THE OLD BALLAD OF THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

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The old ballad of The boy and the mantle by Thomas Percy & Robert Biket

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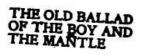
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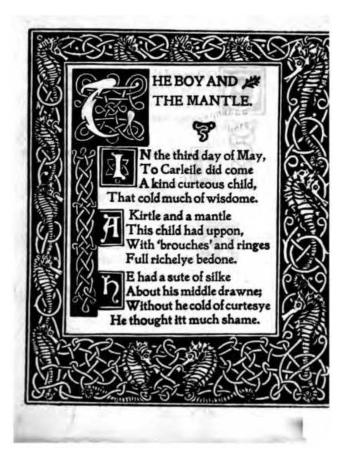
THOMAS PERCY & ROBERT BIKET

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



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

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



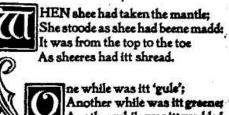
AVE thou here, King Arthur; Have thou heere of mee: Give itt to thy comely queene Shapen as itt is alreadye.



T shall never become the wiffe, That hath once done amisse." Then every knight in the kings court Began to care for 'his.'

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

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Another while was itt greener Another while was itt wadded Ill itt did her beseeme.

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



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

Shee curst the weaver, and the walker, That clothe that had wrought; And bade a vengeance on his crowne, That hither hath itt brought.

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had rather be in a wood, Under a greene tree; Than in King Arthurs court Shamed for to bee."

