

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	TALES,
PISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,
<i>&c. &c. &c.</i>	

A Poet blest beyond the Poets' fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
Fee to loud prattle, and friend to learnedcafe,
Content with science in the vale of grace;
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear;
From Nature's temp rate feast rule satisfy'd,
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 wyt h grete cheer and litil werke,
Uptwalen was with venere : 5
For meagre Lent ne recked he,
Ne tainet's daies had in rembraunce,
Mo will had he to dalliaunce.
To ferchen out a bellamie
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 verneil cheke, that shon wyt h mirth,
Spake him the blithest priest on yearth :
At chyreh, to fliew his lillid hond, 15
Full setously he prank'd his bond ;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Iface Wever was he nompt.
Thilke clerke, chauant in the groyne,
For a yonge damosell did pyne, 20
Born in East-Cheape, who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay :
Ne wit ne wordes did she waunt,
Wele cond the many a romauant ;
Ore muscadine or spiced ale 25
She carrold ioste as nightingale ;
And for the nonce couthe rowle her eyne
Withouten specche ; a speciall signe
She lack'd sonnedele of what ech dame
Holds dera as life, yet dreedes to name : 30
Sa was effusous by Iface won
To blisstel contumumation.
Here mought I now tellen the festes,
Who yare the bryde, how bikk'd the ghesles;

TALES.

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

TALES.

And maic the foul fiend harrow thee,	85
If in myne quest thou falson me.	75
Our chaunticclere 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 :	85
But on ech leg a wepon is,	
Yperfent and full starke I wys ;	
Doth he with hem at pertelote play ?	
In foorth there's werk inough for tway.	
Qd. Isaac, Certes by Sainct Poule,	85
Myne life thou art a simple soule ;	
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 jouisaunce ;	
And in one month, the trouth to sayne,	95
Swink mo than manhole in yeres twayne.	
O Benedicte ! 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 anwerd, mote that benc;	
For as I hope to be a dene,	
Thilke Falstaff's-bellie rownd and big,	
Was built for corny ale and pig ;	
Ne in it is a chink for these,	105
Ne for a wheat-straw and tway pease.	
Pardie, qd. she, syth there's nat room,	
Swete Nykin ! chale hem in myne woom.	108