

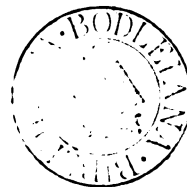


*Taken from a slight sketch, lent by Lady Dornier, of the celebrated picture of "Giving the Loaf"  
Painted by Giles Tilbury in 1570.*

Y<sup>E</sup> DOLE  
OF  
TICHBORNE.

BY LORD NUGENT.

ILLUSTRATED BY V. H. D.



LONDON:

BEMROSE AND SONS, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW; AND IRONGATE, DERBY.

1871.

280. f.

297.



## YE DOLE OF TICHBORNE.

---



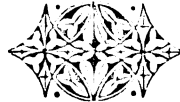
AMONG the curiosities exhibited at the Town-hall, Newport, during the Congress of the Archæological Society, in 1855, was a singular picture of the presentation of the Tichborne Dole, which has attracted much attention, and with respect to which Mr. F. Baigent communicated an interesting paper. The family of Tichborne date their possession of the present patrimony, the manor of Tichborne, near Winchester, so far back as 200 years before the Conquest. The origin of the ancient and curious custom known as the Tichborne Dole was thus related :—

When the Lady Mabella, worn out with age and infirmity, was lying on her deathbed, she besought her loving husband, as her last request, that he would grant her the means of leaving behind her a charitable bequest, in a dole of bread to be distributed to all who should apply for it annually on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Sir Roger, her husband, readily acceded to the request by promising the produce of as much land as she could go over in the vicinity of the park while a certain brand or billet was burning, supposing that, from her long infirmity, (for she had been bedridden some years), she would be able to go round a small portion only of his property. The venerable dame, however, ordered her attendants to convey her to the corner of the park, where, being deposited on the ground, she seemed to receive a renovation of strength, and, to the surprise of her anxious and admiring lord, who began to wonder where this pilgrimage might end, she crawled round several rich and goodly acres.

The field which was the scene of Lady Mabella's extraordinary feat retains the name of Crawls to this day. It is situated near the entrance of the park, and contains an area of 23 acres. Her task being completed, she was re-conveyed to her chamber, and, summoning her family to her bedside, predicted its prosperity while the annual dole existed, and left her malediction on any of her descendants who should be so mean or covetous as to discontinue or divert it, prophesying that when such should happen the old house would fall, and the family would become extinct from the failure of heirs male, and that this would be foretold by a generation of seven sons, being followed immediately after by a generation of seven daughters, and no son.

#### YE DOLE OF TICHBORNE.

The custom thus founded in the reign of Henry II. continued to be observed for centuries ; the 25th of March became the annual festive day of the family, and the friends and different branches of the house of Tichborne came from far and near to witness and assist at the performance of the good lady's legacy. In 1670, Sir H. Tichborne employed Giles Tilbury, an eminent Flemish painter, to represent the ceremony of the distribution of the bread. The picture was highly valuable, as giving a faithful representation of old Tichborne-house, in the time of Charles II., which Camden, nearly a century previous, had declared to be a "very antient house." It was pulled down in 1803, and the present edifice erected. The picture passed by marriage into the hands of Mr. Michael Blount, and was sold by him to the late Sir E. Doughty, at the nominal price of £400. It was usual to take 1,400 loaves for the purpose of the dole, of 1 lb. 10 oz. avoirdupois weight each, and if after the distribution there remained any persons to whom bread had not been distributed they received 2d. each in lieu thereof. It was not until the middle of the last century that the custom was discontinued, when, under the pretence of attending Tichborne Dole, vagabonds, gipsies, and idlers of every description assembled from all quarters, pilfering throughout the neighbourhood, and at last, the gentry and magistrates complaining, it was discontinued in 1796. This gave great offence to many who had been accustomed to receive it, and a partial falling of the old house in 1803 was looked upon as an ominous sign of Lady Mabella's displeasure. Singularly enough, the baronet of that day had seven sons, and when he was succeeded by the eldest there appeared a generation of seven daughters, and the apparent fulfilment of the prophecy was completed by the change of the name of the late baronet to Doughty, under the will of his kinswoman.





## YE DOLE OF TICHBORNE.

### I.

Ye ould Ladye,  
her last sickness.

