

I. A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO THE KING.

I.

My prince! ma God gif the guid grace,  
Joy, glaidnes, confort, and solace,  
Play, pleasance, myrth, and mirrie cheir,  
In hansell of this guid new 3eir.

II.

God gif to the ane blissed chance, 5  
And of all vertew aboundance,  
And grace ay for to perseveir,  
In hansell of this guid new 3eir.

III.

God gif the guid prosperitie,  
Fair fortoun and felicitie, 10  
Euir mair in earth quhill thow art heir,  
In hansell of this guid new 3eir.

IV.

The heavinlie Lord his help the send,  
Thy realme to reull and to defend,  
In peace and justice it to steir, 15  
In hansell of this guid new 3eir.

V.

God gif the blis quhair euir thow bownes,  
And send the many Fraunce crownes,  
Hie liberall heart, and handis nocht sweir,  
In hansell of this guid new 3eir. 20

*Quod Dumbar.*

## 2. THE TOD AND THE LAMB.

## I.

This hindir nycht in Dumfermeling,  
 To me wes tawld ane windir thing;  
 That lait ane tod wes with ane lame,  
 And with hir playit, and maid gude game,  
     Syne till his breist did hir imbrace, 5  
 And wald haif riddin hir lyk ane rame:  
     And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

## II.

He braisit hir bony body sweit,  
 And halsit hir with his fordir feit;  
 Syne schuk his taill, with quhinge and jelp, 10  
 And todlit with hir lyk ane quhelp;  
     Syne lowrit on growfe and askit grace;  
 And ay the lame cryd, Lady, help!  
     And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

## III.

The tod wes nowder lene nor skowry, 15  
 He wes ane lusty reid haird lowry,  
 Ane lang tailld beist and grit with all;  
 The silly lame wes all to small  
     To sic ane tribbill to hald ane bace:  
 Scho fled him nocht; ffair mot hir fall! 20  
     And that me thocht ane ferly cace.

## IV.

The tod wes reid, the lame wes quhyte,  
 Scho wes ane morsall of delyte;  
 He lovit na 3owis auld, twch and sklender:  
 Becaus this lame wes jung and tender, 25  
     He ran vpoun hir with a race,  
 And scho schup nevir for till defend hir:  
     And thiss me thocht ane ferly cace.

*The Tod and the Lamb*

3

V.

He grippit hir abowt the west,  
And handlit hir as he had hest; 30  
This innocent that nevir trespass,  
Tuke hert that scho wes handlit fast,  
And lute him kiss hir lusty face;  
His girmand gamis hir nocht agast :  
And that me thoct ane ferly cace. 35

VI.

He held hir till him be the hals,  
And spak full fair thoct he wes falss;  
Syne said and swoir to hir be God,  
That he suld nocht twich hir prenecod;  
The silly thing trowd him, allace! 40  
The lame gaif credence to the tod:  
And that me thoct ane ferly cace.

VII.

I will no lesingis put in verss,  
Lyk as thir jangleris dois reherss,  
Bot be quhat maner thay war mard, 45  
Quhen licht wes owt and durris wes bard;  
I wait nocht gif he gaif hir grace,  
Bot all the hollis wes stoppit hard :  
And that me thoct ane ferly cace.

VIII.

Quhen men dois fleit in joy maist far, 50  
Sone cumis wo, or thay be war;  
Quhen carpand wer thir two most crowss,  
The wolf he ombesett the houss,  
Vpoun the tod to mak ane chace;  
The lamb than cheipit lyk a mowss: 55  
And that me thoct ane ferly cace.

IX.

Throw hiddowis 3owling of the wowf,  
This wylie tod plat doun on growf,  
And in the silly lambis skin,  
He crap als far as he nicht win, 60  
And hid him thair ane weill lang space;  
The 3owis besyd thay maid na din :  
And that me thoct ane ferly cace.

*Ane Brash of Wowing*

5.

IV.

To hie! quod scho, and gaif ane gowf,  
Be still, my cowffyne and my cawf,  
My new spaind howphyn fra the sowk;  
And all the blythnes of my bowk;  
My sweit swanky, saif zow allane  
Na leid I luvit all this owk;  
Fow leiss me that graceless gane.

25

V.

Quod he, My claver, my curledoddy,  
My hony soppis, my sweit possoddy,  
Be nocht our bustious to your billie,  
Be warme hartit and nocht illwillie;  
Your halss as quhyt as quhalis bane  
Garss ryss on loft my quhillyillie;  
Ze brek my hairt, my bony ane.

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VI.

Quod scho, My clip, my vnspaynd jyane,  
With mvderis milk zit in zour michane,  
My belly huddroun, my sweit hurle bawsy,  
My honygukkis, my slawsy gawsy;  
Zour mvsing wald perss ane hairt of stane;  
So tak gud confort, my gritheidit slawsy;  
Fow leis me that graceles gane.

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VII.

Quoth he, My kid, my capircalzeane,  
My bony bab with the ruch brilzeane,  
My tendir girdill, my wally gowdy,  
My tirlly mirly, my crowdy mowdy;  
Quhen that our mowthis dois meit at ane,  
My stang dois torikin with zour towddy;  
Ze brek my hairt, my bony ane.

45

VIII.

Quoth scho, Now tak me by the hand,  
Wylcum! my golk of maryland,  
My chirry and my maikles mynzjeoun  
My sucker sweit as ony vnjeoun,  
My strummill stirk, zit new to spane,  
I am applyid to zour opinzoun;  
Fow leis me that graceles gane.

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## IX.

He gaif till hir ane appill ruby;  
 Gramercy! quod scho, my sweit cowhuby.  
 Syne tha twa till ane play began,  
 Quhilk that thay call the dirrydan;  
 Quhill bayth thair bewis did meit in ane.  
 Fow wo! quod scho, quhair will je, man?  
 Fow leis me that graceles gane.

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*Quod Dunbar (M.R.).*

4. DUNBAR'S DIRIGE TO THE KING AT  
 STIRLING.

*The Dregy of Dunbar maid to King  
 James the Fyift being in Striuilling.*

We that ar heir in hevins glory,  
 To 3ow that ar in purgatory,  
 Commendis ws on our hairtly wyiss;  
 I mene we folk in parradyis,  
 In Edinburch with all mirriness,  
 To 3ow of Striuilling in distress,  
 Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is,  
 For pety this epistill wrytis.  
 O, 3e heremeitis and hankersaidilis,  
 That takis your pennance at your 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 [way] allone,  
 Seing no thing bot stok and stone;  
 Out of 3our panefull purgatory,  
 To bring 3ow to the bliss and glory  
 Of Edinburch, the mirry toun,  
 We sall begyn ane cairfull soun;  
 Ane dergy devoit and meik,  
 The Lord of bliss doing beseik

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*Dunbar's Dirige to the King at Stirling* 7

3ow to delyuer out of 3our noy, 25  
And bring 3ow sone to Edinburchis ioy,  
For to be mirry amangis ws ;  
And sa the dergy begynis thuss.

*Lectio prima.*

The Fader, the Sone and Haly Gaist,  
The mirthfull Mary, virgene chaist, 30  
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 Edinburchis ioy and bliss, 35  
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, 40  
Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,  
Tak consolatioun in 3our pane.

*Jube Domine benedi[ere].*

Oute of distress of Striuilling toun  
To Edinburchis bliss, God mak 3ow boun.

*Lectio secunda.*

Patriarchis, profeitis and appostillis deir, 45  
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, 50  
To eit swan, cran, pertrik and plever,  
And every fische that swymis in rever ;  
To drynk with ws the new fresche wyne,  
That grew upoun the rever of Ryne,  
Ffresche fragrant clarettis out of France, 55  
Of Angerss and of Orliance,

*The Poems of William Dunbar*

With mony ane cours of grit dyntie:  
Say 3e amen, for cheritie.

*Responsorium, Tu autem Domine.*

God and Sanct Jeill heir 3ow convoy  
Baith sone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill 60  
To sonce and seill, solace and joy,  
God and Sanct Jeill heir 3ow convoy.

*Jube Domine benedicere.*

Out of Striuilling panis fell,  
In Edinburchis joy sone mot 3e dwell.

*Lectio tertia.*

We pray to all the Sanctis of hevin, 65  
That ar aboif the sterris sevin,  
3ow to deliuer (out) of 3our pennance,  
That 3e may sone play, sing and dance  
Heir in to Edinburch and mak gud cheir,  
Quhair welth and weifair is, but weir; 70  
And I, that 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 75  
To thame that 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; 80  
And how nane servis to haif sweitness  
That nevir taistit bittirness.  
And thairfoir how suld 3e considdir  
Of Edinburchis bliss, quhen 3e cum hiddir,  
Bot gif 3e taistit had befoir 85  
Of Striuilling toun the panis soir;  
And thairfoir tak in patience  
3our pennance and 3our abstinence,  
And 3e sall cum, or 3ule begyn,  
Into the bliss that we ar in; 90  
Quhilk grant the glorius Trinitie;  
Say 3e amen, for cheritie.

*Dunbar's Dirige to the King at Stirling* 9

*Responsorium.*

Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling;  
Frome hiddouss hell cum hame and dwell,  
Quhair fische to sell is non bot spirling; 95  
Cum hame and dwell no moir in Striuilling.  
Et ne nos inducas in temptationem de Striuilling: 6  
Sed libera nos a malo illius.  
Requiem Edinburgi dona eijs, Domine,  
Et lux ipsius luceat eijs. 100  
A porta tristitie de Striuilling,  
Erue, Domine, animas et corpora eorum.  
Credo gustare statim vinum Edinburgi,  
In villa viuentium.  
Requiescant Edinburgi. Amen. 105  
Domine, exaudi orationem meam,  
Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

*Oremus.*

Deus qui iustos et corde humiles  
Ex omni eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es  
Libera famulos tuos apud villam de Stirling versantes 110  
A penis et tristitijs eiusdem,  
Et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos perducas,  
Vt requiescat Striuilling. Amen.

*Heir endis Dunbaris Dergy to the King,  
bydand to lang, in Stirling.* 115

5. AGANIS THE SOLISTARIS IN COURT.

Be dyuerss wayis and operatiounes  
Men makis in court thair solistationes:  
Sum be seruice and diligence;  
Sum be continvall residence;  
Sum on his substance dois abyde, 5  
Quhill fortune do for him provyde;  
Sum singis; sum dancis; sum tellis storyis;  
Sum lait at ewin bringis in the moryis;  
Sum firdis; sum feynjeis; and sum flatteris;  
Sum playis the full, and all owt clatteris; 10



Sum man, musand be the waw,  
 Luikis as he mycht nocht do with aw;  
 Sum standis in a nuk, and rownes;  
 For covetyce ane vthair neir swownes;  
 Sum beris as he wald ga vud 15  
 For hait desyr off varldis gud;  
 Sum at the mes leweis all devocion,  
 And besy labouris for promociion;  
 Sum hes thair advocattis in chalmir,  
 And takis thame selff thairoff no glawmir. 20  
 My sempillnes, among the laiff,  
 Wait off na way, sa God me saiff!  
 Bot, with ane humble cheir and face,  
 Referis me to the kyngis grace:  
 Me think his gracious countenance 25  
 In ryches is my sufficiance.

*Quod Dunbar aganis the solistaris in court.*

## 6. THE TUA MARIIT WEMEN AND THE WEDO.

*Heir beginis the tretis of the tua mariit wemen and the wedo,  
 compylit be maister William Dunbar.*

Apon the Midsummer ewin, mirriest of nichtis,  
 I muvit furth allane, neir as midnicht wes past,  
 Besyd ane gudlie grein garth, full of gay flouris,  
 Hegeit, of ane huge hicht, with hawthorne treis;  
 Quhairon ane bird, on ane bransche, so birst out hir notis 5  
 That neuer ane blythfullar bird was on the beuche hard:  
 Qubhat throw the sugarat sound of hir sang glaid,  
 And throw the savour sanatiue of the sueit flouris,  
 I drew in derne to the dyk to dirkin efter mirthis;  
 The dew donkit the daill, and dynnit the feulis. 10  
 I hard, vnder ane holyn hewinlie grein hewit,  
 Ane hie speiche, at my hand, with hautand wourdis;  
 With that in haist to the hege so hard I intrang  
 That I was heildit with hawthorne, and with heynd leveis:  
 Throw pykis of the plet thorne I presandlie luikit, 15  
 Gif ony persoun wald approche within that plesand garding.

*The Tua Mar'it Wemen and the Wedo* 11

I saw thre gay ladeis sit in ane grein arbeir,  
All grathit in to garlandis of fresche gudlie flouris;  
So glitterit as the gold wer thair glorius gilt tressis,  
Quhill all the gressis did gleme of the glaid hewis; 20  
Kemmit was thair cleir hair, and curiouslie sched  
Attour thair schulderis doun schyre, schyning full bricht;  
With curches, cassin thame abone, of kirspe cleir and thin:  
Thair mantillis grein war as the gress that grew in May sessoun,  
Fetrit with thair quhyt fingeris about thair fair sydis: 25  
Off ferliffull fyne favour war thair faceis meik,  
All full of flurist fairheid, as flouris in June;  
Quhyt, seimlie, and soft, as the sweit lillies;  
New vpspred vpon spray, as new spynist rose,  
Arrayit ryallie about with mony riche wardour, 30  
That nature, full nobillie, annamalit with flouris  
Off alkin hewis under hewin, that ony heynd knew;  
Fragrant, all full of fresche odour fynest of smell,  
Ane marbre tabile coverit wes befor thir thre ladeis,  
With ryale cowpis apon rawys full of ryche wynis: 35  
And of thir fair wlonkes war tua weddit with lordis,  
Ane wes ane wedow, iwiss, wantoun of laitis.  
And, as thair talkit at the tabill of mony taill funde,  
Thay wauchtit at the wicht wyne, and warit out wourdis;  
And syn thair spak more spedelie, and sparit no materis. 40

[*Aude viduam jam cum interrogatione sua.*]

Bewrie, said the wedo, 3e weddit wemen 3ing,  
Quhat mirth 3e fand in maryage, sen 3e war menis wyffis;  
Reveill gif 3e rewit that rakles conditioun?  
Or gif that ever 3e luffit leyd vpone lyf mair  
Nor thame that 3e 3our fayth hes festinit for euir? 45  
Or gif 3e think, had 3e chois, that 3e wald cheis better?  
Think 3e it nocht ane blist band that bindis so fast,  
That none vndo it a deill may bot the deith ane?

[*Responsio prime uxoris ad viduam.*]

Than spak ane lustie belyf, with lusty effeiris;  
It, that 3e call the blist band that bindis so fast, 50  
Is bair of blis, and bailfull, and greit barrat wirkis.  
3e speir, had I fre chois, gif I wald cheis bettir?  
Chenseis ay ar to eschew; and changeis ar sueit:  
Sic cursit chance till eschew, had I my chois anis,

Out of the cheinȝeis of ane churle I chaip suld for eur. 55  
 God gif matrimony were made to mell for ane ȝeir!  
 It war bot monstreus to be mair, bot gif our mynd is pleisit:  
 It is agane the law of luf, of kynd, and of nature,  
 Togidder hartis to strenne, that stryveis with vther:  
 Birdis hes ane better law na bernis, be meikill, 60  
 That ilk ȝeir, with new ioy, ioyis ane maik;  
 And fangis thame ane fresche feyr, vnfulȝeit, and constant;  
 And lattis thair fulȝeit feiris flie quhair thai pleis.  
 Chryst gif sic ane consuetude war in this erth holdin!  
 Than weill war ws wemen, that eur we may be fre; 65  
 We suld haue feiris as fresche to fang quhen [us] likit,  
 And gif all larbaris thair leveis, quhen thai lak curage.  
 My self suld be full semlie with silkis arrayit;  
 Gymp, jolie, and gent, richt joyus, and gentryce,  
 I suld at fairis be found, new faceis to se; 70  
 At playis, and at preichingis, and pilgrimages greit,  
 To schaw my renoun, royaly, quhair preis was of folk;  
 To manifest my makdome to multitude of pepill,  
 And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mony;  
 That I nicht cheis, and be chosin, and change quhen me lykit: 75  
 Than suld I wail ane full weill, our all the wyd realme,  
 That suld my womanheid weild the lang winter nicht;  
 And quhen I gottin had ane grome, ganest of vther,  
 ȝaip, and ȝing, in the ȝok ane ȝeir for to draw;  
 Fra I had preveit his pith the first plesand moneth, 80  
 Than suld I cast me to keik in kirk, and in markat,  
 And all the cuntre about, kyngis court, and vther,  
 Quhair I ane galland nicht get aganis the nixt ȝeir,  
 For to perfurneis furth the werk quhen failȝeit the tother;  
 A forky fure, ay furthwart, and forsy in draucht; 85  
 Nother febill, nor fant, nor fulȝeit in labour;  
 Bot als fresche of his forme, as flouris in May;  
 For all the fruit suld I fang thoct he the flour burgeoun.

[*Aude ut dicet de viro suo.*]

I haue ane wallidrag, ane worme, ane auld wobat carle,  
 A waistit wolroun, na worth bot wourdis to clatter; 90  
 Ane bumbart, ane dronbee, ane bag full of flewme.  
 Ane scabbit skarth, ane scorpioun, ane scutarde behind;  
 To see him scart his awin skyn grit scunner I think.  
 Quhen kisis me that carybald, than kyndillis all my sorow;

*The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* 13

As birss of ane brym bair, his berd is als stif, 95  
Bot soft and soupill as the silk is his sary lwme:  
He may weill to the syn assent, bot sakles his deid is.  
With gor his tua grym ene ar gladderrit all about,  
And gorgeit lyk tua gutaris that war with glar stoppit;  
Bot quhen that glowrand gaist grippis me about, 100  
Than think I hiddowus Mahowne hes me in armes;  
Than ma na sanyne me save fra that auld Sathane;  
For, thocht I crose me all cleine, fra the croun doun,  
He will my corse all beclip, and clap me to his breist.  
Quhan schavein is that auld schak with ane scharp rasour, 105  
He schowis me his schewill mouth, and scheddis my lippis;  
And with hard hurcheone skyn sa heclis he my chekis,  
That as ane glemand gleyd glówis my chaftis;  
I schrenk for that scharp stound, bot schout dar I nocht,  
For schore of that auld schrew, schame him betyde! 110  
The luif-blenkis of that bugill, fra his bleirit ene,  
As Belzebub had on me blent, abasit my spreit;  
And quhen the smiy on me smyrkis, with his smaik smollat,  
He sipillis lyk a farsy aver, that flyrit on ane gylat.  
Quhen that the soundis of his saw synkis in my eiris, 115  
Than ay renewis my noy, or he be neir cumand:  
Quhen I heir nemmit his name, than mak I nyne croceis,  
To keip me fra the commerance of that carle mangit,  
That full of elduring is, and anger, and all ewill thewis.  
I dar nocht luik to my luif for that lene gib, 120  
He is sa full of jelosy, and ingyne fals;  
Ever Imagining in mynd materis of ewill,  
Compassand and castand cassis ane thousand  
How he sall tak me, with ane trew, at tryst of ane vthir:  
I dar nocht keik to the knaip that the cop fillis, 125  
For Indilling of that auld schrew that ever on ewill thinkis;  
For he is waistit, and worne fra Venus werkis,  
And may nocht beit wourth ane bein in bed of my misteris.  
He trowis that young folk I warne zeild, quhair he gane is,  
Bot I may zuik all this zeir, or his zerd help. 130  
And quhen that carybauld carle wald clyme on my wame,  
Than am I dangerus, and dane, and dour of my will;  
Yit leit I never that larbar my leggis ga betwene,  
To fyle my flesche, na fummill me, without a fee greit;  
And thocht his pen purily me payis into bed, 135  
His purse payis richelie in recompense efter:

For, or he clim on my corce, that carybauld forlane,  
 I have ane condition of ane curchef of kirsp allther fynest;  
 Ane gown of engranit clayth, richt gaily furrit;  
 Ane ring with ane ryall stane, or vther riche jowell, 140  
 Or rest of his rousty raid, thocht he wer rede wod:  
 For all the buddis of Johne Blunt, quhen he abone clymis,  
 Me think the baid deir about sa bawch ar his werkis;  
 And thus I sell him solace, thocht I it sour think:  
 Fra sic ane syr, God 3ow saif, my sueit Sisteris deir! 145

Quhen that the seimlie haid said her sentence till end,  
 Than all thai leuche apon loft, with laitis full mirry;  
 And raucht the cop round about full of riche wynis,  
 And railjet lang, or thay wald rest, with ryatus speiche.

*[Hic bibent et inde vidua Interrogat alteram mulierem  
 et illa respondet ut sequitur.]*

The Wedo to the tother wlonk warpit thir wourdis; 150  
 Now, fayr Sister, fallis yow but fenseing to tell,  
 Sen men first with matrimonie 3ow mensit in kirk,  
 How haue 3e farne be 3our fayth? confess ws the treuth:  
 That band to bliss, or to ban, quhill 3ow best thinkis?  
 Or how 3e lyk lyf to leyd in to leill spousage? 155  
 And syn my self 3ow exame on the samin wyse,  
 And I sall say furth the suth, dissembland na wourde.

The pleisand said, I protest, the treuth gif I schaw,  
 That of 3our toungis 3e be traist: The vther tua grantit;  
 With that sprang wp hir spreit be a span heichar. 160  
 To speik, quod sche, I sall nocht spair; thair is no spy neir;  
 I sall ane ragment reveill fra the rute of my hart,  
 A roust that is so ranclit quhill rysis my stomak;  
 Now sall the byll all out brist, that beild hes bein lang;  
 For it to beir on my breist was burdin our hevie: 165  
 I sall the venome avoyd with ane vent large,  
 And me assuage of that swalme, that suellit was greit.

My husband was ane huremaister, the hugeast in erd,  
 Tharfor, I hait him with my hart, sa help me our Lord!  
 He is ane young man richt 3aip, bot nocht in youthis flouris; 170  
 For he is fadit full far, and feiblit of strenth:  
 He wes ane flurissing fresche within thir few 3eiris,  
 Bot he is failyeit full far, and fulyeit in labour;  
 He has bein lichour sa lang quhill lost is his nature,

*The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* 15

His lwme is waxit larbar, and lysis in to swowne: 175  
Was never sugeorne war set na on that snail tyrit,  
For efter seven vwkis rest, it will nocht rid anys;  
He has bene waistit vpon wemen, or he me wyf cheisit,  
And in adulterie, in my tyme, I haue him tane oft:  
And yit, he is als brankand with bonet on syde, 180  
And blenkand to the brichtest that in the burch duellis,  
Als courtly of his clething, and kemmit his hair is,  
As he that is mair valjeand in to Venus chalmer;  
He semis to be sum thing wourth, that syphir in bour,  
He luikis as he wald luffit be, thocht he be lytill of valour; 185  
He dois as ane dotit dog that dams on all bussis,  
He liftis his leg vpon loft, thocht he nocht list to pische;  
He hes ane luik without lust, and lyf without curage;  
He hes ane forme without force, and fassioun but virtew,  
And fair wourdis but effect, all frustar of deidis; 190  
He is for ladeis in luif ane richt lustie schadow,  
Bot in to derne, at the deid, he sal be droup fundin;  
He railjeis, and makis rippet with ryatus wourdis,  
Ay rusing him of his raidis, and rageing in chalmer;  
Bot god wait quhat I think quhen he so thra speikis: 195  
And how it settis him so syd to segis of sic materis.  
Bot gif him self, of sum ewin, micht ane sa amang thame,  
Bot he nocht ane is, bot nane of naturis possessouris.  
Sche that hes ane auld man nocht all is bygylit;  
He is at Venus werkis na war nor he semis: 200  
I wend I had chosin ane jeme, and I haue ane geit gottin;  
He had the gleyming of gold, and was bot glass fundin:  
Thocht men be ferss, weil I find, fra failje thair curage,  
Thair is bot Endling, and anger thair hairtis within.  
Je speik of birdis on beuche: of blis may thay sing, 205  
That, on sanct Valentynis day, ar vakandis ilk zeir:  
Had I that pleisand prevelege to pairt quhen me likit,  
To change, and ay to cheis agane, than, Chaistite, adew!  
Than suld I haue ane fresche feir to fang in myne armes:  
To hald ane freik, quhill he fant, may follie be callit. 210  
Apon sic materis I muss, at mydnycht, full oft,  
And murnis so in my mynd, I murdress my selfin;  
Than ly I walkand for wa, and walteris about  
Waryand oft my wickit kin, that me away cast,  
To sic ane crawdoun, but curage, to knyt my cleyr bewte; 215  
And thair so mony kein knyghtis this kinrik within:

Than think I on ane semilyar, the suth for to tell,  
 Na is our syr be sic sewin; with that I sicht oft:  
 Than he full tendirlye dois turne to me his twme persoun,  
 And with ane 3oldin 3erd, dois 3ok me in armes; 220  
 And sayis, my soverane sueit thing, quhy sleip 3e nocht bettir?  
 Me think thair haldis 3ow ane heit, as 3e sum harme alit.  
 Quod I, My huny, hald abak, and handle me nocht sair;  
 Ane hache hes happinnit hestelie at my hairt rute.  
 With that I seme for to swoun, thocht I no suerf tak; 225  
 And thus besweik I that swane, with my sueit wourdis:  
 I cast on him a crabbit e, and quhen the cleir day is cummin,  
 And leitis it is ane luif blenk, quhen he about gleymeis,  
 I turne it in ane tendyr luik, that I in tene waryit,  
 And him behaldis hamlie, with hartlie smyling. 230

I wald ane tendir peronall, that nicht no put thole,  
 That hathit men with hard geir, for hurtyng of flesche,  
 Had my gud man to hir gaist; for I dar God sweir,  
 Sche suld nocht stert for his straik ane stray breid of erd.  
 And syn, I wald that ilk band, that 3e sa blist call, 235  
 Had bond him so to that bricht, quhill his bak werkit;  
 And I war in bed brocht with berne that me lykit,  
 I trow, that bird of my blis suld ane burde want.

Anone quhen this amiable had endit hir speche,  
 Loud lauchand the laif allowit hir meikill. 240  
 Thir gay Wyffis maid game amang the grene leveis;  
 Thay drank, and did away dule, vnder derne bevis;  
 Thay swappit at the sueit wyne, thai swan qubyt of hewis,  
 Bot all the pertliar in plane thai put out thair voceis.

*[Nunc bibent et inde prime due interrogant viduam  
 et de sua responsione et quomodo erat.]*

Than said the Wedo, Iwiss thair is no way vther; 245  
 Now tydis me for to talk; my taill it is nixt.  
 God my spreit now inspyre, and my speiche quikin,  
 And send me sentence to say, substantious, and nobill;  
 Sa my preiching may pers your perverst hartis,  
 And mak you meikar to men in maneris and conditionis. 250  
 I schaw you, Sisteris in to schryft, I was ane schrew euer,  
 Bot I was schene in my schroud, and schew me innocent;  
 And thocht I dour was, and dane, dispitous, and bauld,  
 I was dissemlit subtellie in ane sanctis liknes.

*The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* 17

I semit sobir, and sueit, and sempill without fraude, 255  
Bot I culd sextie desaeue that subtillar war haldin.  
On to my lessoun 3e lith, and leir at me wit,  
Gif 3e nocht list be forleit with losingeris untrew.  
Be constant in 3our governance, and counterfit gud maneris,  
Thocht 3e be kene, and inconstant, and cruell in mynd; 260  
Thocht 3e as tygiris be terne, be tretabill in luif;  
And be as turtouris in 3our talk, thocht 3e haue tailis brukill;  
Be dragounis bayth and dowis, ane in dowbill forme,  
And quhen it neidis 3ow, anone note bayth thair strenthis;  
Be amiabill with humill face, as angellis appeirand, 265  
And with ane terribill tail be stangand as edderis;  
Be of 3our luik lyk innocentis, thocht 3e haue ewill myndis;  
Be courtlie ay in clething, and costlie arrayit,  
That hurtis 3ow nocht wourth ane hen; 3our husband payis for all.  
{ Twa husbandis I haue had, that held me baith deyr, 270  
Thocht I dispytit thame agane, thay spyit it nathing.  
Ane was ane hair hachart, that hostit out flewme;  
I haitit him lyk ane hund, thocht I it hid previe.  
With kissing, and with clapping, I gart the carle fon;  
Weill couth I claw his cruik bak, and keme his cowit noddill, 275  
And with ane bukkie in my cheik bo on him behind;  
And with ane bek gang about, and blier his auld E;  
And with ane kynd countinace kyss his krynd cheik;  
In to my mynd makand mokis at that mad fader,  
Trowand me with trew luif to treit him so fayr. 280  
This couth I do without dule, and no diseiss tak,  
Bot ay be mirrie in my mynd, and myrthfull of cheyr.  
I had ane lustiar leyd, my lust for to slokyn,  
That couth be secreit and sure, and ay sauf my honour,  
And sew bot in certan tymes, and in secreit places; 285  
Ay when the auld did me angyr, with akwart wourdis,  
Apon the galland for to goif it gladit me agane.  
I had sic wit that for wo weipit I bot lytill;  
Bot leit the sweit ay the sour to gud sessoun bring.  
Quhen that the chuf wald me chyde, with gyrmand chaftis, 290  
I wald him chuk, cheik and chyn, and cheiris him so meikill,  
That his cheif chymmishad I chevist to my sone,  
Suppois the churle was gone chaist, or the child was gottin.  
As wyse woman ay I wrocht, and nocht as wode fule,  
For mair with wylis I wan na vertuousnes of handis. 295



Syn mareit I ane marcheand, michtie of gudis.  
 He was ane man of myd eild, and of meyn statour;  
 Bot we no fallowis war in freyndschip nor blude,  
 In fredome, nor furthbeiring, na fayrnes of persoun;  
 Quhilk ay the fule did forjet, for febilnes of knowlege. 300  
 Bot I so oft thocht him on quhill angerrit his hart,  
 And quhylum I put furth my voce, and pedder him callit;  
 I wald richt twichand in talk be, I was twyss mareit;  
 For endit was my innocence with my ald husband;  
 I wes appeirand to be pairt within perfyte eild; 305  
 Sua sayis the curat of our kirk, that knew me full jung;  
 He is our famous to be fals, that fair wourthy prelot;  
 I sall be layth to lat him lie, quhill I may luik furth.  
 I gart the bicheman obey, thair was no bute ellis;  
 He maid me richt hie reverance, fra he my richt knew; 310  
 For, thocht I say it my self, the severanis wes meikle  
 Betuix his bastard blude, and my birth nobill.  
 That page was never of sic pryce for to presume anis  
 Unto my persoun to be peir, had pietie nocht grantit.  
 Bot mercie in to womanheid is ane greit vertew: 315  
 For never bot in ane gentil hart is generit ony reuth.  
 I held ay grein in to his mynd that I of grace tuik him,  
 And that he culd ken him self I courteslie him lierit:  
 He durst not sit anis my summoundis; for, or the secund schairge,  
 He wes ay reddie for to ryn; so raid he wes for blame. 320  
 Bot ay my will was the war of womanly natur;  
 The mair he lowtit for my luif, the les of him I rakit;  
 And eik, this is ane farly thing, or I him faith gaif,  
 I had sic favour to that freik, and feid syne for ever.  
 Quhen I the cur had all clein, and him our cummin haill, 325  
 I crew abone that crowdown, as cok that was victor;  
 Quhen I him saw subiectit, and set at my bidding,  
 Than I him lichteit as ane lowne, and laithit his maneris.  
 Than wox I so vnmercifull to martyr him I thocht,  
 For, as ane beist, I broddit him to all boyis laubour; 330  
 I wald haue riddin him to Rome, with ane raip in his heid,  
 War not ruffill of my renoun, and rumour of pepill.  
 And jit hatrent I hyd within my hart all;  
 Bot quhilis it hapit so huge, quhill it behid out;  
 Jit tuk I never the wisp clein out of my wyd throt, 335  
 Quhill I ocht wantit of my will, or quhat I wald desyr.  
 Bot quhen I severit had the syr of substance in erde,

*The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* 19

And gottin his bigginis to my barne, and he borow landis,  
Than with ane stew stert out the stoppell of my hals,  
That he all stuneist of that stound, as of ane steill wapin. 340  
Than wald I, efter lang first, sa fane haue bein wrokin,  
That I to flyt was als ferss as ane fell dragoun.  
I had for flattering of that fule feinjet so lang,  
Mi evidentis of herytage or thai war all selit;  
My breist that was greit beild, bowdin was sa huge, 345  
That neir my barrat out brist or the band making;  
Bot quhen my billis, and my banchlis wes all braid selit,  
I wald na langar beir on brydill, bot brait vp my heid;  
Thair nicht na mollat mak me moy, nor hald my mouth in;  
I gart the reinjes rak, and ryf in to schundyr; 350  
I maid that wyf carll to wirk all wemennis larbouris,  
And lai doun all manlie materis, and menss in this erde.  
Than said I, to my cummaris, in counsale about,  
Se how I cabeld ʒon cowt with ane kene brydil!  
The capill, that the crelis kest in the caff middin, 355  
Sa courtasie the carte drew, and kennis no plungeing,  
He is nocht skeych, nor ʒit scer, na scippis nocht on syd:  
And thus the scorne and the scaith scapit he nother.  
He wes no glaidsum gaist for a gay lady,  
Thairfoir, I gat him ane game that ganyt him bettir; 360  
He was a greit goldit man, and of gudis riche;  
I leit him be my lumbart to lous all my misteris,  
And he was fane for to fang for that fayr office,  
And thocht my fauouris to find throw his fell giftis.  
He graythit me in gay silk, and gudlie arrayis; 365  
In gownis of Ingranit clayth, and greit goldin chenʒeis;  
In ringis ryallie set with ryche rubie stanis,  
Quhill all helie raise my renowne amang the rude peipill;  
Bot I full craftelie did keip thai courtlie weidis,  
Quhill eftir deid of that drowp, that docht nocht in chalmer. 370  
Thocht he of all my clathis maid cost and expens,  
Ane vthir sall the wirschip haue, that weildis me efter;  
And thocht I lykit him bot lytill, ʒit for the luif of vtheris,  
I wald me prein plesandlie, in precious wedis,  
That luiffaris nicht vpon me luik, and ʒoung lusty gallandis, 375  
That I held mair in dantie, and derrar be full mekill,  
Na him that dressit me sa denk: full doytit was his heid.  
Quhen he was heriet out of hand, to hee vp my honour,  
And payntit me as pacok, proudest of fedderis,

I him miskend, be Chryst; and cukkald him maid; 380  
 I him forleit as ane laid, and laithit him meikill:  
 I thocht my self ane papingay, and him ane pluckit herle;  
 And thus enforsit he is fay, and fortifyt my strenth,  
 And maid ane stalwart staff to straik him self doun.

Bot of ane bourd in to bed I sall 3ow breif jit: 385  
 Quhen he ane haill 3eir was hanit, and him behuvit rage,  
 And I wes layth to be loppin with sic ane lob aver,  
 Als lang as he was on loft, I luikit on him neuer;  
 And leit never in my thocht that he my thing persit.  
 Bot ay in mynd ane vther man imagynit that I had; 390  
 Or ellis I had never mirrie bein of that mirthles raid.  
 Quhen I that grome geldit had of gudis, and of nature,  
 Me thocht him grasles on to goif, sa me god help.  
 Quhen he had warit all on me his welth, and his substance,  
 Me thocht his wit was all went away with the laif; 395  
 And so I did him dispiss, I spittit quhen I saw him,  
 That super expendit ewill spreit, spulzeit of all vertew.  
 For, weill ye wiit, wyffis, that he that wantis riches,  
 And valyeandnes in Venus play, he is ful vile haldin;  
 Full frustar is his fresch array, and fairnes of persoune, 400  
 All is bot fruitless his effer, and fail3eis at the upwith.

