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Henry Taylor

A Complete Edition of the Poets of GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the First.

Containing

Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt & Sackville.

LONDON.

Printed for John & Arthur Arch, *23. Gracechurch Street:*

and for Bell & Bradfute & J. Mundell & Co. *Edinburgh*

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Containing

CANTERBURY TALES,
ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE,
TROILUS AND CRESEIDE,
THE COURT OF LOVE,
THE COMPLAINT OF PITEE,
ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE,
THE ASSEMBLEE OF FOULES,
THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT,
THE BOOK OF THE DUCHESSE,
CHAUCER'S A, B, C,
THE HOUSE OF FAME,
CHAUCER'S DREME,
THE FLOUR AND THE LEFE,
THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN,
THE COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS,
THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Old CHAUCER, like the *morning ſtar*,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades.

DENHAM'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF COWLEY.

George Taylor

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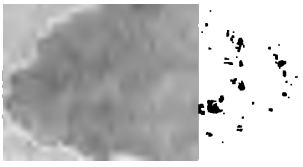

THE LIFE OF CHAUCER.

n the beginning of the eleventh century, our vernacular poetry received from the Normans, the ıdiments of that cultivation which it has preſerved to the preſent times.

In the two ſucceeding centuries, the principal efforts of our yet untutored verſifiers, were rhyming hronicles and metrical romances, the ſtyle of which was rough, and the harmony of the numbers try defective.

In the reign of Edward I., the character of our poetical compoſition was conſiderably changed, by he introduction and increaſe of the tales of chivalry, and the popular fables of the troubadours of Provence.

Fictitious adventures were then ſubſtituted by the minſtrels in the place of hiſtorical and tradi-ionary facts, and a taſte for ornamental and exotic expreſſion gradually prevailed over the rude ſim-licity of the native Engliſh phraſeology.

Theſe fabulous narratives, afterwards enlarged by kindred fancies, derived from the cruſades, ıd enriched by the marvellous machinery of the Italian poets, formed the taſte, and awakened e imagination of GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the illuſtrious ornament of the reign of Edward III. and of ıſucceſſor Richard II., the father of the Engliſh heroic verſe, and the firſt Engliſh verſifier who rote poetically.

Of the great poet, with whoſe compoſitions this collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry commences, e curioſity which his reputation muſt excite, will require more ample information than can now e given. His contemporaries, who reverenced his genius, recorded few particulars of his life; nd all who have ſince written of him, relate nothing beyond what caſual mention, uncertain tra-ition, and diſcordant conjecture, have ſupplied.

This meagre narration, therefore, ſcarcely merits the title that is given to it; but the materials or a fuller account are not to be found, without ſupplying the deficiency of facts by the comments nd inventions of his biographers, which have nothing to recommend them to credit but the ſingle ircumſtance of being often repeated.

The birth of Chaucer, in 1328, has been ſettled, from the inſcription on his tomb-ſtone, ſignifying hat he died in 1400, in the 72d year of his age.

Of the place of his nativity there is no memorial, any more than of his parents. Bale ſays he was Berkſhireman; Pits would entitle Woodſtock in Oxfordſhire to his birth; and Camden affirms that London was his birth-place: "Edmund Spenſer," ſays he, "a Londoner, was ſo ſmiled on by the Muſes at his birth, that he excelled all the Engliſh poets that went before him, if we except only his ellow citizen Chaucer." But Chaucer himſelf ſeems to have determined the point. In his *Teſta-ent of Love*, he calls himſelf a *Londonois* or Londoner, and ſpeaks of the city of London as the lace of his *engendrure*.

His deſcent has been variouſly aſſigned. Leland ſays that he was of a noble ſtock; Pits, that he was the ſon of a knight; Speght, that his father was a vintner; and Hearne, that he was a merchant.

This difference of opinion ſhews, that nothing can be ſaid with any tolerable aſſurance of his amily; but the patronymic name ſeems to indicate, that it came originally from Normandy; and there is ſomewhat more probability of his being the ſon of a gentleman rather than of a tradeſman.

His biographers are as much in the dark about the place of his education. They tell us that l received the rudiments of his education in Solere's Hall, Cambridge, where he wrote his *Court Love*; and afterwards completed his ſtudies in Merton College, Oxford.

In his *Court of Love*, he ſpeaks of himſelf under the name and character of "Philogenet of Cambridge, Clerk." This is by no means a deciſive proof that he was really educated at Ca bridge; but it may be admitted as a ſtrong argument, that he was not educated at Oxford, as L land has ſuppoſed, without the ſhadow of proof. The biographers, however, inſtead of weighi one of theſe accounts againſt the other, have adopted both, and tell us very gravely that he w firſt at Cambridge, and afterwards removed from thence to complete his education at Oxford.

After he left the univerſity, he is ſuppoſed to have added to his accompliſhments by travelli into France and the Low Countries; but when he went abroad, or at what time he returned, a circumſtances not determined.

His biographers agree, that on his return, he entered himſelf of the Inner Temple, and proſecut for ſome time the ſtudy of the law. Speght has given us a record in the Inner Temple (which l ſays a Mr. Buckley had ſeen), where "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two ſhillings, for beating a Fra ciſcan friar in Fleet-ſtreet." It were to be wiſhed that he had given the date. Leland ſays, "C *degia Leguleiorum frequentavit*, after his travels in France, and perhaps before." Theſe travels in Fran reſt entirely on the authority of Leland, whoſe account is full of inconſiſtencies.

He appears to have been early converſant with the court, and particularly attached to the ſervi of the king's ſon, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, by whoſe favour he obtained in marria Philippa, daughter of Sir Payne, or Pagan Rouet, a native of Hainault, and ſiſter of the fame Catherine Swynford, the duke's miſtreſs, and afterwards his wife.

As the credit of the Duke of Lancaſter increaſed with his father, Chaucer's alſo roſe in a li proportion; and the livelineſs of his parts, and the native gaiety of his diſpoſition, rendered him very popular and acceptable character in the Engliſh court, at that time the moſt gay and ſplend in Europe.

That he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf before this time by his poetical performances, is almoſt certai and there is a tradition ſupported by ſome paſſages in his *Dream*, and *Cukoo and Nightingale*, th when he attended the court at Woodſtock, he reſided at a ſquare ſtone houſe near the park ſtil which ſtill retains his name.

The firſt authentic memorial of Chaucer, is the patent in Rymer, 41. Edward III. by which t king grants to him an annuity of 20 marks, by the title of *Valettus noſter*. He was then in the 39 year of his age. How long he had ſerved the king in that or any other ſtation, and what particul merits were rewarded by this royal bounty, are points equally unknown. There is, however, ground for ſuppoſing that this mark of his Majeſty's favour was a reward of Chaucer's poetic merits. If it is conſidered that a few years after (48. Edward III.), the king appointed hi Comptroller of the Wool, &c. in the port of London, with the following injunction in the patent "So that the ſaid Geoffrey write with his own hand his rolls, touching the ſaid office, and continual reſide there, and do and execute all things pertaining to the ſaid office in his own proper perſo and not by his ſubſtitute;"—it ſhould ſeem that Edward, though adorned with many royal and hero virtues, had not the gift of diſcerning and patronizing a great poet: a gift which, like that of genuin poetry, is only beſtowed on the choſen few, by the peculiar favour of Heaven;

——— neque enim, niſi carus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis, poterit magno fuiſſe poetæ.
MILT. MANSUS.

From this time Chaucer is frequently mentioned in various public inſtruments. In the 46. E ward III., [*Rymer*] the king appoints him Envoy (with two others) to Genoa, by the title of *Scutij noſter*. This embaſſy might probably have afforded him an opportunity of viſiting Petrarch Padua, where he tells us, in the prologue to the *Clerkes Tale*, he learned from him the ſtory of Gr ſeldis. But it is uncertain whether he ever went upon the embaſſy; and the biographers of Petrarc who died the year following (1374), have not recorded the reverential viſit of the Engliſh envo

some write," says Speght, "that he, with Petrarke, was present at the marriage of Lionell Duke of Clarence, with Violante, daughter of Galeasius Duke of Millain; yet Paulus Jovius nameth not Chaucer, but Petrarke, he sayeth, was there." It appears from an instrument in Rymer [42. Edward III.], that the Duke of Clarence passed from Dover to Calais in his way to Milan, in the spring of 1368, with a retinue of 457 men and 1280 horses. That Chaucer might have attended the Duke on this occasion, is not impossible; but his name does not appear among the "Grandi Signori Baroni Inghilese," who were "Com. Messere Lionell in compagnia" [*Muratori*]. In the 48. Edward III., he has a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily [*Rymer*]. In the 49. Edward III. the king grants to him the wardship of Sir Edmond Staplegate's heir [*Rymer*], for which he received 104 l.; and, in the next year, some forfeited wool, to the value of 71 l. 4s. 6d. [*Urr. Life of Ch.*]. In the 50 year of Edward III., he was sent to France with Sir Guichard D'Angle and Richard Stan [or Surry], to treat of a marriage between Richard Prince of Wales, and a daughter of the French king [*Froissart*].

In the next year, 1. Richard II., his annuity of 20 marks was granted to him in lieu of the pitcher of wine daily. In his *Testament of Love*, he alludes to the misfortunes brought upon him by his *meddling* in the disturbances which happened in London in the 7. Richard II. What the real designs of John Comberton, commonly called John of Northampton, and his party, were, and how a trifling city-riot came to be treated as a rebellion, are points of great obscurity. There is good ground to believe that Comberton, in his endeavours to reform the city, according to the advice given by Wickliffe, was countenanced by the Duke of Lancaster, which may account for Chaucer's engagement with that party. When Chaucer fled to Holland, to avoid being examined in relation to these disturbances (as he says, *Test. of Love*) he was probably superseded in his office of Comptroller. It is probable, too, that he was confirmed in it on his return, though the instrument has not been produced. In the 11. Richard II., he had the king's license to surrender his two grants of 20 marks, in favour of John Scalby. This surrender was probably occasioned by his distressed circumstances. In the 13. Richard II., he appears to have been Clerk of the works at Westminster, &c., and in the following year at Windsor. In the 17. Richard II. the king granted him a new annuity of 20 l. [*Rymer.*] If he was ever possessed of Dunnington Castle in Berkshire (as his biographers suppose), he must have purchased it about this time; for it appears to have been in the possession of Sir Richard Adderbury, in the 17. Richard II. [*Monast. Ang. ii.* 474]. But there is no proof of any such purchase; and the situation of his affairs makes it highly improbable. The tradition of an oak in Dunnington park, called Chaucer's oak, may be sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that it was planted by Chaucer himself, as the castle was undoubtedly in the possession of Thomas Chaucer, who is supposed to be his son, for many years.

In the 21. Richard II. the king granted him his protection for two years [*Rymer*]; and in 22, a pipe of wine annually [*ibid*]. In the next year, the 1. Henry IV., his two grants of the annuity of 20 l., and of the pipe of wine, were confirmed to him [*Rymer*]; and at the same time, he had an additional grant of 40 marks, [*ibid*]. It appears that he received an annuity of 10 marks on account of his wife. He died, according to the inscription on his tombstone, in the 2. Henry IV., on the 25th of October 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A monument was erected to his memory in 1556, by Mr. Nicholas Brigham of Oxford, upon which he caused his picture to be painted, from the original of Occleve, in the illuminated manuscript of his treatise *De regimine principis*, together with the following inscription, which still remains.

M.S.

Qui fecit Anglorum vates noster maximus olim.
GALFRIDUS CHAUCER conditur hoc tumulo:
Annum si quæras Domini, si tempora vitæ,
Ecce notæ subsunt quæ tibi cuncta notant.
25 Octobris 1400.
Ærumnarum requies mors.
N. Brigham hos fecit Musarum nomine sumptus.
1556.

These are the principal facts in Chaucer's life, which are attested by authentic evidences. In his *Treatise on the Astrolabe*, he informs us that he had a son called Lewis, who was ten years of age in 1391. There is no account in what station he lived, or when he died. The relation of Thomas Chaucer to him has not been ascertained. Speght says, "that some held opinion, that Thomas Chaucer was not the son of Geoffrey;" and there are certainly many circumstances which render that opinion probable. He married Maude, daughter of Sir John Burghersh, resided chiefly at Ewelm in Oxfordshire, passed through several public stations, and died on the 28th of April 1434.

The poetical compositions of Chaucer, particularly his *Canterbury Tales*, obtained him the highest place of distinction among his contemporaries. The tales, it is probable, were composed at different periods of his life. He connected them together in that admirable dramatic structure in which they are at present, about the year 1383. They were first printed by our meritorious countryman William Caxton, the first English printer, as Ames supposes, about 1475 or 1476, and again in 1491. Subsequent editions were printed by Wynken de Worde, in 1495, and by Pynson in 1491, and 1526, which was the first that included his miscellaneous pieces. The next edition was printed by Godfrey in 1532, with Mr. William Thynne's dedication to Henry VIII., and a great number of pieces never before published. This edition was many times reprinted, as the standard edition of Chaucer's works, till the appearance of the editions of Stowe and Speght in 1561, 1597, and 1602; and of the edition undertaken by Urry, which was published some years after his death, in 1721, with a preface by Mr. Timothy Thomas. An edition of the *Canterbury Tales* was published by Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., in 4 vols. 8vo, 1775, to which was added, in 1778, a fifth volume, containing an "Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer," "an Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales*, and "a Glossary."

The present edition of the *Canterbury Tales* is printed from Tyrwhitt's incomparable edition, and his learned and valuable Glossary is copied with little variation, except in the omission of the numerical references. The *Plowman's Tale*, *Tale of Gamelyn*, *Adventure of Pardoner and Tapster*, and *the Merchant's second Tale*, omitted by Tyrwhitt, have been retained, though all evidence, internal and external, is against the supposition of their being the production of Chaucer.

The genuine *miscellaneous pieces* of Chaucer are printed from Urry's edition, exclusive of those pieces which are known to be the production of other authors, and the anonymous compositions, which, from time to time, have been added to Chaucer's, in the several editions, without any evidence whatever. Besides these more considerable works, it appears that he had composed many *Balades*, *Roundels*, *Virelays*, and that he had *made many a Lay and many a Thing*. A few pieces of this sort are still extant, and inserted here as they stand in the editions.

The works of Chaucer in prose are, a translation of Boethius *de consolatione Philosophiæ*, which he has mentioned himself in *the Legende of Goode Women*, *A Treatise on the Astrolabe*, addressed to his son Lewis in 1391, and *the Testament of Love*, which is evidently an imitation of Boethius *de Consolatione Philosophiæ*.

The private character of Chaucer appears to have been as respectable as his literary character was truly illustrious. In his manners he was mild and gentle; in his disposition he was open and ingenuous. He was a fine gentlemen, an agreeable companion, and a learned writer. His contemporaries and disciples, Gower, Occleve, and Lydgate, are lavish in his praise. With Wickliffe, the father of the Reformation, he concurred in sentiments of religion, and co-operated in his most valuable designs; so natural is the connection between genius and the love of liberty.

On the literary character of Chaucer it is the less necessary to enlarge, as it has within these few years been so accurately and amply displayed by Mr. Warton, the learned historian of the English poetry, whose death is an irreparable loss to English literature, and Mr. Tyrwhitt, whose edition of *the Canterbury Tales* is the most curious, erudite, and valuable publication that has yet appeared in this country.

Chaucer is usually characterised as the Reformer of the English language, and the father of English poetry. He undoubtedly critically cultivated his native tongue, that he might reform its irregularities, and establish an English style; and he was certainly the first person in England to whom the appellation of a poet, in its genuine lustre, could be applied. He has attempted every spe-

dental poetry, from an epigram to an epic poem, and has succeeded in all. If, however he appears pre-eminent in any one poetical department, it is in the descriptive. The *Canterbury Tales*, his greatest production, exhibit a wonderful variety of talents; for they abound with the sublime and the pathetic, with admirable satire, genuine humour, and an uncommon knowledge of life. They were probably composed in imitation of the "Decameron" of Boccace, though upon a different and improved plan. The general plan may be learned from the prologue he has prefixed to them. He supposes there, that a company of pilgrims going to Canterbury, assemble at an inn in Southwark, and agree, that for their common amusement on the road, each of them shall tell at least one tale in going to Canterbury, and another in coming back from thence; and that he who shall tell the best tales, shall be treated by the rest with a supper, upon their return to the same inn. It appears also that he designed to describe their journey, *and all the remenant of their pilgrimage*, including probably their adventures at Canterbury, as well as upon the road; but this extensive and difficult undertaking has been left imperfect; and more than one half of the tales he intended to give is wanting. The characters of the pilgrims are as various as at that time could be found in the departments of middle life; and the stories are exactly suited to their characters, and clearly evince, that Chaucer, notwithstanding the aids he derived from his acquaintance with Italian literature, was possessed of a noble invention, and a fruitful imagination.

The Knight's Tale, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, *Tale of the Nun's Priest*, *Flower and the Leaf*, and *The Character of a Good Parson*, have been thought worthy of imitation and revival by Dryden, whose paraphrases, particularly of the *Knight's Tale*, and of the *Flower and the Leaf*, are the most animated and harmonious pieces of versification in the English language. Pope has imitated the *Merchant's Tale*, *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*, and *The House of Fame*, with his usual elegance of diction and harmony of versification. Mr. Betterton has translated the *Reve's Tale* and the *Characters of the Pilgrims*; and a collection of "The Canterbury Tales Modernized," was published by Mr. Ogle, in 1 vol. 8vo, 1741.

The *Squier's Tale* is considered by Mr. Warton as Chaucer's capital poem; and he has admirably explained the origin of the fictions with which it abounds. With like ingenuity and learning he illustrates the various poems of Chaucer; and with regard to those which had a foreign original, shews how far the productions which gave rise to them have been copied, altered, and improved. The comparison turns out in many respects to the advantage of the English poet.

"Chaucer," says he, "was a man of the world; and from this circumstance we are to account, in a great measure, for the many new embellishments conferred on our poetry. The descriptions of splendid processions and gallant carousals, with which his works abound, are a proof that he was conversant with the practice and diversions of polite life. His travels likewise enabled him to cultivate the Italian and Provençal poetry with the greatest success, and induced him to polish the asperity, and enrich the sterility of his native versification, with softer cadences, and a more copious and variegated phraseology."

Concerning the licentious passages that are to be met with in Chaucer's poems, the same ingenious and learned writer observes, that they are in a great measure to be imputed to the age in which they were written. "We are apt," says he, "to form romantic and exaggerated notions about the moral innocence of our ancestors. Ages of ignorance and simplicity are thought to be ages of purity. The direct contrary I believe is the case. Rude periods have that grossness of manners, which is not less friendly to virtue than luxury itself. In the middle ages, not only the most flagrant violations of modesty were frequently practised and permitted, but the most infamous vices. Men are less ashamed as they are less polished. Great refinement multiplies criminal pleasures, but at the same time prevents the actual commission of many enormities, at least it preserves public decency, and suppresses public licentiousness."

In delineating Chaucer's talent for humour, Mr. Warton agrees with Dr. Hurd, who, in his "Letters on Chivalry," supposes that the *Rime of Sir Thopas*, was intended to expose the leading absurdities of the old romance. That this was Chaucer's aim appears from many passages taken

from *Isambras*, *Libeaus Desconus*, and other romances, in the same style, which are still extant; and therefore the tale may justly be called a prelude to Don Quixotte.

From Mr. Warton's survey of the poems of Chaucer, these conclusions are deduced concerning him:—That in cultivation and elegance, in harmony and perspicuity of versification, he surpasses his predecessors in an infinite proportion; that his genius was universal, and adapted to themes of unbounded variety; that his merit was not less in painting familiar manners with humour and propriety, than in moving the passions, and in representing the beautiful, or the grand objects of nature, with grace and sublimity; and that he appeared with all the lustre of a true poet, in an age which compelled him to struggle with a barbarous language, and a national want of taste; and when to write verses at all was a singular qualification.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages,
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To ferne halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially from every shire's ende
Of Engelond to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blissful martyr for to seke
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seke.

Befelle that in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute courage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine-and-twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly when the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take our way ther, as I you devise.

But natheles while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre,
And eke in what araie that they were inne;
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A *Knight* ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre
As well in Cristendom as in Hetheneſſe,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.

At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne *
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne †
Aboven alle nations in Pruce:
In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce,
No Cristen man so ofte of his degre:
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie:
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete Sea
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke worthy Knight hadde ben also

* Alexandria in Egypt was won (and immediately after abandoned) in 1365 by Pierre de Lusignan King of Cyprus.

† He had been placed at the head of the table, the usual compliment to extraordinary merit, as the commentators very propery explain it.

Some time with the Lord of Palatie *
Agen another Hethen in Turkie,
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris,
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif unto no manere wight:
He was a veray parfit gentil Knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.
With him ther was his sone, a yonge *Squier*,
A lover and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse;
Of twenty yere age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe;
And he hadde be sometime in chevachie
In Flaunders, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle full of fresshe floures white and rede:
Singing he was or floyting alle the day:
He was as fresshe as is the moneth of May:
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide;
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride:
He coude songes make, and wel endite.
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write:
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale:
Curteis he was, lowly and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.
A *Yeman* hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so,
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene;
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare full thristily:
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage:
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage:
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharp as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his breist of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene:
A forster was he sothely, as I gesse.
Ther was also a Nonne, a *Prioresse*,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy,
Hire greteſt othe n'as but by Seint Eloy,
And she was cleped Madam Eglentine;
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe:
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle,
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe;
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest:
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest:
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese when she dronken hadde hire draught
Full semely after hire mete she raught:
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful pleasant and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefetan chere
Of court and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede,
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert;
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was,
Hire nose tretis, hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth full smale, and therto soft and red:
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed:
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe,
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes gauded all with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene
On whiche was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another *Nonne* also with hire hadde she
That was hire chapelleine, and *Preestes* thre.
A *Monk* ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider that loved venerie;
A manly man to ben an abbot able;
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable,
And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind, as clere
And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Ben
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And helde after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen
That saith that hunters ben not holy men,
Ne that a monk whan he is rekkeles
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre;
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre;
And I say his opinion was good.
What! shulde he studie and make himselven wo
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved:
Therfore he was a prickasoure a right.
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight.
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust; for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond;

* Palathia in Anatolia.

r to faſten his hood under his chinne
ke of gold ywrought a curious pinne;
-knotte in the greter ende ther was:
d was balled, and ſhone as any glas;
e his face, as it hadde ben anoint;
a lord ful fat, and in good point:
a ſtepe, and rolling in his hed,
emed as a forneis of a led;
ates ſouple, his hors in gret eſtat;
rtainly he was a fayre prelat:
not pale as a forpined goſt;
wan loved he beſt of any roſt:
rey was as broune as is a bery.
ere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
tour, a ful ſolempne man:
he ordres foure is non that can
he of daliance and fayre langage.
de ymade ful many a mariage
ge wimmen at his owen coſt;
is ordre he was a noble poſt.
l beloved and familier was he
rankeleins over all in his contree,
e with worthy wimmen of the Toun,
had power of confeſſion,
e himſelfe, more than a curat,
his ordre he was a licenciat.
ately herde he confeſſion,
eſant was his abſolution.
an eſy man to give penance
he wiſte to han a good pitance,
o a poure ordre for to give
that a man is wel yſhrive;
he gave he dorſte make avant
e that a man was repentant;
ny a man ſo hard is of his herte,
not wepe although him fore ſmerte;
te in ſtede of weping and praieres
ate give ſilver to the poure freres.
uppet was ay farſed ful of knives
nnes for to given fayre wives:
rtainly he hadde a mery note;
ade he ſinge and plaien on a rote.
ſinges * he bare utterly the pris;
ke was white as the flour de lis;
he ſtrong was as a champioun,
ew wel the tavernes in every toun,
ery hoſteler and gay tapſtere,
than a lazar or a beggere;
n ſwiche a worthy man as he
eth nought, as by his faculte
n with ſike lazars acquaintance:
t honeſt, it may not avance,
s delen with no ſwiche pouraille,
with riche and ſellers of vitaille.
over all, ther as profit ſhuld ariſe
he was, and lowly of ſerviſe:
as no man no wher ſo vertuous;
the beſte begger in all his hous,
re a certaine ferme for the grant
his bretheren came in his haunt:
gh a widewe hadde but a ſhoo,
unt was his *In principio*)

word, being not underſtood, has been changed
pies into *ridinges* and *ſieldinges*. It probably
ad of long, from the Saxon *geddian* or *giddian*,

Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went;
His pourchas was wel better than his rent:
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp;
In lovedayes ther coude be mochel help;
For ther was he nat like a cloiſterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure ſcolere,
But he was like a maiſter or a pope:
Of double worſted was his ſemicope,
That round was as a belle out of the preſſe.
Somwhat he liſped for his wantonneſſe
To make his Engliſh ſwete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde ſonge,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright
As don the ſterres in a froſty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A *Merchant* was ther with a forked berd;
In mottelee, and highe on hors he ſat,
And on his hed a Faundriſh bever hat.
His bootes clapſed fayre and ſetiſly;
His reſons ſpake he ful ſolempnely,
Souning alway the encreſe of his winning:
He wold the ſee were kept * for any thing
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eſchanges ſheldes ſelle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit beſette;
Ther wiſte no wight that he was in dette,
So ſtedefaſtly didde he his governance
With his bargeines and with his cheviſance.
Forſothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But ſoth to ſayn I n'ot how men him calle.

A *Clerk* ther was of Oxenford alſo,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake,
But loked holwe, and therto ſoberly.
Ful thredbare was his overeſt courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office;
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red
Of Ariſtotle and his philoſophie
Then robes riche, or fidel or ſautrie:
But all be that he was a philoſophre
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente
On bokes and on lerning he it ſpente,
And beſily gan for the ſoules praie
Of hem that yave him wherwith to ſcolaie.
Of ſtudie toke he moſte cure and hede;
Not a word ſpake he more than was nede,
And that was ſaid in forme and reverence,
And ſhort and quike, and ful of high ſentence;
Souning in moral vertue was his ſpeche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

A *Sergeant of the Lawe* ware and wiſe,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was alſo, ful riche of excellence;
Diſcrete he was, and of grete reverence;
He ſemed ſwiche, his words were ſo wiſe:
Juſtice he was ful often in aſſiſe
By patent and by pleine commiſſioun:
For his ſcience and for his high renoun

* *i. e.* guarded. The old ſubſidy of tonnage or poundage was given to the king "pur la ſauſgarde et cuſtodie du "mer," 12 Edw. IV. c. 3.

Of fees and robes had he many on:
So grete a pourchasour was no wher non:
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect:
No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle
That fro the time of King Will, weren falle;
Therto he coude endite and make a thing;
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing;
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote
Girt with a seint of silk with barres smale.
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A *Frankelein* was in this compagnie;
White was his berd as is the dayesie:
Of his complexion he was sanguin;
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win:
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicure's owen sone,
That held opinion that plein delit
Was verayly felicite parfite.
And housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His bredc, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous
It snewed in his house of mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat patrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his cokc but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

At sessions there was he lord and sire;
Full often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk
Heng at his girdel white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben and a countour;
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour *.

An *Haberdasher*, and a *Carpenter*,
A *Webbe*, a *Deyer*, and a *Tapiser*,
Were alle yclothed in o livere
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was;
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del:
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis
To sitten in a gild halle on the deis:
Everich for the wisdom that he can
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent;
And elles certainly they were to blame:
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped Madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A *Coke* they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie;
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A *Shipman* was ther woned fer by west;
For ought I wote he was of Dertemouth:
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun;
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe all broun
And certainly he was a good felaw;
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward while that the chapmen slepe
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake;
He knew wel alle the havens as they were
Fro Gotland to the Cape de Finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a *Doctour of Phisike*;
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike and of surgerie,
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel:
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.

He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour:
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides and eke Rufus,
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien,
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen,
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin,
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he;
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing and digestible:
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle.
Lined with taffata and with sendalle.

* The precise import of this word is often as obscure as its original. See *Du Cange* in v. In this place it should perhaps be understood to mean the whole class of middling landholders.

t he was but esy of dispence;
te that he wan in the pestilence;
d in phisike is a cordial,
e he loved gold in special.
od *Wif* was ther *of* beside *Bathe*,
was som del dese, and that was scathe.
making she hadde swiche an haunt,
sed hem of Ipres and of Gaunt.
e parish wif ne was ther non
the offring before hire shulde gon,
her did, certain so wroth was she,
e was out of alle charitee.
verchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
swere they weyeden a pound
the Sonday were upon hire hede:
sen weren of fine scarlet rede,
ine yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe:
as hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
e a worthy woman all hire live;
ndes at the chirche dore had she had five,
ten other compagnie in youthe,
rof nedeth not to speke as nouthe;
ries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme;
de passed many a strange streme:
e she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
e at Seint James, and at Coloine:
de moche of wandring by the way;
hed was she, sothly for to say;
n ambler esily she sat,
led wel, and on hire hede an hat
le as is a bokeler or a targe,
mantel about hire hippes large,
hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
rship wel coude she laughe and carpe;
edies of love she knew parchance,
that arte she coude the olde dance.
od man ther was of religioun
as a poure *Parsone* of a toun,
he he was of holy thought and werk;
also a lerned man, a Clerk,
ristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
rishens devoutly wolde he teche;
e he was, and wonder diligent,
adversite ful patient,
viche he was ypreved often sithes;
h were him to cursen for his tithes,
ther wolde he yeven out of doute
is poure parishens aboute
offring, and eke of his substance;
ude in litel thing have sufisance:
was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
t he left nought for no rain ne thonder,
nesse and in mischief to visite
rrest in his parish moche and lite
is fete, and in his hand a staf:
oble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
irst he wrought and afterward he taught,
the gospel he the wordes caught,
his figure he added yet thereto
f gold ruste, what shuld iren do
a preest be foule on whom we trust
nder is a lewed man to rust;
ame it is if that a preest take kepe
a shitten shepherd and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve
By his cleneness how his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe accombred in the mire,
And ran unto London unto Seint Poules
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold,
But dwelt at home and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie;
He was a shepherd and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were and vertuous
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven with fairenesse;
By good ensample, was his besinesse;
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones;
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is,
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.
With him ther was a *Plowman*, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother;
A true swinker and a good was he,
Living in pees and parfite charitee:
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a Reve, and a Millere,
A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,
A Manciple, and myself; ther n'ere no mo.
The *Miller* was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun and eke of bones,
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wolde bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore that he n'olde heve of barre
Or breke it at a renning with his hede;
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tuste of heres
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres:
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide:
A sword and bokeler bare he by his side:
His mouth as wide was as a forneis:
He was a jangler and a Goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne and harlotries:
Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries;
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde,
A white cote and a blew hode wered he:
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.
A gentil *Manciple* was ther of a temple,
Of which achateurs mighten take ensemple

For to ben wife in bying of vitaille,
For whether that he paide or toke by taille
Algate he waited fo in his achate
That he was ay before in good eftate:
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace
That fwiche a lewed mannes wit fhal pace
The wifdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maifters had he mo than thries ten
That were of lawe expert and curious,
Of which ther was a dofein in that hous
Worthy to ben ftewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good
In honour detteles, but if he were wood,
Or live as fcarfly as him lift defire,
And able for to helpen all a fhire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this Manciple fette hir aller cappe.
The *Reve* was a flendre colerike man,
His berd was fhave as neighe as ever he can;
His here was by his eres round yfhorne;
His top was docked like a preeft beforne:
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
Ylike a ftaff; ther was no calf yfene:
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne;
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne;
Wel wifte he by the drought and by the rain
The yelding of his feed and of his grain.
His lordes fhepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His fwine, his hors, his ftore, and his pultrie,
Were holly in his Reves governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as bailliff, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his fleight and his covine;
They were adradde of him as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth;
With grene trees yfhadewed was his place;
He coude better than his lord pourchace:
Ful riche he was yftored privily:
His lord wel coude he plefen fubtilly
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good miftere;
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This Reve fate upon a right good ftot
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot;
A long forepte of perfe upon he hade,
And by his fide he bare a rufty blade.
Of Norfolk was this Reve of which I tell,
Befide a toun men clepen Baldefwell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
And ever he rode the hindereft of the route.
A *Sampnour* was ther with us in that place
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For faufefleme he was, with eyen narwe;
As hote he was and likerous as a fparwe,
With fcalled browes blake and pilled berd;
Of his vifage children were fore aferd.
Ther n'as quickfilver, litarge, ne brimfton,
Boras, cerufe, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinement, that wolde clenfe or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes fitting on his chekes:
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke ftrong win as rede as blood,
Than wolde he fpeke and crie as he were wood
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he fpeken no word but Latin:
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of fom decree;
No wonder is, he heard it all the day:
And eke ye knowen wel how that a jay
Can clepen watte as wel as can the pope:
But who fo wolde in other thing him grope
Than hadde he fpent all his philofophie;
Ay *Queftio quid juris?* wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot * and a kind;
A better felaw fhulde a man not find:
He wolde fuffre for a quart of wine
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelvemonth, and excufe him at the full:
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull;
And if he found o where a good felawe
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In fwiche a cas of the archedekenes curfe,
But if a mannes foule were in his purfe,
For in his purfe he fhulde ypunifhed be;
Purfe is the archedekens helle, faid he,
But wel I wote he lied right in dede;
Of curfing ought eche gilty man him drede,
For curfe wol fle right as affoiling faveth,
And alfo ware him of a *fignificavit*.
In danger hadde he at his owen gife
The yonge girles of the diocife,
And knew hir counfeil and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he fette upon his hede
As gret as it were for an aleftake;
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.
With him ther rode a gentil *Pardonere*
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That ftreit was comen from the court of Rome;
Ful loude he fang, Come hither love to me.
This Sompnour bare to him a ftiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half fo gret a foun.
This Pardoner had here as yelwe as wax.
But fmoth it heng as doth a ftrike of flax;
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his fhulders overfpradde:
Full thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode for jolite ne wered he non.
For it was trufed up in his waller.
Him thought he rode all of the newe get,
Difhevele, fauf his cappe, he rode all bare:
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an hare:
A vernicle hadde he fewed upon his cappe;
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote:
A vois he hadde as fmale as hath a gote:
No berd hadde he, ne never non fhulde have;
As fmothe it was as it were newe fhave:
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware

* The name of harlot was anciently given to men, well as women.

Ne was ther swiche an other Pardonere,
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere
Which, as he saide, was oure Ladies viel:
He saide he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
That Seint Peter had whan that he went
Upon the see till Jesu Crist him hent:
He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes whanne that he fond
A poore persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie;
And thus with fained flattering and japes
He made the persone and the peple his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast:
Wel rude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie;
For wel he wiste whan that song was songe
He moste preache and wel afile his tone
To winne silver, as he right wel coude,
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.
Now have I told you shortly in a clause
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause,
Why that assembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie
That highte The Tabard, fast by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight;
And after wol I tell of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
But firste I praie you of your curtesie
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere,
Ne though I speke hir words proprely;
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a Tale after a man
He moste reherse as neighe as ever he can
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large,
Or elles he moste tellen his Tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe:
He may not spare although he were his brother;
He moste as wel sayn o word as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it:
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste cosin to the dede.
Also I praie you to forgive it me
All have I not sette folk in hir degree
Here in this Tale as that they shulden stonde:
My wit is short ye may well understonde.
Gret chere made our Hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon.
And served us with vitaille of the beste;
Strong was the win, and wel to drink us leste.
A semely man our Hoste was with alle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was, with eyen stepe;
A fairer burgeis is ther none in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise, and wel ytaught,
And of manhood elaked right him naught:
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges,
And saide thus; Now Lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily,
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compagnie
At ones in this herberwe as is now;
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe and I wiste how;
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blissful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot as ye gon by the way
Ye shapen you to talken and to play;
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non
To riden by the way dombe as the ston;
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement,
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed:
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.
Our counseil was not long for to seche;
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit as him leste.
Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain:
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way
In this viage shal tellen Tales tway,
To Canterbury ward I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shall have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery
I wol my selven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.
This thing was granted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our Tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris,
And we wol reuled ben at his devise
In highe and lowe*: and thus by on assent
We ben accorded to his jugement;

* *In*, or, *De alto et basso*, barb Lat. *Haut et bas*, Fr. were expressions of entire submission on one side, and sovereignty on the other.

And therupon the win was ſette anon:
We dronken, and to reſte wenten eche on
Withouten any lenger tarying.
A morwe whan the day began to ſpring
Up roſe our Hoſte, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas,
And ther our Hoſte began his hors areſt,
And ſaid, Lordes, herkeneth if you leſt;
Ye wete your forword, and I it record:
If even ſong and morwe ſong accord,
Let ſe now who ſhal telle the firſt Tale:
As ever mote I drinken win or ale
Who ſo is rebel to my jugement
Shal pay for alle that by the way is ſpent.
Now draweth cutte or that ye forther twinne;
He which that hath the ſhorteſt ſhal beginne.
Sire Knight, (quod he) my maiſter and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere (quod he) my Lady Prioreſſe
And ye ſire Clerk; let be your ſhamefaſtneſſe,
Ne ſtudieth nought: lay hand to every man.
Anon to drawen every wight began,
And ſhortly for tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or ſort, or cas,
The ſothe is this, the cutte fell on the Knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he muſt his Tale as was reſon,
By forword and by compoſition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man ſaw that it was ſo,
As he that wiſe was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free aſſent,
He ſaide; Sithen I ſhal begin this game,
What, welcome be the cutte a Goddes name.
Now let us ride, and hearkeneth what I ſay.
And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with a right mery chere
His Tale anon, and ſaide as ye ſhal here.

THE KNIGHTES TALE.

Whilom, as olde ſtories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theſeus;
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time ſwiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the ſonne;
Full many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wiſdom and his chevalrie
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia,
And wedded the freſhe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and great ſolempnitee,
And eke hire yonge ſuſter Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his hoſt in armes him beſide.
And certes, if it n'ere to long to here,
I wolde have told you fully the manere
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie
By Theſeus and by his chevalrie,
And of the grete bataille for the nones
Betwix Athenes and the Amaſones,
And how aſſeged was Ipolita,
The faire hardy quene of Scythia,
And of the feſte that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming;
But all this thing I moſte as now forbere:
I have, God wot, a large feld to ere,
And weke ben the oxen in my plow:
The remenent of my Tale is long ynow.
I will not letten eke non of this route;
Let every felaw telle his Tale aboute,
And let ſe now who ſhal the ſouper winne.
Ther as I left I will agen beginne.
This duk, of whom I made mentioun,
Whan he was comen almoſt to the toun,
In all his wele and in his moſte pride,
He was ware, as he caſt his eye aſide,
Wher that ther kneled in the highe wey
A compagnie of ladies twey and twey,
Ech after other, clad in clothes blake;
But ſwiche a crie and ſwiche a wo they make,
That in this world n'is creature living
That ever herd ſwiche another waimenting;
And of this crie ne wolde they never ſtenten
Till they the reines of his bridel henten.
What folk be ye that at min home coming
Perturben ſo my feſte with crying?
Quod Theſeus; have ye ſo grete envie
Of min honour, that thus complaine and crie?
Or who hath you miſboden or offended?
Do telle me, if that it may be amended,
And why ye be thus clothed all in blake?
The oldeſt lady of hem all than ſpake,
Whan ſhe had ſwouned with a dedly chere,
That it was reuthe for to ſeen and here.
She ſayde, Lord, to whom Fortune hath yeven
Victorie, and as a conqueror to liven,
Nought greveth us your glorie and your honour,
But we beſeke you of mercie and ſocour:
Have mercie on our woe and our diſtreſſe:
Some drope of pitee thurgh thy gentilleſſe
Upon us wretched wimmen let now falle;
For certes, Lord, ther n'is non of us alle
That ſhe n'hath ben a ducheſſe or a quene;
Now be we caitives, as it'is wel ſene:
Thanked be Fortune and hire falſe whele
That non eſtat enſureth to be wele.
And certes, Lord, to abiden your preſence,
Here in this temple of the goddeſſe Clemence,
We han ben waiting all this fourtenight:
Now helpe us, Lord, ſin it lieth in thy might.
I wretched wight, that wepe and waile thus,
Was whilom wif to King Capaneus
That ſtarfe at Thebes, curſed be that day;
And alle we that ben in this aray,
And maken all this lamentation,
We loſten all our huſbondes at that toun,
While that the ſiege therabouten lay:
And yet now the olde Creon, wala wa!
That lord is now of Thebes the citee,
Fulfilled of ire and of iniquittee,
He for deſpit, and for his tyrannie,
To don the ded bodies a vilanie,
Of alle our lordes, which that ben yſlawe,
Hath alle the bodies on an hepe ydrawe,
And will not ſuffren hem by non aſſent
Neyther to ben yberied ne ybrent,
But maketh houndes ete hem in deſpite.
And with that word, withouten more reſpite,
They fallen groff, and crien pitouſly,
Have on us wretched wimmen ſom mercy,
And let our ſorwe ſinken in thin herte.
This gentil duk doun from his courſer ſterte
With herte piteous whan he herd hem ſpeke;
Him thoughte that his herte wolde all to-breke
When he ſaw hem ſo pitous and ſo mate
That whilom weren of ſo gret eſtate,
And in his armes he hem all up hente,
And hem comforted in ful good entente,
And ſwore his oth, as he was trewe knight,
He wolde don ſo ferforthly his might
Upon the tyrant Creon hem to wreke.
That all the peple of Grece ſhulde ſpeke

How Creon was of Theſeus yſerved,
As he that hath his deth ful wel deſerved.
And right anon, withouten more abode,
His banner he diſplaide, and forth he rode
To Thebes ward, and all his hoſt beſide:
No ner Athenes n'olde he go ne ride,
Ne take his eſe fully half a day,
But onward on his way that night he lay,
And ſent anon Ipolita the quene,
And Emelie hire younge ſiſter ſhene,
Unto the toun of Athenes for to dwell;
And forth he rit; ther n'is no more to tell.
The red ſtatue of Mars, with ſpere and targe,
So ſhineth in his white banner large,
That all the feldes gliteren up and doun;
And by his banner borne is his penon
Of gold ful riche, in which that ther was ybete
The Minotaure which that he ſlew in Crete.
Thus rit this duk, thus rit this conquerour,
And in his hoſt of chevalrie the flour,
Til that he came to Thebes, and alight
Fayre in a feld, ther as he thought to fight.
But ſhortly for to ſpeken of this thing,
With Creon, which that was of Thebes king
He ſought, and ſlew him manly as a knight
In plaine bataille, and put his folk to flight;
And by aſſaut he wan the citee after,
And rent adoun bothe wall, and ſparre, and rafter;
And to the ladies he reſtored again
The bodies of hir houſbondes that were ſlain,
To don the obſequies, as was tho the giſe.
But it were all to long for to deviſe
The grete clamour and the waimenting
Whiche that the ladies made at the brenning
Of the bodies, and the gret honour
That Theſeus, the noble conquerour,
Doth to the ladies whan they from him wente;
But ſhortly for to telle is min entente.
Whan that this worthy duk, this Theſeus,
Hath Creon ſlain and wonnen Thebes thus,
Still in the feld he toke all night his reſte;
And did with all the countree as him leſte;
To ranſake in the tas of bodies dede,
Hem for to ſtripe of harneis and of wede,
The pillours dide hir beſineſſe and cure,
After the bataille and diſcomfiture;
And ſo befell that in the tas they found,
Thurgh girt with many a grevous blody wound,
Two yonge knightes ligging by and by,
Bothe in on armes wrought ful richely;
Of whiche two Arcita highte that on,
And he that other highte Palamon.
Not fully quik ne fully ded they were,
But by hir cote armure and by hir gere
The heraudes knew him wel in ſpecial,
As tho that weren of the blod real
Of Thebes and of ſuſtren two yborne.
Out of the tas the pillours han hem torne,
And han hem carried ſoft unto the tente
Of Theſeus, and he ful ſone hem ſente
To Athenes, for to dwellen in priſon
Perpetuel, he n'olde no raunſon.
And whan this worthy duk had thus ydon,
He toke his hoſt, and home he rit anon,
With laurel crouned as a conquerour,
And ther he liveth in joye and in honour
Terme of his lif; what nedeth wordes mo?
And in a tour in anguiſh and in wo
Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite
For evermo, ther may no gold hem quite.
Thus paſſeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fell ones in a morwe of May
That Emelie, that fayrer was to ſene
Than is the lilie upon his ſtalke grene,
And freſher than the May with floures new,
(For with the roſe colour ſtrof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two)
Er it was day, as ſhe was wont to do,
She was ariſen, and all redy dight,
For May wol have no ſlogardie a night;
The ſeſon priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his ſlepe to ſterte,
And ſayth, Ariſe, and do thin obſervance.
This maketh Emelie han remembrance
To don honour to May, and for to riſe;
Yclothed was ſhe freſhe for to deviſe,
Hire yelwe here was broided in a treſſe
Behind hire back, a yerde long I geſſe;
And in the gardin at the ſonne upriſt
She walketh up and doun wher as hire liſt:
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,
To make a ſotel gerlond for hire hed;
And as an angel hevenlich ſhe ſong.
The grete tour that was ſo thikke and ſtrong,
Which of the caſtel was the chef dongeon,
(Wher as theſe knightes weren in priſon,
Of which I tolde you, and tellen ſhal)
Was even joinant to the gardin wall,
Ther as this Emelie had hire playing. [ing
Bright was the ſonne and clere that morwen-
And Palamon, this woful priſoner,
As was his wone, by leve of his gayler
Was riſen, and romed in a chambre on high,
In which he all the noble citee ſigh,
And eke the gardin, ful of branches grene,
Ther as this freſhe Emelia the ſhene
Was in hire walk, and romed up and doun.
This forweful priſoner, this Palamon,
Goth in his chambre roming to and fro,
And to himſelfe complaining of his wo:
That he was borne ful oft he ſayd Alas!
And ſo befell, by aventure or cas,
That thurgh a window thikke of many a barre
Of yren gret, and ſquare as any ſparre,
He caſt his eyen upon Emelia,
And therwithal he blent * and cried A!
As though he ſtongen were unto the herte:
And with that crie Arcite anon up ſterte,
And ſaide, Coſin min, what eyleth thee
That art ſo pale and dedly for to ſee?
Why crideſt thou? who hath thee don offence?
For Goddes love take all in patience

* This word has various ſenſes in Chaucer, as it is derived from blinnan, *ceſſare*; blindan, *cecarre*; or blendan, *miſtere*. It ſeems here to be uſed in a fourth ſenſe, the ſame in which Shakeſpeare uſes the verb to blench, *i. e.* to ſhrink or ſtart aſide. *Johnſon's Dict.* in v. *Blemb.* See *Gloſſ.* in v. *Blent*, part. of *Blenſe*.

Our prison, for it may non other be;
Fortune hath yeven us this adversite:
Som wikke aspect or disposition
Of Saturne, by som constellation,
Hath yeven us this, although we had it sworn:
So stood the heven whan that we were born:
We moste endure; this is the short and plain.
This Palamon answerde, and sayde again,
Cosin, forsoth of this opinion
Thou hast a vaine imagination:
This prison caused me not for to crie,
But I was hurt right now thurghout min eye
Into min herte, that wol my bane be:
The fayrnesse of a lady that I se
Yond in the gardin roming to and fro
Is cause of all my crying and my wo:
I n'et whe'r she be woman or goddesse,
But Venus is it sothly as I gesse.
And therwithall on knees adoun he fill,
And sayde; Venus, if it be your will
You in this gardin thus to transfigure,
Beforn me sorweful wretched creature,
Out of this prison helpe that we may scape;
And if so be our destine be shape
By eterne word to dien in prison,
Of our lignage have some compassion,
That is so low ybrought by tyrannie.
And with that word Arcita gan espie
Wher as this lady romed to and fro,
And with that sight hire beaute hurt him so,
That if that Palamon were wounded sore
Arcite is hurt as moche as he or more:
And with a sigh he sayde pitously,
The fresshe beaute sleth me sodenly
Of hire that rometh in the yonder place;
And but I have hire mercie and hire grace,
That I may seen hire at the leste way,
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no more to say.
This Palamon, whan he these wordes herd,
Dispitously he loked, and answerd,
Whether sayest thou this in ernest or in play?
Nay, quod Arcite, in ernest by my fay;
God helpe me so, me lust full yvel play.
This Palamon gan knit his browes twey.
It were, quod he, to thee no gret honour
For to be false, ne for to be traytour
To me, that am thy cosin and thy brother
Ysworne ful depe, and eche of us to other,
That never for to dien in the peine
Til that the deth departen shal us tweine,
Neyther of us in love to hindre other,
Ne in non other cas, my leve brother;
But that thou shuldest trewely forther me
In every cas as I shuld forther thee.
This was thin oth, and min also certain;
I wot it wel thou darst it not withsain:
Thus art thou of my conseil out of doute,
And now thou woldest falsly ben aboute
To love my lady whom I love and serve,
And ever shal til that min herte sterve.
Now certes, false Arcite, thou shalt not so:
I loved hire firste, and tolde thee my wo.
As to my conseil, and my brother sworne
To forther me as I have told beforne,
For which thou art ybounden as a knight
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
Or elles art thou false I dare wel sain.
This Arcita full proudly spake again.
Thou shalt, quod he, be rather false than I,
And thou art false, I tell thee utterly;
For *par amour* I loved hire first or thou.
What wolt thou sayn? thou wistest nat right now
Whether she were a woman or a goddesse:
Thin is affection of holinesse,
And min is love as to a creature,
For which I tolde thee min aventure,
As to my cosin and my brother sworne.
I pose that thou lovedest hire beforne:
Wost thou not wel the olde clerkes sawe †,
That who shall give a lover any lawe?
Love is a greter lawe by my pan
Then may be yeven of any erthly man;
And therfore positif lawe and swiche decree
Is broken all day for love in eche degree.
A man moste nedes love maugre his hed;
He may not fleen it though he shuld be ded,
All be she maid, or widewe, or elles wif.
And eke it is not likely all thy lif
To stonden in hire grace, no more shal I;
For wel thou wost thy selven veraily
That thou and I be damned to prison
Perpetuel; us gaineth no raunson.
We strive as did the houndes for the bone,
They fought all day, and yet hir part was none:
Ther came a kyte, while that they were so wrothe,
And bare away the bone betwix hem bothe.
And therfore at the kinges court, my brother,
Eche man for himself, ther is non other.
Love if thee lust, for I love, and ay shal;
And sothly, leve brother, this is al.
Here in this prison mosten we endure,
And everich of us take his aventure.
Gret was the strif, and long betwix him twey,
If that I hadde leiser for to sey:
But to th' effect. It happed on a day,
(To tell it you as shortly as I may)
A worthy duk that highte Perithous,
That felaw was to this duk Theseus
Sin thilke day that they were children lite,
Was come to Athenes his felaw to visite,
And for to play as he was wont to do,
For in this world he loved no man so,
And he loved him as tendrely again:
So wel they loved, as olde bokes sain,
That whan that on was dede, sothly to tell,
His felaw wente and sought him doun in hell:
But of that storie list me not to write.
Duk Perithous loved wel Arcite,
And had him knowe at Thebes yere by yere;
And finally, at request and praiere
Of Perithous, withouten any raunson,
Duk Theseus him let out of prison,

† The olde clerk is Boethius, from whose book *De Consolatione*, Chaucer has borrowed largely in many places. The passage alluded to is in l. ii. met. 12.
Quis legem det amantibus?
Major lex amor est sibi.

Frely to gon wher that him list over all,
In swiche a gise as I you tellen shall.
This was the forword, plainly for to endite,
Betwixen Theseus and him Arcite;
That if so were that Arcite were yfound
Ever in his lif, by day or night, o stound
In any countree of this Theseus,
And he were caught, it was accorded thus,
That with a swerd he shulde lese his hed;
Ther was non other remedie ne rede;
But taketh his leve, and homeward he him spedde:
Let him beware, his nekke lieth to wedde.
How gret a sorwe suffereth now Arcite?
The deth he feleth thurgh his herte smite;
He wepeth, waileth, crieth pitously,
To sleen himself he waiteth prively.
He said, Alas the day that I was borne!
Now is my prison werse than beforne;
Now is me shape eternally to dwelle
Not only in purgatorie but in helle.
Alas! that ever I knew Perithous,
For elles had I dwelt with Theseus,
Yfetered in his prison evermo;
Than had I ben in blisse and not in wo:
Only the sight of hire whom that I serve,
Though that I never hire grace may deserve,
Wold have sufficed right ynough for me.
O dere cosin Palamon, quod he,
Thin is the victorie of this aventure;
Ful blisful in prison maiest thou endure:
In prison? certes nay, but in paradise.
Wel hath Fortune yturned thee the dise,
That hast the sight of hire and I th' absence.
For possible is, sin thou hast hire presence,
And art a knight, a worthy and an able,
That by some cas, sin Fortune is changeable,
Thou maiest to thy desir somtime atteine:
But that I am exiled, and barreine
Of alle grace, and in so gret despaire,
That ther n'is erthe, water, fire, ne aire,
Ne creature, that of hem maked is,
That may me hele or don comfort in this,
Wel ought I sterve in wanhope and distresse.
Farewel my lif, my lust, and my gladnesse.
Alas! why plainen men so in commune
Of purveiance of God or of Fortune,
That yeveth hem ful oft in many a gise
Wel better than they can hemself devise?
Som man desireth for to have richesse,
That cause is of his murdre or gret siknesse;
And som man wold out of his prison fayn,
That in his house is of his meynie slain.
Infinite harmes ben in this matere:
We wote not what thing that we praien here.
We faren as he that dronke is as a mous:
A dronken man wot wel he hath an hous,
But he ne wot which is the right way thider,
And to a dronken man the way is slider,
And certes in this world so faren we.
We seken fast after felicite,
But we go wrong ful often trewely.
Thus we may sayen alle, and namely I,
That wende, and had a gret opinion,
That if I might escapen fro prison
Than I had ben in joye and parfite hele,
Ther now I am exiled fro my wele.
Sin that I may not seen you Emelie
I n'am but ded; ther n'is no remedie.
Upon that other side Palamon,
Whan that he wist Arcita was agon,
Swiche sorwe he maketh, that the grete tour
Resounded of his yelling and clamour.
The pure fetters on his shinnes grete
Were of his bitter salte teres wete.
Alas! quod he, Arcita, cosin min,
Of all our strif, God wot, the frute is thin.
Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large,
And of my wo thou yevest litel charge.
Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede,
Assemblen all the folk of our kinrede,
And make a werre so sharpe on this contree,
That by som aventure or som tretee
Thou maist have hire to lady and to wif
For whom that I must nedes lese my lif.
For as by way of possibilitee,
Sith thou art at thy large of prison free,
And art a lord, gret is thin avantage,
More than is min, that sterve here in a cage:
For I may wepe and waile while that I live,
With all the wo that prison may me yeve,
And eke with peine that love me yeveth also,
That doubleth all my tourment and my wo.
Therwith the fire of jalousie up sterte
Within his brest, and hent him by the herte
So woodly, that he like was to behold
The box-tree, or the ashen ded and cold.
Then said he; O cruel Goddes! that governe
This world with binding of your word eterne,
And writen in the table of athamant
Your parlement and your eterne grant,
What is mankind more unto yhold
Than is the shepe that rouketh in the fold?
For slain is man right as another beest,
And dwelleth eke in prison and arrest,
And hath sikness and gret adversite,
And often times gilteles parde.
What governance is in this prescience
That gilteless turmenteth innocence?
And yet encreseth this all my penance,
That man is bounden to his observance
For Goddes sake to leten of his will,
Ther as a beest may all his lust fulfill.
And when a beest is ded he hath no peine;
But man after his deth mote wepe and pleine,
Though in this world he have care and wo:
Withouten doute it maye stonden so.
The answer of this lete I to divines,
But wel I wote that in this world gret pine is.
Alas! I see a serpent or a thefe,
That many a trewe man hath do meschefe,
Gon at his large, and wher him lust may turn.
But I moste ben in prison thurgh Saturn,
And eke thurgh Juno, jalous and eke wood
That hath wel neye destruied all the blood
Of Thebes, with his waste walls wide.
And Venus sleeth me on that other side
For jalousie, and fere of him Arcite.
Now wel I sent of Palamon a hite,

And leten him in his prison still dwelle,
And of Arcita forth I wol you telle.
The sommer passeth, and the nightes long
Encresen double wise the peines strong
Both of the lover and of the prisoner;
I n'ot which hath the wofuller mistere
For shortly for to say, this Palamon
Perpetuelly is damned to prison,
In chaines and in fetters to ben ded:
And Arcite is exiled on his hed
For evermore as out of that contree,
Ne never more he shal his lady see.
You lovers axe I now this question,
Who hath the werse, Arcite or Palamon?
That on my se his lady day by day,
But in prison moste he dwellen alway:
That other wher him lust may ride or go,
But sen his lady shal he never mo.
Now demeth as you liste, ye that can,
For I wil tell you forth as I began.
When that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Ful oft a day he swelt and said Alas!
For sen his lady shal he never mo.
And shortly to concluden all his wo,
So mochel sorwe hadde never creature
That is or shal be while the world may dure.
His slepe, his mete, his drinke, is him byraft,
That lene he wex, and drie as is a shaft.
His eyen holwe, and grisly to behold,
His hewe falwe, and pale as ashen cold,
And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his mone:
And if he herde song or instrument,
Than would he wepe, he mighte not be stent.
So feble were his spirites, and so low,
And changed so, that no man coude know
His speche ne his vois, though men it herd.
And in his gere, for all the world he ferd
Nought only like the lovers maladie,
Of Ereos, but rather ylike manie,
Engendred of humours melancolike,
Before his hed in his celle fantastike.
And shortly turned was all up so doun
Both habit and eke dispositioun
Of him, this woful lover Dan Arcite,
What should I all day of his wo endite?
When he endured had a yere or two
This cruel torment, and this peine and wo,
At Thebes, in his contree, as I said,
Upon a night in slepe as he him laid,
Him thought how that the winged god Mercury
Before him stood, and bad him to be mery.
His slepy yerde in hond he bare upright;
An hat he wered upon his heres bright:
Arraied was this god (as he toke kepe)
As he was whan that Argus toke his slepe,
And said him thus; To Athenes shalt thou wende;
Ther is thee shapen of thy wo an ende.
And with that word Arcite awoke and stert.
Now trewely how sore that ever me smert.
Quod he, to Athenes right now wol I fare;
Ne for no drede of deth shall I not spare
To se my lady, that I love and serve;
In hire presence I rekke not to sterve.
And with that word he caught a gret mirrour,
And saw that changed was all his colour,
And saw his visage all in another kind:
And right anon it ran him in his mind,
That sith his face was so disfigured
Of maladie the which he had endured,
He mighte wel, if that he bare him lowe,
Live in Athenes evermore unknowe,
And sen his lady wel nigh day by day.
And right anon he changed his aray,
And clad him as a poure labourer.
And all alone, save only a squier,
That knew his privite and all his cas,
Which was disguised pourely as he was,
To Athenes is he gone the nexte way.
And to the court he went upon a day,
And at the gate he proffered his service,
To drugge and draw what so men wold devise.
And shortly of this matere for to sayn,
He fell in office with a chamberlain,
The which that dwelling was with Emelie,
For he was wise, and coude sone espie
Of every servent which that served hire:
Wel coude he hewen wood, and water bere,
For he was yonge and mighty for the nones,
And therto he was strong and big of bones
To don that any wight can him devise.
A yere or two he was in this service,
Page of the chambre of Emelie the bright,
And Philostrate he sayde that he hight.
But half so wel beloved a man as he
Ne was ther never in court of his degre.
He was so gentil of conditioun,
That thurghout all the court was his renoun.
They sayden that it were a charite
That Theseus wold enhaunse his degre,
And putten him in worshipful service,
Ther as he might his vertues exercise.
And thus within a while his name is sprongen
Both of his dedes and of his good tonge,
That Theseus had taken him so ner
That of his chambre he made him a squier,
And gave him gold to mainteine his degre;
And eke men brought him out of his contre
Fro yere to yere ful prively his rent;
But honestly and sleighly he it spent,
That no man wondred how that he it hadde.
And thre yere in this wise his lif he ladde,
And bare him so in pees and eke in werre
Ther n'as no man that Theseus hath derre.
And in this blisse let I now Arcite,
And speke I wol of Palamon a lite.
In derkenesse and horrible and strong prison
This seven yere hath sitten Palamon,
Forpined, what for love and for distresse.
Who feleth double sorwe and hevinesse
But Palamon? that love distraineth so,
That wood out of his wit he goth for wo,
And eke therto he is a prisonere
Perpetuell, not only for a yere.
Who coude time in English proprely
His martirdom? forsoth it am not I,
Therfore I passe as lightly as I may.
It fell that in the seventh yere, in May,

The thridde night, (as olde bokes ſayn,
That all this ſtorie tellen more plain)
Were it by aventure or deſtinee,
(As when a thing is ſhapen it ſhal be)
That ſone after the midnight Palamon,
By helping of a frend, brake his priſon,
And fleeth the cite faſte as he may go,
For he had yeven drinke his gayler ſo,
Of a clarre made of a certain wine,
With narcotikes and opie of Thebes fine, [ſhake,
That all the night though that men wold him
The gailer ſlept, he mighte not awake:
And thus he fleeth as faſte as ever he may.
The night was ſhort, and faſte by the day,
That nedes coſt he moſte himſelven hide;
And to a grove faſte ther beſide
With dredful foot than ſtalketh Palamon:
For ſhortly this was his opinion,
That in that grove he wold him hide all day,
And in the night than wold he take his way
To Thebes ward, his frendes for to preie
On Theſeus to helpen him werreie:
And ſhortly, eyther he wold leſe his lif
Or winnen Emelie unto his wif.
This is the effect, and his entente plein.
Now wol I turnen to Arcite agein,
That litel wiſt how neighe was his care,
Till that Fortune had brought him in the ſnare.
The befy larke, the meſſager of day,
Salewith in hire ſong the morwe gray,
And firy Phebus riſeth up ſo bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the ſight,
And with his ſtremes drieth in the greves
The ſilver dropes hanging on the leves.
And Arcite, that is in the court real
With Theſeus the ſquier principal,
Is riſen, and loketh on the mery day;
And for to don his obſervance to May,
Remembring on the point of his deſire,
He on his courſer, ſterting as the fire,
Is ridden to the feldes him to pley,
Out of the court, were it a mile or twey;
And to the grove of which that I you told
By aventure his way he gan to hold,
To maken him a gerlond of the greves,
Were it of woodbind or of hauthorn leves,
And loud he ſong agen the ſonne ſhene.
Maye, with all thy flours and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou faire freſhe May,
I hope that I ſome grene here getten may.
And from his courſer with a luſty herte
Into the grove ful haſtily he ſterte,
And in a path he romed up and doun,
Ther as by aventure this Palamon
Was in a buſh, that no man might him ſe,
For ſore afered of his deth was he.
Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite:
God wot he wold have trowed it ful lite.
But ſoth is ſaid, gon ſithen are many yeres,
That feld hath eyen, and the wood hath eres,
It is ful faire a man to bere him even
For al day meten men at unſet ſteven.
Ful litel wote Arcite of his felaw,
That was ſo neigh to herken of his law,
For in the buſh he ſitteth now ful ſtill.
Whan that Arcite had romed all his fill,
And ſongen all the roundel luſtily,
Into a ſtudie he fell ſodenly,
As don theſe lovers in hir queinte geres,
Now in the crop, and now down in the breres.
Now up, now doun, as boket in a well.
Right as the Friday, ſothly for to tell,
Now ſhineth it, and now it raineth faſt;
Right ſo can gery Venus overcaſt
The hertes of hire folk, right as hire day
Is gerfull, right ſo changeth ſhe aray.
Selde is the Friday all the weke ylike.
Whan Arcite hadde yſonge, he gan to ſike,
And ſet him doun withouten any more;
Alas! (quod he) the day that I was bore!
How longe, Juno, thurgh thy crueltee
Wilt thou werreien Thebes the citee?
Alas! ybrought is to confuſion
The blood real of Cadme and Amphion:
Of Cadmus, which that was the firſte man
That Thebes built, or firſte the toun began,
And of the citee firſte was crouned king,
Of his linage am I, and his ofſpring
By veray line, as of the ſtok real;
And now I am ſo caitif and ſo thral,
That he that is my mortal enemy
I ſerve him as his ſquier pourely.
And yet doth Juno me wel more ſhame,
For I dare not beknowe min owen name,
But ther as I was wont to highte Arcite,
Now highte I Ahiloſtrat not worth a mite,
Alas! thou fell Mars, alas! thou Juno,
Thus hath your ire our linage all fordo,
Save only me and wretched Palamon,
That Theſeus martireth in priſon.
And over all this, to ſlen me utterly,
Love hath his firy dart ſo brenningly
Yſtiked thurgh my trewe careful hert,
That ſhapen was my deth erſt than my ſhert.
Ye ſlen me with your eyen Emelie;
Ye ben the cauſe wherfore that I die.
Of all the remenant of min other care
Ne ſet I not the mountance of a tare,
So that I coud don ought to your pleance.
And with that word he fell doun in a trance
A longe time, and afterward up ſterte.
This Palamon, that thought thurghout his herte
He felt a colde ſwerd ſodenly glide;
For ire he quoke, no lenger wolde he hide:
And whan that he had herd Arcites tale,
As he were wood, with face ded and pale,
He ſterte him up out of the buſhes thikke
And ſayde; Falſe Arcite, falſe traitour wicke,
Now art thou hent, that loveſt my lady ſo,
For whom that I have all this peine and wo,
And art my blood, and to my conſeil ſworn,
As I ful oft have told thee herebeforn,
And haſt beiaped here Duk Theſeus,
And falſely changed haſt thy name thus:
I wol be ded, or elles thou ſhalt die:
Thou ſhalt not love my lady Emelie,
But I wol love hire only and no mo,
For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.

though that I no wepen have in this place,
at of prison am astert by grace,
le nought that eyther thou shalt die
ne shalt nat loven Emelie:
which thou wolt, for thou shalt not asterte.
s Arcite, tho with ful dispitous herte,
he him knew, and had his tale herd,
s as a leon pulled out a sword,
yde thus; By God that sitteth above,
it that thou art like and wood for love,
ke that thou no wepen hast in this place,
shuldest never out of this grove pace,
hou ne shuldest dien of min hond;
lese the suretee and the bond
that thou saist that I have made to thee.
! veray fool, thinke wel that love is free,
wol love hire maugre all thy might.
thou art a worthy gentil knight,
vilnest to darraine hire by bataille,
here my trouth, to morwe I will not faille,
uten weting of any other wight,
here I wol be founden as a knight,
ringen harneis right ynough for thee,
hese the beste, and leve the werste for me:
ete and drinke this night wol I bring
h for thee, and clothes for thy bedding;
f so be that thou my lady win,
e me in this wode, ther I am in,
nist wel have thy lady as for me.
s Palamon answered, I grant it thee:
hus they ben departed till a morwe.
eche of hem hath laid his faith to borwe.
Cupide! out of alle charitee,
e! that wolt no felaw have with thee,
h is sayde, that love ne lordship
ot his thankes have no felawship.
nden that Arcite and Palamon.
ite is ridden anone unto the toun,
the morwe, or it were day light,
ively two harneis hath he dight,
ffisant and mete to darreine
aille in the field betwix hem tweine;
n his hors, alone as he was borne,
ieth all this harneis him beforne;
he grove, at time and place yfette,
Arcite and this Palamon ben mette.
hangen gan the colour in hir face,
as the hunter in the regne of Trace
stondeth at a gappe with a spere,
hunted is the lion or the bere,
ereth him come rushing in the greves,
eking bothe the boughes and the leves.
hinketh here cometh my mortal enemy,
uten faile he must be ded or I:
ther I mote slain him at the gappe,
mote slen me if that me mishappe.
den they in changing of hir hewe,
as eyther of hem other knewe.
n' as no good day, ne no saluing,
reit withouten wordes rehersing
h of hem halpe to armen other
endly as he were his owen brother;
after that with sharpe speres strong
feineden eche at other wonder long.