“Come, vowe mee a vowe, my owne trewe lorde,”  
Y<sup>e</sup> ould Ladye of Tichborne sayd ;  
“Come, pledge mee y<sup>e</sup> fayth of thy trustye worde,  
As I lie onn my dying bedd.

### II.

Her pious  
requeste.

“Ande soe shall my deare sowle better spede,  
Y<sup>f</sup> for Charitee’s sweete sake  
For aye, as the hongrye straungere’s mede,  
A free gifte thou woldest make.”

### III.

“Nowe pass thee y<sup>n</sup> peace mye owne deare wife,”  
Y<sup>e</sup> weepinge knight replyed,  
“Nor shall y<sup>tt</sup> bee said, with thy parting life  
That this boone y<sup>tt</sup> was denyed.

### IV.

“And I will graunte thy parting prayer,  
Beetide y<sup>tt</sup> whate’er may bee,  
Were y<sup>tt</sup> e’en to y<sup>e</sup> halfe of mye londes fayre,  
For this dede of charitee.”












## YE DOLE OF TICHBORNE.

---

MONG the curiosities exhibited at the Town-hall, Newport, during the Congress of the Archæological Society, in 1855, was a singular picture of the presentation of the Tichborne Dole, which has attracted much attention, and with respect to which Mr. F. Baigent communicated an interesting paper. The family of Tichborne date their possession of the present patrimony, the manor of Tichborne, near Winchester, so far back as 200 years before the Conquest. The origin of the ancient and curious custom known as the Tichborne Dole was thus related:—

When the Lady Mabella, worn out with age and infirmity, was lying on her deathbed, she besought her loving husband, as her last request, that he would grant her the means of leaving behind her a charitable bequest, in a dole of bread to be distributed to all who should apply for it annually on the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Sir Roger, her husband, readily acceded to the request by promising the produce of as much land as she could go over in the vicinity of the park while a certain brand or billet was burning, supposing that, from her long infirmity, (for she had been bedridden some years), she would be able to go round a small portion only of his property. The venerable dame, however, ordered her attendants to convey her to the corner of the park, where, being deposited on the ground, she seemed to receive a renovation of strength, and, to the surprise of her anxious and admiring lord, who began to wonder where this pilgrimage might end, she crawled round several rich and goodly acres.

The field which was the scene of Lady Mabella's extraordinary feat retains the name of Crawls to this day. It is situated near the entrance of the park, and contains an area of 23 acres. Her task being completed, she was re-conveyed to her chamber, and, summoning her family to her bedside, predicted its prosperity while the annual dole existed, and left her malediction on any of her descendants who should be so mean or covetous as to discontinue or divert it, prophesying that when such should happen the old house would fall, and the family would become extinct from the failure of heirs male, and that this would be foretold by a generation of seven sons, being followed immediately after by a generation of seven daughters, and no son.

#### VE DOLE OF TICHBORNE.

The custom thus founded in the reign of Henry II. continued to be observed for centuries; the 25th of March became the annual festive day of the family, and the friends and different branches of the house of Tichborne came from far and near to witness and assist at the performance of the good lady's legacy. In 1670, Sir H. Tichborne employed Giles Tilbury, an eminent Flemish painter, to represent the ceremony of the distribution of the bread. The picture was highly valuable, as giving a faithful representation of old Tichborne-house, in the time of Charles II., which Camden, nearly a century previous, had declared to be a "very antient house." It was pulled down in 1803, and the present edifice erected. The picture passed by marriage into the hands of Mr. Michael Blount, and was sold by him to the late Sir E. Doughty, at the nominal price of £400. It was usual to take 1,400 loaves for the purpose of the dole, of 1 lb. 10 oz. avoirdupois weight each, and if after the distribution there remained any persons to whom bread had not been distributed they received 2d. each in lieu thereof. It was not until the middle of the last century that the custom was discontinued, when, under the pretence of attending Tichborne Dole, vagabonds, gipsies, and idlers of every description assembled from all quarters, pilfering throughout the neighbourhood, and at last, the gentry and magistrates complaining, it was discontinued in 1796. This gave great offence to many who had been accustomed to receive it, and a partial falling of the old house in 1803 was looked upon as an ominous sign of Lady Mabella's displeasure. Singularly enough, the baronet of that day had seven sons, and when he was succeeded by the eldest there appeared a generation of seven daughters, and the apparent fulfilment of the prophecy was completed by the change of the name of the late baronet to Doughty, under the will of his kinswoman.





