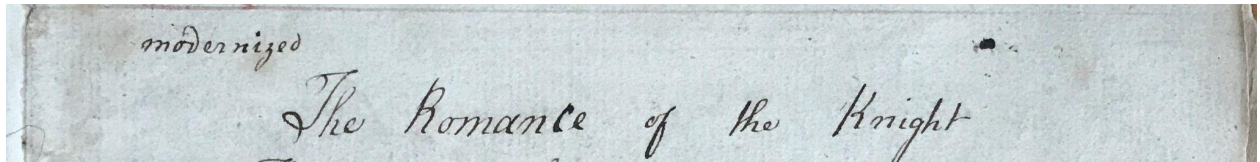


The Romance of the Knight

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Menu

Original handwritten manuscript : Chatterton 1768

Panel 1 : [View](#)

First Printing : 1803, volume 2, page 174.

Online : [View](#)

Notes

The Romance of the Knight is a part of, and can be seen in:

Continuation of the Account of the Family of the De Burgham's from the Norman Conquest to this Time by Thomas Chatterton : [View](#)

The Romance of the Knight is Chatterton's own 'modernized' version of his :

The Romaunte of the Cnyght:

Online : [View](#)

See Taylor p.330

Location of manuscript: Bristol Library

Condition of manuscript: Very faded

Panel 1 : The Romance of the Knight

modernized

The Romance of the Knight
The pleasing Sweets of Spring and Summer past
The falling Leave flies in the sultry blast
The Fields resign their sparkling Orbs of Gold
The wrinkled Grass its Silver Joys unfold
Mantling the spreading Moor in Heavenly White
Meeting from every Hill their ravished Sight
The yellow Flag uprears its spotted Head
Hanging regardant o'er its watery bed.

The worthy Knight ascends his foaming Steed
Of size uncommon and no common Breed
His Sword of giant make hangs from his Belt
Whose piercing Edge his daring Foos had felt
To seek for glory and Renown he goes
To scatter Death among his trembling Foos
Unnerv'd by fear they trembled at his Stroke
Do cutting Blasts shake the tall mountain Oak
Dron in a dark and solitary Vale

Where the sweetest Bird sings her fatal Tale
Where Hops and Brambles interwoven lie
Where Trees intertwining arch the azure Sky
Thither the fate-mark'd Champion bent his way
By purling Streams to lose the heat of day
A sudden Cry assaults his listening Ear
His Soul too noble to admit of fear
The Cry recoils: with his bounding Hood
He gauges the way from whence the fiend proceed
The arching Trees above obscured the Light
Here hush all coming there Eternal Night
And now the rustling Leaves and strengthened for
Bespeak the cause of the confusion nigh

W. E. H. u. beated. person
x Sound Nows y. Gray

Thro' the thick Brake the astonished Champion sees
A weeping Daniel bending on her knees
A Russian Knight would force her to the ground
But still some small resisting strength she found
~~(The champion thus: Do not discomfite Knight
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might,
With eye contemptuous thus the Knight replies
Begone whoever dares my Fury die
Down to the ground the Champions Gauntlet fling
I dare thy Fury & I'll prove it too~~

For however savoury disagree
It is a sweet Orthodox will, me
not crimes which merely from the
now held no crimes in the immortal eyes

Like two fierce Mountain Boars engaged they fly
The prancing steeds make Echo rend the sky
Like a fierce Tempest is the bloody fight
Dead from his lofty stand falls the proud Russian Knight
The Victor sadly pleased, accosts the Dame
I will convey you hence to whomever you came
With look of Gratitude the Fair replied
Content: I in your Virtue may confide
But, said the Fair as mournful she surveyed
The breathless Corse upon the Meadows laid
May all thy Sins from Heaven forgiveness find
Nay not, thy Bodys crimes, affect thy Mind.