *vysing:* pondering; *slatit:* maltreated; *revar:* robber; *pungetyve:* intense; *aventure:* chance; *fure:* carry; *decoir:* adorn;

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No woundir is althocht my hairt be thrall fol.234*a*
To 3ow I wiss þe flour of courtesy,
For quhy 3our name and fame so spreidis our all
That 3e ar held to be the A per se
In vertew, meikness, trewth and equitie.
And eik to this, 3our proper persoun fair
Is so weill maid in all maner degre
That non to me sal be so singulare.

Heirfoir, I will rycht humly 3ow imploir
To lat sum stremys of grace on me distill
For non bot 3e my glaidnes may restoir,
Becaus both lyfe and deth lyis in 3our will.
For, as 3e list, 3e may me saif or spill
With 3our on wird: so stand I in 3our cure.
Sen I þairfoir am subiect 3ow vntill
Latt me nocht suerf, 3our faythfull seruiture.

For my grene 3ewth is lyk þe withering hay,
So soir I am oursett with sichingis seir.
My rosy lippis ar woxin paill and blay
Thruch only thocht of 3ow, my lady deir,
And thair is non may be my medsoneir
Bot 3our fawour, quhilk gif I do obtene,
I sall revert, as dois þe reid roseir
Freschest of hew in somer sesoun grene.

And sen I am so trublit in my thocht,
Lat nocht deley be ane occasioun
To place dispair quhair howp and trust hes wrocht,
Bot grant with speid sum consolatioun
That pety having dominatioun
Within 3our breist, I may sum grace purchess
Off my murnyng and lamentatioun,
Quhilkis I sustene for 3ow, my fair maistress.

No thing of rycht I ask, my lady fair,
Bot of fre will and mercy me to saif.
3our willis 3our awin, as ressoun wald it ware.
Thairfoir of grace and nocht of rycht I craif
Of 3ow mercy, as 3e wald mercy haif
Off God, our Lord, quhois mercyis infeneit
Gois befoir all his werkis, we may persaif,
To thame quhois hairtis with mercy ar repleit.

And git þat I be fund to 3ow vntrew,
Wilfull, heichty or eik in ony wayiss
Ielouss, vnkind, or chengeing for ane new,
A vane wantour rebelling to 3our seruyiss,
As tratouris fals hes bene befoir oft syiss,

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spill: destroy; *on:* one; *cure:* charge; *suerf:* swoon; *blay:* blue; *medsoneir:* physician; *revert:* recover; *heichty:* arrogant; *wantour:* boaster; *oft syiss:* often;

Quhois vntrew hairtis garris trew folkis leif in wo, fol.234*b*
Than for my gilt no torment culd suffyiss,
Bot I prayss God it standis nocht with me so.

Now, to conclude with wordis compendiouss,
Wald God my tong wald to my will respond,
And eik my speich wer so facundiouss
That I wer full of rethore termys iocond,
Than suld my lufe at moir lenth be expond
Than my cunnyng can to 3ow heir declair,
For this my style inornetly compond
Eschamys my pen 3our eiris to truble mair.

Nocht ellis þairfoir I wryt to 3ow, my sueit,
Bot with meik hairt and quaking pen and hand
Prostratis my seruice law doun at 3our feit
Both nycht and day quhill I may gang or stand,
Praying þe lord of pety excelland
To plant in 3ow ane petiful hairt and mynd,
Conducting 3ow to ioy everlestand
Both now and ay, and so I mak ane end.

Go to my deir with hummill reuerence
Thow bony bill both rude and imperfyte.
Go nocht with forgt flattery to hir presence
As is of falset þe custome vse and ryte.
Causs me nocht *ban* þat evir I the indyte
Na tyne my travell turnyng all in vane,
Bot with ane faithfull hairt in wird and wryte
Declair my mynd and bring me ioy agane.

My name quha list to knaw, lat him tak tent
Vnto this littill verss nix presedent.

Finis.

Hence, hairt, with hir þat most depairte
And hald the with thy souerane,
For I had lever want ane harte
Nor haif the hairt þat dois me pane.
Thairfoir go. With thy lufe remane
And lat me leif thus vnmolest.
Se þat thow cum nocht agane
Bot byd with hir thow luvvis best.

Sen scho þat I haif seruit lang fol.235*b*
Is to depairt so suddanly,
Address the now, for thow sall gang

garris: causes; *leif:* live; *expond:* explained; *inornetly:* without ornament; *compond:* composed; *Eschamys:* shames; *ban:* curse; *indyte:* describe in writing; *Na tyne:* nor lose; *travell:* labour; *lever:* rather;

And beir thy lady cumpany.
Fra scho be gon, hairtless am I
For quhy thow art with hir possest.
Thairfoir, my hairt, go hence in hy
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Thocht this belappit body heir
Be bound to seruitude and thrall,
My fathfull hairt is fre inteir,
And mynd, to serf my lady at all.
Wald God þat I wer perigall
Vnder þat redolent ross to rest,
3it at þe leist my hairt thow sall
Abyd with hir thow lufis best.

Sen in 3our garth þe lilly quhyte
May nocht remane amang þe laif,
Adew þe flour of haill delyte,
Adew þe succour þat ma me saif,
Adew þe fragrant balme suaif
And lamp of ladeis lustiest.
My faythfull hairt scho sall it haif
To byd with hir it luvis best.

Deploir, 3e ladeis cleir of hew,
Hir absence sen scho most depairte,
And specialy 3e luvaris trew
That woundit bene with luvis darte,
For sum of 3ow sall want ane harte
Alsweill as I. þairfoir at last
Do go with myn with mynd inwart
And byd with hir thow luvis best.

Quod Scott.

291 Considdir, hairt, my trew intent,
Suppois, I am nocht eloquent
To wryt 3ow anser responsyve:
3our scedull is so excellent
It passis far my wittis fyve.

For quhy it is so full of hairtis
That myne within my bosum stairtis
Quhen I behald it rycht till end,
And for ilk hairt ane hundreth dertis
Qutthrow my hairt to 3ow I send.

This woundit hairt, sweit hairt, ressaif
Quhilk is, deir hairt, abone þe laif

belappit: burdened; *perigall:* equal; *laif:* rest; *suaif:* sweet; *scedull:* epistle; *abone þe laif:* above the rest;

3our faythfull hairt with trew intent. fol.236*b*
Ane trewar hairt may no man haif,
Nor 3it ane hairt moir permanent.

Ane hairt it is without dissait.
It is *þ*e hairt to quhome 3e wret
The misseif full of hairtis seir.
It is ane hairt bayth air and lait
That is 3our hairtis presoneir.

It is ane hairt full of distres,
Ane cairfull hairt all comfortles,
Ane penseve hairt in dule and dolour,
Ane hairt of wo and haviness,
Ane mirthles hairt without mesour.

It is ane hairt bayth firme and stabill
Ane hairt without fen3eit fabill,
Ane constant hairt bayth trest and trew,
Ane sure hairt set in to sabill,
Ane wofull hairt bot gif 3e rew.

It is ane hairt *þ*at 3our hairt servis,
Ane hairt for lufe of 3our hairt stervis,
Ane hairt *þ*at nevir 3ow offendit,
Ane hairt of 3ouris bayth vane and nervis,
Ane hairt but solace bot gif 3e send it.

It is na gravit hairt in stone,
In siluer, gold nor evir bone,
Nor 3it ane payntit symlitud,
Bot this same verry hairt allone
Within my breist of flesch and blude.

Thairfoir, sueit hairt, send me *þ*e hairt
That is in to 3our breist inwart,
And nocht thir writtin hairtis in vane,
Bot 3our hairt to my hairt rewert
And send me hairt for hairt agane.

Quod Scott.

292 Quha is perfyte to put in wryt
The inwart murnyng and mischance,
Or to indyte *þ*e grit delyte
Of lustie lufis obserwance
Bot he *þ*at may certane patiently suffir pane
To wyn his souerane in recompance?

wret: wrote; *seir:* many; *mesour:* temperance; *trest:* faithful; *in to sabill:* in mourning; *bot gif 3e rew:* unless you pity; *evir bone:* ivory; *verry:* true; *rewert:* change;

Albeid I knaw of luvis law
The plesour and the panis smart,
3it I stand aw for to furthschaw
The quyet secreitis of my harte.
For it may fortoun raith to do hir body skaith fol.236*b*
Quhilk wait þat of þame baith I am expert.

Scho wait my wo þat is ago.
Scho wait my weilfair and remeid.
Scho wait also I lufe no mo
Bot hir, the well of womanheid.
Scho wait withouttin faill I am hir luvar laill.
Scho hes my hairt alhaill till I be deid.

That bird of bliss in bewty is
In erd þe only A per se,
Quhais mowth to kiss is worth, I wiss,
The warld full of gold to me.
Is nocht in erd I cure bot pleiss my lady pure,
Syne be hir seruiture vnto I de.

Scho hes my lufe, at hir behufe.
My hairt is subiect bound and thrall,
For scho dois moif my hairt aboif
To se hir proper persoun small.
Sen scho is wrocht at will, þat natur may fulfill,
Glaidly I gif hir till body and all.

Thair is nocht wie can estimie
My sorrow and my sichingis sair,
For I am so done fathfullie
In fawouris with my lady fair,
That baith our hairtis ar ane, luknyt in luvis chene,
And evirilk greif is gane for evir mair.

Quod Scott.

296 Only to 3ow in erd þat I lufe best
I me commend ane hundreth thowsand syiss,
Exorting 3ow, with pensyfe hairt opprest,
As 3e ar scho quhom in my confort lyiss,
Gif I misvse my pen or done dispyss
Ocht at þis tyme will God I sall amend,
Protesting this ballat 3e attend.

Sum luvaris thame delytis till indyte
Fair facound speich blandit with eloquence,
And vþer sum dois sett þair wit perfyte

aw: afraid; *raith:* anger; *skaith:* harm; *wait:* knows; *alhaill:* entirely; *cure:* value; *wie:* creature; *luknyt:* locked; *syiss:* times; *done dispyss:* cause offence; *facound:* fluently persuasive; *blandit:* mingled;

To pleiss þair ladeis with all þair diligens.
Sum luffaris wantis, throw þair negligens,
For falt of speich, the lufe of his maistres,
Without hir witting in distress.

As to my pairte, my lusty lady schene,
Throw laik of speich I thoill rycht grit distress
Bayth nycht and day, hard persit to þe splene
With deidly dert and can find no redress.
Thus me behuffis my panis to express
Or than knaw rycht weill, but wirdis moir,
That crewell dert outthrow my hart wald boir.

Rathir nor smart I mon my harme reweill
To 3ow, my hairt, quha ma my baillis beit,
For and 3e start, adew all warldly weill.
Will 3e rewart, my cairis ar compleit.
Tuiching 3our pairte I prey 3ow be discreit.
For eftirwart, gif 3e vpoun me rew, fol.238*a*
Quhill deid depairte my lyfe I sal be trew.

Secreit alswa in every maner sort,
For weill nor wa sall ony knaw our mynd.
Than be nocht thra 3our serwand to confort.
Sum anser ma, as 3e ar gud and kynd,
That may me fra my langour appeill þat is pynd
And to sla me throw 3our negligence.
This I 3ow pra for 3our he excellens.

Adew, rycht trew, adew, my deirest hairt,
Fairest of hew, for this tyme haif gud nycht.
Remord and rew and pondir weill my pairte
Sen I persew nathing of 3ow bot rycht,
Quhilk gif 3e knew my mynd as it is plicht
3e wald subdew 3our inwart thocht and mynd
And me reskew, quhilk for 3our lufe is pynd.

Quod Scott.

301 Rycht as þe glass bene thirlit thrucht with bemis fol.239*b*
Off Phebus fair prefulgent visage bricht,
Or hornit Dyane with hir paly glemis
Perssis the cluddis sabill in þe nicht,
And as the kocatrice keilis with hir sicht,
Rycht so, þe bewty of my lady stoundis
Outthrowcht my breist, vnto my hairt redoundis.

schene: bright; *thoill:* suffer; *splene:* heart; *ma my baillis beit:* may mitigate my misery; *and 3e start:* if you go; *rewart:* return; *compleit:* at an end; *thra:* reluctant; *ma:* make; *pynd:* tortured; *Remord:* relent; *plicht:* pledge; *thirlit:* pierced; *prefulgent:* brightly shining; *keilis:* kills; *stoundis:* thrills;

Behaild how far cristall or diamant,
Iassink, iasp, ruby, iem or criselleit,
Carbunkile, emmerauld, perle, or athamant,
Turcas, topas, marbill or margareit
Exceidis the barrat stonis in þe streit,
In lyk wayis dois hir bewty vndegraid
Transcend all vþiris, wyfe, wedow or maid.

Espy richt so how far þe rosy gowlis
Passis the wallowit weidis in þe vaill,
Or sound of lark aboif þe revenous fowlis
And somersday the nichtis hiemaill,
Or as ane galay gayest vndir saill
Bene plesandar nor taikles boitis small
So is my lady lustiest of all.

Quod Scott.

303 Vp, helsum hairt, thy rutis rais and lowp,
Exalt and clym within my breist in staige.
Art thow nocht wantoun, haill and in gud howp,
Fermit in grace and free of all thirlaige,
Bathing in bliss and sett in hie curaige,
Braisit in ioy? No falt may the affray
Having thy ladeis hart as heretaige
In blenche ferme for ane sallat every May.
So neidis thow nocht now sussy, sytt nor sorrow,
Sen thow art sure of sollace evin and morrow.

Thow, Cupeid, rewardit me with thiss.
I am thy awin trew liege withowt tressone.
Thair levis no man in moir eiss, welth and bliss.
I knaw no siching, sadnes nor ȝit soun,
Walking thocht, langour, lamentatioun,
Dolour, dispair, weiping nor ielosye.
My breist is woyd and purgit of pussoun.
I feill no pane. I haif no purgatorye
Bot peirles, perfytt, paradisall plesour,
With mirry hairt and mirthfulnes but mesoure.

My lady, lord, thow gaif me for to hird,
Within myne armes I nureiss on the nycht.
Kissing, I say: 'My bab, my tendir bird,
Sweit maistres, lady luffe, and lusty wicht,
Steir, rewll and gyder of my senssis richt.'

Iassink: jacinth; *iasp:* jasper; *athamant:* adamant; *margareit:* pearl; *barrat:* ordinary; *vndegraid:* matchless; *gowlis:* marigolds; *wallowit:* withered; *hiemaill:* winter; *nor taikles:* than unrigged; *helsum:* joyful; *lowp:* leap; *in staige:* aloft; *Fermit:* established; *thirlaige:* vassalage; *Braisit:* firmly secured; *blenche ferme:* nominal rent; *sallat:* salad; *sussy:* care; *sytt:* grieve; *soun:* faintness; *Walking:* waking; *woyd:* empty; *pussoun:* poison; *hird:* tend; *nureiss:* cherish; *Steir:* pilot;

My voice surmontis the sapheir cludis hie,
Thanking grit God of that tressour and micht
I coft hir deir, bot scho fer derrer me,
Quhilk hasard honor, fame in aventeur
Committing clene hir corse to me in cure.

In oxteris cloiss we kiss and cossis hairtis,
Brynt in desyre of amouris play and sport.
Meittand oure lustis, spreitles we twa depairtis. fol.243*a*
Prolong with lasar, lord, I the exhort
Sic tyme that we may boith tak our confort,
First for to sleip, syne walk, withowt espyis.
I blame the cok. I plene the nicht is schort.
Away I went, my wache the cuschett cryis,
Wissing all luvaris leill to haif sic chance
That thay may haif ws in remembrance.

Quod Scott.

308 Marvilling in mynd quhat ailis fortoun at me fol.245*a*
And I ane serwand trew both day and nycht,
I am bot deid sic dolour for to dre,
So suddanly exylit frome hir sycht.
In all this warld thair is no erdly wycht
Moir fre, moir fremmit, moir trest and eik moir trew.
Sen I mon de, adew luvaris, adew.

Dame Natur, I the wyt of all my pane
That formit hes this flour so fair, but feir.
All vertew in hir visage dois remane
Bot merciles I go from ȝeir to ȝeir.
Scho is allon of price withouttin peir;
This ryall ross will nocht vpoun me rew.
Sen I mon de, adew luvaris, adew.

My dullit hairt but dout may nocht indure.
My pane but peir it perssis throw my hairt.
My lady fair of me scho takis no cure
Bot thoillis me to de in panis smart.
O Venus quene, thow causs hir mynd rewart,
For, be þe, graue first lufe in to me grew.
Sen I mon de, adew luvaris, adew.

Now lat me, lady, do quhat evir scho will,
Baith trest and trew my hairt sall nevir felȝe.
Small honor is hir serwand for to spill

coft: bought; *corse:* body; *cure:* charge; *oxteris:* arms; *cossis:* exchange; *syne walk:* then wake; *espyis:* spies; *plene:* complain; *cuschett:* ring dove; *leill:* faithful; *dre:* endure; *fremmit:* unfortunate; *trest:* faithful; *wyt:* blame; *but feir:* without equal; *thoillis:* suffers; *rewart:* to change; *be þe:* by you; *graue:* serious; *felȝe:* fail; *spill:* kill;

Sen þat my deth to hir may nocht availȝe.
Ane blenk of hir, but dout, wald mak me haill.
My hairt is gon, my face is paill of hew.
Sen I mon de, adew luvaris, adew.

Addew, addew my dule, and my delyte,
Adew, fair weill, my freind and eik my fo.
Adew, my pane and plesans most perfyte.
Addew, addew my weill and eik my wo.
Fairweill for now, for euirmoir I go.
Fairweill. I will my sepultur persew.
Sen I mon de, addew luvaris, adew.

Quod Scott.

310 Depairte, depairte, depairte, allace I most depairte
Frome her þat hes my hart, with hairt full soir,
Aganis my will in deid, and can find no remeid.
I wait þe panis of deid can do no moir.

Now most I go, allace, frome sicht of hir sueit face,
The grund of all my grace and souerane.
Quhat chanss that may fall me, sall I nevir mirry be
Vnto þe tyme I se my sweit agane.

I go and wait nocht quhair. I wandir heir and thair.
I weip and sichis rycht sair with panis smart.
Now most I pass away, away in wildirness and wilsum way.
Allace, this wofull day, we suld depairte.

My spreit does quaik for dreid. My thirlit hairt dois bleid.
My panis dois exceid—quhat suld I say?
I, wofull wycht allone, makand ane petouss mone.
Allace, my hairt is gone for evir and ay.

Throw langour of my sueit so thirlit is my spreit.
My dayis ar most compleit throw hir absence.
Chryst sen scho knew my smert ingrawit in my hairt
Becaus I most depairte frome hir presens.

Adew my awin sueit thing, my ioy and comforting, fol.246*a*
My mirth and sollesing of erdly gloir.
Fair weill, my lady bricht and my remembrance rycht,
Fair weill and haif gud nycht. I say no moir.

Quod Scott off þe Master of Erskyn.

blenk: glance; *sepultur:* burial; *compleit:* ended; *sen:* grant; *wilsum:* dreary; *thirlit:* pierced;

313 Oppressit hairt, indure in dolour and distress,
Wappit without recure in wo remidiless.
Sen scho is merciless and caussis all thy smert
Quhilk suld thy dolour dress, indure oppressit hairt.

Perforss tak paciens and dre thy destany.
To lufe but recompens is grit perplexitie.
Of thyne aduersitie wyt thy self and no mo,
For quhen þat thow wes fre thow wald nocht hald þe so.

Thow langit ay to prufe the strenth of luvis lair
And quhat kin thing wes lufe quhilk now settis
the so sair.
Of all thy wo and cair it mendis the nocht to mene,
Howbeid thow suld forfair, thyself þe causs hes bene.

Quhen thow wes weill at eiss and subiect to
no wicht fol.247*a*
Thow hir for lufe did cheiss quhilk settis thy lufe at licht,
And thocht thow knew hir slicht ȝit wald thow
nocht refrane.
þairfoir it is bot rycht that thow indure þe pane.

Bot ȝit my corpss, allace, is wrangusly oppress
Be the in to þis cace and brocht to grit wanrest.
Quhy suld it so be drest be the and daly pynd
Quhilk still it ay detest, thy wantoun folich mynd?

The blenkyne of ane e ay gart the goif and glaik.
My body bad lat be and of thy siching slaik.
Thow wald nocht rest bot raik and lair the in þe myre;
ȝit felȝeit thow to faik that thow did maist desyre.

Thocht thow do murn and weip with inwart spreit
oppress,
Quhen vþir men takis sleip thow wantis the nychtis rest;
Scho quhome thow luvis best off the takis littill thocht,
Thy wo and grit wanrest and cair scho countis nocht.

Thairfoir go hens in haist my langour to lament.
Do nocht my body waist quhilk nevir did consent,
And thocht thow wald repent that thow hir hes persewit,
ȝit man thow stand content and drynk þat thow
hes brewit.

Quod Scott.

Wappit: wrapped; *recure:* cure; *dress:* redress; *dre:* suffer; *wyt:* blame; *luvis lair:* love's lore; *settis:* afflicts; *mene:* complain; *forfair:* die; *slicht:* fickle; l.15: Bannatyne omits *nocht;* supplied from Hunterian; *wanrest:* trouble; *drest:* treated; *pynd:* tortured; *blenkyne:* twinkle; *goif:* gaze; *glaik:* look foolishly; *raik:* roam; *lair:* stick; *felȝeit:* failed; *faik:* grasp;

314 Leif, luve, and lat me leif allone
At libertie, subiect to none,
For it may weill be sene vpone
My bludless blaiknit ble,
The tormenting in tyme bygon
That skerss hes left bot skin and bon
Throw fremmitness of the.

For thruch thy feid I fynd express
My only lady merciless.
Sa doggitless scho did me dress
With wo and misery,
Quhen scho had welth and wantouness
I had bot dollour and distress
Throw fremmitness of the.

To confort hir thow wes inclynd
And hald my murnyng in my mynd.
I fand hir of ane staffage kynd
Bath staitly, strange and he.
Scho wes vncurtass and unkynd.
It wes hir play to see me pynd
Throw fremmitness of the.

Thow held hir curage he on loft fol.247*b*
And ted my tendir hairt lyk toft.
I knaw how costly I wes coft
Quhen scho ȝeid frank and fre.
Thow sufferit hir to sleip full soft,
Quhair mirthles I wes marterit oft
Throw fremitness of the.

Cupeid, thow kennis I burd to knaw
The langsum leving in thy law,
Bot this is nocht þe first ourthraw
That thow hes done to me.
Bot of the now I stand nocht aw
Sen ressoun dois my benner blaw
Aganis the feid of the.

This lady is so gud ane gyd
Scho lattis me nevir gang on syd
Bot teichis me both tyme and tyd,
Recent befoir myne e,
Quhome in to lippin and confyd:
I slip and lattis all ourslyd
Aganis the feid of the.

Quod Scott.

Leif: leave; *leif:* live; *blaiknit ble:* pale complexion; *fremmitness:* perverseness; *feid:* enmity; *doggitless:* cruelly; *dress:* treat; *staffage:* obstinate; *ted:* shook and scattered; *toft:* hay; *costly:* dearly; *coft:* bought; *ȝeid:* went; *burd:* yearned; *langsum leving:* tedious living; *on syd:* aside; *Recent:* distinctly; *lippin:* trust;

Thocht I in grit distress suld de in to dispair,
I can get no redress of 3ow my lady fair.
Howbeid my tyme I wair alhaill in 3our serwyce
3e compt nocht of my cair. I fynd 3ow ay so nyce.

It dois 3ow ay delyt to wit me in distress.
Sic is 3our haill dispyt and grit vnfathfulness,
The mair I do me dress to be at 3our devyce,
My guerdoun is the less. I find 3ow ay so nyss.

Ay tresting for to speid, I haif my harte ourset,
Quhair þat I fynd bot feid my langour for to lett.
I seik the watter hett in vndir the cauld yce
Quhair na regaird I gett. I fynd 3ow ay so nyss.

Belevand ay for grace I hald my hart on loft
Bot now I say, allace that evir I it socht.
I fynd 3our fen3eit thocht vncertane as þe dyce:
Thairfoir I compt it nocht. I fynd 3ow ay so nyce.

Lang tyme 3e haif me pruffit and evir fund me trew,
Bot now that I haif luvit rycht sair, I may it rew.
First quhen I did persew I wont 3e had bene wyss
Bot now, fair weill, adew. I fynd 3ow ay so nyss.

Quod Scott.

Quhen Phebus fair with bemis bricht fol.249*b*
In to þe west at mornyng makis repair,
Makand his courss in to array full rycht,
Vnto the eist schutand his schaftis schare,
At morn sall ryss out of his courss to care
Norward doun in to þe samyn degre,
Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen Lawdiane law for luve hes left the land
And forth is fleitit to France that fair cuntre,
And euery woman is also obediand,
Quhen men sall find no wattir in the se,
And falsheid flymit and euery man fund trew,
Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen all the grund is groun our with gold,
And euery ryver rynnis vpward wyne,
In somer quhen thair growis na flour on fold,
In wontir quhen thair fallis na frost ryme,
Quhen everilk man will till vþiris inclyne,
In May quhen þat the holyne changis hew,
Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

nyce: foolish; *do me dress:* strive; *devyce:* disposal; *ourset:* upset; *lett:* relieve; *schare:* bright; *care:* proceed; *flymit:* banished;

Quhen Falkland fair is farit our the ferry,
And Sulway sand is brocht attour the se,
And Arthour Sait is brocht to Sailisberry,
And euerilk man hes conqueist kinrikis thre,
(Than mon thay realmes ring in ryelte)
Quhen clerkis will na banifice persew,
Than will my reuerend lady on me rew.

Quhen þat Dumbar is brocht vnto the Bass,
And all the fisch ar fled vp in þe air,
Quhen þat northward no watteris will doun pass,
And men so rich þat thay desyr no mair,
And leill luvaris forleitis luvis lair,
And walx is wrocht withouttin byk or be,
Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Quhen schippis off tour and ballingeris of weir,
Be thowsand sailis rycht swiftly ondir saill,
Thair mastis of gold and all thair vdir geir,
The west wond wappand in thair taill
Takand thair courss with mony how and haill,
Pulland doun sailis and landand at Eildoun tre,
Than will my reuerend lady rew on me.

Finis.

Ballatis of remedy of luve as followis and to the reproche of evill wemen.

321 Remeidis of luve

fol.250*a*

So prayiss me as ȝe think causs quhy
And lufe me as ȝow lykis best.
As pleisis ȝow so plesit am I
Gif nocht I fynd of nocht I traist.

Gif ȝe be trew I will be iust.
Gif ȝe be fals, flattery is fre
All tymes and houris, evin as ȝe lust,
For me till vse als weill as ȝe.

Gif ȝe do mok I will bot play.
Gif ȝe do lawch I will nocht weip.
Evin as ȝe list think, do, or say,
Sic law ȝe mak sic law I keip.

Schaw fathfull lufe, lufe sall ȝe haif.
Schaw dowbilnes, I sal ȝow quyt.

forleitis: abandon; *walx:* wax; *byk:* hive; *be:* bee; *schippis off tour:* turreted ships; *ballingeris of weir:* small warships; *wappand:* beating;

3e can nocht vse nor no ways craif,
Bot evin þat same is my delyt.

Bot gif 3e wald be trew and plane,
3e wald me pleiss and best content
And gif 3e will nocht so remane,
As I haif said so am I lent.

Awyss 3ow as 3e think to do
And vse me as 3e list to fynd.
Quhat neidis lang talking þairto?
For as I am 3e knaw my mynd.

Bewar þairfoir and tak gud heid
Quhat is the sentens of this bill,
For and 3e beir me ocht at feid
I sall 3ow hald ay at evill will.

Thairfoir be trew but vairians
And I sal be as of befoir.
Vþirwayis generis discrepans.
Content 3ow. This 3e get. No moir.

Finis.

322 I am as I am and so will I be
Bot how þat I am nane knawis trewlie;
Be it evill, be it weill, be I bund, be I fre,
I am as I am and so will I be.

I leid my lyfe indifferently; fol.250*b*
I mene na thing bot honesty. 6
And thocht men iuge dyuersly,
I am as I am and so will I be.

I do nocht rew nor 3it complane.
Baith mirth and sadnes I do refrane
And vse the folkis þat can nocht fane.
I am as I am be it plesour or pane.

Diuerss do iuge as thay trow,
Sum of plesour and sum of wo,
3it for all that no thing thay knaw.
I am as I am quhair evir I go.

Bot sen þat iugeris do tak þat wey,
Lat every man his iugement say,
I will it tak in sport and pley,
For I am as I am quha evir sa nay.

lent: fixed; l.28: *will;* various people;
Bannatyne, *w. Diuerss:*

Quha iugeis weill, weill God him send;
Quha iugeis evill, God thame amend:
To iuge þe best þairfoir intend.
I am as I am and so will I end.

3it sum þair be þat takis delyt
To iuge folkis thocht for inwy and spyt,
Bot quhiddir thay iuge me wrang or ryt,
I am as I am and so will I wryt.

Praying 3ow all that this dois reid
To trest it as 3e do 3our creid
And nocht to think þat I chenge my weid;
I am as I am how evir I speid.

Bot how þat is I leif to 3ow.
Iuge as 3e list, owdir fals or trew.
3e knaw no moir than afoir 3e knew.
I am as I am quhat evir eschew.

And frome this mynd I will nocht fle,
Bot to 3ow all þat misiugeis me
I do protest, as 3e may se,
That I am as I am and so will I be.

Finis.

326 Returne the, hairt, hamewart agane
And byd quhair thow was wont to be.
Thow art ane fule to suffer pane
For luve of hir þat luvis not the.
My hairt, lat be sic fantesie.
Luve nane bot as they mak the causs
And lat hir seik ane hairt for the,
For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

To quhat effect sowld thow be thrall
But thank, sen thow hes thy fre will?
My hairt, be not sa bestiall
Bot knaw quho dois the guid or ill.
Remane with me and tary still
And se quha playis best thair pawis,
And lat fillok ga fling hir fill,
For feind accrum of the scho fawis.

Thocht scho be fair I will not fen3ie,
Scho is the kynd of vþiris ma,
For quhy thair is a fellone men3ie
That semis gud and ar not sa.

My hairt tak nowdir pane nor wa
For Meg, for Meriory, or 3it Mawis,

eschew: issues; l.8: Never a crumb for you she cares; *pawis:* part; *fillok:* a giddy girl; *fellone men3ie:* miserable crew;

Bot be thow glaid and latt hir ga,
For feind accrum of the scho fawis.

Because I find scho tuik in ill
At hir depairting, thow mak na cair,
Bot all begyld go quhair scho will.
Schrew the hairt that mane makis mair,
My hert be mirry lait and air,
This is the fynall end and clauss.
And latt hir fallow ane filly fair,
For feind a crum of the scho fawis.

Finis. Quod Alexander Scott to his hert.

330 I mvse and mervellis in my mynd fol.254*a*
Quhat way to wryt or put in verss
The quent consaitis of wemenkynd,
Or half thair havingis to reherss:
I fynd thair haill affectioun
So contrair thair complexioun.

For quhy no leid vnleill thay leit,
Vntrewth expresly thay expell,
3it thay ar planeist and repleit
Of falset and dissait thair sell:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay favour no wayis fuliche men
And verry few of thame are wyiss,
All gredy personis thay misken
And thay ar full of covettyiss:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

I can thame call bot kittie vnsellis
That takkis sic maneris at thair motheris,
To bid men keip thair secreit counsailis
Syne schaw the same agane till vþiris;
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thar awin complexioun.

Thay lawch with thame that thay dispyt,
And with thair lykingis thay lament,
Of thair wanhap thay ley the wyt
On thair leill luvaris innocent:
So fynd I thair affectioun
Contrair thar awin complexioun.

tuik in ill: took offence; *Schrew:* curse; *mane:* moan; *quent consaitis:* curious fancies; *havingis:* behaviour; l.7: Because they tolerate no disloyal man; *planeist:* furnished; *falset:* falsehood; *kittie vnsellis:* naughty creatures; *lykingis:* favourites; *wanhap:* misfortune; *ley the wyt:* lay the blame;

Thay wald be rewit and hes no rewth.
Thay wald be menit and no man menis.
Thay wald be trowit and hes no trewth,
Thay wiss thair will that skant weill wenys:
So fynd I thair affectioun
Contrair thar awin complexioun.

Thay forge the freinschip of the fremmit
And fleis the favour of ther freindis, fol.254*b*
Thay wald with nobill men be nemmit,
Syne laittandly to lawar leindis:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay lichtly sone and covettis quickly,
Thay blame ilk body and thay blekit,
Thay eindill fast and dois ill lickly,
Thay sklander saikles and thay suspectit:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay wald haif all men bund and thrall
To thame, and thay for to be fre,
Thay covet ilkman at thair call
And thay to leif at libirtie:
So fynd I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay tak delyt in martiall deidis
And ar of nature tremebund,
Thay wald men nvreist all thair neidis,
Syne confortles lattis thame confound:
So fynd I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

Thay wald haif wating on alway
But gwerdoun, gen3eild or rewaird,
Thay wald haif reddy serwandis ay
But reconpans, thank or rewaird:
So find I thair affectioun
Contrair thair complexioun.

The vertew of this writ and vigour,
Maid in comparisone it is,
That famenene ar of this figour,

menit: commiserated with; l.34: They want their will though they are scarcely capable of thinking; *fremmit:* strangers; *nemmit:* named; l.40: Then secretly associate with their inferiors; *lightly:* disparage; *blekit:* are blemished; *eindill:* are jealous; *lickly:* agreeably; *saikles:* innocents; *suspectit:* are objects of suspicion; *tremebund:* timid; *gen3eild:* return; *famenene:* women;

Quhilk clippit is antiphracis,
For quhy thair haill affectioun
Is contrair thair complexioun.

I wat gud wemen will not wyt me
Nor of this sedull be eschamit,
For be thay courtas thay will quyt me,
And gif thay crab heir I quyt clame it,
Confessand thair affectioun
Conforme to þair complexioun.

Finis. Quod Scott.

331 Fane wald I luve bot quhair abowt? fol.255*a*
Thair is so mony luvaris þairowt
That thair is left no place to me,
Quhairof I hovit now in dowt
Gif I sowld luve, or lat it be.

Sa mony ar thair ladeis treitis
With trivmphand amowres balleitis
And dois þair bewteis pryiss so he,
That I find not bot daft consaitis
To say of luve. Bot lat it be.

Sum thinkis his lady lustiest.
Sum haldis his lady for the best.
Sum sayis his luve is A per se
Bot sum, forswth, ar so opprest
With luve, wer bettir lat it be.

Sum for his ladyis luve lyis seik,
Suppois scho comptis it not a leik,
And sum drowpis doun as he wold die;
Sum strykis doun a threid bair cheik
For luve, war bettir lat it be.

Sum luvis lang and lyis behind,
Sum luvis and freindschip can not fynd.
Sum festnit is and ma not fle.
Sum led is lyk the belly blynd
With luve; wer bettir lat it be.

Thocht luve be grene in gud curage
And be difficill till asswage
The end of it is miserie.
Misgovernit ȝowth makis gowsty age:
Forbeir ȝe not and lat it be.

clippit: called; *antiphracis:* contradiction; *crab:* fret; *quyt clame it:* renounce it; *hovit:* remained; l.13: *his;* Bannatyne, *is;* l.19: One strokes down his beardless cheek; l.24: One is led like the blindfolded person in Blind Man's Buff; *gowsty:* ghastly;

Bot quha perfytly wald imprent
Sowld fynd his luve moist permanent.
Luve God, thy prince, and freind, all thre,
Treit weill thy self and stand content,
And latt all vþir luvaris be.

Finis. Quod Clerk.

334 To luve vnluvit it is ane pane,
For scho þat is my souerane,
Sum wantoun man so he hes set hir
That I can get no lufe agane,
Bot brekis my hairt and nocht the bettir.

Quhen þat I went with þat sweit may
To dance, to sing, to sport and pley
And oft tymes in my armis plet hir,
I do now mvrne both nycht and day
And brekis my hart and nocht the bettir.

Quhair I wes wont to se hir go fol.256*b*
Rycht trymly passand to and fro
With cumly smylis quhen þat I met hir,
And now I leif in pane and wo
And brekis my hart and nocht the bettir.

Quhattane ane glaikit fule am I
To slay my self with malancoly,
Sen weill I ken I may nocht get hir,
Or quhat suld be the caus and quhy,
To brek my hart and nocht the bettir.

My hairt, sen thow may nocht hir pleiss,
Adew, as gud lufe cumis as gaiss.
Go chuss ane vdir and forȝet hir.
God gif him dolour and diseiss,
That brekis thair hairt and nocht the bettir.

Finis. Quod Scott quhen his wyfe left him.

341 Gif all the erth war perchmene scribable
Maid to þe hand and all maner of wud
Wer hewit, and proportionat pennis able,
All watter ynk, in dame or in flude,
And every man a perfyt scryb and guid,
The cursitnes and disset of wemen
Cowld not be schawin be the mene of pen.

Quod Chaucer.

imprent: fix. *plet:* entwine; *perchmene:* parchment;
Quhattane: what;

346 Thir ladyis fair that makis repair fol.261*a*
And in the court ar kend,
Thre dayis thair thay will do mair
Ane mater for till end
Than thair gud men will do in ten,
For ony craft thay can,
So weill thay ken quhat tyme and quhen
Thair menes thay sowld mak than.

With littill noy thay can convoy
Ane mater fynaly,
Richt myld and moy and keip it coy
On evyns quyetly.
Thay do no miss bot gif thay kiss
And keipis collatioun.
Quhat rek of this? Thair mater is
Brocht to conclusioun.

Wit ȝe weill thay haif grit feill
Ane mater to solist,
Trest as the steill. Syne nevir a deill
Quhen thay cum hame ar mist.
Thir lairdis ar, methink, richt far
Sic ladeis behaldin to
That sa weill dar go to þe bar
Quhen thair is ocht ado.

Thairfoir, I reid, gif ȝe haif pleid
Or mater in to pley,
To mak remeid send in ȝour steid
ȝour ladeis grathit vpgay.
Thay can defend evin to þe end
Ane mater furth express.
Suppois thay spend it is vnkend,
Thair geir is nocht the les.

In quyet place, thocht thay haif space,
Within less nor twa howris
Thay can percaice purchess sum grace
At the compositouris.
Thair compositioun with full remissioun
Thair fynaly is endit,
With expeditioun and full conditioun
Thair seilis ar to pendit.

Alhaill almoist thay mak the coist fol.261*b*
With sobir recompens.

menes: complaints; *noy:* trouble; *moy:* demure; *coy:* quiet; *miss:* wrong; *collatioun:* assignation; *rek:* matter; *Wit:* know; *feill:* understanding; *in to pley:* in dispute; *Suppois:* although; *percaice:* perhaps; *compositouris:* settlers of disputes; *seilis:* seals; *pendit:* affixed; *Alhaill:* entirely; *coist:* expense;

Richt littill loist thay get indoist
Alhaill thair evidens.
Sic ladyis wyiss thay ar to pryis,
To say the veretie,
Swa can devyiss and not suppryiss
Thame nor thair honestie.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

Ballatis aganis evill wemen

348 The beistly lust, the furius appetyt, fol.262*a*
The haisty wo, the verry grit defame,
The blind discretioun, the hatrent and dispyte
Of wemen kynd, that dreidis for no schame,
That settis at nocht God nor manis blame.
Thair lustis so hes nvreist thame but dreid,
That all thair trest is thair god Cupeid.

The lustyest lady that natur can devyiss,
Thocht scho haif mony semely servitour,
ȝit sall ȝe se hir suddanly inclyne
To tak ane crukit crippill criateur
Quhilk formit is ane owill be nateur.
Sic is thair werd. Thairfoir quha sowld thame wyte,
Thair beistly lust and furius appetyte?

And sen thir clerkis awld wret in to thair stylis
To ȝungar folk and þair successioun
For to eschew þe malice and the wylis
Of wemen, quhilk ar our oppressioun,
Thir folkis wyiss, of gud discretioun,
Hes teichit ws quhat skaithis and offens
That wemen dois be cullourit eloquens.

And possible war in till ane cumly corss
Wyiss Salamons wit and his hie sapience,
Arristotillis clergy, Sampsonis strenth and forss,
Hectoris proves and Achillis excellence,
ȝit wemen sowld with wylie influence
Cawiss all thir vertewis to be of non availl
With thair sle serpent wrinkis and fals taill.

So dengerus, deir, dissavable, full of disdane,
So fenȝeit, fals and with so littill feir,
And quhair thay go thay beir the slaik stane.
Go follow thame, quha list vnlawty leir,
Secreit invy and of dispyt the speir.

indoist: endorsed. *stylis:* compositions; *skaithis:* harms; *clergy:* learning; *wrinkis:* tricks; *dengerus:* haughty; *deir:* expensive; *slaik stane:* ? testicles;

With wemen evill it gois all quyt for evir,
Quhilk sowld ws lerne fra subteill huris dissevir.

Finis.

357 Ane Vþir Ballat of Vmpossibiliteis

Quhen Phebus in to þe west rysis at morrow
And in the eist gois doun befoir the nicht,
And quhen the mirk mone misteris nocht to borrow
At the bricht sone nowder hait nor licht,
Quhen Saturne is warme and Venus wicht
And quhen all gilt is of this warld ago
Than sall my lady luve me and no mo.

Quhen þat I may governe Appryll fra showris fol.267*a*
And Fabruar fra frost and fellone flawis
And May to burgeoun herbis fair and flowris,
And stay wysemen to study on the lawis,
And vane ianglaris to be but dowbill sawis,
And ielosy to be no luvaris fo
Than sall my lady luve me and no mo.

Quhen the Ochellis ar flittit over the ferry,
And Loch Levin rynnis over the eist Lowmond,
And gud wyne growis on the brwmill berry,
And Tay and Tweid ar temit to þe grund,
And bellis quhen thay ar rungin hes no sound,
And quhen the wind is stable and still standis so
Than sall my lady luve me and no mo.

Quhen þat Forth turnis and rynnis to þe hill,
And everilk moss ar maid in gude domane,
And quhen the sie will naþir eb nor fill,
And all montanis ar turnit in to plane,
Quhen forssy fluiddis rysis for no rane,
And quhen gud corne growis ryp withowttin stro,
Than sall my lady luve me and no mo.

Quhen bairnis and birdis thair willis ȝairnis no deill,
And wemen ar sett to say no man a miss,
And quhen fals fortoun movis not hir quheill,
And men may conqueiss kindomis with a wiss,
Quhen Hevin is tome and Hell is full of bliss,
And quhen the riche for sufficience sayis, 'Ho',
Than sall my lady luve me and no mo.

Finis.

huris: whores; *dissevir:* to keep apart; *Ane Vþir Ballat of Vmpossibiliteis:* see *Quhen Phebus fair with bemis bricht,* p.451; *misteris:* needs; *nowder:* neither; *wicht:* strong; *fellone flawis:* fierce snow storms; *stay:* stop; *ianglaris:* squabblers; *sawis:* sayings; *brwmill berry:* blackberry; *temit:* emptied; *moss:* peat bog; *forssy:* strong; *tome:* empty;

359 Ane aigit man twyss fourty ȝeiris, fol.268*a*
Eftir the halydayis of ȝule,
I hard him say, amangis the freiris
Of ordour gray, makand grit dule
Rycht as he wer a fowriuss fule;
Oft syiss he sicht and said, 'Allace,
Be Chryst, my cair ma nevir cule
That evir I serwit mowth thankless.

