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The Boy and the Mantle

THE ANTIENT BALLAD
OF THE BOY AND
THE MANTLE

THE OLD BALLAD
OF THE BOY AND
THE MANTLE

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THE OLD BALLAD
OF THE BOY AND
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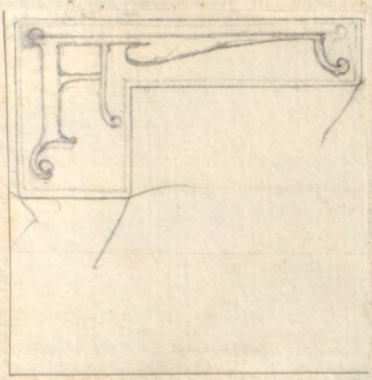


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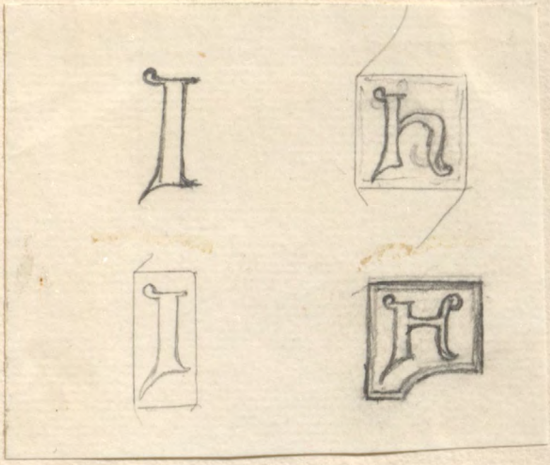