# YE DOLE OF TICHBORNE.

## I.

Ye ould Ladye,  
her last sickness.

“Come, vowe mee a vowe, my owne trewe lorde,”  
Ye ould Ladye of Tichborne sayd ;  
“Come, pledge mee y<sup>e</sup> fayth of thy trustye worde,  
As I lie onn my dying bedd.

## II.

Her pious  
requeste.

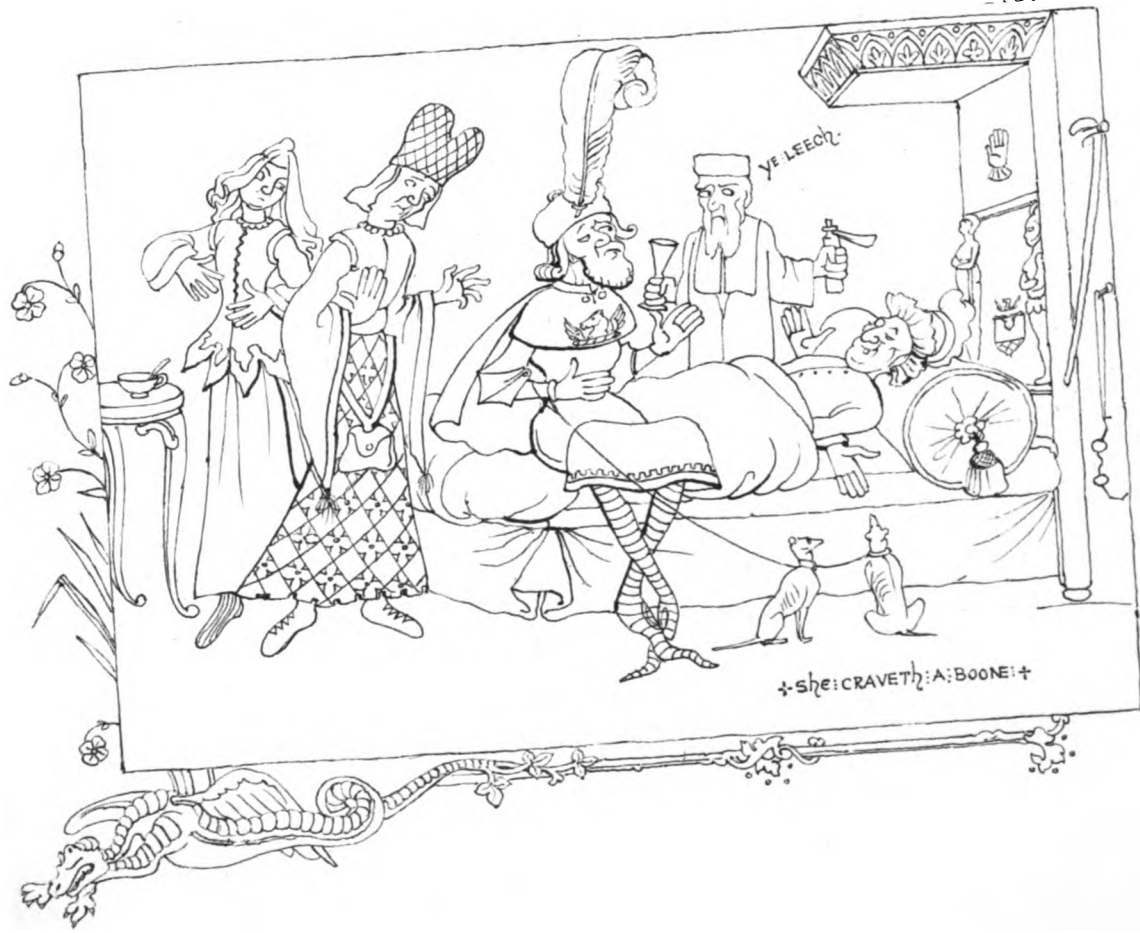
“Ande soe shall my deare sowle better spede,  
Y<sup>f</sup> for Charitee’s sweete sake  
For aye, as the hongrye straungere’s mede,  
A free gifte thou woldest make.”