'Throcht ignorance and foly ȝowth
My preterit tyme I wald nevir spair
Plesans to put in to þat mowth,
Quhill Eild said "Fule, latt be thy fair."
And now my heid is quhyt and hair
For feding of þat fowmart face;
Quhairfoir I mvrn bayth laitt and air
That evir I serwit mowth thankless.

'Gold and siluer þat I micht gett,
Brochis, beisandis, robbis and ringis
Frely to gife I wald nocht lett
To pleiss tha mullis attour all thingis.
Rycht as the swan for sorrow singis
Befoir hir deid ane littill space,
Rycht so do I and my handis wringis
That evir I seruit mowth thankless.

'Bettir it war ane man to serf
With wirchep and honour vndir a scheild
Nor hir to pleiss, thocht thow suld sterf,
That will nocht luke on the in eild.
Fra þat thow haif no hair to heild
Thy heid fra harmyng þat it hess,
Quhen pen and purss and all is peild
Tak thair a meiss of mowth thankless.

'And in example it may be sene
The grund of trewth quha vndirstude,
Fra in thy bag thow beir thyne ene
Thow gettis no grace bott for thy gud. fol.268*b*
At Venus closet for to conclude
Call ȝe nocht thiss ane kankert caiss?
Now God help and the haly rude
And keip all man fra mowth thankless.

'O brukill ȝowth, in tyme behald
And in thyne hairt thir wirdis graif,
Or thy complexioun gadder cald:

Oft syiss: often; *mowth thankless:* the vulva; *preterit:* past; *Eild:* old age; *fowmart:* stinking; *beisandis:* besants; *mullis:* labia of the vulva; *sterf:* die; *heild:* cover; *peild:* stripped; *meiss:* portion; *kankert:* evil; *brukill:* fragile;

Amend thy miss thy self to saif,
The hevynis bliss gif thow wilt haif,
And of thy gilt remit and grace.'
All this I hard ane auld man raif,
Eftir þe ȝule, of mowth thankless.

Quod Kennedy.

Follows ballattis of the prayiss of wemen and to þe reproche of vicious men.

The thrid pairt of luve: to þe reproche of fals vicius men and prayiss of guid wemen

360 Allace so sobir is the micht fol.269*a*
Of wemen for to mak debait
Incontrair menis subtell slicht,
Quhilk ar fulfillit with dissait;
With tressone so intoxicait
Ar mennis mowthis at all houris
Quhome in to trest no woman wait:
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Sum sueris that he luvis so weill
That he will de without remeid,
Bot gife þat he hir freindschip feill
That garris him sic langour leid,
And thocht he haif no doubt of speid,
ȝit will he sich and schaw grit schouris
As he wald sterfe in to þat steid:
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Athis to sueir and giftis to hecht
Moir than he hes, thretty fold,
And for hir honour for to fecht
Quhill þat his blude be cumin cold;
Bot fra scho to his will is ȝold,
Adew, fair weill, thir somer flouris.
All growss in glass that semit gold,
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.

Than turnis he his saill annone
And passis to ane vþir port,
Thocht scho be nevir so wo begone.
Hir cairis cauld ar his confort.
Heirfoir I pray in termys schort,

miss: sin; *Incontrair:* against; *speid:* success; *schaw grit schouris:* shed many tears; *ȝold:* yielded;

'Chryst keip thir birdis bricht in bowris
Fra fals luvaris and thair resort,
Sic perrell lyis in paramouris.'

Finis. Quod Mersar.

363 Ladeis, be war þat plesand ar
To menis appetyte
That ȝe nocht rew þat ȝe thame knew
Throw þair lust and delyte.

For mony men ar evill to ken fol.277*a*
þat luvis paramour,
With fenȝeit mynd fals and vnkynd
Bringis ȝow to dishonour.

Quhen thay haif ane with flattry tane,
Begylit with a trane,
Then with ane vddir thay will considdir
And play þe contrar pane.

Thay will promit giftis rycht grit
And sueir thay luve ȝow best.
ȝow to begyle with mony wyle
Thair mynd takkis nevir rest.

Thair hairtis ar sett with ficcelness,
For loif and nocht for lufe,
ȝow to dissaif with dowbilness
To ȝour schame and reprufe.

O ladeis deir, I ȝow requeir,
Thair fals and fenȝeit fair
Latt ay go henss and tyne creddens,
Beleving þame no mair.

Finis. Quod Scott.

368 Fra raige of ȝowth the rynk hes rune fol.280*a*
And ressone tane the man to tune,
The brukle body than is wune
And maid ane veschell new.
For than thruch grace he is begune
The well of wisdome for to kune.
Than is his weid of vertew spune.
Trest weill this taill is trew.

---

l.30: *Chryst;* Bannatyne, *Crhyst; trane:* trick; *loif:* glory; *tyne:* lose; *rynk:* course; *tane the man to tune:* brought the man to a proper frame of mind; *brukle:* frail; *kune:* taste; *weid:* garment;

For 3owth and will ar so consorss,
Withowt þat wisdome mak devorss,
Thay rin lyk wyld vndantit horss
But brydillis to and fro.
Thair curage sa ourcumis thair corss,
Thrwcht heit of blude it hes sic forss,
Bot gif þe mynd haif sum remorss
Of God, all is ago.

This wid fantastyk lust but lufe
Dois so 3ung men to madness mvfe
That thay ma nowþir rest nor rufe
Till thay mischeif þair sellis.
Haif thay thair harlottis in behufe
Thay sussy nocht thair God abufe,
Thair fame, thair wirschep, nor reprufe
Off honour, nor ocht ellis.

Ferme luve with prudens suld be vsit,
Thocht sum allegeand to excusit,
Saying þat luve with witt inclusit
3it is nocht worth a buttoun.
Sic vane opinioun is confusit,
That man but ressoun may be rusit.
Quha bene with beistly lust abusit
I hald him bot ane muttoun.

Quha wald in luve be estimat
Suld haif þair hairtis ay elevat
With merciall myndis in doing þat
Mycht causs thair fais to dowt thame.
Thocht wemen self be temerat,
Thay luve no man effeminat
And haldis thame bot I wat not quhat
That can noth be withowt thame.

3it man suld fauour thame, howbeid fol.280*b*
Thay be bot necessar of neid.
Becauss we cum of thame in deid,
Thair personis suld be prysit.
As grund is ordand to beir seid
So is the woman born to breid
The fruct of man, and þat to feid
As nature hes dewysit.

Schort to conclude, I wald bath knew
That luvaris suld be leill and trew
And ladeis suld all thingis eschew

consorss: closely allied; *vndantit:* unbroken; *wid:* mad; *rufe:* stop; *behufe:* service; *sussy:* care about; *inclusit:* controlled; *rusit:* extolled; *merciall:* martial; *dowt:* fear; *temerat:* timid;

That ma thair honor smot.
Be permanent, þat wald persew,
And rin nocht reklesly to rew,
Bot as I direct. Adew.
Thuss I depairt, quod Scott.

Finis.

Heir endis the prayiss of wemen and followis the contempt of blyndit luve.

372 In May as that Aurora did vpspring,
With cristall ene chasing þe cluddis sable,
I hard a merle with mirry notis sing
A sang of lufe, with voce rycht comfortable,
Agane the orient bemis amiable
Vpone a blisfull brenche of lawry grene.
This was hir sentens, sueit and delectable,
'A lusty lyfe in luves seruice bene.'

Vndir this brench ran doun a revir bricht
Of balmy liquor cristallyne of hew,
Agane the hevinly aisur skyis licht,
Quhair did vpone þe toþer syd persew
A nychtingall, with suggurit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone.
This wes hir song and of a sentens trew:
'All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.'

With notis glaid and glorious armony fol.283*b*
This ioyfull merle so salust scho the day
Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,
Saying, 'Awalk ȝe luvaris, O this May.
Lo, fresche Flora hes flurest every spray
As Natur hes hir taucht, þe noble quene.
The feild bene clothit in a new array.
A lusty lyfe in luvis seruice bene.'

Nevir suetar noys wes hard with levand man
Na maid this mirry gentill nychtingaill.
Hir sound went with the rever as it ran
Outthrow the fresche and flureist, lusty vaill,
'O merle', quod scho, 'O fule, stynt of thy taill,
For in thy song gud sentens is þair none,
For boith is tynt the tyme and the travaill
Of every luve, bot vpone God allone.'

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merle: blackbird; *comfortable:* pleasant; l.19: Until the woods rang from her melody; *tynt:* lost;

'Seiss', quod the merle, 'thy preching nychtingale.
Sall fok thair ȝewth spend in to holiness?
Of ȝung sanctis growis auld feyndis, but fable.
Fy, ypocreit in ȝeiris tendirness,
Agane the law of kynd thow gois express,
That crukit aige makis on with ȝewth serene,
Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyverss.
A lusty lyfe in luves seruice bene.'

The nychtingaill said, 'Fule, remembir the
That both in ȝewth and eild and every hour
The luve of God most deir to man suld be,
That him of nocht wrocht lyk his awin figour
And deit him self fro deid him to succour.
O, quhithir wes kythit þair trew lufe or none?
He is most trew and steidfast paramour,
All luve is lost bot vpone him allone.'

The merle said, 'Quhy put God so grit bewte
In ladeis, with sic womanly having,
Bot gife he wald þat thay suld luvit be?
To luve eik natur gaif thame inclynnyng,
And he of natur þat wirker wes and king
Wald no thing frustir put nor lat be sene
In to his creature of his awin making.
A lusty lyfe in luves seruice bene.'

The nychtingall said, 'Nocht to þat behufe
Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face, fol.284*a*
That scho suld haif the thank þairfoir or lufe,
Bot he the wirker þat put in hir sic grace
Off bewty, bontie, richess, tyme or space,
And every gudness þat bene to cum or gone,
The thank redoundis to him in every place,
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.'

'O, nychtingall, it wer a story nyce
That luve suld nocht depend on cherite,
And gife þat vertew contrair be to vyce,
Than lufe mon be a vertew, as thinkis me.
For ay to lufe invy mone contrair be.
God bad eik lufe thy nychtbour fro the splene
And quho than ladeis suetar nychbouris be?
A lusty lyfe in lufe seruice bene.'

The nychtingaill said, 'Bird quhy dois thow raif?
Man may tak in his lady sic delyt
Him to forȝet þat hir sic vertew gaif,

kynd: nature; l.44: Who made him from nothing in his own likeness; *kythit:* shown; *paramour:* lover; *having:* behaviour; *frustir:* useless; *bontie:* goodness; *fro the splene:* from the heart;

And for his Hevin rassaif hir cullour quhyt.
Hir goldin tressit hairis redomyt,
Lyk to Appollois bemis thocht thay schone,
Suld nocht him blind fro lufe þat is perfyt.
All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.'

The merle said, 'Lufe is causs of honour ay.
Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchass.
Luve makis knychtis hardy at assey.
Luve makis wrechis full of lergeness.
Luve makis sueir folkis full of bissiness.
Luve makis sluggirdis fresche and weill besene.
Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilness.
A lusty lyfe in luvis seruice bene.'

The nychtingaill said, 'Trew is þe contrary.
Sic frustir luve it blindis men so far
In to þair myndis it makis thame to vary.
In fals vane glory þai so drunkin ar
Thair wit is went. Of wo þai ar nocht war
Quhill þat all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
Fame, guddis, and strenth. Quhairfoir weill say I dar
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.'

Than said the merle, 'Myn errour I confess.
This frustir luve all is bot vanite.
Blind ignorance me gaif sic hardiness
To argone so agane the varite.
Quhairfoir I counsall every man that he fol.284*b*
With lufe nocht in þe feindis net be tone,
Bot luve the luve þat did for his lufe de.
All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.'

Than sang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir.
The merle sang, 'Man, lufe God þat hes the wrocht.'
The nychtingall sang, 'Man, lufe the lord most deir
That the and all this warld maid of nocht.'
The merle said, 'Luve him þat thy lufe hes socht,
Fra Hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone.'
The nychtingall sang, 'And with his deid the bocht.
All luve is lost bot vpone him allone.'

Thane flaw thir birdis our the bewis schene,
Singing of lufe amang the levis small,
Quhois ythand pleid 3it maid my thochtis grene.
Bothe sleping, walking, restand, in travall,
Me to reconfort most it dois awaill,

redomyt: beautiful; *assey:* attack; *lergeness:* generosity; *sueir:* lazy; *weill besene:* neat and active; l.90: Bannatyne, *Sie;* Maitland MS, *Sic; vary:* deviate; *war:* aware; *Quhill þat:* until; *wirchip:* respect; *argone:* argue; *varite:* truth; *tone:* taken; *bewis schene:* beautiful boughs; *ythand pleid:* diligent debate; *walking:* waking; *reconfort:* renew strength;

Agane for lufe quhen lufe I can find none
To think how song this merle and nychtingaill,
'All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.'

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

373 Now cumis Aige quhair ȝewth hes bene And Trew Luve rysis fro the Splene.

Now culit is Dame Venus brand
Trew luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to vndirstand
In feynit luve quhat foly bene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew luve rysis fro the splene.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld
Trew luvis fyre nevir birnis bauld,
So as the ta lufe vaxis auld
The toþir dois incress moir kene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

No man hes curege for to wryte
Quhat plesans is in lufe perfyte
That hes in fenȝeit lufe delyt,
Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

Full weill is him þat may imprent
Or onywayiss his hairt consent fol.285*a*
To turne to trew luve his intent
And still the quarrell to sustene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro þe splene.

I haif experience by my sell,
In luvis court anis did I dwell
Bot quhair I of a ioy cowth tell
I culd of truble tell fyftene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro þe splene.

Befoir quhair þat I wes in dreid,
Now haif I confort for to speid.
Quhair I had maugre to my meid
I trest rewaird and thankis betuene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro þe splene.

splene: heart; *ta:* one; *kyndnes:* nature; *maugre to my meid:* trouble as my reward; *trest:* hope for;

Quhair lufe wes wont me to displeiss
Now find I in to lufe grit eiss.
Quhair I had denger and diseiss
My breist all confort dois contene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro þe splene.

Quhair I wes hurt with ielosy
And wald no luver wer bot I,
Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy
Als weill as I luvit, I wene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro þe splene.

Befoir quhair I durst nocht for schame
My lufe discure nor tell hir name,
Now think I wirschep wer and fame
To all þe warld þat it war sene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,
So did hir denger me derene,
And now I sett nocht by a bene
Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene,
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

I haif a luve farar of face,
Quhome in no denger may haif place,
Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace
And mercy ay quhen I me mene,
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trw lufe rysis fro the splene.

Vnquyt I do no thing nor sane, fol.285*b*
Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane.
I sal be als weill luvit agane,
Thair may no iangler me prevene,
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew luve rysis fro the splene.

Ane lufe so fare, so gud, so sweit,
So riche, so rewthfull and discreit,
And for the kynd of man so meit
Nevir moir sal be, nor ȝit hes bene.
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew luve rysis fro the splene.

---

denger: disdain; *diseiss:* distress; *wy:* men; *discure:* reveal; *derene:* challenge; *me mene:* express sorrow; *Vnquyt:* unrewarded; *sane:* say; *iangler:* chatterer; *prevene:* prevent; *rewthfull:* compassionate;

Is none sa trew a luve as he
That for trew lufe of ws did de.
He suld be luffit agane think me
That wald sa fane our luve obtene,
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

Is non but grace of God I wiss
That can in ȝewth considdir thiss,
This fals dissavand warldis bliss
So gyids man in flouris grene,
Now cumis aige quhair ȝewth hes bene
And trew luve rysis fro the splene.

Finis. Quod Dumbar.

375 Lo, quhat it is to lufe
Lerne ȝe that list to prufe.
Be me I say that no ways may
The grund of greif remvfe
Bot still decay both nycht and day.
Lo quhat it is to lufe.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
Kendillit without desyre.
Schort plesour, lang displesour,
Repentence is the hyre. fol.286*b*
Ane pure tressour without mesour, 11
Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyiss,
To rege with gud adwyiss,
Now thus, now than, so gois the game,
Incertane is the dyiss.
Thair is no man, I say that can,
Both lufe and to be wyiss.

Fle alwayis frome þe snair,
Lerne at me to be ware,
It is ane pane and dowbill trane
Of endles wo and cair.
For to refrane that denger plane,
Fle alwayis from þe snair.

Quod Scott.

fane: gladly. *trane:* snare;

379 3e blindit luvaris, luke
The rekless lyfe 3e leid,
Espy the snair and huke
That haldis 3ow be þe heid.
Thairfoir, I reid, remeid
To leife and lat it be,
For lufe hes non at feid
Bot fulis þat can nocht fle.

Quhat is 3our lufe bot lust?
Ane littill for delyte,
Ane beistly game robust
To reif 3our ressoun quyte,
Ane fowsum appetyte
That strenth of persoun waikis,
Ane pastance vnperfyte
To smyte 3ow with þe glaikis.

Quhair sensuall lust proceidis
All honest lufe is pynd.
3e ma compair 3our deidis
Vnto ane brutall kynd.
Fra vertew be contrynd
To follow vyce, considdir
That ressoun wit and mynd
Ar all ago togiddir.

The wysest woman þairout
With wirdis may be wyllit
To do þe deid, but dout,
That honour hes exyllit.
How mony ar begyllit
And few I fynd þat chaipis,
Thairfoir 3our faithis ar fylit
To frawd thay silly aipis.

3e mak regaird for grace
Quhair nevir grace 3it grew.
3e lang to ryn the race
That ane or baith sall rew.
3e preiss ay to persew
Thair syte and 3our awin sorrow.
3e trest to find thame trew
That nevir wés be forrow.

3e cry on Cupeid king
And Venus quene in vane.
3e send all maner thing
With trattillis thame to trane.

fol.289*a*

fol.289*b*

robust: coarse; *fowsum:* gross; *pastance:* pastime; *glaikis:* sensual desire; *pynd:* tormented; *contrynd:* constrained; *chaipis:* escape; *fylit:* sullied; *frawd:* deceive; *syte:* ruin; *trattillis:* idle tales; *trane:* lure;

ȝe preiche, ȝe fleich, ȝe frane,
ȝe grane ay quhill thay grant.
ȝour prettikis ar profane.
Pure ladeis to supplant.

ȝe schowt as ȝe wer schent,
Thay swoun to se ȝow smartit.
ȝe rame as ȝe wer rent
And thay ar rewthfull hairtit.
ȝour play ar sone peruertit
Fra þat thair belly ryss,
Thay wary ȝow þat gartit
And ȝe thame in lykwyss.

ȝit thair is lesum lufe
That lawchtfully suld lest,
He is nocht to reprufe
That is with ane possest.
That band I hald it best
And nocht to pass attour.
Bot ȝe can tak no rest
Quhill thay kast vp all four.

Sic luvaris seyndill meitis
Bot ladeis ay forlorne is.
Quhen thay bewaill and greitis
Sum of ȝow lawchis and skornis.
ȝour hecht, ȝour aith mensworne is.
ȝour lippis ar lyk burd lyme.
I hald ȝe want bot hornis
As bukkis in belling tyme.

ȝe trattil and ȝe tyst
Quhill thay forȝet þair fame.
ȝe trane þame to ane tryst
And þair ȝe get þame tame,
Thay sussy nocht for schame
Nor castis nocht quhat cumis syne,
Bot quhen ȝe claw þair wame
Thay tummyll our lyk swyne.

Thocht ȝung, perwersit natouris fol.290*a*
To paȝardy applawddis,
Bot ȝit eildit rubiatouris
To hant the laittis of lawdis,

fleich: flatter; *frane:* beg; *prettikis:* practices; *schent:* destroyed; *rame:* scream; *rewthfull hairtit:* compassionate; *peruertit:* spoilt; *gartit:* caused it; *lesum:* allowable; *pass attour:* transgress; l.64: Until they fall down helpless; *greitis:* weep; *hecht:* promise; *mensworne:* perjured; *tyst:* entice; *sussy:* care; *castis:* reflect; *syne:* then; *wame:* belly; *perwersit:* corrupt; *paȝardy:* sensual indulgence; *eildit rubiatouris:* aged fornicators; *hant:* practise; *laittis:* manners; *lawdis:* lads;

Quhen thay begyn sic gawdis
To leif thay ar most laith
Quhen thay haif gottin blawdis,
With Venus bowtyne cleth.

ȝe wantoun wowaris waggis
With thame that hes the cunȝe
For haif ane bismeir baggis,
ȝe grunche nocht at hir grunȝe.
Swa ladeis will nocht sounȝe
With waistit wowbattis rottin,
Bot prowdly thay will prounȝe
Quhair geir is to be gottin.

Quhair money may ȝow moif,
I hald it aweryce,
Thair is na constant lufe
Bot commoun merchandyce.
This ordour now is nyce
Quhair lufe is sauld and coft,
It is ane dowbill vyce
To bring þe devill on loft.

The bich the curtyk fannis,
The wolf the wilrone vsis,
The mull frequentis þe annis
And hir awin kynd abusis.
Rycht swa þe meir refusis
The cursour for ane awer.
Swa few I fynd excusis
Bot wemen quhilk will wauer.

ȝit poyettis few decreitis
Saif ane hecht Percifie,
Bot of ȝour sodomeitis
In Rome and Lumbardie,
In Aipillis and Italie,
To compt how ȝe converss,
I vg, for villanie,
ȝour vycis to reherss.

Quhair lechery belappis fol.290*b*
All steidfast luve it stoppis.
Quhair hurdome ay vnhappis

gawdis: tricks; *blawdis:* slaps; *bowtyne cleth:* bolting cloth; *waggis:* associate; *cunȝe:* coin; *bismeir:* strumpet; *baggis:* money; *grunche:* grumble; *grunȝe:* face; *sounȝe:* hesitate; *wowbattis:* debauchees; *prounȝe:* deck themselves; *geir:* money; *ordour:* arrangement; *nyce:* foolish; *coft:* bought; *curtyk:* mongrel; *fannis:* courts; *wilrone:* wild boar; *mull:* mule; *annis:* ass; *cursour:* courser; *awer:* cart-horse; *decreitis:* decree; *hecht:* called; *Aipillis:* Apulia; *compt:* recount; *converss:* behave; *vg:* shudder; *belappis:* envelopes; *vnhappis:* prevails;

With quenry, canis and coppis
3e pryd 3ow at þair proppis.
Till hair and berd grow dapill
3e cowet all kyn croppis
As Eua did þe apill.

Thus 3e haif all þe wyte
And thair mischief 3e mak it,
That suld haif wit perfyte
And wisdome to abstrakit.
Suld ladeis than be lakkit,
Thocht few of þame be gud,
For all dissait thay tak it
Of 3our awin flesch and blude?

Wald 3e foirse þe forme
The fassoun and þe fek
3e suld it fynd inorme
With bawdry 3ow to blek.
Thairfoir fle fra suspek
Or than, sa mot I thryfe,
3our natouris 3e neglek
And wantis 3our wittis fyve.

Appardoun me of thiss
Gif ocht be to displeiss 3ow
And quhair I mak a miss
My mynd sal be to meiss 3ow.
Thir ressonis ar to raiss 3ow
Fra crymes vndir coite
Or war 3e say nocht waiss 3ow,
Quod Allexander Scote.

Heir endis the haill four pairtis of this Ballat Buke, anno 1568.

380 The Prollog of the Fourt Buik of Virgell, treting of the Incommodite of Luve and Remeid þairof, compyld be Bischop Gawyne Dowglas.

fol.291*a*

The poet dressis him first to Venus

With bemes schene thow bricht Cytherea,
Quhilk only schaddowis among sterris lite,
And thy blind wingit sone Cupido, 3e twa
Fosterreris of birnyng carnall het delite

quenry: harlotry; *canis:* drinking vessels; *coppis:* cups; *wyte:* blame; *abstrakit:* prevent it; *lakkit:* reproached; *foirse:* foresee; *fek:* consequences; *inorme:* dreadful; *blek:* stain; *suspek:* suspicion; *Appardoun:* pardon; *meiss:* appease; *crymes vndir coite:* secret sins; l.151: Or take care you do not come to grief; Colophon: Bannatyne: *four pairtis offis of this.* *schene:* bright; *schaddowis:* casts a shadow; *sterris lite:* recently arisen stars;

and Cupeid

3our ioly wo neidlingis most I endite,
Begynning with ane fen3eit faynt plesance,
Continewith with lust, and endis with pennance.

In fragill flesche 3our febill seid is saw,
Rutit in delyte, welth and fude delicate,
Nureist with slewith and mony vnsemelie saw.
Quhair schame is loist thair spredis 3our burgeons hate.
Oft to revolue ane vnlefull consait
Rypis 3our perrellis fructis and vncorne.
Off wicket grane how sall gude schaif be schorne?

The hant of vnlesum luve

Quhat is 3our force bot febling of the strenth,
3our curious thochtis quhat bot missery?
3our fremmit glaidnes restis not ane houris lenth.
3our sport for schame 3e dar not specify.
3our fruct is bot vnfructous fantessy.
3our sory ioyis bene bot iangling and iaipis,
And 3our trew serwandis silly Godis aipis.

The commodeteis of luve

3our sweit mirthis ar mixt with bittirness.
Quhat is 3our drery game and mery pane?
3our werk vnthrift, 3our quiet is restles,
3our lust lyking in langor to remane,
Freindschipis torment, 3our trest is bot ane trane.
O luve, quhidder art thow ioy or fulichenes,
That makis folk sa glaid of thair distres?

Salomons wit, Sampsone thow rubest his forss,
And Dauid thow bereft his prophecy.

Exampillis

Men sayis thow brydlit Aristotell as ane horss fol.291*b*
And crelit vp the floure of poetry.
Quhat sall I of thy michtis notify?
Fairweill quhair that thy lusty dart assalis

Remeid

Wit, strenth, riches. Nathing bot grace availis.

Thow chene of luve, ha benedicite,
How hard stren3eis thy bandis every wicht.
The God above, for his hie maieste,
With the ybound, law in ane maid did licht.
Thow vincust the strong gyand of grit micht.
Thow art mair forcy than the deid so fell.
Thow plenneist Paradyce and thow herreit Hell.
Thow makis febill wicht and thow lawiss hie.

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neidlingis: of necessity; *saw:* sown; *slewith:* sloth; *vnsemelie saw:* indecent saying; *burgeons hate:* hot swelling buds; *revolue:* ponder; *vnlefull consait:* unlawful idea; *vncorne:* evil grain; *schaif:* sheaf; *fremmit:* strange; *iangling:* prattling; *iaipis:* jests; *silly Godis aipis:* natural born fools; *trane:* deceit; *crelit vp:* shut up in a basket; *benedicte:* bless you; *stren3eis:* constrain; *law:* low; *licht:* alight; *fell:* cruel; *plenneist:* replenished; *herreit:* harrowed; *wicht:* strong; *lawiss:* bring low;

Thow knyttis freindschip quhair thair be na parage.
Thow Ionatha confidderit to Dauye.
Thow danttit Alexander for all his vassilage.
Thow festnyt Iacob fourtene ȝeiris in boundage.
Thow teichit Hercules to go lerne and spyn,
Reik Dianiyre his meiss and lyoun skyn.

Domage in luve

For luve Narcissus perreist at the well.
For luve thow stervist most duchty Achill.
Theseus for luve his fallow socht to Hell.
The snaw quhyt dow oft to þe gray maik will.
Allace, for luve how mony thame self did spill.
Thy fury, luve, motheris tawcht, for dispyte,
Fyle handis in blude of thair ȝung childryne lyte.

O lord quhatt wryitis Virgill of thy forss
In his *Georgikis?* How thy vndantit micht
Constrenis sumtyme so the stonyt horss
That by the sent of ane meir far of sicht
He braidis, brayis annon and takis the flicht.
Na brydill may him dant, nor bustous dynt,
Nor bra, hie roche, nor braid fludis stynt.

The busteous bullis oft for the ȝung ky
With horne to horne wirkis vþir mony wound, fol.292*a*
So rummessing with mony low and cry,
The feildis all doith of thair rowtting resound.
The meik hairtis oft in belling ar found
Mak ferss bargan, and rammis to gidder rin.
Bairis thair tuskis frettis on vþiris skin.

The story of Leander and Hero

The rewthfull smart and lamentable caice
Quhilk thair he wryttis of Leander ȝing,
Quhome for thy luve, Hero, allace, allaice,
In fervent flamb of hait desyre birning,
By nichtis tyd, the hevynnis lowid thundring,
And all with storme trublit the seyis flude
Beittand on rolkis and rowttand as it war woud,

Set he him not to swym ovir, welloaway,
The firth betuix Sestos and Abidane
(In Ewrop and Asia citeis tway)
His fader and moder micht him not call agane.
O God quhair thair he was tynt and slane,
And quhen his luve saw this mischeif attanis
Owttour the wall scho lap and brak hir banis.

parage: equality of birth; *confidderit:* allied; *danttit:* subdued; *Reik:* surrender; *meiss:* mace; *stervist:* killed; *duchty:* valiant; *maik:* mate; *spill:* destroy; *Fyle:* defile; *lyte:* little; *vndantit:* unsubdued; *stonyt:* uncastrated; *braidis:* starts; *bustous dynt:* vigorous blow; *bra:* hill; *stynt:* cause him to stop; *ky:* cows; *rummessing:* bellowing; *rowtting:* roaring; *belling:* rutting season; *ferss:* fierce; *Bairis:* boars; *frettis:* rub; *rewthfull smart:* pitiful pain; *caice:* plight; *rowttand:* roaring; *woud:* mad; *attanis:* at once; *Owttour:* over; *lap:* leapt;

Lo, how Venus can hir servandis acquite.
Lo, how hir passionis vnbryddills all thair wit.
Lo, how thay tyne thame self for schort delyt.
Lo, frome all grace to mischeif thay ar flit,
Fra weill to wo, fra pane to deid, and ȝit
Thair bene bot fewe exampill takkis of vther
Bot wilfully fallis in the fyre, leif brother.

To abstene frome wyne and lust veneriane

With lust of wyne, nor werkis veneriane
Be nevir ouirsett, myne awctor teichis so,
Stryfe and debait engenderis and feill hes slane;
Thay febill the strenth, reiveillis secreittis both two.
Honest proves, dreid, schame, and luck ar gane

Quhat lust is

Quhair thay habound; attempir thame for thy.
Childer to engender, vse Venus and not in vane.
Hant na surfet. Drink bot quhen thow art dry. fol.292*b*

To the men luvaris

Quhat is this luve, nyce luvaris, þat ȝe mene,
Or fals dissait fair ladyis to begyle?
Thame to defoule and schent ȝour self betuene
Is all ȝour lyking with mony subtell wyle.
Is that trew luve, gud faith and fame to fyle?

Quhat is lufe

Gif luve be vertew than is it lefull thing,
Gif it be vyce it is ȝour vndoing.

Lust is no lufe, thocht leidis lyk it weile.
This furious flamb of sensualite
Ar nane amouris bot fantesy ȝe feill.
Carnall plesance but sicht of honestie,
Haitis him self forsuth and luvis not the.

Twa luvis

Thair bene twa luvis, perfyt and vnperfyt,
That ane lefull, that vþir fowll delyt.

Diffinitioun of luf: naturall lufe

Luve is ane kyndly passioun, engendrit of heit,
Kendlit in the hairt, overspredand all the corss,
And as thow seis sum persone waik in spreit,
Sum hait birnyng as ane vnbridlit horss,
Lyk as the patient hes hait of our grit forss,
And in ȝung babbis warmenes insufficient,
And in to aige it failȝeis and is owtquent,

Luve inordinat

Richt so in luve thow may be excessive,
Inordinatly luvand ony creature.
Thy luve also it may be difective,
To luve thyne awin, geving of vþeris no cure.
Bot quhair that luve is rewlit by mesure
It may be licknit to ane haill man estait,
Intemperat warmeness, noþir to cald nor hait.

leif: dear; *veneriane:* sexual; *ouirsett:* overwhelmed; *feill:* many; *proves:* prowess; *for thy:* therefore; *Hant:* engage in; *nyce:* foolish; *schent:* destroy; *lefull:* lawful; *leidis:* people; *our grit forss:* too great strength; *owtquent:* gone out; *ane haill man estait:* the condition of a healthy man;

Than is thy luve inordenat, say I,
Quhen ony createur mair than God thow luvis,
Or ȝit lufis ony to that fyne quhairby
Thy self or thame ƿow frawartis God remvffis.
For till attempir thyne amouris the behuffis.
Luve every wicht for God and to gude end, fol.293*a*
Thame be na wayis to harme bot to amend.

That is to knaw, luve God for his gudnes
With hairt, haill mynd, trew seruice day and nicht.
Nixt, lufe thy self eschewand wicketness.
Luve syne thy nychtbouris and wirk thame na vnricht,
Willing ƿat thow and thay may haif the sicht
Of Hevinis bliss and tyst thame not ƿairfra,
For, and thow do, sic luf dow not a stra.

Faynt luve, but grace, for all thy fenȝeit layis,
Thy wantoun wylis ar verry vanitie.
Graceles, thow askis grace, and thus thow prayis,
'Haive mercy, lady, haif rewth and sum petie',
And scho, rewthles, agane rewis on the.
Heir is na parramouris found bot all hatrent,
Quhair nowƿir to weill nor wa tak thay tent.

Callis thow that rewith quhilk of thair self na rakkis,
Or is it grace to fall fra grace? Na, nay.
Thow seikis mercy and ƿairof mischefe makkis.
Renoun and honour quhy wald thow dryve away?
A brutale appetyte makis ȝung fulis forvay,
Quhilk be ressone list not thair heit refrene,
Haldand opinioun deir of a borit bene.

Sayis not ȝour sentence thus, skant of a fass,
'Quhat honestie or renoun is to be dram,
Or for to drowp lyk a fordullit ass?
Latt ws in ryott leif, in sport and gam,
In Venus court. Sen born ƿairto I am
My tyme weill sall spent. Wenis thow not so?'
Bot all ȝour sollace sall returne in gram,
Sic thewilles lustis in bittir pane and wo.

Aganis ald lichery

Thow awld hasard lechour, fy, for schame,
That slotteris furth evirmair in slugardry,
Owt on the awld trat, aigit wyf, or dame,
Eschamis na tyme in rowst of syn to ly. fol.293*b*

fyne: end; *frawartis:* go away from; *attempir:* temper; *wicht:* person; *tyst:* entice; *dow:* profits; *stra:* straw; *fenȝeit layis:* fictitious songs; *tent:* heed; *na rakkis:* takes no care; *forvay:* err; *list:* choose; *deir:* precious; *borit bene:* bored bean; *skant of a fass:* worthless; *dram:* melancholy; *fordullit:* made stupid; *gram:* trouble; *thewilles lustis:* ill-regulated sexual desires; *hasard:* grey-haired; *slotteris:* wastes time; *trat:* bitch; *Eschamis na:* is not ashamed; *rowst:* rust;

Thir Venus warkis in 3owtheid ar foly,
Bot in to eild thay turne in fury rage.
And quha schameles dowbillis thair syn, ha fy,
As dois thir vantouris o*þ*ir in 3owth or age?

Quhat neidis avant 3ow of 3our wicketnes
3e *þ*at delytis allane in villanis deid?
Quhy gloir 3e in 3our awin vnthriftines?
Eschame 3e not reherss and blaw on breid
3our awin defame, havand of God na dreid
Na 3it of Hell, provokand v*þ*iris to syn,
3e that list of 3our pal3erdie nevir blin?

Wald God 3e purchest bot 3our awin mischance
And war na banarreris for to perriss mo.
God grant sumtyme 3e turne 3ow to pennance,
Refrenyng lustis inordinat and cry 'Ho',
And thair affix 3our lufe and mynd also
Quhair evir is verry ioy withowttin offens,
*Þ*at all sic beistly fury 3e lat go hens.

Aganis makrellis

Off brokkaris and sic bawdry how sowld I wryt,
Of quhome the filth stynkis in Godis neiss?
With Venus henwyffis quhat wayis may I flyt
That straikis thir wenchis heidis thame to pleiss?
'Dochtir for thy luve this man hes grit diseiss,'
Quod the bismeir, with hir sleikit speiche,
'Rew on him. It is mirreit his pane to meiss.'
Sic poid makcrellis for Lucifer bene leiche.

To virginis

Eschame 3ung virgynis and fair damecellis
Furth of wedlok for to disteyne 3our kellis.
Trest not all tailis that wantoun wowaris tellis,
3ow to defloir purposing nothing ellis.
Abhor sic pryce or prayer quhilk wirschep sellis.
Quhair schame is lost, quyt schent is womanheid.
Quhat of bewtie quhair honestie lyis deid? fol.294*a*

Rew on 3our self ladyis and madynis 3ing
Grant na sic rewith for evir ma causs 3ow rew.
3e fresche gallandis, in hait desyre birning,
Refrene 3our curage sic paramouris to persew.
Ground 3our amouris on cheretie all new.
Found 3ow on ressoun, quhat neidis moir to preiche?
God grant 3ow grace in lufe as I 3ow teiche.

---

vantouris: boasters; *o*þ*ir:* either; *avant:* boast; *blaw on breid:* noise abroad; *pal3erdie:* knavery; *blin:* cease; *banarreris:* banner-bearers; *to perriss mo:* to cause more to perish; *brokkaris:* pimps; *neiss:* nose; *Venus henwyffis:* bawds; *flyt:* scold; *diseiss:* discomfort; *bismeir:* bawd; *sleikit:* fawning; *meiss:* assuage; *poid makcrellis:* coarse bawds; *leiche:* physician; l.195: To discard your headdresses outside marriage; *pryce:* value; *Refrene:* restrain; *curage:* disposition;

Fy on dissait and fals dissimulance,
Contrar to kynd, with fenȝeit cheir smyling,
Vndir the cloke of luvis observance,
The vennoum of the serpent reddy to sting.
Bot all sic crymes in luvis causs I resing
To the confessioun of morall Iohine Gower,
For I mon follow the text of our mater.

Thy dowble wound Dido to specify,
I mene thyne amouris and thyne funerall fait,
Quha may endyt but teiris, with ene dry?
Agustyne confessis him self wepit, God wait,
Reding thy lamentable end misfortunat.
By the will I repeit this verss agane:
Temporall ioy endis with wo and pane.

Allace thy dolorus caice and hard mischance
Frome bliss to wo, frome sorrow to fury rage,
Fra nobilnes, welth, prudence and temperance,
In brutall appetyt fell in wyld dotage.
Dantar of Affrik, quene foundar of Cartage,
Vmquhile in riches and schynnyng gloir ringing,
Throw fuliche lust wrocht thyne awin vndoing.

Lo, with quhat thocht, bittirnes and pane
Luve vnsilly breidis every wicht.
How schort quhyle dois his schort plesance remane.
His restles bliss how sone takis the flicht. fol.294*b*
His kyndnes alteris in wreth within ane nicht.
Quhat is bot torment all his langsum fair,
Begun with feir and endit in dispair?

Quhat sussy, ceur and strange ymagening,
Quhat wayis vnlefull his purpois to attene
Hes this fals lust at his first begynnyng,
How subteill wylis and mony quiet mene
Quhat slicht dissait quently to flat and fene.
Syne in ane thraw can nocht him selfin hyd
Nor at his first estait no quhyle abyd.

O thow swelth, devorar of tyme vnrecoverable,
O lust infernall, furnes inextinguibill,
Thy self consumyng worthis insaciabill,
Quent feindis net to God and man odibill,
Of thy triggittis quhat tung may tell the tribill

fenȝeit cheir: deceitful countenance; *fait:* fate; *the:* thee; *Dantar:* conqueror; *vnsilly:* unfortunate; *in wreth:* into wrath; *langsum fair:* wearisome behaviour; *sussy:* trouble; *ceur:* care; *quently:* craftily; *flat and fene:* flatter and feign; *thraw:* thrice; *estait:* state; *swelth:* whirlpool; *Quent feindis net:* crafty fiend's snare; *odibill:* hateful; *triggittis:* tricks; *hant:* association;

With the to wrestill? Thow waxis evirmair wicht.
Eschew thyne hant and mynneiss sall thy micht.

Se how blind luves inordinat desyre
Degraidis honour and ressone dois exyle.
Dido, of Cartage floure and lamp of Tyre,
Quhais he renoun no strenth nor gift micht fyle
In hir faint lust so maid within schort quhyle
That honestie baith and gud fame war adew,
Syne for desdene, allace, her selfin slew.

O quhat availit thy brute and glorius name,
Thy nobill tressour and workis infinyt,
Thy citeis beilding and thy ryell fame
Thy realmis conquest, weilfair and delyte?
To stynt all thingis saif thyne awin appetyte
So was in luve thy frawart destanye.
Allace the quhyle thow knew the strange Enee.

Heir endis the Ballatis of Luve, remedy thairof, and contempt of luve.

mynneiss: lessen; *faint:* weak; *desdene:* disdain; *brute:* fame; *stynt:* neglect; *frawart:* unfavourable; l.263: *knew the:* Bannatyne; *knew thre; Enee:* Aeneas.

Heir followis the fyift pairt of this buik, contenyng the fabillis of Esop with diuerss vþir fabillis and poeticall workis, maid and compyld be diuers lernit men, 1568.

381 To the Redar

fol.298*b*

My freindis, thir storeis subsequent,
Albeid bot fabillis thay present,
3it devyne doctowris of iugement
Sayis thair ar hid, but dowt,
Grave materis, wyiss and sapient,
Vnder the workis of poyetis gent.
Thairfoir be war that thow consent
To blame thir heir set owt.

382 The he prudence and wirking mervellus,

fol.299*a*

The profound wit of God omnipotent,
Is so perfyt and so ingenis,
Excelland fer all manis argument,
For quhy till him all thing is present
Rycht as it is, or ony tyme sal be,
Befoir þe sicht of his devinite.

Thairfore, our saull with sensualitie
So fettrit is in presoun corporale
We may nocht cleirlye vndirstand nor see
God as he is, a thing celestiale.
Oure mirk and deidlye corss materiale
Blindis þe spirituall operatioun,
Lyke as man war bundin in presoun.

In *Metaphisik* Aristotle sayis
That man saule is lyke ane bakkis ee
Quhilk lurkis still, as lang as lycht of day is,
And in þe gloming cumis furth to flee.
Hir eine ar waik. þe sun scho may nocht see.
So is oure saule with phantesye opprest
To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.

For God is in his power infinyte
And mannis saule is febill and owir small,
Off vndirstanding waik and vnperfyte
To comprehend him þat contenis all.

---

gent: good; *bakkis ee:* bat's eye; Bannatyne, *vnperfyse;* l.24: *vnperfyte:* imperfect;

Non suld presume be reasoun naturale
To serche þe secretis of þe Trinetie,
Bot trow fermlie and lat dirk ressounis be.

3it, nevirþeles, we may hawe knawlegeing
Off God almychtie be his creatouris.
That he is guid, fair, wyiss and bening
Exemple takis be thir iolye flouris
Rycht sweit off smell and plesand of colouris—
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpure, quhyte and ride,
Thus distribute þe gift of his Godheid.

The firmament paintit with starris cleir,
Fra eist to west rolland in circill round,
And everye planete in his propir sphere,
In moving makand armonye and sound,
The fyre, þe air, þe watter, and þe ground,
Till vnderstand it is anuch, I wiss,
That God in all his warkis wittie is.