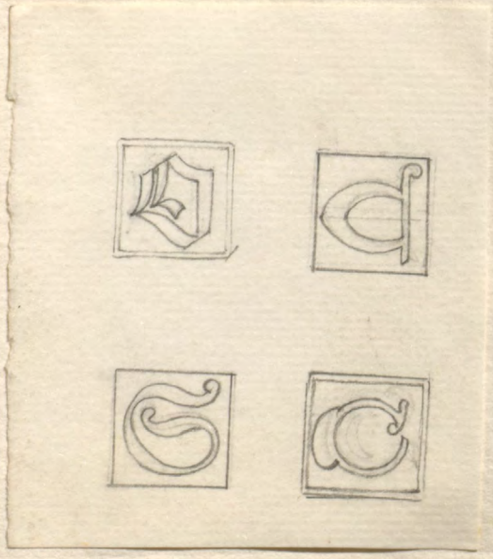

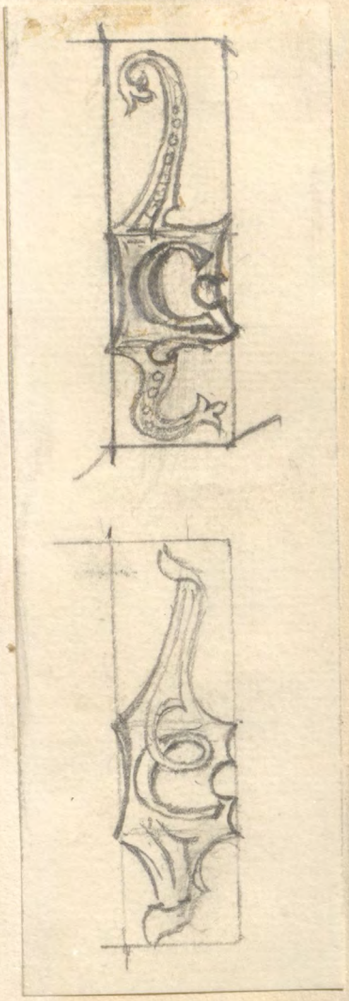

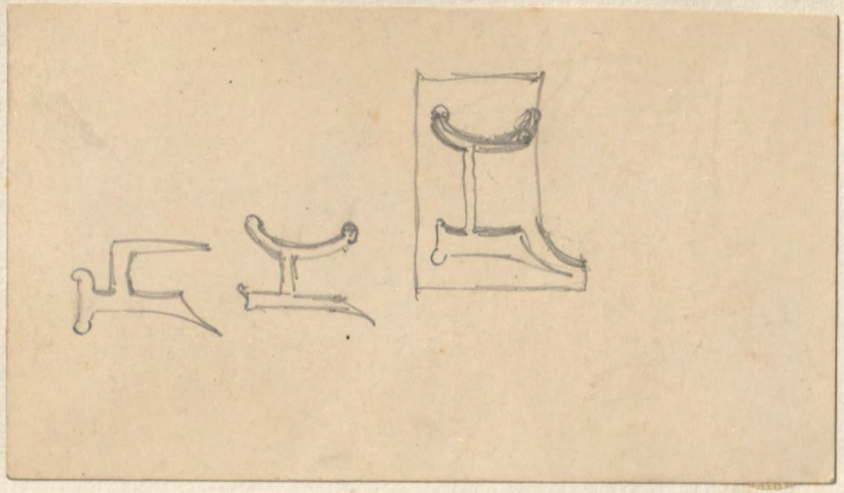

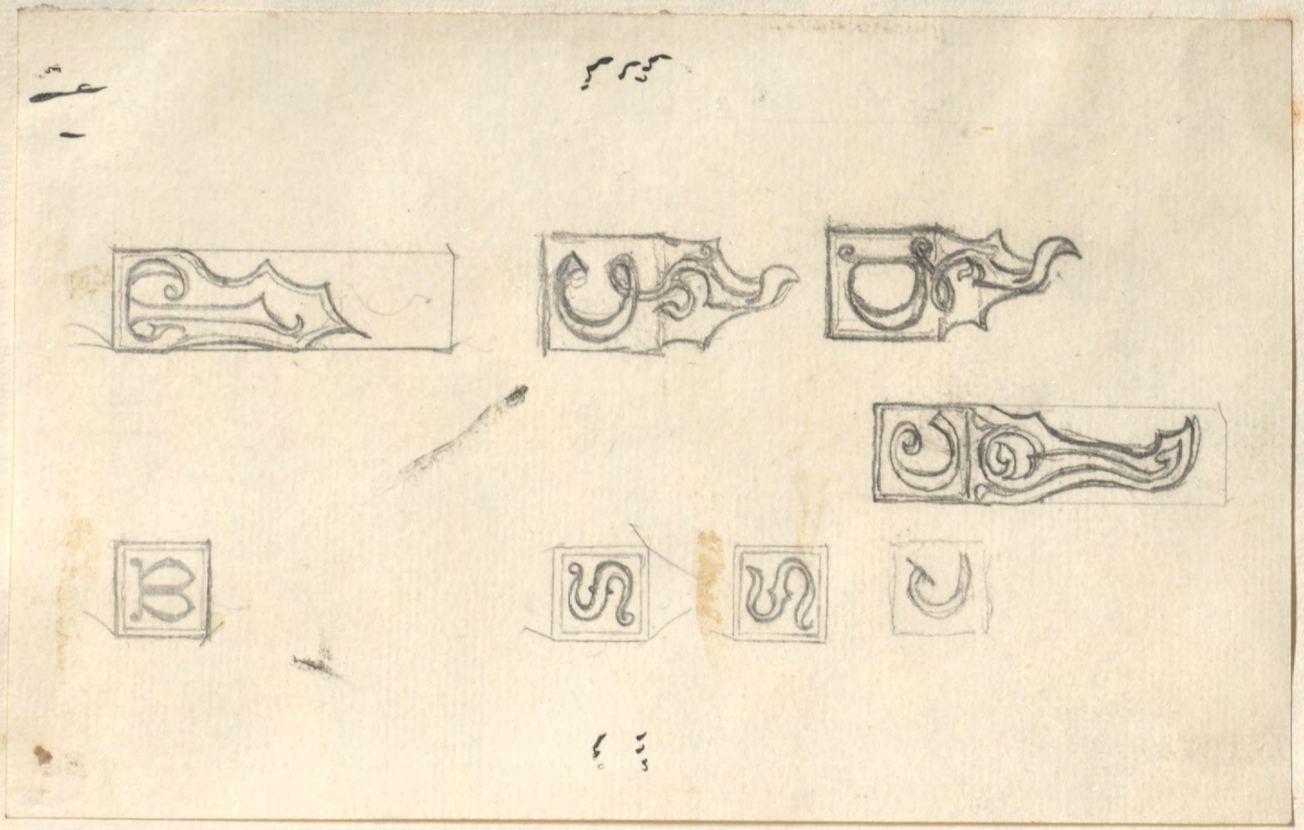


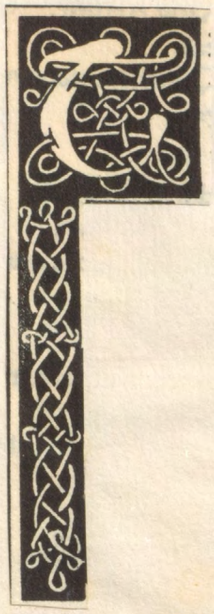







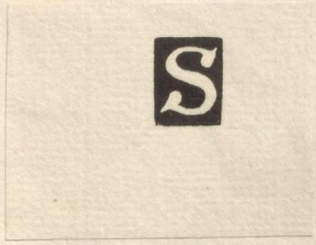





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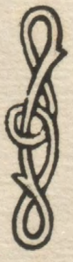