Thou mighteſt wenen that this Palamon
In his fighting were as wood leon,
And as a cruel tigre was Arcite:
As wilde bores gan they togeder smite,
That frothen white as some for ire wood;
Up to the ancle foughte they in hir blood;
And in this wise I let hem fighting dwelle,
And forth I wol of Theseus you telle.
The destinee, ministre general,
That executeth in the world over al
The purveiance that God hath sen beforne,
So strong it is, that though the world hath sworne
The contrary of a thing by ya or nay,
Yet somtime it shall fallen on a day
That falleth nat efte in a thousand yere
For certainly our appetites here,
Be it of werre, or pees, or hate, or love,
All is this ruled by the sight above.
This mene I now by mighty Theseus,
That for to hunten is so desirous,
And namely at the grete hart in May,
That in his bed ther daweth him no day
That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride
With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside;
For in his hunting hath he swiche delite,
That it is all his joye and appetite
To ben himself the grete harts bane;
For after Mars he serveth now Diane.
Clere was the day, as I have told or this,
And Theseus, with alle joye and blis,
With his Ipolitia, the fayre queno,
And Emelie, yclothed all in grene,
On hunting ben thy ridden really:
And to the grove, that stood ther faste by,
In which ther was an hart as men him told,
Duk Theseus the streite way hath hold,
And to the launde he rideth him ful right,
Ther was the hart ywont to have his slight,
And over a brooke, and so forth on his wey.
This duk wol have a cours at him or twey
With houndes, swiche as him lust to commaunde.
And when this duk was comen to the launde,
Under the sonne he loked, and anon
He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,
That foughten breme, as it were bolles two;
The brighte swerdes wenten to and fro
So hidously that with the leste stroke
It semed that it wolde felle an oke,
But what they weren nothing he ne wote:
This duk his courser with his sporres smote,
And at a stert he was betwix hem two,
And pulled out a sword and cried, Ho!
No more, up peine of lesing of your hed;
By mighty Mars he shall anon be ded
That smiteth any stroke that I may sen!
But telleth me what mistere men ye ben,
That ben so hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any juge or other officere,
As though it were in listes really.
This Palamon answered hastily
And saide; Sire, what nedeth wordes mo?
We have the deth deserved bothe two:
Two woful wretches ben we, two caitives,
That ben accombred of our owen lives,

And as thou art a rightful lord and juge
Ne yeve us neyther mercie ne refuge;
And ſle me firſt for ſeinte charitee,
But ſle my felaw eke as wel as me;
Or ſle him firſt, for though thou know it lite,
This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
That fro thy lond is baniſhed on his hed,
For which he hath deſerved to be ded;
For this is he that came unto thy gate,
And ſayde that he highte Philoſtrate.
Thus hath he japed thee ful many a yere,
And thou haſt maked him thy chief ſquiere,
And this is he that loveth Emelie.
For ſith the day is come that I ſhal die
I make plainly my confeſſion,
That I am thilke woful Palamon
That hath thy priſon broken wilfully:
I am thy mortal fo, and it am I
That loveth ſo hot Emelie the bright.
That I wold dien preſent in hire ſight,
Therfore I axe deth and my iewiſe,
But ſle my felaw in the ſame wiſe,
For both we have deſerved to be ſlain.
This worthy duk anſwerd anon again,
And ſayd, This is a ſhort concluſion;
Your owen mouth, by your confeſſion,
Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde;
It nedeth not to pine you with the corde:
Ye ſhul be ded by mighty Mars the Rede.
The quene anon for veray womanhedé
Gan for to wepe, and ſo did Emelie,
And all the ladies in the compagnie.
Gret pite was it, as it thought hem alle,
That ever ſwiche a chance ſhulde befalle,
For gentil men they were of gret eſtat,
And nothing but for love was this debat;
And ſawe hir blody woundes wide and ſore,
And alle criden bothe leſſe and more,
Have mercie Lord upon us wimmen alle,
And on hir bare knees adoun they falle,
And wold have kiſt his feet ther as he ſtood,
Till at the laſt aſlaked was his mood;
(For pitee renneth ſone in gentil herte)
And though he firſt for ire quoke and ſterte,
He had conſidered ſhortly in a clauſe
The treſpas of hem both, and eke the cauſe;
And although that his ire hir gilt accuſed,
Yet in his reſon he hem both excuſed;
As thus; he thoughte wel that every man
Wol helpe himſelf in love if that he can,
And eke deliver himſelf out of priſon;
And eke his herte had compaſſion
Of wimmen, for they wepten ever in on,
And in his gentil herte he thoughte anon,
And ſoft unto himſelf he ſayed, Fie
Upon a lord that wol have no mercie,
But be a leon both in word and dede,
To hem that be in repentance and drede,
As wel as to a proud diſpitous man
That wol mainteinen that the firſt began.
That lord hath litel of diſcretion
That in ſwiche eas can no diviſion,
But wegheth pride and humbleſſe after on.
And ſhortly whan his ire is thus agon,
He gan to loken up with eyen light,
And ſpake theſe ſame wordes all on hight.
The god of Love, a *benedicite!*
How mighty and how grete a lord is he?
Again his might ther gainen non obſtacles,
He may be cleped a God for his miracles,
For he can maken at his owen giſe
Of everich herte as that him liſt deviſe.
Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,
That quitely weren out of my priſon,
And might have lived in Thebes really,
And weten I am hir mortal enemy,
And that hir deth lith in my might alſo,
And yet hath love, maugre hir eyen two,
Ybrought hem hither both for to die;
Now loketh, is not this an heigh folie?
Who may ben a fool, but if that be love?
Behold for Goddes ſake that ſitteth above,
So how they blede! be they not wel araied?
Thus hath hir lord, the god of Love, hem paied
Hir wages, and hir fees for hir ſervice,
And yet they wenen for to be ful wiſe
That ſerven Love for ought that may befalle.
And yet is this the beſte game of alle,
That ſhe for whom they have this jolite
Con hem therfore as mochel thank as me.
She wot no more of alle this hote fare,
By God, than wot a cuckow or an hare.
But all mote ben aſſaied hote or cold;
A man mote ben a fool other yonge or old;
I wot myſelf ful yore agon,
For in my time a ſervant was I on;
And therefore ſith I know of loves peine,
And wot how ſore it can a man deſtreine,
As he that oft hath been caught in his las,
I you foryeve all holly this treſpas,
At requeſt of the quene that kneleth here,
And eke of Emelie, my ſuſter dere,
And ye ſhul both anon unto me ſwere
That never mo ye ſhul my contree dere,
Ne maken werre upon me night ne day,
But ben my frendes in alle that ye may.
I you foryeve this treſpas every del.
And they him ſware his axing fayr and wel,
And him of lordſhip and of mercie praid,
And he hem granted grace, and thus he ſaid:
To ſpeke of real linage and richeſſe,
Though that ſhe were a quene or a princeſſe,
Eche of you bothe is worthy douteles
To wedden whan time is, but natheles,
I ſpeke as for my ſuſter Emelie,
For whom ye have this ſtrif and jalouſie,
Ye wot yourſelf ſhe may not wedden two
At ones, though ye fighten evermo;
But on of you, al be him loth or leſe,
He mot gon pipen in an ivy leſe:
This is to ſay, ſhe may not have you bothe,
Al be ye never ſo jalous ne ſo wrothe,
And forthy I you put in this degree,
That eche of you ſhall have his deſtinee
As him is ſhape, and herkneth in what wiſe;
Lo here your ende of that I ſhal deviſe.
My will is this for plat concluſion
Withouten any replication,

ou liketh, take it for the beste,
rich of you shal gon wher him leste
thouten raunson or dangere.
day fifty wekes, ferre ne nere,
f you shal bring an hundred knightes,
r listes up at alle rightes,
to darrein hire by batáille.
behete I you withouten faille
trouth, and as I am a knight,
ther of you bothe hath that might,
fayn, that whether he or thou
his hundred, as I spake of now,
ntrary, or out of listes drive,
I yeven Emelie to wive
that Fortune yeveth so fayr a grace.
es shal I maken in this place,
so wisly on my foule rewe,
rven juge ben and trewe.
n other ende with me maken
f you ne shall be ded or taken;
u thinketh this is wel yfaid,
avis, and holdeth you apaid:
ur ende and your conclusion,
keth lightly now but Palamon?
geth up for joye but Arcite?
it tell, or who cond it endite,
that is maked in the place
tfeus hath don so fayre a grace?
on knees went every manere wight,
ted him with all hir hertes might,
ly these Thebanes often sith.
as with good hope and with herte blith
n hir leve, and homeward gan they ride
s, with his olde walles wide.
men wolde deme it negligence
e to tellen the dispence
as, that goth so besily
up the listes really,
he a noble theatre as it was
fayn in all this world ther n'as:
te a mile was aboute
stone, and diched all withoute;
s the shape, in manere of a compas
grees, the hight of sixty pas,
n a man was set on o degree
not his felaw for to see.
her stood a gate of marbel white,
right swiche another in th' opposite;
ly to concluden, swiche a place
in erthe in so litel a space,
lond ther n'as no craftes man
metrie or arsemetrike can,
iour, ne kerver of images,
tfeus ne yaf him mete and wages
re for to maken and devise.
to don his rite and sacrifice
rd hath upon the gate above,
p of Venus goddesse of Love,
an auter and an oratorie,
ward, in the minde and in memorie
he maked hath right swiche another,
e largely of gold a fother:
hward, in a touret on the wall,
tre white and red corall
An oratorie riche for to see,
In worship of Diane of chastitee,
Hath Theseus don wrought in noble wise.
But yet had I forgetten to devise
The noble kerving and the portreitures,
The shape, the contenance, of the figures
That weren in these oratories three.
First in the temple of Venus maist thou see
Wrought on the wall, ful pitous to beholde,
The broken slepes, and the sikes colde,
The sacred teres, and the waimentinges,
The firy strokes of the destringes,
That Loves servantes in this lif enduren,
The othes that hir covenants assuren.
Plesance and Hope, Desire, Foolhardinesse,
Beaute and Youthe, Baudrie and Richesse,
Charmes and Force, Lesinges and Flaterie,
Dispence, Besinesse, and Jalousie,
That wered of yelwe goldes a gerlond,
And hadde a cuckow sitting on hire hond,
Festes, instruments, and caroles and dances,
Lust and array, and all the circumstances
Of Love, which that I reken and reken shall,
By ordre weren peinted on the wall,
And mo than I can make of mention:
For sothly all the mount of Citheron,
Ther Venus hath hire principal dwelling,
Was shewed on the wall in purtreying,
With all the gardin, and the lustinesse:
Nought was forgetten the porter Idelnesse,
Ne Narcissus the fayre of yore agon,
Ne yet the folie of King Salomon,
Ne yet the grete strengthe of Hercules.
Th' enchantment of Medea and Circes,
Ne of Turnus the hardy fiers corage,
The riche Cresus caitif in servage.
Thus may ye seen that wisdom ne richesse,
Beaute ne sleighte, strengthe ne hardinesse,
Ne may with Venus holden champartie,
For as hire liste the world may she gie.
Lo, all these folk so enaught were in hire las
Til they for wo ful often said Alas!
Sufficeth here ensamples on or two,
And yet I coude reken a thousand mo.
The statue of Venus, glorious for to see,
Was naked fleting in the large see,
And fro the navel doun all covered was
With wawes grene, and bright as any glas.
A citole in hire right hand hadde she,
And on hire hed, ful semely for to see,
A rose gerlond fresh and wel smelling;
Above hire hed hire doves fleckering:
Before hire stood hire sone Cupido,
Upon his shoulders winges had he two,
And blind he was, as it is often sene;
A bow he bare and arwes bright and kene.
Why shulde I not as wel eke tell you all
The purtreiture that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mighty Mars the Rede?
All peinted was the wall in length and brede
Like to the estres of the grisly place
That highte the gret temple of Mars in Trace,
In thilke colde and frosty region,
Ther as Mars hath his sovereine mansion.

First on the wall was peinted a forest,
In which ther wonneth neyther man ne best,
With knotty knarry barrein trees old
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to behold,
In which ther ran a romble and a swough,
As though a storme shuld bresten every bough;
And dounward from an hill under a bent
Ther stood the temple of Mars Armipotent,
Wrought all of burned stele, of which th' entree
Was longe and streite, and ghastly for to see;
And thereout came a rage and swiche a vise
That it made all the gates for to rise.
The northern light in at the dore shone,
For window on the wall ne was ther none
Thurgh which men mighten any light discerne:
The dore was all of athamant eterne,
Yclenched overthwart and endelong
With yren tough, and for to make it strong,
Ever piler the temple to sustene
Was tonne-gret, of yren bright and shene.
Ther saw I first the derke imagining
Of Felonie, and alle the compassing;
The cruel ire, red as any glede,
The pikepurse, and eke the pale drede,
The smiler with the knif under the cloke,
The shepen brening with the blake smoke,
The treson of the mordring in the bedde,
The open werre, with woundes all bebledde;
Conteke with blody knif and sharp manace:
All full of chirking was that sorry place.
The sleer of himself yet saw I there,
His herte blood hath bathed all his here;
The naile ydriven in the shode on hight,
The cold deth, with mouth gaping upright.
Amiddes of the temple sate Mischance,
With discomfort and sorry contenance;
Yet saw I Woodnesse laughing in his rage,
Armed Complaint, Outhees, and fires Outrage;
The carraine in the bush, with throte ycorven;
A thousand slain, and not of qualme ystorven;
The tirant, with the prey by force yraft;
The toun destroied, ther was nothing laft:
Yet saw I brent the shippes hoppesteres,
The hunte ystrangled with the wilde beres;
The sow freting the child right in the cradel,
The coke yscalled for all his long ladel:
Nought was foryete by th' infortune of Marte
The carter overridden with his carte;
Under the wheel ful low he lay adoun.
Ther were also of Martes division
Th' armerer and the bowyer, and the smith,
That forgeth sharp swerdes on his stith;
And all above depeinted in a tour
Saw I a Conquest, sitting in gret honour,
With thilke sharp sword over his hed
Yhanging by a subtil twined thred.
Depeinted was the slaughter of Julius,
Of gret Nero and of Antonius:
All be that thilke time they were unborne,
Yet was hir deth depeinted ther beforne,
By menacing of Mars, right by figure,
So was it shewed in that purtreiture
As is depeinted in the cercles above,
Who shal be slaine or elles ded for love.
Sufficeth on ensample in stories olde;
I may not reken hem alle though I wolde.
The statue of Mars upon a carte stood
Armed, and loked grim as he were wood,
And over his hed ther shinen two figures
Of sterres that ben cleped in scriptures,
That on Puella, that other Rubeus.
This god of Armes was araied thus;
A wolf ther stood beforne him at his fete
With eyen red, and of a man he ete:
With subtil pensil peinted was this storie,
In redouting of Mars and of his glorie.
Now to the temple of Diane the chaste
As shortly as I can I wol me haste,
To tellen you of the descriptioun,
Depeinted by the walles up and doun,
Of hunting and of shamefast chastitee.
Ther saw I how woful Calistope,
Whan that Diane agreved was with here,
Was turned from a woman til a bere,
And after was she made the lodesterre:
Thus was it peinted, I can say no ferre;
Hire sone is eke a sterre as men may see.
Ther saw I Dane yturned til a tree,
I mene not hire the goddesse Diane,
But Peneus daughter, which that highte Dane.
Ther saw I Atteon an hart ymaked,
For vengeance that he saw Diane all naked:
I saw how that his houndes have him caught,
And freten him, for that they knew him naught
Yet peinted was a litel forthermore
How Athalante hunted the wilde bore,
And Meleagre, and many another mo,
For which Diane wroughte hem care and wo.
Ther saw I many another wonder storie,
The which me liste not drawen to memorie.
This goddesse on an hart ful heye sete,
With smale houndes all about hire fete,
And undernethe hire feet she hadde a mone,
Wexing it was, and shulde wanen sone.
In gaudy grene hire statue clothed was,
With bow in hond, and arwes in a cas.
Hire eyen caste she ful low adoun,
Ther Pluto hath his derke regioun.
A woman travailling was hire beforne,
But for hire childe so longe was unborne
Ful pitously Lucina gan she call,
And sayed; Helpe, for thou mayest beste of all.
Wel coude he peinten lifly that it wrought,
With many a florein he the hewes bought.
Now ben these listes made, and Theseus
That at his grete cost arraied thus
The temples, and the theatre everidel,
Whan it was don him liked wonder wel.
But stint I wol of Theseus a lite,
And speke of Palamon and of Arcite.
The day approcheth of hir returning,
That everich shuld an hundred knightes bring,
That bataille to derreine, as I you told;
And til Athenes hir covenant for to hold,
Hath everich of hem brought an hundred knight
Wel armed for the werre at alle rightes.
And sikerly ther trowed many a man
That never sithen that the world began,

As for to speke of knighthood of hir hond,
As fer as God hath meked see and lond,
Nas of so sewe so noble a compagnie;
For every wight that loved chevalrie,
And wold his thankes han a passant name,
Hath praied that he might ben of that game,
And wel was him that therto chosen was,
For if ther fell to-morwe such a cas,
Ye knowen wel that every lusty knight
That loveth *par amour*, and hath his might,
Were it in Englelond or ellesfwher,
They wold hir thankes willen to be ther.
To fight for a lady, a *benedicite!*
It were a lusty sighte for to se.
And right so ferden they with Palamon.
With him ther wenten knightes many on;
Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,
And in a brest plate, and in a gipon;
And som wol have a pair of plates large,
And som wol have a Pruce sheld or a targe;
Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,
And have an axe, and some a mace of stele.
Ther n'is no newe guise that it n'as old.
Armed they weren as I have you told,
Everich after his opinion.
Ther maist thou se coming with Palamon
Licurge himself, the grete King of Trace;
Blake was his berd, and manly was his face;
The cercles of his eyen in his hed
They gloweden betwixen yelwe and red,
And like a griffon loked he about,
With kemped heres on his browes stout;
His limmes gret, his braunes hard and stronge,
His shouldres brode, his armes round and longe;
And as the guise was in his contree,
Fel highe upon a char of gold stood he.
With foure white bolles in the trais.
Instede of cote armure on his harnais,
With nayles yelwe, and bright as any gold,
He hadde a beres skin, cole-blake for old.
His longe here was kempt behind his bak,
As any ravenes fether it shone for blake.
A wreth of gold arm-gret, of huge weight,
Upon his hed sate ful of stones bright,
Of fine rubins and of diamants.
About his char ther wenten white alauns,
Twenty and mo, as gret as any stere,
To hunten at the leon or the dere,
And folwed him, with mosel fast ybound,
Colered with gold, and torettes filed round.
An hundred lordes had he in his route
Armed full wel, with hertes sterne and stoute.
With Arcita, in stories as men find,
The gret Emetrius the King of Inde,
Upon a stede bay, trapped in stele,
Covered with cloth of gold diapred wele,
Came riding like the god of armes Mars;
His cote armure was of a cloth of Tars,
Couched with perles white, and round, and grete;
His sadel was of brent gold new ybete;
A mantelet upon his shouldres hanging
Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling;
His crispe here like ringes was yronne,
And that was yelwe, and glitered as the sonne;
His nose was high, his eyen bright citrin,
His lippes round, his colour was sanguin,
A sewe fraknes in his face yspreint,
Betwixen yelwe and blake somdel ymeint,
And as a leon he his loking caste,
Of five-and-twenty yere his age I caste;
His berd was wel begonnen for to spring,
His vois was as a trompe thondering;
Upon his hede he wered of laurer grene,
A gerlond fresshe and lusty for to sene;
Upon his hond he bare for his deduit
An egle tame, as any lily whit:
An hundred lordes had he with him there,
All armed save hir hedes in all hir gere,
Ful richely in alle manere thinges;
For trusteth wel that erles, dukes, kinges,
Were gathered in this noble compagnie,
For love and for encrese of chevalrie.
About this king ther ran on every part
Ful many a tame leon and leopart.
And in this wise these lordes all and some
Ben on the Sonday to the citee come
Abouten prime, and in the toun alight.
This Theseus, this duk, this worthy knight,
Whan he had brought hem into his citee,
And inned hem everich at his degree,
He festeth hem, and doth so gret labour
To esen hem, and don hem all honour,
That yet men wenen that no mannes wit
Of non estat ne coud amenden it.
The minstralcie, the service at the feste,
The grete yeftes to the most and leste,
The riche array of Theseus paleis,
Ne who sate first ne last upon the deis,
What ladies fayrest ben or best dancing,
Or which of hem can carole best or sing,
Ne who most felingly speketh of love,
What haukes sitten on the perche above,
What houndes liggen on the floor adoun,
Of all this now make I no mentioun.
But of the effect, that thinketh me the beste;
Now cometh the point, and herkeneth if you leste.
The Sonday nighte or day began to spring,
Whan Palamon the larke herde sing,
Although it n'ere not day by houres two,
Yet sang the larke, and Palamon right tho
With holy herte, and with an high corage
He rose, to wenden on his pilgrimage
Unto the blissful Citherea benigne,
I mene Venus, honourable and digne.
And in hire houre he walketh forth a pas
Unto the listes, ther hire temple was,
And doun he kneleth, and with humble chere
And herte fore he sayde as ye shul here:
Fayrest of fayre, o lady min Venus,
Daughter to Jove, and spouse of Vulcanus,
Thou glader of the Mount of Citheron!
For thilke love thou haddest to Adon,
Have pitee on my bitter teres smert,
And take myn humble prair at thin herte.
Alas! I ne have no langage to tell
The effecte ne the torment of min hell;
Min herte may min harmes not bewrey;
I am so confuse that I cannot say:

But mercy, lady bright! that knoweſt wele
My thought, and ſeeſt what harmes that I fele:
Conſider all this, and rue upon my ſore,
As wiſly as I ſhal for evermore
Emforth my might thy trewe ſervant be,
And holden werre alway with chaſtite;
That make I min avow ſo ye me helpe,
I kepe nought of armes for to yelpe,
Ne axe I nat to-morwe to have victorie,
Ne renoun in this cas, ne vaine glorie
Of priſ of armes, blowen up and doun,
But I wold have fully poſſeſſioun
Of Emelie, and die in her ſerviſe;
Find thou the manere how, and in what wiſe.
I rekke not but it may better be
To have victorie of hem, or they of me
So that I have my lady in min armes;
For though ſo be that Mars is god of Armes,
Your vertue is ſo grete in heven above,
That if you liſte I ſhal wel have my love.
Thy temple wol I worſhip evermo,
And on thin auter, wher I ride or go,
I wol don ſacrifice, and fires bete.
And if ye wol not ſo, my lady ſwete!
Than pray I you to-morwe with a ſpere
That Arcita me thurgh the herte bere;
Than rekke I not when I have loſt my lif
Though that Arcita win hire to his wif.
This is the effecte and ende of my praiere,
Yeve me my love thou bliſſful lady dere!
When the oriſon was don of Palamon
His ſacrifice he did, and that anon,
Ful pitouſly, with alle circumſtances,
All tell I not as now his obſervances.
But at the laſt the ſtatue of Venus ſhoke,
And made a ſigne whereby that he toke
That his praiere accepted was that day;
For though the ſigne ſhewed a delay,
Yet wiſt he wel that granted was his bone,
And with glad herte he went him home ful ſone.
The thridde hour inequal that Palamon
Began to Venus temple for to gon.
Up roſe the ſonne, and up roſe Emelie,
And to the temple of Diane gan hie.
Hire maydens that ſhe thider with hire ladde
Ful redily with hem the fire they hadde,
Th' enceuſe, the clothes, and the remenant all,
That to the ſacrifice longen ſhall,
The hornes ful of mede, as was the gife;
Ther lakked nought to don hire ſacrifiſe.
Smoking the temple, ful of clothes fayre,
This Emelie with herte debonaire
Hire body weſhe with water of a well,
But how ſhe did hire rite I dare not tell,
But it be any thing in general,
And yet it were a game to heren all;
To him that meneth wel it n'ere no charge;
But it is good a man to ben at large.
Hire bright here kembed was, untreſſed all;
A coroune of a grene oke cerial
Upon hire hed was ſet ful fayre and mete:
Two fires on the auter gan ſhe bete,
And did hire things as men may behold
In Stace of Thebes, and theſe bokes old.
Whan kindled was the fire, with pitous chere
Unto Diane ſhe ſpoke as ye may here:
O chaſte goddeſſe of the wodes grene,
To whom both heven, and erthe, and ſee, is ſene,
Quene of the regne of Pluto derke and lowe,
Goddeſſe of maydens, that min herte haſt knowe
Ful many a yere, and woſt what I deſire,
As kepe me fro thy vengeance and thin ire,
That Atteon aboughte cruelly!
Chaſt goddeſſe! wel woteſt thou that I
Deſire to ben a mayden all my lif,
Ne never wol I be no love ne wif:
I am (thou woſt) yet of thy compagnie,
A mayde, and love hunting and venerie,
And for to walken in the wodes wilde,
And not to ben a wif and be with childe;
Nought wol I knowen compagnie of man;
Now helpe me, Lady, ſith you may and can,
For though three formes that thou haſt in thee:
And Palamon that hath ſwiche love to me,
And eke Arcite, that loveth me ſo ſore,
This grace I praie thee withouten more,
As ſende love and pees betwix em two,
And fro me torne away hir hertes ſo,
That all hir hote love and hir deſire,
And all hir beſy torment and hir fire
Be queinte, or torned in another place.
And if ſo be thou wolt not do me grace,
Or if my deſtinee be ſhapen ſo
That I ſhal nedes have on of hem two,
As ſende me him that moſt deſireth me.
Beholde, goddeſſe of clene Chaſtite,
The bitter teres that on my chekes fall:
Sin thou art mayde, and keper of us all,
My maydenhede thou kepe and well conſerve,
And while I live a mayde I wol thee ſerve.
The fires brenne upon the auter clere
While Emelie was thus in hire praiere,
But ſodenly ſhe ſaw a ſighte queinte;
For right anon on of the fires quiente
And quiked again, and after that anon
That other fire was queinte and all agon,
And as it queinte it made a whiſteling
As don theſe brondes wet in hir brenning;
And at the brondes ende outran anon
As it were blody dropes many on;
For which ſo ſore agaſt was Emelie,
That ſhe was wel neigh mad, and gan to crie,
For ſhe ne wiſte what it ſignified,
But only for the fere thus ſhe cried
And wept, that it was pitee for to here.
And there withall Diane gan appere
With bowe in hond, right as an hunterеſſe,
And ſayde, Doughter, ſtint thin hevineſſe.
Among the goddes highe it is affermed,
And by eterne word written and confermed,
Thou ſhalt be wedded unto on of tho
That han for thee ſo mochel care and wo,
But unto which of hem I may not tell.
Farewel, for here I may no longer dwell;
The fires which that on min auter brenne
Shal thee declaren er that thou go henne
Thin aventure of love as in this cas.
And with that word the arwes in the cas

Of the goddesse clatteren fast and ring,
And forth she went and made a vanishing,
For which this Emelie astonied was,
And sayde, What amounteth this, alas!
I pute me in thy protection
Diane, and in thy disposition.
And home she goth anon the nexte way.
This is the effecte; ther n'is no more to say.
The nexte houre of Mars folwing this
Arcite unto the temple walked is
Of fierce Mars, to don his sacrifise
With all the rites of his payen wise.
With pitous herte and high devotion
Right thus to Mars he sayde his orison:
O stronge God, that in the regnes cold
Of Trace honoured art, and lord yhold,
And hast in every regne and every lond
Of armes all the bridel in thin hond,
And hem fortuneft as thee lift devise,
Accept of me my pitous sacrifise!
If so be that my youthe may deserve,
And that my might be worthy for to serve
Thy godhed, that I may ben on of thine,
Than praie I thee to rewe upon my pine,
For thilke peine and thilke hote fire
In which thou whilom brendest for desire
Whanne that thou usedest the beautee
Of fayre yonge Venus freshe and free,
And haddest hire in armes at thy wille;
Although the ones on a time misfille,
When Vulcanus had caught thee in his las,
And fond thee ligging by his wif, alas!
For thilke sorwe that was tho in thin herte
Have reuthe as wel upon my peines smerte.
I am yonge and unkonning as thou wost,
And, as I trow, with love offended most
That ever was ony lives creature;
For she that doth me all this wo endure
Ne receeth never whether I sinke or flete;
And wel I wot or she me mercy hete
Ignoie with strengthe win hire in the place;
And wel I wot withouten helpe or grace
Of thy ne may my strengthe not availle;
Thy helpe me, Lord, to-morwe in my bataille,
For thilke fire that whilom brenned thee,
As wel as that this fire now brenneth me,
And do, that I to-morwe may han victorie:
Min be the travaille and thin be the glorie.
Thy sovereaine temple wol I most honouren
Of my place, and alway most labouren
In thy plesance and in thy craftes strong;
And in thy temple I wol my baner hong,
And all the armes of my compagnie,
And evermore until that day I die
Eterne fire I wol beforne thee find;
And eke to this avow I wol be bind.
My herd, my here that hangeth long adoun,
That never yet felt non offensioun
Of rasour ne of shere I wol thee yeve,
And hen thy trewe servant while I live.
Now, Lord, have reuthe upon my sorwes sore;
Yeve me the victorie; I axe thee no more.
The praier stint of Arcita the stronge,
The ringes on the temple dore that honge,
And eke the dores, clatterden ful fast,
Of which Arcita somwhat him agast.
The fires brent upon the auter bright
That it gan all the temple for to light;
A swete smell anon the ground up yaf,
And Arcita anon his hond up haf,
And more enscense into the fire he cast,
With other rites mo, and at the last
The statue of Mars began his hauberke ring,
And with that soun he herd a murmuring
Ful low and dim, that said thus, Victorie;
For which he yaf to Mars honour and glorie.
And thus with joye and hope wel to fare
Arcite anon unto his inne is fare
As fayn as foul is of the brighte sonne.
And right anon swiche strif ther is begonne
For thilke granting in the heven above
Betwixen Venus the goddesse of Love,
And Mars the sterne god Armipotent,
That Jupiter was besy it to stent,
Til that the pale Saturnus the Colde,
That knew so many of aventures olde,
Fond in his olde experience and art
That he ful sone hath plesed every part.
As sooth is sayd, elde hath gret avantage;
In elde is both wisdom and usage:
Men may the old out-renne but not out-rede.
Saturne anon, to stenten strif and drede,
Albeit that it is again his kind,
Of all this strif he gan a remedy find.
My dere doughtere Venus! quod Saturne,
My cours that hath so wide for to turne
Hath more power than wot any man.
Min is the drenching in the see so wan,
Min is the prison in the derke cote,
Min is the strangel and hanging by the throte,
The murmure, and the cherles rebelling,
The groyning, and the prive empoysoning.
I do vengeance and pleine correction
While I dwell in the signe of the Leon.
Min is the ruine of the highe halles,
The falling of the toures and of the walles
Upon the minour or the carpenter;
I slew Samson in shaking the piler.
Min ben also the maladies colde,
The derke tresons and the castes olde:
My loking is the fader of Pestilence.
Now wepe no more, I shal do diligence
That Palamon, that is thin owen knight,
Shal have his lady, as thou hast him hight.
Thogh Mars shal help his knight yet natheles,
Betwixen you ther mot sometime be pees:
All be ye not of o complexion
That causeth all day swiche division.
I am thin ayel, redy at thy will;
Wepe now no more, I shall thy lust fulfill.
Now wol I stonten of the goddes above,
Of Mars and of Venus goddesse of Love,
And tellen you as plainly as I can
The gret effect for which that I began.
Gret was the feste in Athenes thilke day,
And eke the lusty seson of that May
Made every wight to ben in swiche plesance,
That all that Monday justen they and dance
And spenden it in Venus highe service;
But by the cause that they shulden rise

Erly a-morwe for to ſeen the fight,
Unto hir reſte wenten they at night.
And on the morwe whan the day gan ſpring
Of hors and harneis noiſe and clattering
Ther was in the hoſtelries all aboute,
And to the paleis rode ther many a route
Of lordes upon ſtedes and palfreis.
Ther mayeſt thou ſee deviſing of harneis
So uncouth and ſo riche, and wrought ſo wele
Of goldſmithry, of brouding and of ſtele;
The ſheldes brighte, teſteres, and trappures,
Gold-hewen helmes, hauberkes, cote armures;
Lordes in parementes on hir courſeres,
Knightes of retenue, and eke ſquieres,
Nailing the ſperes, and helmes bokeling,
Guiding of ſheldes, with lainers lacing;
Ther as nede is they weren nething idel:
The ſomy ſtedes on the golden bridel
Gnawing, and faſt the armures alſo
With file and hammer priking to and fro;
Yemen on foot, and communes many on
With ſhorte ſtaves, thicke as they may gon;
Pipes, trompes, nakeres, and clariounes,
That in the battaille blowen blody ſounes;
The paleis ful of peple up and doun,
Here three, ther ten, holding hir queſtioun,
Devining of theſe Theban knightes two,
Som ſayden thus, ſom ſayde it ſhall be ſo;
Som helden with him with the blacke berd,
Som with the balled, ſom with the thick herd;
Som ſaide he loked grim, and wolde fighte;
He hath a ſparth of twenty pound of wighte.
Thus was the halle full of devining
Long after that the ſonne gan up ſpring.
The gret Theſeus that of his ſlepe is waked
With minſtralcie and noiſe that was maked,
Held yet the chambre of his paleis riche,
Til that the Theban knightes bothe yliche
Honoured were, and to the paleis fette.
Duk Theſeus is at a window ſette.
Araied right as he were a god in trone:
The peple preſeth thiderward ful ſone,
Him for to ſeen and don high reverence,
And eke to herken his heſte and his ſentence.
An heraud on a ſcaffold made an O,
Til that the noiſe of the peple was ydo,
And whan he ſaw the peple of noiſe al ſtill
Thus ſhewed he the mighty dukes will.
The lord hath of his high diſcretion
Conſidered that it were deſtruction
To gentil blood to fighten in the giſe
Of mortal bataille now in this empriſe;
Wherefore to ſhapen that they ſhul not die,
He wol his firſte purpos modifie.
No man therefore, up peine of loſſe of lif,
No maner ſhot ne pollax ne ſhort knif
Into the liſtes ſend or thider bring,
Ne ſhort ſwerd for to ſtike with point biting,
No man ne draw ne bere it by his ſide;
Ne no man ſhal unto his felaw ride
But o cours, with a ſharpe ygrounden ſpere;
Foin if him liſt on foot, himſelf to were:
And he that is at meſchief ſhal be take,
And not ſlaine, but be brought unto the ſtake
That ſhal ben ordeined on eyther ſide;
Thider he ſhal by force, and ther abide:
And if ſo fall the chevetain be take
On eyther ſide, or elles ſleth his make,
No longer ſhal the tourneying ylaſt.
God ſpede you; goth forth and lay on faſt:
With longe ſwerd and with maſe fighteth your fill,
Goth now your way; this is the lordes will.
The vois of the peple touched to the heven,
Se loude crieden they with mery ſteven,
God ſave ſwiche a lord that is ſo good,
He wilneth no deſtruction of blood.
Up gon the trompes and the melodie,
And to the liſtes rit the compagnie
By ordinance, thurghout the cite large,
Hanged with cloth of gold and not with ſarge.
Ful like a lord this noble duk gan ride,
And theſe two Thebans upon eyther ſide,
And after rode the quene and Emelie,
And after that another compagnie
Of on and other after hir degree;
And thus they paſſen thurghout the citee,
And to the liſtes comen they be time:
It n'as not of the day yet fully prime.
Whan ſet was Theſeus ful riche and hie,
Ipolita the quene, and Emelie,
And other ladies in degrees aboute,
Unto the ſetes preſeth all the route.
And weſtward thurgh the gates under Mars
Arcite, and eke the hundred of his part,
With baner red, is entred right anon;
And in the ſelve moment Palamon
Is, under Venus, eſtward in the place,
With baner white, and hardy chere and face.
In all the world to ſeken up and doun,
So even without variatioun
Ther n'ere ſwiche compagnies never twey;
For ther was non ſo wiſe that coude ſey
That any hadde of other avantage
Of worthineſſe, ne of eſtat ne age,
So even were they choſen for to geſſe:
And in two renges fayre they hem dreſſe.
Whan that hir names red were everich on,
That in her nombre gile were ther non,
Tho were the gates ſhette, and cried was loude,
Do now your devoir, yonge knightes proude.
The heraudes left hir priking up and doun.
Now ringin trompes loud and clarioun.
Ther is no more to ſay, but eſt and weſt
In gon the ſperes ſadly in the reſt;
In goth the ſharpe ſpore into the ſide:
Ther ſee men who can juſte and who can ride:
Ther ſhiveren ſhaftes upon ſheldes thicke;
He ſeleth thurgh the herte ſpone the pricke:
Up ſpringen ſperes twenty foot on highte;
Out gon the ſwerdes as the ſilver brighte:
The helmes they to-hewen and to-ſhrede;
Out breſt the blod with ſterne ſtremes rede:
With mighty maces the bones they to-breſte;
He thurgh the thickeſt of the throng gan threſte;
Ther ſtomblen ſtedes ſtrong, and doun goth all;
He rolleth under foot as doth a ball:
He foineth on his foo with a tronchoun,
And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun:

gh the body is hurt, and ſith ytake
his hed, and brought unto the ſtake,
ord was, right ther he muſt abide;
lad is on that other ſide:
time doth hem Theſeus to reſt,
refreſh and drinken if hem leſt.
ſt a day han thilke Thebanes two
met and wrought eche other wo:
d hath eche other of hem twey.
s no tigre in the vale of Galaphey,
hat hire whelpe is ſtole whan it is lite,
on the hunt as is Arcite
s herte upon this Palamon;
elmarie ther n'is ſo fell leon
nted is, or for his hunger wood,
s prey deſireth ſo the blood,
non to ſleen his foo Arcite:
us ſtrokes on hir helmes bite;
neth blood on both her ſides rede.
me an ende ther is of every dede;
he ſonne unto the reſte went
ng King Emetrius gan hent
lamon, as he fought with Arcite,
de his ſwerd depe in his fleſh to bite;
the force of twenty is he take
n, and ydrawen to the ſtake:
the reſcous of this Palamon
onge King Licurge is borne adoun;
ng Emetrius for all his ſtrengthe
out of his ſadel a ſwerdes lengthe,
him Palamon or he were take:
for nought, he was brought to the ſtake:
dy herte might him helpen naught;
ſte abiden whan that he was caught
e and eke by compoſition.
forweth now but woful Palamon,
oſte no more gon again to fight?
han that Theſeus had ſeen that ſight
he folk that foughten thus eche on
d, Ho! no more, for it is don.
e trewe juge and not partie.
f Thebes ſhal have Emelie,
y his fortune hath hire fayre ywonne.
n ther is a noiſe of peple begonne
e of this ſo loud and high withall
ed that the liſtes ſhulden fall.
t can now fayre Venus done above?
aith ſhe now? what doth this quene of Love
epeth ſo for wanting of hire will
t hire teres in the liſtes fill:
yde, I am aſhamed doutelees.
rnus ſayde, Daughter, hold thy pees:
hath his will, his knight hath all his bone,
y min hed thou ſhalt ben eſed ſone.
trompoures with the loud minſtralcie,
craudes, that ſo loude yell and crie,
hir joye for wele of Dan Arcite.
rkeneth me, and ſtenteth noiſe a lite,
e a miracle ther befell anon.
s fierce Arcite hath of his helme ydon,
n a courſer for to ſhew his face
lketh endelong the large place,
g upward upon this Emelie,
e again him caſt a frendlich eye,
(For women, as to ſpeken in commune,
They folwen all the favour of Fortune)
And was all his in chere as his in herte.
Out of the ground a Fury infernal ſterte,
From Pluto ſent, at requeſte of Saturne,
For which his hors for fere gan to turne,
And lepte aſide, and foundred as he lepe;
And er that Arcite may take any kepe
He pight him on the pomel of his hed,
That in the place he lay as he were ded,
His breſt to-broſten with his ſadel bow;
As blake he lay as any cole or crow,
So was the blood yronnen in his face.
Anon he was yborne out of the place,
With herte ſore, to Theſeus paleis:
Tho was he corven out of his harneis,
And in a bed ybrought ful fayre and blive,
For he was yet in memorie and live,
And alway crying after Emelie.
Duk Theſeus with all his compagnie
Is comen home to Athens his citee
With alle bliſſe and gret ſolempnite.
Al be it that this aventure was falle
He n'olde not diſcomforten hem alle.
Men ſayden eke that Arcite ſhal not die,
He ſhal ben heled of his maladie.
And of another thing they were as fayn,
That of hem alle was ther non yſlain,
Al were they ſore yhurt, and namely on,
That with a ſpere was thirled his breſt bone.
To other woundes and to broken armes
Som hadden ſalves and ſome hadden charmes;
And fermacies of herbes, and eke ſave
They dronken, for they wold hir lives have:
For which this noble duk, as he wel can,
Comforteth and honoureth every man,
And made revel all the longe night
Unto the ſtrange lordes, as was right.
Ne ther n'as holden no diſcomforting
But as at juſtes or a tourneying;
For ſothly ther n'as no diſcomfiture,
For falling n'is not but an aventure:
Ne to be lad by force unto a ſtake
Unyolden, and with twenty knightes take,
O perſon all alone, withouten mo,
And haried forth by armes, foot, and too,
And eke his ſtede driven forth with ſtaves,
With footmen, bothe yemen and eke knaves,
It was aretted him no vilanie;
Ther may no man clepen it cowardie.
For which anon Duk Theſeus let crie,
To ſtenten alle rancour and envie,
The gree as wel of o ſide as of other,
And eyther ſide ylike, as others brother;
And yave hem giftes after hir degree,
And helde a feſte fully dayes three;
And conveyed the kinges worthily
Out of his toun a journee largely;
And home went every man the righte way;
Ther n'as no more but Farewel, Have good day.
Of this bataille I wol no more endite,
But ſpeke of Palamon and of Arcite.
Swelleth the breſt of Arcite, and the ſore
Encreſeth at his herte more and more.

The clotered blood for any leche-craft
Corrumpeth, and is in his bouke ylaft,
That neyther veine-blood ne ventousing,
Ne drinke of herbes, may ben his helping.
The vertue expulsif or animal,
Frothilke v rtue cleped natural,
Ne may the venime voiden ne expell;
The pipes of his longes gan to swell,
And every lacerte in his breft adoun
Is shent with venime and corruptioun.
Him gaineth neyther for to get his lif
Vomit upward ne dounward laxatif:
All is to-brosten thilke region;
Nature hath now no domination:
And certainly ther nature wol not werche.
Farewel physike; go bere the man to cherche.
This is all and som, that Arcite moste die;
For which he sendeth after Emelie,
And Palamon, that was his cosin dere;
Than sayd he thus, as ye shuln after here.
Nought may the woful spirit in myn herte
Declare o point of all my sorwes smerte
To you my lady, that I love most,
But I bequethe the service of my gost
To you aboven every creature,
Sin that my lif ne may no lenger dure.
Alas the wo! alas the peines strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so longe!
Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!
Alas departing of our compagnie!
Alas min hertes quene! alas my wif!
Min hertes ladie, ender of my lif!
What is this world? what axen men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Alone withouten any compagnie.
Farewel my swete, farewel min Emelie!
And softe take me in your armes twey
For love of God, and herkeneth what I sey.
I have here with my cosin Palamon
Had strif and rancour many a day agon
For love of you, and for my jalousie;
And Jupiter so wis my soule gie,
To speken of a servant proprely,
With alle circumstances trewely,
That is to sayn, trouth, honour, and knighthede,
Wisdom, humblesse, estat, and high kinrede,
Fredom, and all that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I non
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and wol don all his lif;
And if that ever ye shal ben a wif,
Foryete not Palamon, the gentil man.
And with that word his speche faille began;
For from his feet up to his breft was come
The cold of deth that had him overnome;
And yet moreover in his armes two
The vital strength is loft and all ago;
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his herte sike and sore,
Gan faillen whan the herte felte deth;
Dusked his eyen two, and failled his breth:
But on his ladie yet cast he his eye;
His laste word was, Mercy, Emelie!
His spirit changed hous, and wente ther
As I cam never I cannat tellen wher;
Therfore I stent, I am no divinistre;
Of soules find I not in this registre:
Ne me lust not th' opinions to telle
Of hem, though that they written wher they dwelle.
Arcite is cold, ther Mars his soule gie.
Now wol I speken forth of Emelie.
Shright Emelie, and houleth Palamon,
And Theseus his sister toke anon
Swouning, and bare her from the corps away.
What helpeth it to tarien forth the day,
To tellen how she wep both even and morwe?
For in swiche cas wimmen have swiche sorwe,
Whan that hir housbonds ben fro hem ago,
That for the more part they sorwen so,
Or elles fallen in swiche maladie,
That atte laste certainly they die.
Infinite ben the sorwes and the teres
Of olde folk and folk of tendre yeres
In all the toun for deth of this Theban;
For him ther wepeth bothe child and man:
So gret a weping was ther non certain
Whan Hector was ybrought all fresh yslain
To Troy: alas! the pitee that was there;
Cratching of chekes, rending eke of here.
Why woldest thou he ded? thise women crie,
And haddest gold ynough and Emelie.
No man might gladen this Duk Theseus
Saving his olde fader Egeus,
That knew this worldes transmutation,
As he had seen it chaungen up and doun,
Joye after wo, and wo after gladnesse,
And shewed him ensample and likenesse.
Right as ther died never man (quod he)
That he ne lived in erth in som degree,
Right so ther lived never man (he seyd)
In all this world that sometime he ne deyd:
This world n'is but a thurghfare ful of wo,
And we ben pilgrimes passing to and fro;
Deth is an end of every worldes sore.
And over all this yet said he mochel more
To this effect, ful wisely to enhort
The peple that they shuld hem recomfort.
Duk Theseus with all his busy cure
He casteth now wher that the sepulture
Of good Arcite may best ymaked be,
And eke most honourable in his degree;
And at the last he toke conclusion
That ther as first Arcite and Palamon
Hadden for love the bataille hem betwene,
That in that selve grove, swote and grene,
Ther as he hadde his amorous desires,
His complaint, and for love his hote fires,
He wolde make a fire, in which the office
Of funeral he might all accomplise;
And let anon commande to hack and hewe
The okes old, and lay hem on a rew
In culpons, wel araied for to brenne.
His officers with swifte feet they renne
And ride anon at his commandement.
And after this, this Theseus hath sent
After a bere, and it all overspradde
With cloth o' gold the richest that he hadde,

of the ſame ſuit he cladde Arcite.
his hondes were his gloves white,
n his hed a croune of laurer grene,
n his hond a ſwerd ful bright and kene.
d him bare the viſage on the bere,
with he wept that pitee was to here;
for the peple ſhulde ſeen him alle,
it was day he brought him to the halle,
roreth of the crying and the ſoun.
o came this woful Theban Palamon
ſlotery berd and ruggy aſhy heres,
thes blake, ydropped all with teres,
(paſſing over of weping Emelie)
rufulleſt of all the compagnie.
d in as much as the ſervice ſhuld be
nore noble and riche in his degree,
Theſeus let forth three ſtedes bring,
mpped were in ſtele all glittering,
vered with the armes of Dan Arcite;
ke upon theſe ſtedes gret and white
ſmen folk, of which on bare his ſheld,
er his ſpere up in his hondes held;
bridde bare with him his bow Turkeis,
ent gold was the cas and the harneis;
iden forth a pas with forweful chere
rd the grove, as ye ſhal after here.
: nobleſt of the Grekes that ther were
hir ſhuldres carrieden the bere,
ſlacke pas, and eyen red and wete,
hout the citee, by the maiſter ſtrete,
ſprad was all with black, and wonder hie
of the ſame is all the ſtrete ywrie.
the right hand went olde Egeus,
n that other ſide Duk Theſeus,
veſſels in hir hond of gold ful fine,
l of hony, milk, and blood, and wine;
Palamon with ful gret compagnie,
after that came woful Emelie
fire in hond, as was that time the giſe,
n the office of funeral ſervice,
th labour and ful gret apparailling
the ſervice of that fire making,
with his grene top the heaven raught,
twenty fadom of brede the armes ſtraught;
s to ſain, the boughes were ſo brode.
re firſt there was laied many a lode.
how the fire was maked up on hight,
ke the names how the trees hight,
e, fir, birch, aſpe, alder, holm, poplere,
r, elm, plane, aſh, box, cheſtein, lind, laurere,
, thorn, beche, haſel, ew, whipultre,
they were feld, ſhal not be told for me;
w the goddes rannen up and doun
ſted of hir habitatioun,
ich they woneden in reſt and pees,
hes, Faunes, and Amidriades;
w the beſtes and the briddes alle
rn for fere whan the wood gan falle;
w the ground agaſt was of the light,
was not wont to ſee the ſonne bright;
w the fire was couched firſt with ſtre,
hen with drie ſtickes cloven a-thre,
han with grene wood and ſpicerie,
han with cloth of gold and with perrie,
And gerlonds hanging with ful many a flour,
The mirre, the encenſe alſo with ſwete odour;
Ne how Arcita lay among all this,
Ne what richeſſe about his body is;
Ne how that Emilie, as was the giſe,
Put in the fire of funeral ſervice;
Ne how ſhe ſwouned whan ſhe made the fire,
Ne what ſhe ſpake, ne what was hire deſire;
Ne what jewelles men in the fire caſte,
Whan that the fire was gret and brente faſte;
Ne how ſom caſt hir ſheld and ſom hir ſpere,
And of hir veſtimentes which they were,
And cuppes full of wine, and milk, and blood,
Into the fire, that brent as it were wood;
Ne how the Grekes with a huge route
Three times riden all the fire aboute
Upon the left hond, with a loud ſhouting,
And thries with hir ſperes clatering,
And thries how the ladies gan to crie;
Ne how that led was homeward Emelie;
Ne how Arcite is brent to aſhen cold;
Ne how the liche-wake * was yhold
All thilke night; ne how the Grekes play;
The wake-plaies ne kepe I not to ſay;
Who wreſtled heſt naked, with oile enoint,
Ne who that bare him beſt in no disjoint:
I woll not tellen eke how they all gon
Home till Athenes whan the play is don,
But ſhortly to the point now wol I wende,
And maken of my longe Tale an ende.

By proceſſe and by lengthe of certain yeres
All ſtenten is the mourning and the teres
Of Grekes by on general aſſent:
Than ſemeth me ther was a parlement
At Athenes upon certain points and cas;
Amonges the which points yſpoken was
To have with certain contrees alliance,
And have of Thebanes fully obeiſance:
For which this noble Theſeus anon
Let ſenden after gentil Palamon,
Unwiſt of him what was the cauſe and why;
But in his blacke clothes ſorwefully
He came at his commandment on hie;
Tho ſente Theſeus for Emelie.

Whan they were ſet, and huſht was al the place,
And Theſeus abiden hath a ſpace,
Or any word came from his wiſe breſt
His eyen ſet he ther as was his leſt,
And with a ſad viſage he ſiked ſtill,
And after that right thus he ſayd his will.

The firſte Mover of the cauſe above,
Whan he firſte made the fayre chaine of love,
Gret was th' effect, and high was his entent;
Well wiſt he why and what therof he ment;
For with that fayre chaine of love he bond
The fire, the air, the watre, and the lond,
In certain bondes, that they may not flee:
That ſame prince and Mover eke (quod he)

* The cuſtom of watching with dead bodies (*lice*, Sax.) is probably very ancient in this country. It was abuſed, as other wakes and vigils were. See *Du Cange* in v. *Vigiliae*. "In vigiliis circa corpora mortuorum vetantur "choreae et cantilenae, ſeculares ludi et alii turpes et fa- "tui." *Synod. Wigorn. an.* 1240, c. 5.

Hath ſtabliſht, in this wretched world adoun,
Certain of dayes and duration
To all that are engendred in this place,
Over the which day they ne mow not pace,
Al mow they yet the dayes well abrege.
Ther nedeth non autoritee allege,
For it is preved by experience,
But that me luſt declaren my ſentence.
Than may men by this ordre wel diſcerne
That thilke Mover ſtable is and eterne;
Wel may men knowen, but it be a fool,
That every part deriveth from his hool;
For Nature hath not taken his beginning
Of no partie ne cantel of a thing,
But of a thing that parfit is and ſtable,
Deſcending ſo til it be corrumpable;
And therefore of his wiſe purveyance
He hath ſo wel befet his ordinance,
That ſpeces of thinges and progreſſions
Shullen enduren by ſucceſſions,
And not eterne, withouten any lie;
This maieſt thou underſtand and ſeen at eye.
Lo the oke, that hath ſo long a noriſhing
Fro the time that it ginneth firſt to ſpring,
And hath ſo long a lif, as ye may ſee,
Yet at the laſte wafted is the tree.
Consideretb eke how that the harde ſtone
Under our feet, on which we trede and gon,
It waſteth as it lieth by the wey;
The brode river ſometime wexeth drey;
The grete tounes ſee we wane and wende;
Than may ye ſee that all thing hathe an ende.
Of man and woman ſee we wel alſo,
That nedes in on of the termes two,
That is to ſayn, in youthe or elles age,
He mote be ded the king as ſhall a page;
Som in his bed, ſom in the depe ſee,
Som in the large feld, as ye may ſee:
Ther helpeth nought, all goth that ilke wey;
Than may I ſayn that alle thing mote dey.
What maketh this but Jupiter the King,
The which is prince and cauſe of alle thing,
Converting alle unto his propre wille,
From which it is derived, ſoth to telle?
And here-againes no creature on live
Of no degree availleth for to ſtrive.
Than is it wiſdom, as it thinketh me,
To maken vertue of neceſſite,
And take it wel that we may not eſchewe,
And namely that to us all is dewe;
And whoſo grutcheth ought he doth folie,
And rebel is to him that all may gie.
And certainly a man hath moſt honour
To dien in his excellence and flour,
Whan he is ſiker of his goode name;
Than hath he don his frend ne him no ſhame;
And glader ought his frend ben of his deth,
Whan with honour is yolden up his breth,
Than whan his name appalled is for age,
For all foryetten is his vaſſalage:
Than is it beſt as for a worthy fame,
To dein whan a man is beſt of name.
The contrary of all this is wilfulneſſe.
Why grutchen we? why have we hevineſſe,
That good Arcite, of chivalry the flour,
Departed is, with dutee and honour,
Out of this foule priſon of this lif?
Why grutchen here his coſin and his wif
Of his welfare, that loven him ſo wel?
Can he hem thank? nay, God wot, never a del,
That both his ſoule and eke hemſelf offend,
And yet they mow her luſtres not amend.
What may I conclude of this longe ſerie,
But after ſorwe I rede us to be merie,
And thanken Jupiter of all his grace;
And er that we departen from this place,
I rede that we make of ſorwes two
O parfit joye laſting evermo:
And loketh now wher moſt ſorwe is herein,
Ther wol I firſte amenden and begin.
Siſter, (quod he) this is my full aſſent,
With all th' avis here of my parlement,
That gentil Palamon, your owen knight,
That ſerveth you with will, and herte, and might,
And ever hath don ſin you firſt him knew,
That ye ſhall of your grace upon him rew,
And taken him for huſbond and for lord:
Lene me your hand, for this is oure accord.
Let ſee now of your womanly pitee:
He is a kinges brothers ſome pardee;
And though he were a poure bachelere,
Sin he hath ſerved you ſo many a yere,
And had for you ſo gret adverſite,
It moſte ben conſidered, leveth me,
For gentil mercy oweth to paſſen right.
Than ſayd he thus to Palamon the Knight;
I trow ther nedeth litel ſermoning
To maken you aſſenten to this thing.
Cometh ner, and take your lady by the hond.
Betwixen hem was maked anon the bond
That highte Matrimoine or Mariage,
By all the conſeil of the baronage;
And thus with alle bliſſe and melodie
Hath Palamon ywedded Emelie;
And God, that all this wide world hath wrought,
Send him his love that hath it dere ybought.
For now is Palamon in alle wele,
Living in bliſſe, in richeſſe, and in hele,
And Emilie him loveth ſo tendrely,
And he hire ſerveth all ſo gentilly,
That never was ther no word hem betwene
Of jalouſie, ne of non other tene.
Thus endeth Palamon and Emelie,
And God ſave all this fayre compagnie.

THE MILLERES PROLOGUE.

When that the Knight had thus his Tale told,
In all the compagnie n'as ther young ne old
That he ne faid it was a noble ſtorie,
And worthy to be drawen to memorie,
And namely the gentiles everich on.
Our Hoſte lough and ſwore, So mote I gon
This goth aright; unbokeled is the male;
Let ſee now who ſhall tel another Tale,
For trewely this game is wel begonne:
Now telleth ye ſire Monk, if that ye conne,
Somewhat to quiten with the Knightes Tale.
The Miller, that for-dronken was all pale,
So that unnethes upon his hors he ſat,
He n'old avalen neither hood ne hat,
Ne abiden no man for his curteſie,
But in Pilates vois he gan to crie,
And ſwore by armes, and by blood, and bones,
I can a noble Tale for the nones,
With which I will now quite the Knightes Tale.
Our Hoſte ſaw that he was dronken of ale,
And ſayd, abide, Robin, my leve brother,
Some better man ſhall tell us firſt another;
Abide, and let us werken thriftily.
By Goddes ſoule (quod he) that wol not I,
For I wol ſpeke, or elles go my way.
Our Hoſte anſwered, Tell on a devil way;
Thou art a fool; thy wit is overcome.
Now herkeneth, quod the Miller, all and ſome:
But firſt I make a proteſtatioun
That I am dronke, I know it by my ſoun,
And therefore if that I miſſpeke or ſay
Wite it the ale of Southwerk I you pray;
For I woll tell a legend and a lif
Beth of a carpenter and his wif,
How that a clerk has ſet the wrightes cappe.
The Reve anſwerd and ſaide, Stint thy clappe;
Let be thy lewed dronken harlotrie.
It is a ſinne and eke a gret folie
To apeiren any man, or him defame,
And eke to bringen wives in ſwiche a name;
Thou mayſt ynough of other thinges ſain,
This dronken Miller ſpake ful ſone again,
And ſayde, Leve brother Oſewold,
Who hath no wif he is no cokewold;
But I ſay not therefore that thou art on;
Ther ben ful goode wives many on*.
Why art thou angry with my Tale now?
I have a wif parde as wel as thou,
Yet n'olde I for the oxen in my plough
Taken upon me more than ynough
As demen of myſelf that I am on;
I wol beleven wel that I am non.
An huſbond ſhuld not be inquiſitif
Of Goddes privite ne of his wif:
So he may finden Goddes foiſon there
Of the remenant nedeth not to enquere.
What ſhuld I more ſay, but this Millere
He n'olde his wordes for no man forbere,
But told his cherles Tale in his manere,
Me thinketh that I ſhal reherſe it here;
And therefore every gentil wight I pray,
For Goddes love, as deme not that I ſay
Of evil entent, but that I mote reherſe
Hir Tales alle, al be they better or werſe,
Or elles falſen ſom of my matere;
And therefore who ſo liſt it not to here
Turne over the leef, and cheſe another Tale,
For he ſhal find ynow bothe grete and ſmale,
Of ſtorial thing that toucheth gentilleſſe,
And eke moralite and holineſſe.
Blameth not me if that ye cheſe amis;
The Miller is a cherl, ye know well this,
So was the Reve, (and many other mo)
And harlotrie they tolden bothe two.
Aviſeth you now, and put me out of blame;
And eke men ſhuld not make erneſt of game.

* After this verſe the two following are found in ſo many mſſ. that perhaps they ought to have been inſerted in the text:
And ever a thouſand good ageins on badde,
That knoweſt thou wel but if thou be madde.

