

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	TALES,
EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,
&c. &c. &c.	

A Poet blest beyond the Poets' fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Free to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace;
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.
From Nature's temperate feast his satisfaction
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he died.

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A TALE.

DEVIſED IN THE PLESAUNT MANERE OF
GENTIL MAISTER JEOFREY CHAUCER.

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
Who wyth grete cheer and litil werke,
Upſwalen was with venere :
For meagre Lent ne recked he,
Ne ſainets daies had in remembraunce, 5
Mo will had he to dalliaunce.
To ſerchen out a bellanie
He had a ſharp and licorous eie ;
But it wold bett abide a leke
Or onion than the ſight of Greke ; 10
Wherefore God yeve him ſhaine ; Boccace
Serv'd him for Baſil and Ignace.
His vermeil cheke, that ſhon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blitheſt prieſt on yearth :
At chyrch, to ſhew his lillied hond, 15
Full ſetouſly he prank'd his bond ;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Iſaac Weyer was he nempt.
Thilke clerke, echauſed in the groyne,
For a yonge damoſell did pync, 20
Born in Eaſt-Cheape, who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay :
Ne wit ne wordes did ſhe waunt,
Wele cond ſhe many a romaunt ;
Ore muſcadine or ſpiced ale 25
She carrol'd ſoote as nightingale ;
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne
Withouten ſpeche ; a ſpeciall ſigne
She lack'd ſomedele of what ech dame
Holds dere as life, yet dyled to name : 30
Sa was eſtious by Iſaac won
To bliſtful conſummation.
Here mought I now tellen the feites,
Who yare the bryde, how bibb'd the gheſtes ;

But withouten such gawdes I trow 35
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's song,
 A tale shold never be too long;
 And sikerly in fayre Englonde
 None bett doth taling underfond. 40
 She now, algates full sad to chaunge
 The citee for her husbond's graunge,
 To Kent mote; for she wele did knowe
 'Twas vaine ayenit the streme to rowe.
 So wend they on one fleed yfere, 45
 Ech cleping toder life and dere;
 Heaven shilde hem fro myne Bromley host,
 Or many a groat theyr meel wold cost.
 Deem next ye Maistres Wever sene
 Yelad in fable bombasine; 50
 The Frankeleins wyves accost her blythe,
 Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
 And yeve honour parochiall
 In pew, and eke at festivall.
 Worschip and wealth her husbond hath; 55
 Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:
 Kepes bull, here, stallion, to dispence
 Large pennorths of benevolence.
 His beine ycrammed was, and store
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore; 60
 His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
 And was astonied at the cocke,
 That, in his portauce debonair,
 On everich henn bestow'd a share
 Of plesaunce, yet no genitours 65
 She saw, to thrill his paramours:
 Oufithes she mokel mus'd theron,
 Yet eist she howgates it was don.
 One night, ere they to slepen went,
 Her Isaac in her arms she hent, 70
 As was her usage; and did saie,
 Of charite I mote thee praie,
 To techene myne unconnyng wit
 One thing it comprehendeth niet;

TALES.	
And maie the soul fiend harrow thee,	85
If in myne quest thou falsen me.	75
Our chaunticlere loves everich hen ;	
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten,	
Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,	
Ne ken I what he swinks wythall:	80
But on ech leg a wepon is,	
Yperfent and full starke I wys ;	
Doth he with hem at pertelote play ?	
In sooth there's werk inough for tway.	
Qd. Isaac, Certes by Sainst Poule,	85
Myne life thou art a simple foulè ;	
Foules fro the egle to the wren	
Bin harness'd othergise than men :	
For the males engines of delite,	
Ferre in theyr entrails are empight ;	90
Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment,	
Emong the breers mought sore be shent.	
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce	
Love of venereal jouissaunce ;	
And in one month, the trowth to sayne,	95
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twayne.	
O Benedicite ! qd. she,	
If kepyng hote so kindlych be,	
Hie in thyne boweles truis thyne gere,	
Aha eke the skrippe that daungleth here.	100
Ne dame, he answerd, mote that bene ;	
For as I hope to be a dene,	
Thilke Falstaffs-bellie rownd and big,	
Was built for corny ale and pig ;	
Ne in it is a chink for thete,	105
Ne for a wheat-straw and tway pease.	
Pardie, qd. she, syth there's nat room,	
Swete Nykin ! chide hem in myne woom.	108