I buskit up my barnis lyke barounis sonniss,  
 And maid bot fulis of the fry of his first wyf.  
 I banist fra my boundis his brether ilkane;  
 His freyndis as my fayis I had at feid ever; 405  
 Be this, 3e beleif may, I luffit nocht him self,  
 For never I lykit ane leid that langit till his bluid;  
 And 3it thir wysemen wait that all wyffis ewill  
 Ar kend with thair conditionis, and knawin with the samin.

Deid is now that divyr, and dollyne in erde; 410  
 With him deit all my dule, and my drery thochtis;  
 Now done is my dullit nycht, my day is vpsprungin,  
 Adew dolour, adew! my dente now beginnis.  
 Now am I ane wedow, Iwis, and weill am at eiss;  
 I weip as I war wofull, bot weil is me for ever; 415  
 I busk as I war bailfull, bot blyth is my hart;  
 My mothe makis mourning, and my mynd lauchis;  
 My klokis thai ar cairfull in colour of sabill;  
 Bot courtly and curious is my corps ther vnder.  
 I droup with ane deid luik, in my dule habite, 420  
 As with manniss dail I done had for dayis of my lyf.

*The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* 21

Quhen that I go to the kirk, cled in cairweidis,  
As foxe in ane lambis fleise fenise I my cheir;  
Than lay I furth my brycht buik on breid on my kné,  
With mony lustie letter illuminit with gold; 425  
And drawis my clouk fordwart our my face quhyt,  
That I may spy, vnspyit, ane space be my syd.  
Full oft I blenk by my buke, and blinnis of devotioun,  
To se quhat berne is best branit, or braidest in schulderis,  
Or forgeit is maist forslie, to furneis ane bancat 430  
In Venus chalmer, valiantlie, withoutin vane ruse;  
And, as the new mone, all pale, oppressit with change,  
Kythis quhyllis hir cleir face, throw cluddis of sabill,  
So keik I throw my cloukis, and castis kynd lukis  
To knychtis, and to clerkis, and to courtlie persounis. 435

Quhen freyndis of my husbandis behaldis me on far,  
I haue my watir sponge for wa, within my wyde ronkis,  
Than wring I it full wylelie, and weitis my cheikis;  
With that wateris my ein, and welteris doun teiris.  
Than say thai all, that sittis about, Se je nought, allace! 440  
þone lustles leid so lilelie scho luffit hir husband!  
þone is ane pete to inprint in ane princis hart,  
That sic ane perle of plesance suld þon pane drie!  
I sane me as I war ane sanct, and semis ane angell;  
At langage of lichorie I leit as I war crabbit: 445  
I sich, without sair harte, or seiknes in bodie;  
According to my sabill weid I man haue sad maneris,  
Or thay will se all the suth; for certis, we wemen  
We set ws all fra the sicht to syle men of treuth:  
We dule for na ewill deid, sa it be derne haldin. 450

Wyse wemen hes wayis, and wounderfull gydingis  
With greit Ingyne to begaik thair jelyous husbandis;  
And quietlie, with sic craft, convoyis our materis  
That vnder Chryst no creature kennis of our doingis.  
Bot folk ane cure may miscuke, that knowlegis wantis, 455  
And hes no colouris for to cover thair awin kyndlie faltis;  
And dois as thir damisellis, for derne doytit luf,  
That dogonis haldis in dante, and delis with thame so lang,  
Quhill all the cuntre know thair kyndnes of fayth.  
Fayth has ane fair name, bot falset faris better; 460  
Fy on hir that can nocht fenise hir awin fame to saue!  
þit am I wyse in sic werk, and was all my tyme;  
Thocht I want wit in warldlines, I wylis haue in luif,

As ony happie woman hes that is of hie blude.  
 Hutit be that halok lass ane hundreth zeir of eild! 465  
 I have ane secreit servand, richt sobir of his toung,  
 That me supportis of sic nedis, quhen I a syn mak.  
 Thocht he be sempill to the sicht, he hes ane toung sicker;  
 Full mony semlyar sege war service dois mak.  
 Thocht I haue cayr, vnder clouk, the clier day to the nicht, 470  
 ʒit I haue solace, vnder sark, quhill the sone ryss.  
 ʒit am I haldin ane halie wyff our all the hale schyre,  
 I am so peteous to the pure, quhen thair is persounis monye,  
 In passing of pilgramagis I pryd me full meikill,  
 Mair for the press of the peiple, nor ony perdoun winnyng. 475  
 Bot ʒit me think the best bourd, quhen barounis and knichtis,  
 And vther bacheliris, blyth blumyng in ʒouth,  
 And all my luffaris leill, my lugeing persewis;  
 Sum fillis me wyne wantounlie, with weifayr and joy;  
 Sum rownis; sum railyeis; and sum reidis ballatis; 480  
 Sum raveis furth ruidlie with riatus speche;  
 Sum plenis, and sum prayis; sum prysis my bewte;  
 Sum kassis me; sum clappis me; sum kyndnes me profferis;  
 Sum karvis to me curtaslie; sum me the cop gevis;  
 Sum stalwardlie steppis ben, with ane stout curage, 485  
 And ane stif standand thing stavis in my neif;  
 And mony blenkis ben our, that but full far sittis,  
 That may nocht, for the thik thrang, thryf as thai wald.  
 Bot, with my fair calling, I confort thame all:  
 For he that sittis me nixt, I nip on his fyngar; 490  
 I serf him on the tother syde on the samyn fassoun;  
 And he that behind me sittis, hard on him I lene;  
 And him before me, with my fute fast on his I tramp;  
 And to the bernis fer but sweit blenkis I cast:  
 To euerie man in speciall I speik sum wourdis, 495  
 Sa wyslie, and sa womanlie, quhill warmys thair hartis.  
 Thair is no levand leid sa law of degre  
 That sall me luif vnluffit, I am so luik hartit;  
 And gif his lust be so lent, to my lyre quhyt,  
 That he be lost or with me lig, his lyf sall haue no danger; 500  
 I am so mercyfull in mynd, and menis all wichtis,  
 My sillie saull sall me sauf, quhen sall not all jugeis.  
 Ladeis leyr thir lessounis, and be nocht lassis fundin:  
 This is the Legeant of my lyf, thocht Latine it be nane.

*The Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo* 23

Quhen endit had hir ornat speche this eloquent Wedo, 505  
Lowd than leuch all the laif, and lovit hir mekle;  
And said, thai suld exemple tak of her soverane teiching,  
And wirk efter hir wourdis, that woman was so prudent.  
Than culit thai thair mouthis with comfortable drinkis;  
And carpit full cummyrlyk, with cop going round. 510

Thus draif thai our that deir nicht, with danceis full noble,  
Quhill that the day did vp daw, and dew donkit the flouris;  
The morow myld wes and meik, the maveis did sing,  
And all removit the myst, and the meid smellit;  
Silver schouris doun schuik, as the schein cristell, 515  
And birdis schoutit in the schaw, with thair schill notis;  
The goldin glitterand gleme, so gladit thair hartis,  
Thai maid ane glorious gle amang thai grene bewis.  
The soft souch of the swyre, and sound of the stremes,  
The sweit savour of the swarde, and singing of fewlis, 520  
Micht confort ony creature of the kyn of Adam;  
And kindill agane his curage thocht it war cauld slokmit.

Than rais thir royale rosis, in thair riche wedis,  
And raikit hame to thair rest, throw the ryss blumeis;  
And I all priuelie past to ane plesand arbeir, 525  
And with my pen did report thair pastyme most mirrie.

3e Auditouris, most honorabill, that Eris hes giffin  
Onto this vnkouth Adventure, quhilk airlie me hapnit;  
Off thir Thre Wantoun Wiffis, that I haif writtin heir,  
Quhilk wald 3e wail to 3our Wyf, gif 3e suld wed ane? 530

*Quod* maister Williame dunbar.

7. THE BALLAD OF KYND KITTOK.

I.

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. 5  
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 snail. 10  
 Sche cryd, Ourtane fallow, haill,  
 And raid ane inch behind the taill,  
 Quhill it wes neir ene.

## II.

Sua scho had hap to be horst to hir harbry,  
 At ane ailhouss neir Hevin it nychtit thame thair. 15  
 Scho deit for thirst in this warld that 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 the jettis of Hevin fast cowd scho fair,  
 And by Sanct Petir, in at the jett scho stall prevely. 20  
 God lukit and saw hir lattin in and luch his hairt sair;  
 And thair jeiris sevin  
 Scho levit ane gud lyfe,  
 And wes our Leddeis henwyfe,  
 And held Sanct Petir in stryfe, 25  
 Ay quhill scho wes in Hevin.

## III.

Scho lukit owt on a day and thocht verry lang,  
 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. 30  
 Scho come agane to Hevinis jet, quhen that the bell rang,  
 Sanct Petir hit hir wit a club, quhill a grit clour  
 Raiss on hir heid behind, becauss the wyfe jeid wrang;  
 And than to the ailhouss agane scho ran the pitscheris to pour,  
 Thair to brew and to baik. 35  
 Freyndis, I pray 3ow hairtfully,  
 Gife 3e be thristy or dry,  
 Drynk wyth my guddame, quhen 3e gang by,  
 Anis for my saik.

*Explicit.*

8. THE TWA CUMMERIS.

I.

Rycht airlie on Ask Weddinsday,  
Drynkand the wyne satt cumeris tway;  
The tane c<sup>ow</sup>th to the tother complene,  
Graneand and supband c<sup>ow</sup>d scho say,  
'This lang Lentern makis me lene.'

5

II.

On cowch besyd the fyre scho satt,  
God wait gif scho wes grit and fatt,  
3it to be feble scho did hir fene;  
Ay scho said, 'Cumer, latt preif of that,  
This lang Lentern makis me lene.'

10

III.

'My fair, sweet cummer,' quod the tuder,  
'3e tak that migerness of 3our muder;  
All wyne to test scho wald disdane  
Bot mavasy, scho bad nane vder;  
This lang Lentern makis me lene.'

15

IV.

'Cummer, be glaid both evin and morrow,  
Thocht 3e suld bayth beg and borrow,  
Fra our lang fasting 3e 3ow refrene,  
And latt your husband dre the sorrow;  
This lang Lentern makis me lene.'

20

V.

'3our counsale, cummer, is gud,' quod scho,  
'All is to tene him that I do;  
In bed he is nocht wirth ane bene;  
Fill fow the glass and drynk me to;  
This lang Lentern makis me lene.'

25

VI.

Off wyne owt of ane choppyne stowp,  
They drank twa quartis, sowp and sowp.  
Of drowth sic excess did thame strene;  
Be than to mend thay had gud howp;  
That Lentr<sup>ou</sup>n suld nocht make tham lene.

30

*Quod Dumbar.*



## 9. OF THE LADYIS SOLISTARIS AT COURT.

## I.

Thir ladyis fair,  
 That makis repair,  
 And in the court ar kend,  
 Thre dayis thair,  
 Thay will do mair, 5  
 Ane mater for till end,  
 Than thair gud men  
 Will do in ten,  
 For ony craft thay can,  
 So weill thay ken, 10  
 Quhat tyme and quhen,  
 Thair menes thay sowld mak than.

## II.

With littill noy,  
 Thay can convoy 15  
 Ane mater fynaly,  
 Richt myld and moy,  
 And keip it coy,  
 On evyns quyety.  
 Thay do no miss,  
 Bot gif thay kiss, 20  
 And keipis collatioun,  
 Quhat rek of this?  
 Thair mater is  
 Brocht to conclusioun.

## III.

Je may wit weill, 25  
 Thay haif grit feill,  
 Ane mater to solist,  
 Treat as the steill,  
 Syne nevir a deill  
 Quhen thay cum hame is mist. 30  
 Thair lairdis ar,  
 Methink, richt far

*Of the Ladyis Solistaris at Court* 27

Sic ladeis behaldin to,  
That sa weill dar  
Go to the bar,  
Quhen thair is ocht ado. 35

IV.

Thairfoir I reid,  
Gif 3e haif pleid,  
Or mater in to pley,  
To mak remeid, 40  
Send in 3our steid,  
3our ladeis grathit vp gay.  
Thay can defend,  
Evin to the end,  
Ane mater furth express; 45  
Suppois thay spend,  
It is vnkend,  
Thair geir is nocht the les.

V.

In quyet place,  
Thocht thay haif space, 50  
Within less nor twa howris,  
Thay can, perpace,  
Purchess sum grace,  
At the compositouris.  
Thair compositioun, 55  
With full remissioun,  
Thair fynaly is endit,  
With expeditioun  
And full conditioun,  
And seilis thair to appendit. 60

VI.

Alhaill almoist,  
Thay mak the coist  
With sobir recompens,  
Richt littill loist,  
Thay get indoist, 65  
Alhaill thair evidens.

Sic ladyis wyiss,  
 Thay ar to pryis,  
 To say the veretie,  
 Swa can devyiss, 70  
 And not suppryiss  
 Thame, nor thair honestie.

*Finis quod Dumbar.*

### 10. IN PRAYS OF WOMAN.

Now of wemen this I say for me,  
 Off erthly thingis nane may bettir be;  
 Thay suld haif wirschep and grit honoring  
 Off men, aboif all vthir erthly thing;  
 Rycht grit dishonour vpoun him self he takkis 5  
 In word or deid quha evir wemen lakkis;  
 Sen that of wemen cumin all ar we,  
 Wemen ar wemen and sa will end and de.  
 Wo wirth the fruct wald put the tre to nocht,  
 And wo wirth him rycht so that sayis ocht 10  
 Off womanheid that may be ony lak,  
 Or sic grit schame vpone him for to tak.  
 Thay ws consaif with pane, and be thame fed  
 Within thair breistis thair we be boun to bed;  
 Grit pane and wo, and mvrnyng mervelluss, 15  
 Into thair birth thay suffir sair for ws;  
 Than meit and drynk to feid ws get we nane,  
 Bot that we soik out of thair breistis bane.  
 Thay ar the confort that we all haif heir,  
 Thair may no man be till ws half so deir; 20  
 Thay ar our verry nest of nvrissing.  
 In lak of thame quha can say ony thing,  
 That fowll his nest he fylis, and forthy  
 Exylit suld be of all gud cumpany;  
 Thair suld na wyiss man gif audience, 25  
 To sic ane fule without intelligence.  
 Chryst to his fader he had nocht ane man;  
 Se quhat wirschep wemen suld haif than.  
 That Sone is Lord, that Sone is King of kingis,  
 In hevin and erth his maiestie ay ringis. 30

Sen scho hes borne him in hir halines,  
And he is well and grund of all gudnes,  
All women of ws suld haif honoring,  
Service and luv, aboif all vthir thing.

[*Finis*] *quod* Dumbar.

11. TYDINGIS FRA THE SESSION.

I.

Ane mvrlendis man of yplandis mak  
At hame thus to his nychtbour spak,  
'Quhat tydingis, gossep, peax or weir?'

The tother rownit in his eir,

'I tell 3ow this vndir confessioun,

5

Bot laitly lichtit of my meir,

I come of Edinburch fra the Sessioun.'

II.

'Quhat tythingis hard 3e thair, I pray 3ow?'

The tother answerit, 'I sall say 3ow,

Keip this all secreit, gentill brother;

10

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.

III.

'Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleiss

15

That wald for invy byt of his neiss;

His fa sum by the oxtar leidis;

Sum patteris with his mowth on beidis,

That hes his mynd all on oppressioun;

Sum beckis full law and schawis bair heidis,

20

Wald luke full heich war not the Sessioun.

IV.

'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,

25

How feid and favour flemis discretioun ;  
 Sum speiks full fair, and falsly fenis :  
 Sic tythings hard I at the Sessioun.

## V.

'Sum castis summondis, and sum exceptis ;  
 Sum standis besyd and skaild law keppis ; 30  
 Sum is continwit, sum wynniss, sum tyniss ;  
 Sum makis him mirry at the wynniss ;  
 Sum is put owt of his possessioun ;  
 Sum herreit, and on creddens dyniss :  
 Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun. 35

## VI.

'Sum sweiris, and forsaikis God ;  
 Sum in ane lamb skin is ane tod ;  
 Sum in his toung his kyndnes tursis ;  
 Sum cuttis throttis, and sum pykis pursis ;  
 Sum gois to gallouss with processioun ; 40  
 Sum sanis the Sait, and sum thame cursis :  
 Sic tydings hard I at the Sessioun.

## VII.

'Religious men of diuerss placis  
 Cumis thair to wow and se fair facis ;  
 Baith Carmeleitis and Cordilleris 45  
 Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,  
 And ar vnmyndfull of thair professioun ;  
 The jungar at the eldar leiris :  
 Sic tydingis hard I at the Sessioun.

## VIII.

'Thair cumis jung monkis of he complexioun, 50  
 Of devoit mynd, lue, 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 : 55  
 Sic tydings hard I at the Sessioun.'

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

12. THE DEVIL'S INQUEST.

I.

This nycht in my sleip I wes agast,  
Me thoct the Devill wes tempand fast  
The peple with aithis of crewaltie;  
Sayand as throw the mercat he past,  
'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

II.

Me thoct as he went throw the way,  
Ane preist sweirit be God verey,  
Quhilk at the alter ressaut he;  
'Thow art my clerk,' the Devill can say,  
'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

III.

Than swoir ane courtyour mekle of pryd,  
Be Chrystis windis bludy and wyd,  
And be his harmes wes rent on tre;  
Than spak the Devill hard him besyd,  
'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

IV.

Ane merchand, his geir as he did sell,  
Renuncit his pairt of hevin and hell;  
The Devill said, 'Welcum mot thow be,  
Thow salbe merchand for my sell,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

V.

Ane goldsmyth said, 'The gold is sa fyne,  
That all the workmanship I tyne,  
The Feind ressaif me gif I le;'  
'Think on,' quod the Devill, 'that thow art myne,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

VI.

Ane tailjour said, 'In all this toun  
Be thair ane bettir weilmaid gown,  
I gif me to the Feynd all fre;'  
'Gramercy, teljour,' said Mahoun,  
'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

## VII.

Ane sowttar said, 'In gud effek,  
 Nor I be hangit be the nek,  
 Gif bettir butis of ledder ma be;'  
 'Fy,' quod the Feynd, 'Thow sairis of blek,  
 Go clenge the clene and cum to me.'

35

## VIII.

Ane baxtar said, 'I forsaik God,  
 And all his werkis evin and od,  
 Gif fairar stuff neidis to be;'  
 The Dyvill luche and on him cowth nod,  
 'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

40

## IX.

Ane fleschour swoir be the sacrament,  
 And be Chrystis blud maist innocent,  
 Nevir fatter flesch saw man with E;  
 The Devill said, 'Hald on thy intent,  
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

45

## X.

'Be Godis blud,' quod the tavernneir,  
 'Thair is sic wyne in my selleir  
 Hes newer come in this cuntrie.'  
 'Zett,' quod the Deuill, 'thou sellis our deir,  
 Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

50

## XI.

The maltman sais, 'I God forsaik,  
 And that the Devill of hell me taik,  
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,  
 And of this kill I haif inlaik;'  
 'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

55

## XII.

Ane browstar swoir the malt wes ill,  
 Bath reid and reikit on the kill,  
 That it will be na aill for me,  
 Ane boll will nocht sex gallonis fill;  
 'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

60

*The Devil's Inquest*

33

XIII.

The smyth swoir be rude and raip,  
'In till a gallowis mot I gaip,  
Gif I ten dayis wan pennyis thre,  
Ffor with that craft I can nocht thraip;'  
'Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

65

XIV.

Ane menstrall said, 'The Feind me ryfe,  
Gif I do ocht bot drynk and swyfe;'  
The Devill said, 'Hardly mot it be,  
Exerss that craft in all thy lyfe;  
Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

70

XV.

Ane dysour said with wirdis of stryfe,  
The Devill mot stik him with a knyfe,  
Bot he kest vp fair syysis thre;  
The Devill said, 'Endit is thy lyfe,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

75

XVI.

Ane theif said, 'God, that evir I chaip,  
Nor ane stark widdy gar me gaip,  
Bot I in hell for geir wald be;'  
The Devill said, 'Welcum in a raip,  
Renunce thy God and cum to me.'

80

XVII.

The fische wyffis flett and swoir with granis,  
And to the Feind, saule, flesch and banis,  
Thay gaif thame, with ane schowt on hie;  
The Devill said, 'Welcum all att anis,  
Renunce your God and cum to me.'

85

XVIII.

The rest of craftis gryt aithis swair  
Thair wark and craft had na compair,  
Ilk ane into thair qualitie;  
The Deuill sayis thane, withouttin mair,  
'Renunce your God and cum to me.'

90



## 13. TO THE MERCHANTIS OF EDINBURGH.

## I.

Quhy will 3e, merchantis of renoun,  
 Lat Edinburgh, 3our nobill toun,  
 For laik of reformatioun  
 The commone proffeitt tyne and fame?  
 Think 3e nocht schame,  
 That onie vther regioun  
 Sall with dishonour hurt 3our name!

5

## II.

May nane pas throw 3our principall gaittis,  
 For stink of haddockis and of scaitis;  
 For cryis of carlingis and debaittis;  
 For fensum flyttingis of defame:  
 Think 3e nocht schame,  
 Befoir strangeris of all estaittis  
 That sic dishonour hurt 3our name!

10

## III.

3our stinkand Scull that standis dirk,  
 Haldis the lycht fra 3our pareoche kirk;  
 3our foirstairis makis 3our housis mirk,  
 Lyk na cuntray bot heir at hame:  
 Think 3e nocht schame,  
 Sa litill polesie to wirk  
 In hurt and sklander of 3our name!

15

20

## IV.

At your hie croce, quhair gold and silk  
 Sould be, thair is bot crudis and milk;  
 And at 3our trone bot cokill and wilk,  
 Pansches, pudingis of Jok and Jame:  
 Think 3e nocht schame,  
 Sen as the world says that ilk  
 In hurt and sclander of 3our name!

25

## V.

3our commone menstrallis hes no tone,  
 Bot 'Now the day dawis,' and 'Into Joun';  
 Cunningar men man serve sanct cloun,

30

*To the Merchantis of Edinburgh* 35

And neur to vther craftis clame :

Think 3e nocht schame,  
To hald sic mowaris on the mounne,  
In hurt and sclander of 3our name! 35

VI.

Tail3ouris, souteris, and craftis vyll,  
The fairest of 3our streit dois fyll ;  
And merchandis at the stinkand styll  
Ar hamperit in ane hony came :  
Think 3e nocht schame, 40  
That 3e haue nether witt nor wyll  
To win 3our selff ane bettir name!

VII.

3our burgh of beggeris is ane nest,  
To schout thai swein3ouris will nocht rest ;  
All honest folk they do molest, 45  
Sa piteuslie thai cry and rame :  
Think 3e nocht schame,  
That for the poore hes nothing drest,  
In hurt and sclander of 3our name!

VIII.

3our proffeit daylie dois incres, 50  
3our godlie workis less and les ;  
Through streittis nane may mak progres,  
For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame :  
Think 3e nocht schame,  
That 3e sic substance dois posses, 55  
And will nocht win ane bettir name!

IX.

Sen for the court and the sessioun,  
The great repair of this regioun  
Is in 3our burgh, thairfoir be boun  
To mend all faultis that ar to blame, 60  
And eschew schame ;  
Gif thai pas to ane vther toun,  
3e will decay, and 3our great name!

## X.

Thairfoir strangeris and leigis treit,  
 Tak nocht ouer mekill for thair meit, 65  
 And gar 3our merchandis be discreit,  
 That na extortiounes be proclaime,  
 All fraud and schame :  
 Keip ordour, and poore niechtbouris be it,  
 That 3e may gett ane bettir name! 70

## XI.

Singular proffeit so dois 3ow blind,  
 The common proffeit gois behind :  
 I pray that Lord remeid to fynd  
 That deit into Jerusalem ;  
 And gar 3ow schame ! 75  
 That sum tyme ressoun may 3ow bind,  
 For to [reconqueis] 3our guid name.

*Quod Dumbar.*

## 14. IN HONOUR OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

## I.

London, thou art of townes A per se.  
 Sovereign of cities, semeliest in sight,  
 Of high renoun, riches and royaltie ;  
 Of lordis, barons, and many [a] goodly knyght ; 5  
 Of most delectable lusty ladies bright ;  
 Of famous prelatis, in habitis clericall ;  
 Of merchauntis full of substaunce and [of] myght :  
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

## II.

Gladdith anon thou lusty Troy novaunt,  
 Citie that some tyme cleped was New Troy, 10  
 In all the erth, imperiall as thou stant,  
 Prynmesse of townes, of pleasure and of joy,  
 A richer restith under no Christen roy ;  
 For manly power, with craftis naturall,  
 Fourmeth none fairer sith the flode of Noy : 15  
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

III.

Gemme of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,  
Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour;  
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuytie;  
Of royall cities rose and geraflour; 20  
Empresse of townes, exalt in honour;  
In beawtie beryng the crone imperiall;  
Swete paradise precelling in pleasure:  
London, thow art the floure of Cities all.

IV.

Aboue all ryuers thy Ryuer hath renowne, 25  
Whose beryall stremys, pleasaunt and preclare,  
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,  
Where many a swanne doth swymme with wyngis fare;  
Where many a barge doth saile, and row with are,  
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royall. 30  
O! towne of townes, patrone and not compare:  
London, thou art the floure of Cities all.

V.

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white  
Been merchauntis full royall to behold;  
Upon thy stretis goth many a semely knyght 35  
In velvet gownes and [in] cheynes of gold.  
By Julyus Cesar thy Tour founded of old  
May be the hous of Mars victoryall,  
Whos artillary with tonge may not be told:  
London, thou art the flour of Cities all. 40

VI.

Strong be thy wallis that about the standis;  
Wise be the people that within the dwellis;  
Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis;  
Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis;  
Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis; 45  
Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small;  
Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis:  
London, thow art the flour of Cities all.

## VII.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,  
 With swerd of justice, the rulith prudently. 50  
 No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce  
 In dignytie or honoure goeth to hym nye.  
 He is exemplar, loode-ster, and guye ;  
 Pryncipall patrone and roose orygynalle,  
 Above all Maires as maister moost worthy : 55  
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

15. TO THE PRINCESS MARGARET ON HER  
ARRIVAL AT HOLYROOD.

## I.

Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre,  
 Princes most plesant and preclare,  
 The lustyest one alyve that byne,  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

## II.

3ounge tendir plant of pulcritud, 5  
 Descendyd of Imperyalle blude ;  
 Freshe fragrant floure of fayrehede shene,  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

## III.

Swet lusty lusum lady clere,  
 Most myghty kyngis dochter dere, 10  
 Borne of a princes most serene,  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

## IV.

Welcum the Rose bothe rede and whyte,  
 Welcum the floure of oure delyte !  
 Rejoysyng frome the sone beme, 15  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene ;  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

16. THE THRISSILL AND THE ROIS.

I.

Quhen Mérchê wés with variand wíndis pást  
And Appryll had, with hir siluer schouris,  
Tane leif at nature with ane orient blast ;  
And lusty May, that mvddir is of flouris,  
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris 5  
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,  
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt ;

II.

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,  
Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,  
In at the window lukit by the day, 10  
And halsit me, with visage pail and grene ;  
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,  
Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomerig,  
Se how the lusty morrow dois vp spring.

III.

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed vpstude, 15  
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, 20  
Quhill all the hous illumynit of hir lemys.

IV.

‘Slugird,’ scho said, ‘awalk annone for schame,  
And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt ;  
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,  
To raiss vp luvaris with confort and delyt, 25  
ʒit nocht inccessis thy curage to indyt,  
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,  
Sangis to mak vndir the levis grene.’

## V.

'Quhairto,' quod I, 'sall I vpryss at morrow,  
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing? 30  
 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.' 35

## VI.

With that this lady sobirly did smyll,  
 And said, 'Vpryss, and do thy observance;  
 Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,  
 For to discryve the Roiss of most plesance.  
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance, 40  
 Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,  
 Annamyllit richely with new asur lycht.'

## VII.

Quhen this wes said, depairtit scho, this quene,  
 And enterit in a lusty gairding gent;  
 And than, me thocht, full hestely besene, 45  
 In serk and mantill [eftir hir] I went  
 In to this garth, most dulce and redolent  
 Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis sueit,  
 And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

## VIII.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid, 50  
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,  
 Throw goldin skyis putting vp his heid,  
 Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,  
 That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,  
 To luke vpon his fresche and blisfull face, 55  
 Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

## IX.

And as the blisfull soun of cherarchy  
 The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;  
 The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,

*The Thrissill and the Rois* 41

O, luvaris fo, away thow dully nycht, 60  
And welcum day that confortis every wicht;  
Hail May, hail Flora, hail Aurora schene,  
Hail princes Natur, hail Venus luvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair  
To ferss Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld, 65  
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,  
And that no schouris [scharp,] nor blastis cawld,  
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold;  
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,  
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry. 70

XI.

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist  
Befoir his 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, 75  
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,  
Full law inclynnand with all dew reuerens.

XII.

With that annone scho send the swyft[e] Ro  
To bring in beistis of all conditioun;  
The restles Suallow commandit scho also 80  
To feche all fowll of small and greit renown;  
And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,  
Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,  
Quhilk did furth swirk als swift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All present wer in twynkling of ane e, 85  
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, 90  
With visage bawld, and curage leonyne.



## XIV.

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, 95  
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;  
 On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,  
 With flour delycis sirculit lustely.

## XV.

This lady liftit vp his cluvis cleir,  
 And leit him listly lene vpone hir kne, 100  
 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 thi leigis go furth, and keip the lawis. 105

## XVI.

'Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,  
 And lat no small beist suffir skaith, na skornis  
 Of greit beistis that bene of moir piscence;  
 Do law elyk to aipis and vnicornis,  
 And lat no bowgle, with his busteous hornis, 110  
 The meik pluch ox oppress, for all his pryd,  
 Bot in the 3ok go peciable him besyd.'

## XVII.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,  
 All kynd of beistis in to thair degre,  
 At onis cryit lawd, 'Viue le Roy!' 115  
 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 proteir prostratis.

## XVIII.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis, 120  
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,  
 And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,

*The Thrissill and the Rois*

43

As vnto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,  
And mak a law for wucht fowlis and for wrennis;  
And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay, 125  
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

XIX.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,  
Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris;  
Vpone the awfull Thrissill scho beheld,  
And saw him keptit with a busche of speiris; 130  
Concedring him so able for the weiris,  
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,  
And said, 'In feild go furth, and fend the laif;

XX.

'And, sen thow art a king, thow be discret;  
Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce 135  
As herb of vertew and of odor sueit;  
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,  
Hir fallow to the gudly flour delyce;  
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness,  
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness. 140

XXI.

'Nor hald non vdir flour in sic denty  
As the fresche Roiss, of cullour reid and quhyt;  
For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honesty,  
Conciddering that no flour is so perfyte, 145  
So full of vertew, plesans and delyt,  
So full of blisfull angeilik bewty,  
Imperiall birth, honour and dignite.'

XXII.

Than to the Roiss scho turnyt hir visage,  
And said, 'O lusty dochtir most benyng,  
Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage, 150  
Fro the stok ryell rying fresche and jing,  
But ony spot or macull doing spring;  
Cum blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,  
For our the laif thy bewty is renownd.'

## XXIII.

A coistly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht, 155  
 This cumly quene did on hir heid incloiss,  
 Quhill all the land illumynit of the licht;  
 Quhairfoir me thocht all flouris did reioiss,  
 Crying attonis, 'Haill be, thow richest Roiss!  
 Haill, hairbis empryce, haill, freschest quene of flouris, 160  
 To the be glory and honour at all houris.'

## XXIV.

Thane all the 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; 165  
 Haill, plant of yowth, haill, princes dochtir deir,  
 Haill, blosome breking out of the blud royall,  
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall.'

## XXV.

The merle scho sang, 'Haill, Roiss of most delyt,  
 Haill, of all flouris quene and souerane;' 170  
 The lark scho song, 'Haill, Roiss, both reid and quhyt,  
 Most plesand flour, of mighty cullouris twane;'  
 The nyctingail song, 'Haill, naturis suffragene,  
 In bewty, nurtour and every nobilness,  
 In riche array, renown and gentilness.' 175

## XXVI.

The commoun voce vprais 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, 180  
 Our peax, our play, our plane felicite,  
 Chryst the conserf frome all aduersite.'

## XXVII.

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout,  
 That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,  
 And with a braid I turnyt me about 185

To se this court; bot all wer went away:  
Than vp I lenyt, halfingis in affrey,  
And thuss I wret, as 3e haif hard to-forrow,  
Off lusty May vpone the nynt morrow.

*Explicit, quod Dumbar.*

17. THE GOLDIN TERGE.

I.

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 the goldin candill matutyne,  
With cleir depurit bemys christallyne, 5  
Glading the mirry fowlis in thair nest;  
Or Phebus wes in purpour kaip revest,  
Up raiss the lark, the hevinis menstrall fyne,  
In May, in till a morrow mirthfullest.

II.

Full angelik thir birdis sang thair houris, 10  
Within thair courtingis grene, within thair bouris,  
Apparrellit with quahaite and reid, with blumys sweet;  
Ennammalit wes the feild with all cullouris,  
The perlit droppis schuke in silver schouris,  
Quhill all in balme did branche and levis fleit; 15  
Depairt fra Phebus, did Aurora greit;  
Hir cristall teiris I saw hing on the flouris,  
Quhilk he for lufe all drank vp with his heit.

III.

For mirth of May, with skippis and with hoppis,  
The birdis sang vpoun the tendir croppis, 20  
With courius nottis, as Venus chapell-clarkis.  
The rossis reid, now spreiding of thair knoppis,  
Wer powderit bricht with hevinly beriall droppis,  
Throw bemis reid, lemying as ruby sparkis;  
The skyis rang for schowtting of the larkis, 25  
The purpour hevin, ourskalit in silver sloppis,  
Ourgilt the treis, branchis, levis, and barkis.

## IV.

Doun thruch the ryss ane rever ran with stremis  
 So lustely vpoun the lykand lemis,  
 That all the laik as lamp did leme of licht, 30  
 Quhilk shaddowit all about with twynklyne glemis;  
 The bewis baitheit war in secound bemis  
 Throw the reflex of Phebus visage bricht;  
 On every syde the egeis raiss on hicht,  
 The bonk wes grene, the bruke wes full of bremis, 35  
 The staneris cleir as sternis in frosty nicht.

## V.

The cristall air, the sapheir firmament,  
 The ruby skyis of the reid orient,  
 Kest beriall bemis on emerant bewis grene;  
 The rosy garth depaynt and redolent, 40  
 With purpour, asure, gold, and gowlis gent,  
 Arrayit wes be Dame Flora the quene  
 Sa nobilly, that joy wes for to sene,  
 The roche agane the rever resplendent  
 As low illuminit all the levis schene. 45

## VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowlis armony,  
 And throw the reveris sound that ran me by,  
 On Florayis mantill I sleipit quhair I lay,  
 Quhair sone vnto my dremis fantesy  
 I saw approche agane the orient sky 50  
 Ane saill, as quhite as blosome upon spray,  
 With mast of gold, bricht as the sterne of day,  
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustely,  
 As falcoun swift desyrouse of hir pray.

## VII.

And hard on burd vnto the blemit meidis, 55  
 Amangis the grene rispis and the reidis,  
 Arryvit scho, quhairfro annon thair landis,  
 Ane hundreth ladeis, lustie intill weidis;  
 Als fresche as flouris that in the May vpspreidis,  
 In kirtillis grene, withowttin kell or bandis; 60  
 Thair bricht hair hang glitterand on the strandis  
 In tresis cleir, wypit with goldin threidis,  
 With pawpis quhyt, and middillis small as wandis.

VIII.

Discryve I wald, bot quha cowth weill indyte  
How all the feildis, with thair lilleis quhyte, 65  
    Depaynte war bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit?  
Nocht thow, Homeir, als fair as thow cowth wryte,  
For all thi ornat style most perfyte;  
    Nor yit thou, Tullius, quhais lippis sweet  
    Off rethorik did intill termis fleit; 70  
Your aureat toungis baith bene all to lyte,  
    For to compyle that paradysse compleit.