THE MILLERES TALE*.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Oxenforde
A riche gnof, that gestes helde to borde,
And of his craft he was a carpenter.
With him ther was dwelling a poor scoler,
Had lerned art, but all his fantasie
Was turned for to lerne astrologie,
And coude a certain of conclusions
To demen by interrogations,
If that men asked him in certain houres
Whan that men shulde have drought or elles
Or if men asked him what shulde falle [shoures;
Of every thing, I may not reken alle.
This clerk was eleped Hendy Nicholas;
Of derne love he coude and of solas;
And therto he was slie and ful prive,
And like a maiden meke for to se.
A chambre had he in that hostelrie
Alone, withouten any compagnie,
Ful fetisly ydight with herbes sote,
And he himself was swete as is the rote,
Of licoris, or any setewale.
His almageste, and bokes gret and smale,
His astrelabre, longing for his art,
His augrim stones †, layen faire apart
On shelves couched at his beddes hed,
His presse ycovered with a falding red;
And all above ther lay a gay sautrie,
On which he made on nightes melodie
So swetely, that all the chambre rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song;
And after that he song the kinges note;
Ful often blessed was his mery throte,
And thus this swete clerk his time spent
After his frendes finding and his rent.
This carpenter had wedded new a wif
Which that he loved more than his lif:
Of eightene yere she was I gesse of age.
Jalous he was, and held hire narwe in cage,
For she was wild and yonge, and he was old,
And demed himself belike a cokewold.
He know not Caton, for his wit was rude,
That bade a man shudde wedde his similitude;
Men shulden wedden after hir estate,
For youthe and elde is often at debate;
But sithen he was fallen in the snare
He most endure (as other folk) his care.
Fayre was this yongue wif, and therwithal
As any wesel hire body gent and smal.
A seint she wered, barred all of silk,
A barme-cloth eke as white as morwe milk
Upon hire lendes, ful of many a gore;
White was hire smok, and brouded all before
And eke behind on hire colere aboute
Of cole-black silk within and eke withoute;
The tapes of hire white volupere
Were of the same suit of hire colere;
Hire fillet brode of silk, and set full hye;
And sikerly she had a likerous eye:
Ful smal ypulled were hire browes two,
And they were bent, and black as any slo:
She was wel more blissful for to see
Than is the newe perienete tree,
And softer than the wolle is of a wether.
And by hire girdel heng a purse of lether.
Tasseled with silk and perled with latoun.
In all this world to seken up and doun
Ther n'is no man so wise that coude thenche
So gay a popelot or swiche a wenche.
Ful brighter was the shining of hire hewe
Than in the Tour the noble yforged newe;
But of hire song, it was as loud and yerne
As any swalow sitting on a berne.
Thereto she coude skip and make a game
As any kid or calf folowing his dame.
Hire mouth was swete as braket or the meth,
Or hord of apples laid in hay or heth.
Winsing she was as is a joly colt,
Long as a mast, and upright as a bolt.
A broche she bare upon hire low colere,
As brode as is the bosse of a bokelere.
Hire shoon were laced on hire legges hie;
She was a primerole, a piggesnie,
For any lord to liggen in his bedde,
Or yet for any good yemen to wedde.
Now sire, and eft sire, so befell the cas,
That on a day this Hendy Nicholas
Fel with this yonge wif to rage and pleye,
While that hire husbond was at Osney,
As clerkes ben ful subtil and ful queint,
And prively he caught hire by the queint,
And sayde, Ywis but if I have my will
For derne love of thee, lemman, I spill;
And helde hire faste by the hanche bones,
And sayde, Lemman, love me wel at ones,
Or I wol dien, al so God me save.
And she sprong as a colt doth in the trave
And with hire hed she writhed faste away,
And sayde, I wol not kisse thee by my fay.
Why, let be, (quod she) let be, Nicholas,
Or I wol crie out Harow and Alas!
Do way your hondes for your curtesie.
This Nicholas gan mercy for to crie,
And spake so faire, and profered him so fast,
That she hire love him granted at the last,
And swore hire oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,
That she wold ben at his commandement
Whan that she may hire leiser wel espie.
Myn husbond is so ful of jalousie

* Nicholas, a scholar of Oxford, practiseth with Alison, the carpenter's wife of Osney, to deceive her husband, but in the end is rewarded accordingly. This is one of those Tales that Lydgate (in his Prologue to The Story of the Siege of Thebes) says are of ribaudrie,
To makin laughtir in the company.
So, reader, you know what you are to expect; read or forbear as you think fitting. *Urry.*

† *Augrim* is a corruption of *algorithm*, the Arabian term for numeration. *Augrim stones* therefore were the pebbles or counters which were anciently used in numeration.

d ye waiten wel and be prive
ght wel I n'am but ded, quod ſhe;
en be ful derne as in this cas.
th rof care you not, quod Nicholas:
ha h litherly beſet his while
e coude a carpenter begile.
ſo they were accorded and yſworne
e a time, as I have ſaid beforne.
icholas had don thus every del,
ked hire about the lendes wel,
d hire ſwete, and taketh his ſautrie,
ieth faſt, and maketh melodie.
fell it thus, that to the pariſh cherche
hes owen werkes for to werche)
d wif went upon a holy day;
ched ſhone as bright as any day,
a washen whan ſhe lete hire werk.
was ther of that chirche a pariſh clerk
ich that was yeleped Abſolon.
as his here, and as the gold it ſhon,
outed as a fanne large and brode;
ght and even lay his joly ſhode:
e was red, his eyen grey as goos,
oukes windowes corven on his ſhoos;
n red he went ful fetiſly:
e was ful ſmal and proprely
a kirtel of a light waget *;
re and thicke ben the pointes ſet;
erupon he had a gay ſurpliſe,
ite as is the bloſme upon the riſe.
ery childe he was, ſo God me ſave;
oud he leten blod, and clippe and ſhave,
ake a chartre of lond and a quitance:
enty manere coud he trip and dance,
the ſcole of Oxenforde tho)
with his legges caſten to and fro;
playen ſonges on a ſmal ribible;
to he ſong ſomtime a loud quinible:
as wel coud he play on a giterne:
the toun n'as brewhous ne taverne
e he visited with his ſolas,
er what any gaillard tapſtere was;
ſtet to ſay he was ſondel ſquamous
ſtring, and of ſpeche dangerous.
is Abſolon, that joly was and gay,
with a cenſer on the holy day,
ing the wives of the pariſh faſte,
many a lovely loke he on hem caſte,
namely on this carpenteres wif;
ke on hire him thought a mery lif;
was ſo proper, and ſwete, and likerous,
e wel fain if ſhe had been a mous
he a cat, he wolde hire hente anon.
is pariſh clerk, this joly Abſolon,
in his herte ſwiche a love longing,
of no wif toke he non offering;
curteſie, he ſayd, he n'olde non.
he moone at night ful clere and brighte ſhon,
Abſolon his giterne taith ytake,
paramours he thoughte for to wake;

And forth he goth jolif and amorous,
Til he came to the carpenteres hous,
A litel after the cockes had ycrow,
And dreſſed him up by a ſhot window
That was upon the carpenteres wal.
He ſingeth in his vois gentil and ſmal,
Now, dere Lady—if thy wille be,
I pray you that ye—wol rewe on me;
Ful wel accordant to his giterning.
This carpenter awoke, herd him ſing,
And ſpake unto his wif, and ſaid anon,
What, Aliſon! heres thou not Abſolon,
That chanteth thus under our boures wal?
And ſhe anſwerd hire huſbond therwithal,
Yes, God wot, John, I here him every del.
This paſſeth forth; what wol ye bet than wel?
Fro day to day this joly Abſolon
So loveth hire that him is wo-begon:
He waketh all the night, and all the day
He kembeth his lockes brode, and made him gay;
He woeth hire by menes and brocage,
And ſwore he wolde ben hire owen page:
He ſingeth brokking as a nightingale;
He ſent her pinnes, methe, and ſpiced ale,
And wafres piping hot out of the glede;
And for ſhe was of toun he profered mede;
For ſom folk wol be wonnen for richeſſe,
And ſom for ſtrokes, and ſome with gentilleſſe.
Sometime to ſhew his lightneſſe and maiſtrie
He plaieth Herode on a ſkaffold hie.
But what availeth him as in this cas?
So loveth ſhe this Hendy Nicholas,
That Abſolon may blow the buckes horne;
He ne had for his labour but a ſcorne:
And thus ſhe maketh Abſolon hire ape,
And all his erneſt tourneth to a jape.
Ful ſoth is this proverbe, it is no lie;
Men ſay right thus alway, The neighe ſlie
Maketh of time the ſer leef to be lothe:
For though that Abſolon be wood or wrothe,
Becauſe that he fer was from hire ſight,
This neighe Nicholas ſtood in his light.
Now bere thee wel, thou Hendy Nicholas,
For Abſolon may waile and ſing alas.
And ſo befell that on a Saturday
This carpenter was gon to Oſenay,
And Hendy Nicholas and Aliſon
Accorded ben to this concluſion,
That Nicholas ſhal ſhapen him a wile
This ſely jalous huſbond to begile;
And if ſo were the game went aright
She ſhuld ſlepe in his armes alle night,
For this was hire deſire and his alſo.
And right anon, withouten wordes mo,
This Nicholas no lenger wold tarie,
But doth ful ſoft unto his chambre carie
Both mete and drinke for a day or twey.
And to hire huſbond bad her for to ſey,
If that he axed after Nicholas
She ſhulde ſay ſhe n'iſte not wher he was;
Of all the day ſhe ſaw him not with eye;
She trowed he was in ſom maladie,
For for no crie hire maiden coud him calle,
He n'olde anſwer for nothing that might falle.
Thus paſſeth forth all thilke Saturday,
That Nicholas ſtill in his chambre lay,

Or *watchet*. Skinner explains *watchet* to mean a ur, a whitiſh blue; but in this place it ſeems rather to e ſome kind of cloth, denominated perhaps from the n of Watchet in Somerſetſhire. Instead of *light* ſome read *fin*, and *mf*, *A. exhit.* This laſt epithet would ſtes inconſiſtent with Skinner's explanation.

And ete, and ſlept, and dide what him liſt,
Til Sonday that the ſonne gothe to reſt.
This ſely carpenter hath gret mervaile
Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,
And ſaid, I am adrad by Seint Thomas
It ſtondeth not aright with Nicholas;
God ſhilde that he died ſodenly;
This world is now ful tikel ſikerly:
I ſaw to-day a corps yborne to cherche
That now on Monday laſt I ſaw him werche.
Go up (quod he unto his knave) anon,
Clepe at his dore, or knocke with a ſton;
Loke how it is, and telle me boldely.
This knave got him up ful ſturdely,
And at the chambre dore while that he ſtood
He cried and knocked as that he were wood;
What? how? what do ye, Maiſter Nicholay?
How may ye ſlepen all the longe day?
But all for nought, he herde not a word.
An hole he fond ful low upon the bord,
Ther as the cat was wont in for to crepe,
And at that hole he loked in ful depe,
And at the laſt he had of him a ſight.
This Nicholas ſat ever gaping upright,
As he had kyked on the newe mone.
Adoun he goth, and telleth his maiſter ſone
In what array he ſaw this ilke man.
This carpenter to bliſſen him began,
And ſaid, Now helpe us Seinte Frideſwide!
A man wote litel what ſhal him betide.
This man is fallen with his aſtronomie
In ſom woodneſſe or in ſom agonie.
I thought ay wel how that it ſhulde be;
Men ſhulde not knowe of Goddes privetee.
Ya, bleſſed be alway a lewed man,
That nought but only his beleve can.
So ferd another clerk with aſtronomie;
He walked in the feldes for to prie
Upon the ſterres, what ther ſhuld befalle,
Til he was in a marlepit yfalle.
He ſaw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas
Me reweth ſore of Hendy Nicholas:
He ſhal be rated of his ſtudying,
If that I may, by Jeſus, heven king.
Get me a ſtaff, that I may underſpore
While that thou, Robin, heveſt of the dore:
He ſhal out of his ſtudying as I geſſe.
And to the chambre dore he gan him dreſſe.
His knave was a ſtrong carl for the nones,
And by the haſpe he haf it of at ones;
Into the flore the dore fell anon.
This Nicholas ſat ay as ſtille as ſton,
And ever he gaped upward into the eire.
This carpenter wond he were in deſpeire,
And hent him by the ſhulders mightily,
And ſhoke him hard, and cried ſpitouſly;
What, Nicholas? what, how man? loke adoun;
Awake, and thinke on Criſtes paſſioun.
I crouche thee from elves and from wightes.
Therwith the nightſpel ſaid he anon rightes
On foure halves of the hous aboute
And on the threſwold of the dore withoute:
Jeſu Criſt and Seint Benedight
Bliſſe this hous from every wicked wight,
Fro the nightes mare, the wite Pater-noſter!
Wher woneſt thou Seint Peters ſuſter?
And at the laſt this Hendy Nicholas
Gan for to ſiken ſore, and ſaid, alas!
Shal all the world be loſt eftſones now?
This carpenter anſwered, What ſaieſt thou?
What? thinke on God, as we do, men that ſwinke.
This Nicholas anſwered, Fetch me a drinke;
And after wol I ſpeke in privetee
Of certain thing that toucheth thee and me:
I wol tell it non other man certain.
This carpenter goth doun and cometh again,
And brought of mighty ale a large quart;
And whan that eche of hem had dronken his part,
This Nicholas his dore faſte ſhette,
And doun the carpenter by him he ſette,
And ſaide, John, min hoſte lefe and dere,
Thou ſhalt upon thy trouthe ſwere me here
That to no wight thou ſhalt my counſeil wrey,
For it is Criſtes counſeil that I ſay,
And if thou tell it man thou art forlore;
For this vengeance thou ſhalt have therfore,
That if thou wreye me thou ſhalt be wood.
Nay, Criſt forbede it for his holy blood,
Quod tho this ſely man: I am no labbe,
Ne though I ſay it I n'am not lefe to gabbe.
Say what thou wolt, I ſhall it never telle
To child ne wif, by him that harwed helle.
Now, John, (quod Nicholas) I wol not lie,
I have yfounde in min aſtrologie,
As I have loked in the moone bright,
That now on Monday next, at quarter night,
Shal fal a rain, and that ſo wild and wood,
That half ſo gret wos never Noes flood:
This world (he ſaid) in leſſe than in an houre
Shal all be dreint, ſo hidous is the ſhoure:
Thus ſhal mankinde drenche and leſe hir lif.
This carpenter anſwerd, Alas my wif!
And ſhal ſhe drenche? alas min Aliſoun!
For ſorwe of this he fell almoſt adoun,
And ſaid, Is ther no remedy in this cas?
Why yes, for God, quod Hendy Nicholas;
If thou wolt werken after lore and rede,
Thou maiſt not werken after thin owen hede;
For thus ſaith Salomon, that was ful trewe,
Werke all by conſeil, and thou ſhalt not rewe.
And if thou werken wolt by good conſeil
I undertake, withouten maſt or ſeyl,
Yet ſhall I ſaven hire, and thee and me.
Haſt thou not herd how ſaved was Noe,
Whan that our Lord had warned him beforne,
That all the world with water ſhuld be lorne?
Yes, (quod this carpenter) ful yore ago.
Haſt thou not herd (quod Nicholas) alſo
The ſorwe of Noe with his felawſhip,
Or that he might get his wif to ſhip?
Him had be lever, I dare wel undertake,
At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,
That ſhe had had a ſhip hire ſelf alone;
And therfore woſt thou what is beſt to done?
This axeth haſt, and of an haſtif thing
Men may not preche and maken tarying.
Anon go get us faſt into this in
A kneding trough or elles a kemelyn

he of us; but loke that they ben large,
ich we mowen swimme as in a barge;
ave therin vitaille suffisant
r a day; fie on the remenant;
water shall aslake and gon away
ten prime upon the nexte day.
obin may not wete of this thy knave,
e thy mayden Gille I may not save:
ot why; for though thou axe me,
not tellen Goddes privetee.
eth thee, but if thy wittes madde,
ve as gret a grace as Noe hadde.
wif shal I wel saven out of doute.
w thy way, and spede thee hereaboute.
whan thou hast for hire, and thee, and me,
en us these kneding tubbes thre,
shalt thou hang hem in the roofe ful hie,
no man of our purveyance espie:
whan thou hast don thus as I have said,
hast our vitaille faire in hem ylaid,
eke an axe to smite the cord a-two
that the water cometh, that we may go
breke an hole on high upon the gable
the gardin ward, over the stable,
we may frely passen forth our way,
n that the grete shoure is gon away,
shal thou swim as mery, I undertake,
oth the white doke after hire drake;
wol I clepe, How, Alison! how, John!
ery, for the flood wol passe anon.
thou wolt sain, Haile! Maister Nicholay,
morwe! I see thee wel, for it is day.
than shall we be lordes all our lif
l the world, as Noe and his wif.
of o thing I warne thee ful right,
rel avised on that ilke night,
we ben entred into shippes bord,
non of us ne speke not o word,
lepe ne crie, but be in his praiere,
t is Goddes owen heste dere.
hy wif and thou moste hangen fer a-twinne,
that betwixen you shal be no sinne,
ore in loking than ther shall in dede.
ordinance is said; go, God thee spede.
morwe at night, whan men ben all aslepe,
our kneding tubbes wol we crepe,
sitten ther, abiding Goddes grace.
now thy way, I have no lenger space
make of this, no lenger sermoning:
sain thus, Send the wise, and say nothing:
art so wise it nedeth thee nought teche.
save our lives, and that I thee beseche.
his sely carpenter goth forth his way,
oft he said Alas! and Wala wa!
to his wif he told his privatee,
she was ware, and knew it bet than he
at all this queinte cast was for to sey;
natheles she serde as she wold dey,
said, Alas! go forth thy way anon;
pe us to scape, or we be ded eche on:
thy trewe veray wedded wif;
dere spouse! and helpe to save our lif.
o, what a gret thing is affection!
n may die of imagination,
So depe may impression be take.
This sely carpenter beginneth quake;
Him thinketh verraily that he may see
Noes flood comen walwing as the sea
To drenchen Alison, his honey dere:
He wepeth, waileth, maketh sory chere;
He siketh, with ful many a sory swough.
He goth and geteth him a kneding trough,
And after a tubbe and a kemelin,
And prively he sent hem to his in,
And heng hem in the roof in privetee.
His owen hond than made he ladders three†,
To climben by the renges and the stalkes
Unto the tubbes honging in the balkes;
And hem vitailled, kemelin, trough, and tubbe,
With bred and chese, and good ale in a jubbe,
Sufficing right ynow as for a day.
But er that he had made all this array
He sent his knave, and eke his wenche also,
Upon his nede to London for to go.
And on the Monday, whan it drew to night,
He shette his dore, withouten candel light,
And dressed all thing as it shulde bee;
And shortly up they clomben alle three.
They sitten stille wel a furlong way.
Now, *Pater-noster*, Clum, said Nicholay,
And Clum, quod John, and Clum, said Alison:
This carpenter said his devotion,
And still he sit, and biddeth his praiere,
Awaiting on the rain, if he it here.
The dede slepe, for wery besinesse,
Fell on this carpenter, right as I gesse,
Abouten curfew time, or litel more.
For travaille of his gost he groneth sore,
And eft he routeth, for his hed mislay.
Doun of the ladder stalketh Nicholay,
And Alison ful soft adoun hire spedde.
Withouten wordes mo they went to bedde,
Ther as the carpenter was wont to lie;
Ther was the revel and the melodie.
And thus lith Alison and Nicholas
In besinesse of mirthe and in solas,
Til that the bell of *laudes* gan to ring,
And freres in the chancel gon to sing.
This parish clerk, this amorous Absolon,
That is for love alway so wo-begon,
Upon the Monday was at Osenay
With compagnie, him to disport and play,
And asked upon cas a cloisterer
Ful prively after John the carpenter;
And he drew him apart out of the chirche.
He said, I no't, I saw him not here wirche
Sith Saturday; I trow that he be went
For timbre ther our abbot hath him sent;
For he is wont for timbre for to go,
And dwellen at the Grange a day or two;
Or elles he is at his hous certain:
Wher that he be I cannot sothly sain.
This Absolon ful joly was and light,
And thoughte, now is time to wake al night,

† With his own hand. So Gower, *Conf. Amant.* fol. 76. b.
The craste Mynerve of wolle fonde,
And made cloth *her owen honde*,

For sikerly I saw him nat stiring
About his dore sin day began to spring.
So mote I thrive I shal at cockes crow
Ful prively go knocke at his window,
That stant full low upon his boures wall:
To Alison wol I now tellen all
My love-longing; for yet I shall not misse
That at the leste way I shal hire kisse.
Some maner comfort shal I have parfay,
My mouth hath itched al this longe day;
That is a signe of kissing at the leste:
All night me mette eke I was at a feste:
Therfore I wol go slepe an houre or twey,
And all the night than wol I wake and pley.
Whan that the firste cock hath crowe, anon
Up rist this joly lover Absolon,
And him arayeth gay, at point devise;
But first he cheweth grein and licorise,
To smellen sote or he had spoke with here.
Under his tonge a trewe love he bere,
For therby wend he to ben gracious.
He cometh to the carpenteres hous,
And still he stant under the shot window;
Unto his brest it raught, it was so low;
And soft he cougheth with a semisoun.
What do ye, honycombe, swete Alisoun,
My faire bird, my swete sinamome!
Awaketh, lemman min, and speketh to me.
Ful litel thinken ye upon my wo,
That for your love I swete ther as I go.
No wonder is though that I swelte and swete;
I mourne as doth a lamb after the tete.
Ywis, lemman, I have swiche love longing
That like a turtel trewe is my mourning.
I may not ete no more than a maid.
Go fro the window, jacke fool, she said:
As helpe me God it wol not be, compame.
I love another, or elles I were to blame,
Wel bet than thee by Jesu, Absolon.
Go forth thy way, or I wol cast a ston;
And let me slepe; a twenty divel way.
Alas! (quod Absolon) and wala wa!
That trewe love was ever so yvel besette!
Than kisse me, sin that it may be no bette,
For Jesus love, and for the love of me.
Wilt thou than go thy way therwith? quod she.
Ya certes, lemman, quod this Absolon.
Than make thee redy, (quod she) I come anon.
This Absolon doun set him on his knees,
And saide, I am a lord at all degrees:
For after this I hope ther cometh more;
Lemman, thy grace, and, swete bird! thyn ore.
The window she undoth, and that in haste.
Have don, (quod she) come of, and spede thee faste,
Lest that our neighboures thee espie.
This Absolon gan wipe his mouth ful drie.
Derke was the night as pitch or as the cole,
And at the window she put out hire hole,
And Absolon him felle ne bet ne wers,
But with his mouth he kist hire naked ers
Ful savorly, er he was ware of this.
Abak he sterte, and thought it was amis,
For wel he wist a woman hath no berd.
He felt a thing all rowe, and long yberd,
And saide, Fy, alas! what have I do?
Te he, quod she, and clapt the window to;
And Absolon goth forth a sory pas.
A berd, a berd! said Hendy Nicholas;
By Goddes *corpus* this goth faire and wel.
This sely Absolon herd every del,
And on his lippe he gan for anger bite,
And to himself he said I shal thee quite.
Who rubbeth now, who froteth now his lippes
With dust, with sond, with straw, with cloth, with chippes,
But Absolon? that saith full oft Alas!
My soule betake I unto Sathanas
But me were lever than all this toun (quod he)
Of this despit awroken for to be.
Alas! alas! that I ne had yblent.
His hote love is cold and all yqueint;
For fro that time that he had kist hire ere
Of paramours ne raught he not a kers,
For he was heled of his maladie;
Ful often paramours he gan defie,
And wepe as doth a child that is ybete.
A soft pas he went him over the strete
Until a smith man callen Dan Gerveis,
That in his forge smithed plow-harneis;
He sharpeth share and cultre besily.
This Absolon knocketh all esily,
And said, Undo, Gerveis, and that anon.
What, who art thou? It am I Absolon.
What, Absolon? what, Christes swete tre,
Why rise ye so rath? ey *benedicite!*
What eileth you? some gay girle, God it wote,
Hath brought you thus upon the viretote:
By Seint Neote ye wote wel what I mene.
This Absolon ne raughte not a bene
Of all his play; no word again he yaf:
He hadde more tawe on his distaf
Than Gerveis knew, and saide, Frend so dere,
That hote culter in the cheminee here
As lene it me, I have therwith to don;
I wol it bring again to thee ful sone.
Gerveis answered, Certes were it gold,
Or in a poke nobles all untold,
Thou shuldest it have, as I am trewe smith.
Ey, Cristes foot, what wol ye don therwith?
Therof, quod Absolon, be as be may,
I shal wel tellen thee another day;
And caught the culter by the colde stele.
Ful soft out at the dore he gan to stele,
And went unto the carpenteres wall;
He coughed first, and knocked therwithall
Upon the window, right as he did er.
This Alison answered, Who is ther
That knocketh so? I warrant him a thefe.
Nay, nay, (quod he) God wot, my swete lefe,
I am thin Absolon, thy dereling.
Of gold (quod he) I have thee brought a ring;
My mother yave it me, so God me save,
Ful fine it is, and therto wel ygrave;
This wol I yeven thee if thou me kisse.
This Nicholas was risen for to pisse,
And thought he wolde amenden all the jape,
He shulde kisse his ers er that he scape;
And up the window did he hastily,
And out his ers he putteth privily

· the buttok, to the hanche bon;
therwith spake this clerk, this Absolon,
e swete bird, I n'ot not wher thou art.
his Nicholas anon let fleen a fart
ret as it had been a thonder dint,
with the stroke he was wel nie yblint;
he was redy with his yren hote,
Nicholas amid the ers he smote.
f goth the skinne an hondbrede al aboute.
hote culter brenned so his toute,
for the smert he wened for to die;
e were wood for wo he gan to crie
e, water, water! help for Goddes herte!
is carpenter out of his slumber sterte,
herd on crie Water as he were wood,
thought, alas! now cometh Noes flood.
t him up withouten wordes mo,
with his axe he smote the cord atwo,
doun goth all; he fond neyther to selle
reed ne ale til he came to the selle,
the flore, and ther aswoune he lay.
sterten Alison and Nicholay,
crieden, Out and harrow! in the strete.
e neigheboures bothe smale and grete
men for to ganren on this man,
yet aswonne lay bothe pale and wan,
For with the fall he brosten hath his arm.
But stonden he must unto his owen harm,
For whan he spake he was anon bore doun
With Hendy Nicholas and Alisoun.
They tolden every man that he was wood,
He was agaste so of Noes flood
Thurgh fantasie, that of his vanitee
He had ybought him kneding tubbes three,
And had hem honged in the roof above,
And that he praied hem for Goddes love
To sitten in the roof *par compagnie.*
The folk gan laughen at his fantasie.
Into the roof they kyken and they gape,
And turned all his harm into a jape.
For what so that this carpenter answerd
It was for nought, no man his reson herd.
With othes gret he was so sworne adoun
That he was holden wood in all the toun,
For everich clerk anon right held with ther;
They said the man was wood, my leve brother;
And every wight gan laughen at this strif.
Thus swived was the carpenteres wif
For all his keping and his jalousie,
And Absolon hath kist hire nether eye,
And Nicholas is scalded in the toute.
This Tale is don, and God save all the route.

THE REVES PROLOGUE.

WHAN folk han laughed at this nice cas
Of Absolon and Hendy Nicholas,
Diverse folk diversely they saide,
But for the more part they lought and plaide;
Ne at this Tale I saw no man greve
But it were only Osewold the Reve:
Because he was of carpenteres craft
A litel ire is in his herte ylaft;
He gan to grutch and blamen it a lite.
Se the ik, quod he, ful wel coude I him quite
With blering of a proude milleres eye,
If that me lift to speke of ribaudrie.
But ik am olde; me lift not play for age;
Gras time is don, my foddre is now forage:
This white top writeth mine old yeres;
Min herte is also moulded as min heres;
But if I fare as doth an open ers,
That ilke fruit is ever lenger the wers
Til it be roten in mullok or in stre.
We olde men, I drede, so faren we;
Til we be roten can we not be ripe;
We hoppe alway while that the world wol pipe;
For in our will ther stiketh ever a nayl,
To have an hore hed and a grene tayl,
As hath a leke; for though our might be gon
Our will desireth folly ever in on;
For whan we may not don than wol we speken,
Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.
Four gledes han we which I shal devise,
Avaunting, lying, anger, and covetise;
These foure sparkes longen unto elde;
Our olde limes mow wel ben unwelde,
But will ne shall not faillen that is sothe:
And yet have I alway a coltes tothe,
As many a yere as it passed henne
Sin that my tappe of lif began to renne:
For sikerly whan I was borne anon
Deth drow the tappe of lif and let it gon;
And ever sith hath so the tappe yronne,
Til that almost all empty is the tonne;
The streme of lif now droppeth on the chimbe*.
The sely tonge may wel ringe and chimbe
Of wretchednesse that passed is ful yore:
With olde folk save dotage is no more.
Whan that our Hoste had herd this sermoning,
He gan to speke as lordly as a king,
And sayde, What amounteth all this wit?
What, shall we speke all day of holy writ?
The devil made a Reve for to preche,
Or of a souter a shipman or a leche.
Say forth thy Tale, and tary not the time;
Lo Depeford, and it is half way prime:
Lo Grenewich, ther many a shrew is inne:
It were al time thy Tale to beginne.
Now, sires, quod this Osewold the Reve,
I pray you alle that ye not you greve
Though I answere, and somdel set his howve,
For leful is with force force off to showve.
This dronken Miller hath ytold us here
How that begiled was a carpentere,
Paraventure in scorne, for I am on;
And by your leve I shal him quite anon:
Right in his cherles termes wol I speke;
I pray to God his necke mote to breke.
He can wel in min eye seen a stalk,
But in his owen he cannot seen a balk.

* *Rime*, Teut. means the prominency of the staves beyond the head of the barrel. The imagery is very exact and beautiful.

THE REVES TALE*.

At Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrigge,
Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge,
Upon the whiche brook ther ſtont a melle;
And this is veray ſothe that I you telle.
A miller was ther dwelling many a day,
As any peacock he was proude and gay:
Pipen he coude, and fiſhe, and nettes bete,
And turnen cuppes, and wraſtlen wel and ſhete.
Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,
And of a ſwerd ful trenchant was the blade:
A joly popper bare he in his pouche.
Ther n'as no man for peril dorſt him touche.
A Sheſeld thwitel bare he in his hoſe:
Round was his face, and camuſe was his noſe:
As pilled as an ape was his ſkull:
He was a market-beter at the full.
Ther dorſte no wight hond upon him legge,
That he ne ſwore he ſhuld anon abegge.
A theſe he was forſoth of corne and mele,
And that a ſlie, and uſant for to ſtele:
His name was hoten Deinous Simekin †.
A wif he hadde comen of noble kin:
The perſon of the toun hire father was:
With hire he yaf ful many a panne of bras
For that Simkin ſhuld in his blood allie:
She was yfoſtered in a nonnerie;
For Simkin wolde no wif, as he ſayde,
But ſhe were wel ynouriſhed and a mayde,
To ſiven his eſtat of yemanrie:
And ſhe was proud and pert as is a pie.
A ful faire ſight was it upon hem two.
On holy dayes beforne hire wold he go
With his tipet ybounde about his hed;
And ſhe came after in a gite of red,
And Simkin hadde hoſen of the ſame.
Ther dorſte no wight clepen her but Dame:
Was non ſo hardy, that went by the way,
That with hire dorſte rage or ones play,
But if he wolde be ſlain of Simikin
With pavade, or with knif or bodekin;
(For jalous folk ben perilous evermo,
Algate they wold hir wives wenden ſo.)
And eke, for ſhe was ſomdel ſmoterlich,
She was as digne as water in a dich,
And al ſo ful of hoker and of biſmare,
Hire thoughte that a ladie ſhuld hire ſpare,
What for hire kinrede and hire nortelrie
That ſhe had lerned in the nonnerie.
A doughter hadden they betwix hem two
Of twenty yere, withouten any mo,
Saving a child that was of half yere age;
In cradle it lay, and was a propre page.
This wenche thicke and wel ygrowen was,
With camuſe noſe and eyen grey as glas;
With buttokes brode, and breſtes round and hie,
But right faire was hir here, I wol not lie.
The perſon of the toun, for ſhe was faire,
In purpos was to maken hire his haire
Both of his catel and of his meſuage,
And ſtrange he made it of hire mariage.
His purpos was for to beſtow hire hie
Into ſome worthy blood of anceſtrie,
For holy chirches good mote ben deſpended
On holy chirches blood that is deſcended;
Therfore he wolde his holy blood honoure
Though that he holy chirche ſhuld devoure.
Gret ſoken hath this miller out of doute
With whete and malt of all the land aboute,
And namely ther was a gret college
Men clep the Soler hall at Cantebrege,
Ther was hir whete and eke hir malte yground.
And on a day it happed in a ſtound
Sike lay the manciple on a maladie,
Men wenden wiſly that he ſhulde die;
For which this miller ſtale both mele and corn
An hundred times more than beforn,
For therbeforn he ſtale but curteiſly,
But now he was a theſe outrageouſly,
For which the wardein chidde and made fare,
But therof ſet the miller not a tare;
He craked boſt, and ſwore it n'as not ſo,
Than were ther yonge poure ſcolores two
That dwelten in the halle of which I ſay;
Teſtif they were, and luſty for to play,

* Deuyſe Simkin, the miller of Trompington, deceiveth two clarkes of Soller's hall in Cambridge in ſtealing their corn, but they ſo manage their matters that they revenge the wrong to the full. This Tale is imitated from Boccace, Novel the 6th, Day the 9th.---This you may paſs over if you pleaſe. *Urry.*

† His name was Simon, of which Simekin is the diminutive, and from his diſdainful inſolent manners he had acquired the ſurname of *Deinous*, juſt as Nicholas, in the former tale, was cleped *Hendy* from the very oppoſite behaviour. A great number of our ſurnames have been derived from qualities of the mind, and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that at the beginning they were merely perſonal, like what we call nicknames. It is probable that the uſe of hereditary ſurnames was not even in Chaucer's time fully eſtabliſhed among the lower claſſes of people.

And only for hir mirth and revelrie
Upon the wardein befily they crie
To yeve hem leve but a little ſtound
To gon to mille and ſeen hir corn yground;
And hardily they dorſten lay hir necke
The miller ſhuld not ſtele hem half a pecke
Of corn by ſleighte, ne by force him reve.
And at the laſt the wardein yave hem leve.
John highte that on, and Alein highte that other;
Of a toun were they born that highte Strother,
Fer in the north, I cannot tellen where.
This Alein maketh redy all his gere,
And on a hors the ſak he caſt anon:
Forth goth Alein the clerk, and alſo John,
With good ſwerd and with bokeler by hir ſide.
John knew the way, him neded not no guide,
And at the mille the ſak adoun he laith.
Alein ſpake firſt; All haile, Simond, in faith,
How fares thy faire daughter and thy wif?
Alein, welcome (quod Simkin), by my lif,
And John alſo. How now, what do ye here?
By God, Simond (quod John), nede has no pere;
Him behoves ſerve himſelf that has na ſwain,
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes ſain.
Our manciple I hope he wol be ded,
Swa werkes ay the wanges in his bed;
And therfore is I come, and eke Alein,
To grind our corn and cary it hame agein;
I pray you ſpede us henen that ye may.
It ſhal be don (quod Simkin) by my fay.
What wol ye don while that it is in hand?
By God, right by the hopper wol I ſtand,
(Quod John) and ſeen how that the corn gas in;
Yet ſaw I never by my fader kin
How that the hopper wagges til and fra.
Alein anſwered, John, and wolt thou ſwa?
Than wol I be benethe by my croun,
And ſee how that the mele falles adoun
In til the trogh; that ſhal be my diſport;
For, John, in faith I may ben of your ſort:
I is as ill a miller as is ye.
This miller ſmiled at hir nicetee,
And thought all this n'is don but for a wile.
They wenen that no man may hem begile,
But by my thrift yet ſhal I blere hir eie
For all the ſleighte in hir philoſophie.
The more queinte knakkes that they make,
The more wol I ſtele whan that I take.
In ſtede of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren.
The greteſt clerkes ben not the wiſeſt men,
As whilom to the wolf thus ſpake the mare;
Of all hir art ne count I not a tare.
Out at the dore he goth ful prively
Whan that he ſaw his time ſoftely.
He loketh up and doun, til he hath found
The clerkes hors ther as he ſtood ybound
Behind the mille under a leveſell,
And to the hors he goth him faire and well,
And ſtripeth of the bridel right anon.
And whan the hors was laus he gan to gon
Toward the fen ther wilde mares rinne,
And forth with wehee thurgh thick and thinne.
This miller goth again, no word he ſaid,
But doth his note, and with theſe clerkes plaid,
Till that hir corn was faire and wel yground.
And whan the mele is ſacked and ybound,
This John goth out and fint his hors away,
And gan to crie Harow and wala wa!
Our hors is loſt: Alein, for Goddes banes
Step on thy feet; come of, man, al at anes:
Alas! our wardein has his palfrey lorn.
This Alein al forgat both mele and corn;
Al was out of his mind his huſbandrie:
What, whilke way is he gon? he gan to crie.
The wif came leping inward at a renne;
She ſayd, Alas! youre hors goth to the fenne
With wilde mares as faſt as he may go.
Unthank come on his hand that bond him ſo,
And he that better ſhuld have knit the rein.
Alas! (quod John) Alein, for Criſtes pein
Lay doun thy ſwerd, and I ſhal min alſwa;
I is ful wight, God wate, as is a ra.
By Goddes faule he ſhall not ſcape us bathe.
Why ne had thou put the capel in the lathe?
Ill haile, Alein, by God thou is a ſonne.
Theſe ſely clerkes han ful faſt yronne
Toward the fen, bothe Alein and eke John;
And whan the miller ſaw that they were gon
He half a buſhel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wif go knede it in a cake.
He ſayd, I trow the clerkes were aferde:
Yet can a miller make a clerkes herde
For all his art. Ye, let hem gon hir way.
Lo wher they gon. Ye, let the children play:
They get him not ſo lightly by my croun.
Theſe ſely clerkes rennen up and doun
With Kepe, kepe; Stand, ſtand; joſſa, warderere.
Ga whiſtle thou, and I ſhal kepe him here.
But ſhortly, till that it was veray night
They coude not, though they did all hir might,
Hir capel catch, he ran alway ſo faſt.
Til in a diche they caught him at the laſt.
Wery and wet, as beſtes in the rain,
Cometh ſely John, and with him cometh Alein.
Alas (quod John) the day that I was borne!
Now are we driven til hething and til ſcorne.
Our corn is ſtolne, men wol us founes calle,
Both the wardein and eke our ſelawes alle,
And namely the miller, wala wa!
Thus plaineth John as he goth by the way
Toward the mille, and Bayard in his hond.
The miller ſitting by the fire he fond,
For it was night, and forther might they nought,
But for the love of God they him beſought
Of herberwe and of eſe, as for hir peny.
The miller ſaide agen, If ther be any,
Swiche as it is yet ſhall ye have your part.
Myn houſe is ſtreit, but ye have lerned art;
Ye can by arguments maken a place
A mile brode of twenty foot of ſpace.
Let ſee now if this place may ſuffice,
Or make it roume with ſpeche, as is your gife.
Now, Simond (ſaid this John), by Seint Cuthbert
Ay is thou mery, and that is faire anſwerd.
I have herd ſay man ſal take of twa thinges,
Slike as he findes, or ſlike as he bringes.
But ſpecially I pray thee, hoſte dere,
Gar us have mete and drinke, and make us chere,

And we ſal paien trewely at the full:
With empty hand men may na haukes tull.
Lo here our ſilver redy for to ſpend.
This miller to the toun his doughter ſend
For ale and bred, and roſted hem a goos,
And bond hir hors he ſhuld no more go loos,
And in his owen chambre hem made a bedde,
With ſhetes and with chalons faire yſpredde,
Not from his owen bed ten foot or twelve:
His doughter had a bed all by hire ſelve,
Right in the ſame chambre by and by:
It mighte be no bet, and cauſe why,
Ther was no roumer herberwe in the place.
They ſoupen, and they ſpeken of ſolace,
And drinken ever ſtrong ale at the beſt.
Abouten miſdnight wente they to reſt.
Wel hath this miller vernifhed his hed,
Fel pale he was, for-dronken, and nought red.
He yoxeth, and he ſpeketh thurgh the noſe,
As he were on the quakke or on the poſe.
To bed he goth, and with him goth his wif;
As any jay ſhe light was and jolif;
So was hire joly whiſtle wel ywette.
The cradel at hire beddes feet was ſette
To rocken, and to yeve the child to ſouke.
And whan that dronken was all in the crouke
To bedde went the doughter right anon,
To bedde goth Alein and alſo John.
Ther n'as no more; nedeth hem no dwale.
This miller hath ſo wiſly bibbed ale,
That as an hors he ſnorteth in his ſlepe,
Ne of his tail behind he toke no kepe.
His wif bare him a burdon a ful ſtrong,
Men might hir routing heren a furlong.
The wenche routeth eke *par compagnie*.
Alein the clerk, that herd this melodie,
He poketh John, and ſayde, Slepeſt thou?
Herdeſt thou ever ſlike a ſong er now?
Lo whilke a complin is ymell hem alle;
A wilde fire upon hir bodies falle,
Wha herkned ever ſlike a ferly thing?
Yet, they ſhall have the flour of yvel ending.
This lange night ther tides me no reſte;
But yet na force, all ſhal be for the beſte.
For, John (ſayd he), as ever mote I thrive,
If that I may yon wenche wol I ſwive.
Som eſement has lawe yſhapen us;
For, John, ther is a lawe that ſaieth thus,
That if a man in o point be agreved
That in another ſhe ſhal be releved.
Our corn is ſtolne, ſothly it is na nay,
And we han had an yvel fit to-day;
And ſin I ſhal have nan amendement
Again my loſſe I wol have an eſement:
By Goddes ſaule it ſhal nan other be.
This John anſwered, Alein, aviſe thee;
The miller is a perilous man, he ſayde,
And if that he out of his ſlepe abraide,
He mighte don us bathe a vilanie.
Alein anſwered, I count him nat a flie.
And up he riſt, and by the wenche he crept.
This wenche lay upright, and faſte ſlept,
Til he ſo nigh was, er ſhe might eſpie,
That it had ben to late for to crie:
And ſhortly for to ſay, they were at on.
Now play Alein, for I wol ſpeke of John.
This John lith ſtill a furlong way or two,
And to himſelf he maketh routh and wo.
Alas! (quod he) this is a wicked jape;
Now may I ſay that I is but an ape.
Yet has my ſelaw ſomwhat for his harme;
He has the millers doughter in his arme:
He auntred him, and hath his nedes ſpedde,
And I lie as a draf ſak in my bedde;
And whan this jape is tald another day
I ſhal be halden a daffe or a cokenay:
I wol ariſe and auntre it by my fay:
Unhardy is unſely, thus men ſay.
And up he roſe, and ſoftely he went
Unto the cradel, and in his hand it hent,
And bare it ſoft unto his beddes fete.
Sone after this the wif hire routing lete,
And gan awake, and went hire out to piſſe,
And came again, and gan the cradel miſſe,
And groped here and ther, but ſhe fond non.
Alas (quod ſhe)! I had almoſt miſgon;
I had almoſt gon to the clerkes bedde:
Ey *benedicite*! than had I foule yſpedde.
And forth ſhe goth til ſhe the cradel fond.
She gropeth alway forther with hire hond,
And fond the bed, and thoughte nat but good,
Becauſe that the cradel by it ſtood,
And n'iſte wher ſhe was, for it was derk,
But faire and wel ſhe crept in by the clerk,
And lith ful ſtill, and wold han caught a ſlepe.
Within a while this John the clerk up lepe,
And on this goode wif he laieth on ſore;
So mery a fit ne had ſhe nat ful yore:
He priketh hard and depe as he were mad.
This joly lif han theſe two clerkes lad
Til that the thridde cok began to ſing.
Alein wex werie in the morwening,
For he had ſwonken all the longe night,
And ſayd, Farewel, Malkin, my ſwete wight:
The day is come, I may no longer bide,
But evermo wher ſo I go or ride
I is thin awen clerk, ſo have I hele.
Now, dere lemman, quod ſhe, go, farewele;
But or thou go, o thing I wol thee tell.
Whan that thou wendeſt homeward by the mell,
Right at the entree of the dore behind
Thou ſhalt a cake of half a buſhel find
That was ymaked of thin owen mele,
Which that I halpe my fader for to ſtele:
And, goode lemman, God thee ſave and kepe.
And with that word ſhe gan almoſt to wepe.
Alein upriſt, and thought er that it daw,
I wol go crepen in by my ſelaw;
And fond the cradel at his hand anon.
By God, thought he, all wrang I have miſgon:
My hed is tottie of my ſwink to night,
That maketh me that I go nat aright.
I wot wel by the cradel I have miſgo;
Here lith the miller and his wif alſo.
And forth he goth a twenty divel way
Unto the bed, ther as the miller lay.
He wend have cropen by his ſelaw John,
And by the miller he crept anon,

And caught him by the nekke, and gan him ſhake,
And ſayd, Thou John, thou ſwineſhed, awake
For Criſtes ſaule, and here a noble game;
For by that lord that called is Seint Jame,
As I have thries as in this ſhort night
Swived the millers doughter bolt upright
While thou haſt as a coward ben agaſt.
Ye, falſe harlot, quod the miller, haſt?
A, falſe traitour, falſe clerk (quod he),
Thou ſhalt be ded by Goddes dignitee,
Who dorſte be ſo bold to diſparage
My doughter, that is come of ſwiche linage.
And by the throte-bolle he caught Alein,
And he him hent deſpitouſly again,
And on the noſe he ſmote him with his fiſt;
Doun ran the blody ſtreme upon his breſt:
And in the flore with noſe and mouth to-broke
They walwe, as don two pigges in a poke.
And up they gon, and doun again anon,
Til that the miller ſporned at a ſton,
And doun he fell backward upon his wif,
That wiſte nothing of this nice ſtrif:
For ſhe was fall aſlepe a litel wight
With John the clerk, that waked had all night,
And with the fall out of hire ſlepe ſhe braide.
Helpe, holy croſs of Bromeholme! (ſhe ſayde)
In manus tuas, Lord, to thee I call.
Awake, Simond, the fend is on me fall;
Myn herte is broken; helpe; I n'am but ded;
Ther lith on up my wombe and up myn hed:
Helpe, Simkin, for the falſe clerkes fight.
This John ſtert up as faſt as ever he might,
And graſpeth by the walles to and fro
To find a ſtaf, and ſhe ſtert up alſo,
And knew the eſtres bet than did this John,
And by the wall ſhe toke a ſtaf anon,
And ſaw a litel ſhemering of a light,
For at an hole in ſhone the mone bright,
And by that light ſhe ſaw hem bothe two,
But ſikerly ſhe n'iſte who was who,
But as ſhe ſaw a white thing in hire eye;
And whan ſhe gan this white thing eſpie
She wend the clerk had wered a volupere,
And with the ſtaf ſhe drow ay nere and nere,
And wend han hit this Alein atte full,
And ſmote the miller on the pilled ſkull,
That doun he goth, and cried, Harrow! I die.
Thiſe clerkes bete him wel, and let him lie,
And greithen hem, and take hir hors anon,
And eke hir mele, and on hir way they gon;
And at the mille dore eke they toke hir cake
Of half a buſhel flour ful wel ybake.
Thus is the proude miller wel ybette,
And hath yloſt the grinding of the whete,
And paid for the ſouper every del
Of Alein and of John that bete him wel;
His wif is ſwived and his doughter als;
Lo, ſwiche it is a miller to be fals:
And therfore this proverb is ſayd ful ſoth,
Him thar not winnen wel that evil doth;
A gilour ſhal himſelf begiled be;
And God, that ſiteth hie in mageſtee,
Save all this compagnie gret and ſmale.
Thus have I quit the miller in my Tale.

THE COKES PROLOGUE.

ke of London, while the Reve ſpake,
(him thought) he clawed him on the bak:
ood he) for Criſtes paſſion,
ller had a ſharpe concluſion
is argument of herbergage.
de Salomon in his langage
g not every man into thin hous,
erwing by night is perilous.
ght a man aviſed for to be
that he brought into his privetee.
a God ſo yeve me ſorwe and care
ſithen I highte Hodge of Ware,
a miller bet yſette a-werk;
a jape of malice in the derk.
ood forbede that we ſtinten here,
erfore if ye vouchen ſauf to here
of me that am a poure man,
ou tell as wel as ever I can
jape that fell in our citee.
Hoſte anſwerd and ſayde, I grant it thee:
Now tell on, Roger, and loke that it be good,
For many a paſtee haſt thou letten blood,
And many a Jacke of Dover haſt thou ſold
That hath been twies hot and twies cold:
Of many a pilgrim haſt thou Criſtes curſe,
For of thy perſelee yet fare they the werſe,
That they han eten in thy ſtoble goos,
For in thy ſhop goth many a flie loos.
Now tell on, gentil Roger by thy name,
But yet I pray thee be not wroth for game;
A man may ſay ful ſoth in game and play.
Thou ſayſt ful ſoth, quod Roger, by my fay;
But ſoth play *quade ſpel*, as the Fleming ſaith,
And therfore, Herry Bailly, by thy faith
Be thou not wroth, or we departen here,
Though that my Tale be of an hoſtelere:
But natheles, I wol not telle it yet,
But er we part ywis thou ſhalt be quit.
And therwithal he lough and made chere
And ſayd his Tale, as ye ſhal after here.

THE COKES TALE*.

ewis whilom dwelt in our citee,
a craft of vitaillers was he:
l he was as goldfinch in the ſhawe,
as a bery, a propre ſhort felawe,
kkes blake kembed ful fetiſly:
he coude ſo wel and jolily,
was cleped Perkin Revelour:
as ful of love and paramour
e hive ful of honey ſwete;
s the wenche with him mighte mete.
At every bridale would he ſing and hoppe;
He loved bet the taverne than the ſhoppe;
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe
Out of the ſhoppe thider wold he lepe,
And til that he had all the ſight yſein,
And danced wel, he wold not come agein;
And gadred him a meinie of his ſort
To hoppe and ſing, and maken ſwiche diſport;
And ther they ſetten ſteven for to mete
To plain at the dice in ſwiche a ſtrete;
For in the Toun ne was ther no prentis
That fairer coude caſte a pair of dis
Than Perkin coude, and thereto he was fre
Of his diſpence, in place of privetee;

* deſcription of an unthrifty prentice given to dice, and wine, waſting thereby his maſter's goods, and ng to himſelf Newgate. The moſt part of this Tale never finiſhed by the Author.

That fond his maiſter wel in his chaffere,
For often time he fond his box ful bare.
For ſothly a prentis, a revelour,
That haunteth dis, riot and paramour,
His maiſter ſhal it in his ſhoppe abie,
Al have he no part of the minſtralcie;
For theft and riot they ben convertible,
Al can they play on giterne or ribible.
Revel and trouth, as in a low degree,
They ben ful wroth all day, as men may ſee.
This joly prentis with his maiſter abode,
Til he was neigh out of his prentiſhode,
Al were he ſnibbed bothe erly and late,
And ſomtime lad with revel to Newgate:
But at the laſt his maiſter him bethought,
Upon a day whan he his paper ſought,
Of a proverbe that ſaith this ſame word,
Wel bet is roten appel out of hord
Than that it rote alle the remenant:
So fareth it by a riotous ſervant;
It is wel laſſe harm to let him pace
Than he ſhende all the ſervants in the place:
Therfore his maiſter yaf him a quittance,
And bad him go, with forwe and with meſchance
And thus this joly prentis had his leve:
Now let him riot all the night or leve.
And for ther n'is no theſe without a louke
That helpeth him to waſten and to ſouke
Of that he briben can or borwe may,
Anon he ſent his bed and his array
Unto a compere of his owen ſort
That loved dis, and riot, and diſport,
And had a wif that held for countenance
A ſhoppe, and ſwived for hire ſuſtenance,
* * * * * * * * * *

THE MAN OF LAWES PROLOGUE.

Our Hoste saw wel that the brighte sonne
The ark of his artificial day had ronne
The fourthe part and half an houre and more;
And though he were not depe expert in lore,
He wiste it was the eighte-and-twenty day
Of April, that is messager to May,
And saw wel that the shadow of every tree
Was as in lengthe of the same quantitee
That was the body erect that caused it,
And therfore by the shadow he toke his wit
That Phebus, which that shone so clere and bright,
Degrees was five-and-forty clombe on hight;
And for that day, as in that latitude,
It was ten of the clok he gan conclude,
And sodenly he plight his hors aboute.
Lordings, quod he, I warne you all this route
The fourthe partie of this day is gon:
Now for the love of God and of Seint John
Leseth no time, as ferforth as ye may.
Lordings, the time it wasteth night and day,
And steleth from us, what prively sleping,
And what thurgh negligence in our waking,
As doth the streme, that turneth never again,
Descending fro the montagne into a plain.
Wel can Senek and many a philosophre
Bewailen time more than gold in coffre;
For loss of catel may recovered be,
But loss of time shendeth us, quod he.
It wil not come again withouten drede,
No more than wol Malkins maidenhede
When she hath lost it in hire wantonnesse:
Let us not moulen thus in idlenesse.
Sire Man of Lawe, quod he, so have ye blis,
Tel us a Tale anon, as forword is.
Ye ben submitted thurgh your free assent
To stonde in this cas at my jugement.
Acquitteth you now, and holdeth your behest;
Thus have ye don your devoir at the lest.
Hoste, quod he, *de par dieux jeo assente*,
To breken forword is not min entente.
Behest is dette, and I wold hold it fayn
All my behest, I can no better sayn.
For swiche lawe as man yeveth another wight
He should himselven usen it by right.
Thus wol our text; but natheles certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale fain,
But Chaucer (though he can but lewdely
On metres and on riming craftily)
Hath sayd hem in swiche English as he can
Of olde time, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not sayd hem, leve brother,
In o book, he hath sayd hem in another:
For he hath told of lovers up and doun
Mo than Ovide made of mentioun
In his *Epistolis*, that ben ful olde.
What should I tellen hem sin they ben tolde?
In youthe he made of Ceyes and Alcyon,
And sithen hath he spoke of everich on
Thise noble wives, and thise lovers eke,
Who so that wol his large volume seke
Cleped The Seintes Legende of Cupide:
Ther may he se the large woundes wide
Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe;
The swerd of Dido for the false Enee;
The tree of Phillis for hire Demophon;
The plaint of Deianire and Hermion,
Of Adriane and Ysiphilee;
The barreine ile stonding in the see;
The dreint Leandre for his fayre Hero;
The teres of Heleine, and eke the wo
Of Briseide and of Ladomia;
The crueltee of thee, Quene Medea,
Thy litel children hanging by the hals
For thy Jason, that was of love so fals:
O Hipermestra, Penelope, Alceste!
Your wifhood he commendeth with the beste.
But certainly no word ne writeth he
Of thilke wicke ensample of Canace,
That loved hire owen brother sinfully;
(Of all swiche cursed stories I say Fy)
Or elles of Tyrius Appolonious,
How that the cursed king Antiochus
Berafte his doughter of hire maidenhede,
That is so horrible a tale for to rede,
Whan he hire threw upon the pavement.
And therfore he of ful avisement
N'old never write in non of his sermons
Of swiche unkinde abhominations:
Ne I wol non reherse, if that I may,
But of my Tale how shal I don this day?
Me were loth to be likened douteles
To Muses that men clepe Pierides,
(*Metamorphoseos* wrote what I mene)
But natheles I recche not a bene
Though I come after him with hawebake;
I speke in prose, and let him rimes make.
And with that word he with a sobre chere
Began his Tale, and sayde as ye shull here.

THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

O scathful harm, condition of poverte,
With thirſt, with cold, with hunger, ſo confounded,
To aſken helpe thee ſhameth in thine herte,
If thou non aſk, ſo ſore art thou ywounded,
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.
Maugre thin hed thou moſt for indigence
Or ſtele or begge, or borwe thy diſpence.
Thou blameſt Criſt, and ſayſt ful bitterly,
He miſdeparteth richeſſe temporal;
Thy neighebour thou witeſt ſinfully,
And ſayſt thou haſt to litel and he hath all:
Parfay (ſayſt thou) ſometime he reken ſhall,
Whan that his tayl ſhal brennen in the glede,
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.
Herken what is the ſentence of the wiſe,
Bet is to dien than have indigence,
Thy ſelve neighebour wol thee deſpiſe;
If thou be poure farewel thy reverence.
Yet of the wiſe man take this ſentence,
Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke;
Beware therfore or thou come to that pricke.
If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
And all thy frendes fleen fro thee, alas!
O riche marchants! ful of wele ben ye,
O noble, o prudent folk! as in this cas,
Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,
But with ſis cink, that renneth for your chance;
At Criſtenmaſſe mery may ye dance.
Ye ſeken lond and ſee for your winninges;
As wiſe folk ye knowen all th' eſtat
Of regnes; ye ben fathers of tidinges
And tales both of pees and of debat:
I were right now of tales deſolat,
N'ere that a marchant, gon is many a yere,
Me taught a Tale which that ye ſhull here.
In Surrie whilom dwelt a compagnie
Of chapmen rich, and therto ſad and trewe,
That wide were ſenten hir ſpicerie,
Clothes of gold, and ſatins riche of hewe:
Hir chaffare was ſo thrifty and ſo newe,
That every wight hath deintee to chaffare
With hem, and eke to ſellen hem hir ware.
Now fell it that the maiſters of that ſort
Han ſhapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhood or for diſport,
Non other meſſage wolde they thider ſende,
But comen hemſelf to Rome, this is the ende;
And in ſwiche place as thought hem avantage
For hir entente they taken hir herbergage.
Sojourned han theſe marchants in that toun
A certain time, as fell to hir pleſance:
And ſo befell that the excellent renoun
Of the emperoures doughter, Dame Cuſtance,
Reported was with every circumſtance
Unto theſe Surrien marchants in ſwiche wiſe
Fro day to day as I ſhall you deviſe.
This was the commun vois of every man:
Our emperour of Rome, God him ſe,
A doughter hath that ſin the world began,
To recken as wel hire goodneſſe as beaute,
N'as never ſwiche another as is ſhe;
I pray to God in honour hire ſuſtene,
And wold ſhe were of all Europe the quene.
In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
Youthe withouten grenehed or folie:
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide;
Humbleſſe hath ſlaien in hire tyrannie:
She is mirrour of alle curteſie,
Hire herte is veray chambre of holineſſe,
Hire hond miniſtre of fredom for almeſſe.
And al this vois was ſoth, as God is trewe;
But now to purpos let us turne agein.
Theſe marchants han don fraught hir ſhippes newe,
And whan they han this bliſful maiden ſein
Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,
And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,
And liven in wele; I can ſay you no more.
Now fell it that theſe marchants ſtood in grace
Of him that was the Soudan of Surrie;
For whan they came from any ſtrange place
He wold of his benigne curteſie
Make hem good chere, and beſily eſpie
Tidings of ſundry regnes, for to lere
The wonders that they mighte ſeen or here.
Amonges other thinges ſpecially
Theſe marchants han him told of Dame Cuſtance
So gret nobleſſe, in erneſt ſeriouſly,
That this Soudan hath caught ſo gret pleſance
To han hire figure in his remembrance,
That all his luſt and all his beſy cure
Was for to love hire while his lif may dure.
Paraventure in thilke large book
Which that men clepe the Heven ywritten was
With ſterres, whan that he his birthe took,
That he for love ſhuld han his deth, alas!
For in the ſterres, clerer than is glas,
Is writen, God wot, who ſo coud it rede,
The deth of every man withouten drede.

erres many a winter therbefern
rit the deth of Hector, Achilles,
npey, Julius, or they were born;
rif of Thebes, and of Hercules,
npfon, Turnus, and of Socrates
eth; but mennes wittes ben fo dull
o wight can wel rede it at the full.
Soudan for his prive councel fent,
hortly of this matere for to pace,
th to hem declared his entent,
ayd hem certain, but he might have grace
Cuftance, within a litel fpace
s but ded, and charged hem in hie
pen for his lif fom remedie.
erfe men diverfe things faiden;
rgumentes caften up and doun;
fubtil refon forth they laiden;
peken of magike and abufion;
ally, as in conclufion,
cannot feen in that non avantage,
non other way fave mariage.
n faw they therein fwiche difficultee
y of refon, for to fpeke all plain,
f ther was fwiche diverfitee
ne hir bothe lawes, that they fayn
trowen that no Criften prince wold fayn
en his childe under our law fwete,
s was yeven by Mahound our prophete.
he anfwered, Rather than I lefe
ice I wol be criftened doubteles:
ben hires, I may non other chefe,
you hold your arguments in pees;
my lif, and beth not reecheles
en hire that hath my life in cure,
this wo I may not long endure.
t nedeth greter dilatation?
y tretife and ambaffatrie,
y the Popes mediatioun,
l the chirche, and all the chevalrie,
n deftruction of Maumetrie,
n encrefe of Criftes lawe dere,
en accorded fo as ye may here:
that the Soudan and his baronage,
all his lieges, fhuld ycriftened be,
e fhal han Cuftance in mariage,
rtain gold, I n'ot what quantitee,
ereto finden fuffifant furetee.
me accord is fworne on eyther fide;
fair Cuftance, almighty God thee gide,
wolden fom men waiten, as I geffe,
fhuld tellen all the purveiance
hich that the Emperour of his nobleffe
hapen for his doughter Dame Cuftance.
ay men know that fo gret ordinance
o man tellen in a litel claufe
arraied for fo high a caufe.
opes ben fhapen with hire for to wende,
, ladies, and knightes of renoun,
ther folk ynow; this is the end:
otified is thurghout all the toun
very wight with gret devotioun
prayen Crift that he this mariage
in gree, and fpede this viage.

The day is comen of hire departing,
I fay the woful day fatal is come
That ther may be no longer tarying,
But forward they hem dreffen all and fome.
Cuftance, that was with forwe all overcome,
Ful pale arift, and dreffeth hire to wende,
For wel fhe feth ther n'is non other ende.
Alas! what wonder is it though fhe wept,
That fhal be fent to ftrange nation
Fro frendes that fo tendrely hire kept,
And to be bounde under fubjection
Of on fhe knoweth not his condition?
Houfbondes ben all good, and han ben yore,
That knowen wives, I dare fay no more.
Fader, (fhe faid) thy wretched child Cuftance,
Thy yonge doughter, foftered up fo foft,
And ye, my moder, my foveraine plefance
Over all thing, (out taken Crift on loft)
Cuftance your child hire recommendeth oft
Unto your grace, for I fhal to Surrie,
Ne fhal I never feen you more with eye.
Alas! unto the Barbare nation
I mufte gon, fin that it is your will;
But Crift, that ftarfe for our redemption,
So yeve me grace his heftes to fulfill,
I wretched woman no force though I fpill:
Women are borne to thraldom and penance,
And to ben under mannes governance.
I trow at Troye whan Pirrus brake the wall
Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,
Ne at Rome for the harm thurgh Hanniball,
That Romans hath venquefhed times three,
N'as herd fwiche tendre weping for pitee
As in the chambre was for hire parting;
But forth fhe mote wheder fhe wepe or fing.
O firfte moving cruel firmament!
With thy diurnal fwegh that croudeft ay,
And hurtleft all from eft til occident,
That naturally wold hold another way,
Thy crouding fet the heven in fwiche array
At the beginning of this fierce viage
That cruel Mars hath flain this marriage.
Infortunat afcendent tortuous,
Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas!
Out of his angle into the derkeft hous,
O Mars, o Atyzar! as in this cas;
O feble Mone! unhappy ben thy pas,
Thou knitteft thee ther thou art not received,
Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.
Imprudent Emperour of Rome, alas!
Was ther no philofophre in al thy toun?
Is no time bet than other in fwiche cas?
Of viage is ther non electioun,
Namely to folk of high conditioun,
Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe?
Alas! we ben to lewed or to flow.
To fhip is brought this woful faire maid
Solempnely, with every circumftance:
Now Jefu Crift be with you all, fhe faid.
Ther n'is no more, but Farewel, fair Cuftance.
She peineth hire to make good countenance;
And forth I let hire fayle in this manere,
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

The mother of Soudan, well of vices,
Espied hath hire sones pleine entente,
How he wol lete his old sacrifices;
And right anon she for her conseil sente,
And they ben comen to know what she mente;
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,
She set hire doun, and sayd as ye shul here:
Lordes, (she sayd) ye known everich on
How that my sone in point is for to lete.
The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
Yeven by Goddes Messager Mahomete;
But on avow to grete God I hete,
The lif shal rather out of my body sterte
Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.
What shuld us tiden of this newe lawe
But thraldom to our bodies and penance,
And afterward in helle to ben drawe,
For we reneied Mahound our creance?
But, Lordes, wol ye maken assurance,
As I shal say, assenting to my lore?
And I shal make us sauf for evermore.
They sworen and assented every man
To live with hire and die, and by hire stond;
And everich on, in the best wise he can,
To strengthen hire shal all his frendes fond.
And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond
Which ye shull heren that I shal devise,
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.
We shul first fein us Cristendom to take;
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite;
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite:
For tho his wif be cristened never so white
She shal have nede to wash away the rede
Though she a font of water with hire lede.
O Soudanesse! rote of iniquitee,
Virago thou Semyramee the second,
O serpent under femininitee,
Like to the serpent depe in helle ybound,
O feined woman! all that may confound
Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice
Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.
O Sathan envious! sin thilke day
That thou were chased from our heritage,
Wel knoweest thou to woman the olde way:
Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,
Thou wolt fordon this Cristen mariage:
Thin instrument so (wala wa the while!)
Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.
This Soudanesse, whom I thus blame and warrie,
Let prively hire conseil gon hir way:
What shuld I in this Tale longer tarie?
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
And sayd him that she wold reinie hire lay,
And Cristendom of prestes houdes fong,
Repenting hire the Hethen was so long;
Beseeching him to don hire that honour
That she might han the Cristen folk to fest;
To plesen hem I wol do my labour.
The Soudan saith, I wol don at your hest,
And kneling thanked hire of that request;
So glad he was ne n'iste not what to say,
She kist hire sone, and home she goth hire way.

Arrived ben these Cristen folk to lond
In Surrie, with a gret solempne route,
And hastily this Soudan sent his sond
First to his mother and all the regne aboute,
And sayd his wif was comen out of doute,
And praide hem for to riden again the quene,
The honour of his regne to sustene.
Gret was the presse, and riche was th' array
Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.
The mother of the Soudan riche and gay
Received hire with all so glad a chere
As any mother might hire doughter dere;
And to the nexte citee ther beside
A soste pas solempnely they ride.
Nought trow I the triumph of Julius,
Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a bost,
Was realler or more curious
Than was th' assemblee of this blisful host;
Butte this scorpion, this wicked gost,
The Soudanesse, for all hire flattering
Cast under this fol mortally to sting.
The Soudan cometh himself sone after this
So really, that wonder is to tell,
And welcometh hire with alle joy and blis.
And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell;
The fruit of this matere is that I tell.
Whan time came, men thought it for the best
That revel stint, and men go to hir rest.
The time come is this olde Soudanesse
Ordeined hath the feste of which I tolde,
And to the feste Cristen folk him dresse
In general, ya, bothe yonge and olde.
Ther may men fest and realtee beholde,
And deintees mo than I can you devise;
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.
O soden wo, that ever art successour
To worldly blis! spreint is with bitternesse
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
Herken this conseil for thy sikernesse,
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware wo of harme that cometh behinde.
For shortly for to tellen at a word,
The Soudan and the Cristen everich on
Ben all to-hewe and stiked at the bord
But it were only Dame Custance alone.
This old Soudanesse, this cursed crone,
Hath with hire frendes don this cursed dede,
For she hireself wold all the contree lede.
Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,
That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,
That he n'as all to-hewe er he asterted;
And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,
And in a ship all stereles (God wot)
They han hire set, and bidden hire lerne sayle
Out of Surrie againward to Italle.
A certain tresor that she thither ladde,
And soth to sayn vitaille gret plentee,
They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,
And forth she sayleth in the salte see.
O my Custance! ful of benignitee,
O Emperoures yonge doughter dere!
He that is Lord of fortune be thy stere.

ſſeth hire, and with ful pitious vois
crois of Criſt thus ſayde ſhe :
weleful auter, holy crois!
Lambes blood ful of pitee,
the world fro the old iniquitee,
e fende and fro his clawes kepe
that I ſhal drenchen in the depe.
ous tree, protection of trewe,
worthy were for to bere
of heven with his woundes newe,
Lamb, that hurt was with a ſpere ;
fendes out of him and here
thy limmes faithfully extenden,
and yeve me might my lif to amenden.
ed dayes fleet this creature
the ſee of Grece, unto the Straite
, as it was hire aventure :
a ſory mele now may ſhe baite ;
deth ful often may ſhe waite,
e wilde waves wol hire drive
place ther as ſhe ſhal arive.
ighten aſken why ſhe was not ſlain ?
e feſte who might hire body ſave ?
ſwer to that demand again,
ed Daniel in the horrible cave,
ry wight ſave he, maſter or knave,
the leon frette or he aſterte ?
but God, that he bare in his herte.
t to ſhew his wonderful miracle
or we ſhuld ſeen his mighty werkes :
ich that is to every harm triacle,
a menes oft, as knewen clerkes,
ng for certain ende that ful derke is
es wit, that for our ignorance
t know his prudent purveiance.
ith ſhe was not at the feſte yſlawe,
e hire fro the drenching in the ſee ?
t Jonas in the fiſhes mawe,
as ſpouted up at Ninevee ?
men know it was no wight but he
the peple Ebraike fro drenching,
ryfeet thurghout the ſee paſſing.
ade the foure ſpirits of tempeſt,
wer han to anoyen lond and ſee,
th and ſouth, and alſo weſt and eſt,
ether ſee, ne lond, ne tree ?
e commander of that was he
the tempeſt ay this woman kepte
than ſhe awoke as whan ſhe ſlepte.
might this woman mete and drinke have?
re and more how laſteth hire vitaille ?
the Egyptian Mary in the cave
ſert ? no wight but Criſt *ſans faille*.
ſand folk it was a gret marvaille
es five and fiſhes two to fede :
his foyſon at hire grete nede.
eweth forth into our ocean
ut our wide ſee, til at the laſt
hold, that nempnen I ne can,
orthumberlond, the wave hire caſt,
he ſand hire ſhip ſtiked ſo faſt
nnes wolde it not in all a tide :
of Criſt was that ſhe ſhulde abide.

