RELIQUES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other
Pieces of our earlier Poets,
(Chiefly of the Lyric kind.)
Together with some few of later Date.
VOLUME THE FIRST.

These venerable antient Song-enditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
With robb'd majestic force they mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for Art.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Dodsley in Pall-Mall,  
M DCC LXV.
KYNG ESMERE THREWE THE HARPE ASFYDE,

And with drew his brand;

And Esmere he, and Adler yonge,

Right slipe in flour can stand.

And aye their swords set for a can byte,

Throughe help of gramarye,

That soone they have slayne the kempere men,

Or forth them forth to flie.

KYNG ESMERE TOOKE THAT SAYRE LADYE,

And married her to his wyfe,

And brought her home to merry England

With her to leade his lyfe.

* * * The word Gramarye occurs several times in the foregoing poem, and every sober seems to signify Magic or some kind of supernatural science. I know not whence to derive it, unless it be from the word Grammar: in those dark and ignorant ages when it was thought a high degree of learning to be able to read and write; he who had made a little farther progress in literature might well pass for a conjurer or magician.

**Termagaunt (p. 56.)** is the name given in the old Romances to the God of the Saracens. Thus in the Legend of Syr Guy the Sudan (Sultan) sweares,

"So help me Mahowse of might,

"And Termagaunt my God so bright."

Sign. P. i. 116.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon Typ. Ver. and Megan Mighty. **Following the times of the Crusades, both Mahound and Termagaunt made their constant appearance in the Pageants and

VII.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

— is given from two MS copies transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet the opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas, were very liable to shipwreck in the quinxy months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the 3d, (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) "That there be no "ship fraughted out of the realm with any stable gude, for "the feast of Simon's day and Jude, unto the feast of the "purification our Lady called Candlemass." — Jam. III.

Part 2. Ch. 15.
ANCIENT SONGS

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV. but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

THE king sits in Dumferling toune,
      Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhair will I get guid sailôr,
      To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
      Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir Patrick Spence is the bestailôr,
      That sail upon the se.

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

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

O quha is this has don this deed,
      This ill deed don to me;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
      To sail upon the se?

AND BALLADS.

Mak haife, mak haife, my mirry men all,
      Our guid schip sailis the morn.
O say na fac, my master deir,
      For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
      Wi' the anld moone in his arm;
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
      That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt faith
      To weet their cork-held thoon;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
      Thair hats they swam aboon.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit
      Wi' thair fans into thair hand,
Or eir they fe Sir Patrick Spence
      Cum falling to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladys stand
      Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
      For thay'll fe thame na mair.

Have owre, have owr to Aberdour,
      It's fittie sodom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
      Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

Mak