

55. Sir Claret mounted on his Steed
 And brandishing his Lance
 In 'signes of the Challenge sent
 He forward did advance.
56. "Go simple silly ^{beards} milk ^{of} face
 "Go beardless Boys, he sayd
 "Think you to fright us with your looks
 "As you would fright a Maid?"
57. "Go get you back from whence ^{you} came
 "And hoop your Doors within
 "Take my advice tis best to sleep
 "Without a broken skin.
58. "Not if your little mock fight Souls
 "Dare us in Battle most
 "We will not take you thus at odds
 "But fairly on our foot."
59. He sayd: they one and all alight
 From off their warlike Stoods
 Each ~~beast~~ ^{steed} ~~repaired~~ ^{returned} unto his stall
 And there in quiet food.
60. Now either ffoe prepared stand
 The Battle to begin
 Firmly resolved all to die
 Or else the Day to win.
61. Grant me great God of War to sing
 Or tell me how to say
 Who in the Battle fought most stout
 And who did run away?
62. Sir Claret Vins throw up ^{his} a Spear
 A signal for the War
 And shouts from all the Warriors sent
 Were heard both near and far.
63. The Knights first on St. John did call
 To aid them in the fight
 St. George, aloud the Heroes cried
 Defend our King his right.
64. The Wakefield Archers ^{stout} strong and bold
 Their fury none could stay
 Full thick they did their Arrows send
 And kept the Knights at Bay.
65. ~~Before~~ ^{By} the third flight of Arrows sent
 The Knights were galled so
 That ten were wounded and nine ~~went~~ ^{sent}
 Down to the shadow below.

66. The Newland Knights their javlins shook
But with bad aim they threw
Whizzing they cut the liquid Air
But never a Hero slew.

67. Like Lightning quick the Arrows flew
The Javlins thick ~~are~~ ^{were} sent
With those the Knights ~~are~~ ^{were} galled sore
While these in Air ~~are~~ ^{were} spent.

68. With grief Sir Carol Vind ^{he} ~~now~~ saw
His Men so fast to drop
He called Sir Vinyard to his aid
The furious foe to stop.

69. Theyr Swords they from the scabbards drew
And thus aloud they cry
"No Knights now let your fury burn
" And let the ~~Milk~~ ^{Witcher} ~~lets~~ die."

70. They sayd. the Knights with drawn broad Swords
To fight the Heros flew
The Heros cast aside their Bows
Their shining blades they drew.

71. Now Knights and Heros all are mixed
Promiscuous in the field
all fight, some fly, and some pursue
But all refuse to yield

72 In all a Levee of Honour rises a
And every Warrior warms
Amidst the Danger dreadful din
And all the clash of Arms.

73 So little wanton Boys engage
Whole Squadrons of armed Warps
Each Warrior bent on Doods of flame
~~the~~ ^{he} ~~now~~ ^{he} fights and gasps.

74. Thus closed they fought four Hours long
Nor yet could either say
In fight they were so equal matched
Which side would win the Day.

75. Thus Hand to Hand in dreadful fight
Are mixed the warlike throng
Which brings me about half way through
This most Herosick song.

The End of the 2. part.

The Battle of Newland part the third showing
~~amongst other matters~~ the event of the battle, how the ~~Man of War~~ ^{Man of War} obtained
a compleat Victory over the Knights & took possession of the
Castle with an Account of the killed & wounded on both sides.

76. Sir Richard Niche right glad to see
The Thights ^{so fast} begin to fall
To cheer his valiant warlike Men
He thus aloud did call.
77. " Fight on fight on my merry blades
" Fight on as ye began
" So from our shining, bright broad Swords
" Shall scape us never a Man."
78. The Newland Knights full vexed were
And eke they grieved sore
For never were they in a fight
So closely pressed before.
79. Sir Vinyard spied young Bertram out
At Wakefield Hero gay
Who with his own right trusty Sword
Throo sturdy Thights did slay.
80. The Thight he on the Hero folk
An Hour they fought full sore
The Thight the Hero's Heart blood drew
Who Word spake never more.
81. The Wakefield Heroes grieved sore
To see young Bertram fall
For sure he fought this bloody Day
The valiantest of them all.
82. Sir Clarot Vins attacked was
By three Heroes together
To brave the Storm or quiet yield
The Thight he knew not whether.
83. The Heroes stuck so wonderous close
He could not get away
So like a baited Bull he stood
And kept the ffoes at Bay.
84. At length the Thight with his broad Sword
One Hero he struck down
Another sickened at the sight
Fell in a deadly swoon.
85. The third and stoutest of them all
Fought on with might and main
He struck the Knight upon his Crest
Which made him mad with pain.
86. The Thight he aimed a deadly stroke
The Hero aimed one too
Their clashing Swords then met betwixt
And into shewer flow.

97. The Wahofoeld Hero tried with
The labour of the Day
His back to the proud ffoe he turned
And nimbly tripped away.

98. Sir Claret Wine he with full speed
The Hero followed hard
And thrice the flying ffoe pursued
All round the Castle yard.

99. At length run down and wearied out
They came unto a Tree
The Hero clasped his Arms around
"A Boon A Boon" quoth he.

90. ~~No Boon I'll grant thee quoth the thing
But into the River go
The straightway struck him on the Brooch
By the neck and heels the paragoned ffoe.~~
No Boon I'll grant thee quoth the thing
But thou shalt ^{say}
The straightway struck him on the Brooch
By the neck and heels the paragoned ffoe.

91. He whirled the Hero in the Air
Full twelve yards high ^{and} more
So high the like were never soon done
By mortal Man before.

92. Around doth turn the Windmill Sails
Whom by the Loupest toped
So winds ear on and so fast
All vital sense he lost.

93. A like the fragment of a Rock
By some huge Giant thrown
Into the Air: so up he rose
And so he tumbled down.

94. And as he passed all through the Air
So lightesome and so gay
Sir Claret Wine unto the ffoe
Most spitefully did say.

95. "Thou fliest lightly by my troth
"Excuse my vulgar Whim
"So chuse thee chuse thee good ffollow
"Whether thoult sink or swim."

96. The River Calder ran hard by
Received the Hero's fall
So great the Noise the ffishes were
Amazed great and small.
In Calder's limpid Stream he fell
Far from the Bank so gay
The liquid ffish were all amazed
And scudded fast away.

To lose their lives or else in fight
Sir Vinyard fforte to take.

97. 102 Thon forth they rushed into the midst
Where they Sir Vinyard found
And with a deep and deadly stroke
They ffolled him to the Ground.

97. + Lord what a splash the Hero made!
How did the Waters fly!
Not more when I was amongst the frogs
Their thing sent from the sky.

There
Every
So
What

98. The Wakefield Heroes saw him fall
In haste they dragged him out
Though sadly drenched and sore afraid
He soon grew strong and stout.

99. Mean time ^{both} the Knights and Heroes fought
They did so kick and cuff
Their Arms they laid about as if
They neer could fight enough.

100. Thus they stormod and fought and raged
Howe Howe more that Day
Who would the Battle win or lose
No one not yet could say.

101. At length three Heroes fierce and bold
A solemn vow did make
To lose their lives or else in fight
Sir Vinyard forte to take.

102. Then forth they rushed into the midst
Where they Sir Vinyard found
And with a deep and deadly stroke
They felled him to the Ground.

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