## III.

“Nowe pass thee y<sup>n</sup> peace mye owne deare wife,”  
Ye weepinge knight replyed,  
“Nor shall y<sup>tt</sup> bee said, with thy parting life  
That this boone y<sup>tt</sup> was denied.

## IV.

“And I will graunte thy parting prayer,  
Beetide y<sup>tt</sup> whate’er may bee,  
Were y<sup>tt</sup> e’en to y<sup>e</sup> halfe of mye londes fayre,  
For this dede of charitee.”









## V.

She loffeth.

Thenn loffed loud y<sup>att</sup> auncient crone,  
 Onn her deathbedd as shee didd lie,  
 And marvayled her maydens everyche one,  
 For shee loffed right merrilye.

## VI.

And thus to the leech by her bedd side  
 She sayd—"What thinkest thou?  
 How farre moght I crawle o'er these londes wide?  
 Speke oute, Maystere Doctoure, nowe.

## VII.

Ye oulde crone  
she hath a minde  
to crawle.

"Small thoght hadd I, y<sup>n</sup> this payne and woe,  
 To range o'er y<sup>e</sup> fieldes agen;  
 Bott fayne wolde I learne howe far I moght goe;  
 Speke oute, Maystere Doctoure, thenn."

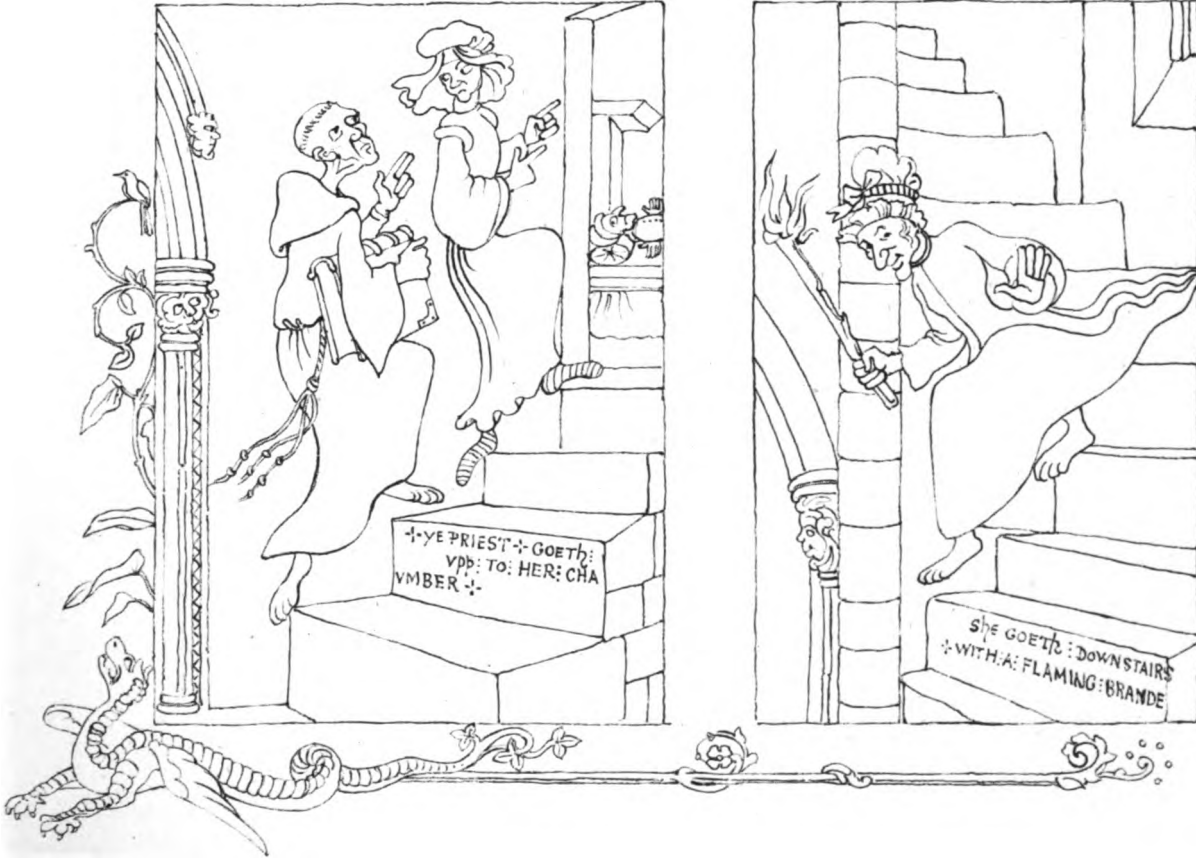
## VIII.