The Conſtable of the caſtle doun is fare
To ſeen this wrecke, and al the ſhip he ſought,
And fond this very woman ful of care ;
He fond alſo the treſour that ſhe brought ;
In hire langage mercy ſhe beſought,
The lif out of hire body for to twinne,
Hire to deliver of wo that ſhe was inne.
A maner Latin corrupt was hire ſpeche,
But algate therby was ſhe underſtond.
The Conſtable, whan him liſt no longer ſeche,
This woful woman brought he to the lond.
She kneleth doun, and thanketh Goddes ſond ;
But what ſhe was ſhe wolde no man ſeye
For foule ne faire, though that ye ſhulde deye.
She ſaid ſhe was ſo maſed in the ſee
That ſhe forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.
The Conſtable hath of hire ſo gret pitee,
And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh :
She was ſo diligent withouten ſlouth
To ſerve and pleſen everich in that place,
That all hire love that loken in hire face.
The Conſtable and Dame Hermegild his wif
Were Payenes, and that contree every wher ;
But Hermegild loved Cuſtance as hire lif ;
And Cuſtance hath ſo long ſojourned ther
In oriſons, with many a bitter tere,
Til Jeſu hath converted thurgh his grace
Dame Hermegild, Conſtableſſe of that place.
In all that lond no Criſten dorſte route ;
All Criſten folk ben fled fro that contree
Thurgh Payenes, that conquereden all aboute
The plages of the north by lond and ſee.
To Wales fled the Chriſtianitee
Of olde Bretons dwelling in this ile ;
Ther was hir refuge fer the mene while.
But yet n'ere Criſten Bretons ſo exiled
That ther n'ere ſom which in hir privitee
Honoured Criſt, and Hethen folk begiled,
And neigh the caſtle ſwiche ther dwelten three :
That on of hem was blind, and might not ſee,
But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,
With which men mowen ſee whan they ben blinde.
Bright was the ſonne as in that ſommers day,
For which the Conſtable and his wif alſo,
And Cuſtance, han ytake the righte way
Toward the ſee a furlong way or two,
To plaien and to romen to and fro,
And in hir walk this blinde man they mette,
Croked and olde, with eyen faſt yſhette.
In the name of Criſt, (cried this blinde Breton)
Dame Hermegild, yeve me my ſight again.
This lady wexe afraied of that ſoun,
Leſt that hire huſbond, ſhortly for to ſain,
Wold hire for Jeſu Criſtes love have ſlain,
Till Cuſtance made hire bold, and bad hire werche
The will of Criſt, as doughter of holy cherche.
The Conſtable wexe abaſhed of that ſight,
And ſayde, What amounteth all this fare ?
Cuſtance anſwered, Sire, it is Criſtes might,
That helpeth folk out of the fendes ſnare :
And ſo ferforth ſhe gan our lay declare,
That ſhe the Conſtable, er that it were eve,
Converted, and on Criſt made him beleve.

This Conſtable was not lord of the place
Of which I ſpeke, ther as he Cuſtance fond,
But kept it ſtrongly many a winter ſpace
Under Alla King of Northumberlond,
That was ful wiſe, and worthy of his hond
Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here;
But tourne I wol againe to my matere.
Sathan, that ever us waiteth to begile,
Saw of Cuſtance all hire perfectioun,
And caſt anon how he might quite hire while,
And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that toun,
Love hire ſo hote of foule affectioun,
That verally him thought that he ſhuld ſpille
But he of hire might ones han his wille.
He woeth hire, but it availeth nought;
She wolde do no ſinne by no wey;
And for deſpit he compaſſed his thought
To maken hire on ſhameful deth to dey:
He waiteth whan the Conſtable is away,
And privily upon a night he crepte
In Hermegildes chambre while ſhe ſlepte.
Wery, forwaked in hire oriſons,
Slepeth Cuſtance, and Hermegilde alſo.
This knight, thurgh Sathanes temptations,
All ſoftely is to the bed ygo,
And cut the throte of Hermegilde atwo,
And layd the bloody knif by Dame Cuſtance,
And went his way, ther God yeve him miſchance.
Sone after cometh this Conſtable home again,
And eke Alla, that king was of that lond,
And ſaw his wife deſpitouſly yſlain,
For which ful oft he wept and wrong his hond;
And in the bed the blody knif he fond
By Dame Cuſtance. Alas! what might ſhe ſay!
For veray wo hire wit was all away.
To King Alla was told all this miſchance,
And eke the time, and wher, and in what wiſe,
That in a ſhip was fonden this Cuſtance,
As here before ye han herd me deviſe:
The kinges herte of pitee gan agriſe
Whan he ſaw ſo benigne a creature
Fall in diſeſe and in miſaventure.
For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,
So ſtant this innocent beforn the king:
This falſe knight, that hath this treſon wrought,
Bereth hire in hond that ſhe hath don this thing:
But natheles there was gret murmuring
Among the peple, and ſayn they cannot geſſe
That ſhe had don ſo great a wickedneſſe;
For they han ſeen hire ever ſo vertuous,
And loving Hermegild right as hire lif.
Of this bare witneſſe everich in that hous,
Save he that Hermegild ſlow with his knif.
This gentil king hath caught a gret motif
Of this witneſs, and thought he wold enquere
Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.
Alas! Cuſtance, thou haſt no champion,
Ne fighten canſt thou not, ſo wala wa!
But he that ſtarf for our redemption,
And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
So be thy ſtronge champion this day:
For but if Criſt on thee miracle kithe,
Withouten gilt thou ſhalt be ſlain as ſwithe.
She ſet hire doun on knees, and thus ſhe ſayde;
Immortal God! that ſavedſt Suſanne
Fro falſe bleme, and thou mercifnl mayde,
Mary I mene, doughter to Seint Anne,
Beforn whos child angels ſingen Oſanne.
If I be gilteles of this felonie
My ſocour be, or elles ſhal I die.
Have ye not ſeen ſomtime a pale face
(Among a prees) of him that hath ben lad
Toward his deth, where as he getteth no grace,
And ſwiche a colour in his face hath had,
Men mighten know him that was ſo beſtad
Amonges all the faces in that route,
So ſtant Cuſtance, and loketh hire aboute.
O quenes living in proſperitee,
Ducheſſes, and ye ladies everich on!
Haveth ſom routhe on hire adverſitee,
An emperoures doughter ſtant alone;
She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone.
O blood real, that ſtondeſt in this drede,
Fer ben the frendes in thy grete nede!
This Alla king hath ſwiche compaſſioun,
As gentil herte is ful filled of pitee,
That fro his eyen ran the water doun.
Now haſtily do fecche a book, quod he,
And if this knight wol ſweren how that ſhe
This woman ſlow, yet wol we us aviſe,
Whom that we wol that ſhal ben our juſtice.
A Breton book, written with Evangiles,
Was fet, and on this book he ſwore anon
She giltif was, and in the mene whiles
An hond him ſmote upon the nekke bone,
That doun he fell at ones as a ſtone,
And both his eyen broſt out of his face
In ſight of every body in that place.
A voice was herd, in general audience,
That ſayd, Thou haſt deſclandered gilteles
The doughter of holy chirche in high preſence
Thus haſt thou don, and yet hold I my pees.
Of this mervaille agaſt was all the prees;
As maſed folk they ſtonden everich on
For drede of wreche, ſave Cuſtance alone.
Gret was the drede and eke the repentance
Of hem that hadden wronge ſuſpection
Upon this ſely innocent Cuſtance:
And for this miracle, in concluſion,
And by Cuſtances mediation,
The king, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Criſtes grace.
This falſe knight was ſlain for his untrouthe
By jugement of Alla haſtily;
And yet Cuſtance had of his deth gret routhe;
And after this Jeſus of his mercy
Made Alla wedden ful ſolempnely
This holy woman, that is ſo bright and ſhene;
And thus hath Criſt ymade Cuſtance a quene.
But who was woful (if I ſhall not lie)
Of this wedding but Donegild, and no mo,
The kinges mother, full of tyrannie?
Hire thoughte hire curſed herte braſt atwo;
She wolde not that hire ſone had do ſo:
Hire thoughte a deſpit that he ſhulde take
So ſtrange a creature unto his make.
Me liſt not of the chaf ne of the ſtre
Maken ſo long a tale as of the corn.
What ſhuld I tellen of the realtee

marriage, or which cours goth beforn,
loweth in a trompe or in an horn?
lit of every tale is for to say;
te and drink, and dance, and sing, and play.
gon to bed, as it was skill and right,
ugh that wives ben ful holy thinges,
nolten take in patience a night
maner necessaries, as ben plesinges
that han ywedded hem with ringes.
y a lite hir holinefs aside
the time, it may no bet betide.
ire he gat a knave childe anon,
a bishop, and his Constable eke,
e his wif to kepe, when he is gon
tland ward, his fomen for to seke.
ire Custance, that is so humble and meke,
is gen with childe til that still
t hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.
time is come, a knave child she bere;
tius at the fontstone they him calle.
Constable doth forth come a messager,
rote unto his king that cleped was Alle,
hat this blisful tiding is befalle,
ther tidings spedeful for to say.
th the lettre, and forth he goth his way.
messager, to don his avantage,
he kinges mother rideth swithe,
lueth hire ful faire in his langage.
ne, quod he, ye may be glad and blithe,
anken God an hundred thousand sithe;
ly quene hath child, withouten doute,
and blisse of all this regne aboute.
here the lettre seled of this thing,
most here in all the hast I may:
ol ought unto your sone the king,
our servant bothe night and day.
lde answerd, As now at this time nay;
re I wol all night thou take thy rest,
rwe wol I say thee what me lest.
messager drank sadly ale and wine,
ten were his lettres prively
f his box, while he slept as a swine;
ntrefeted was ful subtilly
r lettre, wrought ful sinfully,
he king directe of this matere
Constable, as ye shal after here.
lettre spake, the quene delivered was
orrible a fendliche creature,
the castle non so hardy was
ny while dorst therein endure:
other was an elf by aventure
, by charmes or by sorcerie,
erich man hateth hire compagnie.
was this king when he this lettre had sein.
no wight he told his sorwes sore,
his owen hand he wrote again;
ne the sonde of Crist for evermore
that am now lerned in his lore:
welcome be thy lust and thy plesance;
t I put all in thyn ordinance.
th this child, al be it foule or faire,
e my wif, unto min home coming:
ham him list may senden me an heire
greable than this to my liking.
ttre he seled, prively weping,
Which to the messager was taken sone,
And forth he goth, there is no more to done.
O messager fulfilled of dronkenesse!
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faitren ay,
And thou bewreiest alle secrenesse;
Thy mind is lorne, thou jangleſt as a jay;
Thy face is tourned in a new array:
Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route
Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.
O Donegild! I ne have non English digne
Unto thy malice and thy tyrannie,
And therfore to the fende I thee resigne.
Let him enditen of thy traitorie.
Fy, mannish, fy! o nay, by God I lie;
Fy, fendliche spirit! for I dare well telle,
Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.
This messager cometh fro the king again,
And at the kinges modres court he light,
And she was of this messager ful fayn,
And plesed him in all that ever she might.
He dranke and wel his girdel underpight;
He slepeth and he snoreth in his gise
All night until the sonne gan arise.
Eft were his lettres stolen everich on,
And contrefeted lettres in this wise.
The king commanded his Constable anon,
Up peine of hanging and of high jewise,
That he ne shulde soffran in no wise
Custance within his regne for to abide
Three daies and a quarter of a tide;
But in the same ship as he hire fond
Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere,
He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,
And charge hire that she never eft come there.
O my Custance! wel may thy ghost have fere,
And sleping in thy dreme ben in penance,
Whan Donegild cast all this ordinance.
This messager on morwe whan he awoke
Unto the castel halt the nexte way,
And to the Constable he the lettre toke;
And whan that he this pitous lettre sey
Ful oft he sayd Alas, and wala wa!
Lord Christ, quod he, how may this world endure,
So ful of sinne is many a creature?
O mighty God! if that it be thy will,
Sin thou art rightful juge, how may it be
That thou wolt soffren innocence to spill,
And wicked folk regne in prosperitee?
A! good Custance, alas! so wo is me,
That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey
On shames deth, ther is non other wey.
Wepen both yonge and olde in all that place
Whan that the king this cursed lettre sent:
And Custance with a dedly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ship she went;
But nathelefs she taketh in good entent
The will of Crist, and kneling on the strond
She sayde, Lord, ay welcome be thy sond.
He that me kepte fro the false blame,
While I was in the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame
In the salt see, although I se not how:
As strong as ever he was he is yet now:
In him trust I, and in his mother dere,
That is to me my sail and eke my stere.

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneling pitoufly to him fhe faid,
Pees, litel fone, I wol do thee no harm:
With that hire couverchief of hire hed fhe braid,
And over his litel eyen fhe it laid,
And in hire arme fhe lulleth it ful faft,
And into the heven hire eyen up fhe caft.
Mother, quod fhe, and mayden, bright Marie!
Soth is that thurgh womanes eggement
Mankind was lorne, and damned ay to die,
For which thy child was on a crois yrent:
Thy blifsful eyen faw all his turment,
Than is ther no comparifon betwene
Thy wo and any woman may fuftene.
Thou faw thy child yflain before thin eyen,
And yet now liveth my litel child parfay:
Now, Lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhed, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refute, bright fterre of day!
Rew on my child, that of thy gentilleffe
Reweft on every rewful in diftreffe.
O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt,
That never wroughteft finne as yet parde?
Why wol thin harde father have thee fpilt?
O mercy, dere Conftable! (quod fhe)
As let my litel child dwell here with thee;
And if thou darft not faven him fro blame,
So kiffe him ones in his fadres name.
Therwith fhe loketh backward to the lond,
And faide, Farewel, houfbond routheles!
And up fhe rift, and walketh doun the ftrond
Toward the ship; hire foloweth all the prees:
And ever fhe praieth hire child to bold his pees,
And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent
She bleffed hire, and into the ship fhe went.
Vitailled was the ship, it is no drede,
Habundantly for hire a ful long fpace;
And other neceffaries that fhuld nede
She had ynow, heried be Goddes grace:
For wind and wether, almighty God purchace,
And bring hire home, I can no better fay,
But in the fee fhe driveth forth hire way.
Alla the king cometh home fone after this
Unto his caftel, of the which I told,
And afketh wher his wif and his child is;
The Conftable gan about his herte cold,
And plainly all the matere he him told
As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,
And fhewed the king his fele and his letter;
And faide, Lord, as ye commanded me
Up peine of deth, fo have I don certain.
This meffager turmented was til he
Moste beknowe, and tellen plat and plain
Fro night to night in what place he had lain:
And thus by wit and fubtil enquering
Imagined was by whom this harm gan fpring.
The hand was knowen that the lettre wrote,
And all the venime of this curfed dede,
But in what wife certainly I n'ot.
The effect is this, that Alla out of drede
His moder flew, that moun men plainly rede,
For that fhe traitour was to hire ligeance.
Thus ended this old Donegild with mefchance.
The ferwe that this Alla night and day
Maketh for his wif and for his child alfo,
Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.
But now wol I agen to Cuftance go,
That fleteth in the fee in peine and wo
Five yere and more, as liked Criftes fonde,
Or that hire ship approched to the londe.
Under an Hethen caftel at the laft,
(Of which the name in my text I not find)
Cuftance and eke hire child the fee up caft.
Almighty God, that faved all mankind,
Have on Cuftance and on hire child fom mind
That fallen is in Hethen hond eftfone
In point to fpill, as I fhal tell you fone.
Doun fro the caftel cometh ther many a wight
To gauren on this ship and on Cuftance:
But fhortly fro the caftel on a night,
The lordes fteward, (God yeve him mefchance)
A theef that had reneyed our creance,
Came into the ship alone, and faid he wolde
Hire leman be whether fhe wolde or n'olde.
Wo was this wretched woman tho begon;
Hire child cried, and fhe cried pitoufly;
But blifsful Mary halpe hire right anon,
For with hire ftrogling wel and mightily
The theef fell over bord all fodenly,
And in the fee he drenched for vengeance;
And thus hath Crift unwemmed kept Cuftance.
O foule luft of luxurie! lo thin ende,
Not only that thou fainteft mannes mind,
But verally thou wolt his body fhende.
Th' ende of thy werk, or of thy luftes blind,
Is complaining: how many may men find
That not for werk fometime, but for th' entent
To don this finne, ben eyther flain or fhent?
How may this weke woman han the ftrength
Hire to defend again this renegate?
O Golias! unmefurable of length,
How mighte David maken thee fo mate?
So yonge, and of armure fo defolate,
How dorft he loke upon thy dredful face?
Wel may men feen it was but Goddes grace.
Who yaf Judith corage or hardineffe
To fleen him Holofernes in his tent,
And to deliver out of wretchedneffe
The peple of God? I fay for this entent,
That right as God fpirit of vigour fent
To hem, and faved hem out of mefchance,
So fent he might and vigour to Cuftance.
Forth goth hire ship thurghout the narwe mouth
Of Jubaltere and Septe, driving alway,
Sometime weft, and fometime north and fouth,
And fometime eft, ful many a wery day,
Til Criftes moder (bleffed be fhe ay)
Hath fhapen thurgh hire endeles goodneffe
To make an end of all hire hevineffe.
Now let us ftint of Cuftance but a throw,
And fpeke we of the Romane emperour,
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe
The flaughter of Criften folk, and difhonour
Don to his doughter by a falfe traitour,
I mene the curfed wicked Soudanneffe,
That at the feft let fleen both more and leffe.
For which this emperour hath fent anon
His fenatour, with real ordinance,

her lordes, God wote, many on,
rriens to taken high vengeance:
rennen, fleen, and bring hem to meschance,
ny a day: but shortly this is th' ende,
ard to Rome they shapen hem to wende.
senatour repaireth with victorie
ne ward, fayling ful really,
at the ship driving, as saith the storie,
th Custance sitteth ful pitously:
g ne knew he what she was, ne why
s in swiche array, ne she wil sey
estat, though that she shulde dey.
ringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif
hire, and hire yonge sonne also,
ith the senatour she lad hire lif.
n our Lady bringen out of wo
Custance, and many another mo:
ge time dwelled she in that place
werkes ever, as was hire grace.
senatoures wif hire aunte was,
all that she knew hire never the more:
o longer tarien in this cas,
King Alla, which I spake of yore,
r his wif wipeth and siketh fore,
rarne, and let I wol Custance
the senatoures governance.
Alla, which that had his moder slain,
day fell in swiche repentance,
I shortly tellen shal and plain,
ce he cometh to receive his penance,
ne him in the Popes ordinance
and low, and Jesu Crist besought
e his wicked werkes that he had wrought.
same anon thurghout the toun is born,
lla king shal come on pilgrimage,
bergeours that wenten him beforn,
ich the senatour, as was usage,
en againe, and many of his linage,
d to shewn his high magnificence
ne any king a reverence.
n dare doth this noble senatour
King Alla, and he to him also:
rch of hem doth other gret honour;
fell that in a day or two
senatour is to King Alla go
d, and shortly, if I shal not lie,
ces some went in his compagnie.
men wold fain at requeste of Custance
senatour hath lad this childe to feste:
ne tellen every circumstance;
ne may ther was he at the leste:
th is this, that at his mothers heste
Alla, during the metes space,
hild stood, loking in the kinges face.
Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,
the senatour he said anon,
is that faire child that stondeth yonder?
, quod he, by God, and by Seint John;
der he hath, but fader hath he non
of wote: but shortly in a stound
d Alla how that this child was found.
God wot, quod this senatour also,
rtuous a liver in all my lif
w I never as she, ne herd of mo
Vol. I.

Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe or wif:
I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever a knif
Thurghout hire breft than ben a woman wikke;
Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke.
Now was this child as like unto Custance
As possible is a creature to be:
This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of Dame Custance, and theron mused he,
If that the childes moder were aught she
That is his wif, and prively he sighte,
And sped him fro the table that he mighte.
Parfay, thought he, fantome is in min hed;
I ought to deme of skilful jugement
That in the falte see my wif is ded.
And afterward he made his argument;
What wot I if that Crist have hider sent
My wif by see, as wel as he hire lent
To my contree, fro thennes that she went?
And after noon home with the senatour
Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chance.
This senatour doth Alla gret honour,
And hastily he sent after Custance;
But trusteth wel hire luste not to dance:
Whan that she wiste wherfore was that sonde
Unnethe upon hire feet she mighte stonde.
Whan Alla saw his wif faire he hire grette,
And wept that it was routhe for to see;
For at the firste look he on hire sette
He knew wel verailly that it was she;
And she for sorwe as domb stant as a tree:
So was hire herte shette in hire distresse
Whan she remembered his unkindenesse.
Twies she swouneth in his owen sight;
He wepeth and him excuseth pitously:
Now God, quod he, and all his halwes bright,
So wisly on my soule as have mercy,
That of your harme as gilteles am I
As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,
Elles the fend me fetche out of this place.
Long was the sobbing and the bitter peine
Or that hir woful hertes mighten cese;
Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,
Thurgh whiche pleintes gan hir wo encrese.
I pray you all my labour to relese,
I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,
I am so wery for to speke of sorwe.
But finally, whan that the soth is wist,
That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,
I trow an hundred times han they kist,
And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,
That, save the joye that lasteth evermo,
Ther is non like that any creature
Hath seen or shal while that the world may dure.
Tho praied she hire husbond mekely.
In releef of hire longe pitous pine,
That he wold pray hire fader specially
That of his magestee he wolde encline
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine;
She praied him eke he shulde by no way
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.
Som men wold sayn how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this emperour;
But as I gesse Alla was not so nice,
To him that is so soveraine of honour,

As he that is of Criſten folk the flour,
Send any child, but it is bet to deme
He went himſelf, and ſo it may wel ſeme.
This emperour hath granted gentilly
To come to dinner as he him beſoughte;
And wel rede I he loked beſily
Upon this child, and on his doughter thought.
Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought
Arraied for this feſte in every wiſe
As ferforth as his conning may ſufficę,
The morwe came, and Alla gain him dreſſe,
And eke his wif, this emperour to mete;
And forth they ride in joye and in gladneſſe;
And whan ſhe ſaw hire fader in the ſtrete,
She light adoun and falleth him to fete.
Fader, quod ſhe, your yonge child Cuſtance
Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.
I am your doughter, your Cuſtance, quod ſhe,
That whilom ye han ſent into Surrie;
It am I, fader, that in the ſalte ſee
Was put alone, and dampned for to die:
Now, goode fader, I you mercie crie;
Send me no more into non Hetheneſſe,
But thanketh my lord here of his kindneſſe.
Who can the pitous joye tellen all
Betwix hem thre ſin they ben thus ymette?
But of my Tale make an ende I ſhal,
The day goth faſte, I wol no longer lette.
Thiſe glade folk to dinner ben yſette;
In joye and bliſſe at mete I let hem dwell,
A thouſand fold wel more than I can tell.
This child Maurice was ſithen Emperour
Made by the Pope, and lived Chriſtenly;
To Criſtes chirche did he gret honour:
But I let all his ſtorie paſſen by;
Of Cuſtance is my Tale ſpecially;
In the olde Romane geſtes men may find
Maurices lif, I here it not in mind.
This King Alla, when he his time ſey,
With his Cuſtance, his holy wif ſo ſwete,
To Englond ben they come the righte wey,
Ther as they live in joye and in quiete:
But litel while it laſteth I you hete;
Joye of this world for time wol not abide,
Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.
Who lived ever in ſwiche delite o day
That him ne meved eyther conſcience,
Or ire, or talent, or ſom kin affray,
Envie, or pride, or paſſion, or offence?
I ne ſay but for this end this ſentence,
That litel while in joye or in pleſance
Laſteth the bliſſe of Alla with Cuſtance.
For Deth, that taketh of hie and lowe his ren
Whan paſſed was a yere, even as I geſſe,
Out of this world this King Alla he hente,
For whom Cuſtance hath ful gret heveneſſe;
Now let us praien God his ſoule bleſſe:
And Dame Cuſtance, finally to ſay,
Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.
To Rome is come this holy creature,
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and found;
Now is ſhe ſcaped all hire aventure:
And whan that ſhe hire fader hath yfound,
Doun on hire knees falleth ſhe to ground,
Weping for tenderneſſe in herte blithe,
She herieth God an hundred thouſand ſithe.
In vertue and in holy almeſſe dede
They liven alle, and never aſonder wende;
Till deth departeth hem this lif they lede:
And fareth now wel, my Tale is at an ende.
Now Jeſu Criſt, that of his might may ſende
Joye after wo, governe us in his grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place.

THE WIF OF BATHES PROLOGUE*.

ENCE, though non actoritee
this world, is right ynough for me
of wo that is in mariage;
rdings, sin I twelf yere was of age
ed be God that is eterne on live)
des at chirche dore have I had five,
often might han wedded be)
were worthy men in hir degree.
ne was told, not longe time agon is,
hen Crist ne went never but onis
ding in the Cane of Galilee,
that ilke ensample taught he me
ne shulde wedded be but ones.
ke eke, which a sharp word for the nones,
welle Jesu God and man
n represe of the Samaritan;
aft yhadde five husbonds, sayde he,
ilke man that now hath wedded thee
hyn husband. Thus said he certain;
hat he ment therby I can not sain;
t I aske why that the fifthe man
n husbond to the Samaritan?
many might she have in mariage?
rd I never tellen in min age
this noumbre diffinitioun;
my devine and glosen up and doun.
sed I wot expresse withouten lie,
ad as for to wex and multiplie;
gentil text can I wel understond:
rd I wot he sayd that min husbond
Shuld leve fader and moder and take to me;
But of no noumbre mention made he
Of bigamie or of octogamie;
Why shuld men than speke of it vilanie?
Lo here the wise King, Dan Salomon,
I trowe he hadde wives mo than on,
(As wolde God it leful were to me
To be refreshed half so oft as he)
Which a gift of God had he for alle his wives?
No man hath swiche that in this world on live is.
God wot this noble king, as to my witte,
The firste night had many a mery fitte
With eche of hem, so wel was him on live.
Blessed be God that I have wedded five;
Welcome the fixthe whan that ever he shall;
For sith I wol not kepe me chaste in all,
Whan min husband is fro the world ygone
Som Cristen man shal wedden me anon;
For than the apostle saith that I am fre
To wedde a' Goddes half wher it liketh me;
He saith that to be wedded is no sinne;
Better is to be wedded than to brinne.
What rekketh me though folk say vilanie
Of shrewed Lamech and his bigamie?
I wot wel Abraham was an holy man,
And Jacob eke, as fer as ever I can,
And eche of hem had wives mo than two,
And many another holy man also.
Wher can ye seen in any maner age
That highe God defended mariage
By expresse word? I pray you telleth me,
Or wher commanded he virginitee?
I wot as wel as ye, it is no drede,
The apostle, whan he spake of maidenhede,
He said that precept thereof had he non;
Men may conseille a woman to ben on,
But conseilling is no commandement;
He put it in our own jugement.
For hadde God commanded maidenhede,
Than had he dampned wedding out of drede;
And certes if ther were no sede ysowe
Virginitee than whereof shuld it growe?
Poule dorste not commanden at the lest
A thing of which his maister yaf non hest.
The dart is sette up for virginitee,
Catch who so may, who renneth best let see.

* want of a few verses to connect this Prologue with
ing Tale was perceived long ago, and the defect
ped to be supplied by the author of the following
ich in mf. B. are prefixed to the common Pro-

Oure Oost gan tho to loke up anon.
Gode men, quod he, herkeneth everich one,
As evere mote I drynke wyn or ale
This Marchant hath itold a mery Tale,
Howe Januarie hadde a lither jape,
His wyf put in his hood an ape.
But hereof I wil leve off as now.
Dame Wyf of Bathe, quod he, I pray you
Telle us a Tale now nexte after this.
Sir Oost, quod she, so God my soule blis
As I, fully thereto wil consente,
And also it is myn hole entente
To done yow alle disporte as that I can.
But holde me excused; I am a woman:
I can not reherse as these clerkes kune.
And riyt anon she hath hir Tale bygunne.
Experience, &c.
lines are printed here as a justification for not in-
them in the text.

But this word is not take of every wight,
But ther as God wol yeve it of his might,
I wot wel that the apostle was a maid,
But natheles, though that he wrote and said
He wold that every wight were swiche as he,
All n'is but conseil to virginitee.
And for to ben a wif he yaf me leve,
Of indulgence, so n'is it non repreve
To wedden me, if that my make die,
Without exception of bigamie;
All were it good no woman for to touche,
(He ment as in his bed or in his couche)
For peril is both fire and tow to assemble;
Ye know what this ensample may resemble.
This is all and som, he held virginitee
More parfit than wedding in freeltee:
(Freeltee clepe I, but if that he and she
Wold lede hir lives all in chastitee)
I graunt it wel, I have of non envie
Who maidenhed preferre to bigamie;
It liketh hem to be clene in body and gost:
Of min estat I wol not maken bost.
For wel ye know a lord in his houshold
Ne hath nat every vessell all of gold:
Som ben of tree, and don hir lord service.
God clepeth folk to him in sondry wise,
And everich hath of God a propre gift,
Som this, som that, as that him liketh shift.
Virginitee is gret perfection,
And continence eke with devotion;
But Crist, that of perfection is welle,
Ne bade not every wight he shuld go selle
All that he had and yeve it to the poure,
And in swiche wise follow him and his lore:
He spake to hem that wold live parfitly,
And, Lordings, (by your leve) that am nat I:
I wol bestow the flour of all myn age
In th' actes and the fruit of mariage.
Tell me also to what conclusion
Were membres made of generation,
And of so parfit wise a wight ywrought?
Trusteth me wel they were nat made for nought.
Glose who so wol, and say bothe up and doun,
That they were made for purgatioun
Of urine, and of other thinges smalle,
And eke to know a female from a male:
And for non other cause? say ye no?
The experience wot wel it is not so.
So that the clerkes be not with me wroth;
I say this, that they maked ben for both;
This is to sayn, for office and for ese
Of engendrure, ther we not God displese.
Why shuld men elles in hir bookes sette
That man shal yelden to his wif hire dette?
Now wherwith shuld he make his payement
If he ne used his sely instrument?
Than were they made upon a creature
To purge urine, and eke for engendrure.
But I say not that every wight is hold,
That hath swiche harneis as I to you told,
To gon and usen hem in engendrure;
Than shuld men take of chastitee no cure.
Crist was a maide, and shapen as a man,
And many a seint, sith that this world began,
Yet lived they ever in parfit chastitee;
I n'ill envie with no virginitee.
Let hem with bred of pured whete be fed,
And let us wives eten barly bred:
And yet with barly bred, Mark tellen can,
Our Lord Jesu refreshed many a man.
In swiche estat as God hath cleped us
I wol persever, I n'am not precious.
In wif hode wol I use min instrument
As frely as my Maker hath it sent.
If I be dangerous, God yeve me sorwe,
Min husband shal it have both even and morwe,
Whan that him list come forth and pay his dette.
An husbond wol I have, I wol not lette,
Which shal be both my detour and my thrall,
And have his tribulation withall
Upon his flesh, while that I am his wif.
I have the power during all my lif
Upon his propre body, and nat he;
Right thus the apostle told it unto me,
And bad our husbonds for to love us wel:
All this sentence me liketh every del.
Up stert the Pardoner, and that anon;
Now, Dame, quod he, by God and by Seint John
Ye ben a noble prechour in this cas:
I was about to wed a wif, alas!
What? shuld I bie it on my flesh so dere?
Yet had I lever wed no wif to-yere.
Abide, quod she, my Tale is not begonne;
Nay, thou shalt drinken of another tonne,
Er that I go, shall savor worse than ale:
And whan that I have told thee forth my Tale
Of tribulation in mariage,
Of which I am expert in al min age,
(This is to sayn myself hath ben the whippe)
Than maiest thou chesen wheder thou wolt sippe
Of thilke tonne that I shal abroche:
Beware of it er thou to neigh approche,
For I shal tel ensamples mo than ten.
Who so that n'ill beware by other men
By him shal other men corrected be:
Thise same wordes writeth Ptholomee,
Rede in his Almajestie, and take it there.
Dame, I wold pray you, if your will it were,
Sayde this Pardoner, as ye began
Tell forth your Tale, and spareth for no man,
And teccheth us yonge men of your practike.
Gladly, quod she, sin that it may you like,
But that I pray to all this compagnie,
If that I speke after my fantasie,
As taketh not a greefe of that I say,
For min entente is non but for to play.
Now, Sires, than wol I tell you forth my Tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale
I shal say soth, the husbondes that I had
As three of hem were good and two were bad.
The three were goode men and riche and olde;
Unnethes mighten they the statute holde
In which that they were bounden unto me;
Ye wot wel what I mene of this parde.
As God me helpe I laugh whan that I thinke
How pitously a-night I made hem swinke,
But by my fay I tolde of it no store:
They had me yeven hir lond and hir trefore;

neded not do lenger diligence
win hir love or don hem reverence.
y loved me so wel, by God above,
I ne tolde no deintee of hir love.
ife woman wol besie hire ever in on
geten hir love ther as she hath non.
lith I had hem holly in min hond,
that they hadde yeven me all hir lond,
t shuld I taken kepe hem for to plese,
it were for my profit or min ese?
hem so a-werke by my say,
many a night they songen Wala wa!
bacon was not fet for hem I trow
som men have in Essex at Donmow.
erned hem so wel after my lawe
eche of hem ful blisful was and fawe
ingen me gay things fro the feyre:
were ful glade whan I spake him fayre;
od iz wot I chidde hem spitously.
herkeneth how I bare me proprely.
wise wives, that can understond,
shul ye speke, and bete hem wrong on hond,
alf so boldely can ther no man
en and lien as a woman can.
not this by wives that ben wise,
f it be whan they hem misavise.)
e wif, if that she can hire good,
beren hem on hond the cow is wood,
taken witnesse of hire owen mayd
r assent; but herkeneth how I sayd.
e olde Kaynard, is this thin aray?
is my neigheboures wif so gay?
honoured over al wher she goth;
at home, I have no thrifty cloth.
t dost thou at my neigheboures hous?
e so faire? art thou so amorous?
t, rowneſt thou with our maide? *benedicite!*
ilde Lechour, let thy japes be.
d if I have a gossib or a frend,
thouten gilt) thou chidest as a fend
n walke or play unto his hous.
Thou comest hom as dronken as a mous,
d preches on thy benche with evil prefe:
u sayst to me, It is a gret meschiefe
wed a poure woman for costage;
if that she be riche of high parage,
sayst thou that it is a tourmentrie
sofre hire pride and hire melancolie:
if that she be faire, thou veray knave,
sayst that every holour wol hire have;
may no while in chastitee abide
is assailed upon every side.
sayst som folk desire us for richesse,
for our shape, and som for our fairnesse,
som for she can eyther sing or dance,
som for gentillesse and daliance,
for hire hondes and hire armes smale:
goth all to the devil by thy tale.
sayst men may not kepe a castel wal,
y so long assailed be over al.
if that she be foul, thou sayst that she
teth every man that she may see;
as a spanile she wol on him lepe
she may finden som man hire to chepe.

Ne non so grey goos goth ther in the lake
(As sayst thou) that wol ben without a make:
And sayst it is an hard thing for to welde
A thing that no man wol his thankes helde.
Thus sayst thou, lorel, whan thou gost to bed,
And that no wise man nedeth for to wed,
Ne no man that entendeth unto heven.
With wilde thonder dint and firy leven
Mote thy welked nekke be to-broke.
Thou sayst that dropping houses and eke smoke,
And chiding wives, maken men to flee
Out of hir owen hous. A, *benedicite!*
What aileth swiche an old man for to chide?
Thou sayst we wives wol our vices hide
Til we be fast, and than we wol hem shewe.
Wel may that be a proverbe of a shrewe.
Thou sayst that oxen, asses, hors, and houndes,
They ben assaied at diverse stoundes,
Basines, lavoures, or that men hem bie,
Spones, stooles, and all swiche husbondrie,
And so ben pottes, clothes, and aray,
But folk of wives maken non assay
Til they ben wedded, olde dotard shrewe,
And than, sayst thou, we wol our vices shewe.
Thou sayst also that it displeseth me
But if that thou wolt preisen my beautee,
And but thou pore alway upon my face,
And clepe me Faire Dame in every place;
And but thou make a feste on thilke day
That I was borne, and make me fresh and gay;
And but thou do to my norice honour,
And to my chamberere within my bour,
And to my faders folk and myn allies:
Thus sayst thou, olde borel ful of lies.
And yet also of our prentis Jankin,
For his crispe here, shining as gold so fin,
And for he squiereth me both up and doun,
Yet hast thou caught a false suspection:
I wol him not, though thou were ded to-morwe.
But tell me this, Why hidest thou with sorwe
The keies of thy chest away fro me?
It is my good as well as thin parde.
What, wenest thou make an idiot of our Dame?
Now by that Lord that cleped is Seint Jame,
Thou shalt not bothe, though that thou were wood,
Be maister of my body and of my good;
That on thou shalt forgo maugre thin eyen.
What helpeth it of me to enquere and spien?
I trow thou woldest locke me in thy cheste.
Thou shuldest say, Fayr wif, go where thee leste;
Take your disport; I wol not leve no tales;
I know you for a trewe wif, Dame Ales.
We love no man that taketh kepe or charge
Wher that we gon; we wol be at our large.
Of alle men yblessed mote be he
The wise astrologien Dan Ptholomee,
That sayth this proverbe in his Almageste,
Of alle men his wisdom is highest
That rekketh not who hath the world in hond.
By this proverbe thou shalt wel understond,
Have thou ynough, what thar thee rekke or care
How merily that other folkes fare?
For certes, olde dotard, by your leve,
Ye shullen have queint right ynough at eve.

He is to gret a nigard that wol werne
A man to light a candel at his lanterne;
He shal have never the lesse light parde:
Have thou ynough thee thar not plainen thee.
Thou sayst also if that we make us gay
With clothing and with precious aray,
That it is peril of our chastitee:
And yet with sorwe thou enforcest thee,
And sayst thise wordes in the apostles name;
In habit made with chastitee and shame
Ye women shul appareile you, (quod he)
And nat in tressed here and gay perrie,
As perles, ne with gold, ne clothes riche.
After thy text ne after thy rubriche
I wol not work as mochel as a gnat.
Thou sayst also I walke out like a cat;
For who so wolde senge the cattes skin
Than wol the cat wel dwellen in hire in;
And if the cattes skin be sleke and gay,
She wol nat dwellen in hous half a day,
But forth she wol, or any day be dawed,
To shew hire skin and gon a caterwawed.
This is to say, if I be gay, sire shrewe,
I wol renne out my borel for to shewe.
Sire olde fool, what helpeth thee to spien?
Though thou pray Argus with his hundred eyen
To be my wardecorps, as he can best,
In faith he shal not kepe me but me lest:
Yet coude I make his berd, so mote I the.
Thou sayest eke that ther ben thinges three,
Which thinges gretly troublen all this erthe,
And that no wight ne may endure the ferthe:
O lefe sire shrewe, Jesu short thy lif.
Yet precheſt thou, an sayst, an hateful wif
Yrekened is for on of thise mischances.
Be ther non other maner resemblances
That ye may liken your parables to
But if a sely wif be on of tho?
Thou likenest eke womans love to helle,
To barrein lond ther water may not dwelle.
Thou likenest it also to wilde fire;
The mor it brenneth, the more it hath desire
To consume every thing that brent would be.
Thou sayest right as wormes shende a tre
Right so a wif destroieth hire husbond;
This knowen they that ben to wives bond.
Lordings, right thus, as ye han understond,
Bare I stifly min old husbondes on hond,
That thus they saiden in hir dronkennesse;
And all was false but as I toke witnesse
On Jankin, and upon my nece also.
O Lord! the peine I did hem and the wo,
Ful giltelesse, by Goddes swete pine,
For as an hors I coude bite and whine;
I coude plain, and I was in the gilt,
Or elles oftentime I had ben spilt.
Who so first cometh to the mill first grint;
I plained first, so was our werre ystint.
They were ful glad to excusen hem full blive
Of thing the which they never agilt hir live.
Of wenches wold I beren hem on hond
Whan that for sike unnethes might they stond,
Yet tikeled I his herte for that he
Wend that I had of him so gret chiertee:
I swore that all my walking out by night
Was for to espien wenches that he dight:
Under that colour had I many a mirth;
For all swiche wit is yeven us in our birth;
Deceite, weping, spinning, God hath yeven
To women kindly while that they may liven.
And thus of o thing I may avaunten me,
At th' ende I had the beter in eche degree,
By sleight or force, or by som maner thing,
As by continual murmur or grutching,
Namely a-bed; ther hadden they meschance;
Ther wold I chide, and don hem no plesance:
I wold no lenger in the bed abide
If that I felt his arme over my side,
Till he had made his raunson unto me,
Than wold I soffre him do his nicetee:
And therfore every man this Tale I tell,
Winne who so may, for all is for to sell.
With empty hond men may no haukes lure;
For winning wold I all his lust endure,
And maken me a feined appetit,
And yet in bacon had I never delit,
That maked me that ever I wold him chide;
For though the Pope had sitten hem beside,
I wold not spare hem at hir owen bord,
For by my trouthe I quitte hem word for word.
As helpe me veray God omnipotent,
Tho I right now should make my testament,
I ne owe him not a word that it n'is quit;
I brought it so abouten by my wit
That they must yeve it up as for the best,
Or elles had we never been in rest;
For though he loked as a wood leon
Yet shuld he faille of his conclusion.
Than wold I say, Now, goode lefe, take kepe;
How mekely loketh Wilkin oure shepe!
Come ner my spouse, and let me ba thy cheke;
Ye shulden be al patient and meke,
And han a swete spiced conscience,
Sith ye so preche of Jobes patience.
Suffreth alway sin ye so wel can preche,
And but ye do, certain we shall you teche
That it is faire to han a wif in pees.
On of us two most howen doutelees;
And sith a man is more resonable
Than woman is, ye mosten ben suffrable.
What aileth you to grutchen thus and grone?
Is it for ye wold have my queint alone?
Why take it all; lo, have it every del;
Peter, I shrew you but you love it wel:
For if I wolde sell my *bella chose*,
I coude walke as freshe as is a rose,
But I wol kepe it for your owen toth.
Ye be to blame, by God I say you soth.
Swiche maner wordes hadden we on hond.
Now wol I speken of my fourthe husbond.
My fourthe husbonde was a revellour,
This is to sayn, he had a paramour,
And I was yonge and ful of ragerie,
Stibborne and strong, and joly as a pie;
Though coude I dancen to an harpe smale,
And sing ywis as any nightingale,
When I had dronke a draught of swete wine.
Mettellius, the foul cherle, the swine,

it with a ſtaf beraft his wif hire lif
ſhe drank wine, though I had been his wif
ſhuld he not have daunted me fro drinke;
l after wine of Venus moſt I thinke;
al ſo ſiker as cold engendreth hayl
kerous mouth moſt han a likerous tayl.
oman vinolent is no defence,
knowen lechours by experience.
z, Lord Criſt! whan that it remembreth me
my youth, and on my jolitee,
keleth me about myn herte rote:
this day it doth myn herte bote,
t I have had my world as in my time.
ge, alas! that all wol envenime,
me beraft my beautee and my pith;
, farewel, the devil go therwith!
loer is gon, ther n'is no more to tell;
ren as I beſt may now moſte I ſell.
yet to be right mery wol I fond,
forth to tellen of my fourthe huſbond.
ay I had in herte gret deſpit
he of any other had delit:
e was quit by God and by Seint Joce:
de him of the ſame wood a croce,
of my body in no foule manere,
certainly I made folk ſwiche chere,
in his owen greſe I made him frie,
nger and for veray jalouſie.
od, in erth I was his Purgatorie,
which I hope his ſoule be in glorie:
God it wote, he ſate ful oft and ſonge
n that his ſho ful bitterly him wronge:
was no wight, ſave God and he, that wiſte
any a wife how ſore that I him twiſte.
ded whan I came fro Jeruſalem,
lith ygrave under the rode-beem;
s his tombe not ſo curious
as the ſepulcre of him Darius,
ch that Appelles wrought ſo ſotelly:
bet waſt to bury hem preciouſly.
him farewel, God give his ſoule reſt,
s now in his grave and in his cheſt.
Now of my fifthe huſbonde wol I telle:
let his ſoule never come in helle:
yet was he to me the moſte ſhrew;
ſele I on my ribbes all by rew,
ever ſhal unto min ending day:
in our bed he was ſo freſh and gay,
therwithall he coude ſo well me gloſe,
n that he wolde han my *belle choſe*,
though he had be bet on every bon
coude win agen my love anon.
w I loved him the bet, for he
of his love ſo dangerous to me.
wimmen han, if that I ſhal not lie,
is matere a queinte fantaſie.
te, what thing we may nat lightly have,
rafter wol we cry all day and crave.
bede us thing and that defiren we;
ie on us faſt and thanne wol we flee.
h danger utteren we all our chaffare;
t prees at market maketh dere ware,
d to gret chepe is holden at litel priſe;
s knoweth every woman that is wiſe.

My fifthe huſbonde, God his ſoule bleſſe,
Which that I toke for love and no richeſſe,
He ſometime was a clerk of Oxenforde,
And had left ſcole, and went at home at borde
With my goſſib, dwelling in oure toun,
God have hire ſoule! hire name was Aliſoun.
She knew my herte and all my privetee
Bet than our pariſh preeſt, ſo mote I the:
To hire bewried I my counſeil all,
For had my huſbond piſſed on a wall,
Or don a thing that ſhuld have coſt his lif,
To hire, and to another worthy wif,
And to my nece, which that I loved wel,
I wold have told his counſeil every del:
And ſo I did ful often, God it wote,
That made his face full often red and hote
For veray ſhame, and blamed himſelf, for he
Had told to me ſo gret a privatee.
And ſo befell that ones in a Lent
(So often times I to my goſſib went,
For ever yet I loved to be gay,
And for to walke in March, April, and May,
From hous to hous, to heren ſundry tales)
That Jankin clerk, and my goſſib Dame Ales,
And I myſelf, into the feldes went.
Myn huſbond was at London all that Lent:
I had the better leiſer for to pleie,
And for to ſee, and eke for to be ſeie
Of luſty folk. What wiſt I wher my grace
Was ſhapen for to be, or in what place?
Therfore made I my viſitations
To vigilies and to proceſſions,
To prechings eke, and to thiſe pilgrimages,
To playes of miracles, and mariages,
And wered upon my gay ſkarlet gites.
Thiſe wormes, ne thiſe mothes, ne thiſe mites,
Upon my paraille frett hem never a del;
And woſt thou why? for they were uſed wel.
Now wol I tellen forth what happed me.
I ſay that in the feldes walked we
Till trewely we had ſwiche daliance,
This clerk and I, that of my purveance
I ſpake to him, and ſaid him how that he,
If I were widewe, ſhulde wedden me.
For certainly, I ſay for no bobance,
Yet was I never without purveance
Of mariage, ne of other thinges eke:
I hold a mouſes wit not worth a leke
That hath but on hole for to ſterten to,
And if that faille, than is all ydo.
I bare him on hond he had enchanted me,
(My dame taughte me that ſubtiltee)
And eke I ſayd I mette of him all night,
He wold han ſlain me as I lay upright,
And all my bed was ful of veray blood;
But yet I hope that ye ſhuln do me good,
For blood betokeneth gold, as me was taught,
And al was falſe, I dreamed of him right naught,
But as I folwed ay my dames lore,
As wel of that as of other thinges more.
But now, Sire, let me ſee, what ſhall I ſain?
A ha! by God I have my Tale again.
Whan that my fourthe huſbonde was on bere,
I wept algate and made a ſory chere,

As wives moten, for it is the usage,
And with my coverchefe covered my visage;
But for that I was purveyed of a make,
I wept but smal, and that I undertake.
To chirche was myn husbond born a-morwe
With neigheboures that for him maden sorowe,
And Jankin oure clerk was on of tho:
As helpe me God, whan that I saw him go
After the bere, me thought he had a paire
Of legges and of feet so clene and faire
That all my herte I yave unto his hold.
He was, I trow, a twenty winter old,
And I was fourty, if I shal say soth,
But yet I had alway a coltes toth.
Gat-tothed I was, and that became me wele;
I had the print of Seint Venus sele.
As helpe me God, I was a lusty on,
And faire, and riche, and yonge, and wel begon;
And trewely, as min husbondes tolden me,
I had the beste queint that mighte be,
For certes I am all Venerian
In feling, and my herte is Martian:
Venus me yave my lust and likerousnesse,
And Mars yave me my sturdy hardinesse.
Min ascendent was Taure, and Mars therinne:
Alas, alas! that ever love was sinne!
I folwed ay min inclination
By vertue of my constellation;
That made me that I coude nat withdraw
My chambre of Venus from a good felaw;
Yet have I Martes merke upon my face,
And also in another privee place:
For God so wisly be my salvation,
I loved never by no discretion,
But ever folwed min appetit,
All were he shorte, longe, blacke, or white:
I toke no kepe, so that he liked me,
How poure he was, ne eke of what degree.
What shulde I say? but at the monthes ende
This joly clerk Jankin, that was so hende,
Hath wedded me with gret solempnitee,
And to him yave I all the lond and fee
That ever was me yeven therbefore,
But afterward repented me ful sore.
He n'olde suffre nothing of my list:
By God he smote me ones with his fist,
For that I rent out of his book a lefe,
That of the stroke myn ere wex all defe.
Stibborne I was as is a leonesse,
And of my tonge a veray janglerresse;
And walke I wold, as I had don beforn,
Fro hous to hous, although he had it sworn,
For which he oftentimes wold preche,
And me of olde Romaine gestes teche.
How he Sulpitius Gallus left his wif,
And hire forsoke for terme of all his lif,
Not but for open-heded he hire say
Loking out at his dore upon a day.
Another Romaine told he me by name,
That for his wif was at a sommer game
Without his weting he forsoke hire eke.
And than wold he upon his Bible seke
That ilke proverbe of Ecclesiaste,
Wher he commandeth, and forbedeth faste,
Man shal not suffer his wif go roude aboute.
Than wold he say right thus withouten doute,
Who so that bildeth his hous all of salwes,
And priketh his blind hors over the falwes,
And suffereth his wif to go seken halwes,
Is worthy to be honged on the galwes.
But all for nought; I sette not an hawe
Of his proverbes ne of his olde sawe;
Ne I wold not of him corrected be.
I hate hem that my vices tellen me,
And so do mo of us (God wote) than I.
This made him wood with me all utterly;
I n'olde not forbere him in no cas.
Now wol I say you soth, by Seint Thomas,
Why that I rent out of his book a lefe,
For which he smote me so that I was defe.
He had a book that gladly night and day
For his disport he wolde it rede alway;
He cleped it Valerie and Theophrast,
And with that book he lough away ful fast.
And eke ther was a clerk somtime at Rome,
A cardinal, that highte Seint Jerome,
That made a book again Jovinian,
Which book was ther, and eke Tertullian,
Crisippus, Trotula, and Helowis,
That was abbesse not ser fro Paris,
And eke the Paraboles of Salomon,
Ovides Art, and bourdes many on;
And alle thise were bonden in o volume.
And every night and day was his custume
(Whan he had leiser and vacation
From other worldly occupation)
To reden in this book of wikked wives:
He knew of hem mo legendes and mo lives
Than ben of goode wives in the Bible.
For trusteth wel it is an impossible
That any clerk wol speken good of wives,
(But if it be of holy seintes lives)
Ne of non other woman never the mo.
Who peinted the leon, telleth me who?
By God if wimmen hadden written stories,
As clerkes han, within hir oratories,
They wold have writ of men more wikkednesse
Than all the merke of Adam may redresse.
The children of Mercury and of Venus
Ben in hir werking ful contrarious.
Mercury loveth wisdom and science,
And Venus loveth riot and dispence;
And for hir divers disposition
Eche falleth in others exaltation:
As thus; God wote Mercury is desolat
In Pisces, wher Venus is exaltat,
And Venus falleth wher Mercury is reised,
Therfore no woman of no clerk is preised.
The clerk whan he is old, and may naught do
Of Venus werkes not worth his old sho,
Than siteth he doun and writeth in his dotage
That wimmen cannot kepe hir mariage.
But now to purpos why I tolde thee
That I was beten for a book parde.
Upon a night Jankin, that was our sire,
Red on his book as he sate by the fire,
Of Eva first, that for hire wickednesse,
Was all mankinde brought to wretchednesse

which that Jesu Crist himself was slain,
bought us with his herte blood again.
here expresse of wimmen may ye find
woman was the losse of all mankind.
o redde he me how Sampson lost his heres,
g his lemman kitte hem with hire sheres,
gh whiche treson lost hem both his eyen.
redde he me, if that I shall not lien,
ercules, and of his Deianire,
cursed him to set himself a-fire.
thing forgat he the care and the wo
Socrates had with his wives two;
Xantippa cast pisse upon his hed.
dy man sat still as he were ded;
ped his hed; no more dorst he sain
r the thonder stint ther cometh rain.
Pasiphae, that was the Quene of Crete,
rewednesse him thought the tale swete.
peke no more (it is a grisely thing)
horrible lust and hire liking.
Clitemnestra, for hire lecherie
alsely made hire husbond for to die,
dde it with ful good devotion.
told me eke for what occasion
iorax at Thebes lost his lif:
usbond had a legend of his wif
le, that for an ouche of gold
prively unto the Grekes told
that hire husbond hidde him in a place,
hith he had at Thebes sory grace.
Lima told he me, and of Lucie;
bothe made hir husbondes for to die,
on for love, that other was for hate.
hir husbond on an even late
ysoned hath, for that he was his so:
likerous loved hire husbond so,
for he stuld alway upon hire thinke,
ave him swiche a maner love-drinke,
he was ded er it were by the morwe:
thus algates husbondes hadden sorwe.
Ostanes did he me how on Latumeus
mplained to his felaw Arius,
in his gardin growed swiche a tree,
which he said how that his wives three
ged hemself for hertes despitous.
o brother! quod this Arius,
me a plant of thilke blessed tree,
in my gardin planted shal it be.
later date, of wives hath he redde,
some han slain hir husbondes in hir bedde,
let hir lechour dight hem all the night,
e that the corps lay in the flore upright;
some han driven nailes in hir brain,
e that they slepe, and thus they han hem slain;
han hem yeven poyson in hir drink.
ake more harm than herte may bethinke.
d therwithall he knew of mo proverbes
in this world ther growen gras or herbes.
t is (quod he) thin habitation
ith a leon or a foule dragon
with a woman using for to chide.
t is (quod he) high in the roof abide
with an angry woman doun in the hous,
hem so wikked and contrarious:
They haten that hir husbondes loven ay.
He sayd a woman cast hire shame away
Whan she cast of hire smock; and forther mo,
A faire woman, but she be chast also,
Is like a gold ring in a sowes nose.
Who coude wene or who coude suppose
The wo that in min herte was and the pine?
And whan I saw he n'olde never fine
To reden on this cursed book all night,
Al sodenly three leves have I plight
Out of his book, right as he redde, and eke
I with my fist so toke him on the cheke
That in oure fire he fell backward adoun;
And he up sterte as doth a wood leoun,
And with his fist he smote me on the hed,
That in the flore I lay as I were ded.
And whan he saw how stille that I lay
He was agast, and wold have fled away,
Til at the last out of my swough I brayde.
O! hast thou slain me, false thief? I sayde,
And for my lond thus hast thou mordred me?
Er I be ded yet wol I kissen thee.
And nere he came, and kneled faire adoun,
And sayde, Dere suster Alisoun!
As helpe me God I shal thee never smite:
That I have don it is thyself to wite;
Foryeve it me, and that I thee beseke.
And yet eftsones I hitte him on the cheke,
And sayde, Theef, thus much am I awreke.
Now wol I die, I may no longer speke.
But at the last, with mochel care and wo,
We fell accorded by ourselven two.
He yaf me all the bridel in min hond
To han the governance of hous and lond,
And of his tonge and of his hond also,
And made him brenne his book anon right tho.
And whan that I had getten unto me
By maistrie all the soverainetee,
And that he sayd, Min owen trewe wif,
Do as thee list the terme of all thy lif;
Kepe thin honour, and kepe eke min estat;
After that day we never had debat.
God helpe me so, I was to him as kinde
As any wif fro Denmark unto Inde,
And al so trewe, and so was he to me:
I pray to God that sit in majestee
So blisse his soule, for his mercy dere.
Now wol I say my Tale if ye wol here.
The Frere lough whan he had herd all this:
Now, Dame, quod he, so have I joye and blis,
This is a long preamble of a Tale.
And whan the Sompnour herd the Frere gale,
Lo (quod this Sompnour) Goddes armes two,
A Frere wol entermete him evermo:
Lo, goode men, a flie and eke a Frere
Wol fall in every dish and eke matere.
What spekest thou of preambulatioun?
What? amble or trot, or pees, or go sit doun:
Thou lettest our disport in this matere.
Ye, wolt thou so, Sire Sompnour? quod the Frere;
Now by my faith I shal, er that I go,
Tell of a Sompnour swiche a Tale or two,
That all the folk shal laughen in this place.
Now elles, Frere, I will beshrewe thy face,

(Quod this Sompnour) and I beſhrewe me
But if I telle Tales two or three
Of Freres, or I come to Sidenborne,
That I ſhal make thin herte for to morne,
For wel I wot thy patience is gone.
Our Hoſte cried, Pees, and that anon;
And ſayde, Let the woman tell hire Tale;
Ye fare as folk that dronken ben of ale.
Do, Dame, tell forth your Tale, and that is beſt.
Al redy, Sire, quod ſhe, right as you leſt,
If I have licence of this worthy Frere.
Yes, Dame, quod he, tell forth, and I wol here.

THE WIF OF BATHES TALE *.

In olde dayes of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons ſpeken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of Faerie;
The Elf quene with hire joly compagnie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede,
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I ſpeke of many hundred yeres ago,
But now can no man ſee non elves mo;
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That ſerchen every land and every ſtreme,
As thikke as motes in the ſonne beme,
Bliſſing halles, chambres, kichens, and boures,
Citees and burghes, caſtles highe and toures,
Thropes and bernes, ſhepenes and daires,
This maketh that therben no Faeries:
For ther as wont to waken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limatour himſelf
In undermeles and in morweninges,
And ſayth his matines and his holy thinges
As he goth in his limitatioun.
Women may now go ſafely up and doun,
In every buſh, and under every tree,
Ther is non other Incubes but he,
And he ne will don hem no diſhonour.
An ſo befell it that this King Artour
Had in his hous a luſty bacheler,
That on a day came riding fro river:
And happed that, alone as ſhe was borne,
He ſaw a maiden walking him beforne,
Of which maid he anon, maugre hire hed,
By veray force beraft hire maidenhed:
For which oppreſſion was ſwiche clamour,
And ſwiche purſuite unto the King Artour,
That damned was this knight for to be ded,
By cours of lawe, and ſhuld have loſt his hed,
(Paraventure ſwiche was the ſtatute tho)
But that the quene and other ladies mo
So longe praieden the king of grace,
Til he his lif him granted in the place,
And yaf him to the quene, all at hire will
To cheſe whether ſhe wold him ſave or ſpill.
The quene thanketh the king with all hire might,
And after this thus ſpake ſhe to the knight,
Whan that ſhe ſaw hire time upon a day.
Thou ſtandeſt yet (quod ſhe) in ſwiche array,
That of thy lif yet haſt thou not ſeuretee;
I grant thee lif if thou canſt tellen me
What thing is it that women moſt deſiren:
Beware, and keppe thy nekke bone from yren.
And if thou canſt not tell it me anon,
Yet wol I yeve thee leve for to gon
A twelvemonth and a day to ſeke and lere
And anſwer ſuffiſant in this matere;
And ſeuretee wol I have, or that thou pace,
Thy body for to yelden in this place.
Wo was the knight, and ſorwefully he ſiketh:
But what? he may not don all as him liketh.
And at the laſt he cheſe him for to wende,
And come agen right at the yeres ende
With ſwiche anſwer as God wold him purvay,
And taketh his leve, and wendeth for his way.
He ſeketh every hous and every place.
Wher as he hopeth for to finden grace,
To lernen what thing women loven moſte;
But hene coude ariven in no coſte
Wher as he mighte find in this matere
Two creatures according in fere.
Som ſaiden women loven beſt richeſſe,
Som ſaiden honour, ſom ſaiden jolineſſe,
Som riche array, ſom ſaiden luſt a-bedde,
And oft time to be widewe and to be wedde.
Some ſaiden that we ben in herte moſt eſed
Whan that we ben yflatered and ypreiſed.
He goth ful nigh the ſoth, I wol not lie;
A man ſhal winne us beſt with flaterie;
And with attendance and with beſineſſe
Ben we ylimed bothe more and leſſe.
And ſom men ſaiden that we loven beſt
For to be free, and do right as us leſt,

* A batchelor of King Arthur's court is enjoined by the Queen, upon pain of death, to tell what thing it is that women do moſt deſire. At length he is taught it by an old woman, whom he is enforced to marry. *Urry.*

hat no man repreve us of our vice,
y that we ben wise and nothing nice:
ewely ther n'is non of us all,
wight wol claw us on the gall,
we n'ill kike for that he saith us soth;
and he shal find it that so doth:
we never so vicious withinne
ol be holden wise and clene of sinne.
l som saiden that gret delit han we
be holden stable and eke secre,
o purpos stedfastly to dwell,
ot bewreyen thing that men us tell;
at tale is not worth a rake-stele.
we women connen nothing hele,
fe on Mida; wol ye here the Tale?
e, amonges other thinges smale,
Mida had under his longe heres
g upon his hed two asses eres,
hiche vice he hid, as he beste might,
beilly from every mannes sight,
ave his wif ther wist of it no mo;
ved hire most, and trusted hire also;
ied hire that to no creature
olde tellen of his disfigure.
swore him Ney, for all the world to winne
olde do that vilanie ne sinne,
ake hire husbond han so foule a name:
olde not tell it for hire owen shame.
atheles hire thoughte that she dide
she so longe shuld a conseil hide;
thought it swal so sore about hire herte,
nedely som word hire must asterte;
sith she dorst nat telle it to no man,
n to a mareis faste by she ran;
he came ther hire herte was a-fire:
as a bitore bumbleth in the mire,
lid hire mouth unto the water doun.
my me not, thou water, with thy soun,
d he; to thee I tell it, and no mo,
husbond hath long asses eres two.
w hain herte all hole, now is it out,
ight so lenger kepe it out of dout.
ou may ye see, though we a time abide,
t out it moste; we can no conseil hide.
remenant of the Tale, if ye wol here,
ek Ovide, and ther ye may it lere.
his knight, of which my Tale is specially,
n that he saw he might not come therby,
is is to sayn, what women loven most)
hin his brest ful forweful was his gost.
home he goth, he mighte not sojourne;
day was come that homward must he turne.
in his way it happed him to ride,
ll his care, under a forest side,
eras he saw upon a dance go
ladies foure-and-twenty, and yet mo.
ward this ilke dance he drow ful yerne,
op that he som wisdom shulde lerne;
certainly er he came fully there
nished was this dance he n'iste not wher;
creature saw he that bare lif,
t on the grene he saw sitting a wif,
ouler wight ther may no man devise.
ine this knight this olde wif gan arise,
And saide Sire Knight, here forth ne lith no way.
Tell me what that ye seken by your fay,
Paraventure it may the better be:
Thise olde folk con mochel thing, quod she.
My leve mother, quod this knight, certain
I n'am but ded but if that I can sain
What thing it is that women most desire:
Coude ye me wisse I wold quite wel your hire.
Plight me thy trouthe here in myn hond, quod she,
The nexte thing that I requere of thee
Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,
And I wol tell it you or it be night.
Have here my trouthe, quod the knight, I graunte.
Thanne, quod she, I dare me wel avaunte
Thy lif is sauf, for I wol stond therby,
Upon my lif the quene wol say as I.
Let see which is the proudest of hem alle,
That wereth on a kerchef or a calle,
That dare sayn nay of that I shal you teche.
Let us go forth withouten lenger speche.
Tho rowned she a pistel in his ere,
And bad him to be glad, and have no fere.
Whan they ben comen to the court, this knight
Said he had hold his day as he had hight,
And redy was his answere, as he saide.
Ful many a noble wif, and many a maide,
And many a widewe, for that they ben wise,
(The quene hireselfe sitting as a justice),
Assembled ben his answer for to here,
And afterward this knight was bode appere.
To every wight commanded was silence,
And that the knight shuld tell in audience
What thing that worldly women loven best.
This knight ne stood not still as doth a best,
But to this question anon answerd
With manly vois, that all the court it herd.
My liege Lady, generally, quod he,
Women desiren to han soveraintee,
As well over hir husbond as hir love,
And for to ben in maistrie him above.
This your most desire, though ye me kille;
Doth as you list, I am here at your wille.
In all the court ne was ther wif ne maide,
Ne widewe, that contraried that he saide,
But said he was worthy to han his lif.
And with that word up stert this olde wif
Which that the knight saw sitting on the grene.
Mercy, quod she, my soveraine lady Quene,
Er that your court depart, as doth me right.
I taughte this answere unto this knight,
For which he plighte me his trouthe there,
The firste thing I wold of him requere,
He wold it do, if it lay in his might.
Before this court than pray I thee, Sire, Knight,
Quod she, that thou me take unto thy wif.
For wel thou wost that I have kept thy lif:
If I say false, say nay upon thy fay.
This knight answered, Alas and wala wa!
I wot right wel that swiche was my beheest.
For Goddes love as chese a new request:
Take all my good, and let my body go.
Nay than, quod she, I shrewe us bothe two;

Fór though that I be olde, foule, and pore,
I n'olde for all the metal ne the ore
That under erthe is grave, or lith above,
But if thy wif I were and eke thy love.
My love! quod he; nay, my dampnation.
Alas! that any of my nation
Shuld ever so foule disparaged be.
But all for nought; the end is this, that he
Constrained was he nedes must hire wed,
And taketh this olde wif, and goth to bed.
Now wolden som men sayn paraventure,
That for my negligence I do no cure
To tellen you the joye and all the array
That at the feste was that ilke day.
To which thing shortly answeren I shal:
I say ther was no joye ne feste at al;
Ther n'as but hevinesse and mochel sorwe;
For prively he wedded hire on the morwe,
And all day after hid him as an oule,
So wo was him his wif loked so foule.
Gret was the wo the knight had in his thought
Whan he was with his wif a-bed ybrought;
He walweth, and he turneth to and fro.
This olde wif lay smiling evermo,
And said, O dere husbond, *benedicite*!
Fareth ever knight thus with wif as ye?
Is this the lawe of King Artoures hous?
Is every knight of his thus dangerous?
I am your owen love, and eke your wif,
I am she which that saved hath your lif,
And certes yet did I you never unright;
Why fare ye thus with me this firste night?
Ye faren like a man had lost his wit.
What is my gilt? for Goddes love tell it,
And it shal ben amended if I may.
Amended! quod this knight, alas! nay, nay,
It wol not ben amended never mo;
Thou art so lothly, and so olde also,
And therto comen of so low a kind,
That littel wonder is though I walwe and wind;
So wolde God min herte wolde brest.
Is this, quod she, the cause of your unrest?
Ye certainly, quod he, no wonder is.
Now Sire, quod she, I coude amend all this,
If that me list, er it were dayes three,
So wel ye mighten bere you unto me.
But for ye speken of swiche gentillesse
As is descended out of old richesse;
That therefore shullen ye be gentilmen;
Swiche arrogance n'is not worth an hen.
Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the greteſt gentilman.
Crist wol we claime of him our gentillesse,
Not of our elders for hir old richesse;
For though they yeve us all hir heritage,
For which we claime to ben of high parage,
Yet may they not bequethen for no thing
To non of us hir vertuous living,
That made hem gentilmen called to be,
And bade us folwen hem in swiche degree
Wel can the wise poet of Florence,
That highte Dant, speken of this sentence:
Lo in swiche maner rime is Dantes tale.
Ful seldo up riseth by his branches smale
Prowesse of man, for God of his goodnesse
Wol that we claime of him our gentillesse;
For of our elders may we nothing claime
But temporel thing, that man may hurt and maime.
Eke every wight wot this as wel as I,
If gentillesse were planted naturelly
Unto a certain linage doun the line,
Prive and apert, than wold they never fine
To don of gentillesse the faire office;
They mighten do no vilanie or vice.
Take fire, and bere it into the derkest hous
Betwix this and the Mount of Cacasus,
And let men shette the doers, and go thenne,
Yet wol the fire as faire lie and brenne
As twenty thousand men might it behold;
His office naturel ay wol it hold,
Up peril of my lif, til that it die.
Here may ye see wel how that genterie
Is not annexed to possession,
Sith folk ne don hir operation
Alway, as doth the fire, lo, in his kind:
For God it wot men moun ful often find
A lordes sone do shame and vilanie.
And he that wol han pris of his genterie,
For he was boren of a gentil hous,
And had his elders noble and vertuous,
And n'ill himselven do no gentil dedes,
Ne folwe his gentil auncestrie that ded is,
He n'is not gentil, be he duk or erl,
For vilains sinful dedes make a cherl:
For gentillesse n'is but the renomee
Of thin auncestres for hir high bountee,
Which is a strange thing to thy persone:
Thy gentillesse cometh fro God alone;
Than cometh our veray gentillesse of grace;
It was no thing bequethed us with our place.
Thinketh how noble, as saith Valerius,
Was thilke Tullius Hostilius,
That out of poverte rose to high noblesse.
Redeth Senek, and redeth eke Boece,
Ther shull ye seen expresse that it no dred is
That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis:
And therefore, leve husbond, I thus conclude,
Al be it that min auncestres weren rude,
Yet may the highe God, and so hope I,
Granten me grace to liven vertuously;
Than am I gentil whan that I beginne
To liven vertuously and weiven sinne.
And ther as ye of poverte me reprove,
The highe God, on whom that we beleve,
In wilful poverte chese to lede his lif;
And certes every man, maiden, or wif,
May understond that Jesus heven king
Ne wold not chese a vicious living.
Glad poverte is an honest thing certain,
This wol Senek and other clerkes sain.
Who so that halt him paid of his poverte,
I hold him rich, al had he not a sherte.
He that coveiteth is a poure wight,
For he wold han that is not in his might;
But he that nought hath, ne coveiteth to have,
Is riche, although ye hold him but a knave.

