

made the song himself; and this is how it ran:—

“ Merrily sang the monks of Ely
As Canute the king rowed thereby;
‘Row, men, row, to land draw near,
And let us the song of the good monks hear.’”

3. Another time it was winter, when the king and his men set out for Ely. The waters were frozen over, but no one was sure that the ice would bear. While the king and those with him stood in doubt, up came a country fellow, who was so fat that the folks about Ely called him Pudding. “Are you afraid to cross?” said Pudding. “Let me go before the king.” “Do!” said the king, “and I will follow you. You are a big and heavy man, I am small and light; and what will bear you will surely bear me.” And so the man crossed over, and the king went after him; and it was a lucky day for Pudding, for the king gave him a good slice of land for his pains.

II.

4. There is a famous story of King Canute which I must not forget to tell you. There were many of those who served the king who used to praise him too much, or flatter him. One day, when he was by the sea-shore, some of them came to him and told him that he was lord of land and sea, and that even the waves would obey him. “Will they?” said he. “Then bring out my chair and set it near the sea.” So they brought out his chair,