Luik we the fische þat sowmis in þe se,
Luik we in erd all kynd of bestiall—
The foulis fair so forcelye, thay flee
Scheddand þe air with pennis grite and small—
Syne luik to man, quhilk God maid last of all,
Lyke till his ymage and his similitude:
Be thir we knaw þat God is fair and guid.

All creatouris he maid for the behuiffe fol.299*b*
Of man and till his suppertatioun 51
Into þis erd, baith vnder and abowe,
In nowmer, wecht and dew proportioun,
The differens of tyme and ilk seasoun
Concordand to oure oportunitie,
As daylie be experiens we do see:

The somer with his iolye mantill grene,
With flouris fair furrit on everye fent
Quhilk Flora goddes, of everye flouris quene,
Hes to þat lord as for his seasoun lent,
And Phebus, with gowdin beames gent,
Hes purfillit and paintit plesandlie
With heat and mosture stilland fra þe skye.

Syne herwest hait quhen Seres þat goddes
Hir barnis benit hes with abundance,
And Bachchus, god of wyne, renewit hes
Hir tome pypes in Italie and France

trow: believe; *ride:* red; *wittie:* wise; *fair:* go; *Scheddand:* cutting; *pennis:* wings; *behuiffe:* benefit; *suppertatioun:* sustenance; l.55: Ordered for our benefit; *furrit:* trimmed; *fent:* opening; *gowdin:* golden; *gent:* beautiful; *purfillit:* decorated; *stilland:* distilling; *herwest:* autumn; *benit:* filled; *tome:* empty;

With wynis wicht and liccour of pleasaincce,
And copia temporis to fill hir horne
That nevir wes full of quhite nor vþer corne.

Syne winter wan quhen austerne Eolus,
God of þe wind, with blastis boriall
The grene garmont of symmer glorious
Hes all to rent and revin in peices small,
Than flouris fair faidit with frost moist fall,
And birdis blyith changeis þair notis sweit
Intill murning, neir slane with snaw and sleit;

Thir dailis deip with dubbis drownit is,
Baith hill and holt heilit with frostis hair,
And bewis bene ar bethit bare of bliss
Be wikkit windis of þe wintare wair.
All wyild beistis than fra þe bentis bair
Drawis for dreid vnto þair dennis deip,
Couchand for cauld in cowis þame to keip.

Syne cumis wer, quhen wintare is away,
The secretare of somer with his seill:
Quhen columbie vp kikis throw þe clay,
Quhilk fleit was before with frostis feill,
The mavissis and þe merle beginnis to meale,
The lark on loft with vþer birdis smale
Than drawis furth fra darne on down and daile.

That samin seasoun, into a soft morning,
Rycht blyith þai bitter blastis wer ago,
Wnto þe wod to see þe flouris spring,
And heir þe mavissis sing and birdis mo,
I passit furth, syne luikit to and fro
To se the suyll þat was richt seasonable,
Sappie, and to ressawe all seidis hable.

Movand thus gait grit mirth I tuik in mynde, 99
Of lawboraris to see þe besynace:
Sum makand dike and sum þe pleuch can wynd, fol.301*a*[1]
Sum sawand sedis fast fra place to place,
The harrowis hoppand in the sawaris trace.
It was grite ioy to him þat lufit corne
To se thame laboure sa at evin and morne.

wicht: strong; *pleasaincce:* enjoyment; l.69: *copia temporis:* fullness of time; Bannatyne: *tempis; quhite:* wheat; *wan:* dark; *austerne:* stern; *boriall:* northern; *to rent:* torn; *revin:* destroyed; *dubbis:* puddles; *heilit:* covered; *hair:* hoar; *bethit:* withered; *wair:* ? stormy; *bentis:* fields; *cowis:* hollows; *wer:* spring; *columbie:* columbine; *vp kikis:* peeps up; *fleit:* ? put to flight; *feill:* many; *mavissis:* thrushes; *merle:* blackbird; *meale:* mate; *darne:* hiding place; *suyll:* soil; *hable:* able; *thus gait:* in this manner; *pleuch can wynd:* guided the plough; *hoppand:* hopping; *sawaris trace:* sower's track;

[1]'The folios here are misnumbered, folio 300 following folio 301.'

And as I baid vnder a bank full bene,
In hert gritlie reiosit of þat sicht,
Vnto a hege vnder a hawthorne grene,
Off small birdis þair come a ferlye flicht
And doun belyve can on þe levis lycht,
On everye syde about me quhair I stude,
Rycht meruelous a mekle multitude.

Amang the quhilk a sualow loud coud cry
On that hawthorne heich in þe crop sittand,
'O ȝe birdis, on bewis here me by,
ȝe sall wele knaw and wyisly vndirstand:
Quhair danger is and perrell appeirand,
It is grite wissdome to prowyde before,
It to deuoid, or drede it hurt ȝow more.'

'Schir suallow,' quod þe lark agane and leuch,
'Quhat hawe ȝe sene þat causis ȝow to drede?'
'Se ȝe ȝone churll,' quod scho, 'beȝond ȝone pleuch
Fast sawand hemp, lo se, and lynget sede?
ȝone lynt will grow in lytill tyme of dede
And thairof will ȝone churll his nettis mak,
Vnder þe quhilk he thinkis ws to tak.

'Thairfore, I rede, pas we quhen he is gone
At evin and with our nailis scharp and small,
Out of þe erd schraip we ȝone sede anone
And ete it wp, for gif it growis we sall
Haue causs to weip here eftir, ane and all.
So we remede þairfore furth with instante,
Nam leuis ledit quicquid prouidimus ante.

'For, clerkis sayis, it is not sufficient
To considder þat is befoir þine ee;
Bot prudence is ane inward argument
That garris a man prowyde befoir and see
Quhat guid, quhat evill is likly for to be
Off everye thingis at þe final end,
And se fro perrell ethar him defend.'

The lark lauchand, the suallow thus coud scorne
And said scho fischit lang befoir þe nett:
'The barne is eith to busk þat is vnborne.
All growis nocht þat in þe ground is sett.
The nek to stoup quhen it þe strake sall get

baid: waited; *ferlye:* sudden; *can . . . lycht:* alighted; *coud cry:* cried; *crop:* top; *bewis:* branches; l.118: *prowyde;* Bannatyne, *prowdye; leuch:* laughed; *sawand:* sowing; *lynget:* flax; *instante:* at once; l.133: For whatever we have seen beforehand is less injurious. l.134: Bannatyne omits *not;* supplied from Harleian MS; *prowyde befoir:* exercise foresight; *ethar:* more easily; *barne:* child; *eith:* easy; *busk:* dress;

Is sone eneuch. Dede on þe feyest fall.'
Thus scornit thay þe suallow ane and all.

Despising thus hir hailsum document,
The foulis fersslye tuke þair flicht anone.
Sum with a bir þaj braidit our þe bent
And sum agane ar to þe grenewod gone.
Vpoun þe land quhair I wes left allone
I tuke my club and hamewart coud I carye,
So ferlyand as I had sene a farye.

Thus furth passit quhill Iune, that iolye tyde, fol.301*b*
And sedis þat war sawin of beforne
War growin heich, þat hairis mycht þame hyde
And als þe qualȝe crakand in þe corne.
I movit furth betwene mid day and morne
Vnto þe hege vnder þe hawthorne grene,
Quhair I befoir þe said birdis had sene.

And as I stude, be aventure and cais,
The samin birdis as I haif said ȝow air,
I hoip becaus it was þair hanting place,
Mair of succour or ȝit mair solitare
Thay lychtit doun, and quhen þai lychtit ware
The suallow suyft put furth a piteouss pryme,
Said: 'Wo is him, can nocht be war in tyme.

'O blind birdis and full of negligence,
Vnmyndfull of ȝour prosperitie,
Cast vp ȝour sycht and tak guid aduertence.
Luik to þe lynt þat growis on ȝone lye.
ȝone is the thing I bad furthwith þat we,
Quhill it was seid, had tane it out of þe erd.
Now is it lynt. Now is it heych on breird.

'Go ȝit, quhill it is tendir, ȝoung and small,
And pull it vp. Lett it no moir incress.
My flesch growis. My bodye quakis all.
Thinkand on it, I may nocht sleip in pess.'
Thaj cryit all and baid þe suallow ceiss,
And said, 'ȝone lint heireftir will do guid,
For lingett is a lytill birdis fuid.

'We think quhen that ȝone lint bowis ar rype
To mak ws feyst and fill ws of þe seid,
Mawgre ȝone churll, and on it sing and pype.'

Dede on þe feyest fall: death befalls (the man) most fated to die; *hailsum document:* sensible warning; *fersslye:* fiercely; *bir:* whirr; *braidit:* started; *ferlyand:* marvelling; *farye:* illusion; l.155: Bannatyne, *We;* Harleian MS, *Thus; hairis:* hares; *qualȝe:* quail; *crakand:* croaking; *be aventure and cais:* by chance; *air:* before; *hanting place:* familiar haunt; *pryme:* prayer; *aduertence:* heed; *lye:* field; *heych on breird:* high in (its) first shoots; *growis:* trembles; *bowis:* pods; *Mawgre:* despite;

'Weill,' quod þe suallow, 'freindis, hardlye be it.
Do as 3e will, bot certane, sair I dreid
Heirefter 3e sall find als soure as sweit,
Quhen 3e ar speldit on 3one cairlis speit.

'The awnare off 3one lint ane fowlare is,
Rycht cawtelous and full of subteltye,
His pray full seindill tymes will he miss
Bot giff we birdis all þe warrare be.
Full monye of our kin he gart dee
And thocht it bot ane sport till spill þair blude.
God keip me fra him, and þe hellie rude.'

Thir small birdis, haifand bot litill thocht
Off perrell þat mycht fall be aventoure,
The counsale of þe suallow sett at nocht,
Bot tuik þair flicht and on togidder fure,
Sum to þe wod, sum markit to þe mure.
I tuik my stalf, quhen this was said and done,
And walkit hame, quhill it drew neir hand none.

This lint rypit. þe carll pullit the lyne,
Ripplit þe bowis and in beitis sett;
It steipit in þe burne and dryit syne
And with a bittill knokit it and bett;
Syne scutchit it weill and heclit it in þe flett.
His wyffe it span and twane it into freid
Off quhilk þe foular nettis war maid indeid.

The wintare cam. The wickit wind can blaw.
The woddis grene war wallowit with þe weit.
Bayth firth and fell with frostis war maid faw,
Slonkis and slak maid slidderie with þe sleit.
The foulis fair for falt þaj fell off feit,
Quhen bewis bair it was na bute to byde,
Bot hyit on in houssis þame to hyde.

Sum in þe berne, sum in þe stak of corne
The ludgeing tuke and maid þair residence.
The fowlare saw and grit athis hes he sworne
Thaj suld be tane trewlie for þair expence.
His nettis he hes sett with diligence,
And in þe snaw he schulit hes a plane,
And healit it all ower with calf agane.

fol.300*a*

hardlye be it: so be it; *speldit:* spread open; *speit:* spit; *cawtelous:* cunning; *seindill tymes:* seldom; *Bot giff:* unless; *hellie rude:* holy rood; *fure:* went; *mure:* moor; *none:* noon; *Ripplit:* shelled; *beitis:* bundles; *steipit:* steeped; *burne:* stream; *bittill:* mallet; *scutchit:* dressed by beating; *heclit:* combed; *flett:* inner part of the house; *twane:* twined; *wallowit:* withered; *faw:* variegated; *slonkis:* ditches; *slak:* river mud; *for falt þaj fell off feit:* weakened because of lack of food; *bute:* remedy; *hyit:* hastened; *berne:* barn; *expence:* pains; *schulit:* shovelled; *plane:* clearing; *healit:* covered; l.224: Bannatyne, *at;* Harleian MS, *all; calf:* chaff;

Thir small birdis seand þe calf, was gled:
Trowand it had bene corne þaj lychtit doun,
Bot of þe nettis na presume þaj had,
Nor of þe fowlaris falss intentioun.
To schraip and seik þair meit þaj maid þame boun.
The suallow into a branche litill by,
Dredand for gyle, thus loud on þame coud crye:

'Into þis caffe scraip quhill 3our nailis bleid.
Thair is na corne. 3e laubour all in vaine.
Trow 3e, 3one churll for pietie will 3ow feid?
Na. Na, he hes it lyit heir for a traine.
Remowe, I ride 3ow, or ellis 3e wil be slaine.
His nettis he hes sett full priuelie,
Reddie to draw in tyme. Be war for thye.

'Grite full is he þat puttis in danger
His lyfe, his honour, for a thing of nocht.
Grite fule is he þat will nocht glaidlie heir
Counsale in tyme, quhill it availl him mocht.
Grite fule is he þat na thing hes in thocht
Bot thing present, and eftir quhat may fall,
Nor off þe end, hes na memoriall.'

Thir small birdis, for hungar famist neir,
Full bissie scraipand for to seik þair fude,
The counsale of þe suallow wald nocht heir,
Suppoiss þair laubour did þame litill guid.
Quhen scho þair fulisch hertis vnderstude
So indurate, vp in a tree scho flew.
With þat, þe churll owir þame his nettis drew.

Alace, it was rycht grite hertis sair to see
That bludye bouchure beit þaj birdis doun
And for to heir, quhen þaj wist weill to dee,
Thair cairfull sang and lamentatioun.
Sum with ane staffe he straik to erd in soun,
Sum offe þe heid, off sum he brak þe craig,
Sum half on lywe he stappit in his bag.

And quhen þe suallow saw þat þaj war deid,
'Lo,' quod scho, 'thus it happin oftin syiss
Off þame þat will nocht tak counsale nor reid
Off prudent men, or clerkis þat ar wyiss.
This grit perrell I tauld þame mair than thryiss
Now ar þaj deid and wo is me þairfore.'
Scho tuik hir flycht, bot hir I saw no moir.

Trowand: believing; *presume:* expectation; l.232: Bannatyne, *will,* Harleian MS, *quhill; traine:* trap; *ride:* counsel; *for thye:* therefore; *indurate:* hardened; l.256: Bannatyne, *cirfull;* Harleian MS, *cairfull; in soun:* in a swoon; *craig:* neck; *stappit:* crammed; l.266: *flycht,* Bannatyne, *flych;*

Lo worthie folk, Esope, þat nobill clerk,
Ane poete wirthie to be lawreate,
Quhen he waikit fra moir autentik work,
With vther mo þis foirsaid faibill wrate,
Quhilk at þis tyme may weil be applicate
To guid morale edificatioun,
Hawand ane sentence cordand to reasoun.

This carll and bond of gentrice spoliate,
Sawand þis caff þir small birdis to slay,
It is þe feind quhilk fra þe angellis state
Exylit is as fals apostita,
Quhilk day and nycht nevir werye to ga
Sawand poysoun and monye wickit thocht
In mannis saule, quhilk Christ full deir hes bocht.

And quhen þe saull, as seid dois in þe erd,
Giffis consent in delectatioun,
The wickit thocht than begynnis to breird
In deidlye syn, quhilk is dampnatioun.
Reasoun is blindit with affectioun
And carnall lust growis full grene and gay,
Throw conswetude hantit fra day to day.

Proceding furth be vse and consuetude
Syn rypis and schame is sett on syde;
The feind plettis his nettis stark and rude
And vnder pleasaunce priuelye dois hyde;
Syne on þe feild he sawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tome and verrye vanitie
Off fleschlye lust and vaine prosperitie.

Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call
Ay scraipand in þis wardlis vaine plesaunce,
Gredye to gadder guidis temporall,
Quhilk as þe caff ar tome without substaunce,
Litill of vaill and full of variance,
Lyke to þe mow befoir þe face of wind
Wiskis away and makis wretchis blind.

This suallow, quhilk escapit thus þe snair,
The halye precheour weill may signifie,
Exortand men to walk and ay be war
Fra nettis of our wickit ennemye,
Quhilk slepis nocht bot evir is reddye,
Quhen wretchis in þis warldis wrak do scraip,
To draw his nett. That þaj may nocht eschaip.

autentik: serious; *sentence:* significance; *bond:* serf; l.274: Bannatyne, *poliate;* Harleian MS, *spoliate; apostita:* apostate; *bocht:* ransomed; *delectatioun:* enjoyment; *breird:* put out shoots; *affectioun:* passion; *conswetude:* habit; *plettis:* weaves; *plesaunce:* delight; *tome:* empty; *vaill:* value; *mow:* heap of grain; l.302: Bannatyne, *Thus;* Harleian MS, *This; walk:* watch; *wrak:* wealth;

Alace, quhat cair, quhat weping is and wo,
Quhen saull and bodye pairtit ar in twane.
The bodye to þe wirmis kitching go,
The saull to fyre and evirlasting paine.
Quhat helpis than this caffe and guidis vaine,
Quhen thow art put in Luciferis bag
And brocht to Hell and hangit be þe craig?

Thir hide nettis for to persawe and see, fol.302*a*
This sorye caffe wyislie to vnderstand,
Best is be war in maist prosperitie,
For in þis warld þair is no thing lestand.
Is na man waitt quhow lang his stait will stand,
His lyfe will lest, nor how þat he sall end
Eftir his deid, nor quhidder he sall wend.

Pray we thairfore quhill we ar in þis lyffe
For foure thingis: þe first fra syn remowe;
The secund is to seiss all weir and stryfe;
The thrid is perfyte cheritye and lowe;
The ferd thing is, and maist for our behowe,
That is in bliss with angellis to be fallow.
And thus endis þe preching of þe suallow.

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The Houlate

In the middis of Maij at morne as I ment,
Throw mirth markit on mold, till a grene meid,
The bemis blyithest of blee fro the sone blent
That all brychtnit about the bordouris on bried.
With alkin herbis off air þat war in erd lent
The feildis flourischit and fret full of fairheid.
So soft was the seasoun our Souerane doun sent
Throw þe greabill gift off his Godheid.
That all was amiable ower þe air and þe erd;
Thus, throw þe cliftis so cleir,
Alone, but fallow or feir,
I raikit till a riweir
þat ryallye reird.

This riche rywer doun ran, but resting or rove,
Throw a forest on fauld þat ferlye was fair.
All the brayis off that bryme buir brenchis above
And birdis blyithest off ble on blossomes bair.
The land loun was and lie with lyking and love
And for to lende by that lak thocht me levare

kitching: kitchen; *hide:* hidden; *ment:* made my way; *markit:* visible; l.3: *blyithest,* Bannatyne, *blyiwe est; blee:* colour; *blent:* glanced; *lent:* bestowed; *cliftis:* hills; *raikit:* wandered; *rove:* repose; *brayis:* banks; *bryme:* stream; *bair:* supported; *loun:* calm; *lie:* sheltered; *lende:* linger; *lak:* water;

Becauss that þir hertis in herdis coud hove,
Pransand and prunȝeand be pair and be pare.
Thus sat I in solace sekirlye and suire,
Content of þe fair firth,
Mekle mair of the mirth,
Als was blyith off the birth
þat þe ground buire.

The birth þat þe ground bure was broudyn on bredis
With gerss gay as the gold and granis off grace,
Mendis and medicine for all mennis neidis, leydis
Help till hert and till hurt. Helefull it was.
Vnder þe circle solar thir sauourouss sedis
Were nurist be Dame Nature, that nobill maistres,
Bot all þair namys to nyvin as now it nocht nedis:
It wer prolixit and lang and lenthing of space fol.302*b*
And I haif mekle mater in metir to gloss
Of ane vþir sentence
And waik is my eloquence.
Thairfoir, in haist will I hence
To þe purposs.

Off þat purpoiss: in þat place be pryme of þe day,
I hard a peteous appeill, with a pure mane
Sowlpit in sorrow, þat sadly could say,
'Wo is me, wreche, in þis warld wilsum of wane,
With moir murnyng in mynd than I mene may',
Rowpit rewthfully roch in a roulk rud rane.
Off þat ferly on fold I fell in affray.
Nyrar þat noyus in nest I nycht in ane.
I saw a howlat in haist vndir ane holyng
Lukand þe lak throw
And saw his awin schadow,
At þe quhilk he culd grow
And maid a gowling.

He gret gryslie grym and gaif a grit ȝoule,
Cheuerand and chydand with churlich cheir,
'Quhy is my face', quod þe fyle, 'fassonit so foule,
My forme and my fetherem vnfrelie, but feir?
My neb is nytherit as a nok. I am but ane oule.
Aganis nature in þe nycht I waik into weir.
I dar do nocht on þe day bot droup as a doule,

hertis: harts; *prunȝeand:* preening; *suire:* securely; *firth:* wood; *broudyn on bredis:* extensively adorned; *gerss:* grass; *granis:* seeds; *Mendis:* healing; *leydis:* brings; *nyvin:* mention; *pure mane:* feeble complaint; *Sowlpit:* sunk; *wilsum of wane:* homeless; *mene:* bemoan; l.45: The hoarse one cried pitifully in a rough barbarous voice; *affray:* panic; l.47: Nearer to that troubled one in the nest I approached; *holyng:* holly tree; *culd grow:* shuddered; *gowling:* howling; *gret:* wept; *ȝoule:* shriek; l.54: Bannatyne, *Hedand,* Asloan MS, *Cheuerand:* shivering; *fyle:* wretched one; *vnfrelie:* ugly; *but feir:* without equal; *neb:* beak; *nytherit:* bent down; *nok:* hook; *weir:* fear; *doule:* dolt;

Nocht for schame of my schaip in pert till appeir.
Thus, all thir foulis for my filth hes me at feid
That be I sene in þair sicht,
To luke out on day lycht,
Sum will me dolefully dycht,
Sum ding me to my deid.

'Sum bird will bay at my beke, and sum will me byte,
Sum skirp me with scorne, sum skyrne at myn e.
I se be my schaddow my schap hes þe wyte.
Quhame sall I bleme in this breth a besym þat I be?
Is none bot Dame Natur, I bid nocht to nyte,
To accuss in þis causs, in cais þat I de.
Bot quha sall make me amendis of hir wirth a myte
That thus hes maid on þe mold a monster of me?
I will appeill to þe paip and pass to him plane,
For happin that his halynace,
Throw prayer, may purchace
To reforme my foule face
And than wer I fane.

'Fane wald I wit', quod þe fyle, 'or I furth fure,
Quha is fader of all foule, pastour, and paip?'
'That is þe plesand pakok, pretious and pure,
Constant and kirk lyk vndir his cleir kaip,
Myterit, as þe maner is, mansueit and demure,
Schrowd in his schene weid and schand in his schaip,
Sad in his sanctitud sickerly and sure.'
'I will go to þat guid, his grace for to graip.' fol.303*a*
Off þat bourd I was blyith and baid to behald
The howlate, violent of vyce,
Raikit vnder þe ryce
To þe pacock of pryce,
þat was pape cald.

Beffoir þe paip, quhen þat puir present him had,
With sic courtassye as he coud on knees he fell,
Said, 'Ave, Rabye. Be þe rude, I am rycht rade
To behald ȝour Hellynes or my taill tell.
I may nocht suffise to se ȝour Sanctitude sad.'
The paip wyislie, I wiss, of wirschip þe well,
Gawe him his braid bennesoun and baldlie him bade
That he suld specialie speik and spair nocht to spell.
'I com to speir,' quod þe spreit, 'into speciall,
Quhy I am formit sa foull

in pert: openly; *hes me at feid:* are at enmity with me; *dycht:* deal with; *ding:* beat; *bay:* ? screech; *skirp:* mock; *skyrme:* dart; *besym:* monster; *nyte:* deny; *pakok:* peacock; *Myterit:* wearing a mitre; *mansueit:* gentle; *Schrowd:* clothed; *schene weid:* beautiful apparel; *schand:* handsome; *graip:* search for; *baid:* lingered; *Raikit:* went quickly; *ryce:* branches; *pryce:* excellence; *puir:* wretch; *Rabye:* rabbi; *rade:* eager; *braid bennesoun:* blessing; *specialie:* in detail; *spell:* tell; *speir:* ask; *spreit:* sprite;

Ay to ȝout and to ȝoull
As ane horrible oule,
Ougsum owir all.

'I am nytherit ane oule thus be Nature,
Lykar a fulle than a foull in figure and face,
Byssym of all birdis that evir bodye bure,
Without caus or cryme kend in þis cace.
I hawe appeillit to ȝour presence, pretious and puir,
To ask help into haist at ȝour Holynace
That ȝe wald crye vpoun Christ, þat all hes in cuir,
To schape me ane schand bird in a schort space
And to accuse Nature þis is no uay.
Thus throw ȝour Halynes, may ȝe
Mak a fair foull of me,
Or ellis, dreidles, I dee,
Or end my day.'

'Off thy deid', quod þe paip, 'pitie I hawe,
Bot of nature to pleyne it is parrell.
I can nocht say suddanlie so me Christ sawe,
Bot I sall call my cardinallis and my counsell.
Patriarkis and prophetis, of lerit þe laif,
Thaj sal be semblit full sone, that thow se sall.'
He callit on his cubiculare within his conclawe,
That was þe propir papingo proud in his apparrell,
Bad send for his secretare, and his sele sone,
That was þe turture, trewest,
Ferme, faithfull and fest,
That bure þat office honest
And enterit but hone.

The paip commandit, but hone, to wryt in all landis,
Be þe said secretare þat þe sele ȝemyt,
For all statis of kirk þat vnder Christ standis
To semble till his summondis, as it weill semyt.
The trew turture has tane with þe tithandis,
Done dewly his dett as þe dere demyt.
Syne belyve send þe lettres into sere landis
With þe suallow so swift in speciale expremit
The papis herald, at poynt into present.
For he is furthward to flee
And ay will haif entree
In hous and in hall hee
To tell his entent.

ȝout: yell; *Ougsum:* ugly; *nytherit:* humiliated; *fulle:* fool; *Byssym:* monster; l.122: Bannatyne, *ourelerit all þe lawe;* Asloan MS, *of lerit þe laif:* the remaining learned clergy; *cubiculare:* groom of the chamber; *papingo:* popinjay; *turture:* turtle-dove; *fest:* steadfast; *but hone:* without delay; *ȝemyt:* took care of; *tane with þe tithandis:* acted upon the news; *dett:* duty; *dere:* dear one; *demyt:* ordered; *expremit:* named; *at poynt:* fitly; *into present:* to present;

Quhat sall I tell ony mair of thir materis fol.303*b*
Bot þir lordis belyve thir lettres hes tane,
Ressauit þame with reuerence to reid as efferis
And richelye þe heraldis rewardit ilk ane?
Than busk þaj, but blin. Monye bewscheris
Graithess þame, but growching, þat gait for to gane.
All þe staitis of kirk out of steid steris
And I sall note 3ow richt now þair namis in ane,
How þai apperit to þe paip and present þame, ay
Fair, farrand, and free
In ane guidlye degree
And manlyke as thocht me
In middis off May.

All thus in May as I ment in a morning
Come foure phesandis full fair in þe first front,
Presentit þame as patriarkis in þair appering,
Benynge of obedience and blyith in þe bront,
A college of cardinallis come syne in a ling,
That war crannis of kynd, gif I rycht compt,
With ride hattis on heid, in hale taikinning
Off þat deir dignitie with wirschip ay wont.
Thir ar foulis of effect, but felonye or feid,
Spirituall in all thing,
Leill in þair leving;
Thairfore in dignetie ding
Thaj dure to þair deid.

3it induring þe day to þat dere drew
Swannis suouchand full swyith, sweitest of suare,
In quhyte rokcattis arrayit. As I rycht knew
That þaj wer bischoppis blist I was þe blyvare,
Stable and steidfast, tendir and trew,
Off few wirdis, full wyiss and worthye þaj ware.
Thair was pyattis and pertrekis and plevaris a new,
As abbatis of all ordouris þat honorable ar.
The see mawis war monkis, þe blak and þe quhyte.
The goull was a gryntar,
The swerthbak a cellerar,
The scarth a fisch fangar—
And þat a perfyte.

Perfytelie þir pik mawis, as for priouris
With þair pairtie habitis, present þame þair,

efferis: is appropriate; *busk þaj:* they make themselves ready; *but blin:* without delay; *bewscheris:* fair sirs; *Graithess:* prepare; *steid:* house; *steris:* move; *in ane:* together; *farrand:* comely; *free:* noble; *manlyke:* manly; *ment:* made my way; *bront:* meeting; *in a ling:* immediately; *crannis:* cranes; *ride:* red; *effect:* importance; *ding:* of great worth; *dure:* endure; *suouchand:* murmuring; *suare:* neck; *rokcattis:* surplices; *pyattis:* magpies; *pertrekis:* partridges; *plevaris:* plovers; *see mawis:* sea gulls; l.179: Bannatyne, *garintar,* Asloan MS, *gryntar:* man in charge of a granary; *swerthbak:* black backed gull; *scarth:* cormorant; *fisch fangar:* fish catcher; *pik mawis:* ? herring gulls; *pairtie habitis:* parti-coloured habits;

Herronis, contemplatywe clein Chertouris
With toppit hudis on heid and clething of hair
Ay sorowfull and said at all houris,
Was nevir leid saw þame lauch, bot drowpand and dare,
All kin chennonis eik of vþer ordouris,
All maner of religioun þe less and þe mair,
Cryand crawis and kais that cravis þe corne
War puir freiris forward,
That with þe leve of þe lard
Will cum to þe corne 3ard
At evin and at morne.

3it or evin enterit þat bure offyce
Obeyand þir bischoppis and bydand þame by,
Grit ganaris on ground in gudle awyce
That war demit, but dout, denys duchty.
Thaj mak residence reth and airlie will ryiss
To keip þe college clein and þe clargye.
The coke, in his cleir kaip þat crawis and cryis fol.304*a*
Was chosin chantour full cheiff in þe chennonrye.
Thair come þe curllew, a clark and þat a cunand,
Chargit as chancellare
For he coud wryte windir fare,
With his neb for mestare,
Vpoun þe see sand.

Vpoun þe sand 3it I saw as thesaurare tane,
With grene awmouss on hede, Ser Gawane þe drake
The arsdene, þat ourman ay prechand in plane.
Correctour of kirkmen was clepit þe clake.
The mortoun, þe murecok, þe myrsnyp, in ane,
Lychtit as lerit men of law by þat lake.
The ravin, rowpand rudely in a roch rane,
Was dene rurall to rede, rank as a rake,
Quhill þe lardner was laid. Held he na houss
Bot in vplandis townis,
At vicaris and personis,
For þe procurationis,
Cryand full crouss.

The crouss capoun, a clerk vnder clere wedis,
Full of cherite, chaste and vnchangeable,
Was officiale, but les, þat þe law ledis

clein Chertouris: chaste Carthusians; *toppit hudis:* crested hoods; l.186: Bannatyne, *clettit,* Asloan MS, *clething:* clothing; *leid:* man; *bot drowpand and dare:* only dejected and crouching; *chennonis:* canons; *crawis:* crows; *kais:* jackdaws; l.191: Bannatyne, *crewis,* Asloan MS, *cravis; lard:* lord; *ganaris:* ganders; *awyce:* manner; *denys duchty:* valiant deans; *reth:* quickly; *coke:* cock; *chantour:* leader of the choir; *mestare:* ? instrument; *awmouss:* amice; *arsdene:* archdeacon; *ourman:* leading official; *in plane:* with clarity; *clepit:* called; *clake:* barnacle goose; *mortoun:* martin; *murecok:* moorcock; *myrsnyp:* common snipe; *Lychtit:* arrived; *rowpand:* crying; *roch rane:* rough voice; *rank:* thin; *lardner:* meat-cellar; *procurationis:* entertainment allowances; *crouss:* boldly;

In causis consistoriale þat ar coursable.
The sparrow, Venos, he vesyit for his vile dedis
Lyand in lechorye, laith, vnlovable.
The feldefar in the forrest þat febily him fedis,
Be ordour ane hospitular was ordanit, full hable.
The kowschotis war personis in thair apparrele.
The dow, Noyes messingere,
Rownand ay with his fere.
Was a curate to here
Confessionis hale.

Confess cleir can I nocht nor kyth all þe cas,
The kynd of þair cummyng, thir compaignyes eke,
The manere, nor þe multitude, sa monye þair was.
All se foull and sede foull was nocht for to seke,
Thir ar na foulis of ref nor of rethnas,
Bot mansuete, but malice, manerit, and meke.
And all apperit to þe paip in þat ilk place,
Salust his sanctitude with spirituall speke.
The pape gaif his beneson and blissit þame all.
Quhen þaj war rangit on rawis,
Off thair cuming þe haill cawiss
Was said into schort sawis,
As ȝe here sall.

The pape said to þe oule: 'Propone thine appele,
Thy lamentabill langage, as like þe best.'
'I am deformit,' quod the foull, 'with faltis full fele:
Be nature nytherit, ane oule noyos in nest,
Wrech of all wrechis, fra wirschip and wele.'
All þis tretye hes he tald be terms in test,
It nedis nocht to renew all myn vnhele
Sen it was menit to ȝour mynd and maid manifest.
Bot to þe poynt: pietouss he prait þe pape
To call þe clergye with cure
And se gif þat Nature
Mycht reforme his figure
In a fair schaip.

Than fairly the fader thir foulis he frainyt
Off þair counsele in þis caiss sen þaj þe rycht knewe,
Giff þaj þe houlat mycht help þat was so
hard panyt. fol.304*b*
And þaj verelye avisit, full of vertewe,
The mater, þe maner and how it remanyt,
The circumstance and þe stait, all coude þaj argewe.
Monye alleageance lele, in lede nocht to lane it,
Off Aristotle and ald men, scharplye thaj schewe.

coursable: giving possession of lands; *kowschotis:* wood pigeons; *ref:* prey; *rethnas:* ferocity; *mansuete:* gentle; *manerit:* decorous; *noyos:* troubled; *test:* evidence; *vnhele:* distress; *menit:* formally presented as a grievance; *frainyt:* asked; *lede:* language; *lane:* conceal;

The prelatis þair apperance proponyt generall:
Sum said to, sum fra,
Sum nay and sum 3a,
Bayth pro and contra,
Thus argewe thaj all.

Thus argew thaj ernistlye woner oftsiss
And syne to þe samyn forsuth, thaj assent hale,
Than sen it nychlit Nature thair alleris maistriss
Thai coud nocht trete but entent of þe temperale.
Thairfore, þaj counsele þe pape to wryte on þis wiss
To þe athill emperour, souerane in sale,
Till address to þat diete to deme his aviss
With dukis and with digne lordis, derrest in dale,
Erlis of ancestry and vþer ynewe,
So þat spirituale state
And þe seculare consate
Mycht all gang in a gate,
Tendir and trew.

The trew turture and traist as I heir tald,
Wrate þir lettres at lenth, lelest in lede.
Syne throw þe papis precept planelye þame 3ald
To þe suallow so swift, harrald in hede,
To ettill to þe emperoure of ancestry ald,
He wald nocht spare for to spring on a guid spede.
Fand him in Babilonis tour with bernis so bald,
Cruell kingis with croun and duckis but drede.
He gaue þir lordis belyve þe lettres to luke
Quhilk þe riche emperoure,
And all othir in þe houre,
Ressauit with honour,
Bayth princis and duke.

Quhen þaj consauit had þe cas and the credence
Be the herald in hall, hufe þaj nocht ellis,
Bot bownis out of Babilon with all obedience,
Sekis our þe salt see fro þe south fellis,
Enteris in Europ free, but offence,
Waillis wislye þe wayis be woddis and wellis
Till thaj approch to þe pape in his presence
At þe foirsaid triste, quhair þe trete tellis.
Thaj fand him in a forrest, frelye and fare.
Thay halsit his halyness
And 3e sall here in schort space
Quhat worthy lordis þair was,
Giff 3our willis ware.

apperance: opinion; *woner oftsiss:* extremely often; *hale:* wholly; *nychlit:* concerned; *thair alleris:* of all of them; *but entent:* without opinion; *temperale:* lords temporal; *sale:* palace; *aviss:* opinion; *consate:* judgement; *gang in a gate:* be unanimous; *lelest in lede:* most accurate in language; *harrald in hede:* herald in chief; *ettill:* direct his course; *Fand:* found; *duckis:* dukes; *credence:* credentials; *hufe:* delayed; *bownis:* set out; *Sekis:* proceed; *Waillis:* choose;

Thair was the egill so grym, grettest on ground is,
Athill emperoure, our all, most awfull in erd
Ernis, ancient of air, kingis þat cround is
Nixt his celsitude, for suth, secound apperd,
Quhilk in þe firmament throw forss of þair flycht foundis
Percying þe sonne with þair sycht, selcouth to herde.
Gyre-falcons, þat gentill in bewtye habondis,
War dere duckis and digne to deme as efferd.
The falcon, fairest of flycht fermyt on fold,
Was ane erle of honour,
Marschall to þe emperour
Bothe in hall and in bour,
Hende to behold.

Goisshalkis were gouernouris of þe grit ost, fol.305*a*
Chosin chiftanis chevelruss in chairgis of weiris,
Merquisis Marchions in þe mapamond and of mycht most,
Nixt dukis in dignite, quhome no dreid deiris.
Sperkhalkis, þat spedely will compas þe cost,
Wer kene knychtis of kynd, clene of maneiris,
Blyth bodeit and beild, but barrat or bost,
With ene celestiall to se, circulit with sapheiris.
The specht wes a pursevand, proud to appeir,
That raid befoir þe emperour
In a cote of armour
Of all kynd of cullour,
Cumly and cleir.

The armes He bure cumly to knaw be connysaunce cleir
Thre cronis and a crucefix all of clene gold,
The burd with orient perle plantit till appeir
Dicht as a dyademe digne, deir to behold,
Circlit on ilka syd with a sapheir,
The iaspis ionit the iem and rubeyis inrold.
Syne twa keiss our corss of siluer so cleir
1. Paipis armes In a feild of asur flamit on fold.
The paipis armes at poynt to blasone and beir
As feiris for a pursevant
That will viage avant
Actiue and auenant
Armes to weir.

Ernis: eagles; *foundis:* travels; *selcouth to herde:* strange to hear it; *Gyre-falcons:* gerfalcons; *efferd:* befitted; *fermyt:* established; *Goisshalkis:* goshawks; *Marchions:* marquises; *mapamond:* world; *dreid:* fear; *deiris:* impedes; *Sperkhalkis:* sparrowhawks; *compas þe cost:* encircle the coast; *clene of maneiris:* of exemplary conduct; l.332: Cheerful and protective, without anger or bragging; *specht:* woodpecker; *pursevand:* pursuivant; l.339: Bannatyne, *conscience;* Asloan MS, *conny-saunce:* identifying device; *burd:* border; l.341: Bannatyne, *plant;* Asloan MS, *plantit; Dicht:* arranged; *our corss:* crossed; *asur:* blue; *at poynt:* fifty; *feiris:* is appropriate; *viage avant:* go forward on the enterprise; *auenant:* handsome;

2. Emprioris armes

Syne in a feild of siluer secound he beiris
Ane egill ardent of air þat ettilis so he.
The membiris of þe samyn foule displayit as affeiris,
Ferme formit on fold, ay set for to fle.
All of sable þe self quha þe suth leiris,
The beke bypairtitit bryme of þat ilk ble.
The Empriour of Almane the armes he weiris

3. France armes

As signifer souerane. And syne culd I se
Thre flour delycis of France, all of fyne gold,
In a feild of asure,
The thrid armes in honour
The said pursevand bure
That blenkit so bold.

Scotlandis armis

Thairwith linkit in a lyng, be leirit men approvit,
He bure a lyoun as lord of gowlis full gay,
Maid maikles of mycht on mold quhair he movit,
Rycht rampand as roy ryell of array.
Off pure gold wes þe grund quhair þe grym hovit
With dowble tressour about flowrit in fay,
And flourdelycis on loft þat mony leid lovit
Off gold signet and set to schaw in assay.
Our Souerane of Scotlandis armes to knaw,
Quhilk sal be lord and ledar
Our bred Britane all quhair
As Sanct Mergaretis air
And þe signe schaw.

The discriptioun of the Dowglass armes

Next þe souerane signe wes sickerly sene,
That seruit his serenite euir seruiable,
The armes of þe Dowglass duchty bedene,
Knawin throw all Christindome be cognoscence hable.
Off Scotland þe weir wall, wit ȝe but wene,
Our fais forss to defend and vnselȝeable. fol.305*b*
Baith barmekin and bar to Scottis blud bene,
Our loss and our liking that lyne honorable.
That word is so wondir warme and euir ȝit wass,
It synkis sone in all pairte
Off a trew Scottis hairte,
Reiosand ws invart
To heir of Dowglass.

Off þe duchtie Dowglass to dyte I me dress:
Thair armes of ancestre, honorable ay,

ettilis: directs his course; *membiris:* bodily members; *affeiris:* is appropriate; *Ferme:* fixed; l.357: The fierce divided beak of that same colour; *signifer:* standard bearer; l.364: Bannatyne, *Thatis,* Asloan MS, *That; gowlis:* gules; *rampand:* rampant; *þe grym hovit:* the fierce one poised; *tressour:* band half the width of the border; *flowrit in fay:* adorned assuredly; *assay:* attack; *duchty bedene:* immediately (recognisable as) formidable; *cognoscence hable:* apt identifying device; *weir:* war; *vnselȝeable:* impregnable; *barmekin:* rampart; *bar:* barrier; *loss:* glory; *liking:* happiness;

Quhilk oft blithit þe Bruce in distress,
Thairfoir he blissit þat blud, bald in assay.
Reid þe writ of þair werk to 3our witness.
Furth on my mater to muse I move as I may:
The grene tre The said pursevandis gyd wes grathit, I gess,
Brusit with a grene tre gudly and gay,
That bure branchis on bred, blythest of hew,
On ilk bewch to imbrass
Writtin in a bill wass,
'O Dowglas, Dowglass,
Tendir and trew.'

Syne, schyre schapan to schaw, mony schene scheild
With tuscheis of trest silk ticht to þe tre,
Ilk brenche had þe birth, burly and beild.
Four flureist our all, grittest of gre.
Foure branchis of the tre Ane, in þe crop heich as cheif, I beheld,
Quhilk bur in to asure, blythest of ble,
Siluer sternis so fair. And pairte of þe feild
Was siluer sett with a hairt, heirly and he,
Of gowlis full gratius þat glemit full gay.
Syne in asure þe mold,
A lyoun, cronit with gold
Of siluer 3e se schold,
To ramp in array.

Quhilk cassin be conysance quarterly was,
With barris of best gold it brint as þe fyre
And vþer singis, forsuth sindre I gess,
Of mettelis and cullouris intentfull attyre.
It wer tyrefull to tell, dyte or address
All þair deir armes in dewlye desyre,
Bot pairte of þe principale neuirþeless
I sall haist me to hew, hairtly but hyre.
Thair loss and þair lordschip of sa lang date,
That bene cot of armouris of eld,
Thair in to herald I held,
Bot sen þai þe Bruce beld
I wret as I wate.

In þe takin of trewth and constance kend
The a3ure The cullour of a3ure, hevinly hew,
Forthy to 3ure, hevinly hew,

gyd: cloak; *grathit:* ornamented; *Brusit:* embroidered; *imbrass:* encircle; *bill:* scroll; *schyre:* beautifully; *schaw:* display; *tuscheis:* bands; *birth:* burgeoning; *burly:* sturdy; *beild:* strong; l.407: Before 1452, when William, Earl of Douglas, was murdered by James II there were five Douglas brothers; *heirly:* stately; *mold:* heraldic field; l.416: To assume a rampant posture; l.417: Which was arranged with an identifying device in each quarter; *singis:* emblems; l.421: Bannatyne, *lere for;* Asloan MS, *tyrefull;* l.422: Bannatyne, *dolie;* Asloan MS, *dewlye; hew:* depict; ***hairtly:*** sincerely; *hyre:* reward; ***held:*** defer; *beld:* assisted;

Forthy to þe Dowglass þat sen3e wes send
As lelest, all Scotland fra skath to reskew.
The siluer The siluer in þe samyn half, trewly to tend
Is cleir curage in armes, quha þe richt knew.
Bludy The bludy hairt þat thei beiris the Bruce at his end,
hairt With his estaitis in þe steid and nobillis enew,
Addit in þair armes for honorable causs
As his tenderest and deir
In his maist misteir,
As sal be said to 3ow heir
In to schort sawis.