Veray poverte is sinne proprely.
Juvenal saith of poverte merily,
The poure man whan he goth by the way,
Before the theves he may sing and play.
Poverte is hateful good; and, as I gesse,
A ful gret bringer out of besinesse;
A gret amender eke of sapience
To him that taketh it in patience.
Poverte is this, although it some elenge,
Possession that no wight wol challenge.
Poverte ful often, whan a man is low,
Maketh his God and eke himself to know.
Poverte a spectakel is, as thinketh me,
Though which he may his veray frendes see.
And therefore, Sire, sin that I you not greve,
Of my poverte no more me repreve.
Now, Sire, of elde that ye repreven me:
And certes, Sire, though non auctoritee
Were in no book, ye gentiles of honour
Sain that men should an olde wight honour,
And clepe him Fader, for your gentillesse;
And auctours shal I finden, as I gesse.
Now ther ye sain that I am foule and old,
That drede ye not to ben a cokewold;
For filthe, and elde also, so mote I the,
Ben grete wardeins upon chastitee.
But natheles, sin I know your delit,
I shal fulfill your wordly appetit.
Chese now (quod she) on of thise thinges twey,
To han me foule and old til that I dey,
And be to you a trewe humble wif,
And never you displese in all my lif;
Or elles wol ye han me yonge and faire,
And take your aventure of the repaire
That shal be to your hous because of me,
Or in som other place it may wel be?
Now chese yourselven whether that you liketh.
This knight aviseth him, and sore siketh,
But at the last he said in this manere:
My lady and my love, and wif so dere,
I put me in your wise governance,
Cheseth yourself which may be most plesance
And most honour to you and me also,
I do no force the whether of the two,
For as you liketh it sufficeth me.
Than have I got the maistere, quod she,
Sin I may chese and governe as me lest.
Ye certes, wif, quod he, I hold it best.
Kisse me, quod she, we be no lenger wrothe,
For by my trouth I wol be to you bothe,
This to sayn, ye bothe faire and good.
I pray to God that I mote sterven wood
But I to you be al so good and trewe
As ever was wif sin that the world was newe,
And but I be to-morwe as faire to seen
As any lady, emperice, or quene,
That is betwix the est and eke the west,
Doth with my lif and deth right as you lest.
Cast up the curtein, loke how that it is.
And whan the knight saw veraily all this,
That she so faire was, and so yonge therto,
For joye he hent hire in his armes two:
His herte bathed in a bath of blisse,
A thousand time a-row he gan hire kisse:
And she obeyed him in every thing
That mighte don him plesance or liking.
And thus they live unto hir lives ende
In parfit joye; and Jesu Crist us sende
Husbondes meke and yonge, and fresh a-bed,
And grace to overlive hem that we wed.
And eke I pray Jesus to short hir lives
That wol not be governed by hir wives;
And old and angry nigards of dispence
God send hem sone a veray pestilence.

THE FRERES PROLOGUE.

This worthy limitour, this noble Frere,
He made alway a maner louring chere
Upon the Sompnour, but for honeſtee
No vilains word as yet to him ſpake he;
But at the laſt he ſaid unto the Wif,
Dame, (quod he) God yeve you right good lif,
Ye have here touched, all ſo mote I the,
In ſcolé matere a ful gret difficultie;
Ye han ſaid mochel thing right wel I ſay:
But, Dame, here as we riden by the way
Us nedeth not to ſpeken but of game,
And let auctoritees, in Goddes name,
To preching and to ſcole eke of clergie.
But if it like unto this compagnie
I wol you of a Sompnour tell a game;
Parde ye may wel knowen by the name
That of a Sompnour may no good be ſaid;
I pray that non of you be evil apaid:
A Sompnour is a rennet up and doun
With mandements for fornicatioun,
And is ybete at every tounes ende.
Tho ſpake our Hoſte, A, Sire, ye ſhuld be [hend
And curteis, as a man of your eſtat,
In compagnie we wiln have no debat:
Telleth your Tale, and let the Sompnour be.
Nay, quod the Sompnour, let him ſay by me
What ſo him liſt; whan it cometh to my lot,
By God I ſhal him quiten every grot;
I ſhal him tellen which a gret honour
It is to be a flatering limitour,
And eke of many another maner crime,
Which nedeth not reherſen at this time,
And his office I ſhal him tell ywis.
Our Hoſte anſwered, Pees, no more of this.
And afterward he ſaid unto the Frere
Tel forth your Tale min owen maiſter dere.

THE FRERES TALE†.

Whilom ther was dwelling in my contree
An archedeken, a man of high degree,
That boldely did execution
In puniſhing of fornication,
Of witchecraft, and eke of bauderie,
Of defamation, and avouterie,
Of chirche-reves, and of teſtaments,
Of contracts, and of lack of ſacraments,
Of uſure, and of ſimonie alſo,
But certes lechours did he greteſt wo;
They ſhulden ſingen if that they were hent,
And ſmale titheres weren foule yſhent;
If any perſone wold upon hem plaine
Ther might aſtert hem no pecunial peine.
For ſmale tithes and ſmale offering
He made the peple pitouſly to ſing,
For er the biſhop hent hem with his crook
They weren in the archedekens book;
Than had he thurgh his juriſdiction
Power to don on hem correction.
He had a Sompnour redy to his hond,
A ſlier boy was non in Englelond;
For ſubtilly he had his eſpiaille,
That taught him wel wher it might ought availle
He coude ſpare of lechours on or two
To techen hem to foure-and-twenty mo:
For though this Sompnour wood be as an hare,
To tell his harlotrie I wol not ſpare,

† A Sompnour and the devil meeting on the way, after conference become ſworn brethren, and to hell they go together. A covert invective againſt the bribery and corruption of the ſpiritual courts in thoſe days. *Urry.*

For we ben out of hir correction,
They han of us no jurisdiction,
Ne never shul have, terme of all hir lives.
Peter, so ben the women of the stives,
Quod this Sompnour, yput out of our cure?
Pees, with mischance and with misaventure,
Our Hoste said, and let him tell his Tale.
Now telleth forth, and let the Sompnour gale,
Ne spareth not, min owen maister dere.
This false theef, this Sompnour, quod the Frere,
Hid alway baudes redy to his hond,
As any hauke to lure in Englelond,
That told him all the secree that they knewe,
For hir acquaintance was not come of newe;
They weren his approvers prively:
He toke himself a gret profit therby,
His maister knew not alway what he wan.
Withouten mandement a lewed man
Sroude sompne up peine of Cristes curse,
And they were inly glad to fille his purse,
And maken him gret festes at the ale.
And right as Judas hadde purses smale,
And was a theef, right swiche a theef was he;
His master hadde but half his duetee.
He was (if I shal yeven him his laud)
A theef, and eke a Sompnour, and a baud.
He had eke wenches at his retenue,
That whether that Sire Robert or Sire Hue,
Or Jakke or Rauf, or who so that it were
That lay by hem, they told it in his ere.
Thus was the wenche and he of on assent;
And he wold fecche a feined mandement,
And sompne hem to the chapitre bothe two,
And pill the man and let the wenche go:
Than wold he say, Frend, I shal for thy sake
Do strike thee out of oure lettres blake;
Thee thar no more as in this cas travaille;
I am thy frend ther I may thee availle.
Certain he knew of briboures many mo
Than possible is to tell in yeres two;
For in this world n'is dogge for the bowe
That can an hurt dere from an hole yknowe
Bet than this Sompnour knew a slie lechour,
Or an avoutrer or a paramour;
And for that was the fruit of all his rent,
Therfore on it he set all his entent,
And so befell that ones on a day
This Sompnour, waiting ever on his praye,
Rode forth to sompne a widewe, an old ribibe,
Feining a cause, for he wold han a bribe;
And happed that he saw beforn him ride
A gay yeman under a forest side;
A bow he bare, and arwes bright and kene,
He had upon a courtepy of grene.
An hat upon his hed with frenges blake.
Sire, quod the Sompnour, haile, and wel atake.
Welcome, quod he, and every good felaw.
Whider rideft thou under this grene shaw?
(Saide this yeman) wolt thou fer to-day?
This Sompnour him answerd, and saide Nay.
Here faste by (quod he) is min entent
To riden, for to reisen up a rent
That longeth to my lordes duetee.
A! art thou than a baillif? Ye, quod he.
(He dorste not for veray filth and shame
Say that he was a Sompnour, for the name.)
De par dieux, quod this yeman, leve brother,
Thou art a baillif, and I am another.
I am unknowen as in this contree;
Of thin acquaintance I wol prayen thee,
And eke of brotherhed, if that thee lift.
I have gold and silver lying in my chift;
If that thee hap to come in to our shire
Al shal be thin right as thou wolt desire.
Grand mercy, quod this Sompnour, by my faith.
Everich in others hond his trouthe laith
For to be sworne brethren til they dey.
In daliaunce they riden forth and pley.
This Sompnour, which that was as ful of jangles
As ful of venime ben thise wariangles,
And ever enquering upon every thing,
Brother, quod he, wher is now your dwelling,
Another day if that I shuld you seche?
This yeman him answerd in soste speche,
Brother, quod he, fer in the north contree,
Wher as I hope sometime I shall thee see.
Or we depart I shal thee so wel wisse,
That of min hous ne shalt thou never misse.
Now brother, quod this Sompnour, I you pray
Teche me, while that we riden by the way,
(Sith that ye ben a baillif as am I)
Som subtiltee, and tell me faithfully
In min office how I may moste winne;
And spareth not for conscience or for sinne,
But as my brother tell me how do ye.
Now by my trouthe, brother min, said he,
As I shal tellen thee a faithful Tale.
My wages ben ful streit and eke ful smale;
My lord is hard to me and dangerous,
And min office is ful laborious,
And therfore by extortion I leve;
Forsoth I take all that men wol me yeve:
Algates by sleighte or by violence
Fro yere to yere I win all my dispence:
I can no better tellen faithfully.
Now certes (quod this Sompnour) so fare I;
I spare not to taken, God it wote,
But if it be to hevy or to hote.
What I may gete in conseil prively
No maner conscience of that have I.
N'ere min extortion I might not liven,
Ne of swiche japes wol I not be shriven.
Stomak ne conscience know I non;
I shrew thise shriftę faders everich on:
Wel be we met by God and by Seint Jame.
But, leve brother, tell me than thy name,
Quod this Sompnour. Right in this mene while
This yeman gan a litel for to smile.
Brother, quod he, wolt thou that I thee tell?
I am a fend, my dwelling is in hell,
And here I ride about my pourchasing
To wote wher men wol give me any thing:
My pourchas is th' effect of all my rent,
Loke how thou rideft for the same entent;
To winnen good thou rekeft never how;
Right so fare I, for riden wol I now
Unto the wordes ende for a praye.
A, quod this Sompnour, *benedicite!* what say ye?

I wend ye were a yeman trewely,
Ye have a mannes shape as wel as I:
Have ye then a figure determinat
In helle, ther ye ben in your estat?
Nay certainly, quod he, ther have we non,
But whan us liketh we can take us on,
Or elles make you wene that we ben shape
Somtime like a man, or like an ape,
Or like an angel can I ride or go;
It is no wonder thing though it be so;
A lousy jogelour can deceiven thee,
And parde yet can I more craft than he.
Why, quod the Sompnour, ride ye than or gon
In soudry shape, and not alway in on?
For we, quod he, wol us swiche forme make
As most is able our preye for to take.
What maketh you to han al this labour?
Ful many a cause, leve Sire Sompnour,
Saide this fend. But alle thing hath time;
The day is short, and it is passed prime,
And yet ne wan I nothing in this day;
I wol entend to winning if I may,
And not entend our thinges to declare;
For, brother min, thy wit is al to bare
To understand, although I told hem thee.
But for thou axest why labouren we?
For somtime we be Goddes instruments,
And menes to don his commandements,
Whan that him list, upon his creatures,
In divers actes and in divers figures:
Withouten him we have no might certain,
If that him list to stonden theragain.
And somtime at our praiere han we leve
Only the body and not the soul to greve;
Witnesse on Job, whom that we diden wo,
And somtime han we might on bothe two,
This is to sain, on soule and body eke:
And somtime be we suffered for to seke
Upon a man, and don his soule unreste
And not his body, and all is for the beste.
Whan he withstandeth our temptation
It is a cause of his salvation,
Al be it that it was not our entente
He shuld be saus, but that we wold him hente.
And somtime be we servants unto man,
As to the Archebishop Seint Dunstan,
And to the apostle servant eke was I.
Yet tell me, quod this Sompnour, faithfully,
Make ye you newe bodies this alway
Of elements? The fend answered Nay.
Somtime we seine, and somtime we arise
With ded bodies, in ful sondry wise,
And speke as renably, and faire, and wel,
As to the Phitonesse did Samuel;
And yet wol som men say it was not he:
I do no force of your divinitee.
But o thing warne I thee, I wol not jape,
Thou wolt algates wete how we be shape:
Thou shalt hereafterward, my brother dere,
Come wher thee nedeth not of me to lere,
For thou shalt by thin owen experience
Conne in a chaiere rede of this sentence
Bet than Virgile, while he was on live,
Or Dant also. Now let us riden blive,
For I wol holden compagnie with thee
Til it be so that thou forsake me.
Nay, quod this Sompnour, that shal never betide.
I am yeman knowen is ful wide;
My trouthe wol I hold, as in this cas;
For though thou were the devil Sathanas
My trouthe wol I hold to thee, my brother,
As I have sworne, and eche of us to other,
For to be trewe brethren in this cas,
And bothe we gon abouten our pourchas.
Take thou thy part, what that men wol thee yeve,
And I shal min, thus may we both leve;
And if that any of us have more than other
Let him be trewe, and part it with his brother.
I graunte, quod the devil, by my say;
And with that word they riden forth her way,
And right at entring of the tounes ende
To which this Sompnour shope him for to wende,
They saw a cart that charged was with hay,
Which that a carter drove forth on his way.
Depe was the way, for which the carte stood;
The carter smote, and cried as he were wood,
Helt Scot, helt Brok; what, spare ye for the stones?
The fend (quod he) you feeche body and bones,
As ferforthly as ever ye were foled,
So mochel wo as I have with you tholed.
The devil have al, bothe hors, and cart, and hay.
The Sompnour sayde, Here shal we have a praye;
And nere the fend he drow, as nought ne were,
Ful prively, and rouned in his ere,
Herken my brother, herken, by thy faith;
Hereft thou not how that the carter saith?
Hent it anon, for he nath yeve it thee,
Both hay and cart, and eke his capies three.
Nay, quod the devil, God wot never a del!
It is not his entente, trust thou me wel:
Axe him thyself, if thou not troweft me,
Or elles stint a while and thou shalt see.
This carter thakketh his hors upon the croupe,
And they begonne to drawen and to stoupe.
Heit now, quod he; ther, Jesu Crist you blesse,
And all his hondes werk bothe more and lesse!
That was wel twight, min owen Liard boy,
I pray God save thy body and Seint Eloy.
Now is my cart out of the slough parde.
Lo, brother, quod the fend, what told I thee?
Here may ye seen, min owen dere brother,
The cherl spake o thing but he thought another.
Let us go forth abouten our viage;
Here win I nothing upon this cariage.
Whan that they comen somwhat out of toun
This Sompnour to his brother gan to roune;
Brother, quod he, here woneth an old rebekke
That had almost as lefe to lese hire nekke
As for to yeve a peny of hire good.
I wol have twelf pens though that she be wood,
Or I wol somone hire to our office,
And yet, God wot, of hire know I no vice;
But for thou canst not as in this contree
Winnen thy cost, take here ensample of me.
This Sompnour clappeth at the widewes gate;
Come out, he sayd, thou olde very trate;
I trow thou, hast som frere or preest with thee.
Who clappeth? said this wif, benedicite!

ve you, Sire, what is your ſwete will?
ve, quod he, of ſomons here a bill:
ne of curſing loke that thou be
rve before the archedekenes knee,
were to the court of certain thinges.
Lord, quod ſhe, Chriſt Jeſu, King of kinges,
dy helpe me as I ne may:
lern ſike, and that full many a day:
not go ſo ſer (quod ſhe) ne ride
e ded, ſo priketh it in my ſide.
not axe a libel, Sire Sompnour,
ſwere ther by my procuratour
the thing as men wold appoſen me?
quod this Sompnour, pay anon, let ſee,
pens to me, and I will thee acquite:
profit han therby but lite;
ter hath the profit and not I.
, and let me riden haſtily;
e twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie.
pens! quod ſhe; now Lady Seint Marie
helpe me out of care and ſinne,
de world though that I ſhuld it winne,
t I not twelf pens within my hold,
wen wel that I am poure and old;
our almeſſe upon me poure wretche.
thin, quod he, the foule fend me fetche
excuſe, though thou ſhuldeſt be ſpilt.
quod ſhe, God wot I have no guilt.
ne, quod he, or by the ſwete Seinte Anne
ol bere away thy newe panne
e which thou oweſt me of old,
hat thou madeſt thyn huſbond cokewold,
at home for thy correction.
lieſt, quod ſhe, by my ſalvation;
I never or now, widew ne wif,
ed unto your court in all my lif,
er I n'as but of my body trewe.
the devil rough and blake of hewe
dy body and my panne alſo.
d whan the devil herd hire curſen ſo
Upon hire knees he ſayd in this manere;
Now Mabily, min moder dere,
Is this your will in earneſt that ye ſay?
The devil, quod ſhe, ſo fetche him or he dey,
And panne and all, but he wol him repent.
Nay, olde ſtot, that is not min entent,
Quod this Sompnour, for to repenten me
For any thing that I have had of thee:
I wold I had thy ſmok and every cloth.
Now brother, quod the devil, be not wroth;
Thy body and this panne ben min by right:
Thou ſhalt with me to helle yet to-night,
Wher thou ſhalt known of our privetee
More than a maiſter of divinitee.
And with that word the foule fend him hent
Body and ſoule: he with the devil went
Wher as thiſe Sompnours han her heritage:
And God, that maked after his image
Mankinde, ſave and gide us all and ſome,
And lene this Sompnour good man to become.
Lordings, I coude have told you (quod this Frere)
Had I had leiſer for this Sompnour here,
After the text of Criſt, and Poule, and John,
And of oure other doctours many on,
Swiche peines that your hertes might agriſe,
Al be it ſo that no tonge may deviſe,
Though that I might a thouſand winter tell,
The peines of thilke curſed hous of hell:
But for to kepe us fro that curſed place
Waketh and prayeth Jeſu of his grace
So kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas.
Herkneth this word, beware as in this cas;
The leon ſit in his awaite alway
To ſle the innocent if that he may.
Diſpoſeth aye your hertes to withſtond
The fend, that you wold maken thral and bond:
He may not tempten you over your might,
For Criſt wol be your champion and your knight;
And prayeth that this Sompnour him repent
Of his miſdedes, or that the fend him hent.

THE SOMPNOURES PROLOGUE.

This Sompnour in his ſtirops high he ſtood;
Upon this Frere his hearte was ſo wood,
That like an aſpen leef he quoke for ire.
Lordings, quod he, but o thing I deſire;
I you beſeche that of your curteſie,
Sin ye han herd this falſe Frere lie,
As ſuffereth me I may my tale telle.
This Frere boſteth that he knoweth helle,
And God it wot that is but litel wonder;
Freres and fendes ben but litel aſonder.
For parde ye han often time herd telle
How that a frere raviſhed was to helle
In ſpirit ones by a viſioun,
And as an angel lad him up and doun,
To ſhewen him the paines that ther were,
In all the place ſaw he not a frere:
Of other folk he ſaw ynow in wo.
Unto this angel ſpake the frere tho;
Now Sire, quod he, han freres ſwich a grace,
That non of hem ſhall comen in this place?
Yes, quod this angel, many a millioun;
And unto Sathanas he lad him doun.
(And now hath Sathanas, ſaith he, a tayl
Broder than of a carrike is the ſayl)
Hold up thy tayl, thou Sathanas, quod he,
Shew forth thin ers, and let the frere ſee
Wher is the neſt of freres in this place.
And ere than half a furlong way of ſpace,
Right ſo as bees out ſwarmen of an hive,
Out of the devils ers ther gonnen drive
A twenty thouſand freres on a route.
And thurghout hell they ſwarmed al aboute,
And com agen, as faſt as they may gon,
And in his ers they crepen everich on:
He clapt his tayl again, and lay ful ſtill.
This frere, whan he loked, had his fill
Upon this turments of this ſory place;
His ſpirit God reſtored of his grace
Into his body agen, and he awoke;
But nathleſs for fere yet he quoke,
So was the devils ers ay in his mind,
That is his heretage of veray kind.
God ſave you alle ſave this curſed Frere;
My Prologue wol I end in this manere.

THE SOMPNOURES TALE*.

Lordings, there is in Yorkſhire, as I geſſe,
A merſh contree ycalled Holderneſſe,
In which ther went a limitour aboute,
To preach and eke to beg it is no doubte.

And ſo befell that on a day this frere
Had preached at a chirche in his manere,
And ſpecially aboven every thing
Excited he the peple in his preching
To trentals, and to yeve, for Goddes ſake,
Wherwith men mighten holy houſes make,
Ther as divine ſervice is honoured,
Not ther as it is waſted and devoured,

* A begging friar coming to a farmer's houſe who lay ſick, obtaineth of the ſick man a certain legacy which muſt be equally divided among his convent. A requital to the friar, ſhewing their cozenage, loitering, impudent begging, and hypocritical praying.

Ne ther it nedeth not for to be yeven,
As to possessioners, that mowen leven
(Thanked be God) in wele end abundance.
Trentalt, sayd he, deliveren fro penance
Hir frendes soules as well old as yonge,
Ye, whan that they ben haftily ysonge,
Not for to hold a preest jolif and gay,
He singeth not but o masse on a day.
Delivereth out (quod he) anon the soules.
Ful hard it is with flesshook or with oules
To ben yclawed, or to bren or bake.
Now spede you hastily for Cristes sake.
And whan this frere had said all his entent,
With *qui cum patri* forth his way he went.
Whan folk in chirche had yeve him what hem lest
He went his way, no lenger wold he rest.
With scrippe and tipped staf, ytucked hie,
In every hous he gan to pore and prie,
And begged mele and chese, or elles corn.
His fellow had a staf tipped with horn,
A pair of tables all of ivory,
And a pointel ypolished fetisly,
And wrote alway the names, as he stood,
Of alle folk that yave hem any good,
Assaunce that he woulde for hem preye.
Yeve us a bushel whete, or malt or reye,
A Goddes kichel, or a trippe of chese,
Or elles what you list, we may not chese;
A Goddes halfpenny, or a masse peny,
Or yeve us of your braun, if ye have any,
A dagon of your blanket, leve Dame,
Our suster dere, (lo, here I write your name)
Bacon or beef, or swiche thing as ye find.
A sturdy harlot went hem ay behind,
That was her hostes man, and bare a sakke,
And what men yave hem laid it on his bakke.
And whan that he was out at dore, anon
He planed away the names everich on
That he before had written in his tables;
He served hem with nifles and with fables.
Say ther thou liest, thou Sompnour, quod the Frere.
Pees, quod our Hoste, for Cristes moder dere
Tell forth thy Tale, and spare it not at all.
So thrive I, quod this Sompnour, so I shall.
So long he went fro hous to hous til he
Came to an hous ther he was wont to be
Refreshed more than in a hundred places.
Sike lay the husbond man whos that the place is;
Bedred upon a couche low he lay.
Deus hic, quod he; O Thomas! frend, good day,
Sayde this frere all curtisly and soft.
Thomas, quod he, God yelde it you, ful oft
Have I upon this benche faren ful wele,
Here have I eten many a mery mele.
And fro the benche he drove away the cat,
And hied adoun his potent and his hat,
And eke his scrip, and set himself adoun:
His felaw was ywalked into toun,
Forth with his knave, into that hostelrie
Wher as he shope him thilke night to lie.
O dere maister! quod this silke man,
How have ye faren sin that March began?
I saw you not this fourtene night and more.
God wot, quod he, laboured have I full sore,
And specially for thy salvation
Have I sayd many a precious orison,
And for our other frendes God hem blesse.
I have this day ben at your chirche at messe,
And said a sermon to my simple wit,
Not all after the text of holy writ;
For it is hard to you as I suppose,
And therefore wol I teche you ay the glose.
Glosing is a ful glorious thing certain,
For letter sleth, so as we clerkes sain;
There have I taught hem to be charitable,
And spend hir good ther it is reasonable;
And ther I saw our dame; a! wher is she?
Yonder, I trow that in the yard she be,
Sayde this man, and she wol come anon.
Ey maister, welcome be ye by Seint John,
Sayde this wif; how fare ye hertily?
This frere arisseth up ful curtisly;
And hire embraceth in her armes narwe,
And kisseth hire swete, and chirketh as a sparwe
With his lippes. Dame, quod he, right wel,
As he that is your servant every del.
Thanked be God that you yaf soule and lif
Yet saw I not this day so faire a wif
In all the chirche, God to save me.
Ye God amende defantes, Sire, quod she,
Algates welcome be ye, by my fay.
Grand mercy, Dame, that have I found alway.
But of your grete goodnesse, be your leve,
I wolde pray you that ye not you greve,
I wol with Thomas speke a litel throw,
Thise curates ben so negligent aud slow
To gropen tenderly a conscience.
In shrift, in preching, is my diligence
And study, in Peters wordes and in Poules;
I walke and fisshe Cristen mennes soules,
To yield our Lord Jesu his propre rent;
To spred his word is set all mine entent.
Now by your faith, o dere Sire! quod she,
Chideth him wel for Seinte Charitee:
He is ay angry as is a pissemire,
Though that he have all that he can desire:
Though I him wrie a-night, and make him warm,
And over him lay my leg and eke mine arm,
He groneth as our bore lith in our stie:
Other disport of him right non have I;
I may not please him in no maner cas.
O Thomas, *jeo vous die*, Thomas, Thomas!
This maketh the fend, this muste ben amended.
Ire is a thing that high God hath defended,
And therof wol I speke a word or two.
Now maister, quod the wif, er that I go,
What wol ye dine? I wol go theraboute.
Now Dame, quod he, *jeo vous die sanz doute*,
Have I not of a capon but the liver,
And of your white bred nat but a shiver,
And after that a rosted pigges hed,
(But I ne wolde for me no beest were ded)
I han had I with you homly suffisance;
I am a man of little sustenance;
My spirit hath his sostring in the Bible;
My body is ay so ready and so penible

To waken, that my ſtomak is deſtroied.
I pray you, Dame, that ye be nought annoied,
Though I ſo frendly you my conſeil ſhewe;
By God I n'old have told it but a fewe.
Now Sire, quod ſhe, but o word er I go.
My child is ded within theſe wekes two,
Sone after that ye went out of this toun.
His deth ſaw I by revelatioun,
Sayde this frere, at home in our dortour.
I dare wel ſain that er than half an hour
After his deth I ſaw him borne to bliſſe
In mine aviſion, ſo God me wiſſe;
So did our ſextein and our fermerere,
That han ben trewe freres fifty yere*;
They may now, God be thanked of his lone,
Maken hir jubilee, and walke alone.
And up I aroſe, and all our covent eke,
With many a tere trilling on our cheke,
Withouten noiſe, or clattering of belles,
Te deum was our ſong, and nothing elles,
Save that to Criſt I bade an oriſon,
Thanking him of my revelation.
For, Sire and Dame, truſteth me right wel
Our oriſons ben more effectuel,
And more we ſeen of Criſtes ſecret thinges,
Than borel folk, although that they be kinges.
We live in poverte and in abſtinence,
And borel folk in richeſſe and diſpence
Of mete and drinke, and in her foule delit:
We han this worldes luſt all in deſpit.
Lazar and Dives lividen diverſely,
And divers guerdon hadden they therby.
Who ſo wol pray, he muſt faſt and be clene,
And fat his ſoule and make his body lene.
We fare as ſayth the apoſtle; cloth and food
Sufficeth us, though they be not ful good.
The cleneneſſe and the faſting of us freres
Maketh that Criſt accepteth our praieres.
Lo, Moiſes forty daies and forty night
Faſted er that the high God ful of might
Spake with him in the mountagne of Sinay;
With empty wombe of faſting many a day
Received he the lawe that was writen
With Godes finger; and Eli, wel ye witen,
In Mount Oreb, er he had any ſpeche
With highe God, that is our lives leche,
He faſted long, and was in contemplance.
Aaron, that had the temple in governance,
And eke the other preeſtes everich on,
Into the temple whan they ſhulden gon
To praien for the peple, and do ſerviſe,
They n'olden drinken in no maner wiſe
No drinke which that might hem dronken make,
But ther in abſtinence pray and wake
Leſt that they deiden. Take heed what I ſay—
But they be ſobre that for the peple pray—
Ware that I ſay—No more; for it ſufficeth.
Our Lord Jeſu, as holy writ deviſeth,
Yave us enſample of faſting and praieres;
Therfore we mendiants, we ſely freres,
Ben wedded to poverte and continence,
To charitee, humbleſſe, and abſtinence,
To perſecution for rightwiſneſſe,
To weping, miſericorde, and to cleneneſſe;
And therfore may ye ſee that our praieres
(I ſpeke of us, we mendiants, we freres)
Ben to the highe God more acceptable
Than youres, with your feſtes at your table.
Fro Paradis firſt, if I ſhal not lie,
Was man outchaſed for his glotonie;
And chaſt was man in Paradis certain.
But herken now, Thomas, what I ſhal ſain:
I have no text of it as I ſuppoſe,
But I ſhal find it in a maner gloſe;
That ſpecially our ſwete Lord Jeſus
Spake this by freres whan he ſayde thus,
Bleſſed be they that poure in ſpirit ben;
And ſo forth all the goſpel may ye ſen,
Whether it be liker our profeſſion
Or hirs that ſwimmen in poſſeſſión.
Fie on hir pompe, and on hir glotonie,
And on hir lewedneſſe! I hem defie.
Me thinketh they ben like Jovinian,
Fat as a whale, and walken as a ſwan;
Al vinolent as botel in the ſpence;
Hir praier is of ful gret reverence:
Whan they for ſoules ſay the Pſalm of Davit,
Lo, buf they ſay, *Cor meum cruciavit.*
Who foloweth Criſtes goſpel and his lore
But we, that humble ben, and chaſt and pore,
Workers of Goddes word, not auditors?
Therfore right as an hauke upon a ſours
Up ſpringeth into the aire, right ſo praires
Of charitable and chaſt beſy freres
Maken hir ſours to Goddes eres two.
Thomas, Thomas! ſo mote I ride or go,
And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ive,
N'ere thou our broder ſhuldeſt thou not thrive.
In our chapitre pray we day and night
To Criſt, that he thee ſende hele and might
Thy body for to welden haſtily.
God wot, quod he, nothing thereof fel I.
As help me Criſt, as I in fewe yeres
Have ſpended upon divers maner freres
Ful many a pound, yet fare I never the bet;
Certain my good have I almoſt beſet:
Farewel my good, for it is al ago.
The frere anſwered, O Thomas! doſt thou ſo?
What nedeth you diverſe freres to feche?
What nedeth him that hath a parfit leche
To ſechen other leches in the toun?
Your inconſtance is your confuſion.
Hold ye than me, or elles our covent,
To pray for you ben inſufficient?
Thomas, that jape n'is not worth a mite;
Your maladie is for we han to lite.
A! yeve that covent half a quarter otes,
And yeve that covent four-and-twenty grotes,
And yeve that frere a peny and let him go:
Nay, nay, Thomas, it may no thing be ſo.
What is a ferthing worth parted on twelve?
Lo, eche thing that is oned in himſelve
Is more ſtrong than whan it is yſcatered.
Thomas, of me thou ſhalt not be yflatered,

* See *Du Cange*, in v. *Sempectae*. Peculiar honours and immunities were granted by the rule of St. Benedict to those monks "qui quinquaginta annos in ordine exegerant, "quos annum jubilaeum exegiſſe vulgo dicimus." It is probable that ſome ſimilar regulation obtained in the other orders.

Thou woldeſt han our labour al for nought,
The highe God, that all this world hath wrought,
Saith that the workman worthy is his hire.
Thomas, nought of your treſor I deſire
As for myſelf, but that all our covent
To pray for you is ay ſo diligent,
And for to bilden Criſtes owen chirche.
Thomas, if ye wol lernen for to wirche,
Of bilding up of chirches may ye finde
If it be good in Thomas lif of Inde.
Ye biggen here ful of anger and of ire,
With which the devil ſet your herte on fire,
And chiden here this holy innocent,
Your wif, that is ſo good and patient;
And therfore trow me, Thomas, if thee left,
Ne drive not with thy wif, as for the beſt.
And here this word away now by thy faith,
Touching ſwiche thing, lo, what the wife ſaith:
Within thy hous ne be thou no leon,
To thy ſuggets do non oppreſſion,
Ne make thou not thin acquaintance to flee.
And yet, Thomas, eftſones charge I thee,
Beware from ire that in thy boſom ſlepeth;
Ware fro the ſerpent that ſo ſlily crepeth
Under the gras, and ſtingeth ſubtilly:
Beware, my ſone, and herken patiently,
That twenty thouſand men han loſt hir lives
For ſtriving with hir lemmans and her wives.
Now ſith ye han ſo holy and meek a wif,
What nedeth you, Thomas, to maken ſtrif?
Ther n'is ywis no ſerpent ſo cruel,
When man tredeth on his tail, ne half ſo fel,
As woman is whan ſhe hath caught an ire;
Veray vengeance is than all hire deſire.
Ire is a ſinne on of the grete ſeven,
Abhominable unto the God of heven,
And to himſelf it is deſtruction:
This every lewed vicar and perſon
Can ſay how ire engendreth homicide;
Ire is in ſoth executour of pride.
I wod of ire ſay ſo mochel ſorwe
My tale ſhulde laſten til to-morwe;
And therfore pray I God both day and night
An irous man God ſend him litel might.
It is gret harm, and certes gret pitee,
To ſette an irous man in high degree.
Whilom ther was an irous poteſtat,
As ſaith Senek, that during his eſtat
Upon a day outriden knightes two;
And, as Fortune wold that it were ſo,
That en of hem came home, that other nought.
Anon the knight before the judge is brought,
That ſaide thus; Thou haſt thy felaw ſlain,
For which I deme thee to the deth certain.
And to another knight commanded he,
Go, lede him to the deth, I charge thee.
And happed as they wenten by the wey
Toward the place ther as he ſhulde dey,
The knight came which men wenden had be ded:
Than thoughten they it was the beſte rede
To lede hem both to the juge again.
They ſaiden, Lord, the knight ne hath not ſlain
His felaw, here he ſtondeth hol alive.
Ye ſhull be ded, quod he, ſo mot I thrive,
That is to ſay, both on, and two, and three.
And to the firſte knight right thus ſpake he.
I damned thee, thou muſt algate be ded;
And thou alſo muſt nedes leſe thyn hed,
For thou art cauſe why thy felaw deyeth;
And to the thridde knight right thus he ſeyeth,
Thou haſt not don that I commanded thee.
And thus he did do ſlen hem alle three.
Irous Cambiſes was eke dronkelew,
And ay delighted him to ben a ſhrew:
And ſo befell a lord of his meinie,
That loved vertuous moralitee,
Sayd on a day betwix hem two right thus;
A lord is loſt if he be vicious;
And dronkenneſſe is eke a foule record
Of any man, and namely of a lord.
Ther is ful many an eye and many an ere
Awaiting on a lord, and he n'ot wher.
For Goddes love drink more attemprely:
Win maketh man to leſen wretchedly
His mind, and eke his limmes everich on.
The reyers ſhalt thou ſee, quod he, anon,
And preve it by thyn owen experience
Than win ne doth to folk no ſwiche offence.
Ther is no win bereveth me my might
Of hond, ne foot, ne of myn eyen ſight.
And for deſpit he dranke mochel more
An hundred part than he had don before,
And right anon this curſed irous wretche
This knightes ſone let before him fetche,
Commanding him he ſhuld before him ſtond;
And ſodenly he took his bow in hond,
And up the ſtring he pulled to his ere,
And with an arwe he ſlow the child right ther.
Now whether have I a ſiker hond or non?
Quod he; is al my might and mind agon?
Hath win bereved me min eyen ſight?
What ſhuld I tell the anſwer of the knight?
His ſon was ſlain, ther is no more to ſay.
Beth ware therfore with lordes for to play,
Singeth Placebo, and I ſhal if I can,
But if it be unto a poure man:
To a poure man men ſhuld his vices telle,
But not to a lord, though he ſhuld go to helle.
Lo, irous Cirus, thilke Perſien,
How he deſtroyed the river of Giſen,
For that an hors of his was dreint therin,
Whan that he wente Babilon to win:
He made that the river was ſo ſmal,
That wimmen might it waden over al.
Lo, what ſaid he, that ſo wel techen can?
Ne be no felaw to non irous man,
Ne with no wood man walke by the way,
Leſt thee repent: I wol no forther ſay.
Now Thomas, leve brother, leve thin ire,
Thou ſhalt me find as juſt as is a ſquire:
Hold not the devils knif ay to thin herte,
Thin anger doth thee all to ſore ſmerte;
But ſhew to me all thy confeſſion.
Nay, quod the ſick man, by Seint Simon
I have ben ſhriven this day of my curat;
I have him told al holly min eſtat.
Nedeth no mo to ſpeke of it, ſayth he,
But if me liſt of min humilitee.

Yeve me than of thy gold to make our cloiſtre,
Quod he, for many a muſcle and many an oiſtre,
Whan other men han ben ful wel at eſe,
Hath ben our food, our cloiſtre for to reſe;
And yet, God wot, unneth the fundament
Parfourmed is, ne of our pavement
N'is not a tile yet within our wones;
By God we owen fourty pound for ſtones.
Now help, Thomas, for him that harwed helle,
For elles mote we our bokes ſelle,
And if ye lack our predication,
Than goth this world all to deſtruction;
For who ſo fro this world wold us bereve,
So God me ſave, Thomas, by your leve
He wold bereve out of this world the ſonne;
For who can techie and worken as we conne?
And that is not of litel time (quod he)
But ſithen Elie was and Eliſee
Han freres ben, that find I of record,
In charitee, ythonked be our Lord.
Now Thomas, help for Seinte Charitee.
And doun anon he ſette him on his knee.
This ſike man woxe wel neigh wood for ire;
He wolde that the frere had ben a-fire
With his falſe diſſimulation.
Swiche thing as is in my poſſeſſion,
Quod he, that may I yeve you, and non other.
Ye ſain me thus, how that I am your brother.
Ye certes, quod this frere, ye truſteth wel;
I took our dame the letter of our ſele.
Now wel, quod he, and ſomwhat ſhal I yeve
Unto your holy covent while I live;
And in thin hond thou ſhalt it have anon,
On this condition, and other non,
That thou depart it ſo, my dere brother,
That every frere have as moche as other;
This ſhalt thou ſwere on thy profeſſion
Withouten fraud or cavilation.
I ſwere it, quod the frere, upon my faith;
And therwithal his hond in his he layth.
Lo here my faith, in me ſhal be no lak.
Than put thin hond adoun right by my bak,
Saide this man, and grope wel behind
Benethe my buttok, ther thou ſhalte find
A thing that I have hid in privetee.
A! thought this frere, that ſhal go with me;
And doun his hond he launcheth to the cliſte,
In hope for to finden ther a giſte.
And whan this ſike man felt this frere
About his towel gropen ther and here,
Amid his hond he let the frere a fart;
Ther n'is no capel drawing in a cart
That might han let a fart of ſwiche a ſoun.
The frere up ſterte as doth a wood leoun;
A! falſe cherl, quod he, for Goddes bones,
This haſt thou in deſpit don for the nones:
Thou ſhalt abie this fart if that I may.
His meinie, which that herden this affray,
Came leping in, and chaſed out the frere,
And forth he goth with a ful angry chere,
And ſet his ſelaw ther as lay his ſtore:
He loked as it were a wilde bore,
And grinte with his teeth, ſo was he wroth.
A ſturdy pas doun to the court he goth,
Wher as ther woned a man of gret honour,
To whom that he was alway confeſſour:
This worthy man was lord of that village.
This frere came, as he were in a rage.
Wher as this lord ſat eting at his bord:
Unnethes might the frere ſpeke a word,
Til atte laſte he ſaide, God you ſee!
This lord gan loke, and ſaid, *Benedicite!*
What? Frere John, what maner world is this?
I ſee wel that ſom thing ther is amis;
Ye loken as the wood were ful of theves.
Sit doun anon, and tell me what your greve is,
And it ſhal ben amended if I may.
I have, quod he, had a deſpit to day,
God yelde you, adoun in your village,
That in this world ther n'is ſo poure a page,
That he n'olde have abhominatioun
Of that I have received in youre toun;
And yet ne greveth me nothing ſo ſore
As that the olde cherl with lokkes bore
Blaſphemed hath oure holy covent eke.
Now maſter, quod this lord, I you beſeke.
No maiſter, Sire, quod he, but ſervitour,
Though I have had in ſcole that honour.
God liketh not that man us Rabi call
Neither in market ne in your large hall.
No force, quod he, but tell me all your greſe.
Sire, quod this frere, an odious miſchefe
This day betid is to min ordre and me,
And ſo *per conſequens* to eche degree
Of holy chirche, God amende it ſone.
Sire, quod the lord, ye wot what is to don:
Diſtempre you not, ye ben my confeſſour;
Ye ben the ſalt of the erthe and the ſavour:
For Goddes love your patience now hold;
Telle me your greſe. And he anon him told
As ye han herd before, ye wot wel what.
The lady of the hous ay ſtille ſat
Til ſhe had herde what the frere ſeid.
Ey, Goddes moder, quod ſhe, blisful maid!
Is ther ought elles? tell me faithfully.
Madame, quod he, how thinketh you therby?
How that me thinketh? quod ſhe; ſo God me ſpede,
I ſay a cherle had don a cherles dede.
What ſhuld I ſay? God let him never the;
His ſike hed is ful of vanitee:
I hold him in a maner frenefie.
Madame, quod he, by God I ſhal not lie,
But I in other wiſe may ben awreke;
I ſhal diffame him over all ther I ſpeke;
This falſe blaſphemour, that charged me
To parten that wol not departed be
To every man ylike, with meſchance.
The lord ſat ſtille as he were in a trance,
And in his herte he rolled up and doun
How had this cherl imaginatioun
To ſhewen ſwiche a probleme to the frere.
Never erſt or now ne herd I ſwiche matere;
I trow the devil put it in his mind.
In all arſmetrike ſhal ther no man find
Beforn this day of ſwiche a queſtion.
Who ſhulde make a demonſtration
That every man ſhuld han ylike his part
As of a ſoun or ſavour of a fart?

On ice proude cherl! I shrewe his face.
Lo, Sires, quod the lord, with harde grace,
Who ever herd of swiche a thing or now?
To every man ylike! tell me how.
It is an impossible, it may not be:
Ey, nice cherl! God let him never the.
The rombling of a fart, and every soun,
N'is but of aire reverberatioun,
And ever it wasteth lite and lite away;
Ther n'is no man can demen, by my fay,
If that it were departed equally.
What? lo my cherl, lo yet how shrewedly
Unto my confessour to-day he spake!
I hold him certain a demoniake.
Now ete your mete, and let the cherl go play;
Let him go honge himself a devil way.
Now stood the lordes squier atte bord
That carf his mete, and herde word by word
Of all this thing of which I have you sayd.
My Lord, quod he, be ye not evil apaid;
I conde telle for a goune-cloth
To you, Sire Frere, so that ye be not wroth,
How that this fart shuld even ydeled be
Amonge your covent, if it liked thee.
Tell, quod the lord, and thou shalt have anon
A goune-cloth, by God and by Seint John.
My Lord, quod he, whan that the weder is
Withouten winde or pertourbing of aire, [faire,
Let bring a cart-whele here into this hall,
But loke that it have his spokes all;
Twelf spokes hath a cart-whele communly;
And bring me than twelf freres, wete ye why?
For threttene is a covent as I gesse:
Your confessour here for his worthinesse
Shal parfourme up the noumbre of his covent.
Than shull they knele adoun by on assent,
And to every spokes end in this manere
Ful sadly lay his nose shal a frere;
Your noble confessour, ther God him save,
Shal hold his nose upright under the nave,
Than shal this cherl, with bely stif and tought
As any tabour, hider ben ybrought;
And set him on the whele right of this cart
Upon the nave, and make him let a fart,
And ye shull seen, up peril of my lif,
By veray preef that is demonstratif,
That equally the soun of it wol wende,
And eke the stinke, unto the spokes ende,
Save that this worthy man, your confessour,
(Because he is a man of gret honour)
Shal han the firste fruit, as reson is.
The noble usage of freres yet it is
The worthy men of hem shul first be served,
And certainly he hath it wel deserved;
He hath to-day taught us so mochel good,
With preching in the pulpit ther he stood,
That I may vouchesaf, I say for me,
He hadde the firste smel of fartes three,
And so wold all his brethren hardely,
He bereth him so faire and holyly.
The lord, the lady, and eche man, save the [frere,
Sayden that Jankin spake in this matere
As wel as Euclide or elles Ptholomee.
Touching the cherl they saydan, Subtiltee
And highe wit made him speken as he spake;
He n'is no fool ne no demoniake.
And Jankin hath ywonne a new goune.
My Tale is don; we ben almost at toune.

THE CLERKES PROLOGUE.

Sire Clerk of Oxenforde, our Hoſte ſaid,
Ye ride as ſtille and coy as doth a maid
Were newe ſpouſed, ſitting at the bord;
This day ne herd I of your tonge a word.
I trow ye ſtudie abouten ſom ſophime;
But Salomon ſaith that every thing hath time.
For Goddes ſake as beth of better chere,
It is no time for to ſtudein here.
Tell us ſom mery Tale by your fay;
For what man that is entred in a play
He nedes moſt unto the play aſſent.
But precheth not, as freres don in Lent,
To make us for our olde ſinnes wepe,
Ne that thy Tale make us not to ſlepe.
Tell us ſom mery thing of aventures;
Your termes, your coloures, and your figures,
Kepe hem in ſtore til ſo be ye endite
Hie ſtile, as whan that men to kinges write.
Speketh ſo plain at this time, I you pray,
That we may underſtonden what ye ſay.
This worthy Clerk benignely anſwerde;
Hoſte, quod he, I am under your yerde,
Ye have of us now the governance,
And therefore wolde I do you obeyſance,
As fer as reſon aſketh hardely:
I wol you tell a Tale which that I
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
As preved by his wordes and his werk:
He is now ded and nailed in his cheſte,
I pray to God ſo yeve his ſoule reſte.

Fraunceis Petrark, the Laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whos rethorike ſwete
Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie,
As Lynyan § did of philoſophie
Or law, or other art particulere;
But Deth that wol not ſuffre us dwellen here,
But as it were a twinkling of an eye,
Hem both hath ſlaine, and alle we ſhul dye.
But forth to tellen of this worthy man
That taughte me this Tale as I began,
I ſay that firſt he with highe ſtile enditeth
(Or he the body of his Tale writeth)
A proheme, in the which deſcriveth he
Piemont, and of Saluces the contree,
And ſpeketh of Apennin the hilles hie,
That ben the boundes of weſt Lumbardie,
And of Mount Veſulus in ſpecial,
Wher as the Poo out of a welle ſmal
Taketh his firſte ſpringing and his ſours,
That eſtward ay encreſeth in his cours
To Emelie ward, to Ferare and Veniſe,
The which a longe thing were to deviſe;
And trewely, as to my jugement,
Me thinketh it a thing impertinent,
Save that he wol, conveyen his matere:
But this is the Tale which that ye mow here.

§ Or *Linian*. The perſon meant was an eminent lawyer and made a great noiſe (as we ſay) in his time.

THE CLERKES TALE.

There is right at the weſt ſide of Italie,
Dere at the rote of Veſulus the cold,
A lady plain habundant of vitaille,
Ther many a toun and tour thou maiſt behold,
That founded were in time of fathers old,
And many another delitable ſighte,
And Saluces this noble contree highte.

A markis whilom lord was of that lond,
As were his worthy elders him before,
And obeyſant, ay redy to his hond,
Were all his lieges both leſſe and more:
Thus in delit he liveth, and hath don yore,
Beloved and drad, thurgh favour of Fortune,
Both of his lordes and of his commune.

Therwith he was, to ſpeken of linage,
The gentileſt yborne of Lumbardie,
A faire perſon, and ſtrong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curteſie;
Discret ynough, his contree for to gie,
Saf in ſome thinges that he was to blame,
And Walter was this yonge lordes name.

I blame him thus, that he conſidered nought
In time coming what might him betide,
But on his luſt preſent was all his thought,
And for to hauke and hunt on every ſide;
Wel neigh all other cures let he ſlide;
And eke he nol'd (and that was worſt of all)
Wedden no wif for ought that might befall.

Only that point his peple bare ſo ſore
That flockmel on a day to him they went,
And on of hem, that wiſeſt was of lore,
(Or elles that the lord wold beſt aſſent
That he ſhuld tell hem what the peple ment,
Or elles could he wel ſhew ſwiche matere)
He to the markis ſaid as ye ſhull here.

O noble Markis, your humanitee
Aſſureth us and yveth us hardineſſe,
As oft as time is of neceſſitee
That we to you mow tell our hevineſſe;
Accepteth, Lord, than of your gentilleſſe
That we with pitious herte unto you plaine,
And let your eres nat my vois diſdaine.

Al have I not to don in this matere
More than another man hath in this place,
Yet for as moch as ye, my Lord ſo dere,
Han alway ſhewed me favour and grace,
I dare the better aſke of you a ſpace
Of audience to ſhewen our requeſt,
And ye, my Lord, to don right as you leſt.

For certes, Lord, ſo wel us liketh you
And all your werke, and ever hath don, that we
Ne couden not ourſelf deviſen how
We mighten live in more felicitee,
Save o thing, Lord, if it your wille be
That for to be a wedded man you leſt
Than were your peple in ſoverain hertes reſt.

Boweth your nekke under the bliſsful yok
Of ſoveraintee, and not of ſerviſe,
Which that men clepen Spouſaile or Wedlok:
And thinketh, Lord, among your thoghtes wiſe,
How that our days paſſe in ſondry wiſe;
For though we ſlepe, or wake, or rome, or ride,
Ay fleth the time, it wol no man abide.

And though your grene youthe floure as yet,
In crepeth age alway as ſtill as ſton,
And deth manaſeth every age, and ſmit
In eche eſtat, for ther eſcapeth non:
And al ſo certain as we knowe eche on
That we ſhul die, as uncertain we all
Ben of that day whan deth ſhal on us fall.

Accepteth than of us the trewe entent,
That never yet refuſeden your heſt,
And we wol, Lord, if that you wol aſſent,
Cheſe you a wife in ſhort time at the meſt
Borne of the gentilleſt and of the beſt
Of all this lond, ſo that it oughte ſeme
Honour to God and you as we can deme.

Deliver us out of all this beſy drede,
And take a wif for highe Goddes ſake;
For if it ſo befell, as God forbede,
That thurgh your deth your linage ſhulde ſlake,
And that a ſtrange ſucceſſour ſhuld take
Your heritage, o! wo were us on live;
Wherfore we pray you haſtily to wive.

Hir meke praiere and hir pitous chere
Made the markis for to han pitee.
Ye wol, quod he, min owen peple dere,
To that I never er thought conſtrainen me:
I me rejoyced of my libertee,
That ſelden time is found in mariage;
Ther I was free I moſte ben in ſervage.

But natheles I ſee your trewe entent,
And truſt upon your wit, and have don ay;
Wherfore of my free will I wol aſſent
To wedden me as ſone as ever I may:
But ther as ye han profred me to-day
To cheſen we a wif, I you releſe
That chois, and pray you of that profer ceſe,

For God it wot that children often ben
Unlike hir worthy eldres hem before:
Bountee cometh al of God, not of the ſtren
Of which they ben ygendred and ybore:
I truſt in Goddes bountee, and therfore
My mariage, and min eſtat and reſt,
I him betake; he may don as him leſt.
Let me alone in cheſing of my wif;
That charge upon my bak I wol endure:
But I you pray and charge upon your lif
That what wif that I take ye me aſſure
To worſhip hire, while that hire lif may dure,
In word and werk both here and elles where,
As ſhe an emperoures doughter were
And forthermore this ſhuln ye ſwere, that ye
Again my chois ſhal never gruteh ne ſtrive;
For ſith I ſhal forgo my libertee
At your requeſt, as ever mote I thrive
Ther as min herte is ſet ther wol I wive:
And but ye wol aſſent in ſwiche manere
I pray you ſpeke no more of this matere.
With hertly will they ſworen and aſſenten
To all this thing, ther ſaide not o wight nay,
Beſeching him of grace, or that they wenten,
That he wold granten hem a certain day
Of his ſpouſaile as ſone as ever he may,
For yet alway the peple ſomewhat dred
Leſt that this markis wolde no wif wed.
He granted hem a day, ſwiche as him leſt,
On which he wold be wedded ſikerly,
And ſaid he did all this at hir requeſt;
And they with humble herte ful buxumly,
Kneling upon hir knees ful reverently,
Him thonken all: and thus they han an end
Of hir entente, and home agen they wend.
And hereupon he to his officeres
Commandeth for the feſte to purvay,
And to his privee knightes and ſquieres
Swiche charge he yave as hem liſt on hem lay,
And they to his commandement obey,
And eche of hem doth all his diligence
To do unto the feſte al reverence.

Pars ſecunda.

Nought fer fro thilke paleis honourable,
Wher as this markis ſhope his mariage,
Ther ſtood a thorpe, of ſighte delitable,
In which that poure folk of that village
Hadden hir beſtes and hir herbergage,
And of hir labour toke hir ſuſtenance,
After that the erthe yave hem habundance.
Among this poure folk ther dwelt a man
Which that was holden poureſt of hem all,
But highe God ſomtime ſenden can
His grace unto a litel oxes ſtall;
Janicola men of that thorpe him call:
A doughter had he, faire ynough to ſight,
And Griſildis this yonge maiden hight.
But for to ſpeke of vertuous beautee,
Than was ſhe on the faireſt under ſonne.
Ful pourely yfoſtred up was ſhe;
No likerous luſt was in hire herte yronne:
Wel ofter of the well than of the tonne
She dranke; and for ſhe wolde vertue pleſe
She knew wel labour but non idel eſe.
But though this mayden tendre were of age,
Yet in the breſt of hire virginitee
Ther was encloſed ſad and ripe corage,
And in gret reverence and charitee
Hire olde poure fader foſtred ſhe:
A few ſheep ſpinning on the feld ſhe kept;
She wolde not ben idel til ſhe ſlept.
And whan ſhe homward came ſhe wolde bring
Wortes and other herbes times oft,
The which ſhe ſhred and ſethe for hire living,
And made hire bed ful hard and nothing ſoft;
And ay ſhe kept hire fadres lif on loft
With every obeiſance and diligence
That child may don to fadres reverence.
Upon Griſilde, this poure creature,
Ful often ſithe this markis ſette his eye,
As he on hunting rode paraventure;
And whan it fell that he might hire eſpie,
He not with wanton loking of folie
His eyen caſt on hire, but in ſad wiſe
Upon hire chere he wold him oft aviſe;
Commending in his herte hire womanhede,
And eke hire vertue, paſſing any wight
Of ſo yong age as wel in chere as dede:
For though the peple have no gret in ſight
In vertue, he conſidered ful right
Hire bountee, and diſpoſed that he wold
Wedde hire only if ever he wedden ſhold.
The day of wedding came, but no wight can
Tellen what woman that it ſhulde be,
For which marvaille wondred many a man,
And ſaiden, whan they were in privetee,
Wol not our lord yet leve his vanitee?
Wol he not wedde? Alas, alas the while!
Why wol he thus himſelf and us begile?
But natheles this markis hath do make
Of gemmes ſette in gold and in aſure
Broches and ringes, for Griſildes ſake;
And of hire clothing toke he the meſure
Of a maiden like unto hire ſtature,
And eke of other ornamentes all
That unto ſwiche a wedding ſhulde fall.
The time of underne of the ſame day
Approcheth that this wedding ſhulde be,
And all the paleis put was in array,
Both halle and chambres, eche in his degree,
Houſes of office ſtuffed with plentee;
Ther mayſt thou ſee of deinteous vitaille
That may be found as fer as laſteth Itaille.
This real markis richely arraide,
Lordes and ladies in his compagnie,
The which unto the feſte weren praide,
And of his retenue the bachelerie,
With many a ſoun of ſondry melodie,
Unto the village of the which I told
In this array the righte way they hold.
Griſilde of this (God wot) ful innocent
That for hire ſhapen was all this array,
To fetchen water at a welle is went,
And cometh home as ſone as ever ſhe may;
For wel ſhe had herd ſay that thilke day
The markis ſhulde wedde, and if ſhe might
She wolde fayn han ſeen ſom of that ſight.
She thought I wol with other maidens ſtond,
That ben my felawes, in our dore, and ſee
The markiſeſſe, and therto wol I fond

n at home, as fone as it may be,
abour which that longeth unto me,
han I may at leifer hire behold,
his way unto the Caftel hold.
d as fhe wolde over the threfwold gon
markis came and gan hire for to call,
he fet doun hire water-pot anon
the threfwold in an oxes ftall,
loun upon hire knees fhe gan to fall,
with fad countenance kneleth ftill,
e had herd what was the lordes will.
is thoughtful markis fpake unto this maid
berly, and faid in this manere;
is your fader, Grifildis? he faid.
he with reverence in humble chere
ered, Lord, he is al redy herfore.
n fhe goth withouten lenger lette,
o the markis fhe hire fader fette.
by the hond than toke this poure man,
faide thus whan he him had afide;
la, I neither may ne can
er the plefance of min herte hide;
t thou vouchefauf, what fo betide,
doughter wol I take or that I wend
r my wif unto hire lives end.
ou loveft me, that wot I wel certain,
art my faithful liegeman ybore,
all that liketh me, I dare wel fain,
eth thee, and fpecially therfore
me that point that I have faid before,
t thou wolt unto this purpos drawe,
aken me as for thy fon in lawe?
his foden cas this man aftoned fo,
t red he wex, abaift, and al quaking
dood; unnethes faid he wordes mo
only thus; Lord, quod he, my willing
s ye wol, ne ageins your liking
l to thing, min owen Lord fo dere;
ht as you lift governeth this matere.
Than wol I, quod this markis foftely,
ne in thy chambre I, and thou, and fhe,
ne collation; and woft thou why?
I wol afk hire if it hire wille be
lle my wif, and reule hire after me?
d all this fhal be don in thy prefence;
l not fpeke out of thin audience.
nd in the chambre, while they were aboute
tretee, which as ye fhul after here,
peple came into the hous withoute,
wondred hem in how honeft manere
atifly fhe kept hire fader dere:
atterly Grifildis wonder might,
never erft ne faw fhe fwiche a fight.
o wonder is though that fhe be aftoned
ee fo gret a geft come in that place,
never was to non fwiche geftes woned,
which fhe loked with ful pale face.
fhortly forth this matere for to chace,
e arn the wordes that the markis faid
his benigne veray faithful maid.
rifilde, he faid, ye fhuln wel underftond
teth to your fader and to me
t I you wedde, and eke it may fo ftond,
I fuppofe, ye wol that it fo be:
thife demaundes afke I firft (quod he)
That fin it fhall be don in hafty wife,
Wol ye affent, or elles you avife?
I fay this, be ye redy with good herte
To all my luft, and that I freely may,
As me beft thinketh, do you laugh or fmerte,
And never ye to grutchen, night ne day,
And eke whan I fay Ya ye fay Nay,
Neither by word ne frouning countenance?
Swere this, and here I fwere our alliance.
Wondring upon this thing, quaking for drede,
She faide, Lorde, indigne and unworthy
Am I to thilke honour that ye me bede,
But as ye wol yourfelf, right fo wol I:
And here I fwere that never willingly
In werk ne thought I n'ill you difobeie
For to be ded, though me were loth to deie.
This is ynough, Grifilde min, quod he.
And forth he goth with a ful fobre chere
Out at the dore, and after than came fhe,
And to the peple he faid in this manere;
This is my wif, quod he, that ftondeth here;
Honoureth her, and loveth hire, I pray,
Who fo me loveth; ther n'is no more to fay.
And for that nothing of hire olde gere
She fhulde bring into his hous, he bad
That women fhuld defpoilen hire right there,
Of which thife ladies weren nothing glad
To handle hire clothes wherin fhe was clad:
But natheles this maiden bright of hew
Fro foot to hed they clothed han all new.
Hire heres han they kempt, that lay untreffed
Ful rudely, and with hir fingres fmal
A coroune on hire hed they han ydreffed,
And fette hire ful of nouches gret and fmal.
Of hire array what fhuld I make a tale?
Unneth the peple hire knew for hire fairneffe
Whan fhe tranfmewed was in fwiche richeffe.
This markis hath hire fpoufed with a ring
Brought for the fame caufe, and than hire fette
Upon an hors fnow-white and wel ambling,
And to his paleis, or be lenger lette,
(With joyful peple that hire lad and mette)
Conveyed hire; and thus the day they fpende
In revel til the fonne gan defcende.
And fhortly forth this tale for to chace,
I fay that to this new markifeffe
God hath fwiche favour fent hire of his grace,
That it ne femeth not by likelineffe
That fhe was borne and fed in rudeneffe,
As in a cote or in an oxes ftall,
But nourifhed in an emperoures hall.
To every wight fhe waxen is fo dere
And worfhipful, that folk ther fhe was bore,
And fro hire birthe knew hire yere by yere,
Unnethes trowed they, but dorft han fwore
That to Janicle, of which I fpake before,
She doughter n'as; for as by conjecture
Hem thoughte fhe was another creature.
For though that ever vertuous was fhe,
She was encrefed in fwiche excellence
Of thewes good, yfet in high bountee,
And fo difcrete, and faire of eloquence,
So benigne, and fo digne of reverence,
And coude fo the peples herte embrace,
That eche hire loveth that loketh on hire face.