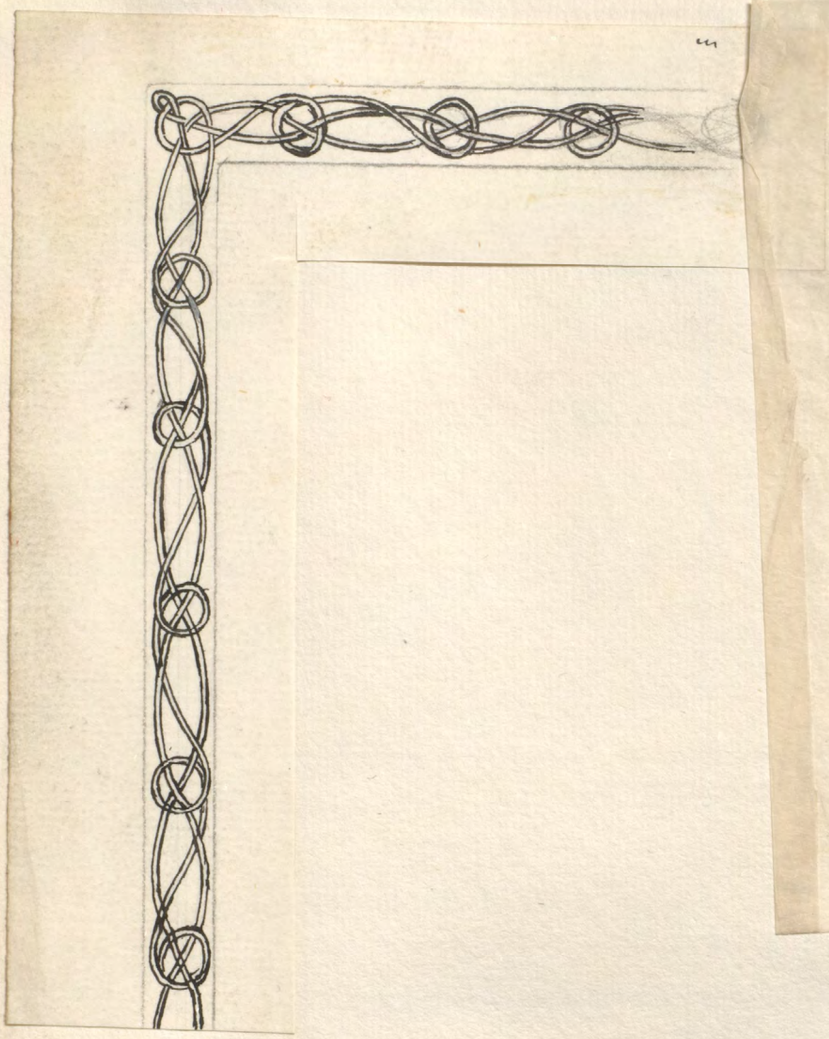

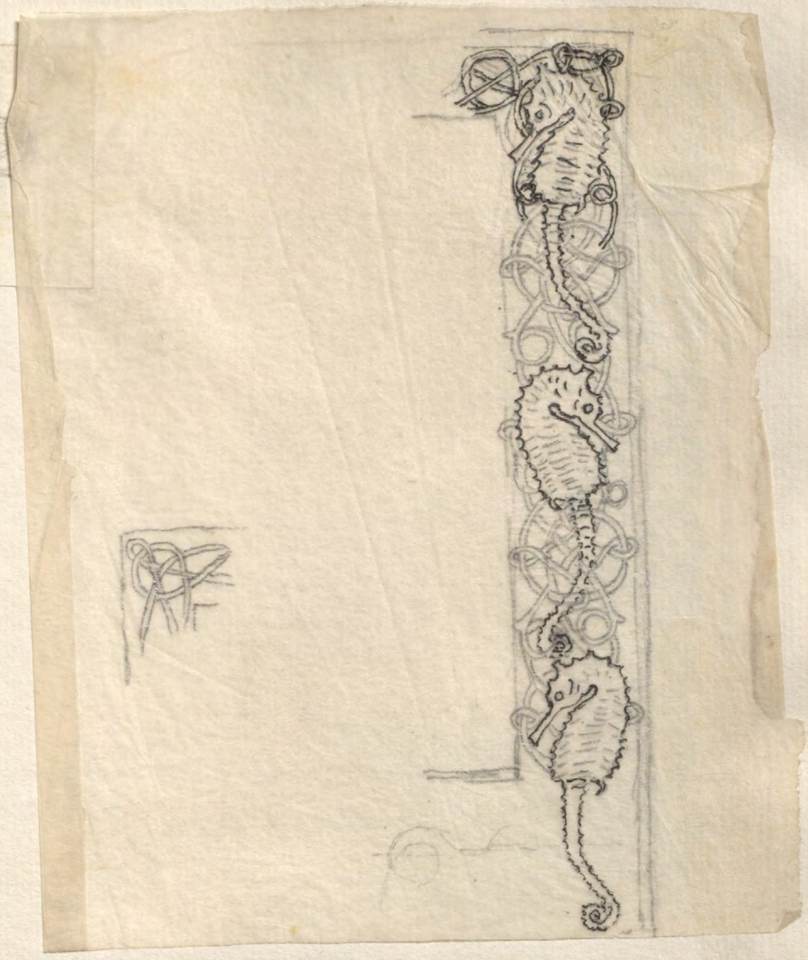

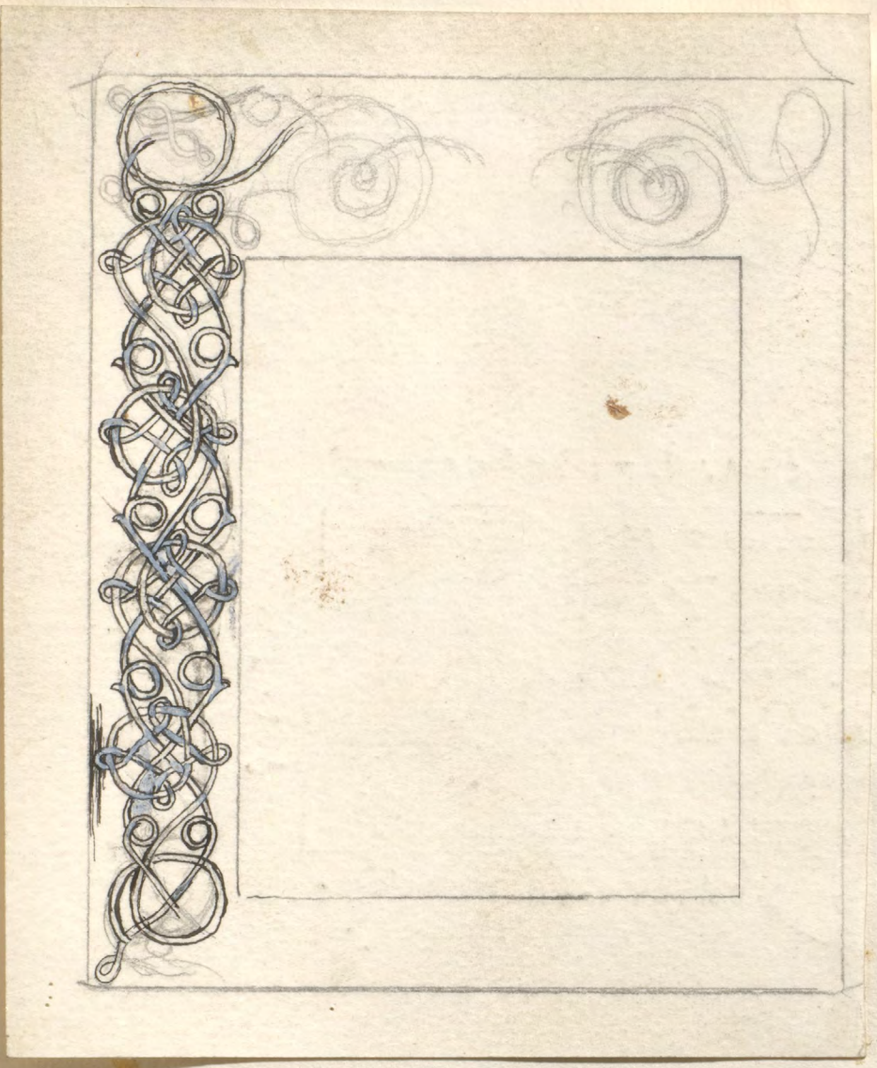

