

Challenge

WHICH PASSED BETWEENE

LOKHEARTE, EMPEROURE OF THE MOHOCKS, AND SKOTTE,
KING OF THE BALDWINIANS.

IN THE WHICH IS NARRATED,

The Melancolique and Greivouse Flight of the Emperoure and his Squyar from the onslaught.—First Penned by TIMOTHIE TWADDELTONE, Gent. and imprinted by BAILLIE BLATHERWYG, at the Signe of the Blue Cowe, Totherwicke's Wynde.—Edinboro, 1595.

God prosper longe good Ebonye,
His shoppe and magazine,
And grant no more such dolefull deedes
'Mong Editors be seene.

To kill King Skotte with pistolet,
The Mohock tooke his waye,
The chylde will laughe that's yet unborne,
At the issue of this fraye.

Now Skotte he was ane doughty kinge,
A *Champion* erst was he,
Nor woulde take strokes from anie wighte,
However starke he'd bee.

And like ane true and trustie knighte,
He ever helped those
Who mighte from false and cowardlie foe
Receive unwoting blowes.

This rous'd the bloodie Mohock's yre,
And caus'd him fume and frette,
And swear his poyson-tipped shaft,
In Skotte's bloode shoulde be wette.

For Lokhearte was ane cruellie prince,
Ane snake coyl'd in the grasse,
Who darted venom on all goode
And great that hap'd to passe.

And ever it was his delighe,
The unwarie to surprise,
And plunge ane dagger in their breast,
Wrapp'd up in quaint disguise.

For he was spronge by righte descent,
From wandering gypsey crewe,
And all their roguish artes and tricks,
And guisard prankings knew.

"Bring bill and brand my merrie men,
"And stande ye firme and shure,
"For I this vaunting cocknaye kyng
"Nor canne nor will endure.

"What righte, what title can he showe,
"To check my onward way,
"Whate'er my royal pleasure is,
"Will he dare saye me naye?

"By'r Ladye, 'tis ane thinge most strange,
"Ane most unseemlie sighte,
"That I shoulde be in mid carrear,
"Braved by such powerless knighte.

"Speak out my counselor and friende,
"Speak Wilsonne in my neede—
"And saye what fitting course to take,
"What victim next must bleede?"

So spak the Mohock Emperoure:
The Sophist thus spak he:—
"My royal liege, that you're aggrieved,
"I certes do agree.

"And moch and sore I vexed am,
"That thou my fier in arms,
"Should'st shrink like school-boy in church yard,
"Atte groundless weak alarms.

"Shall wee, who in the battel-field
"Have waded deep in bloode,
"Of friends, and foes, (alike to us,
"Whence sprange the crimson flood?)

"Shall wee, I saye, before whose wrothe
"The mighty Lesslie fell—
"Shall wee despair, who toll'd of yore
"A Playfyre's—Wordsworth's knell?

"No! Lauerwinkel still survives,
"And little crooked Z,
"Though for a seaseon slomberinge,
"Thou knowest he is not dead.

"Then rouse thee for the battel, Sire;
"Or, should you think itte better,
"Under your royal hande to sende
"Kinge Skotte's a threatninge letter.

"Here's Chrystye, booted, capp'd, and spur'd,
"Will aff to London straighte,
"And give it to King Skotte's own hand,
"And for ane answer waite."

"By'r Ladye," cried the Emperoure,
"The thinge dothe please me well,
"If he makes no apologie
"I'll send his soule to h——"

"Then saddle thee my owne black steede,
"And hold thee prest to ryde,
"While I procure ane conynge clerke
"My letter to indite."

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O London towers are glittering faire,
In the sunne of a wynter daye,
As down from the Highgate Horns Inne
Bolde Chrystye holds his waye.

And the snow, like a penance-sheet has cloth'd
The auncient Abbeye spires—
Where sleep beneath their carved tombes,
Old England's worthiest Sires.

But Chrystye heeds not tower nor spire,
Till he stops in Ludgate Hill,
At the Hostel ycalled the Belle Sauvage,
Where he eats and drinks his fill.

Then he sallies forth withouten guide,
Through lanes where he saw rare fun done,
Nor lost his waye, for reader knowe,
He had bought ane *Picture of London*.

He travelled east, he travelled west,
Till he came to the royal halle,
Where sate mong their bold Baldwinians
Kinge Skotte and his courtiers alle.