Then oute bespake y<sup>att</sup> Doctoure wight,  
 For a learned Leech was hee,  
 "Nowe, e'er that thou dye, y<sup>f</sup> I rede aright,  
 Meethinks thou mayst crawle steppes three.

## IX.

Ye Leech, his  
excellent reply  
and sounde  
advice.

"For a beddridden woman thou long hast beene,  
 And thou touchest neare thine ende,  
 Soe thinke onn heaven, and close thine eyne,  
 And lett Sir Prieste attende."







X.

Then loffed agen that dying crone,  
And, "List, my trewe lorde," said shee,  
"The leech speketh well, bott nowe to mye boone,  
Once agen give eare unto mee.

XI.

Ye crone sheweth  
her minde.

"Thou see'st yon brande, how y<sup>t</sup> burneth fayre  
On y<sup>e</sup> hearth where y<sup>t</sup> doth lie,  
"Twolde quicklye quenche y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> stormye aire,  
And soe, indeede, sholde I.

XII.

"Yett nowe will I crawle onn my dying joyntes,  
With this oulde sponke y<sup>n</sup> my honde,  
And as far as I crawle, from pointe to pointe,  
Thou shalt give mee of thy londe.

XIII.

"Whilst this brande and I shall eache a sparke  
Of living fire keep y<sup>n</sup>,  
Soe moch of thy londe, I pray thee, marke,  
Of thy free gifte I shall winn.

XIV.

"And that londe shall aye a dole afforde  
At this gate, to y<sup>e</sup> hongrye poore ;"  
Thenn doubted moch her owne trewe lorde,  
Of her wittes hee felt not sure.



She CRAWLETȝ STOVTLYE AND  
ENCOMPASSETȝ MOCH GOOD LANDE

ATT WHICH YE KNIGHT YS SORE TROVBLED.







She setteth forth  
for her crawle.

XV.

She tooke y<sup>e</sup> bronde y<sup>n</sup> her withered fist,  
As she crawled onn her knee,  
And her lorde was sadde, for crawle where she list  
She most have y<sup>n</sup> for her fee.

XVI.

She crawled south, she crawled west,  
North and easte she crawled alsoe ;  
And y<sup>e</sup> lustyest said, who colde walke y<sup>e</sup> beste,  
Such a crawle wolde worke themm woe.

XVII.

Wherefore ye  
Knight ys sore  
troubled yn  
respect of his  
promise.