IX.

Thair saw I Nature, and als Dame Venus Quene,  
The fresche Aurora, and lady Flora schene,  
    Juno, [Latona,] and Proserpina, 75  
Diane, the goddes chest, of woidis grene,  
My lady Cleo, that help of makaris bene,  
    Thetes, Pallas, and prudent Minerua,  
    Fair faynit Fortoun, and lemand Lucina,  
Thir mighty quenis with corrownis mycht be sene, 80  
    With bemis bricht, blyth as Lucifera.

X.

Thair saw I May, of mirthfull monethis quene,  
Betuix Apryle and June, hir sisteris schene,  
    Within the gairdene walkand vp and doun,  
Quhome of the fowlis glaidith all bedene; 85  
Scho was full tendir intill her 3eiris grene.  
    Thair saw I Nature present till hir a gown,  
    Riche to behald, and noble of renoun,  
Off every hew that vndir the hevin hes bene  
    Depaynt, and braid be gud proportioun. 90

XI.

Full lustely thir ladeis all in feir  
Enterit within this park of maist pleseir,  
    Quhair that I lay heilit with levis ronk;  
The mirry fowlis, blisfullest of cheir,  
Salust Nature, methocht, in thair maneir, 95  
    And every blome on brenche, and eik on bonk,  
    Opnit and spred thair balmy levis donk,  
Full law inclyneand to thair Quene full cleir,  
    Quhome of thair noble nvrissing thay thonk.

## VII.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,  
 With swerd of justice, the rulith prudently. 50  
 No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce  
 In dignytie or honoure goeth to hym nye.  
 He is exemplar, loode-ster, and guye ;  
 Pryncipall patrone and roose orygynalle,  
 Above all Maires as maister moost worthy : 55  
 London, thou art the flour of Cities all.

15. TO THE PRINCESS MARGARET ON HER  
ARRIVAL AT HOLYROOD.

## I.

Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre,  
 Princes most pleasant and preclare,  
 The lustyest one alyve that byne,  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

## II.

3ounge tendir plant of pulcritud, 5  
 Descendyd of Imperyalie blude ;  
 Freshe fragrant floure of fayrehede shene,  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

## III.

Swet lusty lusum lady clere,  
 Most myghty kyngis dochter dere, 10  
 Borne of a princes most serene,  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

## IV.

Welcum the Rose bothe rede and whyte,  
 Welcum the floure of oure delyte !  
 Rejoysyng frome the sone beme, 15  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene ;  
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene !

16. THE THRISSILL AND THE ROIS.

I.

Quhen Mèrchè wés with vâriand wîndis pâst  
And Appryll had, with hir siluer schouris,  
Tane leif at nature with ane orient blast ;  
And lusty May, that mvddir is of flouris,  
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris 5  
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,  
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt ;

II.

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,  
Me thocht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,  
In at the window lukit by the day, 10  
And halsit me, with visage pail and grene ;  
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,  
Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomering,  
Se how the lusty morrow dois vp spring.

III.

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed vpstude, 15  
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, 20  
Quhill all the hous illumynit of hir lemys.

IV.

'Slugird,' scho said, 'awalk annone for schame,  
And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt ;  
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,  
To raiss vp luvaris with confort and delyt, 25  
ÿit nocht incessis thy curage to indyt,  
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,  
Sangis to mak vndir the levis grene.'



## V.

'Quhairto,' quod I, 'sall I vpryss at morrow,  
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing? 30  
 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.' 35

## VI.

With that this lady sobirly did smyll,  
 And said, 'Vpryss, and do thy observance;  
 Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,  
 For to discryve the Roiss of most plesance.  
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance, 40  
 Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,  
 Annamyllit richely with new asur lycht.'

## VII.

Quhen this wes said, depairtit scho, this quene,  
 And enterit in a lusty gairding gent;  
 And than, me thocht, full hestely besene, 45  
 In serk and mantill [eftir hir] I went  
 In to this garth, most dulce and redolent  
 Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis suet,  
 And grene levis doing of dew doun fleit.

## VIII.

The purpour sone, with tendir bemys reid, 50  
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,  
 Throw goldin skyis putting vp his heid,  
 Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,  
 That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,  
 To luke vpon his fresche and blisfull face, 55  
 Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

## IX.

And as the blisfull soun of cherarchy  
 The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;  
 The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,

*The Thrissill and the Rois* 41

O, Iuvaris fo, away thow dully nycht, 60  
And welcum day that confortis every wicht;  
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene,  
Haill princes Natur, haill Venus Iuvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair  
To ferss Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld, 65  
Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,  
And that no schouris [scharp,] nor blastis cawld,  
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold;  
Scho bad eik Juno, goddes of the sky,  
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry. 70

XI.

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist  
Befoir his hienes suld annone compeir,  
And every flour of vertew, most and leist,  
And every herb be feild fer and neir, 75  
As thay had wont in May, fro 3eir to 3eir,  
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,  
Full law inclynnand with all dew reuerens.

XII.

With that annone scho send the swyft[e] Ro  
To bring in beistis of all conditioun;  
The restles Suallow commandit scho also 80  
To feche all fowll of small and greit renown;  
And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,  
Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,  
Quhilk did furth swirk als swift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All present wer in twynkling of ane e, 85  
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, 90  
With visage bawld, and curage leonyne.

## XXVIII.

And as I did awalk of this sweving,  
 The jowfull fowlis mirrely did sing 245  
 For mirth of Phebus tender bemis schene;  
 Sueit was the wapouris, and soft the morrowing,  
 Hailsum the vail, depaynt with flouris jing,  
 The air attemperit, sobir, and amene;  
 In quhyt and reid was all the erd besene, 250  
 Throw Naturis noble fresch ennamaling,  
 In mirthfull Majj, of every moneth Quene.

## XXIX.

O, reverend Chauser, ross of rethouris all,  
 As in our toung ane flour imperiall,  
 That raiss in Britane evir, quha reidis richt, 255  
 Thow beiris of makaris the tryvmph royall;  
 Thy fresch ennamallit termes celestiaall  
 This mater cowth hafe illuminit full bricht;  
 Was thow nocht of our Inglis all the licht,  
 Surmonting every toung terrestriall, 260  
 As far as Mayis morrow dois midnycht?

## XXX.

O morale Goweir, and Lidgait laureat,  
 3our suggarat toungis, and lippis aureat,  
 Bene till our eiris cause of grit delyte:  
 3our angelic mowth[is] most mellifuat, 265  
 Our rude langage hes cleir illumynat,  
 And fair ourgilt our speiche, that imperfyte  
 Stude, or 3our goldin pennis schup to wryt;  
 This yle befoir wes bair, and dissolat  
 Of rethorik, or lusty fresche indyte. 270

## XXXI.

Thou 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;  
 Of all hir lustie roisis redolent, 275  
 Is nane in to thy garland sett on hicht;  
 Eschame thairfoir, and draw the out of sicht:  
 Rude is thy weid, disteynit, bair, and rent,  
 Weill aucht thou be affeirit of the licht.

*Explicit, quod Dumbar, of the Goldin Terge.*

## 18. BEAUTY AND THE PRESONEIR.

## I.

Sen that I am a presoneir  
Till hir that farest is and best,  
I me commend, fra 3eir till 3eir,  
In till hir bandoun for to rest.  
I govit on that gudliest,  
So lang to luk I tuk laseir,  
Quhill I wes tane withouttin test,  
And led furth as a presoneir.

5

## II.

Hir sweit having, and fresche bewte,  
Hes wondit me but swerd or lance;  
With hir to go commandit me,  
Ontill the castell of pennance.  
I said, 'Is this 3our gourinance,  
To tak men for thair lukiing heir?'  
Bewty sayis, '3a, schir, perchance  
3e be my ladeis presoneir.'

10

15

## III.

Thai had me bundin to the 3et,  
Quhair Strangenes had bene portar ay,  
And in deliuerit me thairat,  
And in thir termis can thai say,  
Do wait, and lat him nocht away.  
Quoth Strangnes vnto the porteur,  
'Ontill my lady, I dar lay,  
3e be to pure a presoneir.'

20

## IV.

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 seyne,  
Wo is a wofull presoneir.

25

30

## V.

Langour wes weche vpoun the wall,  
 That nevir sleipit bot evir wouke;  
 Scorne wes bourdour in the hall, 35  
 And oft on me his babill schuke,  
 Lukand with mony a dengerous luke.  
 'Quhat is he 3one, that methis ws neir?  
 3e be to townysche, be this buke,  
 To be my ladeis presoneir.' 40

## VI.

Gud Houp rownit in my eir,  
 And bad me baldlie breve a bill;  
 With Lawlines he suld it beir,  
 With Fair Scherwice send it hir till. 45  
 I wouk, and wret hir all my will;  
 Fair Scherwice fur withouttin feir,  
 'Sayand till hir with wirdis still,  
 Haif pety of 3our presoneir.'

## VII.

Than Lawlines to Petie went,  
 And said till hir in termis schort, 50  
 '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, com I ourthort, 55  
 I houpe to lowss the presoneir.'

## VIII.

Than to battell thai war arreyit all,  
 And ay the wawart kepit Thocht;  
 Lust bur the benner to the wall,  
 And Bissines the grit gyn brocht. 60  
 Skorne cryis out, sayis, 'Wald 3e ocht?'  
 Lust sayis, 'We wald haif entre heir;'  
 Comparisone sayis, 'That is for nocht,  
 3e will nocht wyn the presoneir.'

## IX.

Thai thairin schup for to defend, 65  
 And thai thairfurth sail3eit ane hour;

*Beauty and the Presoneir*

55

Than Bissines the grit gyn bend,  
Straik down the top of the foir tour.  
Comparisone began to lour,  
And cryit furth, 'I 3ow requeir, 70  
Soft and fair, and do fawour,  
And tak to 3ow the presoneir.'

X.

Thai fyrit the 3ettis deliuerly  
With faggottis wer grit and huge;  
And Strangenes, quhair that he did ly, 75  
Wes brint in to the porter luge.  
Lustely thay lakit bot a juge,  
Sik straikis and stychling wes on steir,  
The semeliest wes maid assege,  
To quhome that he wes presoneir. 80

XI.

Thrucht Skornes noss thai put a prik,  
This he wes banist and gat a blek;  
Comparisone wes erdid quik,  
And Langour lap and brak his nek. 85  
Thai sailzeit fast, all the fek,  
Lust chasit my ladeis chalmirleir,  
Gud Fame wes drownit in a sek;  
Thus ransonit thai the presoneir.

XII.

Fra Sklandir hard Lust had vndone,  
His enemeis him aganis 90  
Assemblit ane semely sort full sone,  
And raiss and rowttit all the planis.  
His cusing in the court remanis,  
Bot jalouss folkis and geangleiris,  
And fals Invy that no thing lanis, 95  
Blew out on Luvis presoneir.

XIII.

Syne Matremony, that nobill king,  
Was grevit, and gadderit ane grit ost,  
And all enermit, without lesing,  
Chest Sklander to the west se cost. 100

Than wes he and his linege lost,  
 And Matremony, withowttin weir,  
 The band of freindschip hes indost,  
 Betuix Bewty and the presoneir.

## XIV.

Be that of eild wes Gud Famiss air, 105  
 And cumyne to continwatioun,  
 And to the court maid his repair,  
 Quhair Matremony than woir the crowne.  
 He gat ane confirmatioun,  
 All that his modir aucht but weir, 110  
 And baid still, as it wes resone,  
 With Bewty and the presoneir.

*Finis.*

## 19. TO A LADYE.

## I.

Sweit roiss of vertew and of gentilnes,  
 Delytsum lylie of everie lustynes,  
 Richest in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,  
 And everie vertew that is [wenit] deir,  
 Except onlie that 3e ar mercyless. 5

## II.

In to 3our garthe this day I did persew,  
 Thair saw I flowris that fresche wer of hew;  
 Baithe quhyte and reid moist lustye wer to seyne,  
 And halsum herbis vpone stalkis grene;  
 3it leif nor flour fynd could I nane of rew. 10

## III.

I dout that merche, with his cauld blastis keyne,  
 Hes slane this gentill herbe, that I of mene;  
 Quhois petewous deithe dois to my hart sic pane  
 That I wald mak to plant his rute agane,  
 So confortand his levis vnto me bene. 15

*Quod Dumbar.*

20. TO A LADYE.

QUHONE HE LIST TO FEYNE.

I.

My hartis tresure, and swete assured fo,  
The finale endar of my lyfe for ever;  
The creuell brekar of my hart in tuo,  
To go to deathe, this I deservit never:  
O man-slayer! quhill saule and life dissever; 5  
Stynt of 3our slauchtir; Allace! 3our man am I,  
A thowsand tymes that dois 3ow mercy cry.

II.

Haue mercie, luif! haue mercie, ladie bricht!  
Quhat haue I wrocht aganis 3our womanheid,  
That 3e [suld] mwrdir me, a saikles wicht, 10  
Trespasing neuer to 3ow in word nor deid?  
That 3e consent thairto, O God forbid!  
Leif creuelte, and saif 3our man for schame,  
Or throucht the warld quyte losit is 3our name.

III.

My deathe chasis my lyfe so besalie 15  
That wery is my goist to fle so fast;  
Sic deidlie dwawmes so mischeifaislie  
Ane hundrithe tymes hes my hairt ouripast;  
Me think my spreit rynniss away full gast,  
Beseikand grace, on kneis 3ow befoir, 20  
Or that 3our man be lost for evermoir.

IV.

Behald my wod intollerabill pane,  
For evermoir quhilk salbe my dampnage!  
Quhy, vndir traist, 3our man thus haue 3e slane?  
Lo! deithe is in my breist, with furious rage, 25  
Quhilk may no balme, nor tryacle assuage,  
But 3our mercie, for laik of quhilk I de:  
Allace! quhair is 3our womanlie petie!



## V.

Behald my deidlie passioun dolorous!  
 Behald my hiddows hew and wo, allace! 30  
 Behald my mayne, and mwrning merualous,  
 Withe sorrowfull teris falling frome my face!  
 Rewthe, luif, is nocht, helpe 3e not in this cace,  
 For how sould ony gentill hart indure  
 To se this sycht on ony creature! 35

## VI.

Quhyte dow, quhair is 3our sobir humilnes?  
 Swete gentill turtour, quhair is 3our pete went?  
 Quhair is 3our rewthe? the frute of nobilnes,  
 Off womanheid the tresour, and the rent;  
 Wertue is neuer put out of meik intent, 40  
 Nor out of gentill hart is fundin petie;  
 Sen mercyles may no weycht nobill be.

## VII.

In-to my mynd I sall 3ow mercye cry,  
 Quhone that my tovng sall faille me to speik;  
 And quhill that nature me my sycht deny; 45  
 And quhill my ene for paine incluse and steik;  
 And quhill the dethe my hart in sowndir breik;  
 And quhill my mynd may think, and towng may steir;  
 And syne, Fair weill, my hartis ladie deir!  
*Quod* Dumbar quhone he list to feyne.

## 21. INCONSTANCY OF LUVE.

## I.

Quha will behald of luve the chance,  
 With sueit dissauyng countenance,  
 In quhais fair dissimvlance  
 May none assure;  
 Quhilk is begun with inconstance, 5  
 And endis nocht but variance,  
 Scho haldis with continwance  
 No scheruiture.

*Inconstancy of Luve*

59

II.

Discretioun and considerance  
Ar both out of hir gourinance; 10  
Quhairfoir of it the schort plesance  
    May nocht indure;  
Scho is so new of acquentance,  
The auld gais fra remembrance;  
Thus I gife our the obseruanss 15  
    Of luvis cure.

III.

It is ane pount of ignorance  
To luve in sic distemperance,  
Sen tyme mispendit may avance  
    No creature; 20  
In luve to keip allegiance,  
It war als nyss an ordinance,  
As quha wald bid ane deid man dance,  
    In sepulture.

*Finis quod Dumbar.*

22. TO THE QUEEN MARGARET.

I.

Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun,  
    jing tendir plaunt of plesand pulcritude,  
Fresche flour of youthe, new germyng to burgeoun,  
    Our perle of price, our princes fair and gud,  
    Our chairbunkle chosin of hye Imperiale blud, 5  
Our Roys Riale, most reverent vnder Crovne,  
    Joy be and grace onto thi Selcitud!  
Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun.

II.

O hye trivmpping paradiss of joy,  
    Lodsteir and lamp of eivry lustines, 10  
Of port surmounting Pollexen of Troy,  
    Dochtir to Pallas in angellik brichtnes,  
    Mastres of nurtur and of nobilnes,  
Of fresch depictour princes and patroun,  
    O hevin in erthe of ferlifull suetnes: 15  
Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun.

## III.

Of thi fair fegour natur nicht reioiys,  
 That so the kervit withe all hir curiys slicht;  
 Sche has the maid this verray wairldis chois,  
 Schawing on the hir craftis and hir nicht, 20  
 To se quhow fair sche couthe depant a wicht,  
 Quhow gud, quhow noble of all condicioun,  
 Quhow womanly in eivry mannis sicht:  
 Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun.

## IV.

Roys red and quhit, resplendent of colour, 25  
 New of thi knop, at morrow fresche atyrit,  
 One stalk 3et grene, O! jing and tendir flour,  
 That with thi luff has all this Regioun frit;  
 Gret Gode ws graunt that we have long desirit,  
 A plaunt to spring of thi successioun, 30  
 Syne with all grace his spreit to be inspirit:  
 Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun.

## V.

O precius Mergreit, plesand, cleir, and quhit,  
 Moir blith and bricht na is the berial schene,  
 Moir deir na is the diamaunt of delit, 35  
 Moir semely na is the sapheir one to seyne,  
 Moir gudely eik na is the emerant greyne,  
 Moir riche na is the ruby of renovne,  
 Fair gem of joy, Mergreit of the I meyne:  
 Gladethe thoue Queyne of Scottis regioun. 40

## 23. OF A DANCE IN THE QUENIS CHALMER.

## I.

Schir Jhon Sinclair begowthe to dance,  
 For he was new cum owt of France;  
 For ony thing that he do mycht,  
 The ane futt seid ay onrycht,  
 And to the tother wald not gree. 5  
 Quoth ane, 'Tak wp the quenis knyght:'  
 A mirrear dance mycht na man see.

II.

Than cam in Maister Robert Scha :  
He leuket as he culd lern tham a ;  
Bot ay his ane futt did wawer, 10  
He stackeret lyk ane strummall awer,  
That hopschackellt war abone the kne :  
To seik fra Sterling to Stranawer,  
A mirrear daunce mycht na man see.

III.

Than cam in the Maister Almaser, 15  
Ane hommilty jommelye juffeler,  
Lyk a stirk stackarand in the ry ;  
His hippis gaff mony hiddouss cry.  
John Bute the Fule said, 'Wa is me !  
He is bedirtin, — Fy! fy!' 20  
A mirrear dance mycht na man se.

IV.

Than cam in Dunbar the Mackar ;  
On all the flwre thair was nane frackar,  
And thair he daunset the dirrye dantoun ;  
He hoppet lyk a pillie wantoun, 25  
For luff of Mwsgraeffe, men tellis me ;  
He trippet, quhill he tint his pantoun :  
A mirrear dance mycht na man se.

V.

Than cam in Maestriss Mwsgraeffe ;  
Scho mycht hef lernit all the laeffe ; 30  
Quhen I saw hir sa trimlye dance,  
Hir guid conwoy and countenance,  
Than, for hir saek, I wissitt to be  
The grytast erle, or duik, in France :  
A mirrear dance mycht na man see. 35

VI.

Than cam in Dame Dountebour ;  
God waitt gif that scho louket sour !  
Scho maid sic morgeownis with hir hippis,  
For lauchter nain mycht hald thair lippis ;  
Quhen scho was danceand bysselye, 40  
Ane blast of wind soun fra hir slippis :  
A mirrear dance mycht na man see.

## VII.

Quhen thair was cum in fywe or sax,  
 The quenis dog begowthe to rax;  
 And of his band he maid a bred, 45  
 And to the danceing soun he him maid;  
     Quhou mastew-lyk abowt zeid he!  
 He stinckett lyk a tyk, sum said:  
     A mirrear dance mycht na man se.  
     *Quod Dumbar of a dance in the Quenis chalmer.*

## 24. TO THE QUENE.

## I.

Madame, your men said thai wald ryd,  
 And latt this FASTERENNIS ewin ower slyd;  
     Bott than thair wyffis cam furth in flockis,  
 And baid tham betteir soun abyd  
     At hame, and lib tham of the pockis. 5

## II.

Now propoyss thai, sen 3e dwell still,  
 Off Wenus feest to fang ane fill,  
     Bott in the feder preiff thai na cockis;  
 For till heff riddin had bein less ill  
     Nor latt thair wyffis breid the pockis. 10

## III.

Sum of your men sic curage hed,  
 Dame Venus fyre sa hard tham sted,  
     Thai brak vp durris, and raeff vp lockis,  
 To get ane pampholet on ane pled  
     That thai mycht lib thame of the pockis. 15

## IV.

Sum, that war ryatouss as rammiss  
 Ar now maid tame lyk ony lammiss,  
     And settin down lyk sarye crockis;  
 And hes forsaeikin all sic gammiss,  
     That men callis libbing of the pockis. 20

V.

Sum, thocht ~~tham~~ selffis stark, lyk gyandis,  
Ar now maid waek lyk willing wandis ;  
With schinnis scharp and small lyk rockis ;  
And gottin thair bak in bayth thair handis,  
For ower oft libbing of the pockis. 25

VI.

I saw coclinkis me besyd,  
The 3oung men to thair howses gyd,  
Had bettir liggit in the stockis ;  
Sum fra the bordell wald nocht byd,  
Quhill that thai gatt the Spanjie pockis. 30

VII.

Thairfor, all 3oung men, I 3ou pray,  
Keip 3ou fra harlattis nycht and day ;  
Thay sall repent quha with thame 3ockis ;  
And be war with that perrellouss play,  
That men callis libbing of the pockis. 35  
*Quod Dumbar.*

25. THE DANCE OF THE SEVIN DEIDLY SYNNIS.

I.

Off Februar the fyftene nycht,  
Full lang befor the dayis lycht,  
I lay in till a trance ;  
And then I saw baith hevin and hell :  
Me thocht, amangis the feyndis fell, 5  
Mahoun gart cry ane dance  
Off schrewis that wer nevir schrevin,  
Aganiss the feist of Fasternis evin,  
To mak thair observance ;  
He bad gallandis ga graith a gyiss, 10  
And kast vp gamountis in the skyiss,  
That last came out of France.

II.

Heilie harlottis on hawtane wyiss  
Come in with mony sindrie gyiss,  
Bot 3it luche nevir Mahoun ; 15

*The Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis* 65

To ley that had delyte;  
And rownaris of fals lesingis;  
Allace! that courtis of noble kingis  
Of thame can nevir be quyte.

VI.

Nixt him in dans come Cuvatyce, 55  
Rute of all evill and grund of vyce,  
That nevir cowd be content;  
Catyvis, wrechis and okkeraris,  
Hud-pykis, hurdaris and gadderaris,  
All with that warlo went: 60  
Out of thair throttis thay schot on vder  
Hett moltin gold, me thoct a fudder,  
As fyreflawcht maist fervent;  
Ay as thay tomit thame of schot,  
Ffeyndis fild thame new vp to the thrott 65  
With gold of allkin prent.

VII.

Syne Sweirmes, at the secound bidding,  
Come lyk a sow out of a midding,  
Full slepy wes his grunzie:  
Mony sweir bumbard belly huddroun, 70  
Mony slute daw and slepy duddroun,  
Him serwit ay with sounzie;  
He drew thame furth in till a chenzie,  
And Belliall, with a brydill renzie,  
Evir lascht thame on the lunzie: 75  
In dance thay war so slaw of feit,  
Thay gaif thame in the fyre a heit,  
And maid thame quicker of counzie.

VIII.

Than Lichery, that lathly corss,  
Come berand lyk a bagit horss, 80  
And Ydilness did him leid;  
Thair wes with him ane vgly sort,  
And mony stynkand fowll tramort,  
That had in syn bene deid.  
Quhen thay wer entrit in the dance, 85  
Thay wer full strenge of countenance,  
Lyk tortchis birmand reid;

All led thay vthir by the tersis ;  
 Suppoiss thay fyllit with thair ersis,  
 It mycht be na remeid.

90

## IX.

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,  
 In surffet and excess ;  
 Full mony a waistless wallydrag,  
 With wamiss vnweildable, did furth wag,  
 In creische that did inress ;  
 Drynk ! ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip,  
 The feyndis gaif thame hait leid to laip,  
 Thair lovery wes na less.

95

100

## X.

Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowl,  
 Ffor glemen thair wer haldin owt,  
 Be day, and eik by nycht ;  
 Except a menstrall that slew a man,  
 Swa till his heretage he wan,  
 And entirt be breif of richt.

105

## XI.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand padzane ;  
 Syne ran a feynd to feche Makfadzane,  
 Ffar northwart in a nuke ;  
 Be he the correnoch had done schout,  
 Erschemen so gadderit him abowt,  
 In Hell grit rowme thay tuke.  
 Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,  
 Ffull lowd in Ersche begowth to clatter,  
 And rowp lyk revin and ruke :  
 The Devill sa devit wes with thair jell,  
 That in the depest pit of hell  
 He smorit thame with smvke.

110

115

120

*Quod* Dunbar.



26. THE JUSTIS BETWIX THE TELZEOUR  
AND THE SOWTAR.

I.

Nixt at a Tornament was tryit,  
That lang befor in Hell was cryit,  
In presens of mahovne;  
Betuix a talzeour and a sowtar,  
A priklouss and a hobbill clowtar, 5  
The barrass was maid bovne.  
The Talzeour, baith with speir and scheld,  
Conwoyit was vnto the feld,  
With mony a lymmer lowne;  
Of seme bytaris, and best gnapparis, 10  
Of stomok stelaris, and clayth knapparis  
A graceless garisoun.

II.

His baner borne was him before,  
Quharin war cloutis a hundret score,  
Ilk ane of diverss hew; 15  
And all stollyn owt of syndry webbis,  
For, quhill the greit se fillis and ebbis,  
Talzeouris will nevir be trewe.  
The buthman on the barrass blent;  
Allace! he tynt all hardyment, 20  
For feir he changit hew:  
Mahovne him comfort, and maid him knycht,  
No ferly thocht his hart was licht,  
That to sic honour grew.

III.

He hecht hiely befor mahoune, 25  
That he suld dyng the sowtar down,  
Thocht he war wicht as mast;  
Bot quhen he on the barrass blenkit,  
The talzeouris corage a litill schrenkit,  
His hart did all oure cast: 30

And quhen he saw the Sowtar cum,  
 Off all sic wordis he was dwm,  
 Full sair he was agast;  
 For he in hart tuke sic a scunnir,  
 A rak of fartis lyk ony thunnir, 35  
 Went fra him, blast for blast.

## IV.

The Sowtar to the feld him drest,  
 He was conwoyit out of the west,  
 As a defendour stowt:  
 Suposs he had no lusty varlot, 40  
 He had full mony lowsy harlot,  
 Fast rynnand him abowt.  
 His banir was a barkit hyd,  
 Quharin Sanct Girnyga did glyde,  
 Before that rebald rowt: 45  
 Full Sowtar-lyk he was of laitis,  
 For ay betwene the harnas platis,  
 The oyle bristit out.

## V.

Apon the tailzeour quhen he did luke,  
 His hart a litill dwalmyng tuke, 50  
 Uneiss he mycht wpsit;  
 In till his stomok was sic a steir,  
 Of all his dyner that cost him deir,  
 His brest held nevir a bit.  
 To comfort him, or he raide forthir, 55  
 The Devill of knycht-hed gaf him ordir;  
 For stynk than he did spit;  
 And he about the devillis nek  
 Did spewe agane a quart of blek,  
 So knychtlie he him quyt. 60

## VI.

Than forty tymis the fend cryit, Fy!  
 The Sowtar furth affraitlye,  
 Wnto the feld he soucht:  
 Quhen thai war servit with thair speris,  
 Folk had a feile be thair efferis, 65  
 Thar hartis was baith on focht.

*Justis betwix the Telzeour and the Sowtar* 69

Thai spurrit apon athir syd,  
The horss attour the grene did glyd,  
And tham togiddir brocht;  
The talzeour was no thing wele sittin, 70  
He left the sadill all beschittin,  
And to the ground he socht.

VII.

His birnes brak and maid a bratill,  
The sowtaris horse scarrit with the rattill,  
And round about did reile; 75  
This beist that was affrayit full evill,  
Ran with the Sowtar to the devill,  
And thar he warit him wele.  
Sum thing fra him the fende eschewit,  
He trowit agane to be bespewit, 80  
So strenyt he was in stele:  
He thoct he wald agane debait him,  
He torned his erss and all bedrait him,  
Qyute our fra nek to hele.

VIII.

He lowsit it with sic a rerd, 85  
Baith horss and man flawe to the erd,  
He fartit with sic a feir:  
Now, haf I quyt the! quoth mahovn;  
The new maid knychtis lay baith in swoun,  
And did all armes forsweir. 90  
The Devill gart thaim to dungeoun dryf,  
And tham of knycht-hed to depryf,  
Discharging tham all weir;  
And maid tham harlotis agane for evir,  
Quhilk style to kepe thai had fer levir 95  
Na ony armes beir.

IX.

I had mair of thair werkis writtin,  
Had nocht the Sowtar bene beschittin,  
With Belialis arss unblist;  
Bot that sa gud a bourd me thoct, 100  
Sic solace to my hart it wrocht,  
For lauchtir neir I brist.

*The Poems of William Dunbar*

Quhar throw I walkinnit of my trauns ;  
 To put this in rememberans,  
 Micht no man me resist,  
 To dyte how all this thing befell  
 Befor mahovne, the heir of hell :  
 Schirris, trow it, 3if 3e list.

105

*Quod dunbar.*

27. AMENDIS TO THE TEL3OURIS AND  
 SOWTARIS.

## I.

Betuix twell houris and ellevin,  
 I dremed ane angell came fra Hevin,  
 With plesand stevin sayand on hie,  
 Tel3ouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

## II.

In Hevin hie ordand is 3our place,  
 Aboif all sanctis in grit solace,  
 Nixt God, grittest in dignitie :  
 Tail3ouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

5

## III.

The causs to 3ow is nocht vnkend,  
 That God mismakkis 3e do amend,  
 Be craft and grit agilitie :  
 Tail3ouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

10

## IV.

Sowtaris, with schone weill maid and meit,  
 3e mend the faltis of ill maid feit,  
 Quhairfoir to Hevin 3our saulis will fle ;  
 Tel3ouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

15

## V.

Is nocht in all this fair a flyrok,  
 That hes vpoun hir fute a wyrok,  
 Knowll tais, nor mowlis in no degrie,  
 Bot 3e can hyd thame : blist be 3e.

20

*Amendis to the Teljouris and Sowtaris* 71

VI.

And 3e tailjouris, with weilmaid clais  
Can mend the werst maid man that gais,  
And mak him semely for to se:  
Teljouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

VII.

Thocht God mak ane misfassonit swayne, 25  
3e can him all schaip new agane,  
And fassoun him bettir be sic thre:  
Teljouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

VIII.

Thocht a man haif a brokin bak, 30  
Haif be a gude teljour, quhattrak,  
That can it cuver with craftis slie:  
Teljouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

IX.

Off God grit kyndness may 3e clame,  
That helpis his peple fra cruke and lame,  
Supportand faltis with 3our supple: 35  
Tailjouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e.

X.

In erd 3e kyth sic mirakillis heir,  
In Hevin 3e salbe sanctis full cleir,  
Thocht 3e be knavis in this cuntre:  
Teljouris and Sowtaris, blist be 3e. 40

*Quod Dumbar.*

**28. THE FLYTING OF DUNBAR AND KENNEDY.**

DUNBAR TO KENNEDY.

I.

Schir Johne the Ross, ane thing thair is compilit  
In generale be Kennedy and Quinting,  
Quhilk hes thame self aboif the sternis stylit;  
Bot had thay maid of mannace ony mynting

In special, sic stryfe sould ryse but stynting, 5  
 Howbeit with bost thair breistis wer als bendit  
 As Lucifer, that fra the hevin descendit,  
 Hell sould nocht hyd thair harnis fra harmis hynting.

## II.

The erd sould trymbill, the firmament sould schaik,  
 And all the air in vennaum suddane stink, 10  
 And all the diuillis of hell for redour quaik,  
 To heir quhat I sould wryt, with pen and ynk;  
 For and I flyt sum sege for schame sould think,  
 The se sould birn, the sone sould thoill ecclippis,  
 Rochis sould ryfe, the warld sould hald no grippis, 15  
 Sa loud of cair the commoun bell sould clynk.

## III.

Bot wondir laith wer I to be ane baird,  
 Flyting to vse rycht gritly I eschame;  
 For it is nowthir wyning nor rewaird,  
 Bot tinsale baith of honour and of fame, 20  
 Incres of sorrow, sklender, and evill name;  
 3it mycht thay be sa bald, in thair bakbytting,  
 To gar me ryme, and rais the feynd with flytting,  
 And throw all cuntreis, and kinrikis thame proclame.  
*Quod Dumbar to Kennedy.*

## KENNEDY TO DUNBAR.

## IV.

Dirtin Dumbar, quhome on blawis thow thy boist, 25  
 Pretendand the to wryte sic skaldit skrowis?  
 Ramowit rebald, thow sall down to the roist,  
 My laureat lettres at the and I lowis;  
 Mandrag, mymmerkin, maid maister bot in mowis,  
 Thryse scheild trumpir, with ane threid bair goun, 30  
 Say Deo mercy, or I cry the doun,  
 And leif thy ryming, rebald, and thy rowis.

## V.

Dreid, dirtfast dearch, that thow hes dissobeyit  
 My cousing Quintene and my commissar;  
 Fantastik fule, trest weill thow salbe fleyit, 35  
 Ignorant elf, aip, owll irregular,

*The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* 73

Skaldit skaitbird, and commoun skamelar;  
Wan-fukkit funling, that natour maid ane yrle,  
Baith Iohne the Ross and thow sall squeill and skirle,  
And evir I heir ocht of 3our making mair. 40

VI.

Heir I put sylence to the in all pairtis,  
Obey and ceis the play that thow pretendis;  
Waik walidrag, and werlot of the cairtis,  
Se sone thow mak my commissar amendis,  
And lat him lay sax leichis on thy lendis, 45  
Meikly in recompaning of thi scorne,  
Or thow sall ban the tyme that thow wes borne,  
For Kennedy to the this cedull sendis.

*Quod Kennedy to Dunbar.*

*Iuge in the nixt quha gat the war.*

DUNBAR TO KENNEDY.

VII.

Iersche brybour baird, wyle beggar with thy brattis,  
Cuntbittin crawdoun Kennedy, coward of kynd, 50  
Evill farit and dryit, as Denseman on the rattis,  
Lyke as the gleddis had on thy gulesnowt dynd;  
Mismaid monstour, ilk mone owt of thy mynd,  
Renunce, rebald, thy ryming, thow bot royis,  
Thy trechour tung hes tane ane heland strynd; 55  
Ane lawland ers wald mak a bettir noyis.

VIII.

Revin, raggit ruke, and full of rebaldrie,  
Scitterand scorpione, scaldit in scurrilite,  
I se the haltane in thy harlotrie,  
And in to vthir science no thing sle, 60  
Off every vertew woyn, as men may se;  
Quytclame clergie, and cleik to the ane club,  
Ane baird blasphemar, in brybrie ay to be;  
For wit and wisdom ane wisp fra the may rub.

IX.