Not only of Saluces in the toun
Publiſhed was the bountee of hire name,
But eke beſide in many a regioun;
If on ſaith wel, another ſaith the ſame:
So ſpredeth of hire hie bountee the fame,
That men and women, yong as wel as old,
Gon to Saluces upon hire to behold.
Thus Walter lowly, nay but really,
Wedded with fortunat honeſtee,
In Goddes pees liveth ful eſily
At home, and grace ynough outward had he;
And for he ſaw that under low degree
Was honeſt vertu hid, the peple him held
A prudent man, and that is ſeen ful feld.
Not only this Griſildis thurgh hire wit
Coude all the fete of wifly homlineſſe;
But eke whan that the cas required it,
The comune profit coude ſhe redreſſe:
Ther n'as diſcord, rancour, ne hevineſſe,
In all the lond that ſhe ne coude appeſe,
And wiſely bring hem all in hertes eſe.
Though that hire huſbond abſent were or non
If gentilmen or other of that contree
Were wroth, ſhe wolde bringen hem at on.
So wiſe and ripe wordes hadde ſhe,
And jugement of ſo grete equitee,
That ſhe from heven ſent was, as men wend,
Peple to ſave, and every wrong to amend.
Not longe time after that this Griſilde
Was wedded, ſhe a doughter hath ybore,
All had hire lever han borne a knave childe:
Glad was the markis and his folk therfore;
For though a maiden childe come all before,
She may unto a knave child atteine,
By likelyhed, ſin ſhe n'is not barreine.

Pars tertia.

Ther fell, as it befalleth times mo,
Whan that this childe had ſouked but a throwe,
This markis in his herte longed ſo
To tempt his wif, hire ſadneſſe for to knowe,
That he ne might out of his herte throwe
This marveillous deſir his wif to aſſay:
Nedlees, God wot, he thought hire to affray.
He had aſſaied hire ynough before,
And found hire ever good: what needeth it
Hire for to tempt, and alway more and more?
Though ſome men praiſe it for a ſubtil wit;
But as for me, I ſay that evil it ſit
To aſſay a wife whan that it is no nede,
And putten hire in anguiſh and in drede.
For which this markis wrought in this manere:
He came a-night alone ther as ſhe lay
With ſtern face and with full trouble chere,
And ſayde thus, Griſilde, (quod he) that day
That I you toke out of your poure array,
And put you in eſtat of high nobleſſe,
Ye han it not forgetten, as I geſſe;
I ſay, Griſilde, this preſent dignitee,
In which that I have put you, as I trow,
Maketh you not forgetful for to be
That I you toke in poure eſtat ful low,
For ony wele ye mote yourſelven know,
Take hede of every word that I you ſay,
Ther is ne wight that hereth it but we tway.
Ye wote yourſelf wel how that ye came here
Into this hous, it is not long ago;
And though to me ye be right leſs and dere,
Unto my gentils ye be nothing ſo:
They ſay to hem it is gret ſhame and wo
For to be ſuggetes and ben in ſervage
To thee, that borne art of a ſmal linage.
And namely ſin thy doughter was ybore,
Thiſe wordes hen they ſpoken douteles;
But I deſire, as I have done before,
To live my lif with hem in reſt and pees:
I may not in this cas be recheles:
I mote do with thy doughter for the beſt,
Not as I wold, but as my gentils leſt.
And yet, God wote, this is ful loath to me;
But natheles withouten your weting
I wol nought do; but thus wol I (quod he)
That ye to me aſſenten in this thing;
Shew now your patience in your werking
That ye me hight and ſwore in your village
The day that maked was our mariage.
Whan ſhe had herd all this, ſhe not ameved
Neyther in word, in chere, ne countenance,
(For as it ſemed, ſhe was not agreved)
She ſayde, Lord, all lith in your pleaſance;
My child and I with hertely obeiſance
Ben youres all, and ye may ſave or ſpill
Your owen thing: werketh after your will.
Ther may no thing, ſo God my ſoule ſave,
Like unto you that may diſpleſen me;
Ne I deſire nothing for to have,
Ne drede for to leſe, ſauf only ye:
This will is in myn herte, and ay ſhall be,
No length of time or deth may this deface,
Ne change my courage to an other place.
Glad was this markis for hire anſwering,
But yet he feined as he were not ſo;
Al drery was his chere and his loking,
Whan that he ſhuld out of the chamber go.
Sone after this, a furlong way or two,
He prively hath told all his entent
Unto a man, and to his wif him ſent.
A maner ſergeant was this prive man,
The which he faithful often founden had
In things gret, and eke ſwiche folk wel can
Don execution on things bad;
The lord knew wel that he him loved and drad.
And whan this ſergeant wiſt his lordes will,
Into the chambre he ſtalked him ful ſtill.
Madame, he ſayd, ye mote foryeve it me,
Though I do thing to which I am conſtreined;
Ye ben ſo wiſe, that right wel knowen ye
That lordes heſtes may not ben yfeined;
They may wel be bewailed and complained,
But men mote nedes to hir luſt obey,
And ſo wol I; ther n'is no more to ſay.
The child I am commanded for to take—
And ſpake no more, but out the child he hent
Diſpitouſly, and gan a chere to make,
As though he wold have ſlain it or he went,
Griſildis muſt al ſuffer and al conſent;
And as a lambe ſhe ſitteth meke and ſtill,
And let this cruel ſergeant do his will.

pecious was the diffame of this man,
t his face, ſuſpect his word alſo,
t the time in which he this began:
hire doughter, that ſhe loved ſo
ende he wold han ſlaien it right tho;
atheles ſhe neither wept ne ſiked,
rming hire to that the markis liked.
at the laſt to ſpeken ſhe began,
mekely ſhe to the ſergeant praid
he was a worthie gentilman)
he might kiſſe hire child or that it deid;
hire barme this litel child ſhe leid;
ful ſad face, and gan the child to bliſſe,
ulled it, and after gan it kiſſe.
d thus ſhe ſayd in hire benigne vois;
el, my child, I ſhal the never ſee,
I have thee marked with the crois,
ke fader ybleſſed mote thou be
or us died upon a crois of tree,
oule, litel child, I him betake,
is night ſhalt thou dien for my ſake.
ow that to a norice in this cas
been hard this ronthe for to ſee;
night a moder than han cried Alas!
atheles ſo ſad ſtedfaſt was ſhe,
ſhe endured all adverſitee.
to the ſergeant mekely ſhe ſayde,
here agen your litel yonge mayde.
th now (quod ſhe) and doth my lordes heſt:
thing wold I pray you of your grace,
f my lord forbade you at the leſt,
th this litel body in ſom place
beſtes ne no briddes it to-race.
e no word to that purpos wold ſay,
ake the child, and went upon his way.
is ſergeant came unto his lord again,
of Griſildes wordes and hire chere
old him point for point, in ſhort and plain,
him preſented with his doughter dere.
what this lord hath routhe in his manere,
tandes his purpos held he ſtill,
ſtandeth whan they wol have hir will;
dad this ſergeant that he prively
ldeth this child ful ſofte wind and wrappe,
all circumſtances tendrely,
carry it in a cofre or in a lappe;
upon peine his hed of for to ſwappe
t no man ſhulde know of his entent,
thens he came ne whider that he went;
t at Boloigne, unto his ſuſter dere,
thilke time of Pavie was Counteſſe,
hold it take and ſhew hire this matere,
hing hire to don hire beſineſſe,
child to foſtren in all gentilleſſe;
whoſe child that it was he bade hire hide
every wight, for ought that may betide.
e ſergeant goth, and hath fulfilde this thing.
this marquis now retorne we;
ow goth he ful faſt, imagining
his wives chere he mighte ſee,
hire wordes apperceive, that ſhe
changed; but he never could hire finde
ver in on ylike ſad and kinde.
glad, as humble, as beſy in ſervice
And eke in love, as ſhe was wont to be,
Was ſhe to him in every manner wiſe;
Ne of hire doughter not a word ſpake ſhe:
Non accident for non adverſitee
Was ſeen in hire, ne never hire doughters name
Ne nevened ſhe for erneſt ne for game.

Pars quarta.

In this eſtat ther paſſed ben foure yere
Er ſhe with childe was, but as God wold,
A knave childe ſha bare by this Waltere
Ful gracious, and fair for to behold;
And whan that folk it to his fader told,
Not only he but all his contree mery
Was for this childe, and God they thonk and hery.
Whan it was two yere old, and from the breſt
Departed of his norice, on a day
This markis caughte yet another leſt
To tempte his wif yet ofter, if he may.
O! nedeles was ſhe tempted in aſſay:
But wedded men ne connen no meſure
Whan that they finde a patient creature.
Wif, quod this markis, ye han herd or this
My peple ſikely beren our mariage,
And namely ſin my ſone yboren is,
Now is it werſe than ever in al our age;
The murmur ſleth myn herte and my corage,
For to myn eres cometh the vois ſo ſmerte,
That it wel nie deſtroyed hath myn herte.
Now ſay they thus; Whan Walter is agon,
Than ſhall the blood of Janicle ſuccede,
And ben our lord, for other han we non.
Swiche wordes ſayn my peple, it is no drede;
Wel ought I of ſwiche murmur taken hede,
For certainly I drede al ſwiche ſentence,
Though they not plainen in myn audience.
I worde live in pees if that I might;
Wherefore I am diſpoſed utterly,
As I his ſuſter ſerved er by night,
Right ſo thinke I to ſerve him prively.
This warne I you, that ye not ſodenly
Out of yourſelf for no wo ſhuld outraie;
Beth patient, and therof I you praie.
I have, quod ſhe, ſayd thus, and ever ſhal,
I wol no thing, ne n'ill ne thing certain,
But as you liſt: not greveth me at al
Though that my doughter and my ſone be ſlain
At your commandement: that is to ſain,
I have not had no part of children twein
But firſt ſikeneſſe and after wo and peine.
Ye ben my lord, doth with your owen thing
Right as you liſt: aſketh no rede of me;
For as I left at home al my clothing
Whan I came firſt to you, right ſo (quod ſhe)
Left I my will and all my libertee,
And toke your clothing; wherefore I you prey
Doth your pleſance, I wol youre luſt obey.
And certes, if I hadde preſcince
Your will to know er ye your luſt me told,
I wold it do withouten negligence:
But now I wote your luſt, and what ye wold,
All your pleſance ferme and ſtable I hold;
For wiſt I that my deth might do you eſe
Right gladely wold I dien you to pleſe.

That nother by hire wordes ne hire face,
Beforn the folk, ne eke in hir absence,
Ne shewed she that hire was don offence,
Ne of hire high estat no remembrance
Ne hadde she as by hire contenance.
No wonder is, for in hire gret estat
Hire gost was ever in pleine humilitee;
No tendre mouth, no herte delicat,
No pompe, no semblant of realtee,
But ful of patient benignitee,
Discrete, and prideles, ay honourable,
And to hire husbond ever meke and stable.
Men speke of Job, and most for his humblesse,
As clerkes whan hem list can wel endite,
Namely of men, but as in sothfastnesse,
Though clerkes preisen women but a lite,
Ther can no man in humblesse him acquite
As woman can, ne can be half so trewe
As women ben, but it be falle of newe.

Pars sexta.

Fro Boloigne is this Earl of Pavie come,
Of which the fame up sprang to more and lesse:
And to the peples eres all and some
Was couth eke that a newe markisesse
He with him brought in swiche pomp and richesse,
That never was ther seen with mannes eye
So noble array in al West Lumbardie.
The markis, which that shope and knew all this,
Er that this erl was come sent his message
For thilke poure sely Grisildis,
And she with humble herte and glad visage,
Not with no swollen thought in hire corage,
Came at his hest, and on hire knees hire sette,
And reverently and wisely she him grette.
Grisilde, (quod he) my will is utterly
This maiden that shal wedded be to me
Received be to-morwe as really
As it possible is in myn hous to be;
And eke that every wight in his degree
Have his estat in sitting and service,
And high plesance, as I can best devise.
I have no woman sufficant certain
The chambres for to array in ordinance
After my lust, and therfore wolde I fain
That thin were all swiche manere governance;
Thou knoweft eke of old all my plesance:
Though thin array be bad, and evil besey,
Do thou thy devoir at the leste wey.
Not only, Lord, that I am glad (quoth she)
To don your lust, but I desire also
You for to serve and plese in my degree
Withouten fainting, and shal evermo:
Ne never for no wele ne for no wo
Ne shal the gost within myn herte stente
To love you best with all my trewe entente.
And with that word she gan the hous to dight,
And tables for to sette, and beddes make,
And peined her to don all that she might,
Praying the chambereres for Goddes sake
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and shake;
And she, the moste serviceable of all,
Hath every chambre arraied and his hall.

Abouten undern gan this erl alight
That with him brought thise noble children twey,
For which the peple ran to see the sight
Of hir array, so richely besey;
And that at erst amonges hem they sey
That Walter was no fool, though that him lest
To change his wif, for it was for the best.
For she is fairer, as they demen all,
Than his Grisilde, and more tendre of age,
And fairer fruit betwene hem shulde fall,
And more plesant, for hire high linage:
Hire brother eke so faire was of visage
That hem to seen the peple hath caught plesance,
Commending now the markis governance.
O stormy peple, unsad and ever untrew,
And undiscrete and changing as a fane,
Delighting ever in rombel that is newe,
For like the mone waxen ye and wane:
A ful of clapping, dere ynough a jane,
Your dome is fals, your constance evil preveth,
Ay ful gret fool is he that on you leveth!
Thus saiden sade folk in that citee
Whan that the peple gased up and doun,
For they were glad right for the noveltee
To have a new lady of hir toun.
No more of this make I now mentioun,
But to Grisilde agen I wol me dresse,
And tell hire constance and hire besinesse.
Ful besy was Grisilde in every thing
That to the feste was appertinent;
Right naught was she abaist of hire clothing,
Though it were rude, and somdel eke to-rent.
But with glade chere to the yate is went,
With other folk, to grete the markisesse,
And after that doth forth hire besinesse.
With so glad chere his gestes she receiveth,
And conningly everich in his degree,
That no defaut no man apperceiveth,
But ay they wondren what she mighte be
That in so poure array was for to see,
And coude swiche honour and reverence,
And worthily they preisen hire prudence.
In all this mene while she ne stent
This maide and eke hire brother to commend,
With all hire herte in ful benigne entent,
So wel that no man coud hire preise amend;
But at the last whan that thise lordes wend
To sitten doun to mete, he began to call
Grisilde, as she was besy in the hall,
Grisilde, (quod he, as it were in his play)
How liketh thee my wif and hire beautee?
Right wel, my Lord, quod she, for in good fay
A fairer saw I never non than she;
I pray to God yeve you prosperitee,
And so I hope that he wol to you send
Plesance ynough unto your lives end.
O thing beseech I you and warne also,
That ye ne prikke with no turmenting
This tendre maiden as ye han do me.
For she is fostred in hire nourishing
More tendrely, and to my supposing
She mighte not adversitee endure
As coude a poure fostred creature.

han this Walter saw hire patience,
chere, and no malice at all,
o often hadde hire don offence,
ay sade and constant as a wall,
ng ever hire innocence over all,
dy markis gan his herte dresse
upon hire wifly stedefastnesse.
ynough, Grisilde min, quod he,
no more agast ne evil apaid;
y faith and thy benignitee,
s ever woman was, affaid,
hat and pouerelich arraid:
w I, dere wif, thy stedefastnesse;
in armes toke, and gan to kesse.
e for wonder toke of it no kepe;
not what thing he to hire said;
as she had stert out of a slepe,
et of hire masednesse abraid.
quod he, by God that for us deid,
my wif; non other I ne have
had, as God my soule save.
is thy doughter which thou hast supposed
y wif; that other faithfully
min heir, as I have ay disposed;
re hem of thy body trewely;
gne have I kept hem prively:
m agen, for now maist thou not say
ou hast lorn non of thy children tway.
folk that otherwise han said of me,
hem wel that I have don this dede
malice ne for no crueltee,
to assay in thee thy womanhede,
t to slee my children (God forbede)
to kepe hem prively and still
y purpos knew and all thy will.
a the this herd, aswoune doun she falleth
was joye; and after hire swouning
th hire yonge children to hire calleth,
hire armes, pitously weping,
emb hem, and tendrely kissing
as a moder, with hire salte teres
ched both hir visage and hir heres.
folke a pitous thing it was to see
swouning, and hire humble vois to here!
many! Lord, God thank it you (quod she)
ye han saved me my childten dere:
ekke I never to be ded right here,
lond in your love and in your grace,
te of deth, ne whan my spirit pace.
dere, o dere, o yonge, children mine!
weful mother wened stedfastly
rel houndes or som foul vermine
n you; but God of his mercy
ur benigne sader tendrely
n you kepe: and in that same stound
ally she swapt adoun to ground.
in hire swough so sadly holdeth she
ildren two, whan she gan hem embrace,
ith gret sleight and gret difficultee
dren from hire arm they gan arrace.
y a tere on many a pitous face
n of hem that stoden hire beside;
e abouten hire might they abide.
r hire gladeth, and hire sorwe slaketh;
rh up abashed from hire trance,
And every wight hire joye and feste maketh
Til she hath caught agen hire contenance.
Walter hire doth so faithfully plesance,
That it was deintee for to seen the chere
Betwixt hem two sin they ben met in fere.
Thise ladies, whan that they hir time sey,
Han taken hire, and into chambre gon,
And stripen hire out of hire rude arrey,
And in a cloth of gold that brighte shone,
With a coroune of many a riche stone
Upon hire hed, they into hall hire broughte,
And ther she was honoured as hire ought.
Thus hath this pitous day a blisful end,
For every man and woman doth his might
This day in mirth and revel to dispend,
Til on the welkin shone the sterres bright;
For more solempne in every mannes sight
This feste was, and greter of costage,
Than was the revel of hire mariage.
Ful many a yere in high prosperitee
Liven thise two in concord and in rest,
And richely his doughter maried he
Unto a lord, on of the worthiest
Of all Itaille, and than in pees and rest
His wives fader in his court he kepeth
Til that the soule out of his body crepeth.
His sone succedeth in his heritage,
In rest and pees, after his fadres day,
And fortunat was eke in mariage,
Al put he not his wif in gret assay:
This world is not so strong, it is no nay,
As it hath ben in olde times yore,
And herkneth what this auctour saith therfore.
This story is said, not for that wives shuld
Folwe Grisilde as in humilitee,
For it were importable tho they wold,
But for that every wight in his degree
Shulde be constant in adversitee
As was Grisilde, therfore Petrark writeth
This storie, which with high stile he enditeth.
For sith a woman was so patient
Unto a mortal man, wel more we ought
Receiven all in gree that God us sent.
For gret skill is he preve that he wrought;
But he ne tempteth no man that he bought,
As saith Seint Jame, if ye his pistell rede;
He preveth folk al day, it is no drede;
And suffreth us, as for our exercise,
With sharpe scourges of adversitee
Ful often to be bete in sondry wise,
Not for to know our will, for certes he,
Or we were borne, knew all our freeletee,
And for our best is all his governance;
Let us than live in vertuous suffrance.
But o word, Lordings, herkneth or I go:
It were ful hard to finden now adayes
In all a toun Grisildes three or two;
For if that they were put to swiche assayes
The gold of hem hath now so bad alayes
With bras, that though the coine be faire at eye
It wolde rather brast atwo than plie.
For which here, for the Wives love of Bathe,
Whas lif and al hire secte God maintene
In high maistrie, and elles were it scathe.

I wol with lusty herte freshe and grene
Say you a song to gladen you I wene,
And let us stint of ernestful matere.
Herkneth my song, that saith in this manere:
Grisilde is ded, and eke hire patience,
And both at ones buried in Italie,
For which I crie in open audience,
No wedded man so hardy be to assaille
His wives patience, in trust to find
Grisildes, for in certain he shal faille.
O noble wives! ful of high prudence,
Let non humilitee your tonges naile,
Ne let no clerk have cause or diligence
To write of you a storie of swiche mervaille
As of Grisildis, patient and kinde,
Lest Chichevache you swalwe in hire entraille.
Folweth Ecco, that holdeth no silence,
But ever answereth at the countretaille:
Beth not bedaffed for your innocence,
But sharply taketh on you the governaille:
Emprenteth wel this lesson in your minde
For comun profit, sith it may availle.
Ye archewives! stondeth ay at defence,
Sin ye be strong as is a gret camaille,
Ne suffreth not that men do you offence.
And sclendre wives, feble as in bataille,
Beth egre as is a tigre yond in Inde;
Ay clappeth as a mill I you counsaille.
Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,
For though thin husbond armed be in maille,
The arwes of thy crabbed eloquence
Shal perce his brest and eke his aventaille:
In jalousie I rede eke thou him binde,
And thou shalt make him couche as doth a quail.
If thou be faire, ther folk ben in presence
Shew thou thy visage and thin aparaille;
If thou be foule, be free of thy dispence;
To get thee frendes ay do thy travaille:
Be ay of chere as light as lefe on linde,
And let him care, and wepe, and wringe, and waille.

THE MARCHANTES PROLOGUE.

ING and wailing, care, and other forwe,
: ynough on even and on morwe,
the Marchant, and so have other mo
wedded ben; I trowe that it be so,
rel I wot it fareth so by me.
: a wif the werste that may be,
nough the fend to hire ycoupled were,
rolde him overmatche, I dare wel swere
shulde I you reherse in special
high malice? she is a shrew at al.
er is a long and a large difference
x Grisildes grete patience
f my wife the passing crueltee.
I unbounden, all so mote I the,
de never eft comen in the snare.
edded men live in forwe and care:
Assay it who so wol, and he shal finde
That I say soth, by Seint Thomas of Inde,
As for the more part, I say not alle;
God shilde that it shulde so befalle.
A, good Sire Hoste, I have ywedded be
Thise monethes two, and more not parde;
And yet I trowe that he that all his lif
Wifles hath ben, though that men wolde him rife
Into the herte, ne coude in no manere
Tellen so much forwe as I you here
Coud tellen of my wives cursednesse. [blesse,
Now, quod our Hoste, Marchant, so God you
Sin ye so mochel knowen of that art,
Ful hertely I pray you tell us part.
Gladly, quod he, but of min owen sore,
For sory herte I tellen may no more.

THE MARCHANTES TALE *.

LOM ther was dwelling in Lumbardie
thy knight, that born was at Pavie,
ith he lived in gret prosperitee;
ixty yere a wifles man was he,
olwed ay his bodily delit
men ther as was his appetit,
n thise fooles that ben seculere.
whan that he was passed sixty yere,
it for holinesse or for dotage
ot sain, but swiche a gret corage
: this knight to ben a wedded man,
day and night he doth all that he can
pien wher that he might wedded be,
ng our Lord to granten him that he
te ones knowen of that blisful lif
s betwix an husbond and his wif,
And for to live under that holy bond
With which God firste man and woman bond.
Non other lif (said he) is worth a bene;
For wedlok is so esy and so clene
That in this world it is a paradise.
Thus saith this olde knight that was so wise.
And certainly, as soth as God is king,
To take a wif it is a glorious thing;
And namely whan a man is old and hore,
Than is a wif the fruit of his tresore;
Than shuld he take a yong wif and a faire,
On which he might engendren him an heire,
And lede his lif in joye and in solas,
Wheras thise bachelers singen alas!
Whan that they finde any adversitee
In love, which n'is but childish vanitee.
And trewely it sit wel to be so
That bachelers have often peine and wo:

* January marrieth young May, and for his unpatch receiveth a foul reward. *Urry.*

On brotel ground they bilde, and brotelneſſe
They finden whan they wenen ſikerneſſe:
They live but as a bird or as a beſte,
In libertee and under non areſte,
Ther as a wedded man in his eſtat
Liveth a lif blisful and ordinat,
Under the yoke of mariage ybound;
Wel may his herte in joye and bliſſe abound;
For who can be ſo buxom as a wif?
Who is ſo trewe and eke ſo ententif
To kepe him, ſike and hole, as is his make?
For wele or wo ſhe n'ill him not forſake;
She n'is not wery him to love and ſerve,
Though that he lie bedrede til that he ſterve.
And yet ſom clerkes ſain it is not ſo,
Of which he Theophraſt is on of tho.
What force though Theophraſt liſt for to lie?
Ne tak no wif, quod he, for huſbondrie,
As for to ſpare in houſhold thy diſpence:
A trewe ſervant doth more diligence
Thy good to kepe, than doth thin owen wif,
For ſhe wol claimen half part al hire lif.
And if that thou be ſike, ſo God me ſave,
Thy veray frendes or a trewe knave
Wol kepe thee bet than ſhe, that waiteth ay
After thy good, and hath don many a day.
This ſentence, and an hundred thinges werſe,
Writeth this man, ther God his bones curſe.
But take no kepe of all ſwiche vanitee;
Defieth Theophraſt, and herkeneth me.
A wif is Goddes yefte veraily;
All other maner yeftes hardely,
As londes, rentes, paſture, or commune,
Or mebles, all ben yeftes of Fortune,
That paſſen as a ſhadow on the wall:
But drede thou not if plainly ſpeke I ſhal;
A wif wol laſt and in thin hous endure
Wel lenger than thee liſt paraventure.
Mariage is a ful grete ſacrament;
He which that hath no wif I hold him ſhent;
He liveth helples and all deſolat:
(I ſpeke of folk in ſecular eſtat)
And herkneth why, I ſay not this for nought,
That woman is for mannes helpe ywrought;
The highe God, whan he had Adam maked,
And ſaw him al alone belly naked,
God of his grete goodneſſe ſaide than,
Let us now make an helpe unto this man
Like to himſelf, and than he made him Eve.
Here may ye ſee, and hereby may ye preve,
That a wif is mannes helpe and his comfort,
His paradis terreſtre, and his diſport:
So buxom and ſo vertuous is ſhe,
They moſten nedes live in unitee:
O fleſh they ben, and o fleſh, as I geſſe,
Hath but on herte in wele and in diſtreſſe.
A wif? a! Seinte Marie, *benedicite!*
How might a man have any adverſite
That hath a wif? certes I cannot ſeye.
The bliſſe the which that is betwix hem tweye
Ther may no tonge telle or herte thinke.
If he be poure, ſhe helpeth him to ſwinke;
She keepeth his good, and waſteth never a del;
All that hire huſbond doth, hire liketh wel;
She ſaith not ones, Nay, whan he ſaith, Ye;
Do this, ſaith he; Al redy, Sire, ſaith ſhe.
O bliſsful ordre, o wedlok precious!
Thou art ſo mery and eke ſo vertuous,
And ſo commended and approved eke,
That every man that holt him worth a leke,
Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
Thanken his God that him hath ſent a wif,
Or elles pray to God him for to ſend
A wif to laſt unto his lives end;
For than his lif is ſet in ſikerneſſe,
He may not be deceived, as I geſſe,
So that he werche after his wives rede;
Than may he boldly beren up his hede,
They ben ſo trewe, and therwithal ſo wiſe;
For which, if thou wilt werchen as the wife,
Do alway ſo as women wol thee rede.
Lo how that Jacob, as thiſe clerkes rede,
By good conſeil of his mother Rebekke
Bounde the kiddes ſkin about his nekke,
For which his fadres beniſon he wan.
Lo Judith, as the ſtorie eke tell can,
By good conſeil ſhe Goddes peple kept,
And ſlow him Holofernes while he ſlept.
Lo Abigail, by good conſeil how ſhe
Saved hire huſbond Nabal, whan that he
Shuld han be ſlain. And loke, Heſter alſo
By good conſell delivered out of wo
The peple of God, and made him Mardochee
Of Aſſuere enhanſed for to be.
Ther n'is no thing in gree ſuperlatif
(As ſaith Senek) above an humble wif.
Suffer thy wives tonge, as Caton bit;
She ſhal command and thou ſhalt ſuffren it,
And yet ſhe wol obey of curteſie.
A wif is keper of thin huſbondrie:
Wel may the ſike man bewaile and wepe
Ther as ther is no wif the hous to kepe.
I warne thee, if wiſely thou wilt werche,
Love wel thy wif, as Criſt loveth his cherche:
If thou loveſt thyſelf, love thou thy wif.
No man hateth his fleſh, but in his lif
He foſtreth it, and therfore bid I thee
Cheriſh thy wif, or thou ſhalt never the.
Huſbond and wif, what ſo men jape or play,
Of worldly folk holden the ſiker way:
They ben ſo knit ther may non harm betide,
And namely upon the wives ſide.
For which this January, of whom I told,
Conſidered hath within his dayes old
The luſty lif, the vertuous quiete,
That is in mariage honey-ſwete,
And for his frendes on a day he ſent
To tellen hem th' effect of his entent.
With face ſad his tale he hath hem told:
He ſayde, Frendes, I am hore and old,
And almoſt (God wot) on my pittes brinke,
Upon my ſoule ſomwhat moſt I thinke.
I have my body ſolily diſpended,
Bleſſed be God that it ſhall ben amended!
For I wol ben certain a wedded man,
And that anon in all the haſt I can.
Unto ſom maiden, faire and tendre of age,
I pray you ſhapeth for my mariage

odenly, for I wol not abide;
I wol fonde to espien on my side
rhom I may be wedded hastily.
or as moche as ye ben more than I,
rullen rather swiche a thinge espien
I, and wher me beste were to allien.
t o thing warn I you, my frendes dere;
non olde wif han in no manere;
hal not passen twenty yere certain:
ish and yonge flesh wold I have fain.
(quod he) a pike than a pikerel,
bet than old beef is the tendre veel.
no woman thirty yere of age;
but benestraw and gret forage.
eke thise olde widewes (God it wote)
connen so moch craft on Wades bote,
ochel broken harm whan that hem lest,
with hem shuld I never live in rest.
ondry scoles maken subtil clerkes;
han of many scoles half a clerk is.
certainly a yong thing men may gie,
t as men may warm wax with handes plie;
rfore I say you plainly in a clause
I non old wif han right for this cause.
r if so were I hadde swiche meschance,
I in hire ne coude have no plesance,
shuld I lede my lif in avoutrie,
so streight to the devil whan I die.
hildren shuld I non upon hire geten;
were me lever houndes had me eten
that min heritage shulde fall
raunge hondes; and this I tell you all.
not, I wot the cause why
shulden wedde; and furthermore wot I
speketh many a man of mariage
wot no more of it than wot my page
which causes a man shuld take a wif.
may not liven chast his lif,
him a wif with gret devotion,
ke of leful procreation
hildren, to the honour of God above,
not only for paramour or love,
er they shulden lecherie eschue,
yield hir dette whan that it is due,
r that echo of hem shuld helpen other
eschefe, as a suster shal the brother,
live in chastitee ful holily.
t, Sires, (by your leve) than am not I,
God be thanked, I dare make avaunt,
my limmes stark and suffisant
lon all that a man belongeth to:
myselven best what I may do.
gh I be hoor, I fare as doth a tre
blosmeth er the fruit ywoxen be;
blosmy tre n'is neither drie ne ded:
me no wher hoor but on my hed:
herte and all my limmes ben as grene
urer thurgh the yere is for to sene.
in that ye han herd all min entent,
you to my will ye wolde assent.
erse-men diversely him told
ariage many ensamples old;
blamed it, som praised it certain:
e laste, shortly for to sain,
(As all day falleth altercation
Betwixen frendes and disputison)
Ther fell a strif betwix his brethren two,
Of which that on was cleped Placebo,
Justinus sothly called was that other.
Placebo sayd, O January! brother,
Ful litel nede han ye, my lord so dere,
Conseil to aske of any that is here,
But that ye ben so ful of sapience
That you ne liketh for your high prudence
To weiven fro the word of Salomon;
This word, sayd he, unto us everich on,
Werke alle thing by conseil, thus sayd he,
And than ne shalt thou not repenten thee.
But though that Salomon spake swiche a word,
Min owen dere brother and my lord,
So wisly God my soule bringe at rest,
I hold your owen conseil is the best.
For, brother min, take of me this motif,
I have now ben a court-man all my lif,
And God it wot, though I unworthy be,
I have stonden in ful gret degree
Abouten lordes of ful high estat,
Yet had I never with non of hem debat;
I never hem contraried trewely.
I wot wel that my lord can more than I;
What that he saith I holde it firme and stable;
I say the same, or elles thing semblable.
A ful gret fool is any conseillour,
That serveth any lord of high honour,
That dare presume, or ones thinken it,
That his conseil shuld passe his lordes wit:
Nay, lordes be no fooles by my fay.
Ye han yourselven shewed here to-day
So high sentence, so holily, and wel,
That I consent, and confirme every del
Your wordes all, and your opinioun.
By God ther n'is no man in all this toun,
Ne in Itaille, coud bet han ysayd:
Crist holt him of this conseil wel appaid:
And trewely it is an high corage
Of any man that stopen is in age
To take a young wif: by my fader kin
Your herte hongeth on a joly pin.
Doth now in this matere right as you lest,
For finally I hold it for the best.
Justinus, that ay stille sat and herd,
Right in this wise he to Placebo answerd:
Now, brother min, be patient I pray,
Sin ye han said, and herkneth what I say.
Senek, among his other wordes wise,
Saith that a man ought him right wel avise
To whom he yeveth his lond or his catel:
And sith I ought avisen me right wel
To wh m I yeve my good away fro me,
Wel more I ought avisen me, parde,
To whom I yeve my body; for alway
I warne you wel it is no childes play
To take a wif without avisement.
Men must enqueren (this is min assent)
Wheder she be wise and sobre or dronkelewe,
Or proud, or elles other waies a shrew,

A chidester, or a wastour of thy good,
Or riche or poure, or elles a man is wood:
Al be it so that no man finden shal
Non in this world that trotteth hol in al,
Ne manne beste, swiche as men can devise,
But natheles it ought ynough suffice
With any wif, if so were that she had
Mo good thewes than hire vices bad:
And all this axeth leisure to enquere;
For God it wot I have wept many a tere
Ful prively sin that I had a wif.
Praise who so wol a wedded mannes lif,
Certain I find in it but cost and care,
And observances of alle blisses bare;
And yet, God wot, my neighebours aboute,
And namely of women many a route,
Sain that I have the moste stedefast wif,
And eke the mekest on, that bereth lif:
But I wot best wher wringeth me my sho.
Ye may for me right as you liketh do.
Aviseth you, ye ben a man of age,
How that ye entren into mariage,
And namely with a yong wif and a faire.
By him that made water, fire, erth, and aire,
The yongest man that is in all this route
Is besy ynow to bringen it aboute
To han his wif alone, trusteth me:
Ye shul not plesen hire fully yeres three;
This is to sain, to don hire ful plesance:
A wif axeth ful many an observance.
I pray you that ye be not evil appaid.
Wel, quod this January, and hast thou saide?
Straw for Senek, and straw for thy proverbes;
I counte not a panier ful of herbes
Of scole termes: wiser men than thou,
As thou hast herd, assented here right now
To my purpos. Placebo, what saye ye?
I saye it is a cursed man, quod he,
That letteth matrimoine sikerly.
And with that word they risen sodenly,
And ben assented fully that he sholde
Be wedded whan him list and wher he wolde.
High fantasie and curious besinesse
Fro day to day gan in the soule empresse
Of January about his mariage:
Many a faire shap and many a faire visage
Ther passeth thurgh his herte night by night.
As who so toke a mirrour polished bright,
And set it in a comune market place,
Then shuld he see many a figure pace
By his mirrour, and in the same wise
Gan January in with his thought devise
Of maidens which that dwelten him beside;
He wiste not wher that he might abide;
For if that on have beautee in hire face,
Another stont so in the peples grace,
For hire sadnesse and hire benignitee,
That of the peple the greteft vois hath she:
And som were riche and hadden a bad name;
But natheles, betwix ernest and game,
He at the last appointed him on on,
And let all other from his herte gon,
And chees hire of his owen auctoritee,
For love is blind all day and may not see.
And whan that he was in his bed ybrought,
He purtreied in his herte and in his thought
Hire freshe beautee and hire age tendre,
Hire middel smal, hire armes long and slendre,
Hire wise governance, hire gentillesse,
Hire womanly bering, and hire sadnesse.
And whan that he on hire was condescended,
Him thought his chois it might not ben amended;
For whan that he himself concluded had,
Him thought eche other mannes wit so bad,
That impossible it were to replie
Again his chois: this was his fantasie.
His frendes sent he to, at his instance,
And praied hem to don him that plesance
That hastily they wolden to him come;
He wolde abregge hir labour all and some:
Neded no more to hem to go ne ride,
He was appointed ther he wolde abide.
Placebo came, and eke his frendes sone,
And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone,
That non of hem non argumentes make
Again the purpos that he hath ytake;
Which purpos was plesant to God (said he)
And veray ground of his prosperitee.
He said ther was a maiden in the toun
Which that of beautee hadde gret renoun,
Al were it so she were of smal degree;
Sufficeth him hire youth and hire beautee;
Which maid (he said) he wold han to his wif,
To lede in ese and holinesse his lif;
And thanked God that he might han hire alle,
That no wight with his blisse parten shall;
And praied hem to labour in this nede,
And shapen that he faille not to spede:
For than, he sayd, his spirit was at ese;
Than is (quod he) nothing may me displese,
Save o thing pricketh in my conscience,
The which I wol rehersse in your presence.
I have (quod he) herd said ful yore ago,
Ther may no man han parfite blisses two,
This is to say, in erthe and eke in heven;
For though he kepe him fro the sinnes seven,
And eke from every branch of thilke tree,
Yet is ther so parfit felicitee,
And so grete ese and lust, in mariage,
That ever I am agast, now in min age,
That I shal leden now so mery a lif,
So delicat, withouten wo or strif,
That I shal han min heven in erthe here;
For sin that veray heven is bought so dere,
With tribulation and gret penance,
How shuld I than, living in swiche plesance
As alle wedded men don with hir wives,
Come to the blisse ther Crist eterne on live is?
This is my drede, and ye, my brethren tweie,
Assoileth me this question I preie.
Justinus, which that hated his folie,
Answerd anon right in his japerie,
And for he wold his long tale abregé,
He wolde non auctoritee allege,
But sayde, Sire, so ther be non obstacle
Other than this, God of his hie miracle,
And of his mercy, may so for you werche,
That er ye have your rights of holy cherche

Ye may repent of wedded mannes lif,
In which ye fain ther is no wo ne strif;
And eltes God forbede but if he sent
A wedded man his grace him to repent
Wel often, rather than a single man:
And therefore, Sire, the best rede that I can,
Despeire you not, but haveth in memorie
Paraventure she may be your Purgatorie;
She may be Goddes mene and Goddes whippe;
Than shal your soule up unto heven skippe
Swifter than doth an arow of a bow.
I hope to God hereafter ye shal know
That ther n'is non so gret felicitee
In mariage, ne never more shall be,
That you shal let of your salvation,
So that ye use, as skill is and reson,
The lustes of your wif attemprely,
And that ye plese hire nat to amorously,
And that ye kepe you eke from other sinne.
My Tale is don, for my wit is but thinne.
Beth not agast hereof, my brother dere,
But let us waden out of this matere.
The Wif of Bathe, if ye han understond,
Of mariage, which ye now han in hond,
Declared hath ful wel in litel space.
Fareth now wel, God have you in his grace!
And with this word this Justine and his brother
Han take hir leve, and eche of hem of other.
And whan they saw that it must nedes be,
They wroughten so by sleighte and wise tretee
That she this maiden, which that Maius hight,
At hastily as ever that she might,
Shal wedded be unto this January.
I trow it were to longe you to tary,
If I you told of every script and bond
By which that she was feoffed in this lond,
Or for to tekken of hire rich array.
But, finally, yeomen is the day
That to the chirche both ben they went
For to receive the holy sacrament.
Forth cometh the preest, with stole about his nekke,
And bade hire be like Sara and Rebekke
In wilkome and in trouthe of mariage;
And syd his orisons, as is usage,
And crouched hem, and bade God shuld hem blesse,
And made all siker ynow with holinesse.
Thus ben they wedded with solempnitee;
And at the feste sitteth he and she,
With other worthy folk, upon the deis.
All ful of joye and blisse is the paleis,
And ful of instruments, and of vitaille
The moste deinteous of all Italle.
Before hem stood swiche instruments of soun
That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphion,
Ne maden never swiche a melodie:
At every cours in came loud minstralcie,
That never Joab tromped for to here,
Ne he Theodomas yet half so clere
At Thebes whan the citee was in doute.
Bacchus the win him skinketh all aboute,
And Venus laugheth upon every wight,
(For January was become hire knight,
And wolde both assaien his corage
In libertee and eke in mariage)
And with hire firebrond in hire hond aboute
Danceth before the bride and all the route.
And certainly I dare right wel say this,
Ymeneus, that god of Wedding is,
Saw never his lif so mery a wedded man.
Hold thou thy pees, thou poet Marcian,
That writest us that ilke wedding mery
Of hire Philologie and him Mercurie,
And of the songes that the Muses songe;
To smal is both thy pen and eke thy tonge
For to descriven of this mariage.
Whan tendre Youth hath wedded stouping Age,
Ther is swiche mirth that it may not be writen:
Assaieth it yourself, than may ye witen
If that I lie or non in this matere.
Maius, that sit with so benigne a chere,
Hire to behold it semed Faerie.
Quene Hester loked never with swiche an eye
On Assuere, so meke a look hath she.
I may you not devise all hire beautee;
But this moch of hire beautee tell I may,
That she was like the brighte morwe of May,
Fulfilled of all beautee and plesance.
This January is ravished in a trance
At every time he loketh in hire face;
But in his herte he gan hire to manace
That he that night in armes wold hire streine
Harder than ever Paris did Haleine.
But natheles yet had he gret pitee
That thilke night offenden hire must he,
And thought, alas! o tendre creature!
Now wolde God ye mighten wel endure
All my corage; it is so sharpe and kene
I am agast ye shal it nat sustene!
But God forbede that I did all my might!
Now wolde God that it were waxen night,
And that the night wold lasten ever mo!
I wold that all this peple were ago!
And, finally, he doth all his labour,
As he best mighte, saving his honour,
To hesten him fro the mete in subtil wise.
The time came that reson was to rise,
And after that men dance and drinken fast,
And spices all about the hous they cast,
And ful of joye and blisse is every man,
All but a squier that highte Damian,
Which carf beforn the knight ful many a day;
He was so ravisht on his Lady May,
That for the veray peine he was nie wood;
Almost he swelt, and swouned ther he stood:
So sore hath Venus hurt him with hire brond
As that she bare it dancing in hire hond;
And to his bed he went him hastily:
No more of him as at this time speke I,
But ther I let him wepe ynow and plaine,
Til freshe May wol rewen on his peine.
O perilous fire that in the bedstraw bredeth!
O famuler so that his service bedeth!
O servant traitor, false of holy hewe,
Like to the nedder-in bosom slie untrewe,
God shelde us alle from your acquaintance!
O January! dronken in plesance
Of mariage, see how thy Damian,
Thin owen squier and thy boren man,

With which whan that him lift he it unſhette;
And whan that he wold pay his wives dette
In ſomer ſeſon thider wold he go,
And May his wif, and no wight but they two;
And thinges which that were not don a-bedde
He in the gardin parfourmed hem, and ſpedde.
And in this wiſe many a mery day
Lived this January and freſhe May:
But worldly joye may not alway endure
To January ne to no creature.
O ſoden hap, o thou Fortune unſtable!
Like to the ſcorpion ſo deceivable,
That flatreſt with thy hed whan thou wolt ſting;
The tayl is deth thurgh thin eveniming.
O brotel joye! o ſwete poyſon queinte!
O monſtre! that ſo ſotilly canſt peinte
Thy giftes under hewe of ſtedfaſtneſſe,
That thou deceiveſt bothe more and leſſe,
Why haſt thou January thus deceived,
That haddeſt him for thy ful frend received?
And now thou haſt beraft him both his eyen,
For ſorwe of which deſireth he to dyen.
Alas! this noble January free,
Amidde his luſt and his proſperitee,
Is waxen blind, and that al ſodenly.
He wepeth and he waileth pitouſly,
And therwithall the fire of jalouſie
(Leſt that his wif ſhuld fall in ſom folie)
So brent his herte that he wolde fain
That ſom man had both him and hire yſlain;
For nother after his deth ne in his lif
Ne wold he that ſhe were no love ne wif,
But ever live as a widewe in clothes blake,
Sole as the turtle that hath loſt hire make.
But at the laſt, after a moneth or tway,
His ſorwe gan aſſwagen, ſoth to ſay;
For whan he wiſt it might non other be,
He patiently toke his adverſitee;
Save out of doute he ne may nat forgon
That he n'as jalous ever more in on;
Which jalouſie it was ſo outrageous,
That neither in halle, ne in non other hous,
Ne in non other place never the mo,
He n'olde ſuffre hire for to ride or go
But if that he had honde on hire alway;
For which ful often wepeth freſhe May,
That loveth Damian ſo brenningly,
That ſhe moſte either dien ſodenly
Or elles ſhe moſte han him as hire leſt:
She wafted whan hire herte wold to-breſt.
Upon that other ſide Damian
Becomen is the forwefulleſt man
That ever was, for neither night ne day
Ne might he ſpeke a word to freſhe May,
As to his purpos, of no ſwiche matere,
But if that January muſt it here,
That had an hand upon hire evermo;
But natheles by writing to and fro,
And privee ſignes, wiſt he what ſhe ment,
And ſhe knew eke the ſin of his entent.
O January! what might it thee availe
Though thou might ſeen as fer as ſhippes ſaile?
For as good as blind to deceived be
As be deceived whan a man may ſee.
Lo Argus, which that had an hundred eyen,
For all that ever he coude pore or prien,
Yet was he blent, and, God wot, ſo ben mo,
That wenen wiſly that it be not ſo.
Paſſe over is an eſe; I ſay no more.
This freſhe May, of which I ſpake of yore,
In warm wex hath enprented the cliket
That January bare of the ſmal wiket,
By which into his gardin oft he went,
And Damian, that knew all hire entent,
The cliket contrefeted prively:
Ther n'is no more to ſay, but haſtily
Som wonder by this cliket ſhal betide,
Which ye ſhul heren if ye wol abide.
O noble Ovide! ſoth ſayeſt thou, God wote,
What ſleight is it, if Love be long and hote,
That he n'ill find it out in ſom manere?
By Pyramus and Thiſbe may men lere;
Though they were kept ful long and ſtreit over all,
They ben accorded, rowning thurgh a wall,
Ther no wight coude han founden ſwiche a ſleighte.
But now to purpos. Er that daies eighte
Were paſſed of the month of Juil, befill
That January hath caught ſo gret a will,
Thurgh egging of his wif, him for to play
In his gardin, and no wight but they tway,
That in a morwe unto this May ſaid he,
Riſe up, my wif, my love, my lady free!
The turtles vois is herd, myn owen ſwete!
The winter is gon, with all his raines wete.
Come forth now with thin eyen columbine;
Wel fairer ben thy breſts than ony wine.
The gardin is enclofed all aboute;
Come forth, my white ſponſe, for out of doute
Thou haſt me wounded in myn herte, o wif!
No ſpot in thee n'as never in all thy lif.
Come forth, and let us taken our diſport;
I cheſe thee for my wif and my comfort.
Swiche olde lewed wordes uſed he.
On Damian a ſigne made ſhe,
That he ſhuld go before with his cliket.
This Damian hath opened the wiket,
And in he ſtert, and that in ſwiche manere
That no wight might him ſee neyther yhere;
And ſtill he ſit under a buſh. Anon
This January, as blind as is a ſton,
With Maius in his hand, and no wight mo,
Into this freſhe gardin is ago,
And clappet to the wiket ſodenly.
Now wif, quod he, here n'is but thou and I,
That art the creature that I beſt love;
For by that Lord that ſit in heven above
I hadde lever dien on a knif
Than thee offenden, dere trewe wif.
For Geddes ſake thinke how I thee chees,
Not for no covetiſe douteles,
But only for the love I had to thee.
And though that I be old and may not ſee,
Beth to me trewe, and I wol tell you why;
Certes three thinges ſhal ye win therby;
Firſt love of Criſt, and to yourſelf honour,
And all min heritage, toun and tour;
I yeve it you, maketh chartres as you leſt:
This ſhal be don to-morwe er ſoune reſt,

ly God my foule bring to bliſſe:
you on this covenant ye me kiſſe.
hough that I be jalous wite me nought;
a ſo depe enprented in my thought,
whan that I conſider your beautee,
herwithall the unlikely elde of me,
not certes, though I ſhulde die,
e to ben out of your compagnie
ray love; this is withouten doute:
tiſſe me, wif, and let us rome aboute.
s freſhe May, whan ſhe thiſe wordes herd,
tely to January anſwerd,
it and forward ſhe began to wepe:
, quod ſhe, a ſoule for to kepe
as ye, and alſo min honour,
f my wif hood, thilke tendre flour
that I have aſſured in your hond,
that the preeſt to you my body bond,
ere I wol anſwere in this manere,
eve of you, myn owen lord ſo dere.
ay to God that never daw that day
ne ſtarve, as foule as woman may,
I do unto my kin that ſhame,
I empeire ſo my name
be falſe; and if I do that lakke,
pen me and put me in a ſakke,
the nexte river do me drenche:
gentil woman and no wenche.
peke ye thus? but men ben ever untrewe,
omen han repreſe of you ay newe.
non other dallance, I leve,
eke to us as of untruſt and repreve.
with that word ſhe ſaw wher Damian
the buſh, and coughen ſhe began;
ith hire finger a ſigne made ſhe
Damian ſhulde climb up on a tre
harged was with fruit, and up he went;
rally he knew all hire entent,
ery ſigne that ſhe coude make,
et than January her own make;
a lettre ſhe had told him all
matere, how that he werken ſhall.
than I let him ſitting in the pery,
January and May roming ful mery.
he was the day, and blew the firmament;
s of gold his ſtremes doun hath ſent
den every flour with his warmneſſe;
s that time in Geminis I geſſe,
tel fro his declination
ecer, Joves exaltation.
befell in that bright morwe tide,
n the gardin, on the ferther ſide,
that is the King of Faerie,
many a ladie in his compagnie
g his wif, the Quene Proſerpina,
that he ravisſhed out of Ethna,
that ſhe gadred floures in the mede,
audian ye may the ſtory rede,
that hire in his griſely carte he ſette)
King of Faerie adoun him ſette
a benche of turves freſhe and grene,
ight anon thus ſaid he to his quene:
wif, quod he, ther may no wight ſay nay,
xperience ſo preveth it every day,
The treſon which that woman doth to man;
Ten hundred thouſand ſtories tell I can
Notable of your untrouth and brotelneſſe.
O Salomon! richeſt of all richeſſe,
Fulfilled of ſapience and wordly glorie,
Ful worthy ben thy wordes to memorie
To every wight that wit and reſon can.
Thus praiſeth he the bountee yet of man;
Among a thouſand men yet fond I on,
But of all women fond I never non.
Thus ſaith this king, that knewe your wikkedneſſe:
And Jeſus, *filius* Sirach, as I geſſe,
He ſpeketh of you but ſelden reverence.
A wilde fire, a corrupt peſtilence,
So fall upon your bodies yet to-night.
Ne ſee ye not this honourable knight?
Becauſe, alas! that he is blind and old
His owen man ſhal make him cokewold:
Lo wher he ſit, the lechour, in the tree.
Now wol I graunten of my majeſtee
Unto this olde blinde worthy knight,
That he ſhal have again his eyen ſight
Whan that his wif wol don him vilanie;
Than ſhal he knowen all hire harlotrie,
Both in repreſe of hire and other mo.
Ye, Sire, quod Proſerpine, and wol ye ſo?
Now by my modre Ceres ſoule I ſwere
That I ſhal yeve hire ſuffiſant anſwere,
And alle women after for hire ſake,
That though they ben in any gilt ytake,
With face bold they ſhul hemſelve excuſe,
And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuſe:
For lacke of anſwere non of us ſhul dien.
Al had ye ſeen a thing with both your eyen,
Yet ſhul we ſo viſage it hardely,
And wepe, and ſwere, and chiden, ſubtilly,
That ye ſhul ben as lewed as ben gees.
What rekketh me of your auctoritees?
I wote wel that this Jewe, this Salomon,
Fond of us women fooles many on:
But though that he ne fond no good woman,
Ther hath yfonden many an other man
Women ful good, and trewe and vertuous;
Witneſſe on hem that dwelte in Criſtes hous;
With martyrdom they preved hir conſtance.
The Roman geſtes maken remembrance
Of many a veray trewe wif alſo.
But, Sire, ne be not wroth al be it ſo,
Though that he ſaid he fond no good woman;
I pray you take the ſentence of the man:
He ment thus, that in ſoverein bountee
N'is non but God, no, nouther he ne ſhe.
Ey, for the veray God that n'is but on,
What maken ye ſo moche of Salomon?
What though he made a temple, Goddes hous?
What though he were riche and glorious?
So made he eke a temple of falſe goddes;
How might he don a thing that more forbode is?
Parde as faire as ye his name emplaſtre,
He was a lechour and an idolaſtre,
And in his elde he veray God forſoke;
And if that God ne hadde (as ſaithe the boke)
Spared him for his fathers ſake, he ſholde
Han loſt his regne rather than he wolde.

I sete nat of all the vilanie
That he of women wrote a boterflie.
I am a woman; nedes moste I speke,
Or swell unto that time min herte breke:
For sin he said that we ben janglereſſes,
As ever mote I brouken hole my treſſes,
I shal nat sparen for no curtesie
To speke him harm that sayth us vilanie.
Dame, quod this Pluto, be no lenger wroth,
I yeve it up: but sin I swore min oth,
That I wold graunten him his sight again,
My word shal stand, that warne I you certain!
I am a king, it fit me not to lie.
And I, quod she, am Queene of Faerie.
Hire answere she shal han I undertake;
Let us no more wordes of it make.
Forsoth, quod he, I wol you not contrary.
Now let us turn again to January,
That in the gardin with his faire May
Singeth wel merier than the popingay;
You love I best, and shal, and other non.
So long about the alleyes is he gon,
Til he was comen again to thilke pery
Wher as this Damian sitteth ful mery
On high, among the freshe leves grene.
This freshe May, that is so bright and shene,
Gan for to sike, and said, Alas, my side!
Now, Sire, quod she, for ought that may betide,
I moste have of the peres that I see,
Or I moste die, so sore longeth me
To eten of the smale peres grene;
Help for hire love that is of heven quene.
I tell you wel a woman in my plit
May have to fruit so gret an appetit,
That she may dien but she of it have.
Alas! quod he, that I n'adde here a knave
That coude climbe: alas! alas! (quod he)
For I am blinde. Ye, Sire, no force, quod she;
But wold ye vouchesauf, for Goddes sake,
The pery in with your armes for to take,
(For wel I wot that ye mistrusten me)
Than wold I climben wel ynough, (quod she)
So I my fote might setten on your back.
Certes, said he, therin shal be no lack,
Might I you helpen with min herte blood.
He stoupeth doun, and on his back she stood,
And caught hire by a twist; and up she goth.
(Ladies, I pray you that ye be not wroth;
I can nat glose; I am a rude man:)
And sodenly anon this Damian
Gan pullen up the smock, and in he throng.
And whan that Pluto saw this grete wrong,
To January he yaf again his sight,
And made him see as wel as ever he might;
And whan he thus had caught his sight again
Ne was ther never man of thing so fain:
But on his wif his thought was ever mo.
Up to the tree he cast his eyen two,
And saw how Damian his wife had dressed
In swiche manere it may not ben expressed,
But if I wolde speke uncurteisly;
And up he yaf a roring and a cry,
As doth the mother whan the child shal die:
Out! helpe! alas! harow! he gan to cry;
O stronge lady store, what doest thou?
And she answered, Sire, what aileth you?
Have patience and reson in your minde,
I have you holpen on both your eyen blinde.
Up peril of my soule, I shal nat lien,
As me was taught to helpen with your eyen
Was nothing better for to make you see
Than strogle with a man upon a tree:
God wot, I did it in ful good entent.
Strogle! quod he; ye, algate in it went.
Gode yeve you both on shames deth to dien;
He swived thee, I saw it with min eyen,
And elles be I honged by the halse.
Than is, quod she, my medicine al false;
For certainly if that ye mighten see,
Ye wold not say thise wordes unto me.
Ye have som glimsing, and no parfit sight.
I see, quod he, as wel as ever I might
(Thanked be God) with both min eyen two,
And by my seith me thought he did thee so.
Ye mase, ye masen, good Sire, quod she;
This thank have I for I have made you see:
Alas! quod she, that ever I was so kind.
Now Dame, quod he, let al passe out of min
Come doun, my lefe, and if I have missaid,
God helpe me so as I am evil appaid:
But by my fadres soule I wende have sein
How that this Damian had by thee lein,
And that thy smock had lein upon his brest.
Ye, Sire, quod she, ye may wene as you lest
But, Sire, a man that weketh of his slepe,
He may not sodenly wel taken kepe
Upon a thing, ne seen it parfitly,
Til that he be adawed verailly:
Right so a man that lang hath blind ybe,
He may not sodenly so wel ysee,
First whan his sight is newe comen agein,
As he that hath a day or two ysein.
Til that your sight ysateled be a while,
Ther may ful many a sighte you begile.
Beware, I pray you, for by heven King
Ful many a man weneth to see a thing,
And it is all another than it semeth:
He which that misconceiveth oft misdemeth.
And with that word she lep doun fro the tree
This January who is glad but he?
He kisseth hire and clippeth hire ful oft,
And on hire wombe he stroketh hire ful soft,
And to his paleis home he hath hire lad.
Now, goode men, I pray you to be glad.
Thus endeth here my Tale of Januarie;
God blesse us, and his moder Seinte Marie!

THE SQUIERES PROLOGUE.

des mercy, ſayde oure Hoſte tho,
che a wif I preie God kepe me fro.
he ſleightes and ſubtilitees
n ben; for ay as beſy as bees
us ſely men for to deceive,
n a ſothe wol they ever weive:
Marchantes Tale it preveth wel.
eles, as trewe as any ſtele
wif, though that ſhe poure be,
re tonge a labbing ſhrewe is ſhe;
ſhe hath an hepe of vices mo.
o force; let all ſwiche thinges go.
ye what? in conſeil be it ſeyde,
th ſore I am unto hire teyde;
I ſhulde rekene every vice
at ſhe hath, ywis I were to nice;
And cauſe why, it ſhulde reported be
And told to hire of ſom of this compagnie,
(Of whom it nedeth not for to declare,
Sin women connen utter ſwiche chaffare)
And eke my wit ſufficeth not therto
To tellen all; wherfore my Tale is do.
Squier, come ner, if it youre wille be,
And ſay ſomwhat of love, for certes ye
Connen theron as moche as any man.
Nay, Sire, quod he, but ſwiche thing as I can
With hertly wille, for I wol not rebelle
Agein your luſt, a Tale wol I telle.
Have me excuſed if I ſpeke amis:
My wille is good; and lo, my Tale is this.

THE SQUIERES TALE*.

a, in the lond of Tartarie,
elt a king that werreied Ruſſie,
which ther died many a doughty man.
le king was cleped Cambuſcan,
his time was of ſo gret renoun,
r n'as no wher in no regioun
So excellent a lorde in alle thing;
Him lacked nought that longeth to a king,
As of the ſecte of which that he was borne.
He kept his lay to which he was yſworne,
And therto he was hardy, wiſe, and riche,
And pitous and juſt, and alway yliche,
Trewe of his word, benigne and honourable,
Of his corage as any centre ſtable,
Yong, freſh, and ſtrong, in armes deſirous,
As any bacheler of all his hous.
A faire perſon he was and fortunate,
And kept alway ſo wel real eſtat,

ing of Arabia ſendith to Cambuſcan King of Sar-
and a ſword of rare qualite, and to his daughter
giſts and a ring, by the virtue whereof ſhe un-
h the language of all fowles. Much of this
ther loſt or elſe never finiſhed by Chaucer.

That ther n'as no wher ſwiche another man.
This noble king, this Tartre Cambuſcan,
Hadde two ſones by Elfeta his wif,
Of which the eldeſt ſone highte Algarſif,
That other was ycleped Camballo.
A doughter had this worthy king alſo,
That yongeſt was, and highte Canace:
But for to tellen you all hire beautee
It lith not in my tonge ne in my conning;
I dare not undertake ſo high a thing:
Min Engliſh eke is inſufficient;
It muſte ben a rethor excellent,
That coude his colours longing for that art,
If he ſhuld hire deſcriven ony part:
I am non ſwiche; I mote ſpeke as I can.
And ſo befel that whan this Cambuſcan
Hath twenty winter borne his diademe,
As he was wont fro yere to yere I deme,
He let the feſte of his nativitee
Don crien thurghout Sarra his citee
The laſt idus of March after the yere.
Phebus the ſonne ful jolif was and clere,
For he was nigh his exaltation
In Martes face, and in his manſion
In Aries, the colerike hote ſigne:
Ful luſty was the wether and benigne,
For which the foules again the ſonne ſhene:
What for the ſeſon and the yonge grene
Ful londe ſongen hir affections:
Hem ſemed han getten hem protections
Again the ſwerd of winter kene and cold.
This Cambuſcan, of which I have you told,
In real veſtiments, ſit on his deis
With diademe, ful high in paleis,
And holt his feſte ſo ſolempne and ſo riche,
That in this world ne was ther non it liche,
Of which if I ſhall tellen all the array,
Than wold it occupie a ſomers day;
And eke it nedeth not for to deviſe
At every cours the order of hir ſervice:
I wol not tellen of hir ſtrange ſewes,
Ne of hir ſwannes ne hir heronſewes:
Eke in that lond, as tellen knightes old,
Ther is ſom mete that is ful deintee hold,
That in his lond men recche of it ful ſmal:
Ther n'is no man that may reporten al.
I wol not tarien you, for it is prime,
And for it is no fruit, but loſſe of time;
Unto my purpos I wol have recours.
And ſo befelle, that after the thridde cours,
While that this king ſit thus in his nobley,
Herking his miniſtralles hir thinges pley,
Beforne him at his bord deliciouſly,
In at the halle dore al ſodenly
Ther came a knight upon a ſtede of bras,
And in his hond a brod mirrour of glas;
Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
And by his ſide a naked ſwerd hanging;
And up he rideth to the highe bord.
In all the halle ne was ther ſpoke a word
For mervaille of this knight; him to behold
Ful beſily they waiten yong and old.
This ſtrange knight that come this ſodenly,
Al armed ſave his hed ful richely,
Salueth king and quene, and lordes alle,
By order as they ſaten in the halle,
With ſo high reverence and obſervance,
As wel in ſpeche as in his contenance,
That Gawain with his olde curteſie,
Though he were come agen out of Faerie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word:
And after this beforn the highe bord
He with a manly vois ſayd his meſſage,
After the forme uſed in his langage,
Withouten vice of ſillable or of letter:
And for his tale ſhulde ſeme the better,
Accordant to his wordes was his chere,
As techeth art of ſpeche hem that it lere.
Al be it that I cannot ſoune his ſtile,
Ne cannot climben over ſo high a ſtile,
Yet ſay I this, as to comun entent,
Thus much amounteth all that ever he ment,
If it ſo be that I have it in mind.
He ſayd, The King of Arabie and of Inde,
My liege Lord, on this ſolempne day,
Salueth you as he beſt can and may,
And ſendeth you, in honour of your feſte,
By me, that am al redy at your heſte,
This ſtede of bras, that eſily and wel
Can in the ſpace of a day naturel
(This is to ſayn, in four-and-twenty houres)
Wher ſo you liſt, in drought or elles ſhoures,
Beren your body into every place
To which your herte willeth for to pace,
Withouten wemme of you thurgh foule or faire
Or if you liſt to fleen as high in the aire
As doth an egle, whan him liſt,
This ſame ſtede ſhal bere you evermore,
Withouten harme, till ye be ther you leſt,
(Though that ye ſlepen on his back or reſt)
And turne again with writhing of a pin;
He that it wrought he coude many a gin;
He waited many a conſtellation
Or he had don this operation,
And knew ful many a ſele and many a bond.
This mirrour eke that I have in min hond
Hath ſwiche a might that men may in it ſee
Whan ther ſhal falle ony adverſitee
Unto your regne or to yourſelf alſo,
And openly who is your friend or fo;
And over all this, if any lady bright
Hath ſet hire herte on any maner wight,
If he be falſe, ſhe ſhall his treſon ſee,
His newe love, and all his ſubtiltee,
So openly, that ther ſhal nothing hide.
Wherfore again this luſty ſomer tide
This mirrour and this ring, that ye may ſe,
He hath ſent to my Lady Canace,
Your excellente doughter that is here.
The vertue of this ring, if ye wol here,
Is this, that if hire liſt it for to were
Upon hire thombe, or in hire purſe it bere,
Ther is no foule that fleeth under heven
That ſhe ne ſhal wel underſtond his ſteven,
And know his mening openly and plaine,
And anſwere him in his langage again;
And every gras that groweth upon rote
She ſhal eke know, and whom it wol do bote,

be his woundes never so depe and wide.
This naked sword, that hangeth by my side,
che vertue hath, that what man that it smite,
rghout his armure it wol kerve and bite,
re it as thicke as is a braunched oke;
d what man that is wounded with the stroke
l never be hole, til that you lift of grace
stroken him with the platte in thilke place
er he is hurt; this is as much to sain
moten with the platte sword again
ken him in the wound and it wol close.
is is the veray soth withouten glose:
illeth not while it is in your hold.
And whan this knight hath thus his tale told
rideth out of halle, and doun he light.
stede, which that shone as sonne bright,
s in the court as stille as any ston.
is knight is to his chambre ladde anon,
d is unarmed, and to the mete ysette.
ise presents ben ful richelich ysette,
is is to sain, the sword and the mirrour,
d borne anon into the highe tour
th certain officers ordained therfore;
d unto Canace the ring is bore
empnely, ther she sat at the table.
tikerly, withouten any fable,
e hors of bras, that may not be remued,
tant as it were to the ground yglued:
er may no man out of the place it drive
non engine of windas or polive:
d cause why, for they con not the craft,
d therfore in the place they han it laft
that the knight hath taught hem the manere
voiden him, as ye shal after here.
Gret was the prees that swarmed to and fro
gauren on this hors that stondeth so;
it so high was, and so brod and long,
wel proportioned for to be strong,
ght as it were a stede of Lumbardie,
herwith so horsly and so quick of eye
a gentil Poileis courser were;
ornes fro his tayl unto his ere
ne nat ne coud him not amend
odegree, as all the peple wend.
But evermore hir moste wonder was
w that it coude gon and was of bras;
was of Faerie, as the peple semed:
erse folk diversely han demed:
many heds as many wittes ben.
ey murmured as doth a swarme of been,
d maden skilles after hir fantasies,
herfing of the olde poetries,
d sayd it was ylike the Pegasee,
e hors that hadde winges for to flee,
elles it was the Grekes hors Sinon,
at broughte Troye to destruction,
men moun in thise olde gestes rede.
Min herte (quod on) is evermore in drede;
rowe som men of armes ben therin,
at shapen hem this citee for to win:
were right good that al swiche thing were know.
nother rowned to his felaw low,
d sayd, He lieth, for it is rather like
apparence ymade by som magike,
As jogelours plaien at thise festes grete.
Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete,
As lewed peple demen comunly
Of thinges that ben made more subtilly
Than they can in hir lewednesse comprehende:
They demen gladly to the badder ende.
And som of hem wondred on the mirrour
That born was up in to the maister tour,
How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.
Another answered and sayd, It might wel be
Naturelly by compositions
Of angles and slie reflections;
And saide that in Rome was swiche on.
They speke of Alhazen and Vitellon,
And Aristotle, that writen in hir lives
Of queinte mirrours and of prospectives,
As knowen they that han hir bookes herd.
And other folk han wondred on the sword
That wolde percen thurghout every thing;
And fell in speche of Telephus the king,
And of Achilles for his queinte spere,
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,
Right in swiche wise as men may with the sword
Of which right now ye have yourselven herd.
They speken of sondry harding of metall,
And speken of medicines therwithall,
And how and whan it shuld yharded be,
Which is unknow algates unto me.
Tho speken they of Canacees ring,
And saiden all that swiche a wonder thing
Of craft of ringes herd they never non,
Save that he Moises and King Salomon
Hadden a name of conning in swiche art.
Thus sain the peple, and drawen hem apart.
But natheles som saiden that it was
Wonder to maken of ferne ashen glas,
And yet is glas nought like ashen of ferne;
But for they han yknowen it so ferne,
Therfore ceseth hir jangling and hir wonder.
As fore wondren som on cause of thonder,
On ebbe and floud, on gossomer and on mist,
And on all thing til that the cause is wist.
Thus janglen they, and demen and devise,
Til that the king gan fro his bord arise.
Phebus hath left the angle meridional,
And yet ascending was the beste real,
The gentil Leon, with his Aldrian,
Whan that this Tartre king, this Cambuscan,
Rose fro his bord, ther as he sat ful hie:
Beforne him goth the loude minstralcie,
Til he come to his chambre of parements,
Ther as they founden divers instruments,
That it is like an heven for to here.
Now dauncen lusty Venus children dere,
For in the Fish hir lady sat ful hie,
And loketh on hem with a frendly eye.
This noble king is set upon his trone,
This straunge knight is set to him ful sone,
And on the daunce he goth with Canace.
Here is the revell and the jolitee
That is not able a dull man to devise:
He must han knowen Love and his servise,
And ben a festlich man, as fresh as May,
That shulde you devisen swiche array.