The Roy Robert þe Bruce to raik he avowit, fol.306*a*
With all þe hairt þat he had, to þe haly graue.
Syne quhen þe date of his deid derfly him dowit,
With lordis of Scotland, lerit and þe lave,
As worthy, wysest to wale, in wirschip allowit,
To Iames Lord Dowglass thay þe gre gave
To go with þe kingis hairt. þairwith he nocht growit,
Bot said to his souerane: 'So me God saue,
3our grete giftis and grant ay gratius I fand
Bot now it movis all þir maist
That 3our hairt nobillest
To me is closit and kest
Throw 3our command.

'I love 3ow mair for þat lofe 3e lippin me till
Than ony lordschip or land, so me our Lord leid.
I sall waynd for no wye to wirk as 3e will,
At wiss, gife my werd wald, with 3ow to þe deid.'
Thair with he lowttit full law. þame lykit full ill,
Bayth lordis and ladeis, þat stud in þe steid,
Off commoun natur þe courss be kynd to fulfill,
The gud king gaif þe gest to God for to rede.
In Cardross that crownit closit his end.
Now God, for his grit grace,
Sett his saule in solace.
And we will speik of Dowglace,
Quhat wey he coud wend.

The hairt coistly he coud closs in a cleir cace
And held alhaill þe behest he hecht to þe king:
Come to þe haly graue throw Godis grit grace
With offerandis and orisonis and all vþir thing,
Our Saluatouris sepultour and þe samyn place
Quhair he raiss, as we reid, richtouss to ring.

---

sen3e: emblem; *tend:* relate; *maist misteir:* greatest crisis; *raik:* travel; *haly graue:* Christ's sepulchre; *derfly:* violently; *dowit:* pressed down; *wysest to wale:* the wisest choice; *growit:* shrank from; *kest:* directed; *lippin:* entrust; *waynd:* shirk; l.458: Bannatyne, *way,* Asloan MS, *wye:* warrior; l.459: For certain, if my fate permits, (be) with you to the death; *gest:* spirit; *rede:* protect; *coistly:* precious; *coud closs:* enclosed; *ring:* reign;

With all þe relikis rath that in þat rowm wace
He gart hallow þe hairt, and syne cud hit hing
About his hals, foull hend, and on his awin hart.
Oft wald he kiss it and cry,
'O flour of cheuelry,
Quhy leif I? Allace, quhy?
And thow deid art.'

'My deir', quod þe Dowglass, 'art thow to deid dicht?
My singular souerane, of Saxonis þe wand,
Now bot I semble for thy sawlis with Saraȝenis mycht
Sall I neuir sene be in to Scotland.'
Than in defenss of þe faith he fure to þe ficht
With knychtis of Christindome to keip his command.
And quhen þe battellis so brym, brathly and bricht
Wer ionit thraly in thrang, mony thowsand,
Amang þe hethin men, the hairt hardely he slang,
Sayd: 'Wend on as thow wont
Throw þe battell in bront,
Ay formest in þe front
Thy fayis amang.

'And I sall follow the in faith or with fayis be fellit
As thy lege man lele, my lyking thow arte.'
Thair with on Mahonis men manly he mellit,
Braid throw þe battelis in bront and bur þame bakwart.
The wayis quhair þe wicht went wer in wa wellit.
Wes nane sa sture in þe steid mycht stand him a start,
Thus frayis he þe fals folk trewly to tell it
Ay quhill he couerit and come to þe kingis hart,
Thus fell feildis he wan ay wirchipand it. fol.306*b*
Throwchtout Cristindome kid
Wer þe deidis he did.
Till on a tyme it betyd,
As tellis þe writ:

He bownit to a battell and þe beld wan,
Oursett, on þe Sathanas side, Saraȝenis micht.
Syne followit fast on þe chace quhen thay fle can.
Full ferly fele hes he fellit and slane in ficht.
As he releuit was, so wes he wer than
Off a wycht him allane, wirthy and wicht,
Sirclit with Saraȝenis mony a sad man,
That tranoyntit with a trane vpoun þat trew knycht.
'Thow sall nocht de the allane,' quod þe Dowglace.

rath: rare; *wace:* was; *gart hallow:* had blessed; *hals:* neck; *foull hend:* in a very seemly manner; *wand:* scourge; *semble:* attack; *brathly:* violently; l.485: Bannatyne, *blicht,* Asloan MS, *bricht; bront:* onset; *Mahonis:* Mohammad's; *mellit:* dealt; *Braid:* burst; *in bront:* in a rush; *in wa wellit:* boiling in misery; *sture:* strong; *frayis:* frightens; *couerit:* regained; *fell feildis:* violent battles; *kid:* renowned; *bownit:* set out; *beld:* fortress; *Oursett:* overthrew; *releuit was:* given a respite; *wer:* aware; *tranoyntit:* advance; *trane:* stratagem;

'Sen I se the oursett
To fecht for þe faith fett,
I sall dewoyd the of dett,
Or de in this place.'

He ruschit in þe grit rowt the knycht to reskew.
Fell of þe fass folk þat fled of befoir
Releuit in on thir twa. For to tell trew
That þai war be þe samyn oursett, thairfoir I murne soir.
Thus, in defence of þe faith, as fermes anew,
And pete of þe pretius knycht þat wes in pane thore,
The duchty Dowglass is deid doun—adew—
With loss and with liking þat lestis euirmoir.
His hardy men tuk þe hairt syne vpoun hand.
Quhen thay had bureit þair lord
With mekle mane to remord,
Thay maid it hame be restord
In to Scotland.

Be this resone we reid, and as our roy leuit,
The Dowglass in armes the bludy hairt beiris.
For it bled he his blud as þe bill breuit,
And in batellis full bred vndir baneris,
Throw full chevelrous chance he this hart cheuit
Fra walit wyis and wicht, wirthy in weiris.
Mony galȝard grome wes on þe grund leuit
Quhen he it flang in þe feild, fellon of feiris,
Syne reskewand agane the hethin menis harmys.
This hart, red to behald,
Throw thir ressonis ald,
The bludy harte it is cald,
In Dowglass armes.

The sternis of ane vþer strynd steris so fair:
Ane callit Murray, þe riche lord of renownis,
The Deit and a dochter had to his deir air
sternis Off all his tresour vntald, touris and townis.
The Douglass in thay dayis, duchtye alquhare,
Archibald þe honorable in habitacions,
Weddit þat wloink wicht, worthye of ware,
With rent and with richessis, and be þaj ressons
He bure þe sternis of estate in his stele wedis
Blithe, blomand and brycht,
Throw þe Murrayis mycht.
And so throw Goddis foirsycht,
The Dowglass succedis.

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fett: ? right; *fass:* false; *Releuit:* charged; l.524: Bannatyne, *sayyn;* Asloan MS, *samyn; fermes:* confirms; *leuit:* permitted; *walit:* chosen; l.539: Bannatyne, *wayis,* Asloan MS, *wyis:* men; *galȝard:* gallant; *leuit:* left; *fellon of feiris:* fierce of aspect; *agane:* against; *harmys:* wounds; *strynd:* lineage; *wloink:* beautiful; *ware:* safe keeping; *rent:* revenue;

The lyoun

The lyoun lansand on loft, lord in effere,
For guid causs as I ges, is of Galway.
Quhen þaj rebellit þe croun and caus þe king dere,
He gawe it to þe Douglass heretabill ay,
On þis wiss gif he coud win it of were,
Quhilk for his soueranis saik he sett to assay,
Killit doun his capitanis and coud it conquere, fol.307*a*
Maid it ferme, as we find, to our Scottis fay.
Thairfoir þe lyoun he bure with loving and loss
Of siluer, semely and sur,
In a feild of asur,
Crownit with gold pure
To þe purposs.

The Forrest of Etrik and vþir ynew,
The landis of Lauder and lordschipis seir,
With dynt of his derf sourd the Dowglass so dew
War wichtly of weir, wit 3e but weir,
Fro sonis of Saxonis. Now gife I sall sew
The ordour of þair armes it wer to tell teir.
The barris of best gold, thocht I thame haill knew,
It suld occupy ws all. Thairfoir I end heir,
Refferring me to herraldis to tell 3ow þe haill
Off vþer scheildis so schene.
Sum pairte will I mene
That wer on the tre grene,
Worthy to waill.

Thre coddis

Secund syne, in a feild of siluer certane,
Off a kynd cullour, thre koddis. I kend,
With dowble tressur about, burely and bane,
And flour delycis so fair, trewe to attend,
The tane and þe tuþer of goulis, full gane.
He bur quarterly, þat nane mycht amend,
The armes of þe Dowglass þairof wes I fane,
Quhilk oft fandit with forss his fa till offend.
Off honorable ancestry thir armes of eld
Bur þe Erle of Murray
As sad signe of assay,
His fell fais till affray
In a fair feld.

Ane vþer, Erle of Ormond, also he bure
The said Dowglass armes with a difference,
And rycht so did þe ferd quhair he furth fure
3aip, thocht he 3ung was, to faynd his offenss.
It semit þat thay sib wer forsuth I assure.

---

lansand: springing; *dere:* injury; *sur:* strong; *sourd:* sword; *dew:* ? worthy; *teir:* tiresome; *mene:* relate; *waill:* pick out; *koddis:* cushions; *burely:* finely made; *bane:* agreeable; l.589: Bannatyne, *trewly to tend,* Asloan MS, *trewe to attend; gane:* beautiful; l.593: Bannatyne, *faynid,* Asloan MS, *fandit:* tried; *ferd:* fourth; *3aip:* eager; *faynd:* ? finish;

Thir four scheldis of price in to presence
Wer chenʒeit so chivelrouss, þat no creatur
Of lokkis nor linkkis mycht louss worth a lence.
Syne ilk brench and bew bowit thame till
And ilk scheild in þat place
Thair tennent or man wace,
Or ellis thair allyace
At thair awin will.

Als hiest in þe crop four helmis full fair
And in thair tynnerallis, tryd trewly, thay beir
The plesand powin in a port, prowd to repair.
The powyn And als kepit ilk armes þat I said eir
The rowch wodwiss wyld, þat bastonnis bare
Our growin, grysly and grym in effeir,
Mair awfull in all thing saw I nevair
Bayth to walk and to ward as wechis in weir.
That terrable felloun my sperit affrayit,
Sa feidfull of fantesy
I durst nocht kyth to copy
All vþir airmes thairby,
Off renkis arrayit.

Thairfoir of the said tre I tell nocht the tend, fol.307*b*
The birth and the brenchis that blomit so bred,
Quhat fele armes on loft, lufly to lend,
Off lordingis in seir landis, gudly and glaid,
The said pursevand bur quhair he away wend
Off his garment so gay of ane he haid,
I leif thame blasound to be with herrauldis hend
And I will to my mater, as I air maid,
And begyn quhair I left at lordingis dere
The court of the empriour
How thay come in honour
Thir fowlis of rigour,
With a grit rere.

Than rerit thir merlionis that montis so he
Furth borne bechleris, bald on the bordouris,
Busardis and beld cyttis as it mycht be
Soldiouris and subiect men to thay senʒeouris.
The pitill and the pipegled cryand, 'Pewe',
Befoir thir princis ay past as pairt of purveyouris
For thay culd chewis chikkynis and purchase pultre,

l.605: Bannatyne, *changit,* Asloan MS, *chenʒeit; worth a lence:* in the least; *bew:* bough; *allyace:* allies; *tynnerallis:* crests; *powin:* peacock; *port:* gate; *repair:* be present; *wodwiss:* satyr; l.616: Bannatyne, *wald,* Asloan MS, *wyld;* Bannatyne, *bustouiss,* Asloan MS, *bastonnis:* cudgels; *wechis:* entries; l.621: So hostile in my imagination; *renkis:* men; *tend:* tenth; *lend:* ? dwell on; l.630: Bannatyne, *hede,* Asloan MS, *haid:* quality; *rere:* cry; *merlionis:* merlins; *bechleris:* young knights; *beld cyttis:* ? bald coots; *pitill:* marsh harrier; *pipegled:* ? kite; l.644: Bannatyne, *cheires,* Asloan MS, *chewis:* obtain;

To cleik fra þe commonis as kingis katouris,
Syne hove houir and behald þe harbry place.
Robene reidbreist nocht ran
Bot raid as a henseman,
And the littill we wran
That wrechit dwerch wass.

Thair wes þe herraldis fa, the hobby, but fable,
Stanchellis, steropis, strycht to þair sterne lordis
With alkin officiaris in erd, avenand and hable.
So mekle wes the multitud, no mynd it remordis.
Thus assemblit thir seggis, siris senȝerable,
All þat wer foulis of reif, quha richtly recordis,
For the temporalite tretit in table.
The sterne empriouris style thus staitly restord is.
The paip and the patriarkis, the prelattis, I wist,
Welcomit thame wysalie, but weir,
With haly sarmondis seir,
Pardoun and prayeir
And blythly thame blist.

The blissit paip in the place prayd thame ilk ane
To remane to þe meit at the midday
And thay grantit that gud, but gruching, to gane.
Than to ane worthelich wane went thay thair way,
Passit to a palice of price, plesand allane,
Was erectit ryelly, ryke of array,
Pantit and apparalit prowdly in pane,
Sylit semely with silk suthly to say.
Braid burdis and benkis ourbeld with bancouris of gold,
Cled our with clene clathis,
Raylit full of riches.
The esiest wes the arress
That ȝe se schold.

Falcone merchell

All thus thay move to þe meit and the merschale
Gart bring watter to wesche of a well cleir,
That wes þe falcone so fair, frely but faile, fol.308*a*
Bad bernis burdis vpbred. With a blyth chere
The paip past to his place in his pontificiall.
The athill empriour annon nycht him neir.
Kingis and patrearkis kend with cardynnallis all
Addressit thame to þat dess and dukis so deir.
Bischopis bownis to þe burd and merchonis of michtis,

cleik: snatch; *hove houir:* hovered; *henseman:* page of honour; *wran:* wren; *dwerch:* dwarf; *hobby:* falcon; *Stanchellis:* kestrels; *steropis:* hawks; *strycht:* made their way; *avenand:* handsome; *remordis:* remembers; *reif:* prey; *tretit in table:* provided food for; *wane:* dwelling; *ryke:* splendid; *in pane:* in adornment; *burdis:* tables; *ovrbeld:* covered over; *bancouris:* covers; *vpbred:* arrange; *pontificiall:* papal robes; *kend:* celebrated; *dess:* dais; *bownis:* betake themselves; *merchonis:* marquises;

Erlis of honouris
Abbottis of ordouris,
Prouestis and priouris
And mony kene knychtis.

Denis and digneteis as are demit,
Scutiferis and squyeris and bachelaris blyth—
I press nocht all to report, ȝe hard thame exprimit—
Bot all wer merchellit to meit, mekly and myth.
Syne seruit semely in sale, forsuth as it semit,
With all cureis of kost þat cukis coud kyth.
In flesche tyme quhen the fische wer away flemit
Stewartis Quha was stewart bot þe stork, stalwart and styth.
Syne all þe Lentren, but les, and the lang Rede
And als in þe Aduent
The soland stewart was sent
For he coud fra þe firmament
Fang þe fische deid.

The boytour callit wes cuke þat him weill kend
Cuke In craftis of the kischin, costlyk of curis,
Mony sauorous sawce with sewaris he send,
And confectionis of forss þat phesick furth furis.
Mony mane meitis, gife I sall mak end,
It neidis nocht to renew all thair naturis.
Quhair sic staitis will steir thair styll till ostend,
ȝe wait all welth and wirschip daily induris.
Menstralis: Syne at þe middis of þe meit in come the menstralis:
the maveiss The maviss, and þe merle singis
the merle Osillis, and stirlingis,
the osill The blyth lark þat begynnis
the lark And the nythingalis.

And thair notis in ane, gife I rycht nevin,
Wer of Mary þe mild, this maner I wiss:
'Hale, temple of the Trinite crownit in Hevin,
Hale, mudir of our Makar and medecyn of miss,
Hale, succour and salue for the synnis sevin,
Hale, but of our barret and beld of our bliss,
Thair Hale, grane full of grace þat growis so evin,
song Ferme our seid to þe set quhair thy Sone is.
Haill, lady of all ladeis, lichtest of leme,
Haill, chalmer of chestite,
Haill, charbuncle of cherite,
Haill blissit mot thow be
For thy Barne tene.

Prouestis: provosts; *Scutiferis:* shield-bearers; *exprimit:* named; *myth:* courteously; *sale:* hall; *cureis of kost:* excellent dishes; *cukis:* cooks; *kyth:* display; *flesche tyme:* time when the church permitted meat to be eaten; *flemit:* banished; *Rede:* Passiontide; *soland:* gannet; *boytour:* bittern; *sewaris:* waiters; *þat phesick furth furis:* which are remedial; *steir:* bestir themselves; *ostend:* display; *wait:* know; *Osillis:* ? ring ousels; *stirlingis:* starlings; *miss:* sin; *but:* comforter; *barret:* sorrow; *beld:* protector; *Barne tene:* child's sorrow;

'Haill, blissit throch þe bod wird of blith angellis,
Haill, princes that compleitis all profecis pure,
Haill, blyther of the Bapteist within thy bowellis
Of Elezabeth thy aunt, aganis nature,
Haill, speciouss most specifeit with the spritualis,
Haill, ordanit or Adame and ay to indure,
Haill, oure hope and our help quhen þat harme ailis,
Haile, altare of Eua in aue, but vre, fol.308*b*
Haile, well of our weilfair, we wait nocht of ellis
Bot all committis to the,
Saull and lyfe, ladye.
Now for thy fruyte mak ws free
Fra feindis þat fell is.

'Fra thy gree to þis ground lat thy grace glyde,
As thow art grantare þairof and þe gevare.
Now souerane quhair thow sittis be thy Sonis syde
Send sum succour doun sone to þe synnare.
The feind is our felloun fa. In þe we confyde.
Thow moder of all mercye and þe menare,
For ws wappit in wo in þis warld wyde,
To thy Sone mak thy mane, and thy Makar.
Now ladye, luke to þe lede þat þe so lele luifis,
Thow sekir trone of Salomon,
Thow worthy wand of Aaron,
End of Thow ioyos flece of Iedion,
the sang Vs help þe behufis.'

All thus our Ladye þaj lofe with lyking and list,
Menstralis and musicians, mo than I mene may,
The The psaltery, the citholis, the soft citharist,
kyndis of The croude and þe monycordis, þe gythornis gay,
instrumentis The rote and þe recordour, þe ribup, the rist,
The trump and þe taburn, þe tympane, but tray,
The lilt pype and þe lute, þe fydil in fist,
The dulsate and þe dulsacordis, þe schalm of assay,
The amyable organis vsit full oft,
Clarionns loud knellis,
Portativis and bellis,
Symbaclauis in þe cellis
þat soundis so oft.

bod wird: announcement; *blyther:* gladdener; ll.731-2: See *Luke* I.41; *speciouss:* beautiful one; *but vre:* not by chance; *fruyte:* offspring; *gree:* pre-eminence; *menare:* mediator; *wappit:* enveloped; l.751: See *Kings* I.24; l.752: See *Numbers* XVIII.8; l.753: See *Judges* VI.37-40; *list:* delight; *mene:* tell of; *psaltery:* dulcimer-like instrument; *citholis:* citoles; *citharist:* player on the cithara; *croude:* fiddle; *monycordis:* monocords; *gythornis:* citherns; *rote:* stringed instrument, probably violin-like; *ribup:* rebeck; *rist:* ? tuning-key; *trump:* trumpet; *taburn:* tabor; *tympane:* tambourine; *but tray:* without trouble; *lilt pype:* bagpipe; l.761: Bannatyne, *cithill,* Asloan MS, *fydil; dulsate:* flute; *dulsacordis:* dulcimer; *schalm:* shawm; *Clarionns:* clarion trumpets; *Portativis:* small organs; *Symbaclauis:* harpsichords; *cellis:* chambers;

Quhen þaj had sangin and said softly a schoure
And playd as of Paradyss it a poynt ware,
The Sportaris In come iapand þe ia, as a iugloure
With castis and with cawtelis, a quynt caryare.
He gart þame see, as it semyt, in þe samin houre
Hunting at herdis in holtis so haire,
Sound sailand on þe see schippis of toure,
Bernis batalland on burd, brym as a bare.
He coud carye þe coup of þe kingis des,
Syne leve in þe stede
Bot a blak bunwede.
He coud of a hennis hede
Mak a man mes.

He gart þe emperoure trow and trewlye behald
That þe corncraik, the pundare at hand,
Had poyndit all his priss horss in a poynd fald
Becaus þaj eite of þe corn in þe kirkland.
He coud wirk windaris quhat way þat he wald:
Mak of a gray guss a gold garland,
A lang spere of a bittill for a berne bald,
Noblis of nut schellis and siluer of sand.
Thus iowkit with iuperteis þe ilangland ia.
Fair ladys in ringis,
Knychtis in caralyngis,
Bayth dansis and singis,
It semyt as sa.

The ruke callit the bard Sa come þe ruke with a rerde and a rane roch
A bard out of Irland with Banachadee,
Said, 'Gluntow guk dynydrach hala mischy doch.
Reke hir a rug of þe rost or scho sall ryve the.
Misch makmory ach mach mountir mochloch.
Set hir doun. Gif hir drink. Quhat deill aylis ȝe?
O Dermyn, O Donnall, O Dochardy droch—
Thir ar the Ireland kingis of þe Erchrye— fol.309*a*
O Knewlyn, O Conoquhor, O Gregre Mcgrane,
The Chenachy, þe Clarschach,
The Beneschene, þe Ballach,
The Crekrye, the Corach,
Scho kennis þame ilkane.'

Monye lesingis he maid, wald lat for na man
To speke quhill he spokin had, sparit no thingis.

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schoure: ? musical part; *iapand:* jesting; *ia:* jay; *castis:* tricks; l.771: Bannatyne, *cantelis,* Asloan MS, *cawtelis:* wiles; *bare:* boar; *coup:* cup; *des:* dais; *bunwede:* stalk of ragwort; *man mes:* main meal; *pundare:* pound-keeper; *poyndit:* pounded; *poynd fald:* pound; *windaris:* wonders; *bittill:* beetle; *iuperteis:* conjuror's tricks; *rerde:* shout; *rane roch:* string of noisy words; ll.796 ff: An apparently nonsense passage interspersed with Gaelic; *Reke:* reach; *rug:* snatch; *ryve the:* tear you in pieces; *Erchrye:* Highlands; *ilkane:* each one; *Monye lesingis he maid:* he told many lies; *lat:* cease;

Dene rurall

The dene rurall, the ravin reprevit him þan,
Bad him his lesingis leue befoir þaj lordingis.
The bard wox branewod, and bitterlye coud ban.
'How corby messinger', quod he, 'with sorow now singis.
Thow ischit out of Noyis ark and to þe erd wan,
Tareit as tratour and brocht na tadingis.
I sall rywe þe ravin, bayth guttis and gall.'
Than þe dene rurall worth rede,
Stall for schame of þe stede.
The bard held a grit plede
In þe hie hall.

The fulis

In come twa flyrand fulis with a fond fare,
The tuquheit and þe gukkit golk, and ȝede hiddie-giddie,
Rwischit bayth to þe bard and ruggit his hare,
Callit him thriss, 'Thevisnek to thraw in a widdie'.
Thaj fylit him fra þe foir top to þe fute þare.
The bard smaddit lyke a smaik smorit in a smiddie,
Ran fast to þe dur and gaif a grite raire,
Socht watter to wesch him þairout in ane ydy.
The lordis leuch vpoun loft and lyking þaj had
That þe bard was so bet.
The folis fond in þe flet
And monye mowis at mete
On þe fluir maid.

Syne for a figonale of fruct þaj strave in þe stede.
The tuquheit gird to þe golk and gaif him a fall,
Raiff his taill fra his heid with a rathe pleid.
The golk gat vp agane in þe grit hall
Tit þe tuquheit be þe tope and owirtirwit his heid,
Flang him flat in þe fyre, fedderis and all.
He cryit, 'Allace', with a rair, 'revin is my reid.
I am vngretiouslye gorrit bayth guttis and gall.'
ȝit he lope fra þe low lycht in lyne.
Quhen þaj had remyllis raucht,
Thai foirthocht þat þaj facht,
Kissit syne and sacht
And satt doun syne.

All thus þir athillis in hall herlie remanit
With all welthis at wiss and wirschip to waill.

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branewod: mad; *coud ban:* cursed; *worth rede:* blushed; *fond fare:* foolish demeanour; *tuquheit:* lapwing; *gukkit golk:* foolish cuckoo; *hiddie-giddie:* dizzily; *Thevisnek:* one fit for the gallows; *fylit:* covered with excrement; *smaddit:* stained; *smaik:* rascal; *smorit:* smothered; *smiddie:* smithy; *ydy:* eddy; *mowis:* jests; *mete:* the meal; *figonale:* ? basket; *gird:* gave a blow; *rathe:* sudden; *pleid:* ? pull; *Tit:* snatched; *tope:* crest; *owirtirwit:* overturned; *revin:* torn apart; *reid:* stomach; *gorrit:* gored; *lope:* sprang; *low:* flame; *remyllis:* blows; *foirthocht:* repented; *facht:* fought; *sacht:* became reconciled; *herlie:* stately; *waill:* choose;

The pape beginnis to grace as greablie ganit,
Wisch with þir wirthyis and went to counsale.
The puir howlattis appele compleitlie was planit,
His falt and his foull forme vnfrelie, but fale.
For þe quilk þir lordis in lede nocht to lane it,
He besocht of socour as souerane in saile,
That þaj wald pray Nature his prent to renewe.
For it was hale his beheste,
At þair alleris requeste,
Mycht Dame Nature areste
Of him for to rewe.

Than rewit thir ryallis of þat rath mane,
Bayth spirituale and temperale þat kennit the cas,
And considerand the causs concludit in ane
That þaj wald Nature beseke of hir grit grace fol.309*b*
To discend þat samin hour as þair souerane,
At þair alleris instance in þat ilk place.
The pape and þe patriarkis, þe prelatis ilk ane,
Thus pray thaj as penitent, and all þat þair was.
Quhairthrow Dame Nature, þe traist, discendit þat tyde
At þair haile instance,
Quham þaj ressawe with reuerance
And bowsum obeysance
As goddess and gyde.

'It nedis nocht', quod Nature, 'to renew ocht,
Off 3our entent in þis tyde, or forthir to tell,
I waitt 3our will and quhat way 3e wald þat I wrocht,
To reforme þe houlate of faltis full fell.
It sall be done as 3e deme, drede 3e rycht nocht.
I consent in þis caiss to 3our counsell.
Sen my self for 3our sake hidder hes socht,
3e sal be specialye sped or 3e mair spell.
Now ilk foull of þe firth a feddir sall ta
And len þe houlat, sen 3e
Off him hes pitiee,
And I sall gar thame samyn be
To grow or I ga.'

Than ilka foull of his flicht a fethir has tane
And lent þe houlat in haste, hartlie but hone,
Dame Nature, þe nobillest, nychit in ane

greablie ganit: was fitting; *Wisch:* washed; *planit:* presented; *vnfrelie:* ugly; *in lede:* on earth; *lane:* conceal; *saile:* hall; l.854: Bannatyne, *present,* Asloan MS, *prent:* appearance; *areste:* bring to a decision; *rath:* vehement; l.859: Bannatyne, *man,* Asloan MS, *mane; kennit:* studied; *in ane:* unanimously; *At þair alleris instance:* at their unanimous instigation; l.864: Bannatyne, *alk,* Asloan MS, *ilk; traist:* trusty; *ressawe:* receive; *bowsum:* submissive; *entent:* purpose; l.875: Bannatyne, *reasoun,* Asloan MS, *reforme:* l.879: Bannatyne, *I,* Asloan MS, *3e;* l.886: Bannatyne, *hurtly,* Asloan MS, *hartlie; but hone:* without delay; *nychit:* approached;

For to ferm this fetherem and dewly hes done,
Gert it ground and grow gaylye agane
On þe samin houlat semelye and sone.
Than was þe schand of his schaip and his schroud schane,
Off all coloure maist clere beldit abone,
The fairest foull of þe firth and hendest of hewis,
So clene and so colourike
þat no bird was him lyke
Fro Byron to Berwike
Vndir þe bewis.

Thus was þe houlat in herd herely at hicht,
Floure of all foulis throw fetheris so faire
He lukit to his licame lemyt so lycht
So proper plesand of prent, proud to repaire.
He thocht, maid on the mold makles of mycht
As souerane, him awin self throw beautie he baire
Counter palace with þe pape our princis, I plicht.
So hielie he hyit him in Luciferis laire
That all þe foulis of þe firth he defoulit syne.
Thus lete he no man his pere.
Gif ony nygh wald him nere
He bad þame, 'Rebaldis, oreir',
With a ruyne.

'The paip and the patriarkis and princis of prow,
I am cumin of thair blud be consingage knawin.
So fair is my fetherem I haif no fallow,
My schroud and my schene weid schyre to be schawin.'
All birdis he rebalkit þat wald him nocht bow,
In breth as a battell wrycht full of bost blawin
With vnlowable latis nocht till allow.
Thus vicut he þe valantene thraly and thrawin,
That all the foulis with assent assemblit agane fol.310*a*
And plenȝeit to Natur
Off this intollerable iniure:
How the howlat him bure
So he and so hautane.

So pompeous, impertinax and reprouable,
In excessis our arrogant. Thir birdis ilk ane
Besocht Natur to ceiss that insufferable.
þat with, þat lady allyt lewch hir allane.

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ferm: strengthen; l.889: Bannatyne, *and gane,* Asloan MS, *agane; schand:* handsome one; *schroud:* plumage; *schane:* brilliant; *in herd:* in the flock; *herely:* stately; *licame:* body; *prent:* appearance; *makles:* matchless; *Counter palace:* equality; *hielie:* arrogantly; *oreir:* backwards; *ruyne:* ? angry shout; *consingage:* kinship; *rebalkit:* assailed with abuse; *battell wrycht:* warrior; l.917: With ugly and unforgivable behaviour; *vicut he þe valantene:* ? he broke the agreement; *thraly and thrawin:* fiercely and ill-temperedly; *hautane:* haughtily;

'My first making', quod scho, 'wes vnamendable,
Thocht I alterit as ȝe all askit in ane.
ȝit sall I preif ȝow to pleiss sen it is possible.'
Scho callit þe howlat in haist, þat was so hautane.
'Thy pryd', quod þe princes, 'approchis our he,
Lyke Lucifer in estait,
And sen thow art so elait,
As the evangelist wrait,
Thow sall law be.

'The rent and the riches that thow in rang
Wes of vþir menis all and nocht of thyne awin.
Now ilk fowll his awin feddir sall agane fang
And mak the catyve of kynd, to thy self knawin.'
As scho hes demyt thay haif done, thraly in thrang.
Thair with Dame Natur hes to þe hevin drawin,
Ascendit sone in my sicht with solace and sang,
And ilk foule tuke the flicht and schortly to schawin
Held hame to thair hant and to þair harbry
Quhair thay wer wont to remane,
All thir gudly and gane.
And thair leuit allane
The houlat and I.

Than this howlat, hidouss of hair and of hyde,
Put first fra pouerty to priss and princis awin peir,
Syne degradit fra grace for his grit pryd,
Bannyt bitterly his birth, belfully in beir.
He welterit. He wrythit. He wareit the tyd
That he wes wrocht in this warld, wofull in weir.
He criplit. He cryngit. He cairfully cryd.
He solpit and sorrowit in sichingis seir.
He said: 'Allace, I am lost, lathest of all.
Bysym in bale beft,
I may be sample heir eft
That pryd ȝit nevir left
His feir but a fall.

'I coud nocht won in to welth, wrech wayest.
I wes so wantoun in will. My werdis ar wan.
Thus for my hicht I am hurt and harmit in haist,
Carfull and catife for craft þat I can.
Quhen I wes hevit as heir all ther hiest,
Fra rewll, ressone and rycht redles I ran.
Thairfoir I ly in the Lymb, lympet the lathaist.

---

preif: try; *Bannyt:* cursed; *belfully:* miserably; *in beir:* in outcry; *welterit:* rolled; *wareit:* cursed; *weir:* fear; *criplit:* moved lamely; *solpit:* became exhausted; l.959: Monster beaten by sorrow; *wayest:* that I was; *hicht:* arrogance; l.967: Bannatyne, *Quhen I wes of hevit as heir all thill hiest,* Asloan MS, *Quhen I wes hevit as heir all ther hiest; hevit:* elevated; *redles:* imprudently; *Lymb:* Limbo; *lympet:* come to be; *lathaist:* most repulsive;

Now mek 3our mirrour be me all maner of man
3e princis, prelettis of pryd for pennyis and prow, fol.310*b*
That pullis the pure ay,
3e sall sing as I say.
All 3our welth will away.
Thus I werne 3ow.

'Think how bair thow wes borne and bair ay will be
For ocht that sedis of thyself in ony seson.
Thy cud, thy claithis, thy coist, cumis nocht of the
Bot of the fruct of the erd and Godis fusion.
Quhen ilka thing hes the awin, suthly we se
Thy nakit corss bot of clay, a foule carion
Hatit and hafles. Quhairof art thow he?
We cum pure. We gang pure, bath king and common.
Bot thow rewll the richtouss thy rowme sall ourrere,'
Thus said the houlat on hicht.
Now God, for thy grit micht,
Sett our saulis in sicht
Off sanctis so seire.

Thus for a Dow of Dumbar drew I this dyte,
Dowit with a Dowglass and baith wer thay dowis
In the forrest foirsaid, frely perfyte,
Of Terway, tendir and tryd, quho so trest trowis.
Wer my wit as my will than suld I weill wryt,
Bot gif lak in my leid that nocht till allow is,
3e wise, for 3our wirschip wryth me no wyte.
Now blyth ws the blist Barne that all bern bowis,
He len us lyking and lyfe euirlestand.
In mirthfull moneth of May,
In middis of Murray,
Thus in a tyme be Ternway,
Hapnit Holland.

Explicit

384 The Tod fallowis

Thoucht brutale bestis be irrationale,
That is to say lakking discretioun,
3it ilkane in thair kyndis naturale
Hes monye diuerss inclinatioun:
The bair bustouss, the wolf, þe wyld lyoun,

pennyis: money; *pullis:* cheats; *pure:* poor; *sedis:* develops; *cud:* chrism cloth; *awin:* owed; *hafles:* destitute; *rowme:* position; *ourrere:* fall back; ll.989-90; The Dow of Dumbar is Elizabeth Dunbar who was married to Archibald Douglas, Earl of Moray, whose death occurred in 1455; *Dow:* dove; *Dowit:* endowed by marriage; *leid:* language; *allow:* command; *wryth:* impute; *wyte:* blame; *blyth:* gladden; *bowis:* subdues; *len:* grant; *bair:* boar; *bustouss:* rough;

The fox, fenȝeit, craftye and cautelouss,
The dog to berk in nycht and keip the houss.

So different thay bene in propirteis,
Vnknawin vnto man and infynite,
In kynd haifand so fele diuersiteis,
My connyng it excedis for to dyte.
Forthy as now my purpois is to wryte
A cass I fand, quhilk fell this hinder ȝere
Betuix a fox and gentill Chanteclere.

A wedow duelt intill a drope thaj daiss,
Quhilk wan hir fude with spynning on hir rok,
And no moir guidis, as þe fable sais,
Except of hennis scho had a ioly flok;
And thame to kepe scho had a joly cok
Rycht curageouss, vnto þis wedow ay
Deuidand nycht, crawand befoir þe day.

A lytill fra þat foirsaid wedois houss
A thorny schaw þair was of grit defence,
Quhairin a fox craftye and cawtelouss
Maid his repair and daylie residence,
Quhilk to this wedow did grete violence
In piking of hir pultry day and nycht,
And be no mene reuengit on him scho mycht.

This wily tod quhen þat þe lark coud sing
Full sare hungrye vnto þe toun him drest,
Quhair Chanteclere into þe gray dawing,
Wery of nycht, was flowin fra his nest.
Lourence this saw and in his mynd he kest
The iuperteis, the wayis, and þe wile
Be quhat menis he mycht þis cok begile.

Dissimuland thus in countenance and chere
On knees fell, and smyland thus he said:
'Gude morne my maister, gentill Chanteclere.'
With þat þe cok stert bakward in a braid.
'Schir, be my saull, ȝe neid nocht be affraid,
Nor ȝit for me to drede nor flee abak,
I come bot here ȝow service for to mak.

'Wald I nocht serve ȝow, ser, I wer to blame,
As I hawe done to ȝoure progenitouris.
ȝour fader oft fulfillit hes my wame
And send me mete fra middingis to þe muiris.
At his ending I did my besy curis
To hald his hede and gife him drinkis warme,
Syne, at þe last, þat suete suelt in my arme.'

fol.311*a*

cautelouss: cunning; *cass:* occurrence; *drope:* village; *rok:* distaff; *curageouss:* high spirited; *schaw:* wood; *piking:* stealing; *iuperteis:* tricks; *in a braid:* with a start; *fulfillit:* gratified; *middingis:* middens; *suete:* sweet one; *suelt:* died;

'Knew thow my fader?' quod þe cok and leuch.
'3a, my fair sone. Forsuth, I held his hede
Quhen þat he swelt vnder a birkyn beuch.
Syne said þe *Dirige* quhen þat he was dede.
Betuix ws twa how suld þair be a fede?
Quhom suld 3e trest, bot me, 3our servitour,
Quhilk to 3our fader did sa grite honour?

'Quhen I behald 3our fetheris fair and gent,
3oure brest, 3our beke, 3our hekill and 3our came,
Schir be my saule, that blissit sacrament,
My hert warmys. Me think I am at hame.
3ow for to serve I wald crepe on my wame
In frost and snaw in wederis wan and wete
And lay my lyart lokkis vnder 3our fete.'

This feynit fox, falss and dissimilate,
Maid to þe cok a cauillatioun:
'Me think 3ow changit and degenerate
Fra 3our fader and his conditioun.
Off crafty crawing he mycht bere þe croun
For he wald on his tais stand and crawe.
This is no lee. I stude besyde and sawe.'

With þat þe cok vpoun his tais hee
Kest vp his beke and sang with all his mycht,
Quod Lourence than, 'Now ser, sa mot I thee,
3e ar 3our faderis sone and air vp rycht,
Bot 3it 3e want of his cunnyng slicht.' fol.311*b*
'Quhat?' quod þe cok. 'He wald, and haif na dout,
Bayth wink and craw and turne him thryis about.'

Thus inflate with þe wind of fals vaine gloir,
Quhilk puttis monye to confusioun,
Trestand to win a grit worschip þairfore,
Wnwarlye winkand, walkit vp and doun
And syne to chant and craw he maid him boun,
And suddanlie, or he had sung ane note,
The fox was war and hynt him be þe throte.

Syne to þe schaw but tarye with him hyit,
Off countermaund haifand bot lytill dout.
With þat Sprowtok, Coppok and Partlot cryit:
The wedow hard and with a cry come out.
Seand þe caiss scho said and gaif a schout,
'How, murthour, reylock', with a hiddeous beir.
'Alace, hawe I now lost guid Chanteclere.'

birkyn beuch: birch bough; *Dirige:* Office for the Dead; *fede:* enmity; *gent:* beautiful; *wan:* dark; *lyart:* grey; *cauillatioun:* quibbling; *thee:* thrive; *boun:* ready; *war:* prepared; *hynt:* seized; *hyit:* hastened; *countermaund:* opposition; *dout:* fear; l.87: *Partlot;* Bannatyne, *Coppok; reylock:* pillage; *beir:* noise;

As scho war wod, with monye ȝell and cry,
Ryvand hir hair, vpoun hir breist can bete.
Syne paill of hew, half in ane extasye,
Fel doun for cair in swoning and in swete.
With þat þe sillye hennis left þair mete
And quhill þis wyfe was lyand thus in swoun,
Fell of þat caiss in disputatioun.

'Alace,' quod Partlot, makand sair murning
With teiris grete attour hir chekis fell,
'ȝone was our drourye and our day darling
Oure nychtingale and our horlage bell,
Oure walcryif weche ws for to warne and tell
Quhen þat Aurora with hir curchis gray
Put vp hir hede betuix þe nycht and þe day.

'Quha sall our lemmane be? Quha sall ws leid?
Quhen we ar sad, quha sall unto ws sing?
With his sweit bill he wald brek ws þe breid.
In all þis warld was þair na kyndar thing.
In paramouris he wald do ws plesing
At his power, as nature list him gyffe.
Now eftir him, alace, how sall we lywe?'

Than Sprowtok spak, 'Seiss, sister, of ȝour sorrow.
ȝe be to made for him sic murnning maiss.
We sall fair weill. I find, Sanct Iohne to borrow,
The proverd sayis, "As guid luif cumis as gaiss."
I will put on my hellye dayis clais
And mak me fresch aganis þis iolye May,
Syne chant þis sang, "Was nevir wedow so gay."

'He was angrye and held ws in grete aw
And woundit with þe speir of ielosye.
Off chaumer glew, Partlot, how weill ȝe knaw,
Waistit he was of nature cald and drye.
Sen he is gone, þairfore, sister, say I,
Be blyith in bale for þat is best remeid.
Lat quik to quik and deid go to þe deid.'

Thus Sprowtok, þat feynȝeit fayth befoir,
In luste but luif þat sett all hir delyte:
'Syster, ȝe watte of sic as him a scoir.
May it nocht siffise to slak ȝour appetyte,
I hecht ȝow be my hand, sen ȝe ar quyte,
Within a wolk, for schame and I durst speik,
To gett a berne could better claw ȝour beke.'

---

wod: mad; *Ryvand:* tearing; *drourye:* sweetheart; *horlage:* clock; *walcryif weche:* unsleeping watch; *curchis:* kerchiefs; *lemmane:* sweetheart; *paramouris:* love makings; *made:* mad; *hellye dais clais:* Sunday best; *bale:* sorrow; *fayth:* fidelity; *hecht:* promise; *quyte:* fair;

Than Coppok lyke a curate, spak full crouss: fol.312*a*
'ȝone was ane verrye weangeance fra þe Hevin.
He was sa loweouss and so licherouss,
Seiss coud he nocht with sissokkis mo than sevin.
Bot rychtuous God, haldand þe ballaneis evin,
Smytis full soir, thocht he be patient,
Adulteraris þat list þame nocht repent.

'Prydefull he was and ioyit of his syn
And comptit nowþer of Goddis falvour nor feid,
Bot traistit ay to rax and sa furth rin,
Till at þe last his synnis could him leid
To schamefull end and to ȝone suddane deid.
Thairfore I wait, it was þe hand of God,
That causit him be wirreit with þe tod.'

