

Speght's edition of Chaucer, the glossary to which latter work he carefully transcribed.

We shall now bring our narrative to a temporary halt, for the purpose of laying before the gentle reader a few specimens of the lyrics which Thomas Chatterton *discovered* on the parchments taken from "Mr. Canynge's cofre."

In "Ælla, a Tragycal Interlude," we meet with the following sweet "songs," which Dan Chaucer might have fathered without a blush:—

"FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

"The boddyngge flourettes blosches attē the lyghte;
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellow blue;
Ynn daisyed mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh yonge coveslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

The trees enlefed, yntoe heaven straughte,
When gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng
dynne ys broughte.

"The evenyngge commes, and bringes the dewe
alonge;

The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the cyne;
Arounde the alestack Mynstrells synge the
songe;

Yonge ivie round the door poste do entwynne;
I lay mee onn the grasse; yet to mie wylle,
Albeytte alleys fayre, there lackethe somethynge
style."

"SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

"So Adam thoughtenne, whann ynn Paradyse,
All heavenn and erthe dyd hommage to hys
mynde;

Ynn womman alleynne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wife untoe thie arms, and see
Wynter and brownie hylles, wylle have a charm
for thee."

Would that every bachelor in Christendom
was obliged to recite the above lines at ves-
pers and matins! Under their potency the
hearts of the miserable and self-excommuni-
cated crew could hardly fail to be melted
into humanity and happiness!

There is wealth of tearful tenderness in
the subjoined stanzas, derived from the
above mentioned "Interlude." Niobe, her-
self, could not have poured forth a more im-
passioned plaint.

"MYNSTRELLE'S SONGE.

"O! synge unto mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare with me,
Daunce ne moe attē haillie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to his deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Black hys *hair* as the wyntere nyghte,
White hys *skin* as the summer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cold he lyes in the grave below;
Mie love is dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Sweet hys tynge as the throstle's note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte can bee,
Defte hys laboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bic the wyllowe tree.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Hark! the ravenne flappes his wyngē,
In the briered delle belowe;
Hark! the dethe-owle loude doth synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to his deathe-bed,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"See! the whyte moone sheens onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true love's shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenyngge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Heere, uponne mie true love's grave,
Schalle the barren fleurs be layde,
Not one hallie saint to save
Al the coldness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

"Wythe my handes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his haille corse to gre,
E/yn fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie style schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe-tree.

"Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorns,
Drayne mie hartys bledde awaie;