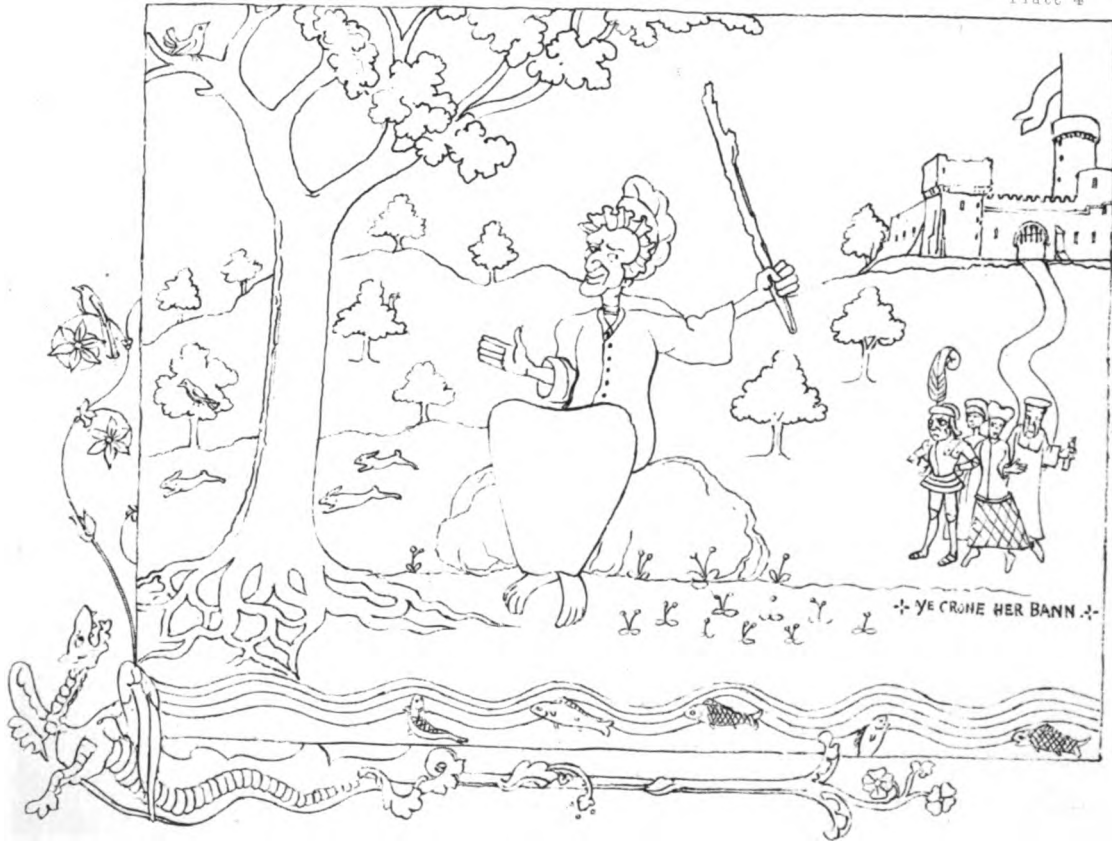
Ande she crawled and crawled, and the knight, y<sup>n</sup> pain  
For his landes, groned fulle sore,  
To thinke how littel to hym moght remayne  
Y<sup>f</sup> she crawled bott a littel more.

XVIII.

And brighter and brighter burnd y<sup>e</sup> brande,  
And more stoutlye crawled y<sup>e</sup> crone,  
And shee crawled round fourscore roode of lande,  
Till she reached an oulde graye stone.

XIX.

“And this,” cryed she, “shall y<sup>e</sup> boundarye bee,  
For I wys my brande and breath  
Nowe waxen shorte, bott this charitee  
Shall remember y<sup>e</sup> of my death.



✦ YE CRONE HER BANN ✦





Ye crone holdeth  
forth.

XX.

“And eache poore knave, that shall afterwards crave  
For y<sup>e</sup> dole at Tichborne doore,  
One loaf of wheaten bread shall have,  
Of vi ounces and a score.

XXI.

“And this I charge for y<sup>e</sup> goode of my sowle,  
Onn soch heirs as may after bee  
Of this fayre house, y<sup>ts</sup> this blessed dole  
They shall give continuallye.

XXII.

Ye bann.

“And to this sure bann, for my deare sowle's peace,  
This house and y<sup>ts</sup> lordes I condemme—  
Whenn y<sup>ts</sup> heires y<sup>e</sup> dole of bredd shall cease  
Noe heires shall be bredd to themm.

XXIII.

“Yett of dochters fayre there shall bee goode store,  
Kinde and lovelye to see,  
Ande aye as the sonnes wax fewer, the more  
And the lovelier y<sup>e</sup> dochters shall bee.”

XXIV.

Then she threwe y<sup>e</sup> brande y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> streamlet neare,  
Full 50 roode her fro,  
Ande y<sup>e</sup> streamlet did hisse, as y<sup>ts</sup> waters clere  
With that oulde sponke were seene to flowe.









XXV.