Quhen þis was said, þe wedow fra hir swoun
Stert vp in haist and on hir kennattis cryid:
'How, Birkye, Burrye, Bell, Balsye Broun,
Rypeschaw, Ryn Weill, Courtess, Cutt and Clyid
Togidder all, but gruncheing, furth ȝe glyid.
Reskew my nobill cok or he be slane,
Or ellis to me se ȝe cum nevir agane.'

With þat, but bade, thay breddit our þe bent,
As fyre of flynt þat our þe feildis flaw,
Wichtlye, I wiss, throw woddis and watteris went,
And seissit nocht Ser Lourence till thay saw.
Bot quhen he saw þe raches cum on raw
Vnto þe cok he said in mynde, 'God then
Sen I and thow wer liftit in my den.'

Than spak þe cok, with sum guid spreit inspyrit,
'Do my counsale and I sall warrand the.
Hungrie thow art and for grit travell tyrit,
Rycht fant of force and may nocht forder flee;
Swyith turne agane and say þat I and ȝe
Freindis ar maid and fallowis for a ȝeir,
Than will þaj stynt, I stand for it, and nocht steir.'

This fox, thocht he was fals and friuelouss
And hes fraudis his quarrellis to defend,
Dissauit was throw mynis marvellous;
For falsheid failȝeis at þe latter end.
He turnit about and cryit as he was kend.
With þat þe cok brade vnto a buche.
Now reid ȝe sall quhairat Ser Lowrence luche.

loweouss: immoral; *sissokkis:* trollops; *rax:* domineer; *wirreit:* worried; *bade:* delay; *breddit:* fled; l.155: Bannatyne omits *thay;* supplied from Harleian MS; *Wichtlye:* fiercely; *raches:* hunting dogs; *on raw:* together; *liftit:* removed; *warrand:* guarantee your security; *mynis:* means; *kend:* instructed; *brade:* sped; *luche:* laughed;

Begylit thus, þe tod vnder a tree
On knees fell and said, 'Gude Chanteclere,
Cum doun agane and I, but mete or fee,
Sal be 3our man and servand for ane 3eir.'
'Nay. Murther, theif and rivere, stand on reir.
My bludye hekkill and my nek so bla
Hes pairtit lowe for evir betwene ws twa.

'I was vnwyis, þat winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow allmaist I lossit had my heid.'
'I was moir full,' quod he, 'could nocht be still,
Bot spake to put my pray vnto pleid.'
'Fair on, fals theif. God keip me fra thy feid.'
With þat þe coke our feildis tuke þe flicht.
In at þe wedowis lewar coud he licht.

Moralitas Now, worthy folk, suppois this be a fable fol.312*b*
And ourhelit with typis figurall,
3it may 3e find a sentence rycht greabill
Vnder þe fen3eit termys textuall.
Till oure purpois þis cok wele may we call
Pryd A nyce proud man, void and vaneglorioussness
Off kyn or gude, quhilk is presumptuouss.

Fy, pompouss pryd, thow art rycht poysonable;
Quha fauouris the of force man haue a fall.
Thy strenth is nocht. Thy stule standis vnstable.
Tak witness of þe feindis infernall,
Quhilk huntit war doun fro þe Hevinly hall
To Hellis hole and to þat hidous houss:
Becaus of pryde þaj war presumptuouss.

This feynit fox may wele be figurate
To flatteraris with plesand wirdis quhite,
With fals menyng and mouth mellifluate,
To loife and lee quhilk settis þair delyte.
All worthy folk at sic suld hafe dispyte,
For quhair is moir perilouss pestilence
Than giff to liaris haistelye credence?

Flattery This wikkit wind of adulatioun,
Off swete socour haifand a similitude,
Bittir of gall and full of fell poysoun
To taist it is and clerelye vnderstude.
Forthy, as now schortly for to conclude,
Thir twa synnis, flattery and vaine glore,
Ar venemouss. Guid folk, fle þame þairfore.

---

rivere: robber; *full:* fool; *Fair:* go; *lewar:* opening in the roof; *ourhelit:* covered over; *loife:* flatter; *lee:* lie; l.214: Bannatyne, *Quha tastis it;* Harleian MS, *To taist it is;*

385 Lewe we this wedow gled, I 3ow assure,
Off Chanteclere, more blyith than I can tell,
And speke we of þe fatal aventure
And destenye that to þis fox befell,
That durst no more with miching intermell
Als lang as leme and lycht was of þe day;
But bydand nycht full still lurkand he lay

Quhill þat Thetes, þe goddess of þe flude,
Phebus had callit to þe herverye,
And Esperus put of his cloudy hude,
Schawand his lustye visage in þe skye.
Than Lourence lukit vp quhare he coud lye
And kest his hand vpoun his ee on hicht,
Mery and gled þat cummyn was þe nycht.

Out of þe wod vnto ane hill he went,
Quhare he mycht se the twynkling sternis clere,
And all þe planetis of þe firmament,
Thair coursis and þair moving in þair sphere;
Sum retrograde and sum war stationere,
And in þe zodyak in quhit degree
Thaj were ilkane, as Lourance lerit me.

Than Saturne alde was enterit in Capricorne,
And Jupiter movit in Sigittarye,
And Mars vp in þe Rammys hede was borne,
And Phebus in þe Lyoun furth coud carye,
Venus the Crab, the mone was in Aquarye,
Mercurius þe god of eloquence
Into þe Virgine maid his residence.

Bot astrolab, quadrant or almanak,
Techit of nature be instructioun,
The moving of the hevin this tod can tak fol.313*a*
Quhat influence and constillatioun
Was lyk to fall vpone this erd heir doun,
And to him self he said withouttin mair
'Weill worth ye, fadir, þat send me first to lair.

'My destany and eik my werd I watt,
Myn evintour is cleirly to me kend,
With mischeif myn3et is my mortall fait,
My mysleving the soner bot I mend
Deid is reward of syn and schamefull end.
Thairfoir, I will ga seik sum confessour
And scryfe me clene of all synnis to this hour.

---

miching: pilfering; *intermell:* meddle; *leme:* brightness; *herverye:* lodging; l.13: Bannatyne, *him;* Harleian MS, *his; sternis:* stars; *could carye:* proceeded; *can tak:* interpreted; *evintour:* fortune; *myn3et:* mingled; *mysleving:* misliving; *scryfe:* confess;

'Allace,' quod he, 'rycht waryit ar we thevis:
Our lyfe is sett ilk nycht in avinture,
Our cursit craft full mony ane mischevis,
For evir we steill and evir alyk ar pure;
In dreid and schame our dayis we indure,
And widdy nek and crakraip callit als,
And syne till our hyre ar hangit be the hals.'

Accusand thus his cankerit conscience,
Vnto a craig he kest about his e,
So saw he cumand, a littill than frome thence,
A worthy doctour of diuinite,
Freir Wolf Waitskath, in science wondrouss sle,
To preche and pray was new cum of clostir,
With beidis in hand, sayand his *Paternoster.*

Seand the wolf this wylie tratour tod
On kneis fell with hud in to his nek,
'Welcome, my gaistly fadir vndir God,'
Quod he, with mony binge and mony bek.
Than quod the wolf, 'Ser Fox, to what effek
Mak ȝe sic feir? Ryss vp. Put on ȝour hude.'
'Fader,' quod he, 'I haif grit causs to dude:

'ȝe ar the lanterne and the sicker way
Suld gyd sic sympill folk as me to grace.
ȝour bairfeit and ȝour rusatt coull of gray,
Schawis full weill ȝour perfyt halynace,
ȝour lene cheikis, ȝour paill and petouss face.
For weill war him þat, anis in his lyfe,
Had hap to ȝow his synnis anis to schryfe.'

'A, silly Lowrance,' quod the wolf, and lewch,
'It plessis me þat ȝe ar penitent.'
'Of reif and stowth, schir, I can tell ennewch
þat causis me full sair for till repent.
Bot Fader, byd still heir on this bent,
I ȝow beseik, and heir me now declair
My conscience þat prikis me so sair.'

'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'sit doun vpone thy kne.'
And so he did bairheid, full humly,
And syn began with 'Benedicite'.
Quhen I thus saw I drew a littill by,
For it effeiris nowdir to heir nor spy

---

l.43: *waryit ar,* supplied from Harleian MS; *waryit:* execrated; *avinture:* jeopardy; *widdy nek:* gallows bird; *crakraip:* gallows bird; *hyre:* reward; *hals:* neck; *Waitskath:* one who awaits a chance to do injury; *tod:* fox; *gaistly:* spiritual; *binge:* cringe; *bek:* bow; *feir:* demeanour; *dude:* do it; *sicker:* certain; l.66: Bannatyne, *ousett;* Harleian MS, *rusatt:* homespun; *coull:* cowl; *anis:* once; *schryfe:* confess; *reif:* robbery; *stowth:* plundering; *bent:* field; *effeiris:* befits;

Nor to reweill thing said vndir that sele.
Bot to þe tod thus gait þe wolf quod, 'Wele,

'Art thow contreit and sory in thy spreit
For thy trespas?' 'Nay, ser, I can nocht dude.
Me think þat hennis ar sua hony sweit
And lambis flesch þat new ar lattin blud.
For to repent my mynd can nocht conclude fol.313*b*
Bot this thing: þat I haif slane so few.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'in south thow art a schrew.

'Sen thow can nocht forthink thy wicketnaiss,
Will thow forbeir in tyme cuming, and mend?'
'And I forbeir, how sall I leif, allaiss,
Haifand na vþir craft me to defend?
Neid causis me to steill quhair evir I wend,
I schame to beg, I can nocht wirk ȝe wat,
ȝit wald I fane pretend a gentill stait.'

'Weil,' quod the wolf, 'thow wantis pontis twa
Belangand to perfyt confessioun.
Now to þe thrid pairte of pennance lat ws ga:
Will thow tak pane for thy transgressioun?'
'A, ser, considdir my complexioun
And seikly and waik and of my natur tendir,
Lo, will ȝe se, I am baith lene and sklendir.

'ȝit, nevir the les, I wald, sa it wer lycht,
And schort, nocht grevand to my tendirness,
Tak pairte of pane, fulfill it gife I micht,
To sett my silly saule in way of grace.'
'Thow sall forbeir', quod he, 'flesche hyne to Paiss
To tame þi corss, that cursit carioun,
And heir I reik the full remissioun.'

'I grant þairto, sa ȝe will gife me leif
To eit puddingis, or laip a littill blude,
Or heid and feit, or penchis lat me preif,
In caiss I fant of flesche in to my fude.'
'For grit mister I gife the leif to dude
Twyss in þe owlk, for neid may haif no law.'
'God ȝeild ȝow, ser, for that text full weill ȝe knaw.'

Quhen this was said, the wolf his wayis went.
The fox on fute he fure vnto þe flude:
To fang sum fische wes hellely his intent,

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sele: seal (of confession); *thus gait:* in this manner; l.84: Bannatyne, *mele;* MacQueen, *'Wele'; lattin blud:* killed; *south:* truth; *schrew:* villain; *forthink:* repent; *pane:* punishment; *complexioun:* temperament; *seikly:* sickly; *hyne to Paiss:* from now until Easter; *corss:* flesh; *reik:* grant; *puddingis:* forced meat; *penchis:* paunches; *preif:* taste; *mister:* necessity; *owlk:* week; *ȝeild:* requite; *fang:* seize;

Bot quhen he saw thir walterand wawis wude,
All stoneist still into a stair he stude
And said, 'Bettir þat I had biddin at hame,
Than be a fischar in the deuillis name.

'Now mon I skraip my meit out of the sand,
For I haif nowdir net, bottis nor bate.'
As he wes thus for falt of meit murnand,
Lukand about, his leving for to late,
Vndir a tre he saw a trip of gate.
Than wes he fane and in a huche him hid
And fra the gait he stall a littill kid.

Syne our the huche vnto þe se him hyis
And tuk the kid rycht be the hornis twane
And in þe wattir owþer twyss or thryss
He dowkit him and thus gait cowth he sane,
'Ga doun Ser Kid, cum vp Ser Salmound agane,'
Quhill he wes deid. Syne to þe land him drewch
And of þat new made salmond eit ennewch.

Thus fynaly fillit with tendir meit,
Vnto a den for dreid he hes him drest,
Vndir a busk quhair þat the sone cowth beit
To beke his breist and bellye he thocht best, fol.314*a*
And rakleslye he said quhair he coud rest,
Strakand his wambe agane þis sonnes hete,
'Vpoun this bellye ware sett a bolt full mete.'

Quhen this was said, the kepare of þe gayte,
Carefull in hert his kid was stollin away,
On everye syde full warlye culd he wayte,
Till at þe last he saw quhair Lowrence lay.
His bow he bent, a flane with fedderis gray
He hailit to þe heid: or evir he sterd,
The fox fast he prikkit to þe erd.

'Now,' quod þe fox, 'alace and welloway,
Gorrit I am and may no forther gane.
Me think no man may speke a word in play,
Bot now on dayis in ernist it is tane.'
The hird him hynt and out he drew a flane
And for his kid and vþer violence
He tuke his skyn and maid a recompence.

Moralitas This suddane deid and vnprouisit end
Off this fals tod without contritioun
Exemple is, exhortand folk to mend

walterand wawis wude: wild rolling waves; *leving for to late:* to search for his living; *trip of gate:* flock of goats; *huche:* ravine; *cowth he sane:* he said; *bete:* warm; l.147: An arrow could very easily strike my belly; *Carefull:* sorrowful; *flane:* arrow; *Gorrit:* gored;

For dreid of sic alyke conclusioun.
For monye gois now to confessioun
Can nocht repent nor for þair synnis greit,
Becaus thaj think þair lustye lyfe so sweit.

Sum bene also throw consuetude and ryte
Vincust with carnall sensualitie.
Suppose thaj be as for þe tyme contryte,
Can nane forbere nor fra thair synnis flee.
Ws drawis nature so in propertie
Off beist and man, þat nedis thaj mon do
As thaj of lang tyme hawe hantit þame to.

Beware, guid folk, and dreid this suddane schote
Quhilk smytis soir withouttin resistence.
Attent wyislye and in 3our hartis note,
Aganis deid may no man mak defence:
Ceiss of 3our syn, remord 3our conscience,
Do wilfull pennance here and 3e sall wend
Eftir 3our deid to ioy withouttin end.

Explicit exemplum veritatis et falsitatis.

386 This foirsaid fox, thus deid for his misdede,
Had nocht a sone was gottin rychtuuslye
That to his airschip mycht of law succede,
Except ane sone, the quhilk in lemanrye
He gottin had in purchace priuely,
And to his name was clepit Fader Were,
That lufit wele with pultry tig and tere.

It followis wele be reasoun naturale
And, gree by gree, of rycht comparisoin
Off evill cummys war, of ware cummys warst of all:
Off wrangus get cummys wrang successioun.
This fox, bastard of generatioun,
Off verrye kynd behufit to be fals;
So was his grantser and his fader als.

As nature will, sekand his fude be sent, fol.314*b*
Off caiss he fand his faderis caryon
Naikit, new slane, and till him is he went,
Tuke vp his hede, syne on his kneis fel doun,
Thankand grete God of þat conclusioun
And said, 'Now sall I brouk, sen I am aire,
The boundis quhare he wont was to repaire.'

ryte: custom; *hantit:* accustomed; *remord:* unburden; *Explicit exemplum veritatis et falsitatis:* The fable of the true and the false is ended; l.4: *lemanrye:* adultery; Bannatyne, *lenanrye; in purchace:* in concubinage; *pultry:* poultry; *tig and tere:* meddle; *gree be gree:* gradually; *wrangus get:* illegal begetting; *verrye kynd:* true nature; *sent:* scent; *brouk:* enjoy;

Fy, covetous, vnkynd and venemous.
The sone was fayn he fand his fader dede
Be sudane schote, for dedeis odious
That he mycht rax and regne into his stede,
Dredand nothing þat samin lyife to lede
In stouth and reif as he had done before,
Bot to þe end entent he tuke no more.

3it nevirþeles for faderlye pitee
The caryon vpoun his bak he tais.
'Now find I wele þis prouerbe trew,' quod he,
'Ay rynnis þe fox als lang as he fut hais.'
Syne with his cors vnto a petpot gais
Off watere full and kest him in þe depe
And to þe devill his banis gaue to kepe.

O fulich man, ploungit in warldlynes,
To conquest wrangwiss guidis, gold or rent,
To put thy saule in pane and hevynes
To riche thyne air, quhilk efter þow he went
Haue he thy gude, he takis small entent
To sing or say for thy saluatioun:
Fra thow be dede, done is thy deuotioun.

This tod to rest he carit to a crag
And herd a bustouss bugill brymly blawe,
Quhilk, as him thocht, maid all þis warld to wag.
Than stert I wp and cumand nere I sawe
Ane vnicorne semely, lansand our lawe
With horne in hand and buste on brest he bure—
A pursevant semelye I 3ow assure.

Vnto a bank quhair he mycht se about
On euerye syde in haste he coud him hye,
Put furth his voce full loud and gave a schout
And, 'Oyas, oyas', twiss or thriss coud cry.
With þat þe bestis in þe feildis nere by
All meruailand quhat sic a cry suld mene,
Govand agast thaj gadderit on a grene.

Out of hus buste a bill sone coud he braide
And red þe text withouttyn tarying.
Commaundand silence, sadly thus he said:
'We, noble lyoun, of all beistis king—
Greting to God ay lestand but ending—
To brutall bestis and irrationall
I send as to my subiectis grete and small:

rax: domineer; *stouth:* plundering; *reif:* robbery; *petpot:* peat hole; *conquest:* acquire; *wrangwiss:* wrongful; *bustouss:* strong; *brymly:* shrilly; *lansand:* bounding; *lawe:* hill; *buste:* box; *pursevant:* herald; *he coud him hye:* he hastened; l.54: *þe bestis,* Bannatyne: *he bestis; Govand:* staring; *bill:* scroll; *coud he braide:* he drew;

'My celsitude and hie magnificence
Lattis ȝow witt furthwith incontinent,
Thinkis to morne with riall diligence
Vpoun þis hill to hald a parliament.
Straitlye þairfore I geve commandiment
For to compeir before my tribunall,
Vnder all pane and parrel þat may fall.'

The morrowing come and Phebus with his bemys
Consumit had þe mysty cloudis gray.
The ground was grene and as þe gold it glemys fol.315*a*
With gresis growand gudelie, grete and gay.
The spice than spred to spring on euery spray.
The lark, þe mauiss and þe merle so hee
Suetlye can sing, trippand fra tree to tree.

Thre leopardis come. A croiun of massy gold
Berand thaj brocht vnto þat hillis hicht,
With iaspis iunyt and riall rubies rold
And monye diuerss dyamantis wele dicht.
With pollis proud a palȝon doun þaj picht
And in þat trone thair sat a wild lyoun
In rob riale with ceptur, suerd and croun.

Efter þe tennour of þe crye before
That gais on fut all bestis in þe erd
Rycht as þaj ware commandit without more
Before þair lord þe lyon þaj comperd.
And quhat þaj ware, as Tod Laurence me lerd,
I sall reherss a pairt of ewerye kynd,
Als far as now occurris to my mynd:

The menataur, a monstour mervelouss,
Bellorophant, that beist of bastarde,
The warwolf and þe pegass peroluss,
Transformit be assent of socerre,
The lynx, the tegir, full of tyrrane,
The oliphant and eik the dromodare,
The camell with his cren craig furth culd care,

The leopard as I haif taute beforne,
The antelop, the sparth furth culd hir speid,
The paynttit panther and the vnicorne,
The rayñder ran throuch rever, ron and reid,
The ioly ionet and the gentill steid,

witt: know; *incontinent:* immediately; *Straitlye:* forthwith; *compeir:* appear; *spring:* burst; *spray:* stem; *mauiss:* thrush; *merle:* blackbird; *iaspis:* jewels; *iunyt:* attached; *palȝon:* pavilion; *picht:* pitched; *tennour:* purport; *a pairt of ewery kynd:* an example of every species; *Bellorophant:* slayer of the two monsters, Solymos and Chimaera; *cran craig:* long neck; *culd care:* made his way; *sparth;* obscure; *paynttit:* spotted; *ron:* thicket; *reid:* reed; *ionet:* mare;

The aiss, the mwll, the horss of ewerye kynd,
The de, the re, the hornit hairt, the hynd,

The bull, the beir, the bugill and þe bair,
The wodwyss, wildcat and the wild wolfyne,
The hard bak hurtchoun and the hyrpilland hair
Bayth, ottour, aip and pennytt porcapyne,
The guckit gait, the syllye scheip, the suyne,
The bauer, bakon and the batterand brok,
The fumard with þe fyber furth culd flok,

The gay grwhund, the sleuthhund furth can slyd
With doggis all dyueriss and deferent,
The rattoun ran, the globert furth culd glyd,
The quherland quhithrat with þe wasyll wentt,
The fythow that hes furrit mony ane fent,
The martryk with þe cunyng and the con,
The lurdane lane and eik the lerron.

The mermissat the modewart could leid fol.315*b*
Becaus that natour denyit had hir sycht,
Thus dressit þai all furth for dreid of deid,
The musk, the litill mowss with all hir mycht
In haist haykit vnto þat hillis hycht,
And mony ane kynd of beist þat I nocht knaw
Befoir þair lord ilkane þai lowtit law.

Seand thir beistis at his bidding bown,
He gave a braide and blenkit all about.
Than flatlingis to his feit þai fell all doun,
For dreid of deid thay drowpit all in dout.
The lyoun lukit quhen he saw þame lout
And bad þaim with ane countenance full sweit,
'Be nocht afferit, bot stand vpoun 3our feit.

'I lat 3ou wit my mycht is merceabill
And steris none þat ar to me prostrat,
Angrye, austerne and als vnameabill
To all þat standis aganis myne estait.
I rug, I ryve all beistis þat makis debait
Aganis þe mycht of my magnefecence.
Se none pretend to pryde in my presence.

'My celsitude and my hie maiestye
With mycht and mercye myngit sal be ay.

de: doe; *re:* roe; *bugill:* wild ox; *bair:* boar; *wodwyss:* satyr; *hurtchoun:* hedgehog; *hyrpilland:* limping; *pennytt:* quilled; *guckit:* foolish; *bauer:* beaver; *bakon:* pig; *brok:* badger; *fumard:* polecat; *fyber:* beaver; *rattoun:* rat; *globert:* glow-worm; *quherland:* agile; *quhithrat:* stoat; *wasyll:* weasel; *fythow:* fitchew; *fent:* opening in a garment; *martryk:* marten; *cunyng:* rabbit; *con:* squirrel; *lurdane:* obscure; *lane:* lone; *lerron:* ? doormouse; *mermissat:* marmoset; *modewart:* mole; *musk:* civet cat; *haykit:* went; *braide:* start; *flatlingis to:* prostrate at; *dout:* awe; *steris:* disturbs; *rug:* rend;

The lawest heir I may rycht sone vp hie
And mak him maister ouer ȝow all I may,
The dromadair gif he will mak deray,
Or the greit cameill, thocht þai be never sa crouss,
I can þame law as litill as ane mowss.

'Se neir be twenty mylis quhair I am
The kid ga salflie be þe wolf syde,
So Tod Lowrye luke nocht vpoun þe lamb,
Na revand beistis nowther ryn nor ryde.'
Thay cucheit all and efter þis wes cryit
The iustice bad anone þe court do fenss,
The sutis call and foirfalt all absenss.

The panthere with his payntit coit of armour
Fensit þe court as he of law efferit.
Tod Laurence lukit vp quhair he could lowr
And stert on fute all stoneist and all sterit;
Ryvand his hair he rarit with a reird,
Quakand for dreid ran, sichand could he say:
'Allace, þis hour, allace, þis wofull day.

'I wait this suddane semblay þat I se, fol.316*a*
Havand þe poyntis of a parliament
Is maid to mar sic misdoaris as me
Thairfoir and I me schaw I wil be schent.
I wil be socht gif I be red absent.
To byde or fle it makis no remeid.
All is alyke þair followis nocht bot deid.'

Perplexit thus in to his mynd can mene
With falsheid quhow he mycht him self defend,
His hude he drew far doun attour his ene,
And wynkand with þe ane e furth can wend,
Clyncheand he come þat he suld nocht be kend
And for dreddour þat he suld thoill areist,
He playit bukhud anone fra beist to beist.

Compering thus he come befoir þe king.
In ordour sett as to þair stait efferit,
Off euerye kynd he gart ane pairt furth bring,
And awfulye he spak and at þame speirit
Gif þair wis ony beist in to þis erd
Absent; and þair gart þaim all deiplie swere
And þai said, 'Nay, except ane gray stude meir.'

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mak deray: be violent; *crouss:* bold; *revand:* ravenous; *cucheit:* lay down; *do fenss:* open formally; *foirfalt:* to be forfeit; *absenss:* absentees; *could lowr:* lurked; *rarit with a reird:* called out in a loud voice; *wait;* know; *poyntis:* characteristics; *schent:* destroyed; *can mene:* pondered; *Clyncheand:* limping; *bukhud:* hide and seek; *compering:* appearing; *efferit:* befitted; l.178: He had a representative of every species brought forth; *awfulye:* sternly; *speirit:* asked; *stude meir:* brood mare;

'Go mak ane message sone vnto þat stude.'
The court þan cryit, 'My lord, quha sall þat be?'
'Cum heir, Lowrye, lurkand vndir ane hude.'
'A lord, mercye. Lo, I have bot ane e,
Hurt in þe hanch, and crukit 3e may se.
The wolf is bettir in ambassadry
And mair cunning in clergye þan I.'

Braiding he said, 'Go furth, 3e brybouris bayth,'
And þai to ga withoutin tareying.
Our ron and riyce þai ran togidder rayth,
And fand þe meir at meit in þe morning.
'How!' quod the tod, 'Madame, go to þe king.
The court is callit and 3e ar contumax.'
'Lat be, Laurence, 3our carping and 3our knax.'

'Maistres,' quod þe tod, 'to þe court 3e mon.
The lyoun hes commandit 3ou in deid.'
'Laurence, tak 3ou þe flirdome and þe fon.
I have a respit heir and 3e will rede.'
'I can nocht spell a word sa God me speid.
Heir is þe wolf, a nobill clerk at all,
And of þis message he is principall.

'He is autentik and a man of aige
And hes þe practik of þe chancellary
Lat him ga luke and reid 3our preuilege
And I sall stand and beir 3our witnes by.'
'Quhair is 3our respit?' quod þe wolf in hy.
'Sir, it is heir vndir my hoife weill hid.'
'Hald vp 3our hele,' quod he, and sa scho did.

Thocht he wes brynt throuch pryde 3it he presumis
To luke doun law quhair þat þir lettres lay.
With that, þe mere scho gird him on þe gumys
And strake þe hattrell of his hede away.
Half out of lyfe lenand doun he lay.
'Alace,' quod Lourence, 'Lupus, þat þow art lost.'
'His conyng,' quod þe mere, 'was wirth sum cost.'

'Lourans, will thow nocht luke vpoun my letter,
Sen þat þe wolf þairof can nothing wyn?'
'Nay, be Sanct Bryde,' quod he, 'me think far better
To slepe in hele and in ane vnhurt skyn.
A scrow I fand and thus writtin þairin,

hanch: haunch; *crukit:* deformed; *clergye:* learning; *Braiding:* bursting into speech; *brybouris:* vagabonds; *ron and riyce:* thicket and brushwood; *contumax:* guilty of contempt of court; *knax:* quibbles; l.197: *þe tod,* Bannatyne: *he tod; flirdome:* humbug; *fon:* folly; *autentik:* authoritative; *brynt:* inflamed; *gird:* struck; *hattrell:* crown; *lenand doun:* lying down; *conyng:* learning; *in hele:* in health; *scrow:* scroll;

(For five schillings I wald nocht anys faltum)
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.'

With brokin scalp and bludye chekis rede
This wolf wepand on his wayis went,
Off his mayn3e merkand to gete remede:
To tell þe king the caiss was his entent.
'Schir,' quod þe tod, 'bid still vpoun þe bent
And fra 3our browis wesche away þe blude
And tak a drink for it will do 3ow gude.'

To fech water this fraudfull fox furth fure.
Sidlingis a bank he socht vnto a sike.
Off caiss he metis cumand fra þe mure
A trip of lambis dansand on a dike.
This traytour tod, this tyran and this tike,
The fattest of þe flok he fellit has
And ete his fill. Syne to þe wolf he gais.

Thay drank but tary and thare iournay takis.
Befoir þe king syne knelit on thare knee.
'Quhare is þe mere, Ser Tod, was contumax?'
Than Lourance said, 'My lord, spere nocht at me.
This new maid doctour of diuinitee
With his rede cap can tell 3ow wele yneuch.'
With þat þe lyoun and þe lave thaj leuch.

'Tell on the caiss, Ser Lourence, lat ws here.'
'This witty wolf, this noble clerk of aige,
On 3oure behalf he bad þe mere compere
And scho allegit till a preuilege:
''Cum nere and se and 3e sall have 3our vage.''
Becauss he red hir respit plane and wele,
3one rede bannete scho raucht him with hir hele.'

The lyoun said, 'Be 3one rede cape I ken
This tale is trew, quha tent vnto it takis:
''The grettest clerkis ar nocht þe wyssest men;
A mannis hurt ane other happy makis.'''
As þaj ware carpand thusgatis in knakis
And all þe court in garray and in gam,
Sa come the 3ow, þe moder of þe lam.

Before the iustice doun on knees fell,
Put furth hir playnt on þis wiss wofullye:
'This harlot here, this hursoun hund of Hell,
He werryit hes my lam full doggitlye

faltum: fault them; l.224: He is happy whom the perils of other men make wary; *mayn3e:* hurt; *merkand:* resolving; *Sidlingis:* on one side; *sike:* stream; *trip:* flock; *lave:* rest; *bannete:* cap; *raucht;* delivered; *tent:* heed; *carpand:* talking; *knakis:* quibbles; *garray:* hubbub; *gam:* jest; *harlot:* villain; *doggitlye:* cruelly;

Within a myle incontrare of ȝour cry.
For Goddis lufe, my lord, gif me þe lawe
Off þis lymmar.' With þat Lourence lete drawe.

'Bide,' quod the lyon, 'Lemmar, lat ws se
Giff this be suyth þe sely ȝow has said.'
'A souerane lord, sauf ȝour mercy,' quod he,
'My purpois was with him bot to haue plaid.
Caussles he fell as he had bene affraid.
For drede of dede he duschit our a dike
And brak his nek.' 'Thow leis,' quod scho, 'fals tike.

'His dede be practik may be previt eth,
Thy gorry gomys and thy bludy snowt,
The woll, þe flesche ȝit stikkis in thy teth
And that is euident eneuch but dout.'
The iustice, bad go cheiss asiss about
And so thaj did and fand þat he was fals
Off murthour, thift and party treson als.

Thaj band him fast. The justice bad belyve
To geve þe dome and tak of all his clathis.
The wolf, that new maid doctour, coud him schryve,
Syne furth with him vnto þe gallowis gais
And at þe ledder fute his leue he tais.
The ape was basare and bad him sone ascend
And hangit him and thus he maid ane end.

Moralitas Rycht as þe mynoure in his mynorall
Faire gold with fyre may fra þe lede wele wyn,
Rycht sa vnder a fable figurall
A sad sentence may seke and efter fyn,
As daylie dois thir doctouris of dyvyn,
Apertly be oure leving can applye
And preue thare preching be a poesye.

The lyon is this warld be liklynace
To quhom lowtis bayth emperour and king
And thinkis of this warld to get mare grace
And gapis for to get mare lifing,
Sum for to reule and sum to rax and regne,
Sum gadderis gere, sum gold, sum vther gude.
To wyn this warld sum wirkis as þay wer wode.

This mere is men of contemplatioun,
Off pennance walkand in þis wildernace,
As monkis and othir men of religioun

fol.317*a*

lymmar: rascal; *lete drawe:* began to withdraw; *suyth:* truth; *be practik:* by evidence; *cheiss asiss:* choose an assize; *basare:* executioner; *mynoure:* miner; *mynorall:* metallurgical craft; *figurall:* allegorical; *sad sentence:* serious meaning; *Apertly:* clearly; *be a poesye:* from a poem; *lowtis:* do obeisance; *rax:* domineer; *wode:* mad;

That presis God to pleiss in euery place,
Abstrackit fra this warldlis wretchidnes,
In wilfull pouertee fra pomp and all pryde,
And fra this warld in mynd ar mortifyde.

This wolf I likkin vnto sensualitee,
As quhen like brutall bestis we accord
Our mynd all to þis warldeis vanitee
Liking to tak and love him as our Lord.
Flee fast þairfra gif þow will rycht remord.
Than sall reasoun riss, rax and regne
And for thy saull þair is no better thing.

Hir hufe I likkin to þe thocht of dede.
Will thow remembere, man, that thow man dee,
Thow may brek sensualiteis hede fol.317*b*
And fleschlye lust away fra þe sall flee.
Wiss Salomon sais will thow nocht see?—
'For as thow may thy sely saull now wyn,
Think on thine end thow sall nocht gladlye syn.'

This tod I likin to temptatioun
Berand to mynd monye thochtis vane
That daylie sagis men of religioun,
Cryand to þame, 'Cum to þe warld agane',
Bot quhen thaj see sensualitie neir slane
And sudane dede with ithand panis sore,
He gois abak and tempis him no more.

O Lord eternal, medeator for ws, mast meke,
Sitt doun before thy Fader celestiall,
For ws synnaris his celsitude beseke
Ws to defend fra payne and perallis all,
And help ws vp vnto þat Hevinlye hall
In glore, quhair we may se þe sycht of God.
And thus endis þe talking of þe tod.

Explicit

387 The nobilnes and grit magnificens
Of prince and lord quhai list to magnifie,
His ancestre and lineall discens
Suld first extoll, and his genolegie,
So þat his harte he mycht inclyne þairby
The moir to vertew and to worthiness
Herand reherss his elderis gentilness.

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presis: strive; *wilfull:* deliberate; *remord:* repent; l.316: Bannatyne, *lufe;* Harleian MS, *hufe;* *dede:* death; *sagis:* assails; *ithand:* constant; *magnifie:* praise;

It is contrair the lawis of nature
A gentill man to be degenerat,
Nocht following of his progenitour
The worthe rewll and þe lordly estait.
A ryall rynk for to be rusticat
Is bot a monsture in comparesoun,
Had in dispyt and full derisioun.

I say this be þe grit lordis of Grew,
Quhich set þair hairt and all þair haill curage
Thair faderis steppis iustly to persew,
Eiking the wirschep of þair he lenage.
The anseane and sadwyse men of age
Wer tendouris to 3ung and insolent
To mak þame in all vertewis excellent.

Lyk as a strand or watter of a spring fol.318*a*
Haldis þe sapour of þe fontell well,
So did in Grece ilk lord and worthy king;
Of forbearis thay tuk knawlege and smell,
Among þe quhilk of ane I think to tell—
Bot first his gentill generatioun
I sall reherss, with 3our correctioun.

Vpone the mont of Electone,
The most famouss of all Arrabea,
A goddes dwelt, excellent in bewte,
Gentill of blude, callit Memoria,
Quhilk Iupiter that goddes to wyfe can ta
And carnaly hir knew and eftir syne
Apone a day bare him fair dochteris nyne.

The first in Grew wes callit Euterpe,
In our language gud delectatioun;
The secound maid clippit Melpomyne,
As hony sueit in modelatioun,
Thersycore is gud instructioun
Of every thing, the thrid sister I wiss
Thus out of Grew in Latyne translait is.

Caliope that madin mervalouss
The ferd sistir, of all mvsik maistress,
And mother to þe king, Ser Orpheouss,
Quhilk throw his wyfe wes efter King of Traiss;
Clio the fyift, þat now is a goddess
In Latyne callit meditatioun
Of every thing þat hes creatioun;

rynk: warrior; *Grew:* Greece; *Eiking:* increasing; *tendouris:* guides; *strand:* stream; *sapour:* quality; *fontell:* original; *smell:* character; *Electone:* Helicon; *modelatioun:* melodious music making;

The sext sister is callit Herato
Quhilk drawis lyk to lyk in every thing;
The sevint lady was fair Polimio
Quhilk cowth a thowsand sangis sueitly sing;
Talia syne quhilk can our saulis bring
In profound wit and grit agilite
Till vndirstand and haif capacitie;

Vrania the nynt and last of all
In Greik langage, quha couth it rycht expound,
Is callit armony celestiall,
Reiosing men with melody and sound.
Amang thir nyne Calliope wes cround
And maid a quene be michty god Phebuss,
Off quhome he gat this prince Ser Orpheouss.

No wondir wes thocht he wes fair and wyse, fol.318*b*
Gentill and gud, full of liberalitie,
His fader god and his progenetryse
A goddess, finder of all armony.
Quhen he wes borne scho set him on hir kne
And gart him souk of hir twa paupis quhyte
The sueit lecour of all mvsik perfyte.

Incressand sone to manheid vp he drew,
Off statur large and frely fair of face.
His noble fame so far it sprang and grew
Till at *þe* last the michty Quene of Trace,
Excelland fair, haboundand in richess,
A message send vnto *þat* prince so *ȝing*
Requyrand him to wed hir and be king.

Euridices this lady had to name
And quhene scho saw this prince so glorius
Hir erand to propone scho thocht no schame,
With wordis sueit and blenkis amorouss
Said, 'Welcum lord and lufe, Ser Orpheuss,
In this provynce *ȝe* sal be king and lord.'
Thay kissit syne and thus thay can accord.

Betuix Orpheuss and fair Erudices,
Fra *þai* wer weddit on fra day to day,
The low of lufe cowth kyndill and incress
With mirth and blythness, solace and with play.
Off wardly ioy, allace, quhat sall I say,
Lyk till a flour *þat* plesandly will spring
Quhilk fadis sone and endis with murnyng?

I say this be Erudices the quene
Quhilk walkit furth in to a May mornyng,

capacitie: ability; l.73: Bannatyne, *Is;* Asloan MS, *His;* l.74: Bannatyne, *te;* Asloan MS, *þe; low:* flame;

Bot with a madyn, vntill a medow grene,
To tak þe air and se the flouris spring,
Quhair in a schaw neir by this lady ȝing
A busteouss hird callit Arresteuss,
Kepand his beistis, lay vndir a buss.

And quhen he saw this lady solitar,
Bairfut, with shankis quhyter than the snaw,
Preckit with lust he thocht withoutin mair
Hir till oppress and to his cave hir draw.
Dreidand for evill scho fled quhen scho him saw
And as scho ran all bairfute on a buss
Scho strampit on a serpent vennemuss.

This crewall venome wes so penetrife,
As natur is of mortall pvsoun, fol.319*a*
In peissis small this quenis harte can rife
And scho annone fell on a deidly swoun.
Seand this caiss Proserpyne maid hir boun,
Quhilk clipit is the goddes infernall,
Ontill hir court this gentill quene can call.

And quhen scho vaneist was and vnwisible
Hir madyn wepit with a wofull cheir,
Cryand with mony schowt and voce terrible,
Quhill at þe last King Orpheus can heir
And of hir cry the causs sone cowth he speir.
Scho said, 'Allace, Euridicess, ȝour quene,
Is with þe phary tane befoir my ene.'

This noble king inflammit all in yre
And rampand as a lyoun rewanuss
With awfull luke and ene glowand as fyre
Sperid the maner and þe maid said thuss:
'Scho strampit on a serpent venemuss
And fell on swoun. With þat þe Quene of Fary
Clawcht hir vp sone and furth with hir cowth cary.'

Quhen scho had said the king sichit full soir.
His hairt neir birst for verry dule and wo.
Half out of mynd he maid no tary moir
Bot tuk his harp and on to wod cowth go,
Wrinkand his handis, walkand to and fro
Quhill he mycht stand. Syne sat doun on a stone
And till his harp thuss gait maid his mone:

'O dulfull herp with mony dully string
Turne all thy mirth and mvsik in murning
And seiss of all thy sutell songis sueit.

schaw: copse; *busteouss:* sturdy; *hird:* herdsman; *buss:* bush; l.106: *vemome;* Bannatyne, *venome;* l.108: Bannatyne, *I;* Asloan MS, *In; clipit:* named; *cowth he speir:* he asked; *rewanuss:* ravenous; *thuss gait:* in this fashion; *dully:* doleful;

Now weip with me, thy lord and cairfull king,
Quhilk lossit hes in erd all his lyking.
And all thy game thow change in gole and greit,
Thy goldin pynnis with mony teiris weit,
And all my pane for till report thow preiss,
Cryand with me in every steid and streit:
Quhair art thow gone my luve, Ewridicess?'

Him to reioss ȝit playit he a spring
Quhill þat þe fowlis of þe wid can sing
And treis dansit with þair levis grene
Him to deuod from his grit womenting.
Bot all in vane. That wailȝeit no thing.
His hairt wes so vpoun his lusty quene.
The bludy teiris sprang out of his ene.
Thair wes no solace mycht his sobbing sess, fol.319*b*
Bot cryit ay with cairis cauld and kene,
'Quhair art thow gone my lufe, Euridicess?

'Fair weill my place. Fairweill plesandis and play
And wylcum woddis wyld and wilsum way,
My wicket werd in wildirness to ware.
My rob ryell and all my riche array
Changit sal be in rude russet and gray,
My dyademe in till a hate of hair.
My bed sal be with beuer, brok and bair
In buskis bene, with mony busteouss bess,
Withowttin song, sayand with siching sair,
Quhair art thow gone my luve, Euridicess?

'I the beseik, my fair fadir Phebuss,
Haif pety of thy awin son Orpheuss.
Wait thow nocht weill I am thy sone and chyld?
Now heir my plaint, panefull and peteuss.
Direk me fro this deid so doloruss
Quhilk gois thus, withouttin gilt, begyld.
Lat nocht thy face with cluddis to be oursyld.
Len me thy lycht and lat me nocht go leiss
To find þat fair in fame þat was neuir fyld,
My lady, quene and lufe, Euridices.

'O Iupiter, thow god celestiall
And grantser to myself, on the I call
To mend my mvrning and my drery mone.
Thow gif me forss þat I nocht fant nor fall
Till I hir fynd. Forsuth, seik hir I sall

gole: grief; *greit:* crying; *pynnis:* pegs; l.141: Bannatyne, *foll;* Asloan MS, *for; preiss:* strive; *spring:* merry tune; *wid:* wood; *deuod:* relieve; *womenting:* sorrow; *wailȝeit:* availed; *plesandis:* delights; *wilsum:* wandering; *werd:* fate; *ware:* ? endure; *bene:* pleasant; *bess:* beast; l.167: Bannatyne, *pelfull;* Asloan MS, *panefull; Direk:* lead; *begyld:* cheated; *oursyld:* concealed; *go leiss:* be lost; *fyld:* defiled; *grantser:* grandfather; l.177: Bannatyne omits *I;* supplied from Asloan MS;

And nowþer stint nor stand for stok nor stone.
Throw thy godheid grant me quhair scho is gone.
Gar hir appeir and put my hairt in pess.'
King Orpheuss thus, with his harp allone,
Soir weipand for his wyfe, Euridices.

Quhen endit wer thir songis lamentable
He tuk his harp and on his breist can hing,
Syne passit to þe hevin, as sayis the fable,
To seik his wyfe, bot þat wel3eid no thing.
By Wedlingis Streit he went but tareing,
Syne come doun throw þe speir of Saturne ald
Quhilk fadir is to all þe stormis cald.