"God save thee, Kinge Skotte," said Chrystye,
"A letter I bringe to thee,
"And ane answer I must quickly have
"Ere to-morrow's sunne you see."

Kinge Skotte the letter read, and laugh'd,
"What fool," said he, "art thou,
"Who dar'st soch rude demand to ask,"
With that he knit his brow—

"Go tell thy cowardlie master this,
"I scorn his dastard rage,
"And shall with him, so help me Truthe,
"A ryghteous warrefare wage.

"But fyst these questions he must solve,
"And answere honestlie,
"(If honour can dwell within ane breast
"Where thron'd, sits Perfidy:)

"I ask, if like ane caitiffe vile,
"For love of filthie gaine,
"He stabbd those friends he loved before,
"And gloried in their paine?

"I ask, if he makes common cause
"With those inglorious Knights,
"Who, from strong holde in *Forest Black*
"Do trample on Man's rights?

"I ask, if Scandal be his Trade
"More than true Chivalrie?—
"I ask, which of the two he'd chuse—
"King's bench, or Pillorie?"

Then Chrystye turn'd him forth to gae,
Ane angrie man was he—
He saddel'd his steed, and awaye he sette
For the distant north countrie—

But when he cam to Holborn Bars,
He thought 'twould do as well,
Ane letter to send by the Flyinge Poste,
As if he went himsel'—

When Lokhearte read the letter o'er,
His face grew redde as fire;
And he wait'd not to saye adieu—
But sette off in great yre—

Nor took he his guards, as Kinge should doe,
But travel'd all alone
On the London road, till he came unto
The twenty-fyrst myle stone.

There, haply for his blyster'd feet,
The Diligence tooke him uppe;
But still so wroth was the Emperoure,
He would neyther dine nor suppe—

He would neyther dine nor sup, good lack!
Till he came to the Belle Sauvage,
Where he knock'd poor Chrystye on the head,
And blacken'd his eyes in rage.

"Now tell to me, false hearted lout,
"What stay'd thy craven hande
"When Skotte could dare insult me so,
"And thou not draw thy brande:

"But come, thou sneaking, toothless whelp,
"Thou lily-liver'd wighte,
"And bear a challenge to Kinge Skotte,
"Which thou thyself shalt write—
"Sit down—here's paper, pen, and ink,
"And write what I indite."

The Challenge.

"To Skotte, Baldwinian Kyng,
Mye gauntlette downe I flinge,—
So meete mee inne the ryng—
Atte fyve this evenyng—
A seconde withe thee bryng—
Wythe pystoles inne ane stryng—
(Syned) J. G. LOKEHEARTE,
The brave Mohockhearte.

P. S.—Thou knowest scoundrel, well as I,
That whatte thou'st said is all a lie,
And forre the damned injurie
Thou'st done mye *feelings*—by and bye
I'll bee revenged—else maye I lye
Condemned for lyfe in a pig's styte."

Ah! who can telle in verse or prose
The manie bolde desynes
A human pigmye bravely forms
Then, cowarde-like, resignes!!

So far'd it with our Emperoure,
When he thought what might hap—
And how his crowne, 'twas ten to one,
Might chance to get ane rapp.

And when hee thought of Abbieforde,
Its Puddings and its Pyes—
Before such reasons, savoury sweete,
His former courage dies;

The laurel greene which grac'd his brows
Nowe withers, fades, and dies!!

Thus humbled, he to Chrystye sues
For pardonne—whiche when gotte,
He hums and ha's—and ha's and hums,
And hems to cleare his throat—

"Dear Chrystye, you have not forgot,
"The dutie whiche I owe
"To those who are my subjects deare,
"The Highe and eke the Lowe.

"Now I bethinke me, Chrystye deare,
" 'Twould shoue that dutie ille
"Were I to stande like to ane poste
"While Skotte he shoulde mee kille;

"Would it not better be, my friend,
"To doe as formerlie—
"To use the maske and poyson'd quill,
"And slaye our enemye?"

"Soe, please your Grace," said Chrystye meek,
"I thinke 'tis better farre,
"As you advise, to skulk awaye
"Than wage ane open warre."

Awaye, awaye, o'er hille and dale,
The Mohocks twaine are gone,
Nor stopt they till they stooped to drink
The Welle of Sainte Anton.

And joy there was in bower and halle
When the doughty Emperoure swore
He ne'er would break or lance or speare,
With the Cocknaye Kyng—no more.