Ande downe y<sup>e</sup> streamlet that livelong day  
Was that ould sponke seene to sayle,  
And y<sup>e</sup> littel troutes swam fulle faste awaye  
For y<sup>n</sup> burned them y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>e</sup> tayle.

XXVI.

Ye ould Ladye  
endeth her say-  
ing, and departeth  
this life.

“Nowe, owre liege King Henry, of that goode name  
The second, goode luck beetyde ;  
And Ave Maria, bonne grace, Notre Dame,”  
The ould crone saide, and dyed.

Yeares rowled theyre course, ande . . . . .

(Here the MS is illegible for 150 stanzas.)

XXVII.

And they rose y<sup>n</sup> honour, y<sup>n</sup> armes they strove,  
And sometimes y<sup>n</sup> scath were tryed ;  
When for holye Church and for faythfulle love  
Ye galante Chedioke dyed.\*

\*Chedioke Tichborne suffered in Babington's conspiracy. He engaged in it partly from religious zeal, and partly from a romantic passion for Mary, Queen of Scots.







XXVIII.

Of ye Tichbornes  
of renowne.

And wenn civill warres theyre mischief drave  
Bloudye and saddle to see,  
† One Tichborne to y<sup>e</sup> Commonweal clave,  
‡ And one, for hys owne, clomb a tree.

XXIX.

And one did cutt off his soverayne's head,  
His cousin and hee were foes ;  
And y<sup>e</sup> other noe wrong wolde have thoght y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>m</sup> stead  
To have cut off y<sup>e</sup> head of his coz.

XXX.

Yeares rowled theyre course, and . . . .

The MS. is again illegible for 40 stanzas, a period of a century-  
and-a-half, during which only the following two lines are  
preserved :

XXXI.

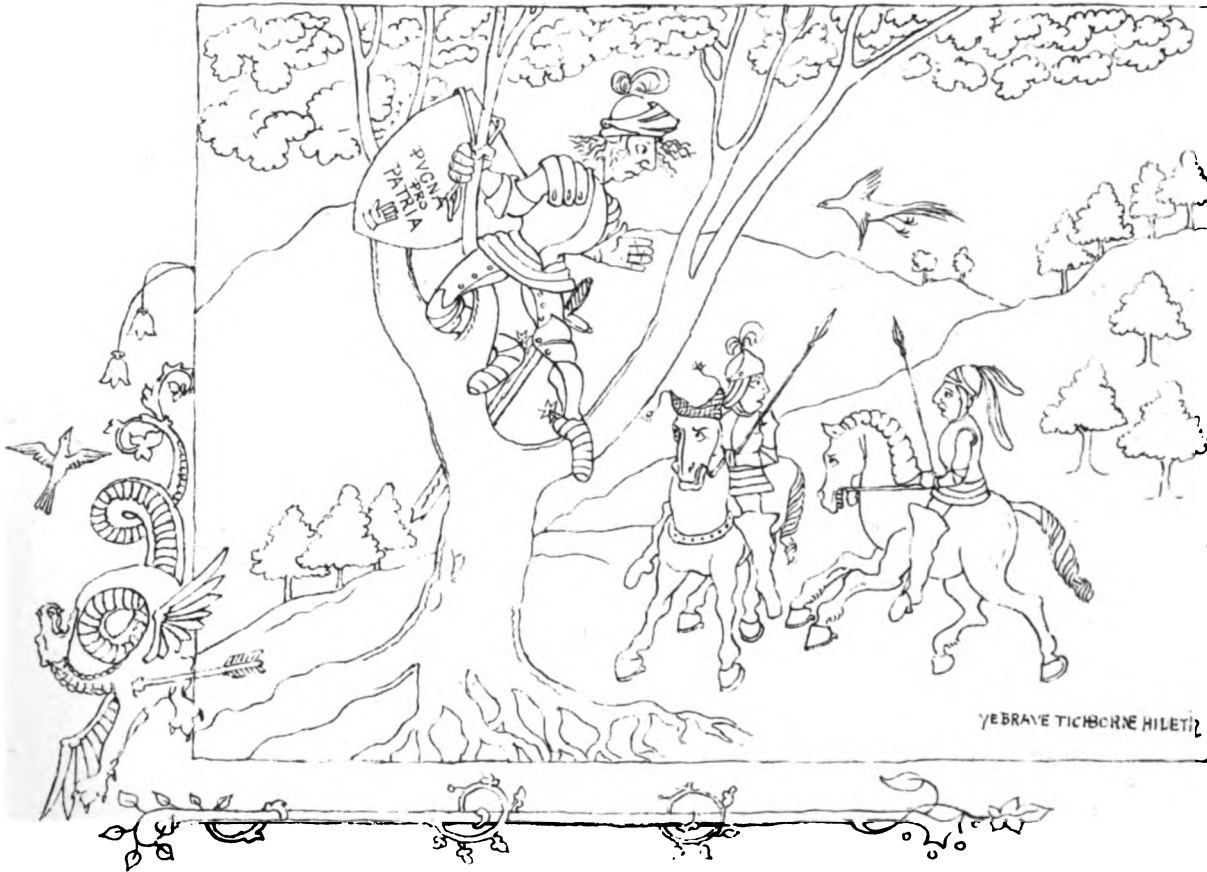
Ye dole ceaseth.