Commirwald crawdoun, na man comptis the ane kerss, 65  
Sueir swappit swanky, swynekeper ay for swaittis;

Thy commissar Quintyne biddis the cum kiss his erss,  
 He luviss nocht sic ane forlane loun of laittis;  
 He sayis, Thow skaffis and beggis mair beir and aitiss,  
 Nor ony cripill in Karrik land about; 70  
 Vthir pure beggaris and thow ar at debaittis,  
 Decrepit karlingis on Kennedy cryis owt.

## KENNEDY TO DUNBAR.

## X.

Dathane, diuillis sone, and dragon dispitous,  
 Abironis birth, and bred with Beliall;  
 Wod werwolf, worme, and scorpion vennemous, 75  
 Lucifers laid, fowll feyndis face infernall;  
 Sodomyt, syphareit fra sanctis celestially,  
 Put I nocht sylence to the, schyfir knaif,  
 And thow of new begynis to ryme and raif,  
 Thow salbe maid blait, bleir eit, bestiall. 80

## XI.

Insenswat sow, ceiss, fals Ewstace air!  
 And knaw, kene skald, I hald of Alathia,  
 And causs me nocht the caiss lang to declair  
 Of thy curst kin, Dewlbeir and his Allia:  
 Cum to the Croce on kneis, and mak a cria; 85  
 Confess thy cryme, hald Kennedy thy king,  
 And with ane hauthorne skurge thy self and ding;  
 Thus dre thy pennance with Dereliquisti quia.

## XII.

Pass to my commissar, and be confest,  
 Cour befoir him on kneis, and cum in will; 90  
 And syne gar Stobo for thy life protest;  
 Renunce thy rymis, baith ban and birn thy bill;  
 Heive to the heuyn thy handis, and hald the still:  
 Do thow nocht thus, brigane, thow salbe brint,  
 Wyth pik and fyre, ter, gun powlder, and lint, 95  
 On Arthowris Sait, or on ane hiear hill.

## XIII.

I perambulit of Pernaso the montane,  
 Enspyril with Mercury fra his goldin speir;  
 And dulely drank of eloquence the fontane,  
 Quhen it wes purefeit with frost, and flowit cleir: 100



*The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* 75

And thow come, fule! in Merche or Februeir,  
Thair till ane pule, and drank the paddok rude,  
That garris the ryme in to thy termis glude,  
And blabbaris that noyis menis eiris to here.

XIV.

Thow luvis nane Erische, elf, I vndirstand, 105  
Bot it sowld be all trew Scottismennis leid;  
It wes the gud langage of this land,  
And Scota it causit to multeply and spreid,  
Quhill Corspatrik, that we of tressoun reid,  
Thy forfader, maid Ersche and Erschmen thin, 110  
Throw his tressoun brocht Inglis rumpillis in,  
Sa wald thy self, mycht thow to him succed.

XV.

Ignorant fule! in to thy mowis and crakkis,  
It may be verifeit that thy wit is thin;  
Quhair thow wryttis Densmen dryit on the rakkis, 115  
Densmen of Denmark ar of the kingis kin.  
The wit thow sowld haif had, wes cassin in  
Evin at thyn ers, bakwart, with a staf flong.  
Heirfoir, fals harlott, hussone, hald thy tung:  
Dewlbeir! thow deivis the Devill, thyn eme, with din. 120

XVI.

Throw England, theif, and tak the to thy fute,  
And boun to haif with the ane fals botwand;  
Ane horsmerchell thow call the at the mute,  
And with that craft convoy the throw the land;  
Be na thing airch, tak ferely on hand, 125  
Happin thow to be hangit in Northumbir,  
Than all thy kyn ar weill quyt of thy cumbir,  
For that mon be thy dome, I vndirstand.

XVII.

Hie Souerane Lord, lat nevir this sinfull sote  
Do schame, fra hame, vnto your natioun! 130  
That nevir nane, sic ane, be callit a Scott,  
Ane rottin crok, lowss of the dok, thairdoun.  
Fra honest folk devoyd this laithly loun:  
In sum desert, quhair thair is na repair,  
For fying and infecking of the air, 135  
Cary this cankerit corruptit carioun.

## XVIII.

Thow wes consaut in the grit eclippiss,  
 Ane monstour maid be god Mercurius ;  
 Na hald agane, nor ho is at thy hippis,  
 Infortunate, [full] false, and furius, 140  
 Evill schrevin, wan-threvin, nocht clene nor curius ;  
 Ane myting, full of flyting, flyrdom-lyk,  
 Ane crabbit, skabbit, evil faicit messane tyk ;  
 Ane schitt, but witt, schrewit and iniurius.

## XIX.

Grit in the glaikis gud Maistir William gukkis, 145  
 Our imperfyte in poetrie, and in pross,  
 All clossis vndir clud of nycht thou cukkis.  
 Rymiss thow of me, of rethory the ross,  
 Lunatyk, lymmar, luschbald, louss thy hoiss,  
 That I may twich thy tone with tribulatioun, 150  
 In recompansing of thy conspiratioun,  
 Or turss the owt of Scotland: tak thy choiss.

## XX.

Ane benefice quha wald gif sic ane beist,  
 Bot gif it war to jnyngill Iudass bellis ;  
 Tak the ane fiddill, or ane floyt to jeist, 155  
 Vndocht, thow art ordanit to nocht ellis !  
 Thy clowtit cloik, thy skrip, and thy clamschellis  
 Cleik on thy cors, and fair on in to France,  
 And cum thow nevir agane but ane mischance ;  
 The feynd fair with the, forward our the fellis. 160

## XXI.

Cankerit Cayne, tryd trowane, tutevillouss,  
 Marmadin, mymmerkin, monstour of all men,  
 I sall gar bak the to the laird of Hilhouss,  
 To swelly the in steid of ane pullit hen.  
 Fowmart, fazart, fosterit in filth and fen, 165  
 Fowle feynd, fleird fule, vpoun thy phisnom fy !  
 Thy dok ay drepis of dirt, and will nocht dry,  
 To twme thy tvn it wald tyre carlingis ten.

*The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* 77

XXII.

Conspiratour, curst kokatrice, hellis ka,  
Turk, trumpour, tratour, tirrane intemperat; 170  
Thow yrfull attircop, Pylat appostata,  
Judass, jow, juglour, Lollard lawreat;  
Sarazene, symonyte, prowde pagane pronunceat,  
Mahomeit, manesworne, bugrist abhominable,  
Devill, dampnit doig, sodomyt vnsaciable, 175  
With Gog and Magog greit glorificat.

XXIII.

Deulbeir, thir ar the caussis that I conspyre,  
Pharo thy fadeir, Egiptia thy dame,  
Nero thy nevoy, Goliath thy grantschir,  
Termegant threipis the, and Vespasian thy eme; 180  
Belzebul thy full broder he will clame  
To be thyn air, and Cayphass thy sectour;  
Pluto thy heid of kin, and [thy] protectour  
To hell to leid the, on licht day and leme.

XXIV.

Herod thy vthir eme, and grit Egeass, 185  
Martiane, Mahomeit, and Maxentius,  
Thy trew kynismen, Antenor and Eneass,  
Throip thy neir neice, and awsterne Olibrius,  
Pette dew, Baall, and eik Ejobuluss;  
Thir feyndis ar the flour of thy foir branchis, 190  
Steirand the pottis of hell, and nevir stenchis,  
Dout nocht, Deulbeir, tu es Diabolus.

XXV.

Deulbeir, thy speir of weir, but feir, thou 3eild,  
Hangit, mangit, eddir-stangit, stryndie stultorum,  
To me, maist he Kennedie, and fie the feild, 195  
Pickit, wickit, stickit, convickit, lamp Lollardorum.  
Diffamit, schamit, blamit, primas Paganorum.  
Out! out! I schowt, vpoun thy snovt that snevillis.  
Taill tellar, rebellar, indwellar with the diuillis,  
Spink, sink with stink ad Tartara termagorum. 200  
*Quod Kennedy to Dunbar,*  
*Iuge 3e now heir quha gat the war.*

## DUNBAR TO KENNEDY.

## XXVI.

Thow speiris, dastard, gif I dar with the fecht?  
 ʒe dagone, dowbart, thairof haif thow no dowl!  
 Quhair evir we meit thairto my hand I hecht,  
 To red thy rebald ryming with a rowt: 205  
 Throw all Bretane it salbe blawin owt,  
 How that thow, poysonit pelour, gat thy paikis;  
 With ane doig-leich I schepe to gar the schowt,  
 And nowthir tak to the knyfe, swerd, nor aix.

## XXVII.

Thow crop and rute of traitouris tressonable,  
 Thow fathir and moder of morthour and mischeif, 210  
 Dissaitfull serpent with teirrand mynd vnstable;  
 Cukcald cradoun, cowart, and commoun theif;  
 Thow purpost till vndo the Lord thy cheif  
 In Paislay, with ane poysonsone that wes fell,  
 For quhilk, brybour, ʒit sall thow thoill a breif; 215  
 Pelour, on the I sall it preif my sell.

## XXVIII.

Thocht I wald lie, thy frawart phisnomy  
 Dois manifest thy malice to all men;  
 Fy! traitour theif; fy! glengoir loun, fy! fy!  
 Fy! feyndly front, far fowlar than ane fen. 220  
 My freyndis thow reprovit with thy pen?  
 Thow leis, tratour! quhilk I sall on the preif,  
 Suppois thy heid war armit tymis ten,  
 Thow sall recry it, or thy croun sall cleif.

## XXIX.

Or thow durst move thy mynd malitius, 225  
 Thow saw the sail abone my heid up draw;  
 But Eolus full woid, and Neptunus,  
 Mirk and moneless, ws met with wind and waw,  
 And mony hundreth myll hyne coud ws blow,  
 By Holland, Seland, ʒetland, and Northway coist, 230  
 In sey desert quhill we wer famist aw;  
 ʒit come I hame, fals baird, to lay thy boist.

*The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy* 79

XXX.

Thow callis the rethory with the goldin lippis :  
Na, glowrand, gaipand fule, thow art begyld,  
Thow art bot gluncoch with thy giltin hippis, 235  
That for thy lounry mony a leisch hes fyld ;  
Wan wisaged widdefow, out of thy wit gane wyld,  
Laithly and lowsy, als lathand as ane leik,  
Sen thow with wirschep wald sa fane be styld,  
Haill, souerane senjeour ! Thy bawis hingis throw thy breik.

XXXI.

Forworthin fule, of all the warld reffuse, 241  
Quhat ferly is thocht thow reioys to flyte?  
Sic eloquence as thay in Erschry vse,  
In sic is sett thy thraward appetyte ;  
Thow hes full littill feill of fair indyte : 245  
I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane hippis  
Sall fairar Inglis mak, and mair parfyte,  
Than thow can blabbar with thy Carrik lippis.

XXXII.

Bettir thow ganis to leid ane doig to skomer,  
Pynit pykpuirs pelour, than with thy maister pingill. 250  
Thow lay full pryldes in the peiss this somer,  
And fane at evin for to bring hame a single,  
Syne rubbit at ane vthir auld wyfis ingle ;  
Bot now, in winter, for purteth thow art traikit ;  
Thow hes na breik to latt thy bellokis gyngill ; 255  
Beg the ane bratt, for, baird, thow sall go naikit.

XXXIII.

Lene larbar, loungeour, baith lowsy in lisk and lonje ;  
Fy ! skolderit skyn, thow art bot skyre and skrumple ;  
For he that rostit Lawarance had thy grunje,  
And he that hid sanct Johnis ene with ane wimple, 260  
And he that dang sanct Augustine with ane rumple,  
Thy fowll front had, and he that Bartilmo flaid ;  
The gallowis gaipis eftir thy graceles gruntill,  
As thow wald for ane haggeis, hungry glaid.

## XXXIV.

Matir annwche I haiff, I bid nocht fenjie, 265  
 Thocht thow, fowll trumpour, thus vpoun me leid;  
 Corruptit carioun, he sall I cry thy senjie;  
 Thinkis thow nocht how thow cum in grit neid,  
 Greitand in Galloway, lyk ane gallow breid,  
 Ramand and rolpand, beggand koy and ox? 270  
 I saw the thair, in to thy wachmanis weid,  
 Quhilk wes nocht worth ane pair of auld gray sox.

## XXXV.

Ersch Katherene, with thy polk breik and rilling,  
 Thow and thy quene, as gredy gleddis 3e gang  
 With polkis to mylne, and beggis baith meill and schilling;  
 Thair is bot lyss, and lang nailis 3ow amang: 276  
 Fowll heggirbald, for henis 3itt wilt thow hang,  
 Thow hes ane perrellus face to play with lambis;  
 Ane thousand kiddis, wer thay in faldis full strang,  
 Thy lymmerfull luke wald fle thame and thair damis. 280

## XXXVI.

In till ane glen thow hes, owt of repair,  
 Ane laithly luge that wes the lippir menis;  
 With the ane sowtaris wyfe, off bliss als bair,  
 And lyk twa stalkaris steilis in cokis and henis,  
 Thow pykis the pultre, and scho pullis off the penis; 285  
 All Karrik cryis, God gif this dowsy be drown'd;  
 And quhen thow heiris ane guse cry in the glenis,  
 Thow thinkis it swetar than sacryne bell of sound.

## XXXVII.

Thow Lazarus, thow laithly lene tramort,  
 To all the warld thow may example be; 290  
 To luk vpoun thy gryslie peteous port,  
 For hiddowis, haw, and holkit is thyne e;  
 Thy cheik bane bair, and blaiknit is thy ble;  
 Thy choip, thy choll garris men for to leif chest;  
 Thy gane it garris ws think that we mon de: 295  
 I coniure the, thow hungert heland gaist.

XXXVIII.

The larbar lukis of thy lang lene craig,  
Thy pure pynit thrott, peilit and owt of ply,  
Thy skolderit skin, hewd lyk ane saffrone bag,  
Garris men dispyt thar flesche, thow spreit of Gy: 300  
Fy! feyndly front; fy! tykiss face, fy! fy!  
Ay loundand, lyk ane loikman on ane ledder;  
With hingit luik ay wallowand vpone wry,  
Lyk to ane stark theif glowrand in ane tedder.

XXXIX.

Nyse nagus, nipcaik, with thy schulderis narrow, 305  
Thow lukis lowsy, loun of lownis aw;  
Hard hurcheoun, hirpland, hippit as ane harrow,  
Thy rigbane rattillis, and thy ribbis on raw;  
Thy hanchis hirklis, with hukebanis harth and haw;  
Thy laithly lymis ar lene as ony treis; 310  
Obey, theif baird, or I sall brek thy gaw,  
Ffowll carrybald, cry mercy on thy kneis.

XL.

Thow pure pynhippit, vgly averill,  
With hurkland banis, holkand throw thy hyd,  
Reistit and crynit as hangitman on hill, 315  
And oft beswakkit with ane ourhie tyd,  
Quhilk brewis mekle barret to thy bryd;  
Hir cair is all to clenge thy cabroch howis,  
Quhair thow lyis sawst in saphron, bak and syd,  
Powderit with prymross, sawrand of no clowiss. 320

XLI.

Forworthin wirling, I warne the it is wittin,  
How, skyttand skarth, thow hes the hurle behind;  
Wan wraiglane wasp, ma wormiss hes thow schittin,  
Nor thair is gerss on grund, or leif on lind;  
Thocht thow did first sic fulty to me fynd, 325  
Thow sall agane with ma witness than I;  
Thy gulsoch gane dois on thy back it bind,  
Thy hostand hippis lattis nevir thy hoss go dry.

## XLII.

Thow held the burch lang with ane borrowit gown,  
 And ane caprowsy barkit all with sweit, 330  
 And quhen the laidis saw the sa lyk a loun,  
 Thay bickerit the with mony bae and bleit :  
 Now vpaland thow leivis on rubbit quheit,  
 Oft for ane causs thy burdclaith neidis no spredding,  
 Ffor thow hes nowthir for to drink nor eit, 335  
 Bot lyk ane berdles baird, that had no bedding.

## XLIII.

Strait Gibbonis air, that nevir ourstred ane horse,  
 Bla berfute berne, in hair tyme wes thow borne;  
 Thow bringis the Carrik clay to Edinburgh Corse,  
 Vpoun thy botingis hobland, hard as horne; 340  
 Stra wispis hingis owt, quhair that the waltis ar worne :  
 Cum thow agane to skar ws with thy strais,  
 We sall gar scale our sculis all the to scorne,  
 And stane the vp the calsay quhair thow gais.

## XLIV.

Off Edinburch, the boyis as beis owt thrawis, 345  
 And cryis owt ay, 'Heir cumis our awin queir clerk !'  
 Than fleis thow, lyk ane howlat chest with crawis,  
 Quhill all the bichis at thy botingis bark :  
 Than carlingis cryis, 'Keip curches in the merk,  
 Our gallowis gaipis ; lo ! quhair ane greceles gais.' 350  
 Ane vthir says, 'I se him want ane sark,  
 I reid 3ow, cummer, tak in your lynning clais.'

## XLV.

Than rynis thow down the gait, with gild of boyis,  
 And all the toun tykis hingand in thy heilis ;  
 Of laidis and lownis thair ryssis sic ane noyis, 355  
 Quhill runsyis rynniss away with cairt and quheilis,  
 And cager aviris castis bayth coillis and creillis,  
 For rerd of the, and rattling of thy butis ;  
 Fische wyvis cryis, Fy ! and castis doun skillis and skeillis ;  
 Sum claschis the, sum cloddiss the on the cutis. 360



XLVI.

Loun, lyk Mahoun, be boun me till obey,  
Theif, or in greif, mischeif sall the betyd;  
Cry grace, tykis face, or I the chece and sley;  
Oule, rare and 3owle, I sall defowll thy pryd;  
Peilet gled, baith fed and bred of bichis syd, 365  
And lyk ane tyk, purspyk, quhat man settis by the!  
Forflittin, countbittin, beschittin, barkit hyd,  
Clym ledder, fyle tedder, foule edder, I defy the.

XLVII.

Mauch muttoun, byte buttoun, peilit gluttoun, air to Hilhouss;  
Bannok beggar, ostir dregar, foule fleggar in the flet; 370  
Chittirilling, ruch rilling, lik schilling in the milhouss;  
Baird rehatour, theif of natour, fals tratour, feyndis gett;  
Filme of tauch, rak sauch, cry crauch, thow art our sett;  
Muttoun dryver, girnall ryver, 3adswyvar, fowll fell the:  
Herretyk, lunatyk, purspyk, carlingis pet, 375  
Rottin crok, dirtin dok, cry cok, or I sall quell the.  
*Quod Dunbar to Kennedy.*

KENNEDY TO DUNBAR.

XLVIII.

Haltane harlott, the diuill a gude thow heis!  
For falt of pussance, pelour, thow ma pak the;  
Thow drank thy thrift, sauld and wedsett thy clais,  
Thair is na lord that will in seruice tak the. 380  
Ane pak of flayskynis, fynance for to mak the,  
Thow sall ressaif, in Danskyn, of my tailze;  
With De profundis sett the, and that failze,  
And I sall send the blak Deill for to bak the.

XLIX.

Into the Katherene thow maid ane fowll kahute, 385  
For thow bedrait hir, doun fra stern to steir;  
Vpoun hir syddis was sene that thow coud schute,  
Thy dirt cleivis till hir towis this twenty 3eir:  
The firmament nor firth wes nevir cleir,  
Quhill thow, Dewlberere, deuillis birth, wes on the see, 390  
The sawlis had sunkin throw the sin of thee,  
War nocht the pepill maid sic grit prayer.

## L.

Quhen that the schip was sanit, and vndir saill,  
 Foul brow in hoill thow purpost for to pass,  
 Thow schott, and wes nocht sicker of thy taill, 395  
     Beschait the steir, the cumpass, and the glass;  
     The skippar bad gar land the at the Bass:  
 Thow spewit, and kest owt mony ane laithly lump,  
 Fastar nor all the marineirs coud pump;  
     And jit thy wame is war nor evir it wass. 400

## LI.

Had thay bene sa prowdydit of schott of gvn,  
     Be men of weir but perrell thay had past;  
 As thow wes lowss, and reddy of thy bun,  
     Thay micht haif tane na collum at the last;  
     For thow wald cuke ane cairtfull at ane cast; 405  
 Thair is no schip that the will now ressaif;  
 Thow fylit faster nor fyftenesum mycht laif,  
     And myrit thame wyth thy mvk to the midmast.

## LII.

Small fynance amangis thy freyndis thow beggit,  
     To stanch the storm, with haly muldis thow lost; 410  
 Thow salit to get a dowkar, for to dregg it,  
     It lysis closit in ane clowt on Northway cost:  
     Sic rewll garris the be seruit with cauld rost,  
 And sitt vnswpit oft beyond the se,  
 Cryand at durris Caritas pro amore Dei, 415  
     Bairfute, breikless, and all in duddis vpdost.

## LIII.

Dewllbeir hes nocht ado with ane Dunbar,  
     The Erle of Murray bure that surname rycht,  
 That evir trew to the King and constant war,  
     And of that kin come Dunbar of Westfeld knyght; 420  
     That successioun is hardy, wyse, and wicht,  
 And hes na thing ado now with the, diuill:  
 Bot Dewllbeir is thy kin, and kennis the weill,  
     And hes in Hell for the ane chalmer dycht.

LIV.

How thy forbearis come, I haif a feill; 425  
At Cokburnis peth, the writing makis me war,  
Generit betuix ane scho beir and a deill  
Wes he, and callit Dewlbeir, and nocht Dunbar:  
This Dewlbeir generit on a meir of Mar  
Corspatrik, Erle of Merche; and be illusioun 430  
The first that evir put Scotland to confusioun  
Wes that fals tratour, hardely say I dar.

LV.

Quhen Bruce and Balioll differit for the croun,  
Scottis lordis could nocht obey [the] Inglis lawis;  
This Corspatrik betrasit Berwik toun, 435  
And slew sewin thowsand Scottismen in the wawis,  
The battall syne of Spottismuir he gart causs,  
And come with Edwart Langschankis to the feild,  
Quhair twelve thowsand trew Scottismen wer keild,  
And Wallace chest, as us the cornicle schawis. 440

LVI.

Scottis lordis chiftanis he gart hald and chessone  
In firmance fast, quhill all the feild wes done,  
Within Dunbar, that awld spelunk of tressoun;  
Sa Inglis tykis in Scotland wes abone,  
Than spulzeit thay the haly stane of Scone, 445  
The croce of Halyrudhouss, and vthir jowellis.  
He birnis in hell, body, banis, and bowellis,  
This Corspatrik that Scotland hes vndone.

LVII.

Wallace gart cry ane counsale in to Perth,  
And callit Corspatrik tratour be his style; 450  
That dampnit dragone drew him in diserth,  
And sayd, he kend bot Wallace, king in Kyle:  
Out of Dunbar that theif he maid exyle  
Vnto Edward, and Inglis grund agane:  
Tigiris, serpentis, and taidis will remane 455  
In Dunbar wallis, todis, wolffis and beistis wyle.

## LVIII.

Na fowlis of gude effect amangis thay binkis  
 Biggis, nor abydis, for no thing that may be ;  
 Thay stanis of tressone as the bruntstane stinkis.  
 Dewlbeiris moder, cassin in the se, 460  
 The wariet apill of the forbiddin tre,  
 That Adame eit, quhen he tint paradyce,  
 Scho eit invennomit lyk a cокkatryce,  
 Syne marreit with the Diuill for dignite.

## LIX.

3it of new tressone, I can tell the tailis, 465  
 That cumis on nycht in visioun in my sleip ;  
 Archebald Dunbar betrasit the houss of Hailis,  
 Becaus the 3ung lord had Dunbar to keip ;  
 Pretendand thair throw to vther rowmis to creip,  
 Rycht crewaly his castell he persewit, 470  
 Brocht him furth boundin, and his place reskewit,  
 Sett him in fetteris in ane dungeoun deip.

## LX.

It war aganis bayth natur and gud ressoun,  
 That Dewlbeiris bairnis wer trew to God or man ;  
 Quhilkis wer baith gottin, borne and bred with tressoun,  
 Belzebubbis oyis, and curst Corspatrikis clan : 476  
 Thow wes prestyt, and ordanit be Sathan  
 For to be borne to do thy kin defame,  
 And gar me schaw thy antecessouris schame ;  
 Thy kin that leivis may wary the and ban. 480

## LXI.

Sen thow on me thus, lymmer, leis and trattillis,  
 And fyndis sentence foundit of invy,  
 Thy elderis banis ilk nycht ryssis and rattillis,  
 Apon thy corss, Vengeance, vengeance ! thay cry.  
 Thow art the causs thay may nocht rest, nor ly ; 485  
 Thow sayis for thame few psaltaris, salmis, or creidis,  
 Bot garis me tell thair trentalis of misdeidis,  
 And thair auld sin with new schame certefy.

LXII.

Curst cropand craw, I sall gar crop thy tounge,  
And thou sall cry, Cor mundum, on thy kneis; 490  
Duerch, I sall ding the, quhill thou bayth dryt and dounge,  
And thou sall lik thy lippis, and sueir thou leiss :  
I sall degraide the, graceless, of thy greis ;  
Scale the for scorne, and scar the of the scule,  
Gar round thy heid, transforme the till ane fule, 495  
And syne for tressone trone the to the treis.

LXIII.

Raw-mowit rebald, renegate rehatour,  
My lynnage and forbearis wer ay leill ;  
It cumis of kynde to the to be ane tratour,  
To ryd on nycht, to rug, to reif, to steill. 500  
Quhen thou putis poysons to me, I appeill  
The in that pairte, and preif it on thy persoun ;  
Clame nocht to clergy, for I defy the, garsoun,  
Thow sal by it deir, wyth me, duerch, and thou deill.

LXIV.

In Ingland, owle, sowld be thy habitatioun, 505  
Homage to Edwart Langschankis maid thy kin,  
In Dunbar thay ressaut him, thy fals natioun,  
They sowld be exylit Scotland, mair and myn.  
Ane stark gallowis, ane widdy, and ane pin,  
The heid poynt of thy elderis armis ar ; 510  
Writtin abone in poysie, Hang Dunbar,  
Quartar and draw, and mak that surname thin.

LXV.

I am the kingis blude, his trew speciall clerk,  
That nevir yit imagenit him offence,  
Constant in myn allegeance, word and werk, 515  
Only dependand on his excellence ;  
Trestand to haif of his magnificence  
Gwairdoun, rewaird, ane benefyce bedene ;  
Quhen that the revynis sall ryfe out bayth thy ene,  
And on the rattis salbe thy residence. 520

## LXVI.

Fra Etrik Forrest furthward to Drumfreiss  
 Thow beggit with ane pardoun in all kirkis,  
 Collappis, crudis, meill, grottis, gryce, and geiss,  
 And vndir nycht quhyllis stall thow staggis and stirkis.  
 Becauss that Scotland of thy begging irkis, <sup>525</sup>  
 Thow schaipis in France to be ane knycht of the feild ;  
 Thow hes thy clamschellis, and thy burdoun keild,  
 Vnhonest wayis all, wolrun, that thow wirkis. (

## LXVII.

Thow may nocht pass Mont Bernard for wyld beistis,  
 Nor win throw Mont Scarpry for the snaw ; <sup>530</sup>  
 Mont Nicholace, Mont Godard thair arreistis  
 Sik bois of brigantis, and blindis thame wyth ane blaw.  
 In Paris with the maister buriawe  
 Abyd, and be his prenteiss neir the bank,  
 And help to hang the pece for half ane frank, <sup>535</sup>  
 And, at the last, thy self sall thoill the lawe.

## LXVIII.

Quhair as thow said, that I staw henis and lammis,  
 I lat the wit, I haif landis, stoir and stakkis.  
 Thow wald be fane to gnaw, lad, with thy gamis,  
 Vndir my burde, smoch banis behind doggis bakkis : <sup>540</sup>  
 Thow hes ane tome purss, I haif steidis and takkis,  
 Thow tynt coulter, I haif culter and pluch,  
 Substance and geir, thow hes a widdy twch,  
 On Mont Falcone, abowt thy craig to rax.

## LXIX.

And yit Mont Falcone gallowis is our fair, <sup>545</sup>  
 For to be fylit with sic ane frutless face :  
 Cum hame, and hing on our gallowis of Air,  
 To erd the vndir it I sall purchess grace ;  
 To eit thy flesch the doggis sall haif na space,  
 The revynis sall ryfe na thing bot thy tung ruttis, <sup>550</sup>  
 For thow sick malice of thy maister mutis,  
 It is weill sett that thow sic barret brace.

29. THE DROICHIS PART OF THE PLAY.

AN INTERLUDE.

I.

Harry, harry, hobillschowe!  
 Se quha is cummyn nowe,  
 Bot I wait nevir howe,  
     With the quhorle wynd?  
 A seriand owt of Soldane land,                   5  
 A gyand strang for to stand,  
 That with the strenth of my hand  
     Beres may bynd.  
 ʒit I trowe that I wary,  
 I am the nakit, blynd Hary,                   10  
 That lang has bene in the Fary  
     Farleis to fynd;  
 And ʒit gif this be nocht I,  
 I wait I am the spreit of Gy;  
 Or ellis go by the sky                   15  
     Licht as the lynd.

II.

The God of most magnificence,  
 Conserf this fair presens,  
 And saif this amyable audiens,  
     Grete of renovne;                   20  
 Prowest, ballies, officiris,  
 And honerable induellaris,  
 Marchandis, and familiaris,  
     Of all this fair Towne.  
 Quha is cummyn heir, bot I,                   25  
 A bauld bustuoss bellamy,  
 At ʒour Corss to mak a cry,  
     With a hie sowne?  
 Quhilk generit am of gyandis kynd,  
 Fra strang Hercules be strynd;                   30  
 Off all the Occident and Ynd,  
     My eldaris bair the crowne.

## III.

My fore grantschir hecht Fyn Mac Kowle,  
 That dang the devill, and gart him 3owle,  
 The skyis ranyd quhen he wald scowle, 35  
     He trublit all the air:  
 He gat my grantschir Gog Magog;  
 Ay quhen he dansit, the warld wald schog;  
 Five thousand ellis 3eid in his frog  
     Of Hieland pladdis, and mair. 40  
 3it he was bot of tendir 3outh;  
 Bot eftir he grewe mekle at fouth,  
 Ellevyne myle wyde mett was his mouth,  
     His teith was ten ell sqwair.  
 He wald apon his tais stand, 45  
 And tak the sternis doune with his hand,  
 And set tham in a gold garland  
     Above his wyfis hair.

## IV.

He had a wyf was lang of clift;  
 Hir hed wan hiear than the lift; 50  
 The hevayne rerdit quhen scho wald rift;  
     The lass was no thing sklendir  
 Scho spittit Loch-Lomond with hir lippis;  
 Thunner and fyre-flaucht flewe fra hir hippis;  
 Quhen scho was crabit, the son tholit clippis; 55  
     The fende durst nocht offend hir.  
 For cald scho tuke the fevir tertane;  
 For all the claith of Fraunce and Bertane,  
 Wald nocht be till hir leg a gartane,  
     Thocht scho was 3ing and tendir; 60  
 Apon a nycht heir in the North,  
 Scho tuke the grawell, and stalit Cragorth,  
 Scho pischit the mekle watter of Forth;  
     Sic tyde ran eftirhend hir.

## V.

Ane thing writtin of hir I fynd, 65  
 In Irland quhen scho blewe behynd,  
 At Noroway costis scho rasit the wynd,  
     And gret schippis drownit thar.



*The Droichis Part of the Play* 91

Scho fischt all the Spanje seis,  
With hir sark lape befor hir theis; 70  
Sevyne dayis saling betuix hir kneis,  
It was estymit and mair.  
The hyngand brayis on athir syde,  
Scho powtterit with hir lymmis wyde;  
Lassis mycht leir at hir to stryd, 75  
Wald ga to lufis lair.  
Scho merkit syne to land with myrth;  
And pischt fyf quhalis in the Firth,  
That cropyn war in hir count for girth,  
Welterand amang the wair. 80

VI.

My fadir, mekle Gow Mackmorne,  
Out of that wyfis wame was schorne;  
For litalness scho was forlorne,  
Sic a kempe to beir:  
Or he of eld was 3eris thre, 85  
He wald stepe our the Occeane se;  
The mone sprang nevir above his kne;  
The hevyn had of him feir.  
Ane thousand 3eris past fra mynd  
Sen I was generit of his kynd, 90  
Far furth in the desertis of Ynde,  
Amang lyoun and beir:  
Baith the King Arthour and Gawane,  
And mony bald berne in Brettane,  
Ar deid, and in the weris slane, 95  
Sen I couth weild a speir.

VII.

The Sophie and the Soldane strang,  
With weris that has lestit lang,  
Furth of thar boundis maid me to gang,  
And turn to Turkey tyte. 100  
The King of Frauncis gret army,  
Has brocht in darth in Lombardy;  
And in ane cuntre he and I  
May nocht baith stand perfyte.  
In Denmark, Swetherik, and Noroway, 105

Na in the Steidis I dar nocht ga;  
 Amang thaim is bot tak and sla,  
 Cut thropillis, and mak quyte.  
 Irland for evir I have refusit,  
 All wichtis suld hald me excusit, 110  
 For nevir in land quhar Erische was usit,  
 To duell had I delyte.

## VIII.

I have bene forthwart evir in feild,  
 And now so lang I haf borne scheidt,  
 That I am all crynd in for eild 115  
 This litill, as 3e may se.  
 I have bene bannist under the lynd  
 Full lang, that no man couth me fynd;  
 And now with this last southin wynd,  
 I am cummyn heir, parde. 120  
 My name is Welth, thairfor be blyth,  
 I come heir comfort 3ow to kyth;  
 Suppuss that wretchis wryng and wryth,  
 All darth I sall gar de;  
 For sekerly, the treuth to tell, 125  
 I come amang 3ow heir to duell,  
 Far fra the sound of Sanct Gelis bell,  
 Nevir think I to fle.

## IX.

Quharfor in Scotland come I heir,  
 With 3ow to byde and perseveir, 130  
 In Edinburgh, quhar is meriast cheir,  
 Plesans, disport and play;  
 Quhilk is the lampe, and A per se,  
 Of this regioun, in all degre,  
 Of welefair, and of honeste, 135  
 Renoune, and riche aray.  
 Sen I am Welth, cummyn to this wane,  
 3e noble Merchandis everilkane,  
 Address 3ow furth with bow and flane,  
 In lusty grene lufraie; 140  
 And follow furth on Robyn Hude,  
 With hartis coragiouss and gud,  
 And thocht that wretchis wald ga wod,  
 Of worschipe hald the way.

*The Droichis Part of the Play* 93

X.

For I, and my thre feres aye, 145  
Weilfair, Wantoness, and Play,  
Sall byde with 3ow, in all affray,  
And cair put clene to ficht:  
And we sall dredless us address,  
To banniss derth, and all distress; 150  
And with all sportis, and meryness,  
3our hartis hald ever on hicht.  
I am of mekle quantite,  
Of gyand kynd, as 3e may se;  
Quhar sall be gottin a wyf to me 155  
Siclyke of breid and hicht?  
I dreid that thair be nocht a bryde,  
In all this towne may me abyde,  
Quha wait gif ony heir besyde  
Micht suffer me all nycht. 160

XI.

With 3ow sen I mon leid my lyf,  
Gar serss baith Louthiane and Fyf,  
And vale to me a mekle wyf,  
A gret ungraciouss gan;  
Sen scho is gane, the Gret Forlore 165  
. . . . .  
Adew! fairweill; for now I go,  
Bot I will nocht lang byd 3ow fro;  
Christ 3ow conserve fra every wo,  
Baith madin, wyf, and man.  
God bliss thame, and the Haly Rude, 170  
Givis me a drink, sa it be gude;  
And quha trowis best that I do lude,  
Skyнк first to me the kan.  
*Finis off the Droichis Pairt of the Play.*

30. OF JAMES DOG, KEPAR OF THE QUENIS  
WARDROP.

TO THE QUENE.

