



YE GOVERNOUR.

HYS NYGHTE-MARE.

A LAYE OF EGGES.

“LAID BEFORE YE GOVERNOUR IN COUNCILLE.”

*Ye Earle hath a
dismalle dreame.*

To the land of dreames afarre,
The Earle in trance hath spedde —
That nyghte the Earlys starre
Hadde sette in a halo redde —
And the fancies that round him thronge,
Grottesque and grimme to see,
Are photographed in features stronge
By the lyghte of memorye.
As towne and tower and lake
Beneath the evenyngs raye,
Tone of fire take
Neverre seene by daye,
So the hue of the visions that rounde us flytte
In the dedde of the nyghte when dreames are rife,
Is bronzed or gilte by the passynge fytt
Of the lyghtes or shades of our real life.

*And fancieth him-
selfe a great panne-
cake, compounded of
egges.*

And so it came of egges
The Early's dreame was caste,
And hee didde change to a panne-cake strange
At some uncouth repaste.
A panne-cake sadde in plyghte,
Simmerynge all in batter,
And flatter himselfe as hee myghte,
Hee flatter felt and flatter:
Done marvellously browne,
In a moste unpleasant stew,
Right in the mydste of a populous towne
With thousands arounde to view.
And mynisters tossed him here and there —
Frightfulle cookes with dreddefulle glee —
Till the flatte cake vanished in murky air,
And the vesion passed—but where was hee?

*But presently hee
becometh reformed
backe to himselfe, and
on a faste nyghte-mare
hath a terrible revela-
tion.*

Rushinge, Rushinge alonge,
On a steede of elfin forme,
Saddle-less, bridle-less, wyld and stronge
As the spirit of the storme.
Through the gloome of nyghte,
Onward and on they whirl —
That pacer rare, is the wyld nyghte-mare,
And her rider is the Earle;
Who styll on reeking rybbes
Raineth of blows a shower,

With quickened stroke lyke an angry clocke,
Spurrynge the fleetinge hour.
But paynfulle was that midnyghte ryde,
No syghte was it to cause moche laughter,
And of that spede, hee hadde full neede,
For what is shes that followeth after?

*Of a mighty henne
and her spectoralle
broode—ghostes of ye
departed chickens of
ye 30th of Aprill.*

Bearing uppon his flyghte,
Like estridge of the plaine,
With dredde unearthly myghte
A broode of horror came.
And to a dusky column
Followeth in her wake,
Filling the nyghte with a chorus solemn,
As ghostly chickens mighte make —
The spirites of blyghted fowle
Crushed in the parent shelle,
What time the thronge, or righte or wronge,
Uppon the Earle it felle:
Their bills were all Rebellion Bills
Openyng for their preye,
And their eyes were bryghte with a deadly
lyghte,
Worse than the chickens of daye —
I'd not have stode that shockynge broode
For all the Governour's paye.

*And finally ye Earle
being transformed to a
Henne, getteth terribly
quodded by ye people.*

Cluck! cluck! cluck!
Ringeth that fearfulle songe,
As cheeke by jowle the fiend fowle
Rush with the Earle alonge.
That flyghte on featherless wing,
Was syghte of dredde to see,
No mortal sure maye longe endure
Such fearfulle agonye.
But sudden passed that scene,
The fowlys changed to menne;
With clamour styll the air they fylle,
And the Earle hee was Henne:
To whom there cried in dismalle howle
A jeerynge voice from the movynge hoste —
“You've hatched the Egge of Turmoyle Foule,
But you cannot Laye the Ghoste!”