And y<sup>e</sup> knight grewe sorelye sicke of y<sup>e</sup> dole,  
And y<sup>m</sup> ceased right dolefullye.

† Colonel Robert Tichborne, who in the civil wars sided with  
the Parliament, and signed the warrant for the King's execution.

‡ His brother, Richard, who was of the other party, and who,  
after the defeat of King Charles at the battle of Cheriton Down, in  
which he bravely fought, took refuge in an oak tree from his pursuers.

Plate 7









Now ye hann  
worketh.

XXXI.

And first there came a fayre-haired child,  
Y<sup>n</sup> wolde not bee borne a sonne,  
Y<sup>n</sup> was all too beautifulle and milde,  
Ande y<sup>n</sup> said y<sup>n</sup> wolde bee a nonne.

Ye plague of  
Dochters.

XXXII.

Then meete indeede to bee her sister  
Y<sup>n</sup> beautye and grace, y<sup>n</sup> felle  
Thatt Fannye was borne, y<sup>n</sup> was alsoe cleare  
Thatt she was a demoselle.

XXXIII.

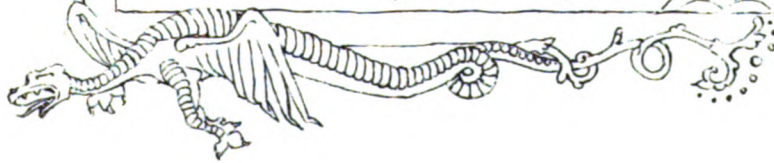
Then Julia, to whose bright tresses sheene  
Dimm was y<sup>e</sup> virgin golde,  
And noe marbel of Greece was ever seene  
Like y<sup>e</sup> skinne over which they rowled.

XXXIV.

Goode Lorde! and those lesser buddes, fayre store,  
Of this lovelye stock that grewe,  
All, alack! like y<sup>e</sup> three afore  
Resolved to be girles too!

XXXV.

And they clave, like their fathers of that old hall,  
To y<sup>e</sup> faith of auncient Rome;  
Beeware, beeware, ye hereticks all,  
Of y<sup>e</sup> flames they may light for youre doome.







XXXVI.

And nowe y<sup>e</sup> mysterie oute hath crept,  
Why this bann y<sup>e</sup> oulde crone layd;  
'Tis true that y<sup>e</sup> dole hath nott beene kept,  
Bott y<sup>ts</sup> virtue hath not decayed—

XXXVII.

For she, y<sup>n</sup> her griefe and heavinesse  
Lest y<sup>e</sup> dole sholde fayle, y<sup>n</sup> y<sup>ts</sup> place  
Resolved noe lesse y<sup>e</sup> lande to blesse  
With beautye, goodnesse, and grace.

XXXVIII.

Then whoever shall come to this mansion fayre  
Remember Tichborne Dole;  
Give thanks for y<sup>e</sup> lovely ladyes there,  
And praye for y<sup>e</sup> oulde crone's sowle.

Praye for ye crone  
her sowle.