I.

The Wardraipper of Venus boure,  
To giff a doublett he is als doure,  
As it war off ane futt syd frog :  
Madame, 3e heff a dangerouss Dog !

II.

Quhen that I schawe to him 3our markis, 5  
He turnis to me again, and barkis,  
As he war wirriand ane hog :  
Madame, 3e heff a dangerouss Dog !

III.

Quhen that I schawe to him 3our wryting, 10  
He girniss that I am red for byting ;  
I wald he had ane hawye clog :  
Madame, 3e heff ane dangerouss Dog !

IV.

Quhen that I speik till him freindlyk, 15  
He barkis lyk ane midding tyk,  
War chassand cattell through a bog :  
Madame, 3e heff a dangerouss Dog !

V.

He is ane mastiv, mekle of mycht, 20  
To keip 3our wardroippe ower nycht  
Fra the grytt Sowdan Gog-ma-gog :  
Madame, 3e heff a dangerouss Dog !

VI.

He is ower mekle to be 3our messan,  
Madame, I red 3ou get a less ane,  
His gang garris all 3our chalmeris schog :  
Madame, 3e heff a dangerouss Dog !  
*Quod* Dumbar of James Dog, Kepar of the Quenis Wardrop.

31. OF THE SAID JAMES,  
QUHEN HE HAD PLEISIT HIM.

I.

O gracious Princes, guid and fair!  
Do weill to James your Wardraipair;  
Quhais faithfull bruder maist freind I am:  
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

II.

Thocht I in ballet did with him bourde, 5  
In malice spack I newir ane woord,  
Bot all, my Dame, to do you gam:  
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

III.

Your Hienes can nocht gett ane meter, 10  
To keip your wardrope, nor discreter,  
To rule your robbis, and dress the sam:  
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

IV.

The wyff, that he had in his innys,  
That with the taingis wald brack his schinnis,  
I wald scho drownit war in a dam: 15  
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

V.

The wyff that wald him kuckald mak,  
I wald scho war, bayth syd and back,  
Weill batteret with ane barrow-tram: 20  
He is na Dog; he is ane Lam.

VI.

He hes sa weill doin me obey  
In-till all thing, thairfoir I pray  
That newir dolour mak him dram:  
He is na Dog; he is a Lam.

*Quod* Dumbar, of the said James quhen he had pleisit him.

**32. OF SIR THOMAS NORRAY.**

## I.

Now lythis of ane gentill Knycht,  
 Schir Thomas Norny, wyss and wicht.  
 And full of chivalry ;  
 Quhais father was ane Grand Keyne,  
 His mother was ane Farie Queyne,  
 Gottin be sossery.

5

## II.

Ane fairer knycht nor he was ane,  
 On ground may nothair ryd nor gane,  
 Na beir bucklar nor brand ;  
 Or com in this court but dreid ;  
 He did full mony valjeant deid  
 In Roiss, and Murray land.

10

## III.

Full mony catherein hes he cheist,  
 And cummered mony Helland gaist,  
 Amang thay dully glennis :  
 Off the Clan Quhettane twenti scoir  
 He drawe as oxin him befoir ;  
 This deid thocht na man kennis.

15

## IV.

At feistis and brydallis wpaland,  
 He wan the gre, and the garland ;  
 Dansit non so on deiss :  
 He hes att werslingis beine ane hunder,  
 3et lay his body nevir at wnder :  
 He knawis gif this be leiss.

20

## V.

Was never vyld Robeine wnder bewch,  
 Nor 3et Roger of Clekkniskleuch,  
 So bauld a barne as he ;  
 Gy off Gysburne, na Allan Bell,  
 Na Simones sonnes of Quhynefell,  
 At schot war nevir so slie.

25

30

VI.

This anterouss knycht, quhar ever he vent,  
Ad justinge, and at tornament,  
Evir moir he wan the gre ;  
Was never off halff so gryt renowne  
Schir Bewis the knycht of Southe Hamptowne : 35  
I shrew him gyf I le.

VII.

Thairfoir Quhentyne was bot ane lurdane,  
That callit him ane full plum Jurdane,  
This wyss and worthie knycht ;  
He callit him fowlar than a full, 40  
He said he was ane licheruss bull,  
That croynd bayth day and nycht.

VIII.

He wald heff maid him Curris knaiff ;  
I pray God better his honour saiff,  
Na to be lychtleit sua ! 45  
3ett this far furth I dar him prais,  
He fyld never sadell in his dais ;  
And Curry befyld tua.

IX.

Quhairfoir, ever at Pesche and 3ull,  
I cry him Lord off every full, 50  
That in this regeone duellis ;  
And, verralie, that war gryt rycht :  
For, off ane hy renowned knycht,  
He wanttis no thing bot bellis.  
*Quod Dumbar.*

33. OF ANE BLAK-MOIR.

I.

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 discrywe perfytt,  
My ladye with the mekle lippis. 5

## II.

Quhou scho is tute mowitt lyk an aip,  
 And lyk a gangarall onto graip;  
 And quhou hir schort catt noiss vp skippis;  
 And quhou scho schynes lyk ony saip;  
 My ladye with the mekle lippis. 10

## III.

Quhen scho is claid in reche apperrall,  
 Scho blinkis als brycht as ane tar barrel;  
 Quhen scho was born, the sone tholit clippis,  
 The nycht be fain faucht in hir querrell:  
 My ladye with the mekle lippis. 15

## IV.

Quhai for hir saik, with speir and scheld,  
 Preiffis maist mychtelye in the feld,  
 Sall kiss, and withe hir go in grippis;  
 And fra thyne furth hir luff sall weld:  
 My ladye with the mekle lippis. 20

## V.

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. 25

*Quod* Dumber of ane blak-moir.

**34. AGANIS TRESSONE.**

## ANE EPITAPH FOR DONALD OWRE.

## I.

In vice most vicus he excellis,  
 That with the vice of tressone mellis;  
 Thocht he remissioun  
 Haif for prodissioun,  
 Schame and susspissioun 5  
 Ay with him dwellis.



II.

And he evir odious as ane owle,  
The falt sa filthy is and fowle;  
Horrible to natour  
Is ane tratour, 10  
As feind in fratour  
Vndir a cowle.

III.

Quha is a tratour or ane theif,  
Vpoun him self turnis the mischeif;  
His frawdfull wylis 15  
Him self begylis,  
As in the ilis  
Is now a preiff.

IV.

The fell strong tratour, Donald Owyr,  
Mair falsett had nor vdir fowyr; 20  
Rownd ylis and seyis  
In his suppleis,  
On gallow treis  
3itt dois he glowir.

V.

Falsett no feit hes, nor deffence, 25  
Be power, practik, nor puscence;  
Thocht it fra licht  
Be smord with slicht,  
God schawis the richt  
With soir vengeance. 30

VI.

Off the fals fox dissimvlatour,  
Kynd hes every theiff and tratour;  
Eftir respyt  
To wirk dispyt  
Moir appetyt 35  
He hes of natour.

## VII.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,  
 Quod est Latinum propter caupe, 50  
 To hede of kyn, bot I wait nought  
 Quis est ille, than I schrew my scawpe:  
 I callit my lord my heid, but hiddill,  
 Sed nulli alii hoc dixerunt,  
 We wer als sib as seue and riddill, 55  
 In vna silua que creuerunt.

## VIII.

Omnia mea solatia,—  
 Thay wer bot lesingis all and ane,—  
 Cum omni fraude et fallacia,  
 I leif the maister of Sanct Antane; 60  
 Willelmo Gray, sine gratia,  
 Myne awne deir cusing, as I wene,  
 Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,  
 Bot quhen the holyne growis grene.

## IX.

My fenzeing, and my fals wyning, 65  
 Relinquo falsis fratribus;  
 For that is Goddis awne bidding,  
 Dispersit, dedit pauperibus.  
 For menis saulis thay say thai sing,  
 Mentientes pro muneribus; 70  
 Now God gif thaim ane euill ending,  
 Pro suis prauis operibus.

## X.

To Iok Fule, my foly fre  
 Lego post corpus sepultum;  
 In faith I am mair fule than he, 75  
 Licet ostendit bonum vultum:  
 Of corne and catall, gold and fe,  
 Ipse habet walde multum,  
 And jit he bleris my lordis E  
 Fingendo eum fore stultum. 80

XI.

To Master Iohne Clerk syne,  
Do et lego intime,  
Goddis malisone and myne:  
Ipse est causa mortis mee.  
War I a dog and he a swyne, 85  
Multi mirantur super me,  
Bot I suld ger that lurdane quhryne,  
Scribendo dentes sine de.

XII.

Residuum omnium bonorum  
For to dispone my Lord sall haif, 90  
Cum tutela puerorum,  
Ade, Kytte, and all the laif.  
In faith I will na langar raif:  
Pro sepultura ordino  
On the new gys, sa God me saif, 95  
Non sicut more solito.

XIII.

In die mee sepulture  
I will nane haif bot our avne gyng,  
Et duos rusticos de rure  
Berand a barell on a styng: 100  
Drynkand and playand cop out, evin,  
Sicut egomet solebam;  
Singand and gretand with hie stevin,  
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

XIV.

I will na preistis for me sing, 105  
Dies illa, Dies ire;  
Na jit na bellis for me ring,  
Sicut semper solet fieri;  
Bot a bag pipe to play a spryng,  
Et unum ail wosp ante me; 110  
In stayd of baneris for to bring  
Quatuor lagenas ceruisie,  
Within the graif to set sic thing,  
In modum crucis juxta me,  
To fle the fendis, than hardely sing 115  
De terra plasmasti me.

[Heir endis the Tesment of Maister Andro Kennedy, maid  
be Dunbar quhen he wes lyk to dy.]

**36. THE BIRTH OF ANTICHRIST.**

## I.

Lucina schynnyng in silence of the nicht,  
 The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,  
 To bed I went, bot thair I tuke no rest,  
 With havy thocht I wes so soir opprest,  
 That sair I langit eftir daxis licht.

5

## II.

Off Fortoun I complenit hevely,  
 That scho to me stude so contrariowsly;  
 And at the last, quhen I had turnyt oft,  
 Ffor weirines on me ane slummer soft  
 Come with ane dremyng and a fantesy.

10

## III.

Me thocht Dame Fortoun with ane fremmit cheir  
 Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir:  
 'Thow suffer me to wirk gif thow do weill,  
 And preiss the nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,  
 Quhilk every warldly thing dois turne and steir.

15

## IV.

Full mony ane man I turne vnto the hicht,  
 And makis als mony full law to doun licht;  
 Vpon my staigis or that thow ascend,  
 Trest weill thy truble neir is at ane end,  
 Seing thir taikinis, quhairfoir thow mark thame rycht.

20

## V.

Thy trublit gaist sall neir moir be degest,  
 Nor thow in to no benifice beis possest,  
 Quhill that ane abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,  
 And fle vp in the air amangis the crennis,  
 And as ane falcone fair fro eist to west.

25

## VI.

He sall ascend as ane horrebbe grephoun,  
 Him meit sall in the air ane scho dragoun;  
 Thir terrible monsteris sall togidder thrist,  
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,  
 Quhill all the air infeck of thair pvsoun.

30

VII.

Vndir Saturnus fyrie regioun  
Symone Magus sall meit him and Mahoun,  
And Merlyne at the mone sall him be bydand,  
And Jonet the weido on ane bussome rydand,  
Off wichiss with ane windir garesoun. 35

VIII.

And syne thay sall discend with reik and fyre,  
And preiche in erth the Antechrysts impyre,  
Be than it salbe neir this warldis end.'  
With that this lady sone fra me did wend ;  
Sleipand and walkand wes frustrat my desyr. 40

IX.

Quhen I awoik, my dreme it was so nyce,  
Ffra every wicht I hid it as a vyce ;  
Quhill I hard tell be mony suthfast wy,  
Ffle wald ane abbot vp in to the sky,  
And all his fethreme maid wes at devyce. 45

X.

Within my hairt confort I tuke full sone ;  
'Adew,' quod I, 'My drery dayis ar done ;  
Ffull weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,  
Quhill that twa monis wer sene vp in the lift,  
Or quhill ane abbot flew aboif the mone.' 50  
*Quod Dumbar.*

37. THE FENȜEIT FREIR OF TUNGLAND.

I.

As jung Awrora, with cristall haile,  
In orient schew hir visage paile,  
A sweuyng swyth did me assaile,  
Off sonis of Sathanis seid ;  
Me thoct a Turk of Tartary 5  
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, 10  
 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, 15  
 With littill of Lumbard leid.  
 To be a leiche he fenyt him thair,  
 Quhilk mony a man micht rew evirmair;  
 For he left nowthir seik nor sair  
 Vnslane, or he hyne 3eid. 20  
 Vane organis he full clenely carvit,  
 Quhen of his straik so mony starvit,  
 Dreid he had gottin that he desarvit,  
 He fled away gud speid.

## II.

In Scotland than, the narrest way 25  
 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; 30  
 The jow 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 hurt manis hyd, 35  
 So meikle he was of myance.  
 His yrnis was rude as ony rawchtir,  
 Quhair he leit blude it was no lawchtir,  
 Full mony instrumentis for slawchtir  
 Was in his gardevyance. 40

## III.

He cowth gif cure of laxatyve,  
 To gar a wicht horss want his lyve;  
 Quha evir assay wald, man or wyve,  
 Thair hippis 3eid hiddy giddy.  
 His practikis nevir war put to preif, 45  
 But suddane deid, or grit mischeif;  
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif  
 To dee withowt a widdy.

*The Fenzzeit Freir of Tungland* 107

Vnto no mess pressit this prelat,  
For sound of sacring bell nor skellat; 50  
As blaksmyth bruikit was his pallatt,  
For battering at the study.  
Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,  
He had dispensit with matynnis cannoun,  
On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun, 55  
For smowking of the smydy.

IV.

Me thocht seir fassonis he assailzeit,  
To mak the quintessance, and failzeit;  
And quhen he saw that nocht availzeit,  
A fedrem on he tuke; 60  
And schupe in Turkey for to fle;  
And quhen that he did mont on he,  
All fowlis ferleit quhat he sowld be,  
That evir did on him luke. 65  
Sum held he had bene Dedalus,  
Sum the Mynataur marvelous,  
Sum Martis blak smyth Vulcanus,  
And sum Saturnus kuke.  
And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,  
And rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit, 70  
The hudit crawis his hair furth ruggit,  
The hevin he nicht not bruke.

V.

The myttane, and Sanct Martynis fowle,  
Wend he had bene the hornit howle, 75  
Thay set avpone him with a zowle,  
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. 80  
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, 85  
Scho was so cleverus of hir clvik,  
His bawis he nicht not langer bruik,  
Scho held thame at ane hint.

## VI.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,  
 Of marlezonis, mittanis, and of mawis, 90  
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis  
 In battell him abowt.  
 Thay nybillit him with noyis and cry,  
 The rerd of thame raiss to the sky,  
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy! 95  
 His lyfe was in to dowt.  
 The ja 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. 100  
 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.

## VII.

He schewre his feddreme that was schene, 105  
 And slippit owt of it full clene,  
 And in a myre, vp to the ene,  
 Amang the glar did glyd.  
 The fowlis all at the fedrem dang,  
 As at a monster thame amang, 110  
 Quhill all the pennis of it owtsprang  
 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 115  
 In every schaw besyde.  
 Had he reveild bene to the rwikis,  
 Thay had him revin all with thair clwikis:  
 Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis  
 He did with dirt him hyde. 120  
 The air was dirkit with the fowlis,  
 That come with jawmeris and with 3owlis,  
 With skryking, skrymming and with scowlis,  
 To tak him in the tyde.  
 I walknit with the noyis and schowte, 125  
 So hiddowis beir wes me abowte;  
 Sensyne I curss that cankerit rowte  
 Quhair evir I go or ryde.

*Ffinis quod Dumbar.*



38. COMPLAINT TO THE KING AGANIS MURE.

I.

Schir, I complane of iniuris :  
A refyng sone of rakyng Muris  
Hes magellit my making throw his maliss,  
And present it into 3owr paliss :  
    Bot, sen he plesis with me to pleid,                     5  
I sall him knawin mak hyne to Calyss,  
    Bot giff 3owr Hieness it remeid.

II.

That fulle dismemberit hes my meter,  
And poyssound it with strang salpeter,  
With rycht defamowss speiche off lordis,                     10  
Quhilk with my collouris all discordis :  
    Quhois crewall sclander seruiss deid ;  
And in my name all leis recordis,  
    3our Grace beseik I of remeid.

III.

He hes indorsit myn indytting                                     15  
With versis off his [awin] hand wrytting ;  
Quhairin baithe sclander is and tressoun :  
Off ane vod full far owt off seasoun,  
    He wantis nocht bot a rowndit heid,  
For he has tynt baith wit and ressoun :                     20  
    3owr Grace beseik I off remeid.

IV.

Puneiss him for his deid culpabile ;  
Or gar deliver him a babile,  
That Cuddy Rig, the Drumfress fuill,  
May him ressaue agane this 3uill,                             25  
    All roundit into 3allow and reid ;  
That ladis may bait him lyk a buill :  
    For that to me war sum remeid.

*Quod Dumbar.*

## 39. WELCOME TO THE LORD TREASURER.

## I.

I thocht lang quhill sum lord come hame,  
 - Fra quham faine kyndnes I wald clame;  
 His name of confort I will declair,  
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

## II.

Befoir all raik of this regioun, 5  
 Under our roy of most renoun,  
 Of all my mycht, thocht it war mair,  
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

## III.

3our nobill payment I did assay,  
 And 3e hecht sone without delay, 10  
 Againe in Edinburgh till repair;  
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

## IV.

3e keipit tryst so winder weill,  
 I hald 3ow trew as ony steill;  
 Neidis nane 3our payment till dispair; 15  
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

## V.

3ett in a pairt I was agast,  
 Or 3e the narrest way had past,  
 Fra toun of Stirling to the air:  
 Welcom, my awin Lord Thesaurair! 20

## VI.

Thane had my dyt beine all in duill,  
 Had I my wage wantit quhill 3uill;  
 Quhair now I sing with heart onsair,  
 Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

## VII.

Welcum, my benefice, and my rent, 25  
 And all the lyflett to me lent;  
 Welcum, my pensioun most preclair;  
 Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair!

*Welcome to the Lord Treasurer*

111

VIII.

Welcum, als heartlie as I can,  
My awin dear maister to 3our man; 30  
And to 3our schervand singulair,  
Welcum, my awin Lord Thesaurair!  
*Quod Dumbar.*

40. TO THE LORDIS OF THE KINGIS CHACKER.

I.

My Lordis of chacker, pleis 3ow to heir  
My coumpt, I sall it mak 3ow cleir,  
But ony circumstance or sunjie;  
For left is nether corce nor cunjie  
Off all that I tuik in the 3eir. 5

II.

For rekkyning of my rentis and rounes,  
3e neid nocht for to tyre 3our thowmes;  
Na, for to gar 3our countaris clink,  
Nor paper for to spend, nor ink,  
In the ressaueing of my soumes. 10

III.

I tuik fra my Lord Thesaurair  
Ane soume of money for to wair:  
I cannocht tell 3ow how it is spendit,  
Bot weill I waitt that it is endit;  
And that me think ane coumpt our sair! 15

IV.

I trowit, in tyme, quhen that I tuik it,  
That lang in burgh I sould haue brukkit,  
Now the remanes ar eith to turss;  
I haue na preiff heir bot my purss,  
Quhilk wald nocht lie, and it war luikit. 20  
*Quod Dumbar.*

➤ 41. TO THE KING.

## I.

Sanct Saluatur! send siluer sorrow;  
 It grevis me both evin and morrow,  
 Chasing fra me all cheritie;  
 It makis me all blythness to borrow;  
 My panefull purss so pricliss me.

5

## II.

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis breif,  
 Langour thairto givis me no leif;  
 War nocht gud howp my hart vphie,  
 My verry corpis for cair wald cleif;  
 My panefull purss so prikillis me.

10

## III.

Quhen I sett me to sing or dance,  
 Or go to plesand pastance,  
 Than pansing of penuritie  
 Revis that fra my remembrance;  
 My panefull purss so prikillis me.

15

## IV.

Quhen men that hes purssis in tone,  
 Passis to drynk or to disione,  
 Than mon I keip ane grauetie,  
 And say, that I will fast quhill none;  
 My panefull purss so pricliss me.

20

## V.

My purss is maid of sic ane skyn,  
 Thair will na corss byd it within;  
 Fra it as fra the Feynd thay fle,  
 Quha evir tyne, quha evir win;  
 My panefull purss so pricliss me.

25

## VI.

Had I ane man of ony natioun  
 Culd mak on it ane coniuratioun,  
 To gar siluer ay in it be,  
 The Devill suld haif no dominioun,  
 With pyne to gar it prickill me.

30

VII.

I haif inquiryt in mony a place,  
For help and confort in this cace,  
And all men sayis, My Lord, that 3e  
Can best remeid for this maleise,  
That with sic panis prickillis me.  
*Quod Dumbar to the King.*

35

42. ON HIS HEID-AKE.

TO THE KING.

I.

My heid did 3ak 3esternicht,  
This day to mak that I na nicht,  
So sair the magryme dois me menzie,  
Perseing my brow as ony ganzie,  
That scant I luik may on the licht.

5

II.

And now, schir, lailie, eftir mess,  
To dyt, thocht I begowthe to dress,  
The sentence lay full evill till find,  
Vnsleipit in my heid behind,  
Dullit in dulness and distres.

10

III.

Full oft at morrow I wpryse,  
Quhen that my curage sleipeing lyis,  
For mirth, for menstrallie and play,  
For din, nor danceing, nor deray,  
It will nocht walkin me no wise.

15

*Quod Dumbar.*

43. TO THE KING.

THAT HE WAR JOHNE THOMSOUNIS MAN.

I.

Schir, for 3our Grace bayth nicht and day,  
Richt hartlie on my kneis I pray,  
With all devotioun that I can,  
God gif 3e war Johne Thomsounis man!

D.

8

## II.

For war it so, than weill war me, 5  
 But benifice I wald nocht be;  
 My hard fortoun wer endit than:  
 God gif 3e war Johne Thomsounis man!

## III.

Than wald sum reuth within 3ow rest,  
 For saik of hir, fairest and best, 10  
 In Bartane, sen hir tyme began;  
 God gif 3e war Johne Thomsounis man!

## IV.

For it nicht hurt in no degre,  
 That one, so fair and gude as sche,  
 Throw hir vertew sic wirschip wan, 15  
 As 3ow to mak Johne Thomsounis man.

## V.

I wald gif all that ever I haue  
 To that condition, sa God me saif,  
 That 3e had vowit to the Swan,  
 Ane 3eir to be Johne Thomsounis man. 20

## VI.

The mersy of that sweet meik Rois,  
 Suld soft 3ow, Thrissill, I suppois,  
 Quhois pykis throw me so reuthles ran;  
 God gif 3e war Johne Thomsounis man!

## VII.

My aduocat, bayth fair and sweet, 25  
 The hale reiosing of my spreit,  
 Wald speid in to my erandis than;  
 And 3e war anis Johne Thomsounis man.

## VIII.

Ever quhen I think 3ow harde and dour,  
 Or mercyles in my succour, 30  
 Than pray I God, and sweet Sanct An,  
 Gif that 3e war Johne Thomsounis man!

*Finis, quod Dumbar.*

44. ANE HIS AWIN ENNEMY.

I.

He that hes gold and grit richness,  
And may be into mirryness,  
And dois glaidness fra him expell,  
And levis into wrechitness,  
He wirkis sorrow to him sell.

5

II.

He that 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.

10

III.

He that hes for his awin genjie  
Ane plesand prop, but mank or menjie,  
And schuttis syne at ane vncow schell,  
And is forfairn with the fleis of Spenjie,  
He wirkis sorrow to him sell.

15

IV.

And he that 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.

20

V.

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 that dois on dry breid wirry,  
I gif him to the Devill of hell.

25

*Quod Dumbar.*

## 45. THE VISITATION OF ST FRANCIS.

## I.

This [hinder] nycht befor the dawing cleir,  
 Me thocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,  
 With ane religiouss abbeir in his hand,  
 And said, 'In thiss go cleith the my serwand;  
 Reffuss the warld, for thow mon be a freir.'

5

## II.

With him and with his abbeir bayth I skarrit,  
 Lyk to ane man that with a gaist wes marrit:  
 Me thocht on bed he layid it me abone,  
 Bot on the flure delyuerly and sone  
 I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it.

10

## III.

Quoth he, 'Quhy skarris thow with this holy weid?  
 Cleith the thairin, for weir it thow most neid;  
 Thow, that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,  
 Sall now be freir, and in this abbeir preiche;  
 Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid.'

15

## IV.

Quod I, 'Sanct Francis, loving be the till,  
 And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will  
 To me, that of thy clayis ar so kynd;  
 Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd;  
 Sweit Confessour, thow tak it nocht in ill.

20

## V.

In haly legendis haif I hard alleuin,  
 Ma sanctis of bischoppis, nor freiris, be sic sevin;  
 Off full few freiris that hes bene sanctis I reid;  
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bischopis weid,  
 Gife evir thow wald my saule 3eid vnto Hevin.

25

## VI.

My brethir oft hes maid the supplicationis,  
 Be epistillis, sermonis, and relationis,  
 To tak this abyte, bot ay thow did postpone;  
 But ony process, cum on thairfoir annone,  
 All sircumstance put by and excusationis.

30



VII.

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,  
The dait thairof is past full mony a 3eir;  
For into every lusty toun and place  
Off all Yngland, frome Berwick to Kalice,  
I haif in to thy habeit maid gud cheir. 35

VIII.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,  
In it haif I in pulpet gon and preichit  
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;  
In it I past at Dover our the ferry  
Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit. 40

IX.

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,  
In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;  
In me wes falset with every wicht to flatter,  
Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;  
I wes ay reddy all men to begyle. 45

X.

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,  
Ane feind he wes in liknes of ane freir;  
He vaneist away with stynk and fyrie smowk;  
With him me thocht all the housend he towk,  
And I awoik as wy that wes in weir. 50  
*Quod Dumbar.*

46. THE DREAM.

I.

This hinder nycht halff-sleiping as I lay,  
Me thocht my chalmer in ane new aray  
Was all depeint with many diuerss hew,  
Of all the nobill storyis ald and new,  
Sen oure first father formed was of clay. 5

II.

Me thocht the lift all bricht with lampis lycht,  
And thairin enterrit many lustie wicht,  
Sum young, sum old, in sindry wyse arayit,  
Sum sang, sum danceit, on instrumentis sum playit,  
Sum maid disportis with hartis glaid and lycht. 10

## III.

Thane thocht I thus, this is ane felloun phary,  
 Or ellis my witt rycht woundrouslie dois varie;  
     This seimes to me ane guidlie companie,  
     And gif it be ane freindlie fantasie,  
 Defend me Jhesu, and his moder Marie! 15

## IV.

Thair pleasant sang, nor jett thair pleasant toun,  
 Nor jett thair joy did to my heart redoun;  
     Me thocht the drerie damiesall Distres,  
     And eik hir sorie sister Hewines,  
 Sad as the leid, in baid lay me abone. 20

## V.

And Langour satt wp at my beddis heid,  
 With instrument full lamentable and deid;  
     Scho playit sangis so duilfull to heir,  
     Me thocht ane houre seimeit ay ane 3eir;  
 Hir hew was wan and wallowed as the leid. 25

## VI.

Thane com the ladyis, danceing in ane trace,  
 And Nobilnes befor thame come ane space,  
     Saying, withe cheir bening and womanly,  
     'I se ane heir in bed oppressit ly,  
 My sisteris, go and help to get him grace.' 30

## VII.

With that anon did start out of a dance  
 Twa sisteris, callit Confort and Pleasance,  
     And with twa harpis did begin to sing,  
     Bot I thairof mycht tak na reioseing,  
 My hewines opprest me with sic mischance. 35

## VIII.

Thay saw that I nocht gladder wax of cheir,  
 And thairof had thai winder all but weir,  
     And said ane lady that Persaueing hecht,  
     'Of Heviness he feillis sic a wecht,  
 3our melody he pleissis nocht till heir. 40

IX.

Scho and Distres hir sister dois him greve,  
Quod Nobilness, 'Quhow sall he thame escheve?'  
Thane spak Discretioun, ane lady richt bening,  
'Wirk eftir me, and I sall gar him sing,  
And lang or nicht gar Langour tak hir leve.' 45

X.

And then said Witt, 'Gif thai work nocht be the,  
But onie dout thai sall not work be me.'  
Discretioun said, 'I knaw his malady,  
The strok he feillis of melancholie,  
And Nobilness, [his] lecheing lysis in the. 50

XI.

Or euir this wicht at heart be haill and feir,  
Both thow and I most in the court appeir;  
For he hes lang maid seruice thair in vaine:  
With sum rewaird we mane him quyt againe,  
Now in the honour of this guid new 3eir.' 55

XII.

'Weill worth the, sister,' said Considerance,  
'And I sall help for to mantene the dance.'  
Thane spak ane wicht callit Blind Effectioun,  
'I sall befor 3ow be, with myne electioun,  
Of all the court I haue the governance.' 60

XIII.

Thane spak ane constant wycht callit Ressoun,  
And said, 'I grant 3ow hes beine lord a sessioun  
In distributioun, bot now the tyme is gone,  
Now I may all distribute myne alone;  
Thy wrangous deidis did euir man enschesoun. 65

XIV.

For tyme war now that this man had sum thing,  
That lange hes bene ane serwand to the king,  
And all his tyme neur flatter couthe nor faine,  
Bot humblie into ballat wyse complaine,  
And patientlie indure his tormenting. 70

## XV.

I counsall him be mirrie and jocound;  
 Be Nobilness his help mon first be found.  
 'Weill spokin, Ressoun, my brother,' [quoth] Discretioun,  
 'To sett on deiss with lordis at the sessioun,  
 Into this realme yow war worth mony ane pound.' 75

## XVI.

Thane spak anone Inoportunitie,  
 '3e sall nocht all gar him speid without me,  
 For I stand ay befor the kingis face;  
 I sall him deiff, or ellis my self mak chace,  
 Bot gif that I befor him seruit be. 80

## XVII.

Ane besy askar soonner sall he speid,  
 Na sall twa besy serwandis out of dreid,  
 And he that askis nocht tynes bot his word,  
 Bot for to tyne lang seruice is no bourd,  
 3ett thocht I neurir to do sic folie deid.' 85

## XVIII.

Thane com anon ane callit Schir Johne Kirkepakar,  
 Off many cures ane michtie vndertaker,  
 Quod he, 'I am possesst in kirkis sevin,  
 And 3itt I think thai grow sall till ellevin,  
 Or he be seruit in ane, 3one ballet-maker.' 90

## XIX.

And then Schir Bet-the-kirk: 'Sa mot I thryff,  
 I haif of busie serwandis foure or fyve,  
 And all directit vnto sindrie steidis,  
 Ay still awaitingt vpoun kirk-menes deidis,  
 Fra quhom my tithingis will I heir belyff.' 95

## XX.

Quod Ressoun than, 'The ballance gois vnevin,  
 That thow, allace, to serff hes kirkis sevin,  
 And sevin als worth kirk, nocht haifand ane,  
 With gredines I sie this world ourgane,  
 And sufficiency dwellis nocht bot in heavin.' 100

XXI.

'I have nocht wyt thair of,' quod Temperance,  
'For thocht I hald him evinlie the ballance;  
And, but ane cuir, full [evin] micht till him wey,  
3ett will he take ane vther and gar it suey:  
Quha best can rewill wald maist haue governance. 105

XXII.

'Patience' to me my friend said, 'Mak guid cheir,  
And on the prince depend with heuinely feir,  
For I full weill dois know his nobill intent;  
He wald nocht, for ane bischopperikis rent,  
That 3ow war vnrewairdit half ane 3eir.' 110

XXIII.

Than as ane fary thai to duir did frak,  
And schot ane gone that did so rudlie trak,  
Quhill all the air did raird the ranebow vnder,  
On Leith sandis me thocht scho brak in sounder,  
And I anon did walkin with the crak. 115

47. IN ASKING SOWLD DISCRETIOUN BE.

I.

Off every asking followis nocht  
Rewaird, bot gif sum caus war wrocht;  
And quhair causs is, men weill ma sie,  
And quhair nane is, it wilbe thocht  
In asking sowld discretioun be. 5

II.

Ane fule, thocht he haif causs or nane,  
Cryis ay, Gif me, in to a drane;  
And he that dronis ay as ane bee  
Sowld haif ane heirar dull as stane:  
In asking sowld discretioun be. 10

III.

Sum askis mair than he deservis;  
Sum askis far les than he servis;  
Sum schames to ask, and braidis of me,  
And all withowt reward he stervis:  
In asking sowld discretioun be. 15

## IV.

To ask but seruice hurtis gud fame;  
 To ask for seruice is not to blame;  
 To serve and leif in beggartie  
 To man and maistir is baith schame:  
 In asking sowld discretion be. 20

## V.

He that dois all his best seruyiss  
 May spill it all with crakkis and cryis,  
 Be fowll inoportunitie;  
 Few wordis may serve the wyis:  
 In asking sowld discretioun be. 25

## VI.

Nocht neidfull is men sowld be dum;  
 Na thing is gottin but wordis sum;  
 Nocht sped but diligence we se;  
 For nathing it allane will cum:  
 In asking sowld discretioun be. 30

## VII.

Asking wald haif convenient place,  
 Convenient tyme, lasar, and space,  
 But haist or preiss of grit menjie,  
 But hairt abasit, but toung rekless:  
 In asking sowld discretion be. 35

## VIII.

Sum nicht haif 3e, with littill cure,  
 That hes oft nay, with grit labour;  
 All for his tyme not byd can he,  
 He tynis baith eirand and honour:  
 In asking sowld discretion be. 40

## IX.

Suppois the servand be lang vnquit,  
 The lord sumtyme rewaird will it;  
 Gife he dois not, quhat remedy?  
 To fecht with fortoun is no wit:  
 In asking sowld discretioun be. 45

*Finis of Asking.*

48. OF DISCRETIOUN OF GEVING.

I.

To speik of giftis or almouss deidis;  
Sum gevis for mereit and for meidis;  
Sum warldly honour to vphie  
Gevis to thame that no thing neidis:  
In geving sowld discretioun be. 5

II.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane;  
Sum gevis with grugeing and with pane;  
Sum gevis in practik for supple;  
Sum gevis for twyiss als gud agane:  
In geving sowld discretioun be. 10

III.

Sum gevis for thank, [and] sum for threit;  
Sum gevis money, and sum gevis meit;  
Sum gevis wordis fair and sle;  
Giftis fra sum ma na man treit:  
In geving sowld discretioun be. 15

IV.

Sum is for gift sa lang requyrid,  
Quhill that the crevar be so tyrid  
That, or the gift deliuerit be,  
The thank is frustrat and expyrid:  
In geving suld discretioun be. 20

V.

Sum gevis so littill and wretchitly,  
That all his giftis ar nocht set by;  
And sic ane huidpyk haldin is he,  
That all the warld cryis on him fy:  
In geving sowld discretioun be. 25

VI.