Quhen scho wes socht outhrow þat cauld regioun,
Till Iupiter, his grandser, can he wend fol.320*a*
Quhilk rewit soir his lamentatioun
And gart his spheir be socht fro end to end.
Scho was nocht thair, and doun he can descend
Till Mars, þe god of battell and of stryfe,
And socht his spheir. 3it gat he nocht his wyfe.

Than went he doun till his fadir Phebus,
God of þe sone with bemis brycht and cleir,
Bot quhen he saw his awin sone Orpheuss
In sic a plicht, þat changit all his cheir
And gart annone ga seik throw all his spheir,
Bot all in vane. His lady come nocht thair.
He tuk his leif and to Venus can fair.

Quhen he hir saw he knelit and said thuss:
'Wait 3e nocht weill I am 3our awin trew knycht:
In luve none leler than Ser Orpheuss,
And 3e of luve goddess and most of micht,
Of my lady help me to get a sicht.'
'For suth,' quod scho, '3e mone seik nedir mair.'
Than fra Venus he tuk his leif, but mair.

Till Mercury but tary is he gone
Quhilk callit is þe god of eloquens,
Bot of his wyfe thair gat he knawlege none.
With wofull hairt he passit doun frome thens
On to þe mone. He maid no residens.
Thus frome þe hevin he went onto þe erd,
3it be þe way sum melody he lerd.

In his passage amang þe planeitis all
He hard a hevinly melody and sound,

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wel3eid: availed; *Wedlingis Streit:* Watling Street (here the Milky Way); *socht:* searched;

l.210: Bannatyne, *For sur;* Asloan MS, *For suth; nedir mair:* further down;

Passing all instrumentis musicall,
Causit be rollyn of þe speiris round,
Quhilk armony of all this mappamound—
Quhill moving seiss vnyt perpetuall—
Quhilk of this warld Pluto þe saule can call.

Thair leirit he tonis proportionat
As duplare, triplare and emetricus,
Enolius and eik þe quadruplait,
Epoddeus rycht hard and curius.
Off all thir sex, sueit and delicius,
Ryt consonant fyfe hevinly symphonyss
Componyt ar, as clerkis can devyse.

First diatesserone full sueit I wiss,
And dyapasone semple and dowplait, fol.320*b*
And dyapenty componyt with þe dyss—
Thir makis fyve of thre mvltiplicat.
This mirry mvsik and mellefluat,
Compleit and full of nummeris od and evin,
Is causit be þe moving of þe hevin.

Off sic mvsik to wryt I do bot do it,
Thairfoir of this mater a stray I lay,
For in my lyfe I cowth nevir sing a noit;
Bot I will tell how Orpheus tuk the way
To seik his wyfe attour the grauis gray,
Hungry and cauld, with mony wilsum wone,
Withouttin gyd, he and his harp allone.

He passit furth the space of twenty dayis
Fer, and full fer, and ferrer than I can tell,
And ay he fand streitis and reddy wayis,
Till at þe last vnto the ȝet of Hell
He come, and þair he fand a porter fell
With three heidis, wes callit Serberus,
A hound of Hell, a monstour mervellus.

Than Orpheus began to be agast
Quhen he beheld þat vgly hellis hound.
He tuk his harp and on it playit fast
Till at þe last, throw sueitnes of þe sound,
This dog slepit and fell doun on þe ground.
Than Orpheus attour his wame in stall
And neddirmair he went, as ȝe heir sall.

mappamound: world; l.224: In perpetual unison, until moving cease; *leirit:* learned; *duplare:* double time; *triplare:* triple time; *emetricus:* ? proportion; *Enolius:* the perfect fifth; *Epoddeus:* the proportion of nine to eight; *consonant:* according in sound; *Componyt:* composed; *diatesserone:* the interval of a fourth; *dyapasone:* harmony; *dyapenty:* the interval of a fifth; *dyss:* double interval; *stray:* straw; *wilsum wone:* wild dwelling; *attour:* over; *wame:* belly; *in stall:* stole in;

He passit furth ontill a ryvir deip,
Our it a brig, and on it sisteris thre
Quhilk had þe entre of þe brig to keip.
Electo, Mygra and Thesaphone
Turnit a quheill, wes vgly for to se,
And on it spred a man hecht Exione,
Rolland about rycht windir wo begone.

Than Orpheus playd a ioly spring:
The thre susteris full fast thay fell on sleip,
The vgly quheill seisit of hir quhirling,
Thus left wes none þe entre for to keip,
Thane Exione out of þe quheill gan creip
And stall away, and Orpheus annone
Without stopping atour þe brig is gone.

Nocht far from thyne he come vnto a flude,
Drubly and deip and rythly doun can rin,
Quhair Tantelus nakit full thristy stude
And 3it þe wattir 3eid aboif his chin.
Quhen he gaipit þair wald no drop cum in,
Quhen he dowkit þe watter wald discend,
Thus gat he nocht his thrist to mend.

Befoir his face ane apill hang also,
Fast at his mowth vpoun a twynid threid.
Quhen he gaipit it rollit to and fro
And fled as it refusit him to feid.
Quhen Orpheus thus saw him suffir neid
He tuk his harp and fast on it can clink:
The wattir stud and Tantalus gat a drink.

Syne our a mvre with thornis thik and scherp,
Wepand allone a wilsum way he went,
And had nocht bene throw suffrage of his harp,
With fell pikis he had bene schorne and schent;
As he blenkit besyd him on þe bent
He saw lyand speldit a wofull wycht
Nalit full fast, and Titius he hecht.

And on his breist thair sat a grisly grip
Quhilk with his bill his belly throw can boir
Both maw, myddret. Hart, lever and trip
He ruggit out. His panis was þe moir.
Quhen Orpheus thus saw him suffir soir

fol.321*a*

Drubly: turbid; *rythly:* quickly; *gaipit:* opened his mouth; *dowkit:* plunged; l.281: *to;* Bannatyne, *no;* l.282: Bannatyne, *naple;* Asloan MS, *apill;* l.283: Bannatyne omits *threid;* supplied from Asloan MS; l.284: Bannatyne, *Quhe;* Asloan MS, *Quhen; suffrage:* aid; *pikis:* thorns; *schent:* destroyed; *bent:* ground; *speldit:* spread-eagled; *he hecht:* he was called; *grip:* vulture; *throw can boir:* bored through; *maw:* stomach; *myddret:* diaphragm;

He tuke his herp and maid sueit melody.
The grip is fled and Titius left his cry.

Be3ond this mvre he fand a feirfull streit
Myrk as þe nycht, to pass rycht dengerus—
For sliddreness skant mycht he hald his feit—
In quhilk þair wes a stynk rycht odiuss
That gydit him to hiddouss Hellis houss
Quhair Rodomantus and Proserpina
Wer king and quene, and Orpheus in can ga.

O dully place, grundles deip dungeoun,
Furness of fyre and stink intollerable,
Pit of dispair without remissioun,
Thy meit wennome, thy drink is pvsonable,
Thy grit panis and to compt wnnwmerable,
Quhat creature cumis to dwell in the
Is ay deand, and nevirmoir sall de.

Thair fand he mony cairfull king and quene,
With croun on heid, with brass full birnand, fol.321*b*
Quhilk in þair lyfe full maisterfull had bene
And conquerouris of gold, richess and land.
Hectore of Troy and Priame þair he fand
And Alexander for his wrang conqueist,
Antiochus als for his foull incest,

And Iulius Cesar for his foull crewaltie,
And Herod with his brudiris wyfe he saw,
And Nero for his grit iniquitie,
And Pilot for his breking of þe law,
Syne vndir þat he lukit and cowth knaw
Cresus, that king, none mychtiar on mold,
For cuvatyse 3et full of birnand gold.

Thair saw he Pharo for the oppressioun
Of Godis folk on quhilk the plaigis fell,
And Sawll for þe grit abusioun
Was iustice to þe folk of Israell;
Thair saw he Acob and Quene Iesabell
Quhilk silly Nabot, þat wes a propheit trew,
For his wyne 3aird withouttin mercy slew.

Thair saw he mony paip and cardynall
In haly kirk quhilk did abusioun,
And bischopis in þair pontificall
Be symonie and wrang intrusioun,
Abbottis and all men of religioun
For evill disponyng of þair place and rent
In flame of fyre wer þittirly torment.

pvsonable: poisonous; *compt:* reckon; *deand:* dying; *full birnand:* shining brightly; *pontificall:* episcopal vestments; *intrusion:* possession of office; *rent:* income;

Syne neddirmair he went quhair Pluto was
And Proserpyne, and hiddirwart he drew
Ay playand on his harp quhair he cowth pass,
Till at þe last, Erudices he knew—
Lene and deidlyk and peteouss paill of hew,
Rycht warsche and wane and walluid as þe weid,
Hir lilly lyre wes lyk vnto þe leid.

Quod he, 'My lady leill and my delyt,
Full wo is me to se ȝow changit thus.
Quhair is ȝour rude as ross with cheikis quhyte,
ȝour cristell ene with blenkis amorus,
ȝour lippis reid, to kiss delicius?'
Quod scho, 'As now, I der nocht tell perfay,
Bot ȝe sall wit þe causs ane vþer day.'

Quod Pluto: 'Ser, thocht scho be lyk ane elf fol.322*a*
Scho hes no causs to plenȝe and for quhy?
Scho fairis alsweill daylie as dois my self
Or King Herod for all his chevelry.
It is langour þat putis hir in sic ply.
War scho at hame in hir cuntre of Trace,
Scho wald rewert full sone in fax and face.'

Than Orpheus befoir Pluto sat doun
And in his handis quhit his herp can ta
And playit mony sueit proportioun
With baiss tonis in Ipotdorica,
With gemilling in Yporlerica,
Quhill at þe last, for rewth and grit petie
Thay weipit soir þat cowth him heir or se.

Than Proserpene and Pluto bad him ass
His waresoun, and he wald haif rycht nocht
Bot licience with his wyfe away to pass
To his cuntre, þat he so far had socht.
Quod Proserpyne, 'Sen I hir hiddir brocht
We sall nocht pairte without conditioun.'
Quod he, 'þairto I mak promissioun.'

'Euridices than be þe hand thow tak
And pass thi way, bot vndirneth this pane:
Gife thow turnis or blenkis behind thy bak
We sall hir haif to Hell for evir agane.'
Thocht this was hard ȝit Orpheus was fane
And on thay went talkand of play and sport
Till thay almost come to þe outwart port.

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hiddirwart: thither; *warsche:* pallid; *wane:* wan; *walluid:* withered; *weid:* weed; *lyre:* complexion; *leid:* lead; *rude:* complexion; *ross:* rose; l.365: Bannatyne omits *fax,* hair; supplied from Asloan MS; *quhit:* white; *Ipotdorica:* Hypodorian; *gemilling:* second part; *Yporlerica:* Hypolocrian; *waressoun:* reward;

Thus Orpheus, with inwart lufe repleit,
So blindit was with grit effectioun,
Pensyfe in hart apone his lady sueit,
Remembrit nocht his hard conditioun.
Quhat will ȝe moir? In schort conclusioun,
He blent bakwart and Pluto come annone
And on to Hell with hir agane is gone.

Allace, it wes grit pety for to heir
Of Orpheus the weping and þe wo,
How his lady þat he had bocht so deir
Bot for a luk so sone wes tane him fro.
Flatlingis he fell and micht no fordir go
And lay a quhile in swoun and extasy.
Quhen he ourcome this, out of lufe gan cry: fol.322*b*

'Quhat art thow, luve? How sall I the defyne?
Bittir and sueit, crewall and merciable,
Pleasand to sum, to vþir plent and pyne,
Till sum constant, to vþir wariable,
Hard is thy law, thy bandis vnbrekable.
Quho seruis the, thocht thay be nevir so trew,
Perchance sum tyme thay sall haif causs to rew.

'Now find I weill this proverb trew,' quod he,
'"Hart on the hurd, and handis on þe soir,
Quhair luve gois on forss mone turne the e,"
I am expart, and wo is me þairfoir.
Bot for a luke my lady is forloir.'
Thus chydand on with luve our burne and bent,
A wofull wedo hamewart is he went.

Moralitas

Now wirthy folk, Boece, þat senatour,
To wryt this fenȝeit fable tuk in cure
In his gay buke of *Consolatioun*
For our doctrene and gud instructioun;
Quhilk in þe self, suppoiss it fenȝeid be
And hid vndir þe cloik of poetre,
ȝit Maister Trivat, Doctour Nicholass,
Quhilk in his tyme a noble theologe wass,
Applyis it to gud moralitie,
Rycht full of fruct and seriositie.
Fair Phebus is þe god of sapience.
Caliope his wyfe is eloquence.
Thir twa mareit gat Orpheus belyfe
Quhilk callit is the pairte intelletyfe
Off manis saule and vndirstanding, fre
And seperat fra sensualitie.

Flatlingis: prostrate; ll.409–10: Heart (is) on the hoard, and hands (always touching) the sore place, / Where love goes the eye must of necessity turn; *expart:* experienced; *burne:* stream; *bent:* field; *gay:* excellent; *pairte intelletyfe:* intellectual faculty;

Euridices is our effectioun
Be fantesy oft movit vp and doun:
Quhile to ressone it castis the delyte,
Quhyle to þe flesche it settis the appetyte.
Arestius, this herd þat cowth persew
Euridices, is nocht bot gud vertew
That bissy is to keip our myndis clene,
Bot quhen we fle outthrow þe medow grene
Fra vertew till þis warldis vane plesans, fol.323*a*
Myngit with cair and full of variance;
The serpentis stang þat is þe deidly syn
That posownis þe saule without and in
And than is deid and eik oppressit doun
Till wardly lust and all our affectioun.
Thane perfyte wisdome weipis wondir soir
Seand thus gait our appetyte misfair,
And to þe hevin he passit vp belyfe
Schawand to ws þe lyfe contemplatyfe,
The perfyte wit and eik þe fervent luve
We suld haif allway to þe hevin abuve;
Bot seildin þair our appetyte is fundin,
It is so fast within þe body bundin.
Thairfoir dounwart we cast our myndis e,
Blindit with lust, and may nocht vpwartis fle.
Sould our desyre be socht up in þe spheiris
Quhen it is tedderit in þir warldly breiris,
Quhyle on þe flesch, quhyle on þis warldis wrak,
And to þe hevin full small intent we tak?
Sir Orpheus, thow seikis all in vane
Thy wyfe so he. Thairfoir, cum doun agane
And pas vnto þe monster mervellus
With thre heidis þat we call Cerberus,
Quhilk fenȝeid is to haif so mony heidis
For to betakin thre maner of deidis:
The first is in the tendir ȝong bernage,
The secound deid is in þe middill age,
The thrid is in greit eild quhen men ar tane;
Thus Cerberus to swelly sparis nane.
Bot quhen our mynd is myngit with sapience
And plais vpoun þe herp of eloquence,
That is to say makis persuasioun
To draw our will and our affectioun
In every eild fra syn and fowll delyte,
The dog our sawll na power hes to byte.
The secound monstour ar the sistiris thre,
Electo, Migera and Thesaphany,
Ar nocht ellis in bukis as we reid
Bot wicket thocht, ill word and thrawart deid.

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l.435: Bannatyne omits *herd;* supplied from Asloan MS; *misfair:* come to grief; *wrak:* possessions; l.461: Bannatyne omits *pas;* supplied from Asloan MS; *fenȝeid:* fabled; *bernage:* youth; *swelly:* devour; *thrawart:* ill-natured;

Electo is þe bolling of þe harte;
Mygera the wickit word inwart.
Thesaphony is operatioun
That makis fynall executioun
In deidly syn, and thir thre turnis ay
The vgly quheill. Is nocht ellis to say
Bot, wardly men sumtyme ar cassin he fol.323*b*
Vpone þe quheill in gret prosperitie
And with a quhirle onwarly, or þai wait,
Ar thrawin doun to pure and law estait.
Off Exione þat on þe quheill wes spred
I sall ȝow tell of sum pairte as I haif red:
He was of lyfe brukle and lecherouss
And in þat craft hardy and curaguss
That he wald luve in to no lawar place
Bot Iuno, quene of nature and goddace;
And on a day he went vp on þe sky
And socht Iuno, thinkand with hir to ly.
Scho saw him cum and knew his foull intent.
A rany clud, one fra þe firmament,
Scho gart discend and kest betuix þame two
And in þat clud his nature ȝeid him fro,
Off quhilk was generat þe Sentowriss
Half man, half horss, vpoun a ferly wiss.
Thane, for þe inwart crabing and offens
That Iuno tuke for his grit violens,
Scho send him doun vnto þe sistiris thre
Vpone a quheill ay turnyt for to be.
Bot quhen ressoun and perfyte sapience
Playis vpone þe herp of eloquens
And persuadis our fleschly appetyte
To leif þe thocht of þis warldly delyte
Than seissis of our hert þe wicket will,
Fra frawart language than the tong is still,
Our synfull deidis fallis doun on sleip,
Than Exione out of þe quheill gan creip—
That is to say the grit solicitud
Quhyle up quhyle doun to win this warldis gud
Seissis furthwith and our affectioun
Waxis quiet in contemplatioun.
This Tantalus of quhome I spak of aire
Quhill he levit he was a gay ostlaire,
And on a nycht come travilland þairby
The god of richess and tuk harbery
With Tantalus, and he till his supper
Slew his awin sone þat was leif and deir.
Syne in a sew, with spycis soddin weill,
He gart þe god eit vp his flesche ilk deill.

bolling: (prideful) swelling; *cassin he:* cast high; *onwarly:* without warning; *brukle:* morally frail; *affectioun:* passion; *harbery:* lodging; *sew:* broth; *soddin:* boiled;

For this dispyt quhen he wes deid annone
Was dampnit in þe flud of Acherone
Till suffer hungir, thrist nakit and cawld,
Rycht wo begone as I befoir haif tould. fol.324*a*
This hungry man and thristy, Tantalus,
Betaknis men gredy and covetouss,
The god of riches þat ar ay reddy
For to ressaif and tak in harbery,
And till him sieth his sone in pecis small
That is þe flesch and blud, with grit travell
To full þe bag, and neuir fund in thair hairt
Vpoun þame self to spend, nor tak þair pairte.
Allace, in erd quhair is thair mair foly
Than for to want and half haboundantly,
Till haif distress on bed, on bak and burd
And spair till vþer men of gold a hurd?
And in þe nycht sleip soundly thay may nocht,
To gaddir geir so gredy is thair thocht.
Bot quhen ressoun and intelligence
Smytis vpoun þe herp of conscience,
Schawand to ws quhat perrell on ilk syd
That þai incur, quhay will trest or confyd
Into þis warldis vane prosperitie
Quhilk hes thir sory properteis thre,
That is to say, gottin with grit labour,
Keipit with dreid and tynt with grit dolour?
This grit avariss be grace quha vndirstud
I trow suld leif þair grit solicitude
Off ythand thochtis and he besines
To gaddir gold, syne leif in distres,
Bot he suld eit and drink quhen evir he list,
Off cuvatyse to slaik þe birnand thrist.
This Titius lay nalit on þe bent
And þe grip his bowellis revin and rent.
Quhill he levit he set al his intentioun
To find þe craft of diuinatioun
And lyrit it vnto þe spamen all,
To tell befoir sic thingis as wald befall,
Quhat lyfe, quhat deth, quhat destany and werd
Provydit ware vnto every man on erd.
Appollo than for this abusioun,
Quhilk is þe god of diuinatioun,
For he vsurpit of his facultie
Put him to Hell and þair remanis he.
Ilk man þat heiris þis conclusioun
Suld dreid to serss be constillatioun
Thingis to fall vndir þe firmament, fol.324*b*
Till ȝe or na quhilk ar indefferent,
Without profixit causs and certane,

sieth: cook; l.542: Bannatyne, *wyn;* Asloan MS, *vþer; ythand:* constant; l.563: Bannatyne, *spyne;* Asloan MS, *spamen:* fortune tellers; *serss:* examine; *Till ȝe or na:* to yes or no; *profixit:* pre-ordained;

Quhilk nane in erd may knaw, bot God allane.
Quhen Orpheus vpoun his harp can play
That is our vndirstanding for to say
Cryis, 'O man, recleme þi folich harte.
Will thow be God and tak on the his pairte
To tell thingis to cum þat neuir wil be
Quhilk God hes kepit in his preuetie?
Thow ma no mair offend to God of micht
Na with þi spaying reif fra him his richt.'
This perfyte wisdome with his melody
Fleyis þe spreit of fenȝeid profecy
And drawis vpwart our affectioun
Fra wichcraft, spaying and sorsery
And superstitioun of astrolegy,
Saif allanerly sic maner of thingis
Quhilk vpoun trew and certane caussis hingis,
The quhilk mone cum and to þair end indure
On verry forss and nocht throw avanture,
As is þe clippis and þe coniunctioun
Of sone and mone be calculatioun,
The quhilk ar fundin in trew astronomy
Be moving of þe speiris in þe sky—
All thir to speik it may be tollerable
And none vdir quhilk no caussis stable.
This vgly way, this myrk and dully streit,
Is nocht ellis bot blinding of þe spreit
With myrk cluddis and myst of ignorance
Affetterrit in þis warldis vane plesance
And bissines of temporalite.
To kene þe self a styme it may nocht se
For scammeris on eftir effectioun
Fra ill to war, ale thus to Hale gois doun—
That is wan howp throw lang hanting of syn
And fowll dispair þat mony fallis in.
Than Orpheus, our ressoun, is full wo
And twichis on his harp and biddis ho
Till our desyre and fulich appetyte,
Bidis leif þis warldis full delyte.
Than Pluto god and Quene of Hellis fyre
Mone grant to ressoun on forss the desyre,
Than Orpheus hes wone Euridices, fol.325*a*
Quhen our desyre with ressoun makis pess
And seikis vp to contemplatioun,
Of syn detestand þe abutioun.
Bot ilk man suld be wyse and warly se

spaying: soothsaying; *reif:* rob; *Fleyis:* divests; l.592: Bannatyne, *The quhilk mone cum to þair caus indure,* for commendations see Gregory Smith I,p.58; *stable:* establish; *Affetterrit:* fettered; ll.605–7: To know itself it may not see a whit, /For it stumbles on following its own inclinations, /From bad to worse (and) in this way goes down to Hell; *wan howp:* hopelessness; *hanting:* frequenting; *biddis ho:* calls a halt; *full:* foul; *seikis vp:* strives upward; *abutioun:* abuse;

That he bakwart cast nocht his myndis e,
Gifand consent and delectatioun
Off fleschly lust for þe affectioun,
For thane gois bakwart to þe sone agane
Our appetyte, as it befoir was slane,
In warldly lust and vane prosperite,
And makis ressoun wedow for to be.

Now pray we God sen our affectioun
Is allway promp and reddy to fall doun,
That he wald vndirput his haly hand
Of mantenans and gife ws forss to stand
In perfyte luve, as he is glorius.
And thus endis þe taill of Orpheus.

Finis. Quod Mr. Robert Henrysone.

388 This hindir ȝeir I hard be tald
Thair was a worthy king;
Dukis, erlis and barronis bald
He had at his bidding.
The lord was anceane and ald
And sexty ȝeiris cowth ring.
He had a dochter fair to fald,
A lusty lady ȝing.

Off all fairheid scho bur þe flour,
And eik hir faderis air:
Off lusty laitis and he honour,
Meik bot, and debonair.
Scho wynnit in a bigly bour,
On fold wes none so fair.
Princis luvit hir paramour
In cuntreis our allquhair.

Thair dwelt alyt besyde þe king
A fowll gyane of ane;
Stollin he hes the lady ȝing,
Away with hir is gane
And kest hir in his dungering
Quhair licht scho micht se nane. fol.325*b*
Hungir and cauld and grit thristing
Scho fand in to hir wame.

He wes þe laithliest on to luk
þat on þe grund mycht gang.
His nailis wes lyk ane Hellis cruk,
Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.

hindir ȝeir: recently; *fald:* embrace; *lusty laitis:* happy disposition; *bot:* also; *wynnit:* dwelt; *bigly:* pleasant; *paramour:* passionately; *alyt:* a little way off; *of ane:* uniquely; *quarter(is):* nine inches;

Thair wes nane þat he ourtuk
In rycht or ȝit in wrang
Bot all in schondir he þame schuke,
The gyane wes so strang.

He held the lady day and nycht
Within his deip dungeoun.
He wald nocht gif of hir a sicht
For gold nor ȝit ransoun
Bot gife þe king mycht get a knycht
To fecht with his persoun,
To fecht with him both day and nycht
Quhill ane wer dungin doun.

The king gart seik baith fer and neir
Beth be se and land
Off ony knycht gife he micht heir
Wald fecht with þat gyand.
A worthy prince þat had no peir
Hes tane þe deid on hand,
For þe luve of þe lady cleir,
And held full trew cunnand.

That prince come prowdly to þe toun
Of þat gyane to heir
And fawcht with him his awin persoun
And tuke him presoneir
And kest him in his awin dungeoun,
Allane, withouttin feir,
With hungir, cauld and confusioun,
As full weill worthy weir.

Syne brak þe bour, had hame þe bricht
Vnto hir fadir deir.
Sa evill wondit was þe knycht
That he behuvit to de.
Vnlusum was his likame dicht.
His sark was all bludy. fol.326*a*
In all þe warld was þair a wicht
So peteouss for to sy?

The lady murnyt and maid grit mone
With all hir mekle micht:
'I luvit nevir lufe bot one
þat dulfully now is dicht.
God sen my lyfe wer fra me tone
Or I had sene ȝone sicht,
Or ellis in begging evir to gone
Furth with ȝone curtass knycht.'

---

cunnand: skill; *weir:* was; *likame:* body;
Vnlusum: unlovely;

He said, 'Fair lady, now mone I
De, trestly ȝe me trow.
Tak ȝe my sark þat is bludy
And hing it forrow ȝow.
First think on it and syne on me
Quhen men cumis ȝow to wow.'
The lady said, 'Be Mary fre,
Thairto I mak a wow.'

Quhen þat scho lukit to þe serk
Scho thocht on þe persoun
And prayit for him with all hir harte
That lowsd hir of bandoun
Quhair scho was wont to sit full merk
In þat deip dungeoun,
And evir quhill scho wes in quert
That wass hir a lessoun.

Sa weill þe lady luvit þe knycht
þat no man wald scho tak.
Sa suld we do our God of micht
That did all for ws mak,
Quhilk fullely to deid wes dicht
For sinful manis saik.
Sa suld we do both day and nycht
With prayaris to him mak.

Moralitas This king is lyk þe Trinitie,
Baith in Hevin and heir,
The manis saule to þe lady,
The gyane to Lucefeir,
The knycht to Chryst þat deit on tre
And coft our synnis deir, fol.326*b*
The pit to Hell with panis fell,
The syn to þe woweir.

The lady was wowd bot scho said nay
With men þat wald hir wed.
Sa suld we wryth all syn away
That in our breistis bred.
I pray to Iesu Chryst verrey
For ws his blud þat bled
To be our help on domysday
Quhair lawis ar straitly led.

The saule is Godis dochtir deir
And eik his handewerk
That was betrasit with Lucifeir
Quha sittis in Hell full merk.

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bandoun: durance; *merk:* dark; *coft:* redeemed; *woweir:* wooer; *quert:* health; *fullely:* foully; *wryth:* expel;

Borrowit with Chrystis angell cleir,
Hend men, will ȝe nocht herk?
For his lufe þat bocht ws deir
Think on þe bludy serk.

Finis. Quod Mr. Robert Henrici.

395 Quhen Merche wes with variand windis past
And Appryll had with hir siluer schouris
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May þat mvddir is of flouris
Had maid þe birdis to begyn þair houris
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt,

In bed at morrow sleiping as I lay,
Me thocht Aurora with hir cristall ene
In at þe window lukit by þe day
And halsit me with visage paill and grene,
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
'Awalk luvaris out of ȝour slomering.
Se how the lusty morrow dois vp spring.'

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed upstude
In weid depaynt of mony diuerss hew,
Sobir, benyng and full of mansuetude,
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
Balmit in dew and gilt with Phebus bemys
Quhill all þe houss illumynit of hir lemys.

'Slugird,' scho said, 'awalk annone for schame, fol.343*a*
And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt.
The lork hes done þe mirry day proclame
To raiss vp luvaris with confort and delyt:
ȝit nocht incressis thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene
Sangis to mak vndir the levis grene.'

'Quhairto,' quod I, 'sall I vpryss at morrow?
For in this May few birdis herd I sing.
Thai haif moir causs to weip and plane thair sorrow.
Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng.
Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring.
So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.'

Borrowit: ransomed; *Hend:* good. *houris:* morning prayers; *halsit:* saluted; *splene:* heart; *mansuetude:* gentleness; *Balmit:* embalmed; *lemys:* beams; *lork:* lark; *curage:* disposition; *indyt:* write; *bewis:* boughs;

With þat this lady sobirly did smyll
And said, 'Vpryss and do thy observance.
Thow did promyt in Mayis lusty quhyle
For to discryve the ross of most plesance.
Go se the birdis, how thay sing and dance
Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,
Annamyllit richely with new asur lycht.'

Quhen this was said depairtit scho this quene
And enterit in a lusty gairding gent,
And than, me thocht, full hestely besene
In serk and mantill eftir hir I went
In to þis garth, most dulce and redolent
Off herb and flour and tendir plantis sueit,
And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid,
In orient, bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis putting vp his heid,
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir
That all þe world tuke confort fer and neir
To luke vpone his fresche and blisfull face,
Doing all sable fro þe hevynnis chace.

And, as þe blisfull sonne of cherarchy
The fowlis song throw confort of þe licht,
The birdis did with oppin vocis cry:
'O luvaris fo, away thow dully nycht
And welcum day þat confortis every wicht.
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene,
Haill Princes Natur, haill Venus, luvis quene.'

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair fol.343*b*
To ferss Neptunus and Eolus þe bawld
Nocht to perturb þe wattir nor þe air,
And þat no schouris nor blastis cawld
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on þe fold.
Scho bad eik Iuno, goddes of þe sky.
That scho þe hevin suld keip amene and dry.

Scho ordand eik þat every bird and beist
Befoir hir hienes suld annone compeir,
And every flour of vertew most and leist,
And every herb be feild fer and neir,
As thay had wont in May fro 3eir to 3eir
To hir, thair makar, to mak obediens,
Full law inclynnand with all dew reuerens.

gent: beautiful; *besene:* dressed; l.46: Bannatyne, *full haistely; eftir hir* supplied from Hunterian; *doing of dew doun fleit:* causing dew to fall; *sonne:* music; *cherarchy:* heavenly host; *Effray:* frighten;

With þat annone scho send the suyft ro
To bring in beistis of all conditioun.
The restles suallow commandit scho also
To feche all fowll of small and greit renown,
And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun.
Full craftely conjurit scho þe ȝarrow,
Quhilk did furth swirk als swift as ony arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane e,
Baith beist and bird and flour befoir the quene;
And first the lyone, gretast of degre,
Was callit thair and he most fair to sene,
With a full hardy contenance and kene,
Befoir Dame Natur come and did inclyne,
With visage bawld and curage leonyne.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir,
Persing of luke and stout of countenance,
Rycht strong of corpis, of fassoun fair, but feir,
Lusty of schaip, lycht of deliuerance,
Reid of his cullour as is the ruby glance,
On feild of gold he stude full mychtely
With flour delycis sirculit lustely.

This lady liftit vp his cluvis cleir,
And leit him listly lene vpone hir kne,
And crownit him with dyademe full deir
Off radyous stonis most ryall for to se,
Saying, 'The king of beistis mak I the,
And the cheif protector in woddis and schawis.
Onto þi leigis go furth and keip the lawis.

'Exerce iustice with mercy and conscience, fol.344*a*
And lat no small beist suffir skaith na skornis
Of greit beistis þat bene of moir piscence.
Do law elyk to aipis and vnicornis
And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis
The meik pluch ox oppress for all his pryd,
Bot in þe ȝok go peciable him besyd.'

Quhen this was said with noyis and soun of ioy,
All kynd of beistis in to þair degre
At onis cryit lawd, 'Viue le roy',
And till his feit fell with humilite,
And all thay maid him homege and fewte,
And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis
Quhois noble yre is parcere prostratis.

ȝarrow: the herb milfoil; *swirk:* spring; *fassoun:* appearance; *but feir:* without equal; *lycht of deliuerance:* nimble of motion; *glance:* gleam; *cluvis:* claws; *listly:* pleasantly; *radyous:* radiant; *schawis:* groves; *skaith:* injury; *skornis:* ridicule; *piscence:* power; *bowgle:* wild ox; *pluch:* plough; *fewte:* fealty; *laitis:* manners; l.119: Bannatyne, *proceir; parcere:* capable of defending; see note in Small, III, p.275; *prostratis:* the cast down;

Syne crownit scho þe egle king of fowlis,
And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
And bawd him be als iust to awppis and owlis,
As vnto pacokkis, papingais or crennis,
And mak a law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis,
And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris þat grew on feild
Discirnyng all þair fassionis and effeiris.
Vpone þe awfull thrissill scho beheld
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris.
Concedring him so able for þe weiris,
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif
And said, 'In feild go furth and fend the laif,

'And sen thow art a king thow be discreit:
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
As herb of vertew and of odor sueit,
And lat no nettill vyle and full of vyce
Hir fallow to þe gudly flour delyce,
Nor latt no wyld weid full of churlicheness
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness,

'Nor hald non vdir flour in sic denty
As the fresche ross of cullour reid and quhyt.
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honesty,
Conciddering þat no flour is so perfyt,
So full of vertew, plesans and delyt,
So full of blisfull angeilik bewty,
Imperiall birth, honour and dignite.' fol.344*b*

Than to þe ross scho turnyt hir visage
And said, 'O lusty dochtir most benyng,
Aboif þe lilly illustare of lynnage,
Fro þe stok ryell rysing fresche and ȝing,
But ony spot or macull doing spring,
Cum blowme of ioy with iemis to be cround,
For our the laif thy bewty is renownd.'

A coistly croun with clarefeid stonis brycht
This cumly quene did on hir heid incloiss
Quhill all þe land illumynit of þe licht;
Quhairfoir me thocht all flouris did reioss
Crying attonis, 'Haill be thow richest ross,
Haill hairbis empryce, haill freschest quene of flouris,
To the be glory and honour at all houris.'

papingais: parrots; *crennis:* cranes; *ravyne:* prey; *effeiris:* characteristics; *laif:* others; *pryce:* value; *Hir fallow:* presume herself equal; *denty:* esteem; *macull:* blemish; *clarefeid:* polished; *hairbis:* plants;

Thane all þe birdis song with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull soun wes mervelus to heir.
The mavyss song, 'Haill roiss most riche and richt
That dois vp flureiss vndir Phebus speir.
Haill plant of 3owth. Haill princes dochtir deir.
Haill blosome breking out of þe blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall.'

The merle scho sang, 'Haill roiss of most delyt.
Haill of all flouris quene and souerane.'
The lark scho song, 'Haill roiss both reid and quhyt,
Most plesand flour of michty cullouris twane.'
The nychtingaill song, 'Haill Naturis suffragene,
In bewty nurtour and every nobilness,
In riche array, renown and gentilness.'

The commoun voce vpraiss of birdis small
Apone this wyss, 'O blissit be the hour
That thow wes chosin to be our principall.
Welcome to be our princes of honour,
Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
Our peax, our play, our plane felicite.
Chryst the conserf frome all aduersite.'

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout
That I annone awoilk quhair þat I lay
And with a braid I turnyt me about
To se this court, bot all wer went away.
Than vp I lenyt halflingis in affrey,
And thuss I wret as 3e haif hard to forrow
Off lusty May vpone þe nynt morrow.

Explicit. Quod Dumbar.

fol.345*a*

396 Followis the Goldin Terge

Rycht as the sterne of day began to schyne
Quhen gone to bed wes Vesper and Lucyne
I raiss, and by a roseir did me rest.
Vp sprang þe goldin candill matutyne
With cleir depurit bemys christallyne
Glading þe mirry fowlis in thair nest.
Or Phebus wes in purpour kaip revest
Vp sprang the lark, the hevinis menstrall fyne,
In May in till a morrow mirthfullest.

Full angelik thir birdis sang þair houris
Within thair courtingis grene within thair bouris

l.182: *Chryst;* Bannatyne, *Crhyst; braid:* start; l.187: Then I arose half in fear. *sterne:* star; *roseir:* rose garden; *matutyne:* of the morning; l.5: *christallyne;* Bannatyne *crhistallyne; revest:* clad; *houris:* morning prayers; *courtingis:* curtains;

Apparrellit with quhayte and reid with blumys sweit.
Ennammalit wes þe feild with all cullouris.
The perlit droppis schuke in siluer schouris
Quhill all in balme did branche and levis fleit.
Depairt fra Phebus did Aurora greit.
Hir cristall teiris I saw hing on þe flouris,
Quhilk he for lufe all drank vp with his heit.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,
The birdis sang vpoun the tendir croppis
With courius nottis, as Venus chapell clarkis.
The rossis reid now spreiding of þair knoppis
Wer powderit bricht with hevinly beriall droppis,
Throw bemis reid, lemyng as ruby sparkis.
The skyis rang for schowtting of þe larkis.
The purpour hevin ourskalit in siluer sloppis
Ourgilt þe treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.

Doun thrwch ryss ane rever ran with stremis
So lustely vpoun the lykand lemis
That all þe laik as lamp did leme of licht, fol.345*b*
Quhilk schaddowit all about with twynklyne glemis.
The bewis baitheit war in secound bemis
Throw the reflex of Phebus visage bricht.
On every syde þe hege raiss on hicht;
The bonk wes grene. þe sone wes full of bemis,
The staneris cleir as sternis in frosty nicht.

The cristall air, the sapheir firmament,
The ruby skyis of þe reid orient
Kest beriall bemis on emerant bewis grene.
The rosy garth depaynt and redolent
With purpour, asure, gold and gowlis gent
Arrayit wes be Dame Flora, þe quene,
Sa nobilly þat ioy wes for to sene.
The roche agane þe rever resplendent
As low illuminit all þe levis schene.

Quhat throw þe mirry fowlis armony,
And throw þe reveris sound þat ran me by,
On Florayis mantill I sleipit quhair I lay,
Quhair sone vnto my dremis fantesy
I saw approche agane þe orient sky
Ane saill as blosome vpoun spray
With mast of gold, bricht as þe sterne of day,
Quhilk tendit to þe land full lustely
As falcon swoft desyrous of hir prey.

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fleit: flow with moisture; *greit:* weep; *knoppis:* buds; *beriall:* like beryl; *lemyng:* gleaming; *ourskalit:* sprinkled; *ryss:* brushwood; *lemis:* beams; *laik:* water; *leme:* shine; *bewis:* branches; l.34: Bannatyne, *ege;* Maitland MS, *hege; staneris:* stones; *redolent:* fragrant; *roche:* rock; *low:* flame; *schene:* bright; l.51: Bannatyne, *And;* Maitland MS, *Ane;* l.54: supplied from Maitland MS;

And hard on burd vnto þe blomit meidis,
Amangis the grene rispis and the reidis
Arryvit scho, quharfro annon thair landis
Ane hundreth ladeis lustie in till weidis,
Als fresche as flouris þat in þe May vpspreidis.
In kirtillis grene, withowttin kell or bandis,
Thair bricht hair hang glitterand on þe strandis
In tresis cleir wypit with goldin threidis,
With pawpis quhyt and middillis small as wandis.

Discryve I wald, bot quha cowth weill indyte
How all þe flouris with þair lilleis quhyte
Depaynte wes bricht, quhilk to þe hevin did gleit?
Nocht thow Homeir als fair as thow cowth wryte
For all þi ornat style most perfyte,
Nor ȝit thow Tullius, quhais lippis sweit fol.346*a*
Off rethorik did in till termis fleit.
ȝour aureat toungis baith bene all to lyte
For to compyle þat paradyss compleit.

Thair saw I Natur and als Dame Venus, quene,
The fresche Aurora and Lady Flora schene,
Iuno, Appollo, and Proserpina,
Diane, the goddes of chest and woidis grene,
My lady Cleo þat help off makaris bene,
Thetes, Pallas and prudent Minerva,
Fair faynit Fortoun and lemand Lucina,
Thir michty quenis with corrownis mycht be sene
With bemis bricht, blyth as Lucifera.

Thair saw I May, of mirthfull monethis quene,
Betuix Apryle and Iune, hir sisteris schene
Within þe gairdene walkand vp and doun,
Quhome of þe fowlis glaidith all bedene,
Scho was full tendir in till hir ȝeiris grene.
Thair saw I Nature present hir a goun,
Riche to behald and noble of renoun,
Off every hew þat vndir þe hevin hes bene
Depaynt and braid be gud proportioun.

Full lustely thir ladeis all in feir
Enterit within this park of maist pleseir
Quhair þat I lay heilit with levis ronk.
The mirry fowlis blisfullest of cheir
Salust Nature me thocht in þair maneir,
And every blome on brenche and eik on bonk
Opnit and spręd þair balmy levis donk
Full law inclyneand to þair quene full cleir,
Quhome of þair noble nvrissing thay thonk.

hard: near; *rispis:* coarse grasses; *weidis:* garments; *kell:* ornamental hair net; *strandis:* shores; *wypit:* tied; *gleit:* glitter; *termis:* words; *fleit:* flow; *chest:* (the) chaste; *bedene:* quickly; *braid:* embroidered; *heilit:* covered;

Syne to Dame Flora on the samyn wyiss
Thay saluss and thay thank a thowsand syiss,
And to Dame Venus, luvis michty quene,
Thay sang ballattis of luve as was þe gyiss,
With amorous nottis most lusty to devyiss.
As þat þai had luve in thair hairtis grene
Thair hony throttis opnit fro þe splene
With warbillis sweit did perss the hevinly skyiss,
Quhill lowd resownit þe firmament serene.

Ane vþir court thair saw I subsequent:
Cupeid the king a bow in hand ay bent fol.346*b*
And dreidfull arrowis grundin scherp and squair.
Thair saw I Mars, þe god armipotent,
Awfull and sterne, strong and corpolent.
Thair saw I crabit Saturne, awld and hair;
His luk wes lyk for to perturb þe air.
Thair was Marcourius, wyse and eloquent,
Of rethorik þat fand þe flowris fair.

Thair wes the god of gardynis, Priapus.
Thair wes the god of wildernes, Phanus,
And Ianus, god of entres dilectable.
Thair was þe god of fludis, Neptunus.
Thair was þe god of windis, Eolus,
With variant windis lyk till ane lord vnstable.
Thair was Bachus, the glader of þe table.
Thair was Pluto, that elriche incubus,
In cloke of grene. His court vsit vn sable.

And every one of thir in grene arrayit
On herp and lute full mirrely thay playit
And sang ballattis with michty nottis cleir.
Ladeis to danss full sobirly assayit
Endlang þe lusty rever so thay mayit.
Thair observance rycht hevinly was to heir.
Than crap I throw the levis and drew neir
Quhair that I was richt sudanly affrayit,
All throw a luke þat I haif coft full deir.