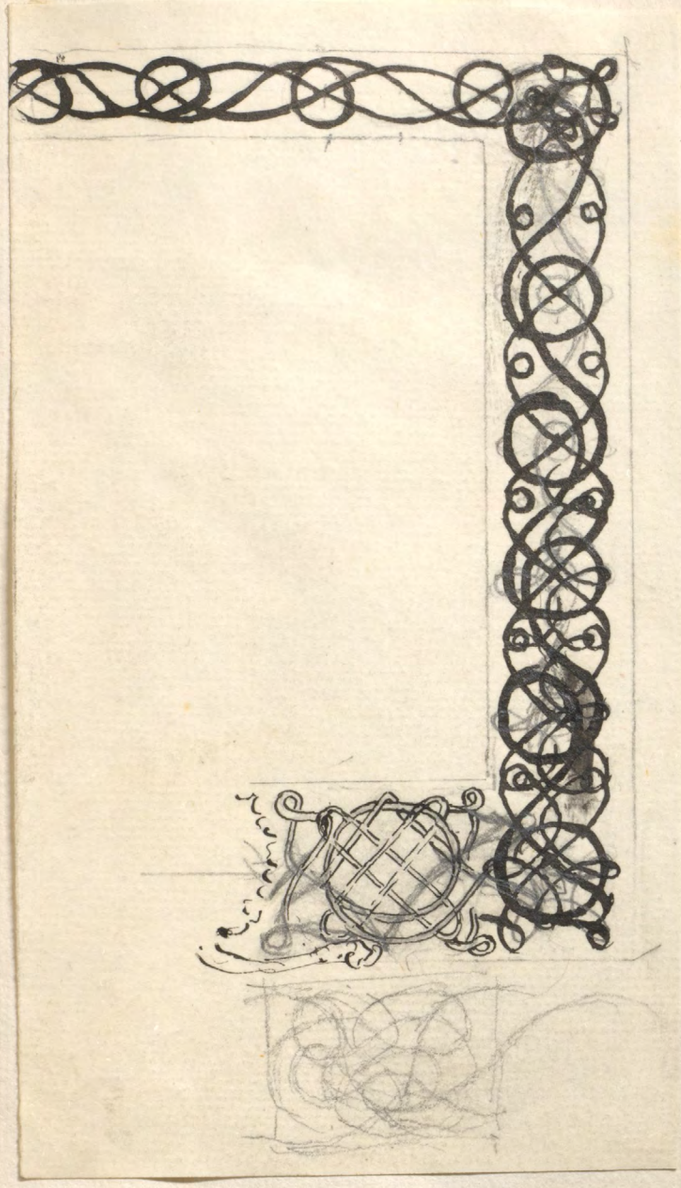

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

IN the third day of May,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdome.

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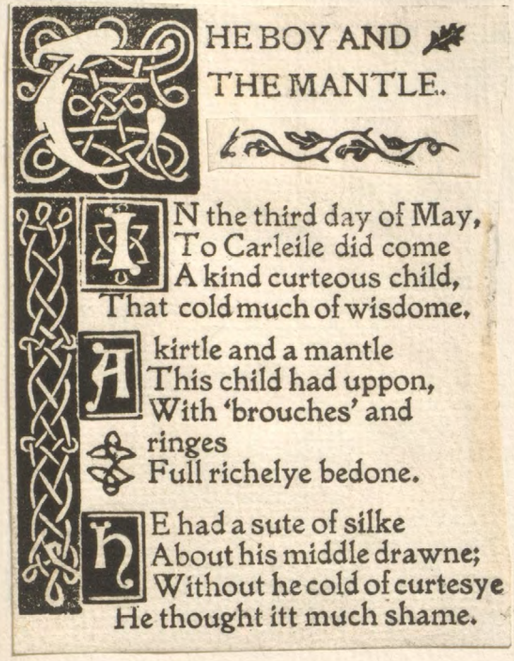