Sum in his geving is so large,  
That all ourlaidin is his barge;  
Than vyce and prodigalite  
Thairof his honour dois discharge:  
In geving sowld discretioun be. 30

## VII.

Sum to the riche gevis his geir,  
 That nicht his giftis weill forbeir;  
 And thocht the peur for falt sowld de,  
 [H]is cry nocht enteris in his eir:  
 In geving sowld discretioun be. 35

## VIII.

Sum givis to strangeris with face new,  
 That yisterday fra Flanderis flew;  
 And to awld serwandis list not se,  
 War thay nevir of sa grit vertew:  
 In geving sowld discretioun be. 40

## IX.

Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenzie;  
 Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenzie;  
 Sum gevis to men of honeste,  
 And haldis all janglaris at disdenzie:  
 In geving sowld discretioun be. 45

## X.

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis,  
 To sweir all that his maister sayis,  
 Thocht all the contrair weill knawis he;  
 Ar mony sic now in thir dayis:  
 In geving sowld discretioun be. 50

## XI.

Sum gevis gud men for thair thewis;  
 Sum gevis to trumpouris and to schrewis;  
 Sum gevis to knaiffis awtorite;  
 Bot in thair office gude fundin few is:  
 In geving sowld discretioun be. 55

## XII.

Sum givis parrochynniss full wyd,  
 Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,  
 To teiche, to rewill and to ourse,  
 That hes na wit thame self to gyd:  
 In geving sowld discretioun be. 60

*Finis of Discretioun of Geving.*



49. OF DISCRETIOUN IN TAKING.

I.

Eftir geving I speik of taking,  
Bot littill of ony gud forsaiking :  
Sum takkis our littill awtorite,  
And sum our mekle, and that is glaiking :  
In taking sowld discretioun be. 5

II.

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,  
Sum of Sanct Petir, and sum of Sanct Pawlis ;  
Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,  
Suppois the diuill tak all thair sawlis :  
In taking sowld discretioun be. 10

III.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure  
All fruct that growis on the feure,  
In mailis and gersomes rasit our hie,  
And garris thame beg fra dur to dure :  
In taking sowld discretioun be. 15

IV.

The merchantis takis vnleisum win,  
Quhilk makis thair pakkis oftymes full thin,  
Be thair successioun 3e may see  
That ill-won geir riches nocht the kin :  
In taking suld discretioun be. 20

V.

Sum takis vthir menis takkis,  
And on the peure oppressioun makkis,  
And nevir remembris that he mon die,  
Quhill that the gallowis gar him rax :  
In taking sowld discretioun be. 25

VI.

Sum takis be sie and be land,  
And nevir fra taking can hald thair hand,  
Quhill he be tit vp to ane tre ;  
And syne thay gar him vndirstand  
In taking sowld discretioun be. 30

## VII.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir,  
 Had he of man als littill feir  
 As he hes dreid that God him see;  
 To tak than sowld he nevir forbeir:  
 In taking sowld discretioun be.

35

## VIII.

Sum wald tak all this warldis breid,  
 And 3it not satisfeit of thair neid,  
 Throw hairt vnsatiable and gredie;  
 Sum wald tak littill, and can not speid:  
 In taking sowld discretioun be.

40

## IX.

Grit men for taking and oppressioun  
 Ar sett full famous at the Sessioun,  
 And peur takaris ar hangit hie,  
 Schamit for evir and thair successioun:  
 In taking sowld discretioun be.

45

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

## 50. TO THE KING.

## ➤ QUHEN MONY BENEFICES VAKIT.

## I.

Schir, at this feist of benefice,  
 Think that small partis makis grit servuice,  
 And equale distributioun,  
 Makis thame content that hes ressoun;  
 And quha hes nane ar plesit na wyiss.

5

## II.

Schir, quhiddir is it mereit mair  
 To gif him drink that thristis sair,  
 Or fill ane full man quhyll he brist,  
 And lat his fallow de a thrist,  
 Quhylk wyne to drynk als worthie war?

10

III.

It is no glaid collatioun  
Quhair ane makis myrrie, ane vther lukis doun;  
Ane thristis, ane vther playis cop out:  
Lat anis the cop ga round about,  
And wyn the covanis banesoun. 15  
*Quod Dumbar quhone mony benefices vakit.*

51. TO THE KING. ✓

I.

Off benefice, Sir, at everie feist,  
Quha monyast hes makis maist requeist:  
Get thai nocht all, thay think 3e wrang thame:  
Ay is the our-word of the geist,  
Giff thame the pelffe to pairt amang thame. 5

II.

Sum swelleis swan, sum swelleis duke,  
And I stand fastand in a nwke,  
Quhill the effect of all thay fang thame:  
Bot, Lord! how petewuslie I luke,  
Quhone all the pelfe thay pairt amang thame. 10

III.

Off sic hie feistis of saintis in glorie,  
Baithe off commoun and propir storie,  
Quhair lairdis war patronis, oft I sang thame  
*Caritas pro Dei amore;*  
And jit, I gat na thing amang thame. 15

IV.

This blynd warld euer so payis his dett,  
Riche befoir pure spreidis ay thair nett,  
To fische all watiris dois belang thame:  
Quha na thing hes, can na thing gett,  
Bot ay as syphir sett amang thame. 20

## V.

Swa thai the kirk haue in thair cure,  
 Thay fors bot litill how it fure,  
 Nor of the buikis, nor bellis quha rang thame :  
 Thay panss nocht off the parrochin pure,  
 Hed thai the pelfe to pairt amang thame. 25

## VI.

So variant is this warldis rent,  
 That nane thair of can be content,  
 Off deathe quhyll that the dragoun stang thame ;  
 Quha maist hes than sall maist repent,  
 With largest compt to pairt amang thame. 30  
*Quod Dunbar.*

## 52. SCHIR, 3IT REMEMBIR AS OF BEFOIR.

## I.

Schir, 3it remembir as of befoir,  
 How that my 3owth is done forloir  
 In 3our seruice, with pane and greif;  
 Gud consciens cryis reward thairfoir ;  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif. 5

## II.

3our clerkis ar seruit all about,  
 And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,  
 To cum to lure that hes no leif,  
 Quhair my plumis begynis to mout :  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif. 10

## III.

Ffor3ett is ay the falconis kynd,  
 Bot euir the mittane is hard in mynd,  
 Of quhome the gled dois prettikis preif ;  
 The gentill goishalk gois vndynd :  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif. 15

## IV.

The pyet with hir pretty cot  
 Fenzeis to sing the nyctingalis not ;  
 Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,  
 Ffor harsknes of hir carlich throt :  
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif. 20

V.

Ay farest faderis hes farrest fowlis ;  
Suppois thay haif no sang bot 3oulis,  
In siluer caigis thai sit at cheif ;  
Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis :  
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif. 25

VI.

O gentill egill ! how may this be ?  
That of all fowlis dois heest fle,  
3our legis quhy will 3e nocht releif,  
And chereiss eftir thair degre ?  
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif. 30

VII.

Quhen seruit is all vdir man,  
Gentill and semple of euery clan,  
Kyne of Rauf Col3ard and Johnne the Reif,  
Na thing I get, nor conquest than :  
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif. 35

VIII.

Thocht I in court be maid refus,  
And haif few vertewis for to russ,  
3it am I cumin of Adame and Eif,  
And fane wald leif as vderis doiss ;  
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif. 40

IX.

Or I suld leif in sic mischance,  
Gife it to God war no grevance,  
To be a pykthank I wald preif,  
Ffor thay in warld wantis no plesans ;  
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif. 45

X.

In sum parte on my self I plenze,  
Quhen vdir folkis dois flattir and fenze ;  
Allace ! I can bot ballattis breif,  
Sic bairneheid biddis my brydill renze :  
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif. 50

## XI.

I grant my seruice is bot licht;  
 Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,  
 I ask 3ow, schir, no man to greif,  
 Sum medecyne gife that 3e nicht:  
 Excess of thoct dois me mischeif.

55

## XII.

May nane remeid my melady  
 Sa weill as 3e, schir, veraly;  
 Ffor with a benifice 3e may preif,  
 And gif I mend nocht hestely:  
 Excess of thoct dois me mischeif.

60

## XIII.

I wes in 3owth on nureiss kne,  
 Dandely, bischop, dandely,  
 And quhen that ege now dois me greif,  
 Ane simple vicar I can nocht be:  
 Excess of thoct dois me mischeif.

65

## XIV.

Jok, that 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 thoct dois me mischeif.

70

## XV.

Twa curis or thre hes vpolandis Michell,  
 With dispensationis bund in knitchell,  
 Thoct he fra nolt had new tane leif;  
 He playis with *totum* and I with *nichell*:  
 Excess of thoct dois me mischeif.

75

## XVI.

How suld I leif that is nocht landit,  
 Nor 3it with benifice am I blandit?  
 I say nocht, schir, 3ow to repreif;  
 Bot doutles, I ga rycht neir hand it:  
 Excess of thoct dois me mischeif.

80

*Schir, zit Remembir as of Befoir* 131

XVII.

As saule is heir in purgatory,  
Leving in pane and houp of glory,  
Seand my self, I haif beleif  
In houp, schir, of 3our adiutory:  
Excess of thoct dois me mischeif. 85  
*Ffinis quod Dumbar.*

53. OF THE WARLDIS INSTABILITIE. ↙

TO THE KING.

I.

This waverand warldis wretchidness,  
The failzeand and frutless bissines,  
The mispent tyme, the service vane,  
For to consider is ane pane.

II.

The slydand joy, the glaidness schort, 5  
The feinzeid luif, the fals confort,  
The sweit abayd, the slichtfull trane,  
For to consider is ane pane.

III.

The sugurit mouthis, with myndis therfra,  
The figurit speiche, with faceis tua, 10  
The plesand toungis, with hartis unplane,  
For to consider is ane pane.

IV.

Liell labour lost, and liell seruice,  
The lang availl on humill wyse,  
And the lytill rewarde agane, 15  
For to consider is ane pane.

V.

Nocht I say all be this cuntre,  
France, Ingland, Ireland, Almaine,  
Bot als be Italie and Spane;  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane. 20

## VI.

The change of warld fra weill to wo,  
 The honorable vseis all ago,  
 In hall and bour, in burgh and plane;  
 For to consider is ane pane.

## VII.

Beleif dois liep, traist dois nocht tarie,  
 Office dois flit, and courtis dois wary,  
 Purpos dois change as wynd or rane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

25

## VIII.

Gud rewle is banist our the bordour,  
 And rangat ringis but ony ordour,  
 With reird of rebaldis, and of swane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

30

## IX.

The pepill so wickit ar of feiris,  
 The frutless erde all witness beiris,  
 The ayr infectit and prophane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

35

## X.

The temporale stait to gryp and gather,  
 The sone disheris wald the father,  
 And as ane dyvour wald him demane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

40

## XI.

Kirkmen so halie ar and gude,  
 That on thair conscience, rowme and rude,  
 May turne aucht oxin and ane wane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

## XII.

I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,  
 Bot beneficis ar nocht leill devydit;  
 Sum men hes sewin, and I nocht ane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

45



XIII.

And sum, vnworthy to browk ane stall,  
Wald clym to be ane cardinall, 50  
Ane bischoprik may nocht him gane;  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

XIV.

Vnworthy I, amang the laif,  
Ane kirk dois craif, and nane can haif;  
Sum with ane thraif playis passage plane; 55  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

XV.

It cumis be king, it cumis be quene,  
Bot ay sic space is ws betwene,  
That nane can schut it with ane flane;  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane. 60

XVI.

It micht haue cumin in schortar quhyll  
Fra Caljecot and the new-fund Yle,  
The partis of Transmeridiane;  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

XVII.

It micht, be this, had it bein kynd, 65  
Cummin out of the desertis of Ynde,  
Our all the grit se oceane;  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

XVIII.

It micht have cumin out of all ayrtis, 70  
Fra Paris, and the Orient partis,  
And fra the Ylis of Aphrycane;  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

XIX.

It is so lang in cuming me till,  
I dreid that it be quyt gane will,  
Or bakwart it is turnit agane; 75  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

## XX.

Vpon the heid of it is hecht  
 Bayth unicornis, and crownis of wecht,  
 Quhen it dois cum, all men dois frane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

80

## XXI.

I wait [it] is for me provydit,  
 Bot sa done tyresum it is to byd it,  
 It breikis my hairt, and birstis my brane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

## XXII.

Greit abbais grayth I nill to gather,  
 Bot ane kirk scant coverit with hadder;  
 For I of lytill wald be fane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

85

## XXIII.

And for my curis in sindrie place,  
 With help, Schir, of your nobill Grace,  
 My sillie saule sall never be slane;  
 Na for sic syn to suffer pane.

90

## XXIV.

Experience dois me so inspyre,  
 Of this fals failseand warld I tyre,  
 That ever more flytis lyk ane phane;  
 Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

95

## XXV.

The forrest hoip jit that I haue  
 In all this warld, sa God me saue,  
 Is in your Grace, bayth crop and grayne,  
 Quhilk is ane lessing of my pane.

100

*Finis, quod Dumbar.*

## 54. DUNBAR'S COMPLAINT.

## TO THE KING.

Complane I wald, wist I quhome till,  
 Or wnto quhome direct my bill;  
 Quhidder to God, that all thing steiris,  
 All thing seis, and all thing heiris,

And all thing wrocht in dayis seweyne; 5  
Or till his Moder, Quein of Heweyne;  
Or wnto warldlie prince heir downe,  
That dois for justice weir a crowne;  
Off wrangis, and of gryt iniuris  
That nobillis in thar dayis induris, 10  
And men of wertew, and cuning,  
Of wit, and vysdome in gydding,  
That nocht cane in this cowrt conquyss  
For lawte, luiff, nor lang sservyss.  
Bot fowll, jow-jowrdane-hedit jevellis, 15  
Cowkin-kenseis, and culroun kewellis;  
Stuffettis, strekouris, and stafische strummellis;  
Wyld haschbaldis, haggarbaldis, and hummellis;  
Druncartis, dysouris, dy[v]owris, drewellis,  
Misgydit memberis of the dewellis; 20  
Mismad mandragis of mastyf strynd,  
Crawdones, couhirttis, and theiffis of kynd;  
Blait-mouit bladjeanes, with bledder cheikis,  
Club-facet cluccanes, with cloutit breikis,  
Chuff-midding churllis, cuming off cart-fillaris, 25  
Gryt glaschew-hedit gorge-millaris,  
Ewill horrible monsteris, falss and fowll;  
Sum causless clekis till him ane cowl,  
Ane gryt convent fra syne to tyss;  
And he him-selff exampill of vyss: 30  
Enterand for geir, and no devotioun,  
The dewell is glaid of his promotioun;  
Sum ramyis ane rokkat fra the roy,  
And dois ane dastart destroy;  
And sum that gaittis ane personage, 35  
Thinkis it a present for a page;  
And on no wayis content is he,  
My lord quhill that he callit be.  
Bot quhow is he content, or nocht,  
Deme 3e abowt in to 3our thocht! 40  
The lerit sone of erll or lord,  
Wpone this ruffie to remord,  
That with all castingis hes him cled,  
His erandis for to ryne and red?  
And he is maister natuwe borne, 45  
And all his eldaris him beforne;

And mekle mair cuning be sic thre,  
 Hes to posseid ane dignite,  
 Saying his odius ignorance  
 Panting ane prelottis countenance, 50  
 Sa far abowe him sett at tabell  
 That vont was for to muk the stabell :  
 Ane pyk-thank in a prelottis claiss,  
 With his wawill feitt, and virrok taiss,  
 With hoppir hippis, and henches narrow, 55  
 And bausy handis to beir barrow ;  
 With lut schulderis, and luttaird bak,  
 Quhilk natur maid to beir a pak ;  
 With grede mynd, and glaschand gane,  
 Mell-heidit lyk ane mortar-stane, 60  
 Fenjeing the feris off ane lord,  
 And he ane strumbell, I stand ford ;  
 And evir moir as he dois ryss,  
 Nobilles of bluid he dois dispyss,  
 And helpis for to hald thame downe, 65  
 That they ryss nevir to his renowne.  
 Thairfoir, O Prince, maist honorable !  
 Be in this mater merciabill,  
 And to thy auld schervandis have an E,  
 That lang hes lippinit into the ; 70  
 Gif I be ane of thay my sell,  
 Throw all regiones hes bein hard tell,  
 Of quhilk my wrytting vitnes beris ;  
 And yet thy danger ay me deris :  
 Bot eftir danger cumis grace, 75  
 As hes bein herd in mony place.

*Quod Dumbar.*

## 55. DUNBAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

### TO THE KING.

Schir, 3e haue mony servitouris,  
 And officiaris of dyuers curis ;  
 Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftismen fyne ;  
 Doctouris in jure, and medicyne ;  
 Divinouris, rethoris, and philosophouris, 5  
 Astrologis, artistis, and oratouris ;

Men of armes, and vailjeand knychtis,  
And mony vther gudlie wichtis ;  
Musicianis, menstralis, and mirrie singlaris :  
Chevalouris, callandaris, and flingaris ; 10  
Cunjouris, carvouris, and carpentaris,  
Beildaris of barkis, and ballingaris ;  
Masounis, lyand vpon the land,  
And schip-wrichtis heward vpone the strand ;  
Glasing wrichtis, goldsmythis, and lapidaris, 15  
Pryntouris, payntouris, and potingaris ;  
And all of thair craft cunning,  
And all at anis lawboring,  
Quhilk pleisand ar and honorable ;  
And to your hienes profitable ; 20  
And richt convenient for to be  
With your hie regale majestie ;  
Deserving of your grace most ding  
Bayth thank, rewarde, and cherissing.  
And thocht that I, amang the laif, 25  
Vnworthy be ane place to haue,  
Or in thair nummer to be tald,  
Als lang in mynd my wark sall hald,  
Als haill in everie circumstance,  
In forme, in mater, and substance, 30  
But wering, or consumptioun,  
Roust, canker, or corruptioun,  
As ony of thair werkis all,  
Suppois that my rewarde be small !  
Bot 3e sa gracious ar, and meik, 35  
That on your hienes followis eik  
Ane vthir sort, more miserabill,  
Thocht thai be nocht sa profitable :  
Fenjeouris, fleichouris, and flatteraris ;  
Cryaris, craikaris, and clatteraris ; 40  
Sonkaris, gronkaris, gledaris, gunnaris ;  
Monsouris of France, gud clarat-cunnaris ;  
Innoppourtoun askaris of Yrland kynd ;  
And meit revaris, lyk out of mynd ;  
Scaffaris, and scamleris in the nuke, 45  
And hall huntaris of draik and duik ;  
Thrimlaris and thristaris, as thay war woid,  
Kokenis, and kennis na man of gude ;

Schulderaris, and schowaris, that hes no schame,  
 And to no cunning that can clame; 50  
 And can non vthir craft nor curis  
 Bot to mak thrang, Schir, in 3our duris,  
 And rusche in quhair thay counsale heir,  
 And will at na man nurtir leyr:  
 In quintiscence, eik, ingynouris joly, 55  
 That far can multiplie in folie;  
 Fantastik fulis, bayth fals and gredy,  
 Off toung vntrew, and hand ewill dredie:  
 Few dar of all this last additioun,  
 Cum in tolbuyth, without remissioun. 60  
 - And thocht this nobill cunning sort,  
 Quhom of befor I did report,  
 Rewardit be, it war bot ressoun,  
 Thairat suld no man mak enchessoun:  
 Bot quhen the vthir fulis nyce 65  
 That feistit at Cokelbeis gryce  
 Ar all rewardit, and nocht I,  
 Than on this fals world I cry, Fy!  
 My hart neir bristis than for teyne,  
 Quhilk may nocht suffer nor sustene 70  
 So grit abusioune for to se,  
 Daylie in court befor myn E!  
 And jit, more panence wald I have,  
 Had I rewarde amang the laif,  
 It wald me sumthing satisfie, 75  
 And less of my malancolie,  
 And gar me mony falt ourse,  
 That now is brayd befor myn E:  
 My mynd so fer is set to flyt,  
 That of nocht ellis I can endyt; 80  
 For owther man my hart to-breik,  
 Or with my pen I man me wreik;  
 And sen the thane most nedis be,  
 In-to malancolie to de,  
 [Or] lat the venim ische all out,— 85  
 Be war, anone, for it will spout,  
 Gif that the tryackill cum nocht tyt  
 To swage the swalme of my dispyt!

*Quod* Dumbar, To the unmercyfull [king].

56. TO THE KING. ✓

THE PETITION OF THE GRAY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR.

I.

Now lufferis cummis with largess lowd,  
Quhy sould not palfrayis thane be prowde,  
Quhen gillettis wilbe schomd and schroud,  
That ridden ar baith with Lord and Lawd?  
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,  
[That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!]

5

II.

Quhen I was 3oung and into ply,  
And wald cast gammaldis to the sky,  
I had beine bocht in realmes by,  
Had I consentit to be sauld.  
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,  
[That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!]

10

III.

With gentill horss quhen I wald knyp,  
Thane is thair laid on me ane quhip,  
To colleveris than man I skip,  
That scabbit ar, hes cruik and cald.  
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,  
[That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!]

15

IV.

Thocht in the stall I be nocht clappit,  
As cursouris that in silk beine trappit,  
With ane new houss I wald be happit,  
Aganis this Crysthinmes for the cald.  
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,  
That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!

20

V.

Suppois I war ane ald 3aid aver,  
Schott furth our clewch to pull the claver,  
And had the strenth off all Strenaver,  
I wald at 3uill be housit and stald,  
Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,  
That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!

25

30

## VI.

I am ane auld horsse, as 3e knaw,  
 That evir in duill dois drug and draw;  
 Great court horsse puttis me fra the staw,  
 To fang the fog be firthe and fald.  
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,  
 That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!

35

## VII.

I haif run lang furth in the feild,  
 On pastouris that ar plane and peild;  
 I mycht be now tein in for eild,  
 My beikis ar sprunning he and bald.  
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,  
 That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!

40

## VIII.

My mane is turned in to quhyt,  
 And thairof 3e haul all the wyt!  
 Quhen uther horsse had bran to byt  
 I gat bot griss, knip gif I wald.  
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,  
 That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald!

45

## IX.

I was never dautit in to stabell,  
 My lyf has bein so miserabell,  
 My hyd to offer I am abell,  
 For evill schom strae that I reive wald.  
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,  
 That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald.

50

## X.

And jitt, suppois my thrift be thyne,  
 Gif that I die 3our aucht within,  
 Latt nevir the sautteris have my skin,  
 With uglie gumes to be gnawin.  
 Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,  
 That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald.

55

60



*To the King*

141

XI.

The court hes done my curage cuill,  
And maid me ane forriddin muill;  
3ett, to weir trappouris at this Zuill,  
I wald be spurrit at everie spald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,  
That I sould be ane 3uillis 3ald.

65

*Responsio Regis.*

Eftir our wrettingis, thesaurer,  
Tak in this grey horss, Auld Dunbar,  
Quhilk in my aucht with service trew  
In lyart changeit is his hew.

70

Gar howss him new aganis this 3uill,  
And busk him lyk ane bischopis muill  
For with my hand I haue indost  
To pay quhat euir his trappouris cost.

57. OF MEN EVILL TO PLEIS.

I.

Four maner of folkis ar evill to pleis;  
Ane is, that riches hes and eiss,  
Gold, silver, cattell, corne, and ky,  
And wald haif part fra utheris by.

II.

Ane uther is of land and rent  
So greit ane lord, and so potent,  
That he may nother it rewill nor gy;  
3it he wald haif fra utheris by.

5

III.

Ane is that hes of nobill bluid  
Ane lusty lady, fair and guid.  
Boith verteous, wyse, and womanly;  
And 3it wald haif ane uther by.

10

IV.

Ane uther dois so dourlie drink,  
And aill and wyne within him sink,  
Quhill in his wame no roume be dry;  
And 3it wald haif fra utheris by.

15

## V.

In earth no wicht I can persaif;  
 Of guid so greit abundance haif,  
 Nor in this warld so welthful wy,  
     3it he wald haif frome utheris by.

20

## VI.

Bot 3it of all this gold and guid  
 Or uther cun3ie, to conclud,  
 Quha evir it haif, it is not I;  
     It gois frome me to utheris by.

## VII.

And namelie at this Chrystis mess,  
 Quhair evir Schir Gold maid his regress,  
 3it him I will no Largess cry;  
     He 3eid fra me till utheris by.

25

## 58. NONE MAY ASSURE IN THIS WARLD.

## I.

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.

5

## II.

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.

10

## III.

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.

15

*None may Assure in this World.* 143

IV.

Nane heir bot riche men hes renoun,  
And pure men ar pluckit doun,  
And nane bot just men tholis iniure;  
Sa wit is blindit and ressoun:  
In to this world ma none assure. 20

V.

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 world may none assure. 25

VI.

All gentrice and nobilitie  
Ar passit out of he degre;  
On fredome is laid foirfaltour;  
In princis is thair no pety;  
For in this world may none assure. 30

VII.

Is non so armit in-to plait  
That can fra truble him debait;  
May no man lang in welth indure,  
For wo that evir lyis at the wait:  
Into this world may none assure. 35

VIII.

Flattry weiris ane furrit gown,  
And falsett with the lord dois roun,  
And trewth standis barrit at the dure,  
Exylit is honour of the toun:  
In to this world may none assure. 40

IX.

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:  
Into this world may none assure. 45

## X.

Toungis now are maid of quhyte quhaill bone,  
 And hairtis ar maid of hard flynt stone,  
 And ene ar maid of blyth asure,  
 And handis of adamant laith to dispone :  
 Into this warld may none assure.

50

## XI.

3it hairt and handis and body, all  
 Mon answer deth, quhen he dois call  
 To compt befor the iuge future :  
 Sen all ar deid, or than de sall,  
 Quha suld in to this warld assure?

55

## XII.

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 :  
 Into this warld may none assure.

60

## XIII.

O! quha sall weild the wrang possessioun,  
 Or the gold gatherit with oppressioun,  
 Quhen the angell blawis his bugill sture,  
 Quhilk vnrestorit helpis no confessioun?  
 Into this warld may none assure.

65

## XIV.

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis sevin,  
 Quhen na houss is bot hell and hevin,  
 Palice of licht, or pitt obscure,  
 Quhair 3oulis ar hard with horreble stevin :  
 In to this warld may none assure.

70

## XV.

Vbi ardentis anime,  
 Semper dicentes Ve! Ve!  
 Sall cry Allace! that wemen thame bure,  
 O quante sunt iste tenebre!  
 In to this warld may none assure.

75

*None may Assure in this World* 145

XVI.

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 hiddous crak?  
In to this world may none assure. 80

XVII.

Lord! sen in tyme sa sone to cum  
De terra surrecturus sum,  
Reward me with non erdly cure,  
Bot me ressave in regnum tuum :  
In to this world may non assure. 85  
*Finis, quod Dumbar.*

59. OF THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

I.

I seik aboute this world onstable,  
To find ane sentence convenable ;  
Bot I can nocht in all my witt,  
Sa trew ane sentence find of it,  
As say, it is dissavable. 5

II.

For zisterday, I did declair  
How that the sasoun soft and fair,  
Come in als fresche as pacok feddir ;  
This day it stangis lyke ane eddir,  
Concluding all in my contrair. 10

III.

3istirday fair wpsprang the flowris,  
This day thai ar all slane with schouris ;  
And foulis in forrest that sang cleir,  
Now walkis with ane drerie cheir,  
Full cauld ar bayth thair beddis and bouris. 15

## IV.

So nixt to symmer, wynter bene ;  
 Nixt eftir confort, cairis kene ;  
 Nixt eftir mydnycht, the myrthfull morrow ;  
 Nixt eftir joy, ay cwmis sorrow :  
 So is this warld, and ay hes bene.

*Quod Dumbar.*

20

## 60. LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS.

QUHEN HE WES SEIK.

## I.

I that in heill wes and glaidness,  
 Am trublit now with gret seikness,  
 And feblit with infirmitie ;  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

## II.

Our plesance heir is all vane glory,  
 This fals warld is bot transitory,  
 The flesche is brukle, the Feynd is sle ;  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

5

## III.

The stait of man dois change and vary,  
 Now sound, now seik, now blyth, now sary,  
 Now dansand mirry, now like to die ;  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

10

## IV.

No stait in Erd heir standis sicker ;  
 As with the wynd wavis the wickir,  
 So wannis this warldis vanitie ;  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

15

## V.

Vnto the deth gois all estaitis,  
 Princis, prelattis, and Potestaitis,  
 Bayth riche and pure of all degre ;  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

20

*Lament for the Makaris*

147

VI.

He talkis the knychtis in to the feild,  
Enarmit vndir helme and scheild;  
Victor he is at all mellie;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

VII.

That strang vnvynsable tirrand 25  
Takis on the muderis breist sowkand  
The bab, full of benignitie;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

VIII.

He talkis the campioun in the stour,  
The captane closit in the tour, 30  
The lady in bour full of bewtie;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

IX.

He spairis no lord for his piscence,  
Na clerk for his intelligence;  
His awfull straik may no man fle; 35  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

X.

Art magicianis, and astrologis,  
Rethoris, logicianis, and theologis,  
Thame helpis no conclusionis sle;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me. 40

XI.

In medicyne the most practicianis,  
Leichis, surriganis, and phesicianis,  
Thame self fra Deth may nocht supple;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

XII.

I se that makaris among the laif 45  
Playis heir thair padyanis, syne gois to graif;  
Sparit is nocht thair facultie;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

## XIII.

He hes done petuouslie devour,  
 The noble Chaucer, of makaris flour, 50  
 The Munk of Berry, and Gower, all thre;  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

## XIV.

The gud Schir Hew of Eglintoun,  
 Ettriik, Heriot, and Wintoun,  
 He hes tane out of this cuntre; 55  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

## XV.

That skorpioun fell hes done infek  
 Maister Iohne Clerk, and James Afflek,  
 Fra ballat making et trigedie; 60  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

## XVI.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit;  
 Allace! that he nocht with ws levit  
 Schir Mungo Lokart of the Lie;  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

## XVII.

Clerk of Tranent eik he has tane, 65  
 That maid the aenteris of Gawane;  
 Schir Gilbert Hay endit hes he;  
 Timor mortis conturbat me.

## XVIII.

He hes Blind Hary, and Sandy Traill  
 Slane with his schour of mortall hail,  
 Quhilk Patrik Iohnestoun myght nocht fle; 70  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.

## XIX.

He hes reft Mersar his endite,  
 That did in luve so lyfly wryte,  
 So schort, so quick, of sentence hie; 75  
 Timor Mortis conturbat me.



*Lament for the Makaris*

149

XX.

He hes tane Rowll of Aberdene,  
And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyne;  
Two bettir fallowis did no man sie;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

80

XXI.

In Dumfermelyne he hes tane Broun  
With Maistir Robert Henrysoun;  
Schir Iohne the Ross imbraist hes he;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

XXII.

And he hes now tane, last of aw,  
Gud gentill Stobo et Quintene Schaw,  
Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie:  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

85

XXIII.

Gud Maistir Walter Kennedy,  
In poyntt of deth lysis verely,  
Grit rewth it wer that so suld be;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

90

XXIV.

Sen he hes all my brether tane,  
He will nocht lat me leif allane,  
On forss I mon his nixt pray be;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

95

XXV.

Sen for the Deth remeid is non,  
Best is that we for deth dispone.  
Eftir our deth that leif may we;  
Timor Mortis conturbat me.

100

*Quod* Dumbar quhen he wes seik, etc.

61. THE BALLAD OF LORD BERNART STEWART,  
LORD OF AUBIGNY.

*The ballade of ane right noble victorius and myghty Lord Barnard Stewart, lord of Aubigny, erle of Beaumont roger and bonaffre, consaloure, and chamerlane ordinaire to the maist hee, maist excellent, and maist crystyn prince Loys, King of France, Knight of his ordour, Capitane of the kepyng of his body, Conquereur of Naplis and vngquhile constable general of the same, Compilit be maistir Willyam dumbar at the said lordis cumyng to Edinburghe in Scotland send in ane ryght excellent embassat fra the said maist chrystin King to our maist Souuerane lord and victorius prince James the ferde, Kyng of Scottis.*

## I.

Renownit, ryall, right reuerend and serene  
 Lord, hie trywmping in wirschip and valoure,  
 Fro kyngis downe most Cristin knight, and kene,  
 Most wyse, most valyand, moste laureat hie wictour,  
 Onto the sterris vphyeit is thyne honour; 5  
 In Scotland Welcum be thyne Excellence  
 To King, Queyne, lord, clerk, knight and seruatur,  
 Withe glorie and honour, lawde and reuerence.

## II.

Welcum in stour most strong, incomparable knight,  
 The fame of armys, and floure of vassalage; 10  
 Welcum in were moste worthi, wyse and wight;  
 Welcum the soun of Mars of moste curage;  
 Welcum moste lusti branche of our linnage,  
 In euery realme oure scheild, and our defence;  
 Welcum our tendir blude of hie parage, 15  
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reuerence.

## III.

Welcum in were the secund Iulius,  
 The prince of knighthyed, and flour of cheualry;  
 Welcum most valyeant and victorius;  
 Welcum invincible victour moste wourthy; 20  
 Welcum our Scottis chiftane most dughy;  
 Wyth sowne of clarioun, organe, song and sence,  
 To the atonis, Lord, Welcum all we cry:  
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reuerence.

*The Ballad of Lord Bernart Stewart* 151

IV.

Welcumoure indeficient adiutorie, 25  
That evir our Naceoun helpit in thare neyd;  
That neuer saw Scot yit indigent nor sory,  
Bot thou did hym suport, with thi gud deid;  
Welcum, therfor, abufe all livand leyd,  
Withe us to liue, and to maik recidence, 30  
Quhilk never sall swnye for thy saik to bleid:  
To quham be honour, lawde and reuerence.

V.

Is none of Scotland borne faithfull and kynde,  
Bot he of naturall inclinacioune  
Dois favour the, withe all his hert and mynde, 35  
Withe fervent, tendir, trew intencioun;  
And wald of inwart hie effectioun,  
Bot dreyd of danger, de in thi defence,  
Or dethe, or schame, war done io thi persoun;  
To quham be honour, lawde and reuerence. 40

VI.

Welcum thow knight, moste fortunable in feild;  
Welcum in armis moste aunterus and able,  
Wndir the soun that beris helme or scheild;  
Welcum thou campioun, in feght wnourcumable;  
Welcum most dughiti, digne, and honorable, 45  
And moist of lawde, and hie magnificence,  
Nixt wndir kingis to stand incomparable;  
To quham be honour, lawde and reuerence.

VII.

Throw Scotland, Ingland, France, and Lumbardy,  
Fleys on weyng thi fame, and thi renoune; 50  
And oure all cuntreis, wndirnethe the sky,  
And oure all strandis, fro the sterris doune;  
In euery province, land, and regioun,  
Proclomit is thi name of excellence,  
In euery cete, village, and in toune, 55  
Withe glorie and honour, lawd and reuerence.

## VIII.

O feyrs Achill, in furius hie curage!  
 O strong invincible Hector, vndir scheild!  
 O vailyeant Arthur, in knyghtli vassalage!  
 Agamemnon, in gouernance of feild! 60  
 Bold Henniball, in batall to do beild!  
 Iulius, in iupert, in wisdom and expence!  
 Most fortunable chiftane, in yhouth and eild,  
 To the be honour, lawde and reuerence!

## IX.

At parlament thow suld be hie renownit, 65  
 That did so mony victoryse opteyn;  
 Thi cristall helme with lawry suld be crownyt,  
 And in thi hand a branche of olyve greyn;  
 The sueird of conquis, and of knyghtheid keyn,  
 Be borne suld highe before the in presence, 70  
 To represent sic man as thou has beyn;  
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reuerence.

## X.

Hie furius Mars, the god armipotent,  
 Rong in the hevin at thyne natiuite;  
 Saturnus doune, withe fyry eyn, did blent, 75  
 Throw bludy visar, men manasing to gar de;  
 On the fresche Venus keist hir amourouse E;  
 On the Marcurius furtheyet his eloquence;  
 Fortuna Maior did turn hir face on the;  
 With glorie and honour, lawde and reuerence. 80

## XI.

Prynce of fredom, and flour of gentilnes,  
 Sweyrd of knyghtheid, and choise of cheualry,  
 This tyme I lefe, for grete prolixitnes,  
 To tell quhat feildis thou wan in Pikkardy,  
 In France, in Bertan, in Naplis, and Lumbardy; 85  
 As I think eftir, withe all my diligence,  
 Or thow departe, at lenthe for to discry;  
 With glorie and honour, lawd and reuerence.