And schortly for to speik, of luvis quene
I was espyit. Scho bad hir archeiris kene
Go me areist; and thay no tyme delayit.
Than ladeis fair lute fall thair mantilis grene,
With bowis big in tressit hairis schene.
Rycht suddanly thay had a feild arrayit,
And ȝit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit,
The pairty was to plesand for to sene.
A woundir lusty bikar me assayit.

saluss: greet; *splene:* heart; *entres:* entry; *incubus:* demon; l.128: Bannatyne, *One;* Maitland MS, *On; mayit:* made merry; *tressit:* in tresses; *bikar:* assault;

And first of all with bow in hand ay bent
Come Dame Bewty richt as scho wald me schent.
Syne followit all hir dammosallis in feir
With mony diuerss awfull instrument.
Vnto þe preiss Fair Having with hir went,
Fyne Portratour, Plesance, and Lusty Cheir.
Than come Ressoun with scheild of gold so cleir:
In plait of maill, as Mars armipotent,
Defendit me þat noble chevelleir.

Syne Tender ȝowth come with hir virgenis ȝing: fol.347*a*
Grene Innocence and Schamefull Abasing
And Quaking Dreid with Humyll Obedience.
The goldin terge harmit þay nothing;
Curage in þame wes nocht begun to spring,
Full sone thay dreid to do a violence.
Sueit Womanheid I saw cum in presence,
Of artelȝe a warld scho did inbring
Servit with ladeis full of reverence.

Scho led with hir Nurtour and Lawlines
Continwance, Patience, Gud Fame and Steidfastnes,
Discretioun, Gentilnes and Considerans,
Lefull Cumpany and Honest Besines,
Benigne Luk, Myld Cheir and Sobirnes.
All thir bure genȝeis to do me grevance,
Bot Ressoun bure þe terge with sic constance
Thair scherp assay micht do to me no deirance,
For all þair preiss and awfull ordinance.

Vnto þe preiss persewit He Degre.
Hir followit ay Estait and Dignitie,
Comparisoun, Honor and Nobill Arrey,
Will, Wantones, Renoun and Libertie,
Riches, Fredome and eik Nobilitie.
Wit ȝe thay did thair baner he display.
A clud of arrowis as haill schour lowsit thay
And schott quhill waistit wes þair artelȝe,
Syne went abak rebutit of þe pray.

Quhen Venus persauit had this rebute
Dissemblance scho bad go mak persute
At all power to perss the goldin terge,
And scho þat was of dowbilnes the rute
Askit hir choiss of archeiris in refute.
Venus þe best bad hir to waill at lerge.

me schent: have me destroyed; *Fair Having:* attractive manners; *Fyne Portratour:* fine form; *Plesance:* pleasure; *Lusty Cheir:* beautiful face; l.157: Bannatyne, *armit;* Maitland MS, *harmit; artelȝe:* artillery; l.162: Bannatyne omits *with;* supplied from Maitland MS; *Nurtour:* courtesy; *Lawlines:* lowliness; *Continwance:* perseverance; *genȝeis:* arrows; *deirance:* injury; l.172: Bannatyne, *Vnto to þe; refute:* defence; *waill:* choose;

Scho tuke Presens, plicht anker of þe berge,
And Fair Calling þat weill a flane can schute
And Cherissing for to compleit hir chairge.

Dame Hamelines scho tuke in cumpany,
That hard wes and heynd in archery,
And brocht in Bewty to þe feild agane.
With all the choiss of Venus chevelly
Thay come and bikkerit vnabasitly.
The schour of arrowis rappit on a raine. fol.347*b*
Perrellus Presens, þat mony syre hes slane,
The battell brocht on bordour hard me by:
The salt was all þe sarar suth to sane.

Thik was the schott of grundin arrowis kene
Bot Ressoun with the scheild of gold so schene
Weirly defendit quho soevir assayit.
The awfull schour he manly did sustene
Quhill Presens kest ane powder in his ene,
And than as drukkin man he all forwayit.
Quhen he wes drukin the fule with him þai playit
And benneist him amangis the bewis grene,
That sair sicht me suddanly effrayit.

Than was I woundit till þe deth full neir
And ȝoldin as ane wofull presoneir
To Lady Bewty in a moment space.
Me thocht scho semit lustiar of cheir
Eftir þat Ressoun had tynt his ene cleir
Than of befoir, and lovarly of face.
Quhay was thow blindit, Ressoun? Quhy, allace?
And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir
And Mercy seme quhair þat I fand no grace.

Dissimilance was bissie me to syle
And Fair Calling did oft vpoun me smyle
And Chiressing me fed with wirdis fair;
New Acquentance enbrasit me a quhyle
And favort me quhill men micht ga ane myle,
Syne tuk hir leif. I saw hir nevir mair.
Than saw I Denger towart me repair:
I cowth eschew hir presens be no wyle
On syde scho lukit with ane fremmit fare,

And at þe last, depairting, cowth hir dress
And me deliuerit vnto Havines

Presens: impressive bearing; *plicht anker:* sheet anchor; *Hamelines:* friendliness; *heynd:* expert; *chevelly:* men at arms; *bikkerit:* attacked; *vnabasitly:* fearlessly; *rappit:* fell violently; *bordour:* the boundary of the field; *salt:* assault; *forwayit:* went astray; *benneist:* banished; *syle:* betray; *Denger:* disdain; *fremmit:* unfriendly; *cowth hir dress:* made her attack; *Havines:* heaviness;

For to remane, and scho in cure me tuke.
Be this the Lord of Windis with wodness,
God Eolus, his bowgill blew I gess
That with þe blast the leivis all to schuke,
And suddanly in þe space of ane luke
All wes hyne went. Thair wes bot wildirness.
Thair wes no moir birdis, bonk, and bruke.

In twynkling of ane ee to schip thay went
And swift vp saill vnto þe top thay stent fol.348*a*
And with swift courss attour the flude thay frak.
Thay fyrit gunis with polder violent
Till þat the reik raiss to þe firmament.
The rochis all resoundit with þe rak;
For reird it semit þat the rane bow brak.
With spreit affrayit vpoun my feit I sprent
Amangis the clewis, so cairfull was the crak.

And as I did awalk of this swowning
The iowfull fowlis mirrely did sing
For mirth of Phebus tender bemis schene.
Sueit was þe wapouris and soft the morrowing,
Hailsum the vaill depaynt with flouris ȝing,
The air attemperit, sobir and amene.
In quhyt and reid was all þe erd besene,
Throw Naturis noble fresch ennammaling,
In Mirthfull Maij, of every moneth quene.

O reverend Chauser, ross of rethouris all,
As in our toung ane flour imperiall
That raiss in Britane evir, quha reidis richt.
Thow beiris of makaris the tryvmph royall:
Thy fresch ennammallit termes celestiall
This mater cowth hafe illuminit full bricht.
Was thow nocht of our Inglis all þe licht
Surmonting every toung terrestriall
Als far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht?

O morale Goweir and Lidgait laureat,
ȝour suggurat toungis and lippis aureat
Bene till our eiris causs of grit delyte.
ȝour angelik mowth most mellifluat
Our rude langage hes cleir illumynat
And hes ourgilt our speiche, þat imperfyte
Stude, or ȝour goldin pennis schup to wryt.
This yle befoir wes bair and dissolat
Of rethorik or lusty fresche indyte.

l.229: Bannatyne, *widness;* Maitland MS, *wodness:* madness; *stent:* stretched; *frak:* moved quickly; *polder:* powder; *reik:* smoke; *reird:* noise; *sprent:* sprang; *clewis:* clefts; l.249: Bannatyne, *intemperit;* Maitland MS, *attemperit:* mild; l.254: Bannatyne, *and;* Maitland MS; *ane; reidis richt:* reads aright; l.257: Bannatyne, *The;* Maitland MS, *Thy;*

Thow, littill quair, be evir obedient,
Humyll, subiect and semple of intent
Befoir the face of every cunnyng wicht.
I knaw quhat thow of rethorik hes spent: fol.348*b*
Of hir lustie roisis redolent 275
Is nane in to thy garland sett on hicht.
Eschame þairfoir and draw the out of sicht.
Rude is thy weid, destitute, bair and rent:
Weill aucht thow be affeirit of þe licht.

Explicit. Quod Dumbar of the Goldin Terge.

397 Heir begynnis The Freiris of Berwik

As it befell and happinnit in to deid
Vpoun a rever the quhilk is callit Tweid,
Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renovne,
At Tweidis mowth thair standis a nobill toun,
Quhair mony a lady bene fair of face 5
And mony ane fresche lusty galland wass.
In to þis toun, the quhilk is callit Berwik—
Vpoun the sey thair standis nane it lyk
For it is wallit weill abowt with stane
And dowbill stankis castin mony ane, 10
And syne the castell is so strang and wicht
With strait towris and turattis he on hicht,
The wallis wrocht craftely withall,
The portcules most subtelly to fall
Quhen þat thame list to draw þame vpoun hicht 15
That it micht be of na maner of micht
To win þat houss be craft or subteltie;
Quhairfoir it is maist gud allutirly
In to my tyme quhair evir I haif bene,
Moist fair, most gudly, most plesand to be sene, 20
The tovne, þe wall, the castell and þe land,
The he wallis vpoun þe vpper hand,
The grit croce kirk and eik þe masone-dew,
The Iacobene freiris of þe quhyt hew,
The Carmeleitis and þe monkis eik, 25
The four ordouris wer nocht for to seik,
Thay wer all in þis toun dwelling.
So appinnit in a Maij morning
That twa of þe Iacobyne freiris,
As thay wer wont and vsit mony ȝeiris 30
To pass amang þair brethir vpaland,
Wer send of þame best practisit and cunnand,
Freir Allane and Freir Robert the vder. fol.349*a*
Thir silly freiris with wyffis weill cowld gluder;

sey: sea; *stane:* stone; *stankis:* ditches; *The grit croce kirk:* the great cruciform church; *masonedew:* hospital; *Iacobene freiris:* Dominicans; *gluder:* flatter;

Rycht wondir weill plesit þai all wyffis
And tawld þame tailis of haly sanctis lyffis,
Quhill on a tyme thay purposit to þass hame;
Bot verry tyrit and wett wes Freir Allane,
For he wes awld and micht nocht wele travell
And als he had ane littill spyce of gravell.
Freir Robert wes 3oung and verry hett of blude
And be þe way he bure both clothis and hude
And all þair geir, for he wes strong and wicht.
Be þat it drew neir towart þe nicht
As thay wer cumand towart þe tovne full neir
Freir Allane said than, 'Gud bruder deir,
It is to lait. I dreid þe 3et be closit
And we ar tyrit and verry evill disposit
To luge owt of þe toun, bot gif þat we
In sume god houss this nycht mot herbryt be.'
Swa wynnit þair ane woundir gude hostillar
Without þe toun in till a fair manar,
And Symon Lawrear wes his name.
Ane fair blyth wyf he had of ony ane
Bot scho wes sumthing dynk and dengerous.
The silly freiris quhen thay come to þe houss,
With fair hailsing and bekking courteslye
To thame scho anserit agane in hye.
Freir Robert sperit eftir the gud man
And scho agane anserit thame thane:
'He went fra hame, God wait, on Weddinsday
In þe cuntre for to seik corne and hay
And vþir thingis quhairof we haif neid.'
Freir Robert said, 'I pray grit God him speid
Him haill and sound in to his travell,'
And hir desyrit the stowp to fill of aill,
'That we may drink, for I am wondir dry.'
With þat þe wyfe went furth richt schortly
And fillit þe stowp and brocht in breid and cheiss.
Thay eit and drank and satt at þair awin eiss.
Freir Allane said to þe gudwyf in hye:
'Cum hiddir, deme, and sett 3ow doun me bye
And fill the cop agane anis to me.'
Freir Robert said, 'Full weill payit sall 3e be.'
The freiris wer blyth and mirry tailis cowld tell,
And even with þat thay hard þe prayer bell
Off thair awin abbay, and than thay wer agast
Becauss thay knew the 3ettis wer closit fast fol.349*b*
That thay on na wayiss micht gett entre.
Than the gudwyfe thay prayit for cheritie
To grant thame herbrye that ane nicht,
Bot scho to þame gaif anser with grit hicht:

ane littill spyce of gravell: slight difficulty in urinating; l.41: Bannatyne, *a;* Maitland MS, *and; wynnit:* dwelt; *manar:* mansion; *dynk:* saucy; *dengerous:* disdainful; *hailsing:* greeting; *bekking:* bowing; *sperit:* asked; *stowp:* pitcher; *with grit hicht:* in indignation;

'The gudman is fra hame as I 3ow tald
And God it wait gif I durst be so bald
To herbry freiris in this houss with me.
Quhat wald Symon say, ha, benedicte,
Bot in his absence I abusit his place?
Our deir Lady Mary keip fra sic cace
And keip me owt of perrell and of schame.'
Than auld Freir Allane said,'Na, fair dame,
For Godis saik heir me quhat I sall say:
In gud faith we will both be deid or day.
The way is evill and I am tyrit and wett.
Our 3ettis ar closit that we may nocht in gett
And to our abbay we can nocht win in.
To causs ws perreiss but help 3e haif grit syn,
Thairfoir of verry neid we mon byd still
And ws commit alhaill in to 3our will.'
The gudwyf lukit vnto þe freiris tway
And at the last to thame this culd scho say:
'3e byd nocht heir, be him þat ws all coft,
Bot gif 3e list to lig vp in 3one loft,
Quhilk is weill wrocht in to þe hallis end,
3e sall fynd stray, and clathis I sall 3ow send.
Quhair, and 3e list, pass on baith in feir,
For on no wayiss will I repair haif heir.'
Hir madin than scho send hir on befoir
And hir thay followit baith, withowttin moir.
Thay war full blyth and did as scho thame kend
And vp thay went in to þe hallis end
In till a loft wes maid for corne and hay.
Scho maid thair bed, syne past doun but delay,
Closit þe trop and thay remanit still.
In to þe loft thay wantit of thair will:
Freir Allane lay doun as he best micht,
Freir Robert said, 'I hecht to walk this nicht.
Quha wait perchance sum sport I ma espy?'
Thuss in þe loft latt I thir freiris ly
And of þe gudwyf now I will speik mair:
Scho wes richt blyth that thay wer closit thair
For scho had maid ane tryst that samyn nicht
Freir Iohine hir luvis supper for to dicht
And scho wald haif none vder cumpany fol.350*a*
Becauss Freir Iohine that nicht with hir sowld ly,
Quha dwelland wes in to þat samyne toun,
And ane blak freir he wes of grit renown.
He govirnit alhaill the abbacy;
Silwer and gold he had aboundantly.
He had a prevy posterne of his awin
Quhair he micht ische, quhen þat he list, vnknawin.
Now this in to þe toun I leif him still
Bydand his tyme, and turne agane I will

stray: straw; *kend:* instructed; private door; *ische:* go out; *dicht:* prepare; *prevy posterne:*

To thiss fair wyfe, how scho þe fyre cowld beit
And thristit on fatt caponis to þe speit
And fatt cunyng to a fyre did scho lay,
Syne bad the madin, 'In all þe haist thow may,'
To flawme and turne and rost thame tenderly,
And to hir chalmer so scho went in hy.
Scho pullit hir cunt and gaif hit buffettis tway
Vpoun þe cheikis, syne till it cowd scho say:
'3e sowld be blyth and glaid at my requeist
Thir mvllis of 3ouris ar callit to ane feist.'
Scho cleithis hir in a kirtill of fyne reid,
Ane fair quhyt curch scho puttis upoun hir heid;
Hir kirtill wes of silk and silwer fyne,
Hir vþer garmentis as the reid gold did schyne;
On every fin3er scho weiris ringis two.
Scho was als prowd as ony papingo.
The burde scho cuverit with clath of costly greyne,
Hir napry aboif wes woundir weill besene.
Than but scho went to se gif ony come,
Scho thocht full lang to meit hir lufe, Freir Iohine.
Syne schortly did this Freir knok at þe 3ett;
His knok scho kend and did so him in lett.
Scho welcomit him in all hir best maneir.
He thankit hir and said, 'My awin luve deir,
Haif thair ane pair of bossis gud and fyne—
Thay hald ane gallone full of Gascone wyne—
And als ane pair of pertrikis richt new slane,
And eik ane creill full of breid of mane;
This I haif brocht to 3ow, my awin luve deir,
Thairfoir I pray 3ow be blyth and mak gud cheir.
Sen it is so þat Semon is fra hame
I wil be hamely now with 3ow, gud dame.'
Scho sayis, '3e ar full hertly welcome heir
At ony time quhen þat 3e list appeir.'
With that scho smylit woundir lustely,
He thristit hir hand agane richt prevely,
Than in hett luve thay talkit vderis till. fol.350*b*
Thus at þair sport now will I leif þame still
And tell 3ow off thir silly freiris two
Wer lokit in þe loft amang þe stro:
Freir Allane in þe loft still can ly,
Freir Robert had ane littill ielosy,
For in his hairt he had ane persaving
And throw þe burdis he maid with his botkin
A littill hoill, on sic a wyiss maid he
All þat thay did thair doun he micht weill se
And every word he herd þat thay did say.

beit: mend; *thristit:* fixed; *speit:* spit; *cunyng:* rabbit; *flawme:* baste; *mvllis:* labia of the vulva; *curch:* kerchief; *papingo:* parrot; *burde:* table; *greyne:* texture; *napry:* linen; *weill besene:* neatly arranged; *but:* out; *bossis:* casks; *persaving:* notion; *botkin:* bodkin;

Quhen scho wes prowd, richt woundir fresche and gay,
Scho callit him baith hert lemmane and luve,
Lord God, gif than his curage wes aboif,
So prelat lyk sat he in to þe chyre.
Scho rownis than ane pistill in his eir,
Thuss sportand thame and makand melody
And quhen scho saw þe supper wes reddy
Scho gois belyfe and cuveris þe burde annon,
And syne the pair of bossis hes scho tone,
And sett þame doun vpoun þe burde hir by,
And evin with þat thay hard the gudman cry,
And knokand at þe ȝett he cryit fast.
Quhen thay him hard then wer thay both agast
And als Freir Iohine wes in a fellone fray.
He stert vp fast and wald haif bene away
Bot all for nocht, he micht no way win owt.
The gudwyfe spak than with a visage stowt
'ȝone is Symone that makis all this fray
That I micht tholit full weill had bene away.
I sall him quyt and I leif half a ȝeir
That cummert hes ws this in sic maneir
Becauss for him we may nocht byd togidder.
I soir repent and wo is ȝe come hidder
For we wer weill gif þat ȝe wer away.'
'Quhat sall I do, allace?' the freir can say.
'Hyd ȝow,' scho said, 'quhill he be brocht to rest,
In to ȝone troich. I think it for þe best.
It lyis mekle and huge in all ȝone nwke.
It held a boll of meill quhen þat we buke.'
Than vndir it scho gart him creip in hy
And bad him lurk thair verry quyetly.
Scho closit him and syne went on hir way.
'Quhat sall I do allace?' the freir can say.
Syne to hir madin spedyle scho spak,
'Go to þe fyre and the meitis fra it tak,
Be bissy als and slokkin out þe fyre,
Ga cloiss ȝone burd and tak away þe chyre
And lok vp all in to ȝone almery,
Baith meit and drink with wyne and aill put by,
The mayne breid als thow hyd it with þe wyne;
That being done thow sowp þe houss clene syne
That na apperance of feist be heir sene,
Bot sobirly our selffis dois sustene.'
And syne withowttin ony mair delay
Scho castis of haill hir fresch array,
Than went scho to hir bed annone
And tholit him to knok his fill, Symone.
Quhen he for knoking tyrit wes and cryid,

fol.351*a*

hert lemmane: sweetheart; *pistill:* message; *belyfe:* immediately; *in a fellone fray:* full of fear; *cummert:* annoyed; *troich:* trough; *boll of meill:* measure of meal; *buke:* baked; *almery:* cupboard;

Abowt he went vnto þe vdir syd
And on Alesone fast cold he cry,
And at þe last scho anserit crabitly:
'Ach, quha be this that knawis sa weill my name?
Go henss,' scho sayis, 'for Symon is fra hame
And I will herbry no gaistis heir, perfey,
Thairfoir, I pray 3ow to wend on 3our way
For at this tyme 3e may nocht lugit be.'
Than Symone said, 'Fair dame, ken 3e nocht me?
I am 3our Symone and husband of this place.'
'Ar 3e my spous, Symone,' scho sayis, 'Allace,
Be misknawlege I had almaist misgane.
Quha wenit that 3e sa lait wald haif cum hame?'
Scho stertis vp and gettis licht in hy
And oppinit than the 3et full haistely.
Scho tuk fra him his geir at all devyiss,
Syne welcomit him on maist hairtly wyiss.
He bad þe madin kindill on þe fyre,
'Syne graith me meit and tak þe all thy hyre.'
The gudwyf said schortly, '3e me trow
Heir is no meit þat ganand is for 3ow.'
'How sa, fair deme? Ga gait me cheiss and breid.
Ga fill þe stowp. Hald me no mair in pleid
For I am verry tyrit, wett and cauld.'
Than vp scho raiss and durst nocht mair be bauld,
Cuverit þe burde, þairon sett meit in hy,
Ane sowsit nolt fute and scheipheid haistely,
And sum cauld meit scho brocht to him belyve,
And fillit þe stowp. The gudman than wes blyth.
Than satt he doun and swoir, 'Be all hallow,
I fair richt weill and I had ane gud fallow.
Dame, eit with me and drink gif þat 3e may.'
Said þe gudwyf, 'Devill inche cun may I.
It wer mair meit in to 3our bed to be fol.351*b*
Than now to sit desyrand cumpany.'
Freir Robert said, 'Allace, gud bruder deir,
I wald þe gudman wist þat we wer heir.
Quha wait perchance sum bettir wald he fair?
For sickerly my hairt will ay be sair
Gif 3one scheipheid with Symon birneist be,
Sa mekill gud cheir being in þe almerie,'
And with þat word he gaif ane hoist anone.
The gudman hard and speirit, 'Quha is 3one?'
The gudwyf said, '3one ar freiris tway.'
Symone said, 'Tell me quhat freiris be thay?'
'3one is Freir Robert and silly Freir Allane
That all this day hes travellit with grit pane.

husband: master; *at all devyiss:* with great care; *graith:* prepare; *tak þe all thy hyre:* earn your keep; *ganand:* fitting; *pleid:* argument; *sowsit nolt fute:* pickled calf's foot; *Devill inche cun may I:* I can't manage a morsel; *birneist:* cleaned; *hoist:* cough; *speirit:* asked;

Be thay come heir it wes so verry lait
Curfur wes rung and closit wes thair 3ait,
And in 3one loft I gaif þame harbrye.'
The gudman said, 'Sa God haif pairt of me,
Tha freiris twa ar hairtly welcome hidder.
Ga call þame doun þat we ma drink togidder.'
The gudwyf said, 'I reid 3ow lat þame be,
Thay had levir sleip nor sit in cumpanye.'
The gudman said vnto þe maid thone,
'Go pray þame baith to cum till me annone.'
And sone þe trop the madin oppinit than
And bad thame baith cum doun to þe gudman.
Freir Robert said, 'Now be sweit Sanct Iame,
The gudman is verry velcome hame
And for his weilfair dalie do we pray.
We sall annone cum doun to him 3e say.'
Than with þat word thay start vp baith attone
And doun þe trop delyverly thay come,
Halsit Symone als sone as thay him se
And he agane thame welcomit hairtfullie
And said, 'Cum heir, myne awin bredir deir,
And sett 3ow doun sone besyd me heir,
For I am now allone, as 3e may se,
Thairfoir sitt doun and beir me cumpanye.
And tak 3ow pairt of sic gud as we haif.'
Freir Allane said, 'Ser, I pray God 3ow saif
For heir is now annwch of Godis gud.'
Than Symon anserit, 'Now, be the rud,
3it wald I gif ane croun of gold for me
For sum gud meit and drink amangis ws thre.'
Freir Robert said, 'Quhat drinkis wald 3e craif,
Or quhat meitis desyre 3e for to haif?
For I haif mony sindry practikis. Seir fol.352*a*
Be3ond the sey in Pareiss did I leir
That I wald preve glaidly for 3our saik,
And for 3our demys, that harbry cowd ws maik.
I tak on hand, and 3e will counsale keip,
That I sall gar 3ow se or ever I sleip
Of the best meit that is in þis cuntre,
Off Gascone wyne gif ony in it be,
Or be þair ony within ane hundreth myle,
It sal be heir within a bony quhyle.'
The gudman had grit mervell of this taill
And said, 'My hairt neir be haill
Bot gif 3e preve that practik, or 3e pairte,
To mak ane sport.' And than þe freir vpstart.
He tuk his buk and to þe flure he gais,
He turnis it our and reidis it a littill space
And to þe eist direct he turnis his face,

delyverly: rapidly; *practikis:* tricks; *preve:* exhibit; *demys:* judgement; *neir be haill:* never be sound; *or 3e pairt:* before you depart; l.321: Bannatyne, *freir;* Maitland MS, *flure;*

Syne to þe west he turnit and lukit doun
And tuk his buk and red ane orisoun,
And ay his eyne wer on þe almery
And on þe troch quhair þat Freir Iohine did ly.
Than sat he doun and kest abak his hude,
He granit and he glowrit as he wer woid
And quhylis still he satt in studeing
And vþir quhylis vpoun his buk reding
And with baith his handis he wald clap
And vþir quhylis wald he glour and gaip.
Syne in þe sowth he turnit him abowt
Weill thryiss and mair, than lawly cowd he lowt
Quhen that he come neir the almery.
Thairat our dame had woundir grit invy
For in hir hairt scho had ane persaving
That he had knawin all hir govirning.
Scho saw him gif þe almery sic a straik,
Vnto hir self scho said, 'Full weill I wait
I am bot schent. He knawis full weill my thocht.
Quhat sall I do? Allace, þat I wes wrocht.
Get Symon wit, it wil be deir doing.'
Be þat þe freir had left his studeing
And on his feit he startis vp full sture
And come agane and seyit all his cure:
'Now is it done and ȝe sall haif playntie
Of breid and wyne, þe best in this cuntre.
Thairfoir, fair dame, get vp deliuverlie
And ga belyfe vnto ȝone almerie
And oppin it and se ȝe bring us syne
Ane pair of boissis full of Gascone wyne—
Thay had ane galloun and mair that wait I weill—
And bring ws als the mayne breid in a creill,
Ane pair of cunyngis fat and het pypand,
The caponis als ȝe sall ws bring fra hand,
Twa pair of pertrikis, I wait thair is no ma,
And eik of pluveris se þat ȝe bring ws twa.'
The gudwyf wist it wes no variance;
Scho knew the freir had sene hir govirnance;
Scho saw it wes no bute for to deny.
With that scho went vnto the almery
And oppinnit it and than scho fand thair
All þat þe freir had spokin of befoir.
Scho stert abak as scho wer in a fray
And sanyt hir and smyland cowd scho say
'Ha, banedicitie, quhat may this bene?
Quha evir afoir hes sic a fairly sene
Sa grit a mervell as now hes apnit heir?
Quhat sall I say? He is ane haly freir.
He said full swth of all þat he did say.'

fol.352*b*

lowt: bow; *govirning:* management; *wit:* knowledge; *it will be deir doing:* there will be a high price to pay; *variance:* discrepancy; *sanyt hir:* crossed herself;

Scho brocht all furth and on þe burd cowd lay
Baith breid and wyne and vþir thingis moir,
Cunyngis and caponis as 3e haif hard befoir,
Pertrikis and pluveris befoir thame hes scho brocht.
The freir knew weill and saw thair wantit nocht,
Bot all wes furth brocht evin at his devyiss
And Symone saw it appinnit on this wyiss.
He had grit wondir and sweris be þe mone
That Freir Robert weill his dett had done,
'He may be callit ane man of grit science
Sa suddanly maid all this purviance,
Hes broucht ws heir, throw his grit subteltie
And throw his knawlege in filosophie.
In ane gud tyme it wes quhen he come hidder.
Now fill þe cop þat we ma drink togidder
And mak gud cheir eftir this langsum day,
For I haif riddin ane woundir wilsome way.
Now God belovit, heir is suffisance
Vnto ws all throw 3our gud govirnance.'
And than annone thay drank evin round abowt
Of Gascone wyne. The freiris playit cop owt.
Thay sportit thame and makis mirry cheir
With sangis lowd, baith Symone and the freir
And on this wyiss the lang nicht thay ourdraif,
No thing thay want that thay desyrd to haif.
Than Symon said to þe gudwyf in hy fol.353*a*
'Cum heir, fair dame, and sett 3ow doun me by
And tak pairt of sic gud as we haif heir
And hairtly I 3ow pray to thank this freir
Off his bening grit besines and cure
That he hes done to ws upoun this flure
And brocht ws meit and drink haboundantlie,
Quhairfoir of richt we aucht mirry to be.'
Bot all þair sport quhen thay wer maist at eiss
Vnto our deme it wes bot littill pleiss,
For vþir thing thair wes in to hir thocht.
Scho wes so red, hir hairt wes ay on flocht
That throw the freir scho sowld discoverit be.
To him scho lukit oft tymes effeiritlie
And ay disparit in hart was scho
That he had witt of all hir purveance to
This. Satt scho still and wist no vdir wane.
Quhat evir thay say scho lute him all allane
Bot scho drank with þame in to cumpany
With fen3eit cheir and hert full wo and hevy.
Bot thay wer blyth annwche, God watt, and sang
For ay the wyne was rakand thame amang,
Quhill at þe last thay woix richt blyth ilk one.
Than Symone said vnto þe freir annone:

devyiss: behest; *mone:* moon; *dett:* duty; *wilsome:* bewildering; *playit cop owt:* drank to the dregs; *effeiritlie:* in alarm; *wane:* way; *rakand:* circulating;

'I mervell mikill how that this may be
In till schort tyme that ȝe sa suddanlye
Hes brocht to ws sa mony denteis deir.'
'Thairof haif ȝe no mervell,' quod the freir,
'I haif ane pege full prevy of my awin
Quhen evir I list will cum to me vnknawin
And bring to me sic thing as I will haif—
Quhat evir I list, it neidis me nocht to craif.
Thairfoir be blyth and tak in pacience
And trest ȝe weill I sall do diligence.
Gif þat ȝe list or thinkis to haif moir,
It sal be had and I sall stand þairfoir,
Incontinent that samyn sall ȝe se,
Bot I protest þat ȝe keip it previe.
Latt no man wit that I can do sic thing.'
Than Symone swoir and said, 'Be Hevynnis King,
It sal be kepit prevy as for me,
Bot, bruder deir, ȝour serwand wald I se
Gif it ȝow pleiss that we may drynk togidder,
For I wait nocht gif ȝe ma ay cum hidder
Quhen þat we want our neidis sic as this.'
The freir said, 'Nay, so mot I haif Hevynis bliss,
ȝow to haif the sicht of my serwand
It can nocht be. ȝe sall weill vndirstand
That ȝe may se him graithly in his awin kynd
Bot ȝe annone sowld go owt of ȝour mynd.
He is so fowll and vgly for to se
I dar nocht awnter for to tak on me
To bring him hidder heir in to our sicht,
And namely now so lait in to þe nicht,
Bot gif it wer on sic a maner wyiss
Him to translait, or ellis dissagyiss,
Fra his awin kynd in to ane vder stait.'
Than Symone said, 'I mak no moir debait.
As pleisis ȝow so lyk is it to me
As evir ȝe list bot fane wald I him se.'
'In till quhat kynd sall I him gar appeir?'
Than Symone said, 'In liknes of a freir.
In quhyt cullour, richt as ȝour self it war
For quhyt cullour will na body deir.'
Freir Robert said that swa it cowld nocht be
For sic causis as he may weill foirse:
'That he compeir in to our habeit quhyt
Vntill our ordour it wer a grit dispyte
That ony sic vnworthy wicht as he
In till our habeit men sowld behald or se,
Bot sen it pleissis ȝow þat ar heir
ȝe sall him se in liknes of a freir,
In habeit blak it was his kynd to weir.

fol.353*b*

Incontinent: immediately; *graithly:* distinctly; *translait:* transform; l.465: *our;* Bannatyne, *I;*

3e sall him se in liknes of a freir
Gif 3e so do and rewll 3ow at all wyiss
To hald 3ow cloiss and still at my devyiss.
Quhat evir it be 3e owdir se or heir
3e speik no word nor mak no kynd of steir
Bot hald 3ow cloiss quhill I haif done my cure.'
Than said he, 'Semon, 3e mone be on þe flure
Neirhand besyd with staff in to 3our hand.
Haif 3e no dreid I sall 3ow ay warrand.'
Than Symon said, 'I assent þat it be swa,'
And vp he start and gat a libberla
In to his hand and on þe flure he stert,
Sumthing effrayit, thocht stalwart was his hart.
Than to þe freir said Symone verry sone,
'Now tell me, maister, quhat 3e will haif done?'
'No thing,' he said, 'bot hald 3ow cloiss and still.
Quhat evir I do tak 3e gud tent þairtill
And neir þe dur 3e hyd 3ow prevely
And quhen I bid 3ow stryk, strek hardely
In to þe nek. Se þat 3e hit him richt.'
'That sall I warrand', quod he, 'with all my micht.'
Thuss on þe flure I leif him standand still,
Bydand his tyme, and turne agane I will
How þat þe freir did tak his buke in hy
And turnit our þe levis full besely
Ane full lang space and quhen he had done swa
Towart þe troch, withowttin wordis ma,
He goiss belyfe and on this wyiss sayis he:
'Ha, how, Hurlybass, now I coniure the
That thow vpryss and sone to me appeir
In habeit blak, in liknes of a freir.
Owt of this troch quhair þat thow dois ly
Thow rax the sone and mak no dyn nor cry.
Thow tumbill our þe troch þat we may se
And vnto us thow schaw the oppinlie,
And in this place se þat thow no man greif,
Bot draw thy handis boith in to thy sleif
And pull thy cowll doun owttour thy face,
Thow may thank God that thow gettis sic a grace.
Thairfoir thow turss the to thyne awin ressett.
Se this be done and mak no moir debait.
In thy depairting se thow mak no deray
Vnto no wicht bot frely pass thy way
And in this place se þat thow cum no moir
Bot I command the or ellis the charge befoir,
And our þe stair se þat thow ga gud speid.
Gif thow dois nocht on thy awin perrell beid.'
With þat þe freir that vnder þe troch lay
Raxit him sone bot he wes in a fray

fol.354*a*

libberla: cudgel; l.495: Bannatyne omits *turnit;* supplied from Maitland MS; *thow turss the:* betake yourself; *ressett:* abode;

And vp he raiss and wist na bettir wayn
Bot of the troch he tumlit our þe stane.
Syne fra þe samyn quhairin he thocht him lang
Vnto þe dur he preisit him to gang
With hevy cheir and drery countenance,
For nevir befoir him hapnit sic a chance,
And quhen Freir Robert saw him gangand by
Vnto þe gudman full lowdly cowd he cry:
'Stryk. Stryk herdely, for now is tyme to the.'
With that Symone a felloun flap lait fle,
With his burdoun he hit him on þe nek.
He wes sa ferce he fell owttour þe sek
And brak his heid vpoun ane mustard stane.
Be this Freir Iohine attour the stair is gane
In sic wyiss that mist he hes the trap
And in ane myr he fell, sic wes his hap,
Wes fourty futis of breid vndir the stair fol.354*b*
3eit gat he vp with clething nothing fair,
Full drerelie vpoun his feit he stude
And throw þe myre full smertly than he 3ude
And our þe wall he clam richt haistely
Quhilk round abowt wes laid with stanis dry.
Off his eschaping in hairt he wes full fane.
I trow he sal be laith to cum agane.
With that Freir Robert stert abak and saw
Quhair þe gudman lay sa woundir law
Vpoun þe flure and bleidand wes his heid.
He stert to him and went he had bene deid
And clawcht him vp withowttin wordis moir
And to þe dur delyverly him bure
And fra þe wind wes blawin twyiss in his face
Than he ourcome within a lytill space,
And than Freir Robert fraynt at him fast
Quhat ailit him to be so soir agast.
He said, '3one freir hes maid me thuss gait say.'
'Lat be,' quod he, 'the werst is all away.
Mak mirry, man, and se 3e mvrne na mair.
3e haif him strikin quyt owttour þe stair.
I saw him slip, gif I þe suth can tell,
Doun our þe stair. In till a myr he fell—
Bot lat him go, he wes a graceles gaist,
And boun 3ow to 3our bed, for it is best.'
Thuss Symonis heid vpoun þe stane wes brokin,
And our þe stair the freir in myre hes loppin
And tap our taill he fyld wes woundir ill,
And Alesone on na wayiss gat hir will.
This is the story that hapnit of that freir;
No moir thair is bot Chryst ws help, most deir.

Finis.

wayn: way;
felloun flap: severe blow;
burdoun: staff; *sek:* sack;
mustard stane: stone for pounding mustard seeds; *of breid:* wide; *ourcome:* revived; *fraynt:* asked; *fyld:* dirtied;

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fol.357*a*

Quhen riallest, most redowttit, and he,
Magnificat crownit kingis in maieste,
Princis, duces, and marquis curiouss,
Erlis, barronis, and knychtis chevelrouss,
And gentillmen of he genolegye
As scutiferais and squieris full courtlye,
Ar assemblit and sett in a ryell se
With namit folkis of he nobilite,
Thair talk þat tyme in table honorable,
Befoir lordingis and ladeis amiable,
Is oft singing and sawis of solace
Quhair melody is þe mirthfull maistrace—
Ermy deidis in auld dayis done afoir,
Croniculis, gestis, storeis and mich moir,
Manestralis among mvsicianis merely
To haif hairtis in hevinly armony—
So semis it weill þat suthly so war ay.
Quhat is þe warld without plesance or play
Bot passionale? Than lat ws mak sum sport
And recreatioun the cumpany to confort.
Wold my lordis do se quho wold begin it,
Quho sall furthschaw, or quho sall first fall in it?
Quho with discreit correctioun of ȝow
Bot I, quho hath begune this mater now?
For begynnyng without end quhat availis
Bot lyk a tre flureist quhair the fruct falis?
To quhich all man, of quhat estait he be,
With recent mynd suld evir haif his e
Nocht to begin flureist and syne decress—
The langir lyfe the gud loss than to cess.
Quhat sal be said bot at his ending he,
Frome on fair ymp, fell doun a widderit tre?
The lyfe is gone. The loss lesting is lost.
The begynnyng, thay say, was bot a wost.
Quhairfoir ȝe men, most honorable at all,
Quhich eternall wald haif memoriall,
Gyd ȝow so that first ȝour God plesit be
And obtene name and wirchep quhen ȝe de.
And quho will nocht eftir his gudly powere,
Considering his estait, go profess him a mertere
Or sustene lak so may he lyknit be
fol.357*b*
A fair flureiss fadit in a falty tre.
All be my self is this symylitude.
Suld I begin to sport and nocht conclude
Than wold ȝe all belyve say, 'Lo, him ȝondir,

curiouss: notable; *scutiferais:* shield-bearers; *se:* residence; *Ermy:* ? chivalrous; *passionale:* characterised by suffering; ll.25–6: A beginning without an ending is of no more use than a tree grown luxuriantly which fails to bear fruit; *recent:* clear; *loss:* renown; *The loss lesting is lost:* the enduring renown is lost; *wost:* boast; *lak:* want;

That set to bourd and left it in a blondir.'
Quhairfoir I will say of my fantesy
Sum solasing to glaid this cumpany.
Bot, for Godis luve and his appostill Petir,
Pardoun the fulich face of this mad metir.
Sen þe sentence to feill is fantastike,
Lat the lettir and langage be such like,
Sen all the world changis so mony facis
I trest I will cast caissis vpoun caisis.
And so lat se quhat cais ȝe think most nyce—
Wisdome vmquhile holdis þe nycest wys,
So þat it be sport in discretioun,
Without odius crewale comparisoun.
Pairticular malice and all such thing removit,
The wyss nycest the wisest quhile is provit.
For quhich, knawing myne vnsufficience
To be comprysit preticiane with prudence,
I propone, nocht as wiss presumpteouss,
Bot rapir sport, myne awin spereit to reioss.
And my lordis to heir þat will deden,
Now I begin with titill est amen.

Explicit prohemium et
sequitur prima pars.