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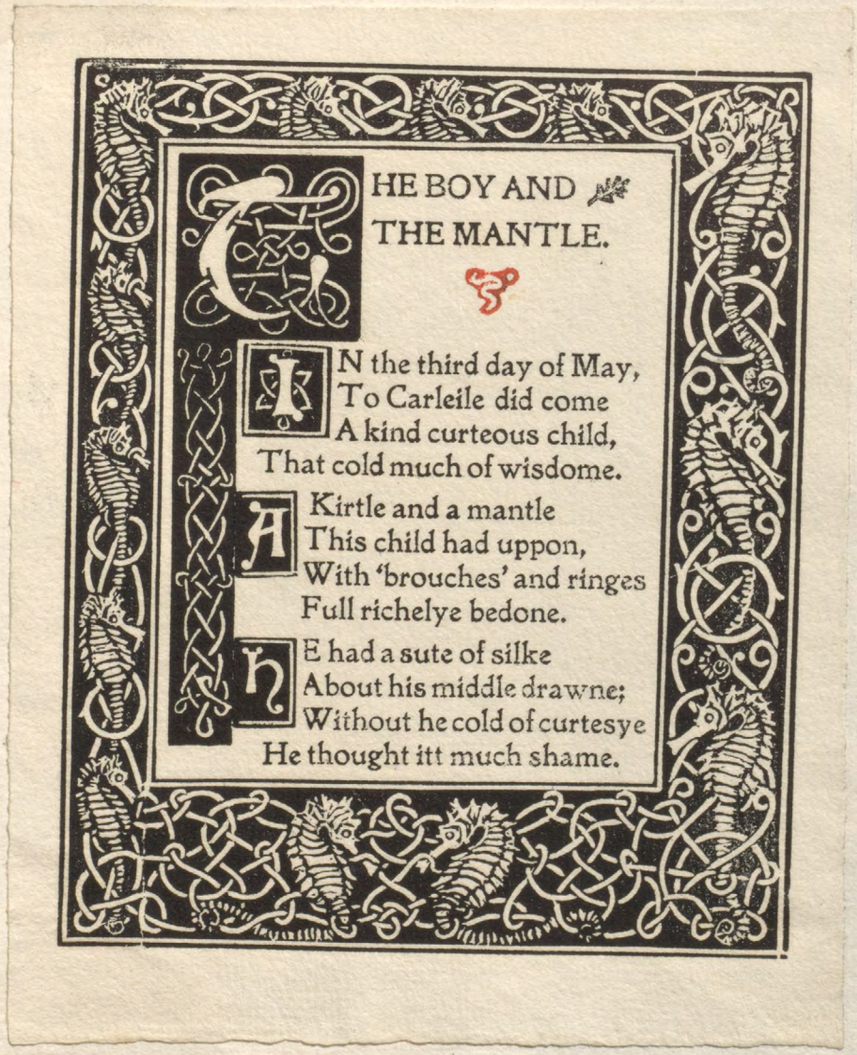
IN the third day of May,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdome.

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With 'brouches' and ringes
Full richelye bedone.

HE had a sute of silke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.



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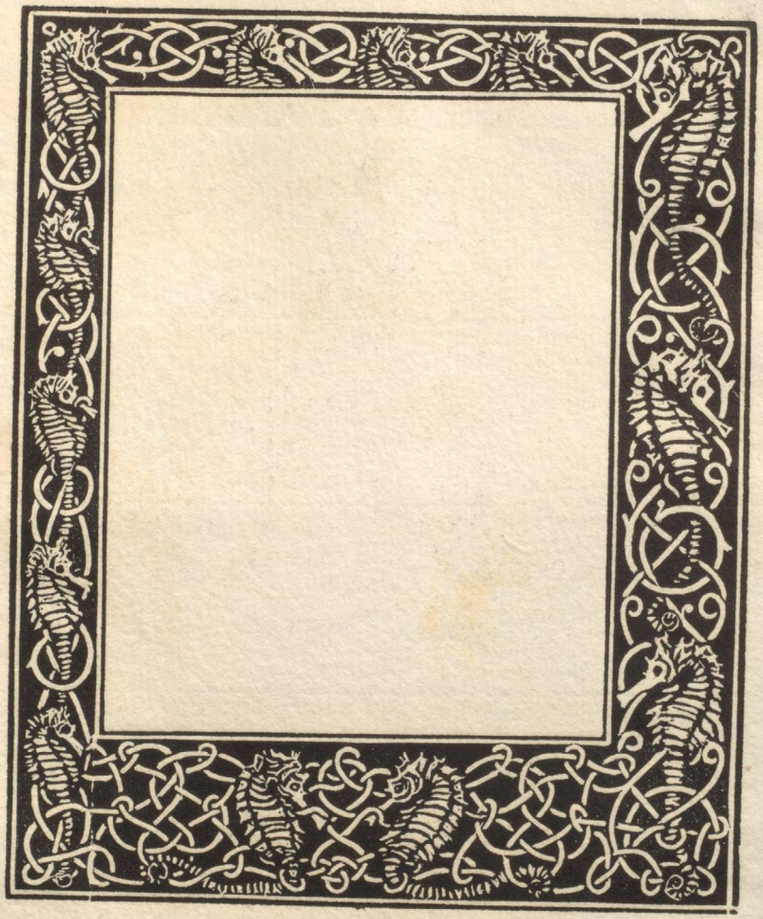

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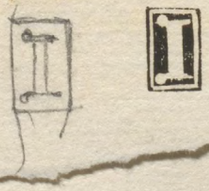
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.