*The Ballad of Lord Bernart Stewart* 153

XII.

B, in thi name, betaknis batalrus ;  
A, able in feild ; R, right renoune most hie ; 90  
N, nobilnes ; and A, for aunterus ;  
R, ryall blude ; for dughtines, is D ;  
W, valyeantnes ; S, for strenewite ;  
Quhoise knyghtli name, so schynyng in clemence,  
For wourthines in gold suld writtin be ; 95  
With glorie and honour, lawd and reuerence.  
: : : : : : : :  
: : : : : : : :

62. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BERNARD STEWART, LORD OF AUBIGNY.

I.

Illuster Lodovick, of France most Cristin king,  
Thou may complain with sighis lamentable  
The death of Bernard Stewart, nobill and ding,  
In deid of arme most anterous and abill ;  
Most mychti, wyse, worthie, and confortable, 5  
Thy men of weir to governe and to gy :  
Fortun, allace ! now may thow weir the sabill,  
Sen he is gone, the flour of chevelrie.

II.

Complaine sould euerie noble valiant knycht  
The death of him that douchtie was in deid, 10  
That many ane fo in feild hes put to fli[ch]t,  
In weris wicht, be wisdom and manheid.  
To the Turk sey all land did his name dreid,  
Quhois force all France in fame did magnifie ;  
Of so hie price sall nane his place posseid, 15  
For he is gon, the flour of chevilrie.

III.

O duilfull death ! O dragon dolorous !  
Quhy hes thow done so dulfullie devour  
The prince of knychttheid, nobill and chevilrous,  
The witt of weiris, of armes and honour, 20

The crop of curage, the strenth of armes in stour,  
 The fame of France, the fame of Lumbardy,  
 The choiss of chiftanes, most awfull in armour,  
 The charbunckell, cheif of every chevelrie!

## IV.

Pray now for him, all that him loveit heir! 25  
 And for his saull mak intercessioun  
 Unto the Lord that hes him bocht so deir,  
 To gif him mercie and remissioun,  
 And namelie we of Scottis natioun,  
 Intill his lyff quhom most he did affy, 30  
 Forgett we nevir into our orisoun  
 To pray for him, the flour of chevalrie.

*Quod Dumbar.*

## 63. BLYTH ABERDEIN.

## I.

Blyth Aberdein, thow beriall of all tounis,  
 The lamp of bewtie, bountie, and blythnes;  
 Unto the heaven [upheyt] thy renoun is,  
 Off vertew, wisdom, and of worthines;  
 He notit is thy name of nobilnes; 5  
 Into the cumming of oure lustie quein,  
 The vall of velth, guid cheir, and mirrines:  
 Be blyth, and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein.

## II.

And first hir mett the burgess of the toun,  
 Richelie arrayit as become thame to be, 10  
 Of quhom they cheset four men of renoun,  
 In gounes of veluet, 3oung, abill, and lustie,  
 To beir the paill of veluet cramase  
 Abone hir heid, as the custome hes bein;  
 Gryt was the sound of the artel[er]jie: 15  
 Be blyth, and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein.

## III.

Ane fair processiou mett hir at the Port,  
 In a cap of gold and silk, full pleasantlie,  
 Syne at hir entrie, with many fair disport,  
 Ressaueit hir on streittis lustilie; 20  
 Quhair first the salutatioun honorabilly  
 Of the sweitt Virgin, guidlie mycht be seine;  
 The sound of menstrallis blawing to the sky:  
 Be blyth and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein.

## IV.

And syne thow gart the orient kingis thrie 25  
 Offer to Chryst, with benyng reuerence,  
 Gold, sence, and mir, with all humilitie,  
 Schawand him king with most magnificence;  
 Syne quhow the angill, with sword of violence,  
 Furth of the joy of paradice putt clein 30  
 Adame and Eve for innobedience:  
 Be blyth and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein.

## V.

And syne the Bruce, that euir was bold in sto[u]r,  
 Thow gart as roy cum rydand vnder croun,  
 Richt awfull, strang and large of portratour, 35  
 As nobill, dreidfull, michtie campioun:  
 The [nobill Stewarts] syne, of great renoun,  
 Thow gart vpspring, with branches new and greine,  
 Sa gloriouslie, quhill glaided all the toun:  
 Be blyth and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein. 40

## VI.

Syne come thair four and tuentie madinis 3ing,  
 All claid in greine of mervelous bewtie,  
 With hair detressit, as threidis of gold did hing,  
 With quhyt hattis all browderit rycht brav[elie,]  
 Playand on timberallis, and singand rycht sweittie; 45  
 That seimlie sort, in ordour weill besein,  
 Did meit the quein, hir [saluand] reverentlie:  
 Be blyth and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein.

## VII.

The streittis war all hung with tapestrie,  
 Great was the press of peopill dwelt about, 50  
 And pleasant padgeanes playit prattellie ;  
 The legeiss all did to thair lady loutt,  
 Quha was convoyed with ane royall routt,  
 Off gryt barrounes and lustie ladyis [schene] ;  
 Welcum, our quein ! the commoness gaif ane schout : 55  
 Be blyth and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein.

## VIII.

At hir cuming great was the mirth and joy,  
 For at thair croce aboundantlie rane wyne ;  
 Vntill hir ludgeing the toun did hir convoy ;  
 Hir for to treit thai sett thair hail ingyne, 60  
 Ane riche present thai did till hir propyne ;  
 Ane costlie coup that large thing wald contene,  
 Couerit and full of cunzeit gold rycht fyne :  
 Be blyth and blisfull, burgh of Aberdein.

## IX.

O potent princes, pleasant and preclair, 65  
 Great caus thow hes to thank this nobill toun,  
 That for to do the honnour, did not spair  
 Thair geir, riches, substance, and persoun ;  
 The to ressaue on maist fair fasoun,  
 The for to pleis thai socht all way and mein ; 70  
 Thairfoir, sa lang as quein thow beiris croun,  
 Be thankfull to this burgh of Aberdein.

*Quod Dumbar.*

**64. HOW SALL I GOVERNE ME?**

## I.

How sowld I rewill me, or quhat wyiss,  
 I wald sum wyisman wald dewyiss ;  
 I can not leif in no degre,  
 Bot sum my maneris will dispyiss.  
 Lord God, how sall I governe me? 5



*How sall I governe me?*

157

II.

Gif I be galland, lusty and blyth,  
Than will thay say on me full swyth:  
'þone man, owt of his mynd is he,  
Or sum hes done him confort kyth.'  
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

10

III.

Gif I be sorrowfull and sad,  
Than will thay say that I am mad;  
I do bot drowp, as I wald die,  
So will thay deyme baith man and lad.  
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

15

IV.

Be I liberall, gentill and kynd,  
Thocht I it tak of nobill strynd,  
þit will thai say, baythe he and he,  
þon man is lyke out of his mynd:  
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

20

V.

Gif I be lusty in myne array,  
Than lue I parramouris thay say,  
Or in my hairt [am] proud and hie,  
Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way.  
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

25

VI.

And gif I be nocht weill besene,  
Than twa and twa sayis thame betwene,  
That evill gydis þone man trewlie;  
Lo! be his claithis it may be sene.  
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

30

VII.

Gif I be sene in court our lang,  
Than will thay mvrmour thame amang,  
My freyndis ar not worth a fle,  
That I sa lang but guerdon gang.  
Lord God, how sall I governe me?

35

## VIII.

In court reward than purchess I,  
 Than haif thay malyce and invy,  
 And secretly thay on me le,  
 And dois me hinder prevely.  
 Lord God, how sall I governe me?

40

## IX.

I wald my gyding war diwysit;  
 Gif I spend littill I am despysit;  
 Gif I be nobill, gentill and fre,  
 A prodigall man I am so prysit.  
 Lord God, how sall I governe me?

45

## X.

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,  
 And I may no mans tung hald still;  
 To do the best my mynd sal be,  
 Latt every man say quhat he wil,  
 The gracious God mot governe me.

50

*Finis, quod Dunbar.*

## 65. OF DEMING.

## I.

Musing allone this hinder nicht,  
 Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,  
 Within ane garth vndir a tre,  
 I hard ane voce, that said on hicht,  
 May na man now vndemit be.

5

## II.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,  
 3it sall I not eschew deming;  
 Sum callis me guid, sum sayis I le,  
 Sum cravis of God to end my ring,  
 So sall I not vndemit be.

10

III.

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,  
ÿit can he not lat deming be. 15

IV.

Be I ane lady fresche and fair,  
With gentill men makand repair,  
Than will thay say, baith scho and he,  
That I am jaipit lait and air;  
Thus sall I not vndemit be. 20

V.

Be I ane courtman or ane knycht,  
Honestly cled that cumis me richt,  
Ane prydfull man than call thay me;  
Bot God send thame a widdy wicht,  
That can not lat sic demyng be. 25

VI.

Be I bot littill of stature,  
Thay call me catyve createure;  
And be I grit of quantete,  
Thay call me monstrowis of nature;  
Thus can I not vndemit be. 30

VII.

And by I ornat in my speiche,  
Than Towsy sayis, I am sa streiche,  
I speik not lyk thair houss menjie.  
Suppois hir mouth misteris a leiche,  
ÿit can I not vndemit be. 35

VIII.

Bot wist thir folkis that vthir demiss,  
How that thair sawis to vthir semiss,  
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,  
Thair tratling tungis that all furth temiss,  
Sum tyme wald lat thair demyng be. 40

## IX.

War nocht the mater wald grow the mair,  
 To wirk vengeance on ane demair;  
 But dout thair wald rycht mony de,  
 And mony captive end in cair,  
 Or than thai lat thair deming be.

45

## X.

Gude James the Ferd, our nobill king,  
 Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,  
 In sentens said full subtilie,  
 'Do weill, and sett not by demying,  
 For no man sall vndemit be.'

50

## XI.

And so I sall, with Goddis grace,  
 Keip his command in to that cace;  
 Beseiking ay the Trinite,  
 In hevin that I may haif ane place,  
 For thair sall no man demit be.

55

*Finis quod Dumbar.*

## 66. OF COVETYCE.

## I.

Ffredome, honour and nobilnes,  
 Meid, manheid, mirth and gentilnes  
 Ar now in cowrt reput as vyce;  
 And all for causs of covetice.

## II.

All weifair, welth and wantones  
 Ar chengit in-to wretchitnes,  
 And play is sett at littill price;  
 And all for causs of covetyce.

5

## III.

Halking, hunting and swift horss rynnng  
 Ar chengit all in wrangus wyunnyng;  
 Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce;  
 And all for causs of covetyce.

10

*Of Covetyce*

161

IV.

Honorable houshaldis ar all laid down ;  
Ane laird hes with him bot a loun,  
That leidis him eftir his devyce ; 15  
And all for causs of covetyce.

V.

In burghis, to landwart and to sie,  
Quhair was plesour and grit plentie,  
Vennesoun, wyld fowill, wyne and spyce,  
Is now bot cair and covetyce. 20

VI.

Husbandis that grangis had full grete,  
Cattell and corne to sell and ete,  
Hes now no beist bot cattis and myce ;  
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

VII.

Honest 3emen in every toun 25  
War wont to weir baith reid and broun,  
Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce ;  
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

VIII.

And lairdis in silk harlis to the heill,  
For quhilk thair tennentis sald somer meill, 30  
And leivis on rutis vndir the ryce ;  
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

IX.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,  
And leivis in pece and cheretie,  
Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce ; 35  
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

X.

And quha can reive vthir menis rowmis,  
And vpoun peur men gadderis sowmis,  
Is now ane active man and wyce ;  
And all thruch caus of covetyce. 40

## XI.

Man, pleiss thy makar and be mirry,  
 And sett not by this warld a chirry;  
 Wirk for the place of paradyce,  
 For thairin ringis na covetyce.

*Quod Dumbar.*

## 67. A GENERAL SATYRE.

## I.

Devorit in dreame, devysing in my slummer,  
 How that this realme with nobillis owt of nummer  
 Gydit, provydit so many zeiris hes bene;  
 And now sic hungir, sic cowartis and sic cummer  
 Within this land was never hard nor sene. 5

## II.

Sic pryd of prelattis, so few to preiche and pray,  
 Sic hant of harlottis with thame, baith nicht and day,  
 That sowld haue ay thair God befor thair ene,  
 So nyce array, so strange to thair abbay  
 Within this land wes never hard nor sene. 10

## III.

So many preistis cled vp in secular weid,  
 With blasing breistis casting thair clathis on breid,  
 It is no neid to tell quham of I mene,  
 Sa few to reid the dargey and the beid  
 Within this land wes never hard nor sene. 15

## IV.

So many maisteris, so many guckit clerkis,  
 So many waistouris to God and all his werkis,  
 So fyrie sparkis of dispyt fra the splene,  
 Sic losing sarkis, so many glengoir merkis  
 Within this land was never hard nor sene. 20

## V.

So many lordis, so many naturale fulis,  
 That better accordis to play thame at the trulis,  
 Nor stanche the dulis that commounis dois sustene,  
 Cumming fra the sculis so many anis and mulis  
 Within this land was never hard nor sene. 25

## VI.

So mony jugeis and lordis maid vp of lait,  
So small refuge the pure men to debait ;  
So mony ane stait, for the commoun weill sa quhein  
Ouir all the gait, so mony theiffis so tait,  
Within this land was never hard nor sene. 30

## VII.

So mony ane sentence retreitit for to win  
Geir and acquaintance, or kyndness of thair kin ;  
Thay think na sin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene ;  
So mony ane gin, to haist thame to the pin,  
Within this land wes never hard nor sene. 35

## VIII.

So meikill tressoun, so mony partiall sawis,  
So lytill ressoun to help the commoun cawis,  
That all the lawis ar nocht set by ane prene ;  
Sic fenjeit flawis, sa mony waistre wawis  
Within this land wes never hard nor sene. 40

## IX.

So mony theivis and mycharis weill kend,  
So grit releiffis and lordis thame to defend,  
Becaus thay spend the spreyth all thame betwene,  
So few to wend this mischeif to amend  
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene. 45

## X.

This to correct thay schoir with mony crackis,  
Bot lytill effect with speir or battell-ax ;  
Thair curage lakis that suld thair hartis mak kene ;  
So mony jakis, and brude on beggaris bakkis  
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene. 50

## XI.

Sic vantar woustouris, sic men of sindrie staturis,  
Sic braularis and boistouris, degenerit fra thair naturis,  
And sic regratouris, the pure men to prevein ;  
Sa commoun tratouris, sa mony fals rubiatouris  
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene. 55

## XII.

Sic knavis, sic wakaris, so mony cartis and dyce,  
 Sic haland-schekkaris, quhilk at Cowkelbeis gryss  
 Wan meikill pryce, quhair lymmaris did convene;  
 Sic store of lyce, so mony wittis unwyse  
 Within this land wes never hard nor sene.

60

## XIII.

So mony merchantis, so mony aythis mainsworne,  
 Sic pure tennentis, sic cursing ewin and morne,  
 That slayis the corne, and fruyt that suld grow grene;  
 Sic scaith and scorne, so mony paitlat worne  
 Within this land wes nevir hard nor sene.

65

## XIV.

So mony ane Kitte, drest vp with goldin chenize,  
 So lytill witte that weill can fabillis fenize,  
 With apill renize to schaw thair semblance schene,  
 Off Sathanis seinze sa an vnsell menze  
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

70

## XV.

Sic farting sculis, on flaggis als fat als quhalis,  
 Faceit lyk fulis with haitis that lytil avalis;  
 And sic foul taillis that soupis the cassay clene,  
 Sic dust that skalis sic fillokis with fuk salis,  
 Within this land was never hard nor sene.

75

## XVI.

So mony rakkattis, sic caitharis and sic pillaris,  
 Sic balaris nakkattis, so mony tutivillaris,  
 And sic ewil-willaris speikand of King and Quene;  
 Sic pudding-fillaris, discending doune of millaris  
 Within this land was never hard nor sene.

80

*Quod Dunbar.*



68. LEARNING VAIN WITHOUT GUID LYFE.

WRITTEN AT OXINFURDE.

I.

To speik of science, craft, or sapience,  
Off vertew, morall cwnnyng, or doctrine ;  
Off jure, of wisdom, or intelligence ;  
Off euerie study, lair, or discipline ;  
All is bot tynt, or reddie for to tyne, 5  
Nocht vsing it as it sould vsit be ;  
The craift exerceing, considdering not the fyne ;  
Ane paralous seiknes is vaine prosperite.

II.

The curious probatioun logicall ;  
The eloquence of ornat rethorie ; 10  
The naturall science philosophical ;  
The dirk apperance of astronomie ;  
The theologis sermoun ; the fablis of poetrye ;  
Without gut lyfe all in the self dois de,  
As Mayis flouris dois in September drye : 15  
A paralous seiknes is vaine prosperite.

III.

Quhairfoir, 3e clarkis grittest of constance,  
Fullest of science and of knowlegeing,  
To ws be myrrouris in 3our governance ;  
And in our darkness be lampis in schyning : 20  
Or than in frustar is 3our lang leirning ;  
Gif to 3our sawis 3our deidis contrair be,  
3our maist accusar salbe 3our awin cwnning :  
A peralus seiknes is vane prosperitie.

*Quod Dumbar at Oxinfurde.*

69. GUDE COUNSALE.

I.

Be 3e ane luvar, think 3e nocht 3e suld  
Be weill adwysit in 3our gouerning?  
Be 3e nocht sa, it will on 3ow be tauld ;  
Bewar thairwith for dreid of misdemyng.

Be nocht a wreche, nor skerche in 3our spending, 5  
 Be layth alway to do amiss or schame ;  
 Be rewlit rycht and keip this doctring,  
 Be secreit, trew, increasing of 3our name.

## II.

Be 3e ane lear, that is werst of all,  
 Be 3e ane tratlar, that I hald als ill; 10  
 Be 3e ane janglar, 3e fra vertew fall,  
 Be nevir mair on to thir vicis thrill ;  
 Be now and ay the maistir of 3our will,  
 Be nevir he that lesing sall proclame ;  
 Be nocht of langage quhair 3e suld be still, 15  
 Be secreit, trew, increasing of 3our name.

## III.

Be nocht abasit for no wicket tung,  
 Be nocht sa set as I haif said 3ow heir ;  
 Be nocht sa lerge vnto thir sawis sung,  
 Be nocht our prowde, thinkand 3e haif no peir ; 20  
 Be 3e so wyiss that vderis at 3ow leir,  
 Be nevir he to sklender nor defame ;  
 Be of 3our lufe no prechour as a freir,  
 Be secreit, trew, increasing of 3our name.

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

## 70. REWL OF ANIS SELF.

## I.

To dwell in court, my freind, gif that thow list,  
 For gift of fortoun invy thow no degre ;  
 Behold and heir, and lat thy tung tak rest,  
 In mekle speiche is part of vanitie ;  
 And for no malyce preiss the nevir to lie ; 5  
 Als trubill nevir thy self, sone, be no tyd,  
 Vthis to rewll, that will not rewlit be :  
 He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## II.

Bewar quhome to thy counsale thow discure,  
Ffor trewth dwellis nocht ay for that trewth appeiris:  
Put not thyne honour into aventure; 11  
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 eris: 15  
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## III.

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 20  
Evirmoir, till deth say to the than chakmait:  
Thocht all war thyne this warld within so wyd,  
Quha can resist the serpent of dispyt?  
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## IV.

Ffe frome the fallowschip of sic as ar defamit, 25  
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 tyd, 30  
Quhome no ressonne may seiss nor pacify:  
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd.

## V.

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, 35  
Bot dowl siclyk sall stryk the in the neck:  
Be war also to counsall or coreck  
Him that extold hes far him self in pryd,  
Quhair parrell is but proffeit or effect;  
He rewlis weill, that weill him self can gyd. 40

## VI.

And sen thow seyis mony thingis variand,  
 With all thy hart treit bissines and cure ;  
 Hald God thy freind, evir stabill be him stand,  
 He will the confort in all misaventureur ;  
 And be no wayis dispytfull to the peure,  
 Nor to no man do wrang at ony tyd :  
 Quho so dois this, sicker I jow assure,  
 He rewlis weill, that sa weill him can gyd.

45

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

## 71. MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR.

## I.

In to thir dirk and drublie dayis,  
 Quhone sabill all the hewin arrayis,  
 With mystie vapouris, cluddis and skyis,  
 Nature all curage me denyis  
 Off sangis, ballattis, and of playis.

5

## II.

Quhone that the nycht dois lenthin houris,  
 With wind, with hail, and havy schouris,  
 My dule spreit dois lurk for schoir ;  
 My hairt for languor dois forloir,  
 For laik of symmer with his flouris.

10

## III.

I walk, I turne, sleip may I nocht,  
 I vexit am with havy thoct ;  
 This warld all our I cast about,  
 And ay the mair I am in dout,  
 The mair that I remeid have socht.

15

## IV.

I am assayit on everie syde,  
 Dispair sayis ay, 'In tyme prowde,  
 And get sum thing quhairon to leif ;  
 Or with grit trouble and mischeif,  
 Thow sall in to this court abyde.'

20

V.

Than Patience sayis, 'Be not agast :  
Hald Hoip and Treuthe within the fast ;  
And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,  
Quhone that no rasoun may assuage,  
Quhill that hir glas be run and past.' 25

VI.

And Prudence in my eir sayis ay,  
'Quhy wald thow hald that will away?  
Or craif that thow may have no space,  
Thow tending to ane uther place,  
A journey going everie day?' 30

VII.

And than sayis Age, 'My freind, cum neir,  
And be not strange, I the requeir :  
Cum, brodir, by the hand me tak,  
Remember thow hes compt to mak  
Off all thi tyme thow spendit heir.' 35

VIII.

Syne Deid castis upe his jettis wyd,  
Saying, 'Thir oppin sall the byd ;  
Albeid that thow were never sa stout,  
Vndir this lyntall sall thow lowt :  
Thair is nane vther way besyd.' 40

IX.

For feir of this all day I drowp ;  
No gold in kist, nor wyne in cowp ;  
No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys  
May lat me to remember this :  
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp. 45

X.

3it, quhone the nycht begynniss to schort,  
It dois my spreit sum pairt confort,  
Off thocht oppressit with the schouris.  
Cum, lustie symmer! with thy flouris,  
That I may leif in sum disport. 50  
*Quod Dunbar.*

**72. ERDLY JOY RETURNIS IN PANE.**

## I.

Off Lentren in the first mornyng,  
 Airly as did the day vpspring,  
 Thus sang ane bird with voce vpplane,  
 'All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

## II.

'O man! haif mynd that thow mon pass;                   5  
 Remembir that thow art bot ass,  
 And sall in ass return agane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

## III.

'Haif mynd that eild ay followis 3rowth;  
 Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,                   10  
 Devoring fruct and flowring grane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

## IV.

'Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array  
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,  
 Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane:                   15  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

## V.

'Come nevir jit May so fresche and grene,  
 Bot Januar come als wod and kene;  
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane:                   20  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

## VI.

'Evmair vnto this warldis joy  
 As nerrest air succedis noy;  
 Thairfoir, quhen joy ma nocht remane,  
 His verry air succedis pane.'

*Erdly Joy returnis in Pane*

171

VII.

'Heir helth returnis in seikness  
And mirth returnis in haviness,  
Toun in desert, forrest in plane :  
All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

VIII.

'Fredome returnis in wrechitnes,  
And trewth returnis in dowbilness,  
With fenzeit wordis to mak men fane :  
All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

IX.

'Vertew returnis in-to vyce,  
And honour in-to avaryce ;  
With cuvatyce is consciens slane :  
All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

X.

'Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,  
Wirk for the joy that lestis evir ;  
For vder joy is all bot vane :  
All erdly joy returnis in pane.'

*Quod Dunbar.*

73. OF CONTENT.

I.

Quho thinkis that he hes sufficence,  
Of gudis hes no indigence ;  
Thocht he haue nowder land nor rent,  
Grit mycht, nor hie magnificence,  
He hes anewch that is content.

II.

Quho had all riches vnto Ynd,  
And wer not satisfiet in mynd,  
With powertie I hald him schent ;  
Off covatyce sic is the kynd :  
He hes anewch that is content.

## III.

Quhairfoir, thocht thow, my broder deir,  
 Not servit be with daynteis seir ;  
 Thank God of it is to the sent,  
 And of it glaidlie mak gud cheir :  
 He hes anewch that is content.

15

## IV.

Defy the world, feynzeit and fals,  
 With gall in hart, and hwnyt hals :  
 Quha maist it servis maist sall repent :  
 Off quhais surcharge sour is the sals :  
 He hes anewch that is content.

20

## V.

Giff thow hes mycht, be gentill and fre ;  
 And gif thow standis in powertie,  
 Off thine awin will to it consent ;  
 And it sall riches turne to the :  
 He hes anewch that is content.

25

## VI.

And 3e and I, my bredir all,  
 That in this lyfe hes lordschip small,  
 Lat langour nane in ws be lent ;  
 Gif we not clym, we tak no fall :  
 He hes anewch that is content.

30

## VII.

For quho that leist contentit is  
 In world is purast man, iwis,  
 And nedfullest in his intent ;  
 For of all gudis no thing is his,  
 That of no thing can be content.

35

*Quod Dunbar.*



74. BEST TO BE BLYTH.

I.

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. 5

II.

This warld evir dois ficht and wary,  
Ffortoun sa fast hir quheill dois cary ;  
    Na tyme in turning can it rest ;  
For quhois fals change suld none be sary ;  
    Ffor to be blyth me think it best. 10

III.

Wald man considdir in mynd richt weill,  
Or fortoun on him turn hir quheill,  
    That erdly honour may nocht lest,  
His fall less panefull he suld feill ;  
    Ffor to be blyth me think it best. 15

IV.

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 ;  
    Ffor to be blyth me think it best. 20

V.

Off warldis 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 think it best. 25

## VI.

Quho suld for tynsall drowp or de,  
 For thyng that is bot vanitie,  
 Sen to the lyfe that evir dois lest  
 Heir is bot twynklyng of ane Ee;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

30

## VII.

Had I for warldis vnkyndness  
 In hairt tane ony haviness,  
 Or fro my plesans bene opprest,  
 I had bene deid langsyne, dowlless;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

35

## VIII.

How evir this world do change and vary  
 Lat ws in hairt na moir be sary,  
 Bot ay be reddy and address  
 To pass out of this frawfull fary;  
 For to be blyth me think it best.

40

Etc. *Quod* Dunbar.

## 75. ADVICE TO SPEND ANIS AWIN GUDE.

## I.

Man, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,  
 And deid is evir drawand neir,  
 The tyme vnsicker and the place;  
 Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

## II.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,  
 And hestely to morne fra it wend,  
 And leif ane vthir thy baggis to braiss;  
 Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

5

## III.

Gif it be thyne thy self it vsis,  
 Gif it be nocht the it refuis,  
 Ane vthir of it the proffeit hess;  
 Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

10

*Advice to spend anis awin Gude* 175

IV.

Quhill thow hes space se thow dispone,  
That for thy geir quhen thow art gone,  
No wicht ane vder slay nor chace; 15  
Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,  
Ay gadderand geir with sorrow and pane,  
And nevir is glaid at 3ule nor Paiss; 20  
Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

VI.

Syne cumis ane vder glaid of his sorrow,  
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,  
And fangis it all with mirryness;  
Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis and ay it spairis, 25  
And eftir him thair cumis 3ung airis,  
That his auld thrift settis on ane ess;  
Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

VIII.

It is all thyne that thow heir spendis,  
And nocht all that on the dependis, 30  
Bot his to spend it that hes grace;  
Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

IX.

Trest nocht ane vthir will do the to,  
It that thy self wald nevir do,  
For gif thow dois, streng is thy cace; 35  
Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space.

X.

Luke how the bairne dois to the muder,  
And tak example be nane vdder,  
That it nocht eftir be thy cace;  
Man, spend thy gud quhill thow hes space. 40  
*Quod Dunbar.*

## 76. NO TRESSOUR AVAILIS WITHOUT GLAIDNES.

## I.

Be mirry, man! and tak nocht far in mynd  
 The wawering of this wrechit warld of sorrow;  
 To God be hvmill, and to thy freynd be kynd,  
 And with thy nychtboure glaidly len and borrow;  
 His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow. 5  
 Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,  
 For oft with wysmen it hes bene said aforrow,  
 Without glaidnes availis no tressour.

## II.

Mak the gud cheir of it that God the sendis,  
 For wardis wrak but weifair nocht availis; 10  
 Na gud 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 lyfe ma nocht indure;  
 Quhairfoir of confort set vp all thy sailis: 15  
 Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

## III.

Follow on peis, fle truble and debait;  
 With famows folkis hald thy cumpany;  
 Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,  
 For worldly honour lestis bot a cry; 20  
 For truble in erd tak no mallancoley;  
 Be riche in patience, gif thow in gudis be pure;  
 Quho levis mirry, he levis michtely:  
 Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

## IV.

Thow seis thir wrechis sett with sorrow and cair, 25  
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space,  
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair selfis ar bair,  
 And of thair richness bot the keping hess;  
 Quhill vthisis cum to spend it that hes grace,  
 Quhilk of the wyning no labour had nor cure; 30  
 Tak thow example and spend with mirriness:  
 Without glaidnes availis no tresour.

V.

Thocht all the wraik that evir had levand wicht  
Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall  
Bot meit, drynk, clais, and of the laif a sicht; 35  
3it to the iuge thow sall gif compt of all;  
Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small;  
Be just and joyws and do to non injure,  
And trewth sall mak the strang as ony wall:  
Without glaidness availis no tresure. 40  
*Quod* Dunbar.

77. TO THE QUENE DOWAGER.

I.

O lusty flour of 3owth, benyng and [sweit],  
Fresch blome of bewty, blythfull, brycht, and schene,  
Fair lufsum lady, gentill and discreit,  
3ung brekand blosum, 3it on the stalkis grene,  
Delytsum lilly, lusty for to be sene, 5  
Be glaid in hairt and expell haviness;  
[Thocht] bair of bliss, that evir so blyth hes bene,  
Dewoyd langour, and leif in lustiness.

II.

Brycht sterne at morrow that dois the nycht hyn chase,  
Of luviss lychtsum lyfe [the lamp] and gyd, 10  
Lat no dirk clud absent fro ws thy face,  
Nor lat no sable frome ws thy bewty hyd,  
That hes no confort quhair that we go or ryd,  
Bot to behald the beme of thi brychtness;  
Baneiss all baill, and into bliss abyd; 15  
Dewoyd langour, and leif in lustiness.

III.

Art thow [so] plesand, lusty, 3oing and fair,  
Full of all vertew and gud conditioun,  
Rycht nobill of blud, rycht wyiss and debonair,  
Honorable, gentill, and faythfull of renoun, 20  
Liberall, lufsum, and lusty of persoun,  
Quhy suld thow than lat sadness the oppress?  
In hairt be blyth and lay all dolour doun;  
Dewoyd langour, and leif in lustiness.

D.

## IV.

I me commend, with all humilite 25  
 Vnto thi bewty blisfull and bening,  
 To quhome I am, and sall ay scherwand be,  
 With steidfast hairt, and faythfull trew mening,  
 Vnto the deid, without[en] depairting ;  
 For quhais saik I sall my pen address 30  
 Sangis to mak for thy reconforting,  
 That thow may leif in joy and lustiness.

## V.

O fair sweet blossom, now in bewty flouris,  
 Vnfaidit bayth of cullour and vertew,  
 Thy nobill lord that deid hes done devoir, 35  
 Faid nocht with weping thy vissage fair of hew ;  
 O lufsum lusty lady, wyse, and trew,  
 Cast out all cair, and confort do inress,  
 Exyll all sichand, on thy scherwand rew !  
 Dewoyd langour, and leif in lustiness. 40

*Finis.*

## 78. THE MERLE AND THE NYCHTINGAILL.

## I.

In May as that Aurora did vpspring,  
 With cristall ene chasing the cluddis sable,  
 I hard a merle with mirry notis sing  
 A sang of lufe, with voce rycht comfortable,  
 Agane the orient bemis amiable, 5  
 Vpone a blisful brenche of lawryr grene ;  
 This wes hir sentens sueit and delectable,  
 A lusty lyfe in luves scheruice bene.

## II.

Vndir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,  
 Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew, 10  
 Agane the hevinly aisur skyis licht,  
 Quhair did, vpone the tothair syd, persew  
 A nychtingaill, with suggurit notis new,  
 Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone ;  
 This wes hir song, and of a sentens trew, 15  
 All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.

III.

With notis glaid and glorious armony,  
This joyfull merle so salust scho the day,  
Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,  
Saying, 'Awalk, 3e luvaris, O, this May. 20  
Lo, fresche Flora hes flurest every spray,  
As natur hes hir taucht, the noble quene,  
The feild bene clothit in a new array;  
A lusty lyfe in luvus scheruice bene.'

IV.

Nevir suetar noys wes hard with levand man, 25  
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 thair none, 30  
For both is tynt the tyme and the travaill  
Of every luve bot upone God allone.'

V.

'Seiss,' quod the merle, 'thy preching, nychtingaill,  
Sall folk thair 3ewth spend in-to holiness?  
Of 3ung sanctis growis auld feyndis but faill; 35  
Fy, ypocreit, in 3eiris tendirness,  
Agane the law of kynd thow gois express,  
That crukit aige makis on with 3ewth serene,  
Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyverss;  
A lusty life in luvus scheruice bene.' 40

VI.

The nychtingaill said, 'Fule, remembir the,  
That both in 3ewth 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 fra deid him to succour. 45  
O, quhithir wes kythit thair trew lufe or none?  
He is most trew and steidfast paramour;  
All luve is lost bot vpone him allone.'

## VII.

The merle said, 'Quhy put God so grit bewte  
 In ladeis, with sic womanly having, 50  
 Bot gife he wald that thay suld luvit be?  
 To luve eik natur gaif thame inclynnynng;  
 And He, of natur that wirker wes and king,  
 Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be sene,  
 In to his creature of his awin making: 55  
 A lusty lyfe in luves scheruice bene.'

## VIII.

The nyctingail said, 'Nocht to that behufe  
 Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face,  
 That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir or lufe,  
 Bot He, the wirker, that put in hir sic grace, 60  
 Off bewty, bontie, richness, tyme or space,  
 And every gudness that bene to cum or gone;  
 The thank redoundis to him in every place;  
 All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.'

## IX.

'O nyctingail, it wer a story nyce, 65  
 That lufe suld nocht depend on cherite,  
 And gife that 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 nyctbour fro the splene, 70  
 And quho than ladeis suetar nyctbouris be?  
 A lusty lyfe in lufe[s] scheruice bene.'

## X.

The nyctingail said, 'Bird, quhy dois thow raif?  
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,  
 Him to forjet that hir sic bewtie gaif, 75  
 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 that is perfyt;  
 All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.' 80



XI.

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, 85  
Luve makis sluggirdis fresche and weill besene,  
Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilness ;  
A lusty lyfe in luvis scheruice bene.'

XII.

The nychtingaill said, 'Trew is the contrary ;  
Sic frustir luve, it blindis men so far, 90  
In-to thair myndis it makis thame to vary ;  
In fals vane glory thai so drunken ar,  
Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,  
Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,  
Fame, guddis and strenth ; quhairfoir weill say I dar,  
All luve is lost bot vpone God allone.' 96

XIII.

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 ; 100  
Quhairfoir I counsall every man, that he  
With lufe nocht in the feindis net be tone,  
Bot luve the luve that did for his lufe de ;  
All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone.'

XIV.

Than sang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir ; 105  
The merle sang, 'Man, lufe God that hes the wrocht :'  
The nychtingaill sang, 'Man, lufe the Lord most deir,  
That the and all this warld maid of nocht :'  
The merle said, 'Luve him that thy lufe hes socht  
Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone :'  
The nychtingaill sang, 'And with his deid the bocht ; 110  
All lufe is lost bot vpone him allone.'

