Thomas Chatterton: four ways of literary terra-forming

Nick Groom
The sweltrie\textsuperscript{1} Sonne dothe hie apace hys Wayne.\textsuperscript{2} Frō everich beme, a seme\textsuperscript{3} of lyfe doe falle; Swythyn\textsuperscript{4} scille\textsuperscript{5} oppe the haie uponne the Playne, Methynckes the Cocks begynneth to gre\textsuperscript{6} talle: Thys ys alyche ourle Doome,\textsuperscript{7} the greate, the smalle, Moste withe\textsuperscript{8} and be forwyned\textsuperscript{9} by Deathis darte; See the swote\textsuperscript{10} flourette\textsuperscript{11} hathe noe swote at alle; Itte wythe the ranke wede berethe evalle\textsuperscript{12} parte, The Cravent,\textsuperscript{13} Warriour, and the Wyse be blent:\textsuperscript{14} Alyche to drie awaie, with those theie did bemente.\textsuperscript{15}

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textsuperscript{1} sultry
  \item \textsuperscript{2} Car
  \item \textsuperscript{3} Seed
  \item \textsuperscript{4} Quickly presently
  \item \textsuperscript{5} gather
  \item \textsuperscript{6} grow
  \item \textsuperscript{7} Fate
  \item \textsuperscript{8} a Contraction of wither –
  \item \textsuperscript{9} dried:
  \item \textsuperscript{10} Sweete
  \item \textsuperscript{11} flower
  \item \textsuperscript{12} equal
  \item \textsuperscript{13} Coward
  \item \textsuperscript{14} ceased,
  \item \textsuperscript{15} lament
\end{itemize}
Campynon ‘drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge’
‘Battle of Hastings’

‘For thee, O goulde! I dyd the Lawe ycrase’
‘I to the Qwood muste goe’

‘The Goulers Requiem’

‘Queed’

Nathan Bailey, *Universal Etymological Dictionary*

‘quee'd’

*OED*
Furious he started Rage his Bosom warms
Loud as his backward Thunder thus he storms
Thou puling Insect of a Custard made
Soft as the green Materials of thy Trade
This to thy Head the great Bumbulkins sends
His massy Body to the Table bends
With straining Arms uprears a Loin of Veal
In these degenerate days for three a Meal
In days of old as various Writers say
An Alderman or Priest eat three a Day
With Godlike Strength the brave Bumbulkins plies
His stretching Muscles and the Mountain flies
Swift as a Cloud that shadows oer the Plain
It flew and scatter’d drops of oily Rain
In opposition to extended Knives
On Giant Thrimso’s Breast the Mountain drives
He thunders senseless to the sandy Ground
Prest with the Steamy Load that ooz’d around
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms; Loud as his lordship’s morning duns he storms. Thou vulgar imitator of the great, Grown wanton with the excrements of state: This to thy Head, notorious Twitcher sends. His shadow body to the table bends: His straining arms uprears a loin of veal, In these degenerate days for three a meal: In ancient times, as various writers say, An alderman or priest eat three a day. With godlike strength, the grinning Twitcher plies His stretching muscles, and the mountain flies. Swift, as a Cloud that shadows o’er the plain, It flew; and scatter’d drops of oily rain. In opposition to extended knives, On royal Madoc’s spreading chest it drives: Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground Prest with the steaming load that ooz’d around.
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‘The Constabiliad’
The Children of the Wave whose palid race
Views the faint Sun display a languid face
From the red fury of thy Justice fled
Swifter than Torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear with a sick’ned Silver ting’d their hue,
The guilty fear when Vengeance is their due

Soft, as the cooling Murmur of the Gales
Majestic as the many color’d Snake
Trailing his Glorys thro’ the blossom’d brake
Black as the glossy Rocks where Eascal roars
Foaming thro’ sandy Wastes to Jagirs Shores

‘Heccar and Gaira’
Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
Thro’ scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed

Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the dust, and number’d with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long, shall their attributes be known in song.
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow’r,
Ripen’d in ages, wither’d in an hour.

‘Narva and Mored’
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies:
Beyond our sight, in vast extension curl’d,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.

‘The Death of Nicou’
‘O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue? –
To give at evening pale
   Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

‘O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye? –
   To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry?

John Keats, *Endymion*, Book IV
Mr. Catcott says that Chatterton us’d occasionally to have such fits of depression of spirits, that he us’d to walk out with him into the country in hopes of amusing his mind by the Scenery of the Landscapes in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and of refreshing his exhausted] spirits by the freshness of the air & the agreeable motion of gentle exercise.

William Seward