Who coude tellen you the forme of daunces
So uncouth, and so freshe contenaunces,
Swiche subtil lokings and dissimulings,
For dred of jalous mennes appercevings?
No man but Launcelot, and he is ded;
Therfore I passe over all this lustyhed;
I say no more, but in this jolinesse
I lete hem til men to the souper hem dresse.
The steward bit the spices for to hie,
And eke the win, in all this melodie;
The ushers and the squierie ben gon,
The spices and the win is come anon:
They ete and drinke, and whan this had an end
Unto the temple, as reson was, they wend:
The service don, they soupen all by day.
What nedeth you rehersen hir array?
Eche man wot wel that at a kinges fest
Is plentee to the most and to the lest,
And deintees mo than ben in my knowing.
At after souper goth this noble king
To seen this hors of bras, with all a route
Of lordes and of ladies him aboute.
Swiche wondring was ther on this hors of bras,
That sin the gret assege of Troye was
Ther as men wondred on an hors also,
Ne was ther swiche a wondring as was tho.
But, finally, the king asketh the knight
The vertue of this courser and the might,
And praied him to tell his governaunce.
This hors anon gan for to trip and daunce.
Whan that the knight laid hond up on his rein,
And saide, Sire, ther n'is no more to sain,
But whan you list to riden any where
Ye moten trill a pin stant in his ere,
Which I shal tellen you betwixt us two,
Ye moten nempne him to what place also,
Or to what contree that you list to ride.
And whan ye come ther as you list abide,
Bid him descend, and trill another pin,
(For therin lieth the effect of all the gin)
And he wol doun descend and don your will,
And in that place he wol abiden still;
Though all the world had the contrary swore,
He shal not thennes be drawe ne bore:
Or if you list to bid him thennes gon,
Trille this pin, and he wol vanish anon
Out of the sight of every maner wight,
And come agen, be it by day or night,
Whan that you list to clepen him again
In swiche a guise as I shal to you sain
Betwixen you and me, and that ful sone.
Ride whan you list, ther n'is no more to done.
Enfourmed whan the king was of the knight,
And hath conceived in his wit aright
The maner and the forme of all this thing,
Ful glad and blith this noble doughty king
Repaireth to his revel as beforne.
The bridel is in to the tour yborne,
And kept among his jewels lefe and dere:
The hors vanisht, I n'ot in what manere,
Out of hir sight, ye get no more of me:
But thus I lete in lust and jolitee
This Cambuscan his lordes festeying
Til that wel nigh the day began to spring.

Pars secunda.

The norice of digestion, the slepe,
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken kepe
That mochel drinke and labour wol have rest,
And with a galping mouth hem all he kest,
And said, that it was time to lie adoun,
For blood was in his dominatioun:
Cherisheth blood, natures frend, quod he.
They thanken him galping, by two, by three;
And every wight gan drawe him to his rest,
As slepe hem bade; they toke it for the best.
Hir dremes shal not now be told for me;
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee,
That causeth dreme, of which ther is no charge:
They slepen till that it was prime large,
The moste part, but it were Canace;
She was ful mesurable, as women be;
For of hire father had she take hire leve
To gon to rest sone after it was eve;
Here liste not appalled for to be,
Nor on the morwe unestliche for to see,
And slept hire firste slepe, and than awoke:
For swiche a joy she in hire herte toke
Both of hire queinte ring and of hire mirrour,
That twenty time she chaunged hire colour.
And in hire slepe right for the impression
Of hire mirrour she had a vision;
Wherfore or that the sonne gan up glide
She clepeth upon hire maistresse hire beside,
And saide that hire luste for to arise.
Thise olde women that ben gladly wise,
As is hire maistresse, answerd hire anon,
And said, Madam, whider wol ye gon
Thus erly? for the folk ben all in rest.
I wol, quod she, arisen (for me lest
No longer for to slepe) and walken aboute.
Hire maistresse clepeth women a gret route,
And up they risen wel a ten or twelve;
Up riseth freshe Canace hireselve,
As rody and bright as the yonge sonne
That in the Ram is foure degrees yronne;
No higher was he whan she redy was;
And forth she walketh esily a pas,
Arrayed after the lusty seson sote
Lightely for to playe, and walken on fote,
Nought but with five or sixe of hire meinie,
And in a trenche forth in the park goth she.
The vapour which that fro the erthe glode
Maketh the sonne to seme rody and brode;
But natheles it was so faire a sight
That it made all hir hertes for to light,
What for the seson and the morwening,
And for the foules that she herde sing,
For right anon she wiste what they ment
Right by hir song, and knew al hir entent.
The knotte why that every tale is tolde,
If it be taried til the lust be colde
Of hem that han it herkened after yore,
The favour passeth ever lenger the more
For fulsumnesse of the prolixitee;
And by that same reson thinketh me
I shuld unto the knotte condescende,
And maken of hire walking sone an ende.

Amidde a tree for-dry, as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in hire walk,
Ther sat a faucon over hire hed ful hie
That with a pitous vois so gan to crie,
That all the wood resouned of hire cry,
And beten had hireself so pitously
Wth both hire winges til the rede blood
Ran endelong the tree ther as she stood;
And ever in on alway she cried and shright,
And with hire bek hireselven she so twight,
That ther n'is tigre ne no cruel best
That dwelleth other in wood or in forest
That n'olde han wept, if that he wepen coude,
For sorwe of hire, she shright alway so loude.
For ther was never yet no man on live,
If that he coude a faucon wel descrive,
The herde of swiche another of fayrenesse
As wel of plumage as of gentilesse
Of shape, of all that might yrekened be:
A faucon peregrine semed she
Of fremde lond, and ever as she stood
She swouned now and now for lack of blood,
Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree.
This faire kinges doughter Canace,
That on hire finger bare the queinte ring,
Through which she understood wel every thing
That any foule may in his leden sain,
And coude answere him in his leden again,
Hath understonden what this faucon seyd,
And wel neigh for the routhe almost she deyd;
And to the tree she goth ful hastily,
And on this faucon loketh pitously,
And held hire lap abrode, for wel she wist
The faucon muste fallen from the twist
When that she swouned next, for faute of blood.
A longe while to waiten hire she stood,
Til at the last she spake in this manere
Unto the hauk, as ye shul after here:
What is the cause, if it be for to tell,
That ye ben in this furial peine of hell?
Quod Canace unto this hauk above;
Is this for sorwe of deth or losse of love?
For wel I trow thise be the causes two
That causen most a gentil herte wo.
Of other harme it nedeth not to speke,
For ye yourself upon yourself awreke,
Which preveth wel that other ire or drede
Mote ben encheson of your cruel dede,
So that I se non other wight you chace.
For the love of God as doth yourselven grace;
Or what may be your helpe? for west ne est
Ne saw I never er now no brid ne best
That ferde with himself so pitously.
Ye sle me with your sorwe veraily,
I have of you so gret compassioun.
For Goddes love come fro the tree adoun,
And as I am a kinges doughter trewe,
If that I veraily the causes knewe
Of your disese, if it lay in my might
I wold amend it or that it were night,
As wisly help me the gret God of kind;
And herbes shal I right ynough yfind
To helen with your hurtes hastily.
Tho shright this faucon yet more pitously
Than ever she did, and fell to ground anon,
And lith aswoune as ded as lith a ston,
Til Canace hath in hire lappe hire take
Unto that time she gan of swoune awake,
And after that she out of swoune abraide
Right in hire haukes leden thus she sayde:
That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte
(Feling his similitude in peines smerte)
Is proved alle day, as men may see
As wel by werke as by auctoritee,
For gentil herte kitheth gentillesse.
I see wel that ye have on my distresse
Compassion, my faire Canace,
Of veray womanly benignitee
That Nature in your principles hath set.
But for non hope for to fare the bet,
But for to obey unto your herte free,
And for to maken other yware by me,
As by the whelpe chastised is the leon,
Right for that cause and that conclusion,
While that I have a leiser and a space,
Min harme I wol confessen er I pace.
And ever while that on hire sorwe told
That other wept as she to water wold,
Til that the faucon bad hire to be still,
And with a sike right thus she said hire till:
Ther I was bred (alas that ilke day!)
And fostred in a roche of marble gray
So tendrely, that nothing ailed me;
I ne wist not what was adversitee
Til I coud flee full high under the skie.
Tho dwelled a tercelet me faste by
That semed welle of alle gentillesse,
Al were he ful of treson and falsenesse.
It was so wrapped under humble chere,
And under hew of trouth in swiche manere,
Under plesance, and under besy peine,
That no wight coud have wend he coude feine,
So depe in greyn he died his coloures.
Right as a serpent hideth him under floures,
Til he may see his time for to bite,
Right so this god of Loves hypocrite
Doth so his ceremonies and obeisance,
And kepeth in semblaunt alle his observance
That souneth unto gentillesse of love.
As on a tombe is all the faire above,
And under is the corps, swiche as ye wote,
Swiche was this hypocrite both cold and hote,
And in this wise he served his entent,
That save the fend non wiste what he ment;
Til he so long had weped and complained,
And many a yere his service to me fained,
Til that min herte, to pitous and to nice,
Al innocent of his crowned malice,
For-fered of his deth, as thoughte me,
Upon his othes and his seuretee
Graunted him love on this conditioun,
That evermo min honour and renoun
Were saved, both privee and apert;
This is to say, that after his desert
I yave him all min herte and all my thought,
(God wote and he that other wayes nought)
And toke his herte in chaunge of min for ay.
But soth is said, gon sithen is many a day
A trewe wight and a theef thinken not on.
And whan he saw the thing so fer ygon,
That I had granted him fully my love,
In swiche a guise as I have said above,

And yeven him my trewe herte as free
As he swore that he yaf his herte to me,
Anon this tigre, ful of doublenesse,
Fell on his knees with so gret humblesse,
With so high reverence, as by his chere,
So like a gentil lover of manere,
So ravished, as it semed, for the joye,
That never Jason ne Paris of Troye,
Jason! certes ne never other man
Sin Lamech was, that alderfirst began
To loven two, as writen folk beforne,
Ne never sithen the first man was borne,
Ne coude man by twenty thousand part
Contrefete the sophimes of his art,
Ne were worthy to unbocle his galoche,
Ther doublenesse of faining shuld approche,
Ne coude so thanke a wight as he did me.
His maner was an heven for to see
To any woman, were she never so wise,
So painted he and kempt at point devise
As wel his wordes as his contenance:
And I so loved him for his obeisance,
And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,
That if so were that any thing him smerte,
Al were it never so lite, and I it wist,
Me thought I felt deth at myn herte twist.
And, shortly, so ferforth this thing is went,
That my will was his willes instrument;
This is to say, my will obeied his will
In alle thing, as fer as reson fill,
Keping the boundes of my worship ever:
Ne never had I thing so lefe ne lever
As him, God wot, ne never shal no mo.
This lasteth lenger than a yere or two,
That I supposed of him nought but good:
But, finally, thus at the last it stood,
That Fortune wolde that he muste twin
Out of that place which that I was in.
Wher me was wo it is no question;
I cannot make of it description:
For o thing dare I tellen boldely,
I know what is the peine of deth therby,
Swiche harme I felt, for he ne might byleve.
So on a day of me he toke his leve,
So sorweful eke, that I wend verailly
That he had felt as mochel harme as I,
Whan that I herd him speke and saw his hewe:
But natheles I thought he was so trewe,
And eke that he repairen shuld again
Within a litel while, soth for to sain,
And reson wold eke that he muste go
For his honour, as often happeth so,
That I made vertue of necessitee,
And toke it wel sin that it muste be.
As I best might I hid fro him my sorwe,
And toke him by the hond, Seint John to borwe,
And said him thus, Lo, I am youres all,
Beth swiche as I have ben to you and shall.
What he answerd it nedeth not reherse;
Who can say bet than he, who can do werse?
Whan he hath al wel said than hath he done;
Therfore behoveth him a ful long spone
That shal ete with a fend; thus herd I say.
So at the last he muste forth his way;
Whan forth he fleeth, til he come ther him lest.
Whan it came him to purpos for to rest,
I trow that he had thilke text in mind,
That alle thing repairing to his kind
Gladeth himself; thus sain men as I gesse:
Men loven of propre kind newefangelnesse,
As briddes don that men in cages fede;
For though thou night and day take of hem hed
And strew hir cage faire and soft as silke,
And give hem sugre, hony, bred, and milke,
Yet right anon as that his dore is up
He with his feet wol spurnen doun his cup,
And to the wood he wol and wormes ete,
So newefangel ben they of hir mete,
And loven noveltees of propre kind;
No gentillesse of blood ne may hem bind.
So ferd this tercelet, alas the day!
Though he were gentil borne, and fresh, and gay,
And goodly for to seen, and humble, and free,
He saw upon a time a kite flee,
And sodenly he loved this kite so
That all his love is clene from me ago,
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wise.
Thus hath the kite my love in hire service,
And I am lorn withouten remedy.
And with that word this faucon gan to cry,
And swouneth eft in Canacees barme.
Gret was the sorwe for that haukes harme
That Canace and all hire women made;
They n'isten how they might the faucon glade:
But Canace home bereth hire in hire lap,
And softely in plastres gan hire wrap
Ther as she with hir bek had hurt hireselve.
Now cannot Canace but herbes delve
Out of the ground, and maken salves newe
Of herbes precious and fine of hewe
To helen with this hauk: fro day to night
She doth hire besinesse and all hire might.
And by hire beddes hed she made a mew,
And covered it with velouettes blew,
In signe of trouth that is in woman sene,
And all without the mew is peinted grene,
In which were peinted all thise false foules,
As ben thise tidifes, tercelettes, and owles,
And pies, on hem for to cry and chide,
Right for despit were peinted hem beside.
Thus lete I Canace hire hauk keping:
I wol no more as now speke of hire ring,
Til it come eft to purpos for to sain,
How that this faucon gat hire love again
Repentant, as the story telleth us,
By mediation of Camballus,
The kinges sone, of which that I you told;
But hennesforth I wol my processe hold
To speke of aventures and of batailles,
That yet was never herd so gret mervailles.
First wol I tellen you of a Cambuscan,
That in his time many a citee wan;
And after wol I speke of Algarsif,
How that he wan Theodora to his wif,
For whom ful oft in gret peril he was,
Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras;
And after wol I speke of Camballo,
That fought in listes with the brethren two
For Canace, er that he might hire winne,
And ther I left I wol again beginne.
* * * * * * * *

THE FRANKELEINES PROLOGUE.

In faith, Squier, thou haſt thee wel yquit,
And gentilly: I preiſe wel thy wit,
Quod the Frankelein. Conſidering thin youthe
So feelingly thou ſpekeſt, Sire, I aloue the
As to my dome ther is non that is here
Of eloquence that ſhal be thy pere
If that you live: God yeve thee goode chance,
And in vertue ſend thee continuance,
For of thy ſpeking I have gret deintee.
I have a ſone, and by the Trinitee
It were me lever than twenty pound worth lond,
Though it right now were fallen in my hond,
He were a man of ſwiche diſcretion
As that ye ben. Fie on poſſeſſion
But if a man be vertuous withal!
I have my ſone ſnibbed and yet ſhal,
For he to vertue liſteth not to entend,
But for to play at dis and to diſpend,
And leſe all that he hath, is his uſage;
And he had lever talken with a page
Than to commune with any gentil wight
Ther he might leren gentilleſſe aright.
Straw for your gentilleſſe! quod our Hoſte.
What? Frankelein, parde, Sire, wel thou woſt
That eche of you mote tellen at the leſt
A Tale or two, or breken his beheſt.
That know I wel, Sire, quod the Frankelein:
I pray you haveth me not in diſdain
Though I to this man ſpeke a word or two.
Tell on thy Tale withouten wordes mo.
Gladly, Sire Hoſte, quod he, I wol obey
Unto your will: now herkeneth what I ſey:
I wol you not contrarien in no wiſe,
As fer as that my wittes may ſuffice.
I pray to God that it may pleſen you,
Than wot I wel that is good ynow.
Thiſe olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
Of diverſe aventures maden layes
Rimeyed in hir firſte Breton tonge,
Which layes with hire inſtruments they ſonge,
Or elles redden hem for hir pleſance,
And on of hem have I in remembrance,
Which I ſhall ſayn with good wille as I can.
But, Sires, becauſe I am a borel man,
At my beginning firſt I you beſeche
Have me excuſed of my rude ſpeche:
I lerned never rhetorike certain;
Thing that I ſpeke it mote be bare and plain;
I ſlept never on the Mount of Pernaſo,
Ne lerned Marcus Tullius Cicero.
Colours ne know I non, withouten drede,
But ſwiche colours as growen in the mede,
Or elles ſwiche as men die with or peinte;
Colours of rhetorike ben to me queinte;
My ſpirit feleth not of ſwiche matere:
But if you luſt, my Tale ſhul ye here.

THE FRANKELEINES TALE*.

In Armorike, that called is Bretaigne,
Ther was a knight that loved and did his peine
To ſerve a ladie in his beſte wiſe,
And many a labour, many a gret empriſe,
He for his lady wrought or ſhe were wonne,
For ſhe was on the faireſt under ſonne,
And eke therto comen of ſo high kinrede
That wel unnethes durſt this knight for drede
Tell hire his wo, his peine, and his diſtreſſe:
But at the laſt ſhe for his worthineſſe,
And namely for his meke obeyſance,
Hath ſwiche a pitee caught of his penance,
That prively ſhe fell of his accord
To take him for hire huſbond and hire lord,
(Of ſwiche lordſhip as men han over hir wives)
And, for to lede the more in bliſſe hir lives,

* Aurelius, after much labour and coſt beſtowed to win the love of Dorigen, another man's wife, is content in the end, through the good dealing of her and her huſband, to loſe both his labour and coſt. The ſcope of this Tale ſeemeth to be a contention of courteſy. *Urry.*

Of his free will he ſwore hire as a knight
That never in all his lif he day ne night
Ne ſhulde take upon him no maiſtrie
Agains hire will, ne kithe hir jalouſie,
But hire obey, and ſolwe hire will in al,
As any lover to his lady ſhal,
Save that the name of ſoverainetee,
That wold he han for ſhame of his degree.
She thonked him, and with ful gret humbleſſe
She ſaide, Sire, ſin of your gentilleſſe
Ye profren me to have ſo large a reine,
Ne wolde God never betwix us tweine,
As in my gilt, were either werre or ſtrif:
Sire, I wol be your humble trewe wif,
Have here my trouth, till that myn herte breſte.
Thus ben they both in quiete and in reſte.
For o thing, Sires, ſaufly dare I ſeie,
That frendes everich other muſt obeie,
If they wol long holden compagnie:
Love wol not be conſtreined by maiſtrie:
Whan maiſtrie cometh, the god of Love anon
Beteth his winges, and, farewel, he is gon.
Love is a thing as any ſpirit free.
Women of kind deſiren libertee,
And not to be conſtreined as a thral;
And ſo don men, if ſothly I ſay ſhal.
Loke, who that is moſt patient in love
He is at his avantage all above.
Patience is an high vertue certain,
For it venquiſheth, as thiſe clerkes ſain,
Thinges that rigour never ſhulde atteine.
For every word men may not chide or pleine.
Lerneth to ſuffren, or, ſo mote I gon,
Ye ſhul it lerne whether ye wol or non;
For in this world certain no wight ther is
That he ne doth or ſayth ſomtime amis.
Ire, ſikneſſe, or conſtellation,
Win, wo, or changing of complexion,
Cauſeth ful oft to don amis or ſpeken:
On every wrong a man may not be wreken.
After the time muſt be temperance
To every wight that can of governance:
And therfore hath this worthy wife knight
(To liven in eſe) ſuffrance hire behight,
And ſhe to him ful wiſly gan to ſwere
That never ſhuld ther be defaute in here.
Here may men ſeen an humble wife accord;
Thus hath ſhe take hire ſervant and hire lord,
Servant in love and lord in mariage.
Than was he both in lordſhip and ſervage?
Servage! nay, but in lordſhip al above,
Sin he hath both his lady and his love;
His lady certes, and his wif alſo,
The which that law of love accordeth to.
And whan he was in this proſperitee
Home with his wif he goth to his contree,
Not fer fro Penmark, ther his dwelling was,
Wher as he liveth in bliſſe and in ſolas.
Who coude telle, but he had wedded be,
The joye, the eſe, and the proſperitee
That is betwix an huſbond and his wif?
A yere and more laſteth this bliſful lif,
Til that this knight, of which I ſpake of thus,
That of Cairrud was cleped Arviragus,
Shope him to gon and dwelle a yere or twaine
In Englelond, that cleped was eke Bretaigne,
To ſeke in armes worſhip and honour,
(For all his luſt he ſet in ſwiche labour)
And dwelte ther two yere: the book ſaith thus.
Now wol I ſtint of this Arviragus,
And ſpeke I wol of Dorigene his wif,
That loveth hire huſbond as hire hertes lif.
For his abſence wepeth ſhe and ſiketh,
As don thiſe noble wives whan hem liketh:
She morneth, waketh, waileth, faſteth, pleineth:
Deſir of his preſence hire ſo diſtraineth,
That all this wide world ſhe ſet at nought.
Hire frendes, which that knew hire hevy thought,
Comforten hire in all that ever they may;
They prechen hire, they telle hire night and day
That cauſeles ſhe fleth hireſelf, alas!
And every comfort poſſible in this cas
They don to hire with all hire beſineſſe,
Al for to make hire leve hire hevineſſe.
By proceſſe, as ye knowen everich on,
Men mowe ſo longe graven in a ſton
Til ſom figure therin emprented be:
So long han they comforted hire til ſhe
Received hath, by hope and by reſon,
The emprenting of hir conſolation,
Thurgh which hire grete ſorwe gan aſſuage:
She may not alway duren in ſwiche rage.
And eke Arviragus, in all this care,
Hath ſent his lettres home of his welfare,
And that he wol come haſtily again,
Or elles had this ſorwe hire herte ſlain.
Hire frendes ſaw hire ſorwe gan to ſlake,
And preiden hire on knees, for Goddes ſake,
To come and romen in hir compagnie,
Away to driven hire darke fantaſie:
And, finally, ſhe granted that requeſt,
For wel ſhe ſaw that it was for the beſt.
Now ſtood hire caſtel faſte by the ſee,
And often with hire frendes walked ſhe,
Hire to diſporten on the bank an hie,
Wher as ſhe many a ſhip and barge ſie
Sailing hir cours wher as hem liſt to go:
But than was that a parcel of hire wo,
For to hireſelf ful oft, alas! ſaid ſhe,
Is ther no ſhip, of ſo many as I ſee,
Wol bringen home my lord? than were my herte
Al wariſhed of his bitter peines ſmerte.
Another time wold ſhe ſit and thinke,
And caſt hire eyen dounward fro the brinke;
But whan ſhe ſaw the griſly rockes blake,
For veray fere ſo wold hire herte quake
That on hire feet ſhe might hire not ſuſtene:
Than wold ſhe ſit adoun upon the grene,
And pitouſly into the ſee behold,
And ſay right thus, with careful ſikes cold:
Eterne God! that thurgh thy purveance
Ledeſt this world by certain governance,
In idel, as men ſain, ye nothing make:
But, Lord! thiſe griſly ſendly rockes blake,
That ſemen rather a foule confuſion
Of werk than any faire creation
Of ſwiche a parfit wiſe God and ſtable,
Why han ye wrought this werk unreſonable?

For by this werk north, ſouth, ne weſt, ne eſt,
Ther n'is yfoſtred man, ne brid, ne beſt:
It doth no good to my wit, but anoyeth.
See ye not, Lord! how mankind it deſtroyeth?
An hundred thouſand bodies of mankind
Han rockes ſlain, al be they not in mind,
Which mankind is ſo faire part of thy werk,
Thou made it like to thyn owen merk.
Than, ſemeth it, ye had a gret chertee
Toward mankind; but how than may it be
That ye ſwiche menes make it to deſtroyen,
Which menes don no good, but ever anoyen?
I wote wel clerkes wol ſain as hem leſt,
By arguments, that all is for the beſt,
Though I ne can the cauſes nought yknow;
But thilke God that made the wind to blow
I kepe my lord; this is my concluſion;
To clerkes lete I all diſputiſon:
But wolde God that all thiſe rockes blake
Were ſonken into helle for his ſake:
Thiſe rockes ſlee min herte for the fere.
Thus wold ſhe ſay with many a pitous tere.
Hire frendes ſaw that it was no diſport
To romen by the ſee, but diſcomfort,
And ſhape hem for to plaien ſomwher elles.
They leden hire by rivers and by welles,
And eke in other places delitable;
They dancen, and they play at ches and tables.
So on a day, right in the morwe tide,
Unto a gardin that was ther beſide,
In which that they had made hir ordinance
Of vitaille and of other purveance,
They gon and plaie hem all the longe day;
And this was on the ſixte morwe of May,
Which May had peinted with his ſofte ſhoures
This garden ful of leves and of floures:
And craft of mannes hond ſo curiouſly
Arrayed had this gardin trewely,
That never was ther gardin of ſwiche pris,
Be it were the veray Paradis.
The odour of floures and the freſhe ſight
Would ſom ymaked any herte light
That ever was born, but if to gret ſikeneſſe
Or gret ſorwe held it in diſtreſſe,
So full it was of beautee and pleſance.
And after dinner gonnen they to dance
And ſing alſo, ſauf Dorigene alone,
Which made alway hire complaint and hire mone,
For he ne ſaw him on the dance go
That was hire huſbond and hire love alſo:
But natheles ſhe muſt a time abide,
And with good hope let hire ſorwe ſlide.
Upon this dance, amonges other men,
Danced a ſquier before Dorigen
That freſher was and jolier of array,
As to my dome, than is the month of May.
He ſingeth, danceth, paſſing any man
That is or was ſin that the world began;
Therwith he was, if men ſhuld him diſcrive,
One of the beſte faring men on live;
Yong, ſtrong, and vertuous, and riche, and wiſe,
And wel beloved, and holden in gret priſe.
And, ſhortly, if the ſoth I tellen ſhal,
Unwetting of this Dorigene at al,
This luſty ſquier, ſervant to Venus,
Which that yeleped was Aurelius,
Had loved hire beſt of any creature
Two yere and more, as was his aventure,
But never dorſt he tell hire his grevance:
Withouten cup he dranke all his penance.
He was diſpeired; nothing dorſt he ſay,
Sauf in his ſonges ſomewhat wold he wray
His wo, as in a general complaining;
He ſaid he loved and was beloved nothing.
Of ſwiche matere made he many layes,
Songes, complaintes, roundels, virelayes;
How that he dorſte not his ſorwe telle,
But languiſheth as doth a Furie in helle;
And die he muſt, he ſaid, as did Ecco
For Narciſſus, that dorſt not tell hire wo.
In other manner than ye here me ſay
Ne dorſt he not to hire his wo bewray,
Sauf that paraventure ſomtime at dances,
Ther yonge folk kepen hir obſervances,
It may wel be he loked on hire face
In ſwiche a wiſe as man that axeth grace;
But nothing wiſte ſhe of his entent.
Natheleſs it happened or they thennes went,
Becauſe that he was hire neighebour,
And was a man of worſhip and honour,
And had yknowen him of time yore,
They fell in ſpeche, and forth ay more and more
Unto his purpos drew Aurelius,
And when he ſaw his time he ſaide thus:
Madame quod he, by God that this world made,
So that I wiſt it might your herte glade,
I wold that day that your Arviragus
Went over ſee that I Aurelius
Had went ther I ſhuld never come again,
For wel I wot my ſervice is in vain;
My guerdon n'is but breſting of min herte.
Madame, rueth upon my peines ſmerte,
For with a word ye may me ſleen or ſave.
Here at your feet God wold that I were grave.
I ne have as now no leiſer more to ſey:
Have mercy, ſwete! or ye wol do me dey.
She gan to loke upon Aurelius:
Is this your will, (quod ſhe) and ſay ye thus?
Never erſt (quod ſhe) ne wiſt I what ye ment,
But now, Aurelie, I know your entent.
By thilke God that yaf me ſoule and lif
Ne ſhal I never ben an untrew wif
In word ne werk, es fer as I have wit;
I wol ben his to whom that I am knit:
Take this for final anſwer as of me.
But after that in play thus ſaid ſhe:
Aurelie, (quod ſhe) by high God above
Yet wol I granten you to ben your love,
(Sin I you ſee ſo pitouſly complaine.)
Loke, what day that endelong Bretaigne
Ye remue all the rockes ſton by ſton,
That they ne letten ſhip ne bote to gon;
I ſay, whan he han made the coſt ſo clene
Of rockes that ther n'is no ſton yſene,
Than wol I love you beſt of any man;
Have here my trouth, in all that ever I can,
For wel I wote that it ſhal never betide.
Let ſwiche folie out of your herte glide:

What deintee ſhuld a man have in his lif
For to go love another mannes wif
That hath hire body whan that ever him liketh?
Aurelius ful often ſore ſiketh:
Is ther non other grace in you? quod he.
No, by that Lord, quod ſhe, that maked me.
Wo was Aurelie whan that he this herd,
And with a ſorweful herte he thus anſwerd:
Madame, quod he, this were impoſſible;
Than moſte I die of ſoden deth horrible.
And with that word he turned him anon.
Tho come hire other frendes many on,
And in the alleyes romed up and doun,
And nothing wiſt of this concluſioun,
But ſodenly begonnen revel newe,
Til that the brighte ſonne had loſt his hewe,
For the orizont had reft the ſonne his light,
(This is as much to ſayn as it was night)
And home they gon in mirthe and in ſolas,
Sauf only wreeche Aurelius, alas!
He to his hous is gon with ſorweful herte;
He ſaith he may not from his deth aſterte:
Him ſemeth that he felt his herte cold.
Up to the heven his hondes gan he hold,
And on his knees bare he ſet him doun,
And in his raving ſaid his oriſoun.
For veray wo out of his wit he braide;
He n'iſte what he ſpake, but thus he ſaide;
With pitous herte his plaint hath he begonne
Unto the goddes, and firſt unto the Sonne.
He ſaid, Apollo! god and governour
Of every plante, herbe, tree, and flour,
That yeveſt after thy declination
To eche of hem his time and his ſeſon,
As that thin herbergh changeth low and hie,
Lord Phebus! caſt thy merciable eie
On wreeche Aurelie, which that am but lorne:
Lo, Lord! my lady hath my deth yſworne
Withouten gilt, but thy benignitee
Upon my dedly herte have ſom pitee:
For wel I wot Lord Phebus, if you leſt,
Ye may me helpen ſauf my lady beſt.
Now voucheth ſauf that I may you deviſe
How that I may be holpe, and in what wiſe.
Your bliſful ſuſter, Lucina the ſhene,
That of the ſee is chief goddeſſe and quene,
Though Neptunus have deitee in the ſee,
Yet emperice aboven him is ſhe:
Ye knowe wel, Lord, that right as hire deſire
Is to be quicked and lighted of your fire,
For which ſhe folweth you ful beſily,
Right ſo the ſee deſireth naturelly
To folwen hire, as ſhe that is goddeſſe
Both in the ſee and rivers more and leſſe:
Wherfore, Lord Phebus! this is my requeſt,
Do this miracle, or do min herte breſt,
That now next at this oppoſition,
Which in the ſigne ſhal be of the Leon,
As preyeth hire ſo gret a flood to bring,
That five fadome at the leſt it overſpring
The higheſt rock in Armorike Bretaigne,
And let this flood enduren yeres twaine;
Than certes to my lady may I ſay,
Holdeth your heſt, the rockes ben away.
Lord Phebus! this miracle doth for me,
Prey hire ſhe go no faſter cours than ye:
I ſay this, preyeth your ſuſter that ſhe go
No faſter cours than ye thiſe yeres two,
Than ſhal ſhe ben even at ful alway,
And ſpring-flood laſten bothe night and day.
And but ſhe vouchefauf in ſwiche manere
To graunten me my ſoveraine lady dere,
Prey hire to ſinken every rock adoun
Into hire owen derke regioun
Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth in,
Or nevermo ſhal I my lady win.
Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot ſeke.
Lord Phebus! ſee the teres on my cheke,
And on my peine have ſom compaſſioun.
And with that word in ſorwe he fell adoun,
And longe time he lay forth in a trance.
His brother, which that knew of his penance,
Up caught him, and to bed he hath him brought
Diſpeired in this turment and this thought
Let I this woful creature lie,
Cheſe he for me whether he wol live or die.
Arviragus with hele and gret honour
(As he that was of chevalrie the flour)
Is comen home, and other worthy men:
O blisful art thou now, thou Dorigen!
That haſt thy luſty huſbond in thin armes,
The freſhe knight, the worthy man of armes,
That loveth thee as his owen hertes lif.
Nothing liſt him to be imaginatif
If any wight had ſpoke while he was oute
To hire of love; he had of that no doubte:
He not entendeth to no ſwiche matere,
But danceth, juſteth, and maketh mery chere.
And thus in joye and bliſſe I let him dwell,
And of the ſike Aurelius wol I tell.
In langour and in turment furious
Two yere and more lay wreeched Aurelius
Er any foot on erthe he mighte gon;
Ne comfort in this time ne had he non
Sauf of his brother, which that was a clerk:
He knew of all this wo and all this werk;
For to non other creature certain
Of this matere he dorſte no word ſain:
Under his breſt he bare it more ſecree
Than ever did Pamphilus for Galathee.
His breſt was hole withouten for to ſeen,
But in his herte ay was the arwe keene,
And wel ye knowe that of a ſurſanure
In ſurgerie is perilous the cure,
But men might touch the arwe or come therby
His brother wepeth and waileth prively,
Til at the laſt him fell in remembrance
That while he was at Orleaunce in France,
As yonge clerkes that ben likerous
To reden artes that ben curious
Seken in every halke and every herne
Particuler ſciences for to lerne,
He him remembred that upon a day
At Orleaunce in ſtudie a book he ſay
Of magike naturel, which his felaw
That was that time a bacheler of law,
Al were he ther to lerne another craft,
Had prively upon his deſk ylaft;

book spake moche of operations
og the eight-and-twenty mansions
ogen to the mone, and swiche folie
r dayes n'is not worth a flie;
y churches feith, in our beleve,
eth non illusion us to greve.
an this book was in his remembrance
r joye his herte gan to dance,
himself he saied prively,
her shall be warished hastily;
siker that ther be sciences
h men maken divers apperances
a thise subtil tregetoures play;
t festes have I wel herd say
etoures, within an halle large,
e come in a water and a barge,
e halle rowen up and doun;
e had semed com a grim leoun,
ime floures spring as in a mede,
a vine, and grapes white and rede,
a castel al of lime and ston,
hem liketh voideth it anon:
th it to every mannes sight.
n conclude I thus; if that I might
nce som olde felaw find
thise mones mansions in mind,
agike naturel above,
el make my brother have his love;
apparence a clerk may make,
sight, that all the rockes blake
e were yvoided everich on,
by the brinke comen and gon,
he forme endure a day or two:
my brother wareshed of his wo,
he nedes holden hire beheft,
shal shame hire at the left.
ld I make a lenger Tale of this?
others bed he comen is,
comfort he yaf him for to gon
e, that he up stert anon,
way forthward than is he fare,
o ben lissed of his care.
y were come almost to that citee,
re a two furlong or three,
k roming by himself they mette,
n Latine thriftily hem grette:
at he sayd a wonder thing;
d he, the cause of your coming:
forther any foote went
all that was in hir entent.
on clerk him axed of felawes
e had yknowen in olde dawes,
wered him that they dede were,
e wept ful often many a tere.
his hors Aurelius light anon,
ith this magicien is gon
hous, and made hem wel at ese:
no vitaille that might hem plese.
ed hous as ther was on
his lif saw never non.
d him, or they went to soupere,
kes, ful of wilde dere:
hertes with hir hornes hie,
that were ever seen with eie:
He saw of hem an hundred slain with houndes
And som with arwes blede of bitter woundes:
He saw, when voided were the wilde dere,
Thise fauconers upon a faire rivere
That with hir haukes han the heron slain.
Tho saw he knightes justen in a plain:
And after this he did him swiche plesance,
That he him shewed his lady on a dance,
On which himselven danced, as him thought.
And whan this maister, that this magike wrought,
Saw it was time, he clapped his hondes two,
And farewel, al the revel is ago!
And yet remued they never out of the hous,
While they saw all thise sightes marvellous,
But in his studie, ther his bookes be,
They saten still, and no wight but they three.
To him this maister called his squier,
And sayd him thus, May we go to souper?
Almost an houre it is, I undertake,
Sin I you bade our souper for to make,
Whan that thise worthy men wenten with me
Into my studie ther my bookes be.
Sire, quod this squier, whan it liketh you,
It is al redy, though ye wol right now.
Go we than soupe, quod he, as for the best;
Thise amorous folk somtime most han rest.
At after souper fell they in tretee
What summe shuld this maisters guerdon be
To remue all the rockes of Bretaigne,
And eke from Gerounde to the mouth of Saine.
He made it strange, and swore, so God him save,
Lesse than a thousand pound he wold not have,
Ne gladly for that summe he wol not gon.
Aurelius with blissful herte anon
Answered thus; Fie on a thousand pound!
This wide world, which that men sayn is round,
I wold it yeve, if I were lord of it.
This bargaine is ful drive, for we ben knit.
Ye shul be paied trewely, by my trouth;
But loketh, for non negligence or slouth
Ye tarie us here no lenger than to morwe.
Nay, quod this clerk, have here my faith to borwe.
To bed is gon Aurelius whan him lest,
And wel nigh all that night he had his rest.
What for his labour and his hope of blisse
His woful herte of penance had a lisse.
Upon the morwe whan that it was day
To Bretaigne token they the righte way,
Aurelie, and this magicien him beside,
And ben descended ther they wold abide:
And this was, as the bookes me remember,
The colde frosty seson of December.
Phebus waxe old and hewed like Laton,
That in his hote declination
Shone as the burned gold with stremes bright;
But now in Capricorne adoun he light,
Wher as he shone ful pale, I dare wel sain.
The bitter froste with the sleet and rain
Destroyed hath the grene in every yerd;
Janus sit by the fire with double berd,
And drinketh of his bugle horn the wine;
Beforn him stant braune of the tusked swine,

And Newel crieth every lusty man.
Aurelius in all that ever he can
Doth to his maister chere and reverence,
And praieth him to don his diligence
To bringen him out of his peines smerte,
Or with a swerd that he wold slit his herte.
This sotil clerk swiche routh hath on this man,
That night and day he spedeth him that he can
To wait a time of his conclusion;
This is to sayn, to make illusion,
By swiche an apparence or joglerie,
(I can no termes of astrologie)
That she and every wight shuld wene and say
That of Bretaigne the rockes were away,
Or elles they were sonken under ground.
So at the last he hath his time yfound
To make his japes and his wretchednesse
Of swiche a superstitious cursednesse.
His tables Toletanes forth he brought,
Ful wel corrected, that ther lacked nought,
Nother his collect ne his expans yeres,
Nother his rotes ne his other geres,
As ben his centres and his argumentes,
And his proportionel convenientes,
For his equations in every thing:
And by his eighte speres in his werking
He knew ful wel how fer Alnath was shove
Fro the hed of thilke fix Aries above
That in the ninthe spere considered is:
Ful sotilly he calculed all this.
Whan he had found his firste mansion
He knew the remenant by proportion,
And knew the rising of his mone wel,
And in whos face, and terme, and every del;
And knew ful wel the mones mansion
Accordant to his operation;
And knew also his other observances,
For swiche illusions and swiche meschances
As Hethen folke used in thilke daies;
For which no lenger maketh he delaies,
But thurgh his magike, for a day or tway,
It seemed all the rockes were away.
Aurelius, which that despeired is
Whether he shal han his love or fare amis,
Awaiteth night and day on this miracle;
And whan he knew that ther was non obstacle,
That voided were thise rockes everich on,
Doun to his maisteres feet he fell anon,
And sayd, I, woful wretch Aurelius,
Thanke you, my lord, and lady min Venus,
That me han holpen fro my cares cold.
And to the temple his way forth hath he hold,
Theras he knew he shuld his lady see;
And whan he saw his time anon right he
With dredful herte and with ful humble chere
Salued hath his soveraine lady dere.
My rightful Lady, quod this woful man,
Whom I most drede and love as I best can,
And lotheft were of all this world displese,
Ne're it that I for you have swiche disese
That I must die here at your foot anon,
Nought wold I tell how me is wo begon;
But certes other must I die or plaine;
Yesse me gilteles for veray peine:
But of my deth though that ye han no routh
Aviseth you or that you breke your trouth:
Repenteth you, for thilke God above,
Or ye me sle, because that I you love:
For, Madame, wel ye wote what ye have hight;
Not that I chalenge any thing of right
Of you my soveraine Lady, but of grace;
But in a garden yond, in swiche a place,
Ye wote right wel what ye behighten me,
And in myn hond your trouthe plighten ye
To love me best: God wote ye saied so,
Although that I unworthy be therto.
Madame, I speke it for the honour of you,
More than to save my hertes lif right now,
I have don so as ye commanded me,
And if ye vouchesauf ye may go see.
Doth as you list, have your beheft in mind,
For quick or ded right ther ye shul me find.
In you lith all to do me live or dey,
But wel I wote the rockes ben awey.
He taketh his leve, and she astonied stood;
In all hire face n'as o drope of blood:
She wened never han come in swiche a trappe.
Alas! quod she, that ever this should happe!
For wend I never by possibilitee
That swiche a monstre or mervaille might be:
It is again the processe of Nature.
And home she goth a sorweful creature;
For veray fere unnethes may she go.
She wepeth, waileth, all a day or two,
And swouneth that it routhe was to see,
But why it was to no wight tolde she,
For out of toun was gon Arviragus;
But to hireself she spake, and saied thus,
With face pale, and with ful sory chere,
In hire complaint, as ye shul after here.
Alas! quod she, on thee, Fortune, I plain,
That unaware hast me wrapped in thy chain,
Fro which to escapen wote I no soccour
Saue only deth or elles dishonour:
On of thise two behoveth me to chese.
But natheles, yet had I a lever lese
My lif than of my body have a shame,
Or know myselven false, or lese my name:
And with my deth I may be quit ywis;
Hath ther not many a noble wif or this,
And many a maid, yslaine hireself, alas!
Rather than with hire body don trespas?
Yes certes; lo, thise stories bere witnesse.
Whan thirty tyrants ful of cursednesse
Had slain Phidon in Athens at the fest,
They commanded his doughtren for to arrest
And bringen hem beforne him despit
Al naked, to fulfil hire foule delit;
And in hir fadres blood they made hem dance
Upon the pavement, God yeve hem meschance!
For which thise woful maidens, ful of drede,
Rather than they wold lese hir maidenhede,
They prively ben stert into a welle,
And dreint hemselven, as the bookes telle.
They of Messene let enquere and seke
Of Lacedomie fifty maidens eke
On which the wolden don hir lecherie;
But ther was non of all that compagnie

he n'as flaine, and with a glad entent
rather for to dien than affent
oppreffed of hire maidenhede.
huld I than to dein ben in drede?
ke the tyrant Ariftoclides,
ved a maid hight Stimphalides,
that hire father flaine was on a night,
Dianes temple goth fhe right,
ente the image in hire handes two,
ich image wold fhe never go;
ght her handes might it of it arrace
was flaine right in the felve place.
fin that maidens hadden fwiche defpit
defouled with mannes foule delit,
ght a wif rather hirefelven fle
be defouled, as it thinketh me.
at fhal I fayn of Hafdrubales wif,
t Cartage beraft hirefelf hire lif?
han fhe faw that Romains wan the toun,
ke hire children all, and fkipt adoun
e fire, and chees rather to die
any Romain did hire valanie.
h not Lucrece yflaine hirefelf, alas!
me, whan that fhe oppreffed was
rquine? for hire thought it was a fhame
en whan fhe hadde loft hire name.
feven maidens of Milefie alfo
laine hemfelf, for veray drede and wo,
r than folk of Gaule hem fhuld oppreffe.
than a thoufand ftories, as I geffe,
I now tell as touching this matere.
an Abradate was flain, his wif fo dere
lven flow, and let hire blood to glide
radates woundes depe and wide,
yd, My body at the lefte way
hal no wight defoulen if I may.
at fhuld I mo enfamples hereof fain?
at fo many han hemfelven flain,
ather than they wold defouled be,
conclude that it is bet for me
myfelf than be defouled thus:
be trewe unto Arviragus,
s fle myfelf in fome manere,
d Demotiones doughter dere,
fe fhe wolde not defouled be.
edafus! it is ful gret pitee
den how thy doughtren died, alas!
flowe hemfelven for fwiche maner cas.
gret a pitee was it, or wel more,
Theban maiden that for Nichanore
lven flow right for fwiche menere wo.
er Theban mayden did right fo,
of Macedoine had hire oppreffed;
ith hire deth hire maidenhed redreffed.
at fhal I fain of Nicerates wif,
for fwiche cas bereft hirefelf hire lif?
w trewe was eke to Alcibiades
we, that for to dien rather chees
for to fuffre his body unburied be?
which a wif was Alcefte eke? (quod fhe)
fayth Homere of good Penelope?
reece knoweth of hire chaftitee.
de of Laodomia is wretten thus,
whan at Troye was flain Prothefilaus
No lenger wolde fhe live after his day.
The fame of noble Portia tell I may;
Withouten Brutus coude fhe not live,
To whom fhe had all whole hire herte yeve.
The parfit wifhood of Artemifie
Honoured is thurghout all Barbarie.
O Teuta quene! thy wifly chaftitee
To alle wives may a mirrour be.
Thus plained Dorigene a day or twey,
Purpofing ever that fhe wolde dey;
But natheles upon the thridde night
Home came Arviragus, the worthy knight,
And axed hire why that fhe weep fo fore?
And fhe gan wepen ever lenger the more.
Alas, quod fhe, that ever I was yborne!
Thus have I faid, (quod fhe) thus have I fworne,
And told him all, as ye have herd before:
It nedeth not reherfe it you no more.
This hufbond with glad chere, in frendly wife,
Anfwerd and fayd as I fhal you devife;
Is ther ought elles, Dorigene, but this?
Nay, nay, quod fhe, God, helpe me fo, as wis
This is to much, and it were Goddes will.
Ye, wif, quod he, let flepen that is ftill;
It may be wel paraventure, yet to-day.
Ye fhal your trouthe holden by my fay;
For God fo wifly have mercy on me,
I had wel lever ftiked for to be,
For veray love which that I to you have,
But if ye fhuld your trouthe kepe and fave:
Trouth is the hieft thing that man may kepe.
But with that word he braft anon to wepe,
And fayd; I you forbede, on peine of deth,
That never while you lafteth lif or breth
To no wight tell ye this mifaventure;
As I may beft I wol my wo endure:
Ne make no contenance of hevineffe,
That folk of you may demen harme or geffe.
And forth he cleped a fquier and a maid.
Goth forth anon with Dorigene, he faid,
And bringeth hire to fwiche a place anon.
They take hir leve, and on hir way they gon:
But they ne wiften why fhe thider went;
She n'olde no wight tellen hire entent.
This fquier which that hightе Aurelius,
On Dorigene that was fo amorous,
Of aventure happed hire to mete
Amid the toun, right in the quickeft ftrete,
As fhe was boun to go the way forthright
Toward the gardin, ther as fhe had hight;
And he was to the gardinward alfo,
For wel he fpied whan fhe wolde go
Out of hire hous to any maner place:
But thus they met of aventure or grace,
And he faluefh hire with glad entent,
And axeth of hire whiderward fhe went.
And fhe anfwered half as fhe were mad,
Unto the gardin, as myn hufbond bad,
My trouthe for to hold, alas! alas!
Aurelius gan wondren on this cas,
And in his herte had gret compaffion
Of hire, and of hire lamentation,
And of Arviragus, the worthy knight,
That bad hire holden all that fhe had hight,

So loth him was his wif ſhuld breke hire trouthe;
And in his herte he caught of it gret routhe,
Conſidering the beſt on every ſide,
That fro his luſt yet were him lever abide
Than do ſo high a cherliſh wretchedneſſe
Ageins fraunchiſe and alle gentilleſſe
For which in few wordes ſayd he thus:
Madame, ſay to your Lord Arviragus
That ſin I ſee the grete gentilleſſe
Of him, and eke I ſee wel your diſtreſſe,
That him were lever have ſhame (and that were routhe)
Than ye to me ſhuld breken thus your trouthe,
I hadde wel lever ever to ſuffren wo
Than to depart the love betwix you two.
I you releſe, Madame; into your hond
Quit every ſeurement and every bond
That ye han made to me as herebeforne
Sin thilke time that ye were yborne.
Have here my trouthe, I ſhal you never repreve
Of no beheſt; and here I take my leve
As of the treweſt and the beſte wif
That ever yet I knew in all my lif.
But every wif beware of hire beheſt;
On Dorigene remembreth at the leſt.
Thus can a ſquier don a gentil dede
As wel as can a knight, withouten drede.
She thanketh him upon hire knees bare,
And home unto hire huſbond is ſhe fare,
And told him all as ye han herd me ſayd;
And, truſteth me, he was ſo wel apayd
That it were impoſſible me to write.
What ſhuld I lenger of this cas endite?
Arviragus and Dorigene his wif
In ſoveraine bliſſe leden forth hir lif,
Never eft ne was ther anger hem betwene;
He cheriſhed hire as though ſhe were a quene,
And ſhe was to him trewe for evermore.
Of thiſe two folk ye get of me no more.
Aurelius, that his coſt hath all forlorne,
Curſeth the time that ever he was borne.
Alas! quod he, alas that I behight
Of pured gold a thouſand pound of wight
Unto this philoſophre! how ſhal I do?
I ſee no more but that I am fordo.
Min heritage mote I nedes ſell,
And ben a beggar here I n'ill not dwell,
And ſhamen all my kinrede in this place,
But I of him may geten better grace:
But natheles I wol of him aſſay
At certain daies yere by yere to pay,
And thanke him of his grete curteſie.
My trouthe wol I kepe, I wol not lie.

With herte ſore he goth unto his cofre,
And broughte gold unto this philoſophre,
The value of five hundred pound I geſſe,
And him beſecheth of his gentilleſſe
To graunt him daies of the remenaunt,
And ſayde; Maiſter, I dare wel make avaunt
I ſailled never of my trouthe as yet;
For ſikerly my dette ſhal be be quit
Towardes you, how ſo that ever I fare
To gon a begging in my kirtle bare:
But wold ye vouchen ſauf upon ſcurtee
Two yere or three for to reſpiten me,
Than were I wel, for elles mote I ſell
Min heritage; ther is no more to tell.
This philoſophre ſobrely anſwerd,
And ſaied thus, whan he thiſe wordes herd;
Have I not holden covenant to thee?
Yes, certes, wel and trewely, quod he.
Haſt thou not had thy lady as thee liketh?
No, no, quod he, and ſorwefully he ſiketh.
What was the cauſe? tell me if thou can.
Aurelius his tale anon began,
And told him all as ye han herd before;
It nedeth not reherſe it any more.
He ſayd, Arviragus of gentilleſſe
Had lever die in ſorwe and in diſtreſſe
Than that his wif were of hire trouthe fals.
The ſorwe of Dorigene he told him als,
How loth hire was to ben a wicked wif,
And that ſhe lever had loſt that day hire lif;
And that her trouth ſhe ſwore thurgh innocence
She never erſt hadde herd ſpeke of apparence:
That made me han of hire ſo gret pitee,
And right as freely as he ſent hire to me
As freely ſent I hire to him again.
This is all and ſom; ther n'is no more to ſain.
The philoſophre anſwerd; Leve brothre,
Everich of you did gentilly to other:
Thou art a ſquier, and he is a knight,
But God forbede, for his bliſsful might,
But if a clerk could don a gentil dede
As wel as any of you, it is no drede.
Sire, I releſe thee thy thouſand pound,
As thou right now were crope out of the ground
Ne never er now ne haddeſt knowen me:
For, Sire, I wol not take a peny of thee
For all my craft, ne nought for my travaille:
Thou haſt ypaied wel for my vitaille.
It is ynough, and farewel, have good day.
And toke his hors, and forth he goth his way.
Lordings, this queſtion wold I axen now,
Which was the moſte free, as thinketh you?
Now telleth me or that ye further wende,
I can no more, my Tale is at an ende.

THE DOCTOURES PROLOGUE.

that passen, quod our Hoste, as now.
tour of Physike, I prey you,
Tale of som honest matere.

It shal be don, if that ye wol it here,
Said this Doctour, and his Tale began anon.
Now, good men, quod he, herkeneth everich on.

THE DOCTOURES TALE*.

as, as telleth Titus Livius,
that cleped was Virginius,
of honour and worthinesse,
ng of frendes, and of gret richesse,
night a doughter hadde by his wif;
ten had he mo in all his lif.
this maid in excellent beautee
every wight that man may see,
re hath with soveraine diligence
hire in so gret excellence
h she wolde sayn, Lo, I Nature,
I forme and peint a creature,
hat me list: who can me coutrefete?
on? not though he ay forge and bete,
e, or peinte; for I dare wel sain
, Xeuxis, shulden werche in vain
o grave, or peinte, or forge, or bete,
presumed me to countrefete:
hat is the former principal
aked me his vicaire general
me and peinten earthly creatures
s we list; and eche thing in my cure is
the mone that may wane and waxe;
r my werk right nothing wol I axe:
d and I ben ful of on accord;
hire to the worship of my lord,

So do I all min other creatures,
What colour that they han or what figures.
Thus semeth me that Nature wolde say.
This maid of age twelf yere was and tway
In which that nature hadde swiche delit;
For right as she can peint a lily whit
And red a rose, right with swiche peinture
She peinted hath this noble creature
Er she was borne upon hire limmes free,
Wheras by right swiche colours shulden be;
And Phebus died hath hire tresses grete
Like to the stremes of his burned hete.
And if that excellent were hire beautee,
A thousand fold more vertuous was she.
In hire ne lacked no condition
That is to preise, as by discretion.
As wel in gost as body chast was she,
For which she floured in virginitee
With all humilitee and abstinence,
With all attemperance and patience,
With measure eke of bering and array.
Discrete she was in answering alway,
Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I sain,
Hire facounde eke ful womanly and plain;
No countrefeted terms hadde she
To semen wise, but after hire degree
She spake, and all hire werdes more and lesse
Souning in vertue and in gentillesse.

* Virginius slayeth his only doughter rather than she be defiled by the letcherous judge Appius. *Sp.*

Shamefaſt ſhe was in maidens ſhamefaſtneſſe,
Conſtant in herte out of idel beſineſſe
To drive hire out of idel ſlogardie.
Bacchus had of hire mouth right no maiſtrie,
For wine and youthe don Venus encreſe,
As men in fire wol caſten oile and greſe.
And of hire owen vertue unconſtreined
She hath hireſelf ful often ſike yſeined,
For that ſhe wolde fleen the compagnie
Wher likely was to treten of folie,
As is at feſtes, at revels, and at dances
That ben occaſions of daliances.
Swiche thinges maken children for to be
To ſone ripe and bold, as men may ſee,
Which is ful perilous, and hath ben yore;
For al to ſone may ſhe lernen lore
Of boldneſſe whan ſhe woxen is a wif.
And ye maiſtreſſes in your olde lif,
That lordes doughters han in governance,
Ne taketh of my wordes diſpleſance:
Thinketh that ye ben ſet in governinges
Of lordes doughters only for two thinges,
Other for ye han kept your honeſtee,
Or elles for ye han fallen in freeltee,
And knowen wel ynough the olde dance,
And han forſaken fully ſwiche meſchance
For evermo; therefore for Chriſtes ſake
To teche hem vertue loke that ye ne ſlake.
A theef of veniſon, that hath forlaſt
His likerouſneſſe and all his olde craft,
Can kepe a foreſt beſt of any man:
Now kepeth hem wel, for if ye wol ye can.
Loke wel that unto no vice aſſent,
Leſt ye be damned for your wikke entent,
For who ſo doth a traytour is certain:
And taketh kepe of that I ſhal you ſain;
Of alle treſon ſoveraine peſtilence
Is whan a wight betrayeth innocence.
Ye fathers, and ye mothers eke alſo,
Though ye han children, be it on or mo,
Your is the charge of all hir ſurveance,
While that they ben under your governance:
Beth ware that by enſample of your living,
Or by your negligence in chaſtiſing,
That they ne periſh, for I dare wel ſaye
If that they don ye ſhul it dere abeye.
Under a ſhepherd ſoft and negligent
The wolf hath many a ſhepe and lamb to-rent,
Sufficeth this enſample now as here,
For I mote turne agen to my matere.
This maid, of which I tell my Tale expreſſe,
She kept hireſelf, hire neded no maiſtreſſe,
For in hire living maidens mighten rede,
As in a book, every good word and dede
That longeth to a maiden vertuous:
She was ſo prudent and ſo bounteous,
For which the fame out ſprong on every ſide
Both of hire beautee and hire bountee wide,
That thurgh the lond they preiſed hire ech one
That loved vertue, ſauf Envie alone,
That ſory is of other mannes wele,
And glad is of his forwe and his unhele.
The Doctour maketh this deſcriptioun.
This maiden on a day went in the toun
Toward a temple, with hire mother dere,
As is of young maidens the manere.
Now was ther than a juſtice in that toun
That governour was of that regioun;
And ſo befell this juge his eyen caſt
Upon this maid, aviſing hire ful faſt
As ſhe came forth by ther this juge ſtood:
Anon his his herte changed and his mood,
So was he caught with beautee of this maid,
And to himſelf ful prively he ſaid,
This maiden ſhal be min for any man.
Anon the fend into his herte ran,
And taught him ſodenly that he by ſleight
This maiden to his purpos winnen might;
For certes by no force ne by no mede
Him thought the was not able for to ſpede;
For ſhe was ſtrong of frendes, end eke ſhe
Confermed was in ſwiche ſoveraine bountee
That wel he wiſt he might hire never winne
As for to make hire with hire body ſinne:
For which with gret deliberatioun
He ſent after a cherl was in the toun,
The which he knew for ſotil and for bold.
This juge unto this cherl his tale hath told
In ſecree wiſe, and made him to enſure
He ſhulde tell it to no creature,
And if he did he ſhulde leſe his hede.
And whan aſſented was this curſed rede,
Glad was the juge, and maked him gret chere
And yaf him yeſtes precious and dere
Whan ſhapen was all hir conſpiracie
Fro point to point, how that his lecherie
Parformed ſhulde be ful ſotilly,
As ye ſhul here it after openly,
Home goth this cherl, that highte Claudius;
This falſe juge, that highte Appius,
(So was his name, for it is no fable,
But knowen for an hiſtorial thing notable;
The ſentence of it ſoth is out of doute)
This falſe juge goth now faſt aboute
To haſten his delit all that he may.
And ſo befell, ſone after on a day
This falſe juge, as telleth us the ſtorie,
As he was wont, ſat in his conſiſtorie,
And yaf his domes upon ſondry cas,
This falſe cherl came forth a ful gret pas,
And ſaide; Lord, if that it be your will,
As doth me right upon this pitous bill,
In which I plaine upon Virginius;
And if that he wol ſayn it is not thus,
I wol it preve, and finden good witneſſe
That ſoth is that my bille wol expreſſe.
The juge anſwerd, Of this in his abſence
I may not yeve diffinitif ſentence.
Let don him call, and I wol gladly here:
Thou ſhalt have right and wrong as now here
Virginius came to wete the juges will,
And right anon was red this curſed bill;
The ſentence of it was as ye ſhul here.
To you my Lord Sire Appius ſo dere
Sheweth your poure ſervant Claudius
How that a knight called Virginius
Agein the lawe, agein all equitee,
Holdeth, expreſſe agein the will of me,

; which that is my thral by right,
n min hous was ſtolen on a night
ſhe was ful yong; I wol it preve
, Lord, ſo that it you not greve:
doughter nought, what ſo he ſay;
o you, my Lord the juge, I pray;
y thral, if that it be your will.
s all the ſentence of his bill.
s gan upon the cherl behold;
er he his tale told,
han preved it as ſhuld a knight,
y witneſſing of many a wight
as falſe that ſaid his adverſary,
d juge wolde nothing tary,
word more of Virginius,
is jugement, and ſaide thus:
non this cherl his ſervant have;
no lenger in thin hous hire ſave;
ire forth, and put hire in our ward:
ſhal have his thral; thus I award.
an this worthy knight Virginius,
ntence of this juſtice Appius,
force his dere doughter yeven
juge, in lecherie to liven,
im home, and ſet him in his hall,
on his dere doughter call;
a face ded as aſhen cold
humble face he gan behold,
es pitee ſtiking thurgh his herte,
e from his purpos not converte,
er, quod he, Virginia by thy name,
two waies, other deth or ſhame,
muſt ſuffre, alas that I was bore!
thou deſervedeſt wherfore
with a ſwerd or with a knif.
oughter, ender of my lif!
have foſtred up with ſwiche pleſance
were never out of my remembrance;
er! which that art my laſte wo,
y lif my laſte joye alſo;
of chaſtitee! in patience
thy deth, for this is my ſentence;
and not for hate thou muſt be ded;
s hond muſt ſmiten of thin hed.
ever Appius thee ſay!
h he falſely judged thee to-day.
d hire all the cas, as ye before
d; it needeth not to tell it more.
rcy, dere father! quod this maid.
th that word ſhe both hire armes laid
is necke, as ſhe was wont to do,
es braſt out of his eyen two)
And ſaid, O goode father ſhal I die?
Is ther no grace? is ther no remedie?
No certes, dere doughter min! quod he.
Than yeve me leiſer, father min quod ſhe,
My deth for to complaine a litel ſpace;
For parde Jepte yave his doughter grace
For to complaine or he hire ſlow, alas!
And God it wot nothing was hire treſpas,
But for ſhe ran hire father firſt to ſee,
To welcome him with gret ſolempnitee.
And with that word ſhe fell aſwoun anon,
And after, whan hire ſwouning was agon,
She riſeth up, and to hire father ſaid;
Bleſſed be God that I ſhal die a maid!
Yeve me my deth or that I have a ſhame:
Doth with your child your wille a Goddes name.
And with that word ſhe praied him ful oft
That with his ſwerd he wolde ſmite hire ſoft;
And with that word aſwoune again ſhe fell.
Hire father, with ful ſorweful herte and will,
Hire hed of ſmote, and by the top it hent,
And to the juge he gan it to preſent,
As he ſat yet in dome in conſiſtorie.
And whan the juge it ſaw, as ſaith the ſtorie,
He bad to take him and anhang him faſt:
But right anon a thouſand peple in thraſt
To ſave the knight for routh and for pitee,
For knowen was the falſe iniquitee.
The peple anon had ſuſpect in this thing,
By maner of the cherles chalenging,
That it was by the aſſent of Appius
They wiſten well that he was lecherous:
For which unto this Appius they gon,
And caſte him in a priſon right anon,
Whereas he ſlow himſelf; and Claudius,
That ſervant was unto this Appius,
Was demed for to hang upon a tree,
But that Virginius of his pitee
So prayed for him that he was exiled,
And elles certes had he ben beguiled;
The remenant were anhanged, more and leſſe,
That were conſentant of this curſedneſſe.
Here men may ſee how ſin hath his merite;
Beth were, for no man wot whom God wol ſmite
In no degree, ne in which maner wiſe
The worme of conſcience may agriſe
Of wicked lif, though it ſo privee be
That no man wote therof ſauf God and he;
For be he lewed man or elles lered
He n'ot how ſone that he ſhal ben afered:
Therfore I rede you this conſeil take.
Forſaketh ſinne or ſinne you forſake.