## XV.

Thane flaw thir birdis our the bewis schene,  
 Singing of lufe amang the levis small,  
 Quhois ythand pleid jit maid my thochtis grene, 115  
 Bothe sleping, walking, in rest and in travall;  
 Me to reconfort most it dois awaill  
 Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none,  
 To think how song this merle and nyctingail,  
 All lufe is lost bot vpone God allone. 120  
*Finis quod Dunbar.*

## 79. OF LUVÉ ERDLY AND DIVINE.

## I.

Now culit is dame Venus brand;  
 Trew luvís fyre is ay kindilland,  
 And I begyn to vndirstand,  
 In feynit luvé quhat foly bene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene, 5  
 And trew luvé rysis fro the splene.

## II.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,  
 Trew luvís fyre nevír birnis bauld;  
 So as the ta luvé vaxis auld,  
 The tothir dois incress moir kene: 10  
 Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene,  
 And trew luvé rysis fro the splene.

## III.

No man hes curege for to wryte  
 Quhat plesans is in luvé perfyte,  
 That hes in fen3eit luvé delyt, 15  
 Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene:  
 Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene,  
 And trew luvé rysis fro the splene.

IV.

Full weill is him that may imprent,  
Or onywayiss his hairt consent, 20  
To turne to trew luve his intent,  
And still the quarrell to sustene:  
Now cumis aige quhair zewth hes bene,  
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

V.

I haif experiance by my sell; 25  
In luvis court anis did I dwell,  
Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,  
I culd of truble tell fyftene:  
Now cumis aige quhair zewth hes bene,  
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene. 30

VI.

Befoir quhair that 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 zewth hes bene, 35  
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

VII.

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: 40  
Now cumis aige quhair zewth hes bene,  
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

VIII.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelosy,  
And wald no luver wer bot I,  
Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy 45  
Als weill as I luvit I wene:  
Now cumis aige quhair zewth hes bene,  
And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

## IX.

Befoir quhair I durst nocht for schame  
 My lufe discure, nor tell hir name; 50  
 Now think I wirschep wer and fame,  
 To all the warld that it war sene:  
     Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene,  
     And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

## X.

Befoir no wicht I did complene, 55  
 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 3ewth hes bene,  
     And trew lufe rysis fro the splene. 60

## XI.

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 3ewth hes bene, 65  
     And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

## XII.

Vnquyt I do no thing nor sane,  
 Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane;  
 I salbe als weill luvit agane,  
 Thair may no jangler me prevene: 70  
     Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene,  
     And trew luve rysis fro the splene.

## XIII.

Ane lufe so fare, so gud, so sueit,  
 So riche, so rewthfull and discreit,  
 And for the kynd of man so meit, 75  
 Nevir moir salbe nor 3it hes bene:  
     Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene,  
     And trew lufe rysis fro the splene.

XIV.

Is none sa trew a luve as he,  
That for trew luve of ws did de; 80  
He suld be luffit agane, think me,  
That wald sa fane our luve obtene:  
Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene,  
And trew luve rysis fro the splene.

XV.

Is non but grace of God iwiss, 85  
That can in 3ewth considir this;  
This fals dissavand warldis bliss,  
So gydis man in flouris grene:  
Now cumis aige quhair 3ewth hes bene,  
And trew luve rysis fro the splene. 90  
*Finis quod Dunbar (MS.: Dumbar).*

80. THE MANER OF PASSING TO CONFESSIOUN.

I.

O synfull man, thir ar the fourty dayis  
That every man sulde wilfull pennence dre;  
Oure Lorde Jhesu, as haly writ [us] sayis,  
Fastit him self oure exampill to be;  
Sen sic ane mychty king and lorde as he, 5  
To fast and pray was so obedient,  
We synfull folk sulde be more deligent. '

II.

I reid [the,] man, of thi transgressioun,  
With all thi hert, that thou be penitent;  
Thow schrive the clene, and mak confessioun, 10  
And se thairto [that] thou be deligent,  
With all thi synnes into thi mynde present,  
That every syn be the selfe be schawin,  
To thyne confessour it ma be kend and knawin.

## III.

Apon thi body gif thow hes ane wounde 15  
 That caussis the gret panis for to feill,  
 Thair is no leiche ma mak the hail and sounde,  
 Quhill it be sene, and clengit every deill;  
 Rycht sua thi schrift, bot it be schawin weill,  
 Thow art nocht abill remissioun for to get, 20  
 Wittandlie and thou ane syn forzet.

## IV.

Off twenty woundis, and ane be left vnhelit  
 Quhat awalis the leiching of the laif?  
 Rycht sua thi schrift, and thair be oucht conselit,  
 It avalis nocht thi sely saule to saif; 25  
 Nor jit of God remissioun for to haif:  
 Of syn gif thow wald haue deliverance,  
 Thow sulde it tell with all the circumstance.

## V.

Sa thi confessour be wyss and discret,  
 Than can [he] the discharge of doute and weir, 30  
 And power hes [he] of thy synnes compleit:  
 Gif thow can nocht schaw furth thi synnes perqueir,  
 And he be blinde, and can nocht at the speir,  
 Thow ma rycht weill in thi mynde consydder  
 That ane blynde man is led furth be ane vther. 35

## VI.

And sa I halde, that 3e ar baith begylde;  
 He can nocht speir, nor thou can nocht him tell,  
 Quhen, nor how, thi conscience thow hes fylde;  
 Thairfor, I reid, that thow excuss thi sell,  
 And rype thi mynde how every thing befell, 40  
 The tyme, the place, and how, and in quhat wyss,  
 That thi confessour ma thi synnes pryce.

## VII.

Awyss the weill, or thou cum to the preist,  
 Of all thi synnes, and namelie of the maist,  
 That thai be reddy prentit in thi breist; 45  
 Thow sulde nocht cum to schryfe the in haist,  
 And syne sit doun abasit as ane beist:  
 With humyll [hairt] and sad contryioun,  
 Thow suld[e] cum to thine confessioun.

*The Maner of Passing to Confessioun* 187

VIII.

With thine awin mouth thi synnes thou suld tell; 50  
Bot sit and heir the preist hes nocht ado,  
Quha kennes thi synnes better na thi sell?  
Thairfor, I reid the, tak gude tent thairto;  
Thow knawis best quhair bindis the thi scho;  
Thairfor, be wys afor or thow thair cum, 55  
That thou schaw furth thi synnes all and sum.

IX.

Quhair seldin compt is tane, and hes a hevy charge,  
And syne is rekles in his gouernance,  
And on his conscience he takis all to large,  
And on the end hes no remembrance, 60  
That man is abill to fall ane gret mischance:  
The synfull man that all the 3eir our settis,  
Fra pasche to pasche, rycht mony a thing forzettis.

X.

I reid the, man, quhill thow art stark and 3oung,  
With pith and strenth into thi 3eris grene, 65  
Quhill thow art abill baith in mynde and toung,  
Repent the, man, and kepe thi conscience clene;  
To byde till age is mony perrell sene:  
Small merit is of synnes for to irke,  
Quhen thow art ald, and ma na wrangis wyrke. 70  
*Quod Dunbar.*

**81. THE TABILL OF CONFESSIOUN.**

I.

To The, O mercifull Salviour, Jesus,  
My King, my Lord, and my Redemar sweit,  
Befoir thy bludy figor dolorus  
I schryve my synnys, with humill hairt contreit,  
That evir I did vnto this hour compleit, 5  
Baith into werk, in word, and in intent;  
Falling on face, full law befoir thy feit,  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## II.

To The, my sweit Saluour, I me schryve,  
 And dois me in thy mercy maist excelleng, 10  
 Off the wrang spending of my wittis fyve,—  
 In hering, seing, gusting, twiching, smelling,  
 Ganestanding, greving, mvthing, and rebelling  
 Aganis The, my God omnipotent ;  
 With teiris of sorrow fra myn ene distilling, 15  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## III.

I wretchit synner, vyle, and full of vyce,  
 Off the Sevin Deidly Synnys dois me schryve,—  
 Off pryd, off yre, invy, and covetyce,  
 Off lichery, gluttony, with slewth ay to ourdryve, 20  
 Exercing vycis evir in all my lyve,  
 For quhilk, allace! I servit to be schent :  
 Rew on me, Jesu, for thy woundis fyve!  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## IV.

I schryve me, Lord! that I abusit haif 25  
 The Sevin Deidis of Mercy Corporall,—  
 The hungre meit, nor thristy drink I gaif,  
 Veseit the seik, nor did redeme the thrall,  
 Harbreit the wolsome, nor naikit cled att all,  
 Nor jit the deid to bury, tuke I tent : 30  
 Thow, that put mercy aboif thy workis all,  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## V.

In the Sevin Deidis of Mercy Spirituall,—  
 To ignorantis nocht gaif I my teiching,  
 Synnaris correctioun, nor destitut counsall, 35  
 Nor vnto wofull wretchis conforting,  
 Nor vnto saulis support of my praying,  
 Nor was to ask forgifnes penitent,  
 Nor to forgif my nychtbouris offending ;  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent. 40



VI.

Lord! I haif done full littill reverence  
Vnto the Sacramentis sevin of greit renoun,—  
Thy Haly Supper ffor my syn recompence,  
Baptising, penance, and confirmatioun,  
Matrimony, ordour, and extreme vnciou; 45  
Heirot, als far as I was negligent,  
With hairt contreit, and teiris falling doun,  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

VII.

The Ten Commandis,—ane God for till honour,  
Nocht tane in vane his name, no sleyar to be, 50  
Fader and moder to wirschep at all hour,  
To be no theif, the haly day to vphe,  
Nychtbouris to lufe, fals witness for to fle,  
To leif adultre, to covet no manis rent;  
In all this, Lord, culpable knaw I me; 55  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

VIII.

The Articulis of Trewth,—in God to trow,  
The Fader that all thingis wrocht and comprehendit,  
And in his only blissit Sone, Jesu,  
Of Mary borne, on croce deit, to hell descendit, 60  
The thrid day rying, to the Fader ascendit,  
Off quick and deid to cum, and hald jugement;  
In to thir poynttis, O Lord! quhair I offendit  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

IX.

I trow in to the blissit Haly Spreit, 65  
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, 70  
Befoir The, Juge and Lord of see and landis,  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## X.

I synnyt, Lord! nocht being strang as wall,  
 In howp, in faith, in fervent cheretie;  
 Nocht with the Foure Vertewis Cardenall, 75  
 Aganis vycis seure enarming me,  
 With fortitude, prowidence, and temperance, thir thre,  
 With justice evir in work, word, or intent;  
 To The, Chryst Jesu, casting vp myne e,  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent. 80

## XI.

The seuin commandis of the Kirk, that is to say,  
 Thy teind to pay, and cursing to eschew,  
 To keipe the festuall and the fasting day,  
 The mess on Sunday, the parroche kirk persew,  
 The proper curat to mak confessioun trew, 85  
 Anis in the 3eir to tak the sacrament;  
 In thir pointis, quhair I offendit, sair I rew;  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## XII.

Off syn also aganis the Haly Spreit,  
 Of schrift postponyng, of syn aganis nateur, 90  
 Off incontritioun, of confessioun indiscreit,  
 Of ressait sinfull of my Saluour,  
 Of vndone pennance, and satisfaction seur,  
 Of the Sevin Giftis the Haly Gaist me sent,  
 Of Pater Noster and Sevin Peticionis peur; 95  
 In cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## XIII.

Nocht thanking The of gratitude nor grace,  
 That thow me wrocht, and bocht me with thy deid;  
 Of this schort lyfe remembring nocht the space,  
 The hevenis bliss, the hellis hiddouss feid, 100  
 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.

## XIV.

I know me vicious, Lord, and richt culpable 105  
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 nichtbouris deming,  
And so in ydilnes my dayis haif spent ; 110  
Thow that was rent on rude for my redeming,  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## XV.

I synnit in consaving thochtis jolie,  
Vp to the hevin extollit in myne ententioun,  
In he exaltit arrogance and folye, 115  
Prowdnes, derisioun, scorne and vilipentioun,  
Presumptioun, 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. 120

## XVI.

I synnit als in reif and in oppressioun,  
In wranguss gudis taking and posseding,  
Contrar my ressoun, conscience and discretioun,  
In prodigall spending, but rewth of peure folkis neiding,  
In fowll disceptionis, in fals inventionis breiding, 125  
To conqueiss honor, tresor, land and rent,  
In fleschly lust aboif mesur exceding ;  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## XVII.

Off mynd dissymvlat, Lord! I me confess,  
Of feid vndir ane freindly countenance, 130  
Of parciall jugeing, and pervess wilfulness,  
Off flattering wordis and fenjeing for substance,  
Of fals solisting ffor wrang deliuerance  
At Counsale, Sessioun, and at Parliament ;  
Of every gilt, and wicket govirnance, 135  
I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## XVIII.

I schryve me of all cursit cumpany,  
 All tyme both witting and vnwitting me,  
 Off criminall causs, off deid of felony,  
 Of tyranny, and vengeable crewalte, 140  
 Off hurt or slawchter, culpable gif I be,  
 Be ony wyiss, deid, counsale, or consent;  
 O deir Jesu! that for me deit on tre,  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## XIX.

Thocht I haif nocht thy precious feit to kiss, 145  
 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! 150  
 Thy precious body in breist or I ressaif,  
 I cry The mercy, and lasar to repent.

## XX.

To mak me, Jesu, on The for to remember!  
 I ask thy Passioun in me so to habound,  
 Quhill nocht of me vnmenzeit be ane member, 155  
 Bot feiling wo, with The, of every wound;  
 And every straik mak throw my hart a stound,  
 That evir did stenzie thy fair flesche innocent,  
 So that no pairt be of my body sound,  
 Bot crying The mercy, and lasar to repent. 160

## XXI.

Off all thir synnis that I did heir expreme,  
 And als forjet, to The, Lord! I me schryif,  
 Appeling fra thy justice court extreme,  
 Vnto thy court of mercy exvltif;  
 Thow mak my schip in blissit port to arryif, 165  
 That sailis heir in stormis violent,  
 And saif me, Jesu! for thy woundis fyve,  
 That cryis The mercy, and lasar to repent.

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

82. ANE ORISOON.

Saluour, suppois my sensualite  
Subject to syn hes maid my saull of[t] syss,  
Sum spark of lycht and spiritualite  
Walkynnis my witt, and ressoun biddis me ryss; 5  
My corrupt conscience askis, clipis and cryis,  
First grace, syne space, for to amend my myss;  
Substance with honour doing none suppryis,  
Freindis prosperite, heir peax, syne hewinis blys.  
*Quod* Dunbar.

83. OF THE NATIVITIE OF CHRIST.

I.

Rorate celi desuper!  
Hevins distill 3our balmy schouris,  
For now is rissin the bricht day ster,  
For the ross Mary, flour of flouris:  
The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris, 5  
Surmunting Phebus in the est,  
Is cumin of his hevinly touris;  
Et nobis Puer natus est.

II.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,  
Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris seir, 10  
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; 15  
Et nobis Puer natus est.

III.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,  
And thank your Maker hairtfully;  
For he that 3e mycht nocht cum to, 20  
To 3ow is cumin full humly,

Your saulis with his blud to by,  
 And lous 3ow of the feindis arrest,  
 And only of his awin mercy;  
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

## IV.

All clergy do to him inclyne, 25  
 And bow vnto that barne benyng,  
 And do 3our obseruance devyne  
 To him that is of kingis King;  
 Ensence his altar, reid, and sing  
 In haly kirk, with mynd degest, 30  
 Him honouring attour all thing,  
 Qui nobis Puer natus est.

## V.

Celestiall fowlis in the air,  
 Sing with your nottis vpoun hicht;  
 In firthis and in forrestis fair 35  
 Be myrthfull now, at all 3our mycht,  
 For passit is 3our dully nycht;  
 Aurora hes the cluddis perst,  
 The son is rissin with glaidsum lycht,  
 Et nobis Puer natus est. 40

## VI.

Now spring vp flouris fra the rute,  
 Reuert 3ow vpwart naturaly,  
 In honour of the blissit frute  
 That raiss vp fro the rose Mary;  
 Lay out 3our levis lustely, 45  
 Fro deid tak lyfe now at the lest  
 In wirschip of that Prince wirthy,  
 Qui nobis Puer natus est.

## VII.

Syng, hevin imperiall, most of hicht, 50  
 Regions of air mak armony;  
 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 that is crownit abone the sky 55  
 Pro nobis Puer natus est.

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

**84. ANE BALLAT OF OUR LADY.**

I.

Hale, sterne superne! Hale, in eterne,  
In Godis sicht to schyne!  
Lucerne in derne, for to discerne  
Be glory and grace devyne;  
Hodiern, modern, sempitern, 5  
Angelicall regyne!  
Our tern inferne for to dispenn,  
Helpe rialest rosyne.  
Aue Maria, gratia plena!  
Haile, fresche flour femynyne! 1  
3erne ws guberne, wirgin matern,  
Of reuth baith rute and ryne.

II.

Haile, 3hyng, benyng, fresche flurising!  
Haile, Alphais habitakle!  
Thy dyng ofspring maid ws to syng 15  
Befor his tabernakle;  
All thing maling we downe thring,  
Be sicht of his signakle;  
Quhilk king ws bring vnto his ryng,  
Fro dethis dirk vmbrakle. 20  
Aue Maria, gratia plena!  
Haile, moder and maid but makle!  
Bricht syng, gladyng our languissing,  
Be micht of thi mirakle.

III.

Haile, bricht, be sicht, in hevyn on hicht! 25  
Haile, day sterne orientale!  
Our licht most richt, in clud of nycht,  
Our dirknes for to scale:  
Hale, wicht, in ficht, puttar to flicht  
Of fendis in battale! 30  
Haile, plicht, but sicht! Haile, mekle of mycht!  
Haile, glorius virgin, hale!  
Aue Maria, gratia plena!  
Haile, gentill nychttingale!  
Way stricht, cler dicht, to wilsome wicht, 35  
That irke bene in travale.

## IV.

Hale, qwene serene! Hale, most amene!  
 Haile, hevinlie hie empryss!  
 Haile, schene, vnseyne with carnale eyne!  
 Haile, ross of paradyss! 40  
 Haile, clene, bedene, ay till conteyne!  
 Haile, fair fresche flour-de-lyce!  
 Haile, grene daseyne! Hale, fro the splene,  
 Of Jhesu genetrice!  
 Aue Maria, gratia plena! 45  
 Thow bair the prince of pryss;  
 Our teyne to meyne, and ga betweyne,  
 Ane hevinle oratrice.

## V.

Hale, more decore, than of before,  
 And swetar be sic sevyne, 50  
 Our gloure, forlore, for to restore,  
 Sen thow art qwene of hevne!  
 Memore of sore, stern in Aurore,  
 Lovit with angellis stevyne;  
 Implore, adore, thow indefiore, 55  
 To mak our oddis evyne.  
 Aue Maria, gratia plena!  
 With lovingis lowde ellevyn,  
 Quhill store and hore, my youth devore  
 Thy name I sall ay nevyne. 60

## VI.

Empryce of pryss, imperatrice,  
 Bricht polist preciouss stane;  
 Victrice of wyce, hie genetrice  
 Of Jhesu, lord souerayne:  
 Our wyss pawyss fra enemyss, 65  
 Agayne the feyndis trayne;  
 Oratrice, mediatrice, salvatrice,  
 To God gret suffragane!  
 Aue Maria, gratia plena!  
 Haile, sterne meridiane! 70  
 Spyce, flour-de-lice of paradyss,  
 That bair the gloryuss grayne.



VII.

Imperiall wall, place palestrall,  
Of peirless pulcritud ;  
Trywmphale hall, hie tour royall 75  
Of Godis celsitud ;  
Hospitall riall, the lord of all  
Thy closet did include ;  
Bricht ball cristall, ross virginall,  
Fulfillit of angell fude. 80  
Aue Maria, gratia plena !  
Thy birth has with his blude,  
Fra fall mortall, originall,  
Ws raansomid on the rude.

*Quod Dunbar.*

85. ANE BALLAT OF OUR LADY.

I.

Ross Mary most of wertewe virginall,  
Fresche flowr on quhom the hevinlie dewe doun fell.  
O gem joynit in joye angelicall,  
In quhom Jhesu reiosit for to duell.  
Rute of refute, of mercy spring and well, 5  
Of ladyis chois as is of letteris A,  
Empryss of hevayne, of paradyss, and hell,  
O mater Jhesu, salue Maria !

II.

O sterne that blyndis Phebus bemes bricht,  
With coursse above the hevynniss cristallyne ; 10  
Above the speir of Saturne hie on hicht,  
Surmunting all the angell ordoris nyne ;  
Haile lamp lemand befor the trone devyne !  
Quhar cherubin sweit syngis Osanna,  
With organe, tympane, harpe, and symbalyne ; 15  
O mater Jhesu, salue Maria !

III.

O cleir conclaif of clene virginite,  
That closit Crist but cures criminale ;  
Tryumphand tempill of the Trinite,  
That turned us fra tarter eternale : 20

Princes of pess, and palme imperiale,  
 Our wicht invinsable Sampson sprang the fra,  
 That with ane buffat bair doune Beliale;  
 O mater Jhesu, salue Maria!

IV.

Thy blyssit sydis bure the campioun, 25  
 The quhilk, with mony bludy woundis, in stour,  
 Victoriously discomfeit the dragoun  
 That redy wes his pepill to devour;  
 At hellis zettis he gaf thame na succour,  
 He brak the barmekyn of that bribour bla, 30  
 Quhill all the feyndis trybillit for reddour:  
 O mater Jhesu, salue Maria!

V.

O madyne meik, most mediatrix for man,  
 And moder myld, full of humilite!  
 Pray thi sone Jhesu, with his woundis wan, 35  
 Quhilk deingeit him for our trespass to de,  
 And as he bled his blude apon a tre,  
 Us to defend fra Lucifer our fa,  
 In hevynes that we may syng apon our kne:  
 O mater Jhesu, salue Maria! 40

VI.

Hail, purifyet perle! Haile, port of paradyse!  
 Haile, redolent ruby, riche and radyuss!  
 ✓ Haile, clarifyit cristale! Haile, quene and emperyse!  
 Haile, moder of God! Haile, Virgin glorius!  
 O gracia plena, tecum Dominus! 45  
 With Gabriell that we may syng and say,  
 Benedicta tu in mulieribus:  
 O mater Jhesu, salue Maria!

*Finis.*

86. THE PASSIOUN OF CHRIST.

I.

Amang thir freiris, within ane cloister,  
I enterit in ane oratorie,  
And knelit doun with ane pater noster,  
Befoir the michtie king of glorie;  
Haveing his passioun in memorie, 5  
Syn to his mother I did inclyne,  
Hir halsing with ane gaude-flore;  
And sudandlie I slepit syne.

II.

Me thoct Judas with mony ane Jow  
Tuik blissit Jesu, our Salvatour, 10  
And schot him furth, with mony ane schow,  
With schamefull wourdis of dishonour;  
And lik ane thef, or ane tratour,  
Thai leid that hewinlie prince most hie,  
With manassing attour messour, 15  
O mankynd, for the luif of the.

III.

Falslie condemnit befoir ane juge,  
Thay spittit in his visage fayr;  
And, as lyounis with awfull rage,  
In yre thay hurlit him heir and thair, 20  
And gaif him mony buffat sair,  
That it wes sorow for to se;  
Off all his claythis thay tirvit him bair,  
O mankynd, for the luif of the.

IV.

Thay tyrandis to revenge thair teine, 25  
For scorne thai cled him in-to quhyt;  
And hid his blisfull glorious Ene,  
To se quham angellis had delyt;  
Dispituously syn did him smyt,  
Saying, 'Gif sone of God thow be, 30  
Quha straik the now, thow tell ws tyt?'—  
O mankynd, for the luif of the.

## V.

In tene, thay tirvit him agane,  
 And till ane pillar thai him band;  
 Quhill blude birst out at everie vane, 35  
 Thay scurgit him baith fut and hand:  
 At everie straik ran furth ane strand,  
 Quhilk mycht haue ransomt warldis thre;  
 He baid in stour quhill he mycht stand,  
 O mankynd, for the luif of the. 40

## VI.

Nixt all in purpyr thay him cled,  
 And syn with thornis scharp and kene;  
 His saikles blude agane thay sched,  
 Persing his heid with pykis grene;  
 Vnneiss with lyf he mycht sustene 45  
 That crowne, on thrungin with crueltie,  
 Quhill flude of blude blyndit his Ene,  
 O mankynd, for the luif of the.

## VII.

Ane croce that was bayth large and lang,  
 To beir thay gaif this blissit Lord;  
 Syn füllelie, as theif to hang, 50  
 Thay harlit him furth with raip and corde;  
 With bluid and sweit was all deflorde  
 His face, the fude of angellis fre;  
 His feit with stanis was rewin and scorde,  
 O mankynd, for the luif of the. 55

## VIII.

Agane thay tirvit him bak and syd,  
 Als brim as ony baris woid;  
 The clayth that claif to his clere hyde,  
 Thay raif away with ruggis rude, 60  
 Quhill fersly followit flesche and blude,  
 That it was pietie for to se;  
 Na kynd of torment he ganestude,  
 O mankynd, for the luif of the.

IX.

Onto the crose of breid and lenth, 65  
To gar his lymmis langar wax,  
Thai straitit him with all thair strenth,  
Quhill to the rude thay gart him rax ;  
Syn tyit him on with greit irne tax,  
And him all nakit on the tre 70  
They raissit on loft, be houris sax,  
O mankynd, for the luif of the.

X.

Quhen he was bendit so on breid,  
Quhill all his vanys brist and brak,  
To gar his cruell pane exceid, 75  
They leit him fall down with ane swak,  
Quhill corss and corps and all did crak ;  
Agane thai rasit him on hie,  
Reddie mair turmentis for to mak,  
O mankynd, for the luif of the. 80

XI.

Betuix tuo theiffis the spreit he gaif,  
On-to the Fader most of nicht ;  
The erde did trimmill, the stanis claiif,  
The sone obscurit of his licht ;  
The day wox dirk as ony nicht, 85  
Deid bodyis rais in the cite :  
Goddis deir sone all thus was dicht,  
O mankynd, for the luif of the.

XII.

In weir that he wes zit on lyf,  
They ran ane rude speir in his syde, 90  
And did his precious body ryff,  
Quhill blude and watter did furth glyde :  
Thus Jesus with his woundis wyde,  
As martir sufferit for to de,  
And tholit to be crucifyid, 95  
O mankynd, for the luif of the.

## XIII.

Methocht Compassioun, vode of feiris,  
 Than straik at me with mony ane stound,  
 And for contritioun, bathit in teiris,  
 My visage all in watter drownit, 100  
 And Reuth into my eir ay rounde  
 'For schame, allace! behald, Man, how  
 Beft is with mony [bludy] wound  
 Thy blissit Salvatour Jesu!'

## XIV.

Than rudlie come Remembrance 105  
 Ay rugging me, withouttin rest,  
 Quhill crose and nalis scharp, scurge, and lance,  
 Ane bludy crowne befor me kest;  
 Than pane with passioun me opprest,  
 And ever did Petie on me pow, 110  
 Saying, 'Behald how Jowis hes drest  
 Thy blissit Salvatour Jesu!'

## XV.

With greiting glaid be than come Grace,  
 With wourdis sweet saying to me,  
 'Ordane for Him ane resting-place, 115  
 That is so werie wrocht for the:  
 The Lord within thir dayis three  
 Sall law vndir thy lyntell bow,  
 And in thy hous sall herbrit be  
 Thy blissit Salvatour Jesu.' 120

## XVI.

Than swyth Contritioun wes on steir,  
 And did eftir Confessioun ryn;  
 And Conscience me accusit heir,  
 And kest out mony cankerit syn;  
 To ryse Repentence did begin 125  
 And out at the 3ettis did schow;  
 Pennance did walk the house within,  
 Byding our Salvatour Jesu.

XVII.

Grace become gyd and governour,  
To keip the hous in sicker stait, 130  
Ay reddy till our Salvatour,  
Qhethir that he come, air or lait;  
Repentence ay with cheikis wait,  
No pane nor pennence did eschew,  
The house within evir to debait, 135  
Only for luif of sweit Jesu.

XVIII.

For grit terrour of Chrystis deid,  
The erde did trymyll quhar I lay;  
Qhairthrow I waiknit in that steid, 140  
With spreit halfingis in effray;  
Than wrait I all without delay,  
Richt heir as I haue schawin to 3ow,  
Quhat me befell, on Gud Fryday,  
Befoir the Crose of sweit Jesu.

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

**87. OF THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.**

I.

Done is a battell on the dragon blak,  
Our campioun Chryst confoundit hes his force;  
The jettis of hell ar brokin with a crak,  
The signe trivmphall rasit is of the croce,  
The diuillis trymmillis with hiddouss voce, 5  
The saulis ar borrowit and to the bliss can go,  
Chryst with his blud our ransonis dois indoce:  
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

II.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer,  
The crewall serpent with the mortall stang; 10  
The auld kene tegir, with his teith on char,  
Qhilk in a wait hes lyne for ws so lang,  
Thinking to grip ws in his clowis strang;  
The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer so,  
He maid him for to felje of that fang: 15  
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

## III.

He for our saik that sufferit to be slane,  
 And lyk a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,  
 Is lyk a lyone rissin vp agane,  
 And as [a] gyane raxit him on hicht; 20  
 Sprungin is Aurora radius and bricht,  
 On loft is gone the glorius Appollo,  
 The blisfull day departit fro the nycht :  
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

## IV.

The grit victour agane is rissin on hicht, 25  
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit ;  
 The sone that wox all pail now schynis bricht,  
 And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit ;  
 The knell of mercy fra the hevin is soundit,  
 The Cristin ar deliuerit of thair wo, 30  
 The Jowis and thair errour ar confoundit :  
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

## V.

The fo is chasit, the battell is done ceiss,  
 The presone brokin, the jevellouris fleit and flemit ;  
 The weir is gon, confermit is the peiss, 35  
 The fetteris lowsit and the dungeoun temit ;  
 The ransoun maid, the presoneris redemit ;  
 The feild is won, ourcumin is the fo,  
 Dispulit of the tresur that he 3emit :  
 Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro. 40

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

## 88. ANE ORISOUN.

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST IN TO FRANCE.

## I.

Thow that in hewin for our salvatioun,  
 Maid justice, mercie, and pietie, to aggre ;  
 And Gabriell send with the salutatioun  
 On-to the mayd of maist humilite ;  
 And maid thy sone to tak humanite, 5  
 For our demeritis to be of Marie borne ;  
 Haue of ws pietie, and our protectour be !  
 For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlome.



## II.

O hie supernale Father of sapience,  
 Quhilk of thy vertew dois everie folie chais, 10  
 Ane spark of thy hie excellent prudence  
 Giff ws, that nowther wit nor ressoun hes!  
 In quhais hertis no prudence can tak place,  
 Exemple, nor experience of beforne;  
 To ws, synnaris, ane drop send of thy grace! 15  
 For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

## III.

We ar so beistlie, dull, and ignorant,  
 Our rudnes may nocht lichtlie be correctit;  
 Bot thow, that art of mercy militant,  
 Thy vengeance seiss on ws to syn subjectit, 20  
 And gar thy justice be with reuth correctit;  
 For quyt away so wyld fra ws is worne,  
 And in folie we ar so fer infectit,—  
 Al but thy help, this kingrik is forlorne.

## IV.

Thow, that on rude ws ransomit and redemit, 25  
 Rew on our syn, befor 3our sicht decydit;  
 Spair our trespas, quhilk may nocht be expremit,  
 For breif of justice, for we may nocht abyd it,  
 Help this pure realme, in partiis all devydit!  
 Ws succour send, that war the croun of thorne, 30  
 That with the gift of grace it may be gydit!  
 For, but thy help, this kinrik is forlorne.

## V.

Lord! hald thy hand, that strikken hes so soir;  
 Haue of ws pietie, eftir our punytioun;  
 And gif ws grace the [for] to greif no more, 35  
 And gar ws mend with penance and contritioun;  
 And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,  
 As thow that [art] of michtis may to morne  
 Fra cair to confort thow mak restitutioun:  
 For, but thy help, this kinrik is forlorne. 40  
*Quod* Dunbar quhen the Gouvernour past in France.

## 89. OF MANIS MORTALITIE.

## I.

Memento, homo, quod cinis es!

Think, man, thow art bot erd and ass;

Lang heir to dwell na thing thow press,

For as thow come, so sall thow pass;

Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glass

Hyne glydis all thy tyme that heir is;

Think, thocht thy bodye ware of brass,

Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

5

## II.

Worthye Hector and Hercules,

Forcye Achill, and strong Sampson,

Alexander of grit nobilnes,

Meik David, and fair Absolone,

Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,

At will of him that all thing steiris:

Think, man, exceptioun thair is none;

Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.

10

15

## III.

Thocht now thow be maist glaid of cheir,

Fairest and plesandest of port,

Yet may thow be, within ane 3eir,

Ane ugsum horrible tramort;

And sen thow knawis thy tyme is schort,

And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,

Think, man, amang all uthir sport,

Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

20

## IV.

Thy lustye bewte and thy 3outh,

Sall feid as dois the somer flouris,

Syne sall the swallow with his mouth

The dragone death, that all devouris;

No castell sall the keip, nor touris,

But he sall feche the with thy feiris;

Thairfore, remembir at all houris,

Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

25

30

V.

Thocht all this warld thow did posseid,  
Nocht eftir death thow sall possess,  
Nor with the tak, but thy guid deid, 35  
Quhen thow dois fro this warld the dress :  
So speid the, man, and the confess,  
With humill hart and sobir teiris,  
And sadlye in thy hart impress,  
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris. 40

VI.

Thocht thow be taklit nevir so sure,  
Thow sall in deathis port arryve,  
Quhair nocht for tempest may indure,  
Bot ferslye all to spum is dryve ;  
Thy ransouner, with his woundis fyve, 45  
Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy steiris,  
To hald thy saule with him on lyve,  
Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.

*Finis quod Dunbar.*

90. OF LYFE.

Quhat is this lyfe bot ane straucht way to deid,  
Quhilk hes a tyme to pas, and nane to duell ;  
A slyding quheill ws lent to seik remeid ;  
A fre chois gevin to Paradice or Hell ;  
A pray to deid, quhome vane is to repell ; 5  
A schoirt torment for infinite gladnes,  
Als schort ane joy for lestand hevynes !

*Quod Dunbar.*

91. OF THE WARLDIS VANITY.

I.

O wreche, be war ! this warld will wend the fro,  
Quhilk hes begylit mony greit estait ;  
Turne to thy freynd, beleif nocht in thy fo,  
Sen thow mon go, be grathing to thy gait ;

Remeid in tyme, and rew nocht all to lait ; 5  
 Provyd thy place, for thow away mon pass  
 Out of this vaill of trubbill and dissait :  
 Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

## II.

Walk furth, pilgrame, quhill thow hes dayis lycht,  
 Dress fro desert, draw to thy dwelling-place ; 10  
 Speid home, for quhy? anone cummis the nicht  
 Quhilk dois the follow with ane ythand chaise!  
 Bend vp thy saill, and win thy port of grace ;  
 For and the deith ourtak the in trespas,  
 Then may thow say thir wourdis with allace ! 15  
 Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.

## III.

Heir nocht abydis, heir standis no thing stabill,  
 [For] this fals warld ay flittis to and fro ;  
 Now day vp-bricht, now nycht als blak as sabill,  
 Now eb, now flude, now freynd, now cruell fo ; 20  
 Now glaid, now said, now weill, now in-to wo ;  
 Now cled in gold, dissoluit now in ass ;  
 So dois this warld [ay] transitorie go :  
 Vanitas Vanitatum, et omnia Vanitas.  
*Finis quod* Dunbar.