Heir I gife ȝow caiss: fol.358*a*
Vmquhile a merry man wais
Callit Cokkelbe.
He had a simple blak sow
And he sald hir. Bot how?
For penneis thre
As eftir ȝe may see,
And verrely, as I hard,
Thus the money he ward:
The first penny of the thre
For a girle gaif he.
The secund fell in a furde.
The thrid he hid in a hurde.
Now quhilk penny of the thre
Wes best bestowit, say ȝe?
The lost penny wes vplesit.
The girle for the tyme plesit.
Bot the penny þat wes hid,
I hold, leist gude did.
For in old prouerbe we sing:
'Cumis littill gud of gaddering
Quhair wrechit awerice birnis,

feill: apprehend; *cais:* example; *nycest wys:* most absurd ways; *discretioun:* discernment; l.60: The most absurd song is sometimes proved the wisest; *precticiane:* practitioner; *titill est amen:* the beginning is the end; *caiss:* example; *ward:* awarded; *furde:* ford; *hurde:* hoard; *vplesit:* recovered;

Hyding hurdis in to hirnis,
And knawis nevir quhome till;
Latting wirschep to go will.'
Gret laubor is to get geir
And to conserue it is feir
And moir angir is to leiss.
Thir thre peruerst propirteiss
I find in skarss keping
And auaritious wynnyng,
Quhair mesur is nocht maistress
Bot gaddering for gredeness.
The hid penny, thinkis me,
Wes werst bestowit of the thre
For it waiss fro þe vse of man.
Lat warldis gudis go than
With mesur and merines.
ȝit thair is moir of this cais:
The penny lost in þe lak
Wes fundin and vptak,
And he þat fand it did by,
With the samyn penny,
A littill pig, for his prow,
Off Kolkelbeis sow.
A harlot wynnit neir by
And scho wald mak a mangery
And had no substance at all
Bot this pur pig, stall
To furniss a gret feist.
Withouttin stufe bot this beist,
And ȝit scho callit to hir cheir:
On apostita freir,
A peruerst perdonair
And practand palmair,
A wich and a wobstare,
A milygant and a mychare,
A forid fule, a fariar,
A cairtar, a cariar,
A libbar and a lyar
And riddill revar,
A tuttivillis, a tutlar
And a fanȝeit flatterar,
A forfarn falconar,
A malgratious millare,
A berward, a brawlar
And ane aip ledar

in to hirnis: in hiding places; l.91: Allowing honour to go astray; *it is feir:* causes fear; *skarss keping:* parsimony; *auaritious wynnyng:* greed; *fro:* (away) from; *prow:* profit; *wynnit:* dwelt; *mangery:* feast; *stall:* stolen; *stufe:* provision of food; *cheir:* entertainment; *apostita:* apostate; *wobstare:* weaver; *milygant:* scoundrel; *mychare:* pilferer; *fariar:* ferryman; *cariar:* carrier; *libbar:* gelder; *lyar:* liar; *revar:* thief; *tuttivillis:* tale-bearer; *tutlar:* gossip; *malgratious:* uncivil; *berward:* bear-keeper; *brawlar:* brawler; *aip ledar:* ape leader;

With a cursit custumar,
A tratlar, a tinklar,
And mony vþir in that hour
Off all evill ordour.
First, with a fulisch flour,
An ald monk, a lechour,
A drunkin drechour,
A dowble toungit counsalour,
A trumpour, a trvcour,
A hangman, a hasardour,
A tyrant, a tormentour,
A truphane, a tratlour,
A faynit nigramansour,
A iaper, a iuglour,
A las þat luvis bot for lour
And a man merrour,
An evill wyffis mirrour,
In all thair semblance sour,
With a noyefull nychtbour,
A lunatik, a sismatyk,
An heretyk, a purspyk,
A lumbard, a lolard,
Ane vsurar, a bard,
Ane ypocreit in haly kirk,
A burn grenge in the dirk,
A schipman on se and sand
That takis lyfe and gud on hand
And knawis nowþer courss nor tyd,
Bot presumpteouss in pryd,
Practing no thing expert
In cunnyng, cumpass nor kert. fol.358*b*
A skeg, a scornar, a skald
A balestrod and a bald,
An vnthrifty dapill man,
A rebald, a ruffian,
A murderer of leil men,
A revischer of wemen
And two lerit men thame by,
Schir Ockir and Ser Symony.
ȝit mony in a grit rout
For lak of rowme stud about.
Now wald I wit, at this feste,
Quho fure best of this beste?
I hald þe folk best fure
That stud fer without þe dure

custumar: custom's officer; *tratlar:* chatterer; *drechour:* ? loiterer; *trumpour:* imposter; *trvcour:* pedlar; *truphane:* deceiver; *tratlour:* gossip; *nigramansour:* sorcerer; l.148: *las;* Bannatyne, *lȝfe; lour:* ? reward; *merrour:* destroyer; *noyefull:* hurtful; *purspyk:* pick-pocket; *lumbard:* financier; *lolard:* heretic; l.158: A burner of barns by night; *courss:* course; l.164: in skill, compass nor chart; *skeg:* ? spoiler; *skald:* scold; *balestrod:* bawd; *bald:* bold person; *dapill:* dapple-grey; *rebald:* ribald; *Ockir:* usury; *Symony:* simony;

Fro this cursit cumpany
And mensles mangery.
3it of this caiss þair is moir.
The pure pig gaif a rore
Him to kill quhen thay pynit:
So soir the silly pig quhrynit
Quhill all þe swyn þairabout
Ruschit furth in a rout.
I keip nocht now to commoun
All beistis for to blasoun
Of thair diuerss naturis,
Complexionis and cullouris,
Quhom the law levis ete
Or quho suld be no manis meit;
Nor of the foulis of the are,
How sum with closs feit thay fare
And sum deuidit the nalis;
Nor of the fische with thair scalis—
All this I set asyd now.
Haif at Cokilbeis sow:
For to say þe verite,
Luvand beistis swyne be,
Contrair houndis nature.
For brawle doggis at þe dure,
All settis on the sory hound
That lyis euir at the grund
And he þat cryis most and roris,
Ourthrawin, schent and most soiris,
All the remanent him ruggis
Sum be leggis, sum be luggis.
Thay are luving to men
Bot nocht to thame self than,
For wo is him þat hes royne.
Bot nocht so of the swyne:
And on of thame be ourthrawin,
That his cry may be knawin,
All the remanent that heiris
Cumis in thair best maneiris
To reskew as thay may.
So did thay this day,
That sowis sonis hard I nevir
Win so grit wirschep for euir.
For Stiftapill all the store
Ruschit out with a rore.
This pig, quhen thay hard him,
Thay come golfand full grim:

mensles mangery: unseemly feast; *pynit:* strove; *quhrynit:* squeaked; *commoun:* discourse; *blasoun:* give an account of; *levis ete:* grants permission to eat; l.201: Contrary to the nature of dogs; *For brawle doggis:* For if dogs engage in brawling; *schent:* injured; *most soiris:* is in most pain; *ruggis:* tugs; l.208: *sum;* Bannatyne, *sun; luggis:* ears; *store:* herd; *golfand:* snorting;

Mony long tuthit bore
And mony galt come befoir
And mony grit gunnald,
Gruntillot and Gamald,
Wrotok and Writhneb,
Hogy evir in the eb
With the halkit Hoglyn,
Suelly Suattis, Swankyn,
Baymell bred in the bog—
Hog hoppit our hog—
Mage of the Milhill
Grom Gym of the Gill,
The suddill sow and the sord,
Reid Kit that oft rord,
Patypull of the Pappourtis
And Knvtknot of the Kuppourtis,
The gray, the gorot, and the grym;
Hurlhekill hoblit with him,
Sigill Wrigill our sow,
Gret bore Tusky the grow,
Mony galt, mony gilt
Come let the pig to be spilt.
Rowch Rumple out ran,
Weill mo than I tell can,
With sick a din and a dirdy,
A garray and a hirdy girdy,
The fulis all afferd wer
And the harlot hurt thare
With bair Tuskyis tuth;
And for to say the verry suth,
In that fellon affray
The littill pig gat away
And ilk bore and ilk beist
Defoulit the fulis of the feist.
Sum mokit, menȝeit and merrit—
Thus wer thay fro the meit skerrit.
Is nocht this a nyce caiss? fol.359*a*
Bot ȝit a fer werss it waiss:
A new noyment and nois
With a rumour vprois,
That of that caiss to degest,
It mycht be callit a tempest.
For all the suynis awnaris
Said, 'Seilis, how the fulis fairis!'
And seis so curst a cumpany,
Herand thair awin swyne cry,
With thir myligantis machit,

galt: hog; *gunnald:* ? beast; *halkit:* white spotted; *our:* over; *suddill:* filthy; *sord:* dirty; *gorot:* obscure; *grym:* grim; *hoblit:* hobbled; *grow:* obscure; *galt:* hog; *gilt:* young sow; *let:* prevent; *dirdy:* uproar; *garray:* commotion; *hirdy girdy:* confusion; *hurt:* wounded; *fellon affray:* fierce panic; *mokit:* ridiculed; *menȝeit:* mutilated; *merrit:* obstructed; *skerrit:* scared; *Seilis:* exclam.;

U

Afferd the fulis had thame kachit
As to steill thame away.
Than dyn raiss and dirray.
Stok hornis blew stout.
Mony on ischit out:
Gilby on his gray meir
And Fergy on his sow fair
Hoge Hygin by þe hand hint
And Symy, þat was sone brint,
With his lad Loury
And his gossep Gloury.
Fergy in frunt past
And Fynny followit him fast.
Thurlgill thrang till a club
So ferss he flaw in a dub
Quhill Downy him abak drewgh.
Than Rany of þe Reidhewch,
With Gregry the bowman,
For lufe of his leman,
Licht lap at a lyn.
He feȝeit and he fell in.
And Hoge wes sa haisty
That he sualterit him by
Quhill Thoby cariour him tuk
To land with a scheip cruk.
Schiphirdis schowit to schore
And Fergy Flitsy ȝeid befoir,
Chiftane of that cheif chak,
A ter stowp on his bak,
With his lad Luddroun
And his hound Hunddroun.
Mony schiphird with him is
Fro brokis, brois and brymmis.
Off two ram crukit hornis
Thair baner on a birk born is
With Barmyberd thair banerman
And his cousing Cachcran.
Thair menstrall Diky Doyt
Fur befoir with a floyt.
Than dansit Doby Drymouth
'The sone schene in the sowth'
And, as thay lukit on a lee,
Thay saw an vþer menȝe.
Than all thay fled full afferd
And the maister schipherd,
Fergy Flitsy, befoir,
Thocht wes littill on his store,
His feit maid sic dynnyng,

dirray: disorder; *sone brint:* sun burnt; *dub:* puddle; *drewgh:* drew; *bowman:* archer; *lyn:* pool; *sualterit:* splashed; *cariour:* carrier; *schowit:* shoved; *cheif chak:* company; l.300: A tar bucket on his back; l.303: *is;* Bannatyne, *his; brois:* braes; *brymmis:* streams; *birk:* birch branch; *floyt:* flute;

He lakkit breth for rynnyng.
'How,' quod Hobby, 'herk me:
We neid nocht to fordir fle,
3one folk our awin freindis ar.
I knaw be thair banar.'
Than wer thay nevir half so fane
And glaidly turnit all agane
And knew be thair array
That all nolt hirdis wer thay
That ischit out to the cry,
And thair baner borne by
Of Crumhorne, the cowis taill
Festnit on a lang flaill.
Besyd thair capitane, I trow,
Callit wes Colyne Cuckow
And Davy Doyte of the dale
Was thair mad menstrall.
He blew on a pype he
Maid of a borit bourtre.
Waytscath him by
Dansit ane dandy.
The thrid fallowschip he saw,
That thay windirweill knaw:
The swyne hirdis in a rowt
And Sueirbum with his snowt
Wes captane of thame thair
And borne wes his banair
Vpoun a schule for to schaw,
A flekkit sowis skyn, faw
With terletheris tyit hy.
Quho bur it bot Botgy
And Clarus, the long clype,
Playit on a bag pype.
Haggysheid and Helly,
Ballybrass and Belly
Dansit, and his sone samyn.
Than all assemblit with a gamyn
And all the menstralis attonis
Blew vp and playit for the nonis.
Schiphird, nolt hirdis,
And suynhirdis out girdis
For to dance merily.
A maistir swynhird, Swanky,
And his cousing, Copyn Cull, fol.359*b*
Fowll of bellis fulfull,
Led the dance and began
Play ws *Ioly Lemmane.*
Sum trottit *Tras and Trenass,*

nolt hirdis: cattle herds; *bourtre:* elder wood; *winderweill:* very well; *schule:* shovel; ll.348–9: A spotted yellow-brown sow's skin tied high by leather strips; *clype:* ungainly chap; *out girdis:* rush out; *trottit:* trotted;

Sum balterit the *Bass,*
Sum *Perdowy*, sum *Trolly lolly,*
Sum *Cok, craw thow quhill day;*
Twysbank and *Terway,*
Sum *Lincolme,* sum *Lindsay*
Sum *Ioly lemmane dawis it nocht day?*
Sum *Be ȝone wodsyd* singis,
Sum *Late, lait on evinnyngis,*
Sum *Ioly Mertene with a mok,*
Sum *Lulalow lute cok.*
Sum bekkit. Sum bingit,
Sum crakkit. Sum cringit.
Sum movit. Most mak revell.
Sum *Symon Sonis of Quhynfell,*
Sum *Maister Peir de Conȝate*
And vþir sum, in consate,
At leser drest to dance.
Sum *Ourfute,* sum *Orliance,*
Sum *Rusty bully* with a bek
And every note in vþeris nek.
Sum vsit the dansis to deme
Of Cipres and Boheme.
Sum the faitis, full ȝarne,
Off Portingall and Naverne.
Sum countirfutit the gyiss of Spane,
Sum Italy, sum Almane.
Sum noisit Napillis anone
And vþir sum of Arragone,
Sum the Cane of Tartary,
Sum the Soldane of Surry
All his dansis desynd.
Sum Pretir Iohine of grit Ind,
Sum as the Ethiopis vsit,
Sum futit and sum refusit.
Sum had dansis mony ma
With all the dansis of Asia,
Sum of Affrickis age
And principale of Cartage.
Thair pressit in Pery Pull,
Full of bellis fulfull,
Maister Myngeis the Mangeis,
Maister Tyngeis la Tangeis,
Maister Totis la Toutis
And Rousty Rottis the Routis,
Maister Nykkis la Nakkis
And Sir Iakkis la Iakkis,
The Haryhurlere Husty
And Calby the curst custy.
Mony laddis, mony lownis,

balterit: clumsily danced; *bingit:* humbly bowed; *leser:* leisure; *vþeris nek:* immediately after the other; *faitis:* exploits; *age:* epoch; *custy:* knave;

Knowf knois, kynnis, culrownis,
Curris, kenseis and knavis
Inthrang and dansit in thravis—
With thame, Towis the Mowis
And Hary with the reid howis.
Than all, arrayit in a ring,
Dansit *My deir derling*
And all assentit in a sop
To the vse of Ewrop,
That for so much thay beleuit,
That expert and weill preuit
Thay war in the est warld,
As is heir breuely ourharld.
Thay conclud the vse plane
Of ylandis in occiane
And of the fermeland of France
And how the empriour dois dance
Suesis in Suauia syne
And als the reuir of Ryne,
Off Bretane, the brod ile,
Off Yrland and Argyle,
Burgone and Breband,
Hanyngo and Holland,
Flanderis, Freisland and eik
Brandeburcht and Broisweik,
Dittmer and Baywer,
Pruce, Poill and Pomer,
Lubwick land and Lunaburgh,
Malestrand and Makilburcht,
The steidis sevin and sevinty
And all boindis thame by,
The Rerall and Rusland,
Sclauia and Gotland,
Denmark and Norroway.
All thair dansis and play
Thay movit in thair mad muting
And all thay falit in futing
For merrit wes thair menstralis,
Thair instrumentis in tonis felis
And all thair plat pure pansis
Coud no the fete of ony dansis,
Bot such thing as affeiris
To hirdis and thair maneiris.
For thay hard speik of men gud
And small thairof vndirstud
Bot hurlit furth vpoun heid—
A Copyne Cull coud thame lede—
And so thay wend thay weill dansit

fol.360*a*

culrownis: rascals; *kenseis:* louts; *thravis:* crowds; *howis:* hose; *in a sop:* in unison; *vse:* fashion; *est:* eastern; *ourhald:* considered; *vse plane:* simple fashion; *occiane:* ocean; *fermeland:* mainland; *plat pure pansis:* entirely inadequate notions;

And did bot practit and pransit.
And quhen thay had all done,
It was a tratlyng out of tone.
Than thay began for to chyd
Quhill Quhorlorehusty cryd:
'Ceiss this brangling and bere.
Remembir quhy ȝe come here,'
That ilk knave and ilk cust
Comprysit Horlorehust
For a witte man commendit.
And thus thair dansing thay endit.
And so, concluding, thay past
To thair maistiris als fast
The silly pig to reskew,
All the samyn ar thay met trew.
Be than wes machit on mold,
As mony as thay wold.
Lord God, so lowd as thay cryd,
Full oft the fulis thay defyd
And on thame semblit attonis.
Bot thair wes breking of bonis—
'Hold how.' 'He wes heir.'
Thay chace with a fresch cheir—
'Fyll on the foirsaid sottis'—
And ourthrew all the ydiottis,
Both of the swyne and the men.
Be this ȝe may weill ken
That foly is no sapience,
For multitud in negligence
He seldin palme of victory,
Bot God and gud wit gy.
And all this grit brawling,
Babland and vþer thing
Wes for a pig, as ȝe hard sayn.
ȝit he eskapit vnslane.
Now iuge as ȝe list by,
For this is bot a fantesy
And littill poynt of poetry,
Bot sport, to mak ws mirry.
And ȝit this is a strange caiss.
Bot eftirward this pig waiss
Growin to a grit boir.
Lo, such is this warldis glore,
Now law, now he,
Nothing stable we se
In this warld of variance,
ȝit fell a caiss and new chance.
This pig, quhen he a boir wes,
Off micht he grew maikles,
As to fecht for awant
With antelop or oliphant.

bere: clamour; *cust:* rogue; *awant:* glory;
l.478: *pig,* Bannatyne, *pg;*

Tigir, pard or pantere,
Bull, wolf, or wyld bere,
With the awfull vnicorne
Nor ony beist that wes borne,
For he faucht wichtly with Wad
And with Melliager mad.
With anterouss Hercules
He did a battell in pres
And huntit was in the plane
Befoir the goddes Dyane,
Bot he eskapit harmeles
And killit hundis in the chase.
The rich king of Sydon
And his knychtis ilk on
For thir bere afferd wer,
For vmquhile he wonit thair
And gaif a battell curious
To Eglamoir of Artherus.
The vgly worme nevir so weill preuit
Quhill this bald bore leuit
Nor 3it, as I vnderstand,
The dragone in the Holy Land.
Is nocht this a nyce caiss
That first this pig so pure waiss
And in so mony dengeris
He eskapit with weris?
3e may consaue be this twich
That oft of littill cumis mich.
To contempt a small fo,
Quhill he haith grace to ryd or go
At liberty and fredome,
I hold it no wisdome
Or, for loif of pennyis,
To suffer honour perreis.
And thus is the cais endit
Of the penny þat wes spendit
That grew to so grit priss.
Scarss spending, skathis gentriss.
Thus haif I tald 3ow a caiss
To set 3ow in solaiss,
For our exceding study
May causs quhyle malancoly,
Thairfoir to mak ws mirryar
Thus did my fantesy fair,
And this hirdy girdy. I,
And dirdy, cry 3ow mercy.

Finis

pard: leopard; *Wad:* Wadè, a warrior in Germanic legend; *Melliager:* in Greek mythology Meleager slays the great boar Artemis sends to ravage Calydon; *anterouss:* adventurous; *Eglamoir:* Eglamour of Artemis is a late medieval English romance, the hero of which slays a boar which is devastating Sidon, the country of King Edmond; *preuit:* thrived; *leuit:* lived; *perreis:* (to) perish; *skathis:* detracts from;

Off thir mokking meteris and mad matere, fol.360*b*
3our he reuerence, humly eft I requyre
All þe hereris pardoun with pacience
My noyous noyiss, nycetie and negligence,
And to satisfie my foirsaid symple dyte,
In recompance of it now will I wryte
Of þe secund penny for the girle cost,
How it did thryve þat onis was thrall, half lost.
A 3eir eftir, walking in his disport
By a rever, Cokelby saw resort
Ane auld blind man with a pretty maid
Nocht twelf 3eir old, I hold, of age scho haid.
Bot suth to say, scho was nocht lyk to be
A worldly wicht, so windir fair wes sche,
So weill nurtourit as scho had nurischeit bene
In closter or court, dochter to kyng or quene.
Innocentlie scho salust on hir kne
This carlage man, this foirsaid Colkelbe.
3it, for to tell þe werray treuth of it,
He was ane man boith of substance and wit
And said, 'Dochter, haue goddis blyssing and myne.'
The auld man askit le pour amour deuine
Cherite, and he said, 'Father cum to my houss.'
He had him home and gaif him fair almouss
And intentlie inquireit quhair he had
Gottin that fair, innocent, gudelie maid
And gif scho war his dochter or kyn to say.
He said suithlie, 'Scho is nother, perfay,
Bot one palmar, ane honest man was he,
One aliane come frome be3ond þe se
With his awin wyf a blyssit creatour,
Lougeit with me, suppoiss that I be peur.
And throuch þe will of God so as it was,
Thay war weseit with suddane soir seikness
And deceissit thairin boith in ane hour.
This little maid, this tender createur,
Was thair dochter and beluiffit with me,
That leiddis me now sence my self may nocht se.'
Colkelbe said, 'I beleif it is so,
Bot quhat cuntre that ewer thai folk come fro,
It semis thai war of kynreid full potent
Be the dochteris feris, this innocent,
Bot guid father, gif that 3e wald aggree
To lat þe maid remane heir still with me
For hir honour and elss, so wald I reid 3ow,
Bot 3e sall haif ane boy of myne to leid 3ow.'
The blynd man said, 'Thre sones at home I haue
And war I thair, no moir gyding I crawe
Bot, fer þe maide hath bene a quhill with me,

l.573: *old;* Bannatyne, *hold;*
l.575: *worldly;* Bannatyne, *wordly; wes;* Bannatyne, *we;*
carlage man: peasant; *almouss:* alms; *palmar:* pilgrim; *aliane:* stranger; *feris:* manners;

And ȝe hir haue, I suld the better be.'
Cokkelby said, 'I had thre pennyis round. fol.361*a*
The first wes lost onys in a lak and found
And with it cost a pig sum callis a gryss,
Quhich increscit to he wirschip and pryss
So mervellous. Mony men of him reidis.
He wes the caus of feill ferlifull deidis,
As his legend beiris witnes, luke quho so list.
The secound penny I haif heir in my fist.
On lyis in hurd. This is the caiss of thame.
Thre silly pennyis suthly I hald the same,
The said secound penny I sall gife the
For this ȝoung maid, gif þat thow will and sche,
With my favouris in tyme to cum also.'
Thay agreit and thus I lat thame go.
This Colkelby nvreist hir in his houss,
Quich grew so fair and verry verteouss,
So gentill in all hir gestis, and appliable
And sobir in seruice and amiable,
þat all þat hir saw, thay luvit hir as thair lyfe;
And specialy this Colkelbeis wyfe,
A worschepfull woman in to hir houss,
Thay callit hir to name Bellamorouss.
Betuix hir and hir husband Colkelby
Thay had a sone callit Flannislie.
Galland he wes and gud in all his feir
And of all vþiris odly the best archeir
In ony land, rycht wirschepfull and wyse,
Big of bonis, a strong man of dewyse
And, as his fader and moder did oft espy,
He coppeit this ȝong wench attentely
In his consait, with sad degestioun,
Hir most plesand, perfyt, pure persoun,
Hir fresche figour formyst of forme and fece,
Gevin to all gud, fulfillit of Godis grace
That all bonty and bewty þat mycht be
Worthy compryssis, þairof anewch had sche.
He lovit so weill þair was non vthir.
Bot with consent of freindis, fadir and moder
He weddit hir to wyfe, wit ȝe, for ay.
This amiable innocent Adria
Wes callit to name. And this in France fell,
Into the first orising of it to tell,
Or it prevelit, planeist and popelus,
Quhair now Pareiss citie is situat thus.
This Colkelby wonit þair quhair the caiss
Of þe pig, fulis and all þat foirsaid was,

cost: bought; *gryss:* pig; *pryss:* esteem; l.617: Bannatyne, *He wes the caus the caus . . .* l.628: *hir,* Bannatyne, *his;* l.635: *Flannislie;* Bannatyne, *Flammislie; odly:* outstandingly; *dewyse:* purpose; *coppeit:* observed; *attentely:* attentively; *consait:* thought; l.644: *formyst;* Bannatyne, *formyt; orising:* beginning; l.654: Before it became powerful, developed and populous;

Till on a tyme þat he France, the king,
Roid to vesy the boundis thair as regne
And in the place thair as Cokkelby dwelt.
A man of stoir, with such thing he delt,
For than non could haif craft cornis to win. fol.361*b*
That king of mycht lugit in to his in
And on the morne a grit schoting thay did cry
Quhair Flanislie, our all, wan victory.
The king saw him so big a man and strong
And gudly als. To tary 3ow nocht long,
For his body a squyer he him maid
And in his weiris so weill he him behaid,
He was maid knycht, in court to continew.
And than he send for his fair lady trew,
Dame Adria, quhome the king did commend
In hir chalmer vpoun the quene to attend.
Best belouit and most perfyte wes sche
For hir gestis and bewtie and bontie,
Our all the laif the ladeis þat thair ware.
And Flannislie so weill in weiris him bare
That the king eftir maid him erle ryall
And a cornar of a cuntre seuerall,
Nocht than invent, inhabit as it lay
Gaif him be seile, heretable for ay,
Quhich he plenyssit with peple and polesy
And namit it eftir him and his lady,
This is to say Flannislie and Adria,
His hole erldome callit Flandria—
'Flan' fra the first sillab of Flannislie
And 'Adria' drevin fra Adria the fre.
The quhich famouss erldome of Flanderis ay
Haldis of Frankland and duchpeir to this day.
Off the secound penny thus come grit grace
With correctioun, and this I call a cace.
I reid nocht this in story autentyfe,
I did it leir at ane full auld wyfe,
My grit graundame, men callit hir Gurgunnald.
Scho knew þe lyfe of mony faderis ald,
Notable gestis of peax and weiris in storye,
Fresch in hir mynd and recent of memorye,
Nochtwithstanding scho was weill sett in eild—
Hir aige I hald of sevin scoir of winteris heild—
And saw sumdeill, bot for to say the suth,
In to hir heid I trest was nocht a tuth
Thairfoir grwew. Most gredely eit sche
And laking teith famvlit hir faculte

vesy: visit; *man of stoir:* man of substance; *cornis:* grain; l.673: *hir;* Bannatyne, *his;* l.675: *hir;* Bannatyne, *his; seuerall:* separate; *polesy:* buildings; *Frankland:* France; *duchpeir:* ? form of douzepers, originally the twelve paladins of Charlemagne, later the twelve great spiritual and temporal peers of France; *heild:* old; *sumdeill:* somewhat; *famvlit hir faculte:* impaired her speech;

That few folk mycht consaue hir momling mowth
Bot I, þat was expert þairin of 3owth.
Than wald I say scho had grit grace of God,
'Quhy so,' quod scho, 'my son?' and maid a nod. fol.362*a*
'Madame,' quod I, 'for thair be mony wyffis
Throw haboundance of spech þat nevir tryffis
And I wald chenge, mycht it be at my reid,
For a gud toung all the teith in thair heid.
As 3e ar now, so suld thay nocht be nemit
Skaldis, baldis and þairthrow schent and schamit.'
Than angrit scho and said, 'Sanct Iohine to borrow,
Thow lichit boy, thow menis mekle sorrow
And sall do moir gife thow in lyfe may byd.'
'Madame,' quod I, 'that tak I on 3our syd.'
Than wald scho preiss bett me in angry wyss
Bot weill was me, scho mycht nocht ryn nor ryss
And I wald vp and wisk away full wyld.
Than wald scho flattir, 'Cum in agane my chyld
And thow sall haif, lo, standing in the skelf,
Quheit breid and reme, conseruit for my self.'
Than sett scho me to leir littill at the scule,
Nowdir lyk to be a wysman nor a fule,
And oft, with pyne, scho maid me to report
Of hir tailis. And to conclud in schort,
Scho said, 'My sone, be this said taill thow sall
Lerne fyve wittis, and the first of thame all
Is to conciddir of fulis the foly.
Set in nummer thay ryss and multeply,
Thay may nevir moir fruct in felicity,
Thair ignorance requyris nocht it so be.
Experience and testimoniall
Off þe saidis fulis, my sone, consaif thow sall:
That a pure pig in þair possessioun
Thay had and tuk for ferme conclusioun
To kill þe samyn and mak of it a feist,
And syne thay war ourthrawin, most and leist,
For sory swyne for thair golfing affraid,
Till þat þe pig brak fra thame in a braid
And syne knavis ourcome þame with a crye.
Thairfoir, my sone, fra sic fulich foly
And fallowschip keip the, for the first wit.
The secund is, my sone, will thow lerne it,
Presome nevir bot povert may prewaill,
Be it rychtwiss, aganis men of grit availl
That ar nocht wyiss bot wranguss in þair deidis.
In cas þai mak the quhiles vexit at nedis,
Witnes this pig, sone, be experience,
That was fangit in þe fulis offence
To be killit and recouerit agane

consaue: understand; *tryffis:* thrive; *reid:* advice; *nemit:* called; *Skaldis:* scolds; *baldis:* bold creatures; *lichit:* little; *menis:* intend; *bett:* beat; *skelf:* shelf; *Quheit:* wheat; *reme:* cream; *golfing:* grunting; *in a braid:* suddenly;

To, so grit grace, as is foirsaid certane.
Thairfoir, my sone, leif nocht thy gud quarrell fol.362*b*
For apperance of dangeris and parrell 755
For, be thow iust, God sall thy iuge be
In all perrellis and weill deliuer the.
And the danger passit, thow art alss sure
As evir thow was, and stranger in nature,
To aventure agane in richtowsnace. 760
Bot quhoso will cowardly hyd his face
In defens of his iust actioun,
Quhen he trestis him, for such fowll affectioun,
Most in surty, suppressit sone sal he be
Quhair the richtouss frome all feir sall go fre. 765
Lychtly nevir thy gud querrell for feir
Off all perrellis, dowt, domage or dangeir.
Suld it so be, nevir suld mertirdome
Fortefie fath nor win the sege of Rome.
Quho þat surest dois keip him, sonest dois slyd 770
Bot gud quarrell and grace. God be thy gyd.
The thrid wit is, my sone, gif thow will ken,
Quhair evir thow seis grit wit in virtewiss men
Thocht thay be pure, auld or ȝong specialy,
Contempne thame nocht, sone, and lo the quhy: 775
This maid, this girl, this pure Adria, wes
ȝoung, faderles leuit and eik modirles
In strenge lond, and ȝit the Holy Gost
Vpliftit hir for wit to wirschep most
And in lykwayiss hir lord, Erle Flannysle 780
Quho wold haif þame opprest for þair pouirte
Remembir now, in such hicht as thay are,
Quhat may thay do to þair pairty contrare
Thay may weill quyt and ouirthraw þame at all.
Dispyss nevir wyiss vertewis in purall. 785
The ferd wit is, lat nevir thy penny be,
Nor warldis gud, my sone, mastir of the.
For littill thing, weill spendit, may incres
To he honour, wirschep and gritt riches
As did thir two pennyis spendit weill 790
Vpoun þe pig and the pure damesell.
I neid no moir of thame to multeply,
Thow knawis befoir how thay did fructefy.
Thairfoir hald nocht pennyis our pretiouss,
Bot suffer thame pass prospering commodiouss. 795
Forsuth a tyme a penny thow may spend
That may awaill the to thy lyvis end.
Thairfoir, my sone, gife thow thinkis to indure,
Spend with mesure for luk, wit and mesure fol.363*a*
The fyift wit is. My sone, set nevir thy harte 800
To mak an hurd suffering honour by starte

Lychtly: despite; *domage:* damage; *leuit:* left; *purall:* poor people; *commodiouss:* beneficially; *luk:* see;

For littill watt thow how sone þat thow may slid
Frome it slely, or it fra þe glid.
And at the leist, in þe hurd quhill it lyis,
It servis nowdir þe warld nor multeplyis
And gif thow deis it is vnknawin to men.
In avarice, quhat cheir is with the then?
For quich this man, this worthy Colkelby,
That in his dayis gat nevir bot pennyis thre,
Saw two thryve weill and the thrid did nocht.
Incontinent, þat penny out he brocht
And awowit to God in solempnit word,
That he suld nevir study to mak ane hord.
Rycht so, my sone, I chairge the to dude:
Spend with wirchep and spair nocht Godis gud,
How littill wat thow ane vdir tyme quho may
Bruk thy wyfe and baggis eftir thy day.'
Thus Gurgunnald, my grit grandame, me kend.
Haif I myssaid in ocht, I sall amend.

Explicit secunda pars

And with pardoun now of 3our he lordschippis
And correctioun of 3our reuerend maisterschippis,
Heir wald I tell of the thrid hid penny—
As I haif told 3ow, two did fructefy.
This Cokelby concidering weill the cais
That of wrechit awarice grew nevir grace,
Having in hairt the hole experience
How þat the two pennyis raiss in ascenss
Thocht he wald preve the thrid penny, quhyle hid,
Quhilk for þe tyme no fruct nor proffeit did,
To suffir it spreid in warld and fructefy.
And gif sum folk wald say þat I go by,
'How suld a penny fruct contrar nature
Sen gold, silver, mettel and alkyn vre
Fynit be folkis, vanisis and nocht incressis?'
Sum wold allege my lewit langage a less is
Bot, or I waid moir in this wildirnas,
Off such weir I will declair the cass:
Quhill þat the vre is in the awin nature
And nocht fynit nor forgit be manis cure,
So long the forss of þe four elementis,
And most þe erth, mynisteris it nvtrimentis fol.363*b*
To incressing, as herbis, stone or tre;
From thair orising stok cuttit quhill thay be
And frome thair ferm first rutit grund dewydit,
Thay may nocht than, be nature so abscidit,
Do fructifie and flureiss as afoir.
Lyk as a man heidit, he may no moir,

slely: imperceptibly; *Incontinent:* immediately; *baggis:* riches; *vre:* ore; *Fynit:* refined; *less:* lie; *weir:* perplexity; *abscidit:* cut off; *heidit:* beheaded;

Bot þat the saule, throw grace of God only,
In spirituall ioyis only dois fructefy.
So, þe mettell abscidit be þe man.
Nocht fructefeis of nature. Bot quhat than?
Manly resoun and wit of Godis gift
Fyndis menis, the money to vplift
And multeply in moir memor and mycht
Than evir it did in erd quhill it plycht.
For quhy? So long as it lay on the ground
It was vnfynit, as fruct nevirmoir found,
And quhan it was vptak be manis wit,
Throw out the warld alway welcome wes it
And set in cas and menissit a lyte,
Vsit and handlit be men. ȝit quhair a myte
Failis þairof, manis wit bringis agane
A thowsand pundis fynit out of vris plane.
The exampl is þat quhoso hath a vertew
Vss it wysly, oft syiss ten frome it grew.
And in schort my long legend, quho so lestis,
The euwangel the trewth þairof attestis,
Goddis awin word quhich tuk frome on fule man
A pure penny, having no moir as than,
And gaif the wyss that had ten pennyis tald.
Bot quhy was that? For the fule man no wald
Dispone wysly his penny bot abuss it,
Hyd it. And he þat had ten weill tham vsit.
Thairfoir God tuk frome the vnverteouss men
A penny and gaif to the gud, having ten.
Rycht so, he þat hes science and it abusis
Nocht following fast the fruct, bot it refusis,
God will it geif to him þat hes far moir.
I cast me nocht al day to gloiss in gloir
Or to langar legendis þat ar prolixt.
Thairfoir, I turne vnto my first text
As to declair the thrid penny, quhyle hid,
Eftir out brocht and gydit. Grace it did,
As followis heir, quho lykis to adwert, fol.364*a*
Throw consaitis of Colkelby expert.
Lyk to sede sawin in erd mortificat
Flouris, money fructis vivificat,
Lyk martiris killit, off quhome the mirreitis rysis,
Sanctis in hevin quhome sinfull man supprysis.
And herkynnis how besyd this Colkelby
Thair duelt a man was rich of stoir and fie,
Quhair Bodyvincant Castell standis now in plane,
His big nychtbour. Men callit him Blenblowane.

memor: reputation; *plycht:* was bound; *menissit:* diminished; *vris:* ores; *grew:* grow; *legend:* lesson; *euwangel:* gospel; *tald:* totalled; l.879: I don't intend to spend all day commenting upon eternal life; l.886: *to;* Bannatyne, *O;* ll.886–7: As seed sown in lifeless earth flowers, so money bears living fruit; l.887: *vivificat;* Bannatyne, *vinificat; supprysis:* destroys; *stoir and fie:* stock and property;

A wirthy wyfe had he weddit and sche
Was callit Susane, on quhome a sone gat he.
And Colkelby was gossep to the same
And he callit him Cokalb to his rycht name.
Colkelby with the said thrid penny bocht
xxiiij hen eggis and with thame socht
To his gud sone, for godfadirly reward
Him to remembir, as schawit is eftirward.
Susan, angrit heirat, as oft woman is
Quhile passionat þat all consaitis kennis,
Tuk in disdane this gift, this symple thing,
And said: 'Gossap, beir hame ȝour pure offring.
Mene ȝe to mok my sone and me? No moir
I will heirof. Fure it away þairfoir.'
He said, 'I sall keip thame to my gud sone,'
And had thame home to his place quhair he wone
And chairgeit sone his henwyfe to do hir cure
And mak þame fruct. Than to set thame scho fure
Hir best brod hen callit Lady Pekle Pes—
And ȝoung Cokrell hir lord and lemman wes.
Scho maid brud on thir eggis, þat in schort space
Twentyfour chikkynis of þame scho hes,
Twelf maill and twell famell, be croniculis cleir.
And quhat thay war with thair names we sall heir:
The first wes the samyn Chantecleir to luke,
Off quhome Chaucer treitis in to his buke,
And his lady, Partlot, sister and wyfe,
Quhilk wes no lyse in detis of þat lyfe
For quhy folkis levit be naturall lawis than.
The tuthir bruþir was clipit Cok Cademan.
He tuk to wyfe his fair trew sistir Toppok.
Kok Crawdoun was the thrid and his wyfe Coppok
And to compt iust the fourt, Cok Lyk Ouris
And littill Hen Pen his pretty paramour is.
The fyift lord was Lyricok in hall
And Kekilcrouss thay did his lady call.
Reid Kittilcok that sat on reid caill stok
And Feklefaw, farest of all the flok,
Was the sext and Cok Rusty the sevin,
Dame Strange his wyfe, quhilk had a stout stevin,
Cokky the aucht, his lady clepit Lerok,
Cok Nolus the nynt, spowsit his sistir Erok,
Cok Coby the tent and Sprutok his speciall,
Cok Obenar the levint, his maik thay call
Dame Iuliane. The twelf wes Cok Iawbert
And Lady Wagtaill his ioy and all his hairt.
So stout a stoir come of þir breþer twelf
And þair sisteris, I can nocht say my self

fol.364*b*

gossep: godfather; l.899: *eggis;* Bannatyne, *heggis; reward:* regard; l.903: Sometimes enraged whom fancies entirely guide; *set:* sit on; *lyse:* ? sin; *in detis of þat lyfe:* in those days; *stevin:* voice; *stoir:* abundance;

The fyiftie þairte, thay wer so fructeouss.
And at Schriftis evin sum wes so battalouss
That he wald win to his maister in feild
Fourty florans, with bill and spuris beild.
Sum of þis stoir this Cokkelby did sell,
Sum auld, sum 3ung, sum eggis in the schell,
And coft þairwith vþer ware and so it turnit,
This penny, that XV 3eir it nocht soiornit,
He mvlteplyit moir than a thowsand pound.
Than his gud sone he callit to him a stound,
Befoir his fader, moder and freindis all,
And said, 'Cakkalb, my sone, ressaif thow sall
All thir gudis for iustly thay ar thyne
Off thy chyld gift, storit throw grace devyne,
Fro xxiiij hen eggis quiche I the gaif
Set þi moder, sone, wald þame nocht ressaif.'
Than, as 3e hard, he tald all þe caiss.
This Cokelb grew eftir to so grit richess
Throw this penny, he grew the michtiest man
In ony realme. Quhat did þe penny than?
First hid in hurde, to vertew nocht applyit
And syne outbrocht þat so fer fructefyit.
Thairfoir, my sone, study nevir in thy day
With auarice warldis gud in hurd till ley,
Nor be thow nocht disparit of Godis grace.
The thrid penny this was, and þe last caice,
As my beledame, old Gurgunnald, told me. fol.365*a*
I allege non vþir auctorite
In this sentence maid on revill raill,
Quhich semys most to be a wyfis taill.
With correctioun quhite now I thus conclud:
God þat ws bocht with his awin blissit blud,
Both 3ow and me to consarue he deden,
Throw meik mirreitis of his only Sone. Amen.

Explicit tertia pars et vltima.

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Robene sat on gud grene hill
Kepand a flok of fe,
Mirry Makyne said him till:
'Robene, thow rew on me.
I haif the lovit lowd and still,
Thir 3eiris two or thre.
My dule in dern bot gif thow dill,
Dowtless, but dreid, I de.'

Schriftis evin: Shrove Tuesday; *battalouss:* bellicose; *beild:* made bold; *coft:* bought; *stound:* moment; *Set:* since; *revill raill:* ? a ravelled hank, i.e. confusion; *deden:* deigned; *fe:* sheep; *dill:* asuage;

Robene anserit, 'Be þe rude,
Na thing of lufe I knaw.
But keipis my scheip vndir ȝone wid—
Lo quhair thay raik on raw.
Quhat hes marrit the in thy mude,
Makyne, to me thow schaw;
Or quhat is lufe or to be lude?
Fane wald I leir that law.'

'At luvis lair, gife thow will leir,
Tak thair ane A B C:
Be heynd, courtass and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy and fre
So þat no denger do the deir
Quhat dule in dern thow dre.
Preiss the with pane at all poweir,
Be patient and previe.'

Robene anserit hir agane:
'I wait nocht quhat is luve.
Bot I haif mervell incertane
Quhat makis the this wanrufe.
The weddir is fair and I am fane.
My scheip gois haill aboif.
And we wald play ws in this plane,
Thay wald ws bayth reproif.'

'Robene, tak tent vnto my taill
And wirk all as I reid;
And thow sall haif my hairt all haill
Eik and my madinheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill
And for mvrning remeid,
I dern with the bot gif I daill
Dowtles I am bot deid.'

'Makyne, to morne this ilk a tyde,
And ȝe will meit me heir,
Perauenture my scheip ma gang besyd
Quhill we haif liggit full neir,
Bot mawgre haif I and I byd
Fra thay begin to steir.
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd.
Makyn, than mak gud cheir.'

'Robene, thow reivis me roif and rest.
I luve bot the allone.'
'Makyne, adew. þe sone gois west.

fol.365*b*

wid: wood; *raik on raw:* wander in file; *lude:* loved; *heynd:* gentle; *feir:* manner; *deir:* injure; *dre:* suffer; *previe:* discreet; *wanrufe:* miserable; *I dern:* secretly; *daill:* dally; *mawgre:* unease; *steir:* stray; *roif:* ease;

The day is neir hand gone.'
'Robene, in dule I am so drest
That lufe wil be my bone.'
'Ga lufe, Makyne, quhair evir thow list
For lemman I lude none.'

'Robene, I stand in sic a styll
I sicht and þat full sair.'
'Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhyle,
At hame God gif I wair.'
'My huny Robene, talk ane quhill
Gif thow will do na mair.'
'Makyne, sum vþer man begyle,
For hamewart I will fair.'

Robene on his wayis went
Als licht as leif of tre.
Mawkin mvrnit in hir intent
And trowd him nevir to se.
Robene brayd attour þe bent,
Than Mawkyne cryit on hie,
'Now ma thow sing for I am schent.
Quhat alis lufe at me?'

Mawkyne went hame, withowttin faill
Full wery, eftir cowth weip.
Than Robene in a fulfair daill
Assemblit all his scheip. fol.366*a*
Be þat sum pairte of Mawkynis aill
Outthrow his hairt cowd creip.
He fallowit hir fast, thair till assaill
And till hir tuke gude keip.

'Abyd, abyd, thow fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing,
For all my luve it sal be thyne.
Withowttin depairting,
All haill, thy harte for till haif myne
Is all my cuvating.
My scheip to morne quhill houris nyne
Will neid of no keping.'

'Robene, thow hes hard soung and say
In gestis and storeis auld
The man that will nocht quhen he may
Sall haif nocht quhen he wald.
I pray to Iesu every day
Mot eik þair cairis cauld
þat first preissis with the to play
Be firth, forrest or fawld.'

bone: slayer; l.56: *lude;* Bannatyne, *lid; styll:* plight; *wair:* were; l.69: Robene hurried across the field; *fawld:* sheepfold;

'Makyne, þe nicht is soft and dry,
The wedder is warme and fair
And the grene woid rycht neir ws by
To walk attour all quhair.
Thair ma na ianglour ws espy
That is to lufe contrair.
Thairin, Makyne, bath ȝe and I,
Vnsene we ma repair.'

'Robene, þat warld is all away
And quyt brocht till ane end
And nevir agane þairto, perfay,
Sall it be as thow wend.
For of my pane thow maid it play
And all in vane I spend,
As thow hes done, sa sall I say,
Mvrne on, I think to mend.'

'Mawkyne, the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on the is sett
And evirmair to þe be leill,
Quhill I may leif, but lett;
Nevir to faill, as vþeris feill,
Quhat grace þat evir I gett.'
'Robene, with the I will nocht deill, fol.366*b*
Adew, for thus we mett.'

Malkyne went hame blyth annewche
Attour þe holttis hair.
Robene mvrnit and Malkyne lewche.
Scho sang. He sichit sair.
And so left him bayth wo and wrewche,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a huche
Amangis the holtis hair.

Quod Master Robert Henrysone.

huche: crag.

410 The Wryttar to the Redar

Heir endis this buik, writtin in tyme of pest
Quhen we fra labor was compeld to rest
In to the thre last monethis of this ȝeir.
Frome oure Redimaris birth, to knaw it heir,
Ane thowsand is, fyve hundreth, threscoir, awcht.
Off this purpoiss namair it neiddis be tawcht,
Swa, till conclude, God grant ws all gude end
And eftir deth eternall lyfe ws send.

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