GOD speed thee, King Arthur,
Sitting at thy meat:
And the goodly Queene Guenever,
I cannot her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;
I hett you all to 'heede';
Except you be the more surer
Is you for to dread."

HE plucked out of his 'poterner',
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

HAVE thou here, King Arthur;
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.



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Shapen as itt is alreadye.

IT shall never become the wiffe,
That hath once done amisse."
Then every knight in the kings court
Began to care for 'his.'

FORTH came Dame Guenever;
To the mantle shee her 'hied;'
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett shee was affrayd.

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a2 3

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She stoode as shee had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was itt 'gule';
Another while was itt greene;
Another while was itt wadded
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke
And bore the worst hue:
"By my troth,"
Quoth king Arthur,
"I think thou be not true."

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at clothe that had wrought;
l bade a vengeance on his crowne;
at hither hath itt brought.

I hed ~~rad~~ rather be in a wood,
Under a greene tree;
Than in King Arthurs cort
Shamed for to bee."

b 5

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b 5

KAY called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere;
Saies, "Madam, and thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there.

FORTH came his ladye
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

WHEN she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about;
Then was shee bare
Before all the rout.

THEN every knight,
That was in the Kings court,
Talked, laughed, and showted
Full oft at that sport.

SHEE threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast with a red rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

FORTH came an old knight
Patterring ore a creede,
And he profferred to this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede;

AND all the time of the Christmasse
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Do his wiffe some need.

WHEN she had taken the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
Shee had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed:

Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might she speede.

SHEE threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

GRADDOCKE called forth his ladye
And bade her come in
Saith, "Winne this mantle, ladye,
With a litle dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shall be thine,
If thou never did amisse
Since thou wast mine.

FORTH came Craddockes ladye
Shortly and anon;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

WHEN shee had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinckle and crowt:
Shee said, "bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

ONCE I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Under a greene tree;
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Before he marryed me."

WHEN shee had her shreeven,
And her sines shee had tolde;
The mantle stoode about her
Right as shee wold:

SEEMELYE of coulour
Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold.

Then spake dame Gueener
To Arthur our king;
"She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman,
That maketh herself soe cleane
I have seene tane out of her bedd
Of men fiveteene;

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PRIESTS, clarkes, and wedded men
From her bedeene:
Yett shee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her self cleane."

Then spake the litle boy,
That kept the mantle in hold:
Sayes, "King, chasten thy wiffe,
Of her words shee is to bold:

SHEE is a bitch and a witch,
And a whore bold:
King, in thine owne hall
Thou art a cuckolde."

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THE litle boy stoode
Looking out a dore;
And there as he was lookinge
He was ware of a wyld bore.

HE was ware of a wylde bore,
Wold have werryed a man:
He pulld forth a wood kniffe,
Fast thither that he ran:

HE brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man.

HE brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold:
He said "there was never
A cuckolds kniffe carve itt that cold."

SOME rubbed their knives
Uppon a whetstone:
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur and the child
Stood looking upon them;
All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

CRADDOCKE had a litle knive
Of iron and of steele;
He britled the bores head
Wonderous weele;
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morssell.

THE litle boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge:
He said "there was noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne;
But he shold it sheede
Either behind or beforne."

SOME shedd on their shoulder,
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hit his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see.

GRADDOCKE wan the horne,
And the bores head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such lovely ladye
God send her well to speede.

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The end of the ballad of
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from the text of
Bishop Percy. &
The ornaments designed
and cut on wood
and the whole printed
and bound by H. G. Webb
at Caradoc Bedford Park
Chiswick ~~Finished~~
april ~~1900~~ M DCCCC.

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