



J. Wale del.

C. Grignon sculp.

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

Rowe

RELIQUE S
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.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXV.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And swith he drew his brand ; 270
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in flour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe fore can byte,
 Throughhe help of gramarye,
 That soone they have slayne the kempery men, 275
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that sayre ladye,
 And marryed her to his wyfe,
 And brought her home to merrye England
 With her to leade his lyfe. 280

* * The word GRAMARYE occurs several times in the foregoing poem, and every where 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 Soudan (Sultan) saith,

“ So helps me Malownc of might,
 “ And Termagaunt my God so bright.”

Sign. P. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned Editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon Týn Very, and Magan Mighty. — After the times of the Crusades, both MAHOUND and TERMAGAUNT made their constant appearance in the Pageants and

and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey,

“ Lyke Mahound in a play,
 “ No man dare him with/seye.”

Ed. 1736. p. 158.

And Bale in his AEs of English Votaries, pt. 2d. says — “ Greynyng like Termagautes in a play.” — Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet’s expression in Shakespeare, where condemning a ranting player he says, “ I could have such a “ fellow whipt for ore-doing TERMAGANT: it out-Herod’s “ Herod.” A. 3. sc. 3. By degrees the word came to be applied to any outrageous turbulent person †, and at last to a violent brawling woman only; and this the rather as, I suppose, the ancient figure of TERMAGANT was represented after the Eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

† So Mr. Johnf. in his Dict.

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 am of 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 wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the III, (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards) “ That there be na “ schip fraucht out of the realm with ony staple goods, fra “ the feast of Simons day and Jude, unto the feast of the “ purification our Lady called Candlemas.” Jam. III. Parl. 2. Ch. 15.

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 tounè,
Drinking the blude-reid wine :

O quhar will I get guid sailòr,
To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knight, 5
Sat at the kings richt kne :
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid lettèr,
And signd it wi' his hand ; 10
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, 15
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me ;
To send me out this time o'the zeir,
To sail upon the se ? 20

20
Mak

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip fails the morne.
O say na fae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone 25
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme ;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,
That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild shoone ; 30
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence 35
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair. 40

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