The holy writ take I to my witneſſe
That luxurie is in wine and dronkeneſſe.
Lo, how that dronken Loth unkindely
Lay by his daughters two unwetingly;
So dronke he was he n'iſte what he wrought.
Herodes, who ſo wel the ſtories ſought,
Whan he of wine replete was at his feſte,
Right at his owen table he yave his heſte
To ſleen the Baptiſt John ful gilteles.
Seneca ſaith a good word douteles;
He ſaith he can no difference find
Betwix a man that is out of his mind
And a man whiche that is dronkelew;
But that woodneſſe, yfallen in a ſhrew,
Perſevereth lenger than doth dronkeneſſe.
O glotonie! full of curſedneſſe,
O cauſe firſt of our confuſion!
O original of our damnation!
Til Criſt had bought us with his blood again:
Loketh how dere, ſhortly for to ſain,
Abought was thilke curſed vilanie:
Corrupt was all this world for glotonie.
Adam our father, and his wif alſo,
Fro Paradis to labour and to wo
Were driven for that vice, it is no drede;
For while that Adam faſted, as I rede,
He was in Paradis, and whan that he
Ete of the fruit defended on a tree,
Anon he was out caſt to wo and peine.
O glotonie! on thee wel ought us plaine.
O! wiſt a man how many maladies
Folwen of exceſſe and of glotonies,
He wolde ben the more meſurable
Of his diete, ſitting at his table.
Alas! the ſhorte throte, the tendre mouth,
Maketh that eſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
In erthe, in air, in water, men to ſwinke
To gete a gloten deintee mete and drinke.
Of this matere, O Poule! wel canſt thou trete:
Mete unto wombe, and wombe eke unto mete,
Shal God deſtroien bothe, as Paulus ſaith.
Alas! a foule thing is it by my faith,
To ſay this word, and fouler is the dede,
Whan man ſo drinketh of the white and rede
That of his throte he maketh his privee
Thurgh thilke curſed ſuperfluitee.
The apoſtle ſaith weping ful pitouſly,
Ther walken many of which you told have I;
I ſay it now weping with pitous vois
That they ben enemies of Criſtes crois,
Of whiche the end is deth; womb is hir God:
O wombe, o belly! ſtinking is thy cod,
Fulfilled of dong and of corruptioun;
At either end of thee foule is the ſoun.
How gret labour and coſt is thee to find!
Thiſe cokes how they ſtamp, and ſtreine, and grind,
And turnen ſubſtance into accident,
To fulfill all thy likerous talent!
Out of the hardy bones knocken they
The mary, for they caſten nought away
That may go thurgh the gullet ſoft and ſote:
Of ſpicerie, of leef, of barke, and rote,
Shal ben his ſauſe ymaked, by delit
To make him yet a newer appetit:
But certes he that haunteth ſwiche delices
Is ded while that he liveth in tho vices.
A lecherous thing is wine, and dronkeneſſe
Is ful of ſtriving and of wretchedneſſe.
O dronken man! disfigured is thy face,
Sour is thy breth, foul art thou to enbrace,
And thurgh thy dronken noſe ſemeth the ſoun
As though thou ſaideſt ay Sampſoun! Sampſoun!
And yet, God wot, Sampſoun dronk never no wine.
Thou faleſt as it were a ſtiked ſwine;
Thy tonge is loſt, and all thin honeſt cure,
For dronkeneſſe is veray ſepulture
Of mannes wit and his diſcretion.
In whom that drinke hath domination
He can no conſeil kepe, it is no drede.
Now kepe you fro the white and fro the rede,
And namely fro the white wine of Lepe,
That is to ſell in Fiſhſtrete and in Chepe.
This wine of Spaigne crepeth ſubtilly
In other wines growing faſte by,
Of which ther riſeth ſwiche fumoſitee,
That whan a man hath dronken draughtes three
And weneth that he be at home in Chepe,
He is in Spaigne, right at the toun of Lepe,
Not at the Rochell, ne at Burdeux toun,
And thanne wol he ſay Sampſoun! Sampſoun!
But herkeneth, Lordings, o word, I you pray,
That all the ſoveraine actes, dare I ſay,
Of victories in the Olde Teſtament,
Thurgh veray God that is omnipotent,
Were don in abſtinence and in prayere;
Loketh the Bible, and there ye mow it lere.
Loke, Attila the grete conquerour
Died in his ſlepe with ſhame and diſhonour,
Bleding ay at his noſe in dronkeneſſe:
A capitaine ſhulde live in ſobreneſſe.
And over all this aviſeth you right wel
What was commanded unto Lamuel;
Not Samuel, but Lamuel, ſay I.
Redeth the Bible, and find it expreſſy
Of wine yeving to hem that have juſtice.
No more of this, for it may wel ſuffice.
And now that I have ſpoke of glotonie,
Now wol I you defenden haſardrie.
Haſard is veray moder of leſinges,
And of deceite and curſed forſweringes,
Blaſpheming of Criſt, manſlaughter, and waſt alſo
Of catel, and of time; and forthermo
It is repreve, and contrary of honour
For to ben hold a commun haſardour,
And ever the higher he is of eſtat
The more he is holden deſolat.
If that a prince uſeth haſarderie,
In alle governance and policie
He is, as is by commun opinion,
Yhold the leſſe in reputation.
Stilbon, that was a wiſe embaſſadour,
Was ſent to Corinth with ful gret honour
Fro Calidone, to maken hem alliance;
And whan he came he happed him *par chance*
That all the greteſt that were of that lond
Yplaying atte hazard he hem fond;
For which, as ſone as that it mighte be,
He ſtale him home agein to his contree,

e ther, I wol not lese my name,
ot take on me so gret defame,
o allie unto non hasardours:
fom other wise embassadours,
y trouthe me were liver die
ou should to hasardours allie;
hat ben so glorious in honours,
allie you to non hasardours,
y wille, ne as by my tretee.
philosophre thus sayd he.
ke how to the King Demetrius
of Parthes, as the book sayth us,
a pair of dis of gold in scorne,
d used hasard therbeforne,
h he held his glory and his renoun
ue or reputatioun.
ay finden other maner play
nough to drive the day away.
wol I speke of othes false and grete
or two, as olde bookes trete.
ring is a thing abhominable,
swering is yet more reprevable.
he God forbad swering at al,
on Mathew; but in special
ing sayth the holy Jeremie,
alt swere soth thin othes, and not lie,
re in dome, and eke in rightwisnesse,
swering is a cursednesse.
d and see that in the firste table
e Goddes hestes honourable
at the second hest of him is this,
t my name in idle or amis.
her he forbedeth swiche swering
omicide or many an other thing.
at as by ordre thus it stondeth,
oweth he that his hestes understondeth
at the second hest of God is that:
rthermore, I wol the tell all plat
ngeance shal not parten from his hous
his othes is outrageous.
dles precious herte, and by his nailes,
yde blood of Crist that is in Hailes,
i my chance, and thin is cink and treye:
dles armes if thou falsly pleye
gger shal thurghout thin herte go.
ne cometh of the bicchel bones two,
ring, ire, falsenesse, and homicide.
for the love of Crist, that for us dide,
your othes bothe gret and smale.
es, now wol I tell you forth my Tale.
e riotoures three of which I tell,
rst or prime rong of any bell,
et hem in a taverne for to drinke,
they sat they herd a belle clinke
a corps was caried to his grave;
on of hem gan callen to his knave,
, quod he, and axe redily
corps is this that passeth here forth by,
oke that thou report his name wel.
, quod this boy, it nedeth never a del;
me told or ye came here two houres;
s parde an old felaw of youres,
sodenly he was yslain to-night,
ronke as he sat on his bench upright;

Ther came a privee theef men clepen Deth,
That in this contrée all the peple sleth,
And with his spere he smote his herte atwo,
And went his way withouten wordes mo.
He hath a thousand slain this pestilence;
And, maister, or ye come in his presence
Me thinketh that it were ful necessarie
For to beware of swiche an adversarie:
Beth redy for me to mete him evermore;
Thus taughte me my dame; I say no more.
By Seinte Marie, sayd this tavernere,
The child sayth soth, for he hath slain this yere,
Hens over a mile, within a gret village,
Both man and woman, child, and hyne and page,
I trowe his habitation be there:
To ben avised gret wisdom it were
Or that he did a man a dishonour.
Ye, Goddes armes, quod this riotour,
Is it swiche peril with him for to mete?
I shal him seke by stile and eke by strete,
I make a vow by Goddes digne bones.
Herkeneth, felawes, we three ben alle ones;
Let eche of us hold up his hond to other,
And eche of us becomen others brother,
And we wol slen this false traitour Deth:
He shal be slain, he that so many sleth,
By Goddes dignitee, or it be night.
Togeder han thise three hir trouthes plight
To live and dien eche of hem for other,
As though he were his owen boren brother.
And up they stert al dronken in this rage,
And forth they gon towards that village
Of which the taverner had spoke beforn,
And many a grisly oth than have they sworn,
And Cristes blessed body they to-rent,
Deth shal be ded, if that we may him hent.
Whan they han gon not fully half a mile,
Right as they wold han troden over a stile,
An olde man and a poure with hem mette:
This olde man ful mekely hem grette,
And sayde thus; Now, Lordes, God you see!
The proudest of thise riotoures three
Answerd agen; What? cherl, with sory grace,
Why art thou all forwrapped save thy face?
Why livest thou so longe in so gret age?
This olde man gan loke in his visage,
And sayde thus; For I ne cannot finde
A man, though that I walked into Inde,
Neither in citee ne in no village,
That wolde change his youthe for min age;
And therefore mote I han min age still
As longe time as it is Goddes will.
Ne Deth, alas! ne wil not han my lif:
Thus walke I like a resteles caitif,
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,
I knocke with my staf erlich and late,
And say to hire, Leve mother, let me in.
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin.
Alas! whan shul my bones ben at reste?
Mother, with you wold I changen my cheste,
That in my chambre longe time hath he,
Ye, for an heren clout to wrap in me.
But yet to me she wol not don that grace,
For which ful pale and welked is my face.

But, Sires, to you it is no curtesie
To speke unto an olde man vilanie,
But he trespase in word or elles in dede.
In holy writ ye moun yourselven rede
Ageins an olde man hore upon his hede
Ye shuld arise: therefore I yeve you rede
Ne doth unto an olde man non harm now,
No more than that ye wold a man did you
In age, if that ye may so long abide;
And God be with you where you go or ride:
I moste go thider as I have to go.

Nay, olde cherl, by God thou shalt not so,
Sayde this other hasardour anon;
Thou parteſt not so lightly, by Seint John.
Thou spake right now of thilke traitour Deth,
That in this contree all our frendes sleth;
Have here my trouth, as thou art his espie,
Tell wher he is, or thou shalt it abie
By God and by the holy sacrement,
For sothly thou art on of his assent
To slen us yonge folk, thou false thefe.

Now, Sires, quod he, if it be you so lefe
To finden Deth, tourne up this croked way,
For in that grove I left him by my fay
Under a tree, and ther he wol abide,
Ne for your boſt he wol him nothing hide.
Se ye that oke? right ther ye shuln him find.
God save you that bought agen mankind,
And you amende! Thus sayd this olde man.

And everich of thise riotoures ran
Til they came to the tree, and ther they found
Of Floreins fine of gold ycoined round
Wel nigh and eighte bushels, as hem thought:
No lenger than after Dethe they sought,
But eche of hem so glad was of the sight,
For that the Floreins ben so faire and bright,
That doun they sette hem by the precious hord:
The werste of hem he spake the firste word.

Brethren, quod he, take kepe what I shal say;
My wit is gret though that I bourde and play.
This tresour hath Fortune unto us yeven,
In mirth and jolitee our lif to liven,
And lightly as it cometh so wol we spend.
Ey, Goddes precious dignitee! who wend
To-day that we shuld han so faire a grace?
But might this gold be caried fro this place
Home to myn hous, or elles unto youres,
(For wel I wote that all this gold is oures)
Thanne were we in high felicitee;
But trewely by day it may not be,
Men wolden say that we were theeves strong,
And for our owen tresour don us hong.
This tresour must ycaried be by night
As wisely and as sleighly as it might;
Wherfore I rede that cut among us alle
We drawe, and let see wher the cut wol falle;
And he that hath the cut, with herte blith,
Shal rennen to the toun, and that ful swith,
And bring us bred and win ful prively;
And two of us shal kepen subtilly
This tresour wel; and if he wol not tarien,
Whan it is night we wol this tresour carien
By oon assent wher as us thinketh best.

That on of hem the cut brought in his fest,
And bad him drawe, and loke wher it wold fall.
And it fell on the yongeſt of hem alle,
And forth toward the toun he went anon:
And al so sone as that he was agon
That on of hem spake thus unto that other;
Thou woteſt wel thou art my sworen brother,
Thy profite wol I tell the right anon.
Thou woſt wel that our felaw is agon,
And here is gold, and that ful gret plentee,
That shal departed ben among us three;
But natheles, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Had I not don a frendes turn to thee?

That other answerd, I n'ot how that may be:
He wote wel that the gold is with us tweye.
What shuln we don, what shuln we to him seye
Shal it be conseil? sayde the firste shrewe,
And I shal tellen thee in wordes fewe
What we shul don, and bring it wel aboute.

I grante, quod that other, out of doute,
That by my trouth I wol thee not bewreie.

Now, quod the first, thou woſt wel we be
And tweie of us shal strenger be than on. [twei
Loke, whan that he is set thou right anon
Arise, as though thou woldeſt with him play,
And I shal rive him thurgh the sides tway
While that thou strogleſt with him as in game,
And with thy dagger loke thou do the same;
And than shal this gold departed be,
My dere frend! betwixen thee and me;
Than moun we bothe our lustes al fulfille,
And play at dis right at our owen wille.
And thus accorded ben thise shrewes tweye
To slen the thridde, as ye han herde me seye.

This yongeſt, which that wente to the toun,
Ful oft in herte he rolleth up and doun
The beautee of thise Floreins new and bright.
O Lord! quod he, if so were that I might
Have all this tresour to myself alone,
Ther n'is no man that liveth under the trone
Of God that shulde live so mery as I.
And at the last the fend our enemy
Putte in his thought that he shuld poison beye,
With which he mighte slen his felaws tweye:
For why? the fend fond him in swiche living
That he had leve to sorwe him to bring;
For this was outrely his ful entente,
To slen hem both and never to repente.
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he tary,
Into the toun unto a potecary,
And praied him that he wolde sell
Some poison, that he might his ratouns quell;
And eke ther was a polkat in his hawe
That, as he sayd, his capons had yslawe;
And fayn he wolde him wreken, if he might,
Of vermine that destroied hem by night.

The potecary answerd, Thou shalt have
A thing, as wisly God my soule save,
In all this world ther n'is no creature
That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,
Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,
That he ne shal his lif anon forlete,
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lesse while
Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile;

oiſon is ſo ſtrong and violent.
s curſed man hath in his hond yhent
oiſon in a box, and ſwithe he ran
he nexte ſtrete unto a man,
orwed of him large botelles three;
n the two the poiſen poured he;
hridde he kepte clene for his drinke,
l the night he ſhope him for to ſwinke
ying of the gold out of that place.
d whan this riotour with ſory grace
illed with win his grete bottelles three
ſelawes agen repaireth he.
t nedeth it thereof to ſermon more?
ht as they had caſt his deth before;
ſo they han him ſlain, and that anon.
han that this was don, thus ſpake that on;
et us ſit and drinke, and make us mery.
fterward we wiln his body bery.
ith that word it happed him *par cas*
e the botelle ther the poiſon was,
ronke, and yave his felaw drinke alſo;
uich anon they ſtorven bothe two.
certes I ſuppoſe that Avicenne
never in no canon ne in no fenne
onder ſignes of empoiſoning
ad thiſe wretches two or hir ending.
nded ben thiſe homicides two,
e the falſe empoiſoner alſo.
rſedneſſe of all curſedneſſe;
ours homicide! o wickedneſſe!
onie, luxurie, and haſardrie!
blaſphemour of Criſt with vilanie
ches grete of uſage and of pride!
mankinde, how may it betide
o thy Creatour, which that thee wrought,
with his precious herte-blood thee bought,
art ſo falſe and ſo unkind? alas!
, good men, God foryeve you your treſpas,
are you fro the ſinne of avarice,
oly pardon may you all warice,
ut ye offre nobles or ſtarlinges,
ais ſilver broches, ſpones, ringes.
ut your hed under this holy bulle.
ith up, ye wives, and offreth of your wolle;
mes I entre here in my roll anon;
he bliſſe of heven ſhul ye gon:
aſſoile by min high powere,
hat wiln offre, as clene and eke as clere
were borne. Lo, Sires, thus I preche;
Jeſu Criſt, that is our ſoules leche,
ante you his pardon to receive.
hat is beſt, I wol you not deceive.

But, Sires, o word forgate I in my Tale;
I have relikes and pardon in my male
As faire as any man in Engelond,
Which were me yeven by the Popes hond.
If any of you wol of devotion
Offren, and han my abſolution,
Cometh forth anon, and kneleth here adoun,
And mekely receiveth my pardoun;
Or elles taketh pardon as ye wende,
Al new and freſhe at every tounes ende,
So that ye offren alway newe and newe
Nobles or pens which that ben good and trewe.
It is an honour to everich that is here
That ye moun have a ſuffiſant Pardonere
To aſſoilen you in contree as ye ride
For aventures which that moun betide.
Paraventure ther may falle on or two
Doun of his hors, and breke his neecke atwo.
Loke, which a ſeurtee is it to you alle
That I am in your felawſhip yfalle,
That may aſſoile you both more and leſſe,
Whan that the ſoule ſhal fro the body paſſe.
I rede that our Hoſte ſhal beginne,
For he is moſt envoluped in ſinne.
Come forth, Sire Hoſte, and offre firſt anon,
And thou ſhalt kiſſe the relikes everich on,
Ye for a grote: unbokel anon thy purſe.
Nay, nay, quod he; than have I Criſtes curſe.
Let be, quod he; it ſhal not be, ſo the ich.
Thou woldeſt make me kiſſe thin olde brech,
And ſwere it were a relike of a ſeint,
Though it were with thy foundement depeint:
But by the crois which that Seint Heleine fond
I wolde I had thin coilons in min hond
Inſtede of relikes or of ſeintuarie.
Let cut hem of, I wol thee help hem carie:
They ſhul be ſhrined in an hogges tord.
This Pardoner anſwered not a word;
So wroth he was no worde ne wolde he ſay.
Now, quod our Hoſte, I wol no lenger play
With thee, ne with non other angry man.
But right anon the worthy knight began,
(Whan that he ſaw that all the peple lough)
No more of this, for it is right ynough.
Sire Pardoner, be mery and glad of chere
And ye, Sire Hoſte, that ben to me ſo dere,
I pray you that ye kiſſe the Pardoner;
And, Pardoner, I pray thee draw thee ner,
And as we diden let us laugh and play.
Anon they kiſſed, and riden forth hir way.

THE SHIPMANNES PROLOGUE.

Our Hoſte upon his ſtirrops ſtode anon,
And ſaide, Good men, herkeneth everich on,
This was a thrifty Tale for the nones.
Sire Pariſh Preeſt, quod he, for Goddes bones
Tell us a Tale, as was thy forward yore;
I ſee wel that ye lerned men in lore
Can mochel good, by Goddes dignitee.
The Perſon him anſwerd, *Benedicite!*
What eileth the man ſo ſinfully to ſwere?
Our Hoſte anſwerd, O Jankin! be ye there?
Now good men, quod our Hoſte, herkneth to me?
I ſmell a Loller in the wind, quod he:
Abideth for Goddes digne paſſion,
For we ſhul han a predication:
This Loller here wol prechen us ſomwhat.
Nay, by my fathers ſoule, that ſhal he nat,
Sayde the Shipman; here ſhal he nat preche;
He ſhal no goſpel gloſen here ne teche.
We leven all in the gret God, quod he:
He wolde ſowen ſom difficultee,
Or ſpringen cockle in our clene corne;
And therefore Hoſte, I warne thee beforne
My joly body ſhal a Tale telle,
And I ſhal clinken you ſo mery a belle
That I ſhal waken all this compagnie;
But it ſhal not ben of philoſophie,
Ne of phyſike, ne termes queinte of lawe:
Ther is but litel Latin in my mawe.

THE SHIPMANNES TALE.

A Marchant whilom dwelled at Seint Deniſe
That riche was, for which men held him wiſe:
A wif he had of excellent beautee,
And compaignable and revelous was ſhe,
Which is a thing that cauſeth more diſpence
Than worth is all the chere and reverence
That men hem don at feſtes and at dances:
Swiche ſalutations and contenances
Paſſen as doth a ſhadwe upon the wal;
But wo is him that payen mote for all.
The ſely huſbond algate he mote pay,
He mote us clothe and he mote us array
All for his owen worſhip richely,
In which array we dancen jolily:
And if that he may not paraventure,
Or elles luſt not ſwiche diſpence endure,
But thinketh it is waſted and yloſt,
Than mote another payen for our coſt,
Or lene us gold, and that is perilous.
This noble marchant held a worthy hous,
For which he had all day ſo gret repaire
For his largeſſe, and for his wif was faire,
That wonder is. But herkeneth to my Tale.
Amonges all thiſe geſtes gret and ſmale
Ther was a monk, a faire man and a bold,
I trow a thritty winter he was old,
That ever in on was drawing to that place.
This yonge monk, that was ſo faire of face,
Acquainted was ſo with this goode man,
Sithen that hire firſte knowlege began,
That in his hous as familier was he
As it poſſible is any frend to be.
And for as mochel us this goode man
And eke this monk of which that I began
Were bothe two yborne in o village,
The monk him claimeth as for coſinage,

he again him fayd not ones nay,
was as glad therof as foule of day,
o his herte it was a gret plesance.
ben they knit with eterne alliance,
tche of hem gan ether for to ensure
rotherhed while that hir lif may dure.
e was Dan John, and namely of dispence,
that hous, and ful of diligence
n plesance, and also gret costage:
ot forgate to yave the leste page
that hous, but after hir degree
ve the lord and sithen his meinee,
that he came, som maner honest thing,
hich they were as glad of his coming
le is fayn whan that the sonne up riseth.
ore of this as now, for it sufficeth.
so befell this marchant on a day
him to maken redy his array
rd the toun of Brugges for to fare,
en ther a portion of ware,
hich he hath to Paris sent anon
ffager, and praied hath Dan John
he shuld come to Seint Denis, and pleie
him and with his wif a day or tweie,
to Brugges went, in all wise.
is noble monk, of which I you devise,
of his abbot as him list licence,
ase he was a man of high prudence,
ke an officer out for to ride
en hir granges and hir bernes wide)
unto Seint Denis he cometh anon.
o was so welcome as my Lord Dan John,
ere cousin, ful of curtesie?
him he brought a jubbe of Malvesie,
eke another ful of fine Vernage,
volatile, as ay was his usage.
thus I let hem ete, and drinke, and pleye,
marchant and this monk, a day or tweye.
e thridde day this marchant up ariseth,
on his nedes sadly him aviseth,
p into his countour hous goth he,
rism with himselven, wel may be,
thke yere how that it with him stood,
how that he dispended had his good,
if that he encresed were or non.
bookes and his bagges many on
ayeth beforn him on his counting bord.
iche was his tresour and his hord,
which ful faste his countour dore he shet,
eke he n'olde no man shuld him let
is accountes for the mene time;
thus he sit til it was passed prime.
n John was risen in the morwe also,
in the gardin walked to and fro,
hath his thinges fayd ful curteisly.
his goode wif came walking prively
the gardin ther he walketh soft,
him saluveth, as she hath don oft:
uiden child came in'hire compagnie,
ich as hire lust she may governe and gie,
yet under the yerde was the maide.
dere cousin min! Dan John, she saide,
at aileth you so rathe for to arise?
ece, quod he, it ought ynough suffise
Five houres for to slepe upon a night,
But it were for an olde appalled wight,
As ben thise wedded men, that lie and dare,
As in a fourme sitteth a wery hare
Were al forstraught with houndes gret and smale.
But, dere nece! why be ye so pale?
I trowe certes that our goode man
Hath you laboured sith this night began,
That you were nede to resten hastily.
And with that word he lough ful merily,
And of his owen thought he wexe all red.
This faire wif gan for to shake hire hed,
And saied thus; Ye, God wote all, quod she:
Nay, cosin min, it stant not so with me;
For by that God that yave me soule and lif
In all the reame of Fraunce is ther no wif
That lasse lust hath to that sery play,
For I may sing alas and wala wa
That I was borne! but to no wight (quod she)
Dare I not tell how that it stant with me;
Wherfore I thinke out of this lond to wende,
Or elles of myself to make an ende,
So ful am I of drede and eke of care.
This monk began upon this wif to stare,
And sayd, Alas! my nece, God forbede
That ye for any sorwe or any drede
Fordo yourself: but telleth me your grefe,
Paraventure I may in your mischefe
Conseile or helpe; and therfore telleth me
All your annoy, for it shal ben secree;
For on my portos here I make an oth
That never in my lif, for lefe ne loth,
Ne shal I of no conseil you bewray.
The same agen to you, quod she, I say.
By God and by this portos I you swere,
Though men me wolden all in pieces tere,
Ne shall I never, for to gon to helle,
Bewrey o word of thing that ye me tell;
Nought for no cosinage ne alliance,
But veraily for love and affiance.
Thus ben they sworne, and hereupon they kisse,
And eche of hem told other what hem lisse.
Cosin, quod she, if that I had a space,
As I have nen, and namely in this place,
Than wold I tell a legend of my lif,
What I have suffred sith I was a wif
With min husbond, al be he your cosin.
Nay, quod this monk, by God and Seint Martin
He n'is no more cosin unto me
Than is the leef that hangeth on the tree;
I clepe him so, by Seint Denis of France,
To han the more cause of acquaintance
Of you, which I have loved specially
Aboven alle women sikerly;
This swere I you on my professioun.
Telleth your grefe, lest that he come adoun,
And hasteth you, and goth away anon.
My dere love! quod she, o my Dan John!
Ful lefe were me this conseil for to hide,
But out it mote, I may no lenger abide.
Myn husbond is to me the werste man
That ever was sith that the world began;
But sith I am a wif, it fit not me
To tellen no wight of our privetee

Neither in bed ne in non other place;
God ſhilde I ſhulde it tellen for his grace:
A wif ne ſhal not ſayn of hire huſbond
But all honour, as I can underſtond;
Save unto you thus moch I tellen ſhal:
As helpe me God he is nought worth at all,
In no degree the value of a flie.
But yet me greveth moſt his nigardie:
And wel ye wot that women naturally
Deſiren thinges ſixe as well as I;
They wolden that hir huſbondes ſhulden be
Hardy, and wiſe, and riche, and therto free,
And buxome to his wif, and freſh a-bedde.
But by that ilke Lord that for us bledde,
For his honour myſelven for to array,
A Sonday next I muſte nedes pay
An hundred franks, or elles am I lorne;
Yet were me lever that I were unborne
Than were don a ſclandre or vilanie.
And if min huſbond eke might it eſpie
I n'ere but loſt; and therfore I you prey
Lene me this ſumme, or elles mote I dey;
Dan John, I ſay, lene me this hundred frankes;
Parde I wol not faille you my thankes,
If that you liſt to do that I you pray;
For at a certain day I wol you pay,
And do to you what pleſance and ſervice
That I may don, right as you liſt deviſe;
And but I do God take on me vengeance
As foul as ever had Genelon of France.
This gentil monk anſwered in this manere;
Now trewely, min owen lady dere!
I have (quod he) on you ſo grete a routhe,
That I you ſwere, and plighte you my trouthe,
That whan your huſbond is to Flandres fare
I wol deliver you out of this care,
For I wol bringen you an hundred frankes.
And with that word he caught her by the flankes,
And hire embraced hard, and kiſte hire oft.
Goth now your way, quod he, al ſtille and ſoft,
And let us dine as ſone as that ye may,
For by my kalender it is prime of day:
Goth now, and beth as trewe as I ſhal be.
Now elles God forbede, Sire, quod ſhe.
And forth ſhe goth as joly as a pie,
And bad the cokes that they ſhuld hem hie,
So that men mighten dine, and that anon.
Up to hire huſbond is this wif ygon,
And knocketh at his countour boldely.
Qui eſt la? quod he; Peter, it am I,
Quod ſhe. What, Sire, how longe wol ye faſt?
How longe time wol ye reken and caſt
Your ſummes, and your bookes, and your thinges?
The devil have part of all ſwiche rekeninges!
Ye han ynough parde of Goddes ſonde.
Come doun-to-day, and let your bagès ſtonde.
Ne be ye not aſhamed that Dan John
Shal faſting all this day elenge gon?
What! let us here a maſſe, and go we dine.
Wif, quod this man, litel canſt thou divine
The curious beſineſſe that we have;
For of us chapmen, all ſo God me ſave,
And by that lord that cleped is Seint Ive,
Scarſly amonges twenty ten ſhal thrive
Continuelly, laſting unto oure age.
We moun wel maken chere and good viſage,
And driven forth the world as it may be,
And kepen oure eſtat in privetee
Til we be ded, or elles that we play
A pilgrimage, or gon out of the way:
And therfore have I gret neceſſitee
Upon this queinte world to aviſen me;
For evermore mote we ſtond in drede
Of hap and fortune in our chapmanhede.
To Flanders wol I go to-morwe at day,
And come agein as ſone as ever I may,
For which, my dere wif! I thee beſeke
As be to every wight buxom and meke,
And for to kepe our good be curious,
And honeſtly governe wel our hous.
Thou haſt ynough in every maner wiſe
That to a thriſty houſhold may ſuffice.
Thee lacketh non array ne no vitaille;
Of ſilver in thy purſe ſhalt thou not faille.
And with that word his countour dore he ſhette,
And doun he goth; no lenger wold he lette;
And haſtily a maſſe was ther ſaide,
And ſpedily the tables were ylaide,
And to the diner faſte they hem ſpedde,
And richely this monk the chapman fedde.
And after diner Dan John ſobrely
This chapman toke apart, and prively
He ſaid him thus; Coſin, it ſtondeth ſo
That wel I ſee to Brugges ye wol go;
God and Seint Auſtin ſpede you and gide!
I pray you, coſin, wiſely that ye ride;
Governeth you alſo of your diete
Attemprely, and namely in this hete.
Betwix us two nedeth no ſtrange fare:
Farewel, coſin, God ſhilde you fro care!
If any thing ther be by day or night,
If it lie in my power and my might,
That ye me wol command in any wiſe,
It ſhal be don right as ye wol deviſe.
But o thing or ye go, if it may be;
I wolde prayen you for to lene me
An hundred frankes for a weke or tweye,
For certain beſtes that I muſte beye,
To ſtoren with a place that is oures,
(God help me ſo I wold that it were youres)
I ſhal not faille ſurely of my day,
Not for a thouſand frankes, a mile way.
But let this thing be ſecree, I you preye;
For yet to-night thiſe beſtes mote I beye.
And fare now wel, min owen coſin dere!
Grand mercy of your coſt and of your chere.
This noble marchant gentilly anon
Anſwerd and ſaid, O coſin min, Dan John!
Now ſikerly this is a ſmal requeſte;
My gold is youres, whan that it you leſte,
And not only my gold but my chaffare:
Take what you leſt, God ſhilde that ye ſpare.
But o thing is, ye know it wel ynough
Of chapmen that hir money is hir plough:
We moun creanceen while we han a name,
But goodles for to ben it is no game.
Pay it agen whan it lith in your eſe:
After my might ful fayn wold I you pleſe.

ife hundred frankes fet he forth anon,
prively he toke hem to Dan John:
right in al this world wift of this lone
g this marchant and Dan John alone,
drinke, and fpeke, and rome a while and
fat Dan John rideth to his abbeye. [pleye,
e morwe came, and forth this marchant rideth
landres ward; his prentis wel him gideth
came in to Brugges merily.
goth this marchant fafte and befily
t his nede, and bieth, and creanceth;
ither playeth at the dis ne danceth,
a marchant, fhortly for to tell,
deth his lif; and ther I let him dwell.
e Sonday next the marchant was agon
int Denis ycomen is Dan John,
croune and berde all frefh and newe yfhave.
the hous ther n'as fo litel a knave,
wight elles, that he n'as ful fain
hat my Lord Dan John was come again.
fhortly to the point right for to gon,
faire wif accordeth with Dan John
for thife hundred frankes he fhuld all night
n hire in his armes bolt upright:
this accord parformed was in dede.
rth all night a befy lif they lede
was day, that Dan John yede his way,
bad the meinie farewel, have good day:
on of hem, ne no wight in the toun,
of Dan John right non fufpectioun:
forth he rideth home to his abbey,
her him lifte; no more of him I fey.
is marchant, whan that ended was the faire,
int Denis he gan for to repaire,
with his wif he maketh fefte and chere,
telleth hire that chaffare is fo dere
nedes mufte he make a chevifance
he was bonde in a recognifance
payen twenty thoufand fheldes anon:
which this marchant is to Paris gon
borwe of certain frendes that he hadde
main frankes, and fom with him he ladde.
d whan that he was come in to the toun,
r pn chiertee and gret affectioun
o Dan John he goth him firft to pleye,
for to axe or borwe of him moneye,
for to wete and feen of his welfare,
d for to tellen him of his chaffare,
frendes don whan they ben mette in fere.
an John him maketh fefte and mery chere,
d he him tolde agen ful fpecially
w he had wel ybought and graciouffy
anked be God) all hole his marchandife,
that he muft in alle manere wife
ken a chevifance, as for his befte,
d than he fhulde ben in joye and refte.
John anfwered, Certes I am fain
t ye in hele be comen home again;
d if that I were riche, as have I bliffe,
twenty thoufand fheldes fhuld ye not miffe,
ye fo kindely this other day
te me gold, and as I can and may
anke you, by God and by Seint Jame.
natheles I toke unto our dame,
Your wif, at home, the fame gold again
Upon your benche; fhe wote it wel certain,
By certain tokenes that I can hire tell.
Now by your leve I may no lenger dwell;
Our abbot wol out of this toun anon,
And in his compagnie I mufte gon.
Grete wel our dame, min owen nece fwete!
And farewel, dere cofin! til we mete.
This marchant, which that was ful ware and
Creanced hath, and paide eke in Paris [wife,
To certain Lumbardes, redy in hir hond,
The fumme of gold, and gate of hem his bond,
And home he goth mery as a popingay,
For wel he knew he ftood in fwiche array
That nedes mufte he winne in that viage
A thoufand frankes above all his coftage.
His wif ful redy mette him at the gate,
As fhe was wont of old ufage algate;
And all that night in mirthe they ben fette,
For he was riche, and clerely out of dette.
Whan it was day, this marchant gan embrace
His wif all newe, and kifte hire in hire face,
And up he goth, and maketh it ful tough.
No more, quod fhe; by God ye have ynough;
And wantonly agen with him fhe plaide,
Til at the laft this marchant to hire faide:
By God, quod he, I am a litel wrothe
With you my wif, although it be me lothe;
And wote ye why? by God, as that I geffe
That ye han made a manere ftrangeneffe
Betwixen me and my cofin Dan John.
Ye fhuld have warned me or I had gon
That he you had an hundred frankes paide
By redy token, and held him evil apaide
For that I to him fpake of chevifance:
(Me femed fo as by his contenance)
But natheles, by God our heven king
I thoughte not to axe of him no thing.
I pray thee, wif, ne do thou no more fo:
Tell me alway, er that I fro thee go,
If any dettour hath in min abfence
Ypaid thee, left thurgh thy negligence
I might him axe a thing that he hath paide.
This wif was not aferde ne affraide,
But boldely fhe faid, and that anon,
Mary! I defie that falfe monk Dan John;
I kepe not of his tokenes never a del:
He toke me certain gold, I wote it wel.
What! evil thedome on his monkes fhoute;
For God it wot I wend withouten doute
That he had yeve it me becaufe of you,
To don therwith min honour and my prow
For cofinage and eke for *belle chere*
That he hath had ful often times here:
But fith I fee I ftonde in fwiche disjoint
I wol anfwere you fhortly to the point.
Ye have mo flakke dettours than am I;
For I wol pay you wel and redily
Fro day to day; and if fo be I faille,
I am your wif, fcore it upon my taile,
And I fhal pay as fone as ever I may;
For by my trouth I have on min array,
And not in wafte, beftowed it every del;
And for I have beftowed it fo wel

For your honour, for Goddes sake I say
As beth not wrothe, but let us laugh and play:
Ye shal my joly body han to wedde;
By God I n'ill not pay you but a-bedde:
Foryeve it me, min owen spouse dere!
Turne hitherward, and maketh better chere.
This marchant saw ther was no remedy,
And for to chide it n'ere but a foly,
Sith that the thing may not amended be.
Now wif, he said, and I foryeve it thee;
But by thy lif be ne no more so large;
Kepe bet my good; this yeve I thee in charge.
Thus endeth now my Tale, and God us sende
Taling ynough unto our lives ende.

THE PRIORESSES PROLOGUE.

Wel said, by *corpus Domini*, quod our Hoste;
Now longe mote thou failen by the coste,
Thou gentil maister, gentil marinere.
God give the monke a thousand last quad yere.
A ha! felawes, beth ware of swiche a jape.
The monke put in the mannes hode an ape,
And in his wifes eke, by Seint Austin.
Draweth no monkes more into your in.
But now passe over, and let us seek aboute
Who shall now tellen first of all this route
Another Tale: and with that word he said,
As curteisly as it had been a maid;
My Lady Prioresse, by your leve,
So that I wist I shuld you not agreve,
I wolde demen that ye tellen shold
A Tale next, if so were that ye wold.
Now wol ye vochesauf, may Lady dere?
Gladly, quod she; and saide as ye shul here.

THE PRIORESSES TALE*.

O Lord our Lord! thy name how merveillous
Is in this large world ysprad! (quod she)
For not al only thy laude precious
Parformed is by men of dignitee,
But by the mouth of children thy bountee
Parfourmed is, for on the brest souking
Sometime shewen they thin herying.
Wherfore in laude, as I can best and may,
Of thee and of the white lily flour
Which that thee bare, and is a maide alway,
To tell a storie I will do my labour;
Not that I may encresen hire honour,
For she herselven is honour and rote
Of bountee, next hire sone, and soules bote.
O mother maide! o maide and mother fre!
O bushe unbrent! brenning in Moyses sight,
That ravishedest doun fro the deitee,
Thurgh thin humblesse, the gost that in the alight
Of whos vertue, whan he thin herte light,
Conceived was the fathers sapience,
Helpe me to tell it in thy reverence.
Lady! thy bountee, thy magnificence,
Thy vertue and thy gret humilitee,
Ther may no tongue expresse in no science;
For somtime, Lady! or men pray to thee
Thou gost beforn of thy benignitee
And geteest us the light of thy prayere
To giden us unto thy sone so dere.
My conning is so weke, o blisful Quene!
For to declare thy grete worthinesse,
That I ne may the weighte not sustene;
But as a child of twelf moneth old or lesse,
That can unnethes any word expresse,
Right so fare I, and therefore I you pray
Gideth my song that I shal of you say.
Ther was in Asie, in a gret citee,
Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie,
Sustened by a lord of that contree,
For soule usure and lucre of vilanie
Hateful to Crist and to his compagnie,
And thurgh the strete men mighten ride and wende,
For it was free, and open at eyther ende.
A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the ferther end, in which ther were
Children an hepe comen of Cristen blood,
That lerned in that scole yere by yere
Swiche manere doctrine as men used there;

* A miracle of a Christian child murdered by the Jews.

This is to ſay, to ſingen and to rede,
As ſmale children don in hir childhede.
Among thiſe children was a widewes ſone,
A litel clergion, ſevene yere of age,
That day by day to ſcole was his wone,
And eke alſo, wheras he ſey the image
Of Criſtes moder, had he in uſage,
As him was taught, to knele adoun, and ſay
Ave Marie as he goth by the way.
Thus hath this widewe hire litel ſone ytaught
Our blisful Lady, Criſtes mother dere,
To worſhip ay, and he forgate it naught,
For ſely childe wol away ſone lere.
But aye whan I remembre on this matere
Seint Nicholas ſtant ever in my preſence,
For he ſo yong to Criſt did reverence,
This litel childe his litel book lerning,
As he ſat in the ſcole at his primere,
He *Alma Redemptoris* herde ſing,
As children lered hir antiphonere,
And as he dorſt he drow him nere and nere,
And herkened ay the words and the note,
Til he the firſte vers coude al by rote.
Nought wiſt he what this Latin was to ſay,
For he ſo yonge and tendre was of age;
But on a day his felaw gan he pray
To expounden him this ſong in his language,
Or telle him why this ſong was in uſage:
This prayde he him to conſtrue and declare
Ful oft time upon his knees bare.
His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Anſwered him thus; This ſong I have herd ſay,
Was maked of our blisful Lady fre,
Hire to ſalue, and eke hire for to prey
To ben our help and ſocour whan we dey.
I can no more expound in this matere:
I lerne ſong; I can but ſmal grammere.
And is this ſong maked in reverence
Of Criſtes moder? ſaid this innocent:
Now certes I wol don my diligence
To conne it all or Criſtemaſſe be went,
Though that I for my primer ſhal be ſhent,
And ſhal be beten thries in an houre.
I wol it conne our Ladie for to honoure.
His felaw taught him homeward prively
Fro day to day til he coude it by rote,
And than he ſong it wel and boldely
Fro word to word according with the note:
Twies a day it paſſed thurgh his throte,
To ſcoleward and homeward whan he wente;
On Criſtes moder ſet was his entente.
As I have ſaid, thurghout the Jewerie
This litel child, as he came to and fro,
Ful merily than wold he ſing and crie
O Alma Redemptoris! ever mo.
The ſweteneſſe hath his herte perſed ſo
Of Criſtes moder, that to hire to pray
He cannot ſtint of ſinging by the way.
Our firſte ſo, the ſerpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes herte his waſpes neſt,
Up ſwale and ſaid, O Ebraike peple, alas!
Is this to you a thing that is honeſt.
That ſwiche a boy ſhal walken as him leſte
In your deſpit, and ſing of ſwiche ſentence,
Which is again our lawes reverence?

From thennesforth the Jewes han conſpired
This innocent out of this world to chace:
And homicide thereto han they hired,
That in an aleye had a privee place,
And as the child gan forthby for to pace
This curſed Jew him hent and held him faſt,
And cut his throte, and in a pit him caſt.
I ſay that in a wardrope they him threwe
Wher as thiſe Jewes purgen hir entraille.
O curſed folk! of Herodes alle-newe,
What may your evil entente you availle?
Mordre wol out, certein it wol not faille:
And namely ther the honour of God ſhal ſprede
The blood out crieth on your curſed dede.
O martyr ſouded in virginitee!
Now maiſt thou ſinge and folwen ever in on
The white Lamb celeſtial, quod ſhe,
Of which the gret evangeliſt Seint John
In Pathmos wrote, which ſayth that they that gon
Beforn this Lamb, and ſing a ſong al newe,
That never fleſhly woman they ne knewe.
This poure widewe awaiteth al that night
After hire litel childe, and he came nought,
For which as ſone as it was dayes light,
With face pale of drede and beſy thought
She hath at ſcole and elles wher him ſought,
Til finally ſhe gan ſo fer aſpie
That he laſt ſeen was in the Jewerie.
With modres pitee in hire breſt encloſed
She goth, as ſhe were half out of hire minde,
To every place wher ſhe hath ſuppoſed
By likelihed hire litel child to finde;
And ever on Criſtes moder meke and kinde
She cried, and at the laſte thus ſhe wrought,
Among the curſed Jewes ſhe him ſought.
She freyneth and ſhe praieth pitouſly
To every Jew that dwelled in thilke place
To telle hire of hire child went ought forth by;
They ſayden Nay; but Jeſu of his grace
Yave in hire thought, within a little ſpace,
That in that place after hire ſone ſhe cride
Ther he was caſten in a pit beſide.
O grete God, that parformeſt thy laude
By mouth of innocentes, lo here thy might
This gem of chaſtitee, this emeraude,
And eke of martirdome the rubie bright,
Ther he with throte ycorven lay upright
He *Alma Redemptoris* gan to ſinge
So loude, that all the place gan to ringe.
The Criſten folk that thurgh the ſtrete wente
In comen for to wondre upon this thing,
And haſtifly they for the provoſt ſente:
He came anon withouten tarying,
And herieth Criſt, that is of heven king,
And eke his moder, honour of mankind,
And after that the Jewes let he binde.
This child with pitous lamentation
Was taken up, ſinging his ſong alway,
And with honour and gret proceſſion
They carien him unto the next abbey;
His moder ſwouning by the bere lay:
Unnethes might the peple that was there
This newe Rachel bringen fro his bere.
With turment and with ſhameful deth eche on
This provoſt doth thiſe Jewes for to ſterve

of this moder wiste, and that anon:
'olde no swiche cursednesse observe:
shal he have that evil wol deserve;
for with wild hc. he did hem drawe,
after that he heng hem by the lawe.
pon his bere ay lith this innocent
m the auter while the masse last,
after that the abbot with his covent
spedde hem for to berie him ful fast:
whan they holy water on him cast
pake thischild, whan spreint was the holy water,
sing, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*
his abbot, which that was an holy man,
onkies ben, or elles ought to be,
yonge child to conjure he began,
laid; O dere child! I hasse thee,
rtue of the holy trinitee,
me what is thy cause for to sing,
that thy throte is cut to my seming.
y throte is cut unto my nekke bon,
this child, and as by way of kinde
ld have deyd, ye longe time agon,
Jesu Crist, as ye in bookes finde,
that this glory last and be in minde,
for the worship of his moder dere.
nay I sing *O Alma* loude and clere.
is welle of mercie, Cristes moder swete,
d alway, as after my conning;
whan that I my lif shulde forlete
e she came, and bad me for to sing
antem veraily in my dying,
As ye han herde; and whan that I had songe
Me thought she laid a grain upon my tonge.
Wherfore I sing, and sing I mote certain,
In honour of that blisful maiden free,
Til fro my tonge of taken is the grain.
And after that thus saide she to me;
My litel child, than wol I fetchen thee,
Whan that the grain is fro thy tongue ytake:
Be not agaste, I wol thee not forsake.
This holy monk, this abbot him mene I,
His tonge out caught, and toke away the grain,
And he yave up the gost ful softely.
And whan this abbot had this wonder sein
His salte teres trilled adoun as reyne,
And groff he fell al platte upon the ground,
And still he lay as he had ben ybound.
The covent lay eke upon the pavement
Weping and herying Cristes moder dere;
And after that they risen, and forth ben went,
And toke away this martir fro his bere,
And in a tombe of marble stones clere
Enclosen they his litel body swete:
Ther he is now God lene us for to mete.
O young Hew of Lincoln! slain also
With cursed Jewes, as it is notable,
For it n'is but a litel while ago,
Pray eke for us, we sinful folk unstable,
That of his mercie God so merciable
On us his grete mercie multiplie,
For reverence of his moder Marie.

PROLOGUE TO SIRE THOPAS.

WHAN ſaid was this miracle every man
As ſober was that wonder was to ſee,
Til that our Hoſte to japen he began,
And than at erſt he loked upon me,
And ſaide thus; What man art thou? quod he:
Thou lokeſt as thou woldeſt find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I ſee thee ſtare.
Approche nere, and loke up merily.
Now ware you, Sires, and let this man have place;
He in the waſte is ſhapen as wel as I.
This were a popet in an arme to enbrace
For any woman, ſmal and faire of face.
He ſemeth elviſh by his contenance,
For unto no wight doth he daliance.
Say now ſomwhat, ſin other folk han ſaide;
Tell us a Tale of mirthe, and that anon.
Hoſte, quod I, ne be not evil apaide,
For other Tale certes can I non
But of a rime I lerned yore agon.
Ye, that is good, quod he; we ſhullen here
Som deintee thing me thinketh by thy chere.

THE RIME OF SIRE THOPAS*.

LISTENETH, Lordinges, in good entent,
And I wol tel you *veramant*
Of mirthe and of ſolas,
Al of a knight was faire and gent
In bataille and in turnament,
His name was Sire Thopas.
Yborne he was in fer contree,
In Flandres, al beyonde the ſee,
At Popering in the place:
His father was a man ful free,
And lord he was of that contree,
As it was Goddes grace.
Sire Thopas was a doughty ſwain,
White was his face as paindemaine,
His lippes red as roſe:
His rudde is like ſcarlet in grain,
And I you tell in good certain
He had a ſemely noſe.
His here, his berde, was like ſafroun,
That to his girdle raught adoun;
His ſhoon of Cordewane;
Of Brugges were his hoſen broun;
His robe was of chekelatoun,
That coſte many a Jane.
He coude hunt at the wilde dere,
And ride on hauking for the rivere
With grey goſhauk on honde;
Therto he was a good archere:
Of wraſtling was ther non his pere
Ther ony ram ſhuld ſtonde.
Ful many a maide bright in bour
They mourned for him *par amour*
Whan hem were bet to ſlepe;
But he was chaſte and no lechour,
And ſwete as is the bramble flour
That bereth the red hepe.
And ſo it fell upon a day,
Forſoth, as I you tellen may,
Sire Thopas wold out ride;
He worth upon his ſtede gray,
And in his hond a launcegay,
A long ſwerd by his ſide.
He priketh thurgh a faire foreſt,
Therin is many a wilde beſt,
Ye both buck and hare;
And as he pricked north and eſt,
I telle it you, him had almeſte
Betidde a ſory care.

* A northern Tale of an outlandiſh knight, purpoſely uttered by Chaucer in a rime and ſtyle differing from the *reſt, as though* he himſelf were not the author but only *the reporter of the other Tales. Urry.*

Ther ſpringen herbes grete and ſmale,
e licoris and the ſetewale,
d many a cloue gilofre,
d notemuge to put in ale,
ether it be moiſt or ſtale,
for to lain in cofre.
The briddes ſingen, it is no nay,
e ſperhauk and the popingay,
at joye it was to here,
e throſtel cok made eke his lay,
e wode dove upon the ſpray
ſing ful loude and clere.
ire Thopas fell in love-longing
whan he herd the throſtel ſing,
d priked as he were wood;
ſhire ſtede in his priking
ſwatte that men might him wring,
ſides were al blood.
ire Thopas eke ſo wery was
priking on the ſofte gras,
iers was his corage,
it doun he laid him in that place
maken his ſtede ſom ſolace,
l yaf him good forage.
, Seinte Mary, *benedicite!*
at aileth this Love at me
binde me ſo ſore?
dremed all this night parde
elf quene ſhal my lemman be,
l ſlepe under my gore.
n elf quene wol I love ywis,
in this world no woman is
rthy to be my make in toun——
other women I forſake,
d to an elf quene I me take
dale and eke by doun.
nto his ſadel he clombe anon,
d priked over ſtile and ſton
elf quene for to eſpie,
he ſo long had riden and gone
at he fond in a privee wone
he contree of Faerie.
Wherin he ſoughte north and ſouth,
d eſt he ſpied with his mouth
many a foreſt wilde,
in that contree n'as ther non
at to him dorſt ride or gon,
ither wif ne childe.
Til that ther came a gret geaunt,
a name was Sire Olifhaunt,
perilous men of dede;
ſayde, Child, by Termagaunt
t if thou prike out of myn haunt
ion I flee thy ſteed with mace——
re is the Quene of Faerie,
ith harpe, and pipe, and ſimphonie,
welling in this place.
The child ſayd, Al ſo mote I the
morwe wol I meten thee,
han I have min armoure,
d yet I hope *par ma foy*
at thou ſhalt with this launcegay
ien it ful foure: thy ſtawe
al I perce, if I may,
r it be fully prime of the day,
r here thou ſhalt be ſlawe.

Sire Thopas drew abak ful faſt;
This geaunt at him ſtones caſt
Out of a fel ſtaffe ſling:
But faire eſcaped child Thopas,
And all it was thurgh Goddes grace,
And thurgh his faire bering.
Yet liſteneth, Lordings, to my Tale,
Merier than the nightingale,
For now I wol you roune
How Sire Thopas with ſides ſmale,
Priking over hill and dale,
Is comen agein to toune.
His mery men commandeth he
To maken him bothe game and gle,
For nedes muſt he fighte
With a geaunt with hedes three
For paramour and jolitee
Of on that ſhone ful brighte.
Do come, he ſayd, my mineſtraleſ
And geſtours for to tellen tales
Anon in min arming,
Of romaunces that ben reales,
Of popes and of cardinales,
And eke of love-longing.
They ſet him firſt the ſwete win,
And mede eke in a maſelin
And real ſpicerie,
Of ginger-bred that was ful fin,
And licoris and eke comin,
With ſugar that is trie.
He didde next his white lere
Of cloth of lake fin and clere
A breche and eke a ſherte,
And next his ſhert an haketon,
And over that an habergeon
For percing of his herte;
And over that a fin hauberk
Was all ywrought of Jewes werk,
Ful ſtrong it was of plate,
And over that his cote-armoure,
As white as is the lily floure,
In which he wold debate.
His ſheld was all of gold ſo red,
And therin was a bores hed,
A charboucle beſide;
And ther he ſwore on ale and bred
How that the geaunt ſhuld be ded,
Betide what ſo betide.
His jambuix were of cuirbouly,
His ſwerdes ſheth of ivory,
His helme of latoun bright,
His ſadel was of rewel bone,
His bridel as the ſonne ſhone,
Or as the mone light.
His ſpere was of fin cypres,
That bodeth werre and nothing pees,
The hed ful ſharpe yground:
His ſtede was all dapple gray,
It goth an aumble in the way
Ful ſoftely and round in londe——
Lo, Lordes min, here is a fit,
If ye wol ony more of it
To telle it wol I fond.
Now hold your mouth *pour charite*
Bothe knight and lady fre,

And herkeneth to my ſpell;
Of bataille and of chevalrie,
Of ladies love and druerie,
Anon I wol you tell.
Men ſpeken of romaunces of pris,
Of Hornchild and of Ipotis,
Of Bevis and Sire Guy,
Of Sire Libeux and Pleindamour,
But Sire Thopas he bereth the flour
Of real chevalrie.
His goode ſtede he al beſtrode,
And forth upon his way he glode
As ſparcle out of bronde;
Upon his creſt he bare a tour,
And therin ſtiked a lily flour;
God ſhilde his corps fro ſhonde!
And for he was a knight auntrous
He n'olde ſlepen in non hous,
But liggen in his hood;
His bright helm was his wanger,
And by him baited his deſtrer
Of herbes fin and good.
Himſelf drank water of the well,
As did the knight Sire Percivel
So worthy under wede,
Til on a day——

PROLOGUE TO MELIBEUS.

more of this for Goddes dignitee,
d our Hoſte, for thou makeſt me
very of thy veray lewedneſſe,
t al ſo wiſly God my ſoule bleſſe
eres aken of thy drafty ſpeche.
ſwiche a rime the devil I beteche;
may wel be rime dogerel, quod he.
Why ſo? quod I; why wolt thou letten me
re of my Tale than an other man,
that it is the beſte rime I can?
y God, quod he, for plainly at o word
drafty riming is not worth a tord:
u doſt nought elles but diſpendeſt time.
, at o word thou ſhalt no lenger rime.
ſee wher thou canſt tellen ought in geſte,
tellen in proſe ſomwhat at the leſte
which ther be ſom mirthe or ſom doctrine.
Gladly, quod I; by Goddes ſwete pine
ol you tell a litel thing in proſe
at onghte liken you, as I ſuppoſe,
elles certes ye be to dangerous.
s a moral Tale vertuous,
he it told ſomtime in ſondry wiſe
ſundry folk, as I ſhal you deviſe.

As thus; ye wot that every evangeliſt
That telleth us the peine of Jeſu Criſt
Ne ſaith not alle thing as his felaw doth;
But natheles hir ſentence is al ſoth,
And alle accorden as in hir ſentence,
Al be ther in hir telling difference;
For ſom of hem ſay more and ſom ſay leſſe
Whan they his pitous paſſion expreſſe:
I mene of Mark and Mathew, Luke and John,
But douteles hir ſentence is all on.
Therfore, Lordinges all, I you beſeche,
If that ye thinke I vary in my ſpeche,
As thus, though that I telle ſom del more
Of proverbes than ye han herde before
Comprehended in this litel tretiſe here,
To enforcen with the effect of my matere,
And though I not the ſame wordes ſay
As ye han herde, yet to you alle I pray
Blameth me not, for as in my ſentence
Shul ye nowher finden no difference
Fro the ſentence of thilke tretiſe lite
After the which this mery Tale I write;
And therfore herkeneth what I ſhal ſay,
And let me tellen all my Tale I pray.

TALE OF MELIBEUS*.

A YONGE man called Melibeus, mighty and riche, begate upon his wif that called was Prudence a doughter which that called was Sophie.

Upon a day befell that he for his disport is went into the feldes him to playe. His wif and eke his doughter hath he left within his hous, of which the dores weren fast yshette. Foure of his olde foos han it espied, and setten ladders to the walles of his hous, and by the windowes hen entred, and beten his wif, and wounded his doughter with five mortal woundes in five sondry places; this is to say, in hire feet, in hire hondes, in hire eres, in hire nose, and in hire mouth, and leften hire for dede, and wenten away.

Whan Melibeus retorned was into his hous, and sey al this meschief, he like a madman rending his clothes gan to wepe and crie.

Prudence his wif, as fer forth as she dorste, besought him of his weping for to stint: but not forthy he gan to crie and wepen ever lenger the more.

This noble wif Prudence remembred hire upon the sentence of Ovide, in his book that cleped is The Remedie of Love, wheras he saith, He is a fool that distourbeth the moder to wepe in the deth of hire childe til she have wept hire fille, as for a certain time; and than shal a man don his diligence with amiable wordes hire to reconforte, and preye hire of hire weping for to stinte. For which reson this noble wif Prudence suffred hire husbond for to wepe and crie as for a certain space, and whan she saw hire time she sayde to him in this wise: Alas! my Lord, quod she, why make ye yourself for to be like a fool? forsothe it apperteineth not to a wise man to maken swiche a sorwe. Youre doughter with the grace of God shal warish and escape. And al were it so that she right now were dede, ye ne ought not as for hire deth youreself to destroye. Senek saith, The wise man shal not take to gret discomfort for the deth of his children, but certes he shulde suffren it in patience, as wel as he abideth the deth of his owen propre persone.

* Prudence, the discreet wife of Melibeus, persuadeth her husband to patience, and to receive his enemies to mercie and grace. A Tale full of moralitie, wherin both high and low may learne to governe their affections. *Speght.*

This Melibeus answered anon and man (quod he) shulde of his wepin hath so gret a cause for to wepe? Je Lord himself wepte for the deth his frend. Prudence answerd; Certe attempre weping is nothing defended forweful is among folk in sorwe, bu graunted him to wepe. The apostle the Romaines writeth, Man shal rejoy that maken joye, and wepen with sw wepen. But though attempre weping outrageous weping certes is defended. weping shulde be considered after t techeth us Senek. Whan that thy f (quod he) let not thin eyen to moiste ne to muche drie; although the tere thin eyen let hem not falle. And wh forgon thy frend do diligence to get a frend; and this is more wisdom than for thy frende which that thou ha therin is no bote. And therfore if you by sapience, put away forwe o herte. Remembreth you that Jesus Si man that is joyous and glad in herte serveth florishing in his age; but sor ful herte maketh his bones drie. H thus, that surwe in herte sleeth ful m Salomon sayth, that right as mouthes i fleese anoien to the clothes, and the sm to the tree, right so anoieth sorwe to man; wherfore us ought as wel in oure children as in the losse of our go rel have patience.

Remembre you upon the patient he hadde lost his children and his te staunce, and in his body endured and many a grevous tribulation, yet say Oure Lord hath yave it to me, our beraft it me; right as oure Lord hath so it is don; yblessed be the name of To thise foresaide thinges answered M his wif Prudence: All thy wordes (qu trewe, and therto profitable, but tr herte is troubled with this sorwe so gre I n'ot what to don. Let calle (quod thy trewe frendes alle, and thy lina that ben wise, and telleth to hem you herkeneth what they saye in conseillin

after hir ſentence. Salomon ſaith, hinges by conſeil and thou ſhalt never

conſeil of his wif Prudence this Meli- en a gret congregation of folk, as ſur- iens, olde folk and yonge, and ſom of emies reconciled (as by hir ſemblant) ind to his grace; and therwithal ther of his neighebours that diden him ore for drede than for love, as it hap- ner comen alſo ful many ſubtil flatter- e advocats lerned in the lawe.

an thiſe folk togeder aſſembled weren, us in forweful wiſe ſhewed hem his cas, manere of his ſpeche it ſemed that in re a cruel ire, ready to don vengeaunce os, and ſodeinly deſired that the werre inne, but natheles yet axed he his con- his matere. A ſurgien, by licence and riche as weren wiſe, up roſe, and unto ayde as ye moun here.

nod he) as to us ſurgiens apperteineth to every wight the beſte that we can, we ben withholden, and to our patient o no damage, wherfore it happeth many ofte that whan twey men han everich other o ſame ſurgien heleth hem both, unto our art it is not pertinent to norice parties to ſupporte: but certes as to the of youre doughter, al be it ſo that peri- be wounded, we ſhuln do ſo entent if fro day to night, that with the grace of ſhal be hole and ſound as ſone as is poſſi- reſt right in the ſame wiſe the phiſicians o, ſave that they ſaiden a fewe wordes at right as maladies ben cured by hir , right ſo ſhal man wariſhe werre. His ures ful of envie, his feined frendes that conciled, and his ſlaterers, maden ſem- weping, and empeired and agregged mu- his matere, in preyſing gretly Melibee of power, of richeſſe, and of frendes, deſ- power of his adverſaries, and ſaiden that he anon ſhulde wreken him on his beginnen werre.

ile than an advocat that was wiſe, by by conſeil of other that were wiſe, and Lordinges, the nede for the which we mbled in this place is a ful havie thing, gh matere, becauſe of the wrong and rikkedneſſe that hath be don, and eke by the grete damages that in time coming ble to fallen for the ſame cauſe, and eke of the gret richeſſe and power of the rthe, for the which reſons it were a ful l to erren in this matere; wherfore, Meli- is in oure ſentence: we conſeille you, alle thing, that right anon thou do thy in keping of thy propre perſone in wiſe that thou ne want non eſpie ne watche ly for to ſave: and after that we conſeille thin hous thou ſette ſufficant garniſon, ſo y moun as wel thy body as thy hous de- but certes for to meeven werre, ne ſodenly

for to do vengeaunce, we moun not deme in ſo litel time that it were profitable; wherefore we axen leiſer and ſpace to have deliberation in this cas to deme; for the comune proverbe ſaith thus He that ſone demeth ſone ſhal repente; and eke men ſain that thilke juge is wiſe that ſone under- ſtondeth a matere and jugeth by leiſer: for al be it ſo that al tarying be anoiſul, algates it is not to repreve in yeving of jugement, ne in vengeance taking, whan it is ſufficant and reſonable: and that ſhewed our Lord Jeſu Criſt by enſample; for whan that the woman that was taken in advoutrie was brought in his preſence, to knowen what ſhuld be don with hire perſone, al be it that he wiſt wel himſelf what that he wolde anſwere, yet ne wolde he not anſwere ſo deinly, but he wolde have deliberation, and in the ground he wrote twies: and by thiſe cauſes we axen deliberation, and we ſhuln than by the grace of God conſeille the thing that ſhal be profitable.

Up ſterte than the yonge folk at ones, and the moſt partie of that compagnie han ſcorned this olde wiſe man, and begonnen to make noiſe and ſaiden, Right ſo as while that iren is hot men ſhulde ſmite, right ſo men ſhuln do wreken hir wronges while that they ben freſhe and newe: and with loude voys they criden Werre! werre! Up roſe tho on of thiſe old wiſe, and with his hand made countenance that men ſhuld holde hem ſtille and yeve him audience. Lordinges, (quod he) ther is ful many a man thet crieth Werre! werre! that wote ful litel what werre amounteth. Werre at his beginning hath ſo gret an entring and ſo large, that every wight may enter whan him liketh, and lightly find werre; but certes what end that ſhal befalle it is not light to know; for ſothly whan that werre is ones begonne there is ful many a child unborne of his moder that ſhal ſterve yong by cauſe of thilke werre, other elles live in forwe, and dien in wretchedneſſe; and therfore or that any werre be begonne men muſt have gret conſeil and gret deliberation. And whan this olde man wende to enforcen his tale by reſons, wel nie alle at ones begonne they to riſe for to breken his tale, and bidden him ful oft his wordes for to abregge; for ſothly he that precheth to hem that liſten not heren his wordes, his ſermon hem anoieth; for Jeſus Sirak ſayth that muſike in weping is a noious thing: this is to ſayn, as muche availleth to ſpeke beforn folk to which his ſpeche anoieth as to ſinge beforne him that wepeth. And whan this wiſe man ſaw that him wanted audience al ſhamefaſt he ſette him doun agein: for Salomon ſaith, Ther as thou ne mayſt have non audience enforce thee not to ſpeke. I ſee wel (quod this wiſe man) that the comune proverbe is ſoth, that good conſeil wanteth whan it is moſt nede.

Yet had this Melibeus in his conſeil many folk that prively in his ere conſeilled him certain thing, and conſeilled him the contrary in general audience. Whan Melibeus had herd that the greteſt party of his conſeil were accorded that he ſhulde make werre, anon he conſented to hire conſeilling,

and fully affermed hir sentence. Than Dame Prudence, whan that she saw how that hire husbonde shope him for to awreke him on his foos, and to beginne werre, she in ful humble wise, whan she saw hire time, sayde him these wordes: My Lord, (quod she) I you beseche, as hertly as I dare and can, ne haste you not to faste, and for alle guerdonds as yeve me audience; for Piers Alphonse * sayth, Who so that doth to thee outher good or harme haste thee not to quite it, for in this wise thy frend wol abide, and thin enemie shal the lenger live in drede. The proverbe sayth, He hasteth wel that wisely can abide; and in wikked hast is no profite.

This Melibee answered unto his wif Prudence; I purpose not (quod he) to werken by thy conseil for many causes and resons, for certes every wight wold hold me than a fool; this is to sayn, if I for thy conseilling wolde change thinges that bed ordained and affirmed by so many wise men. Secondly, I say that all women ben wicke, and non good of hem all; for of a thousand men, saith Salomon, I found o good man; but certes of alle women good found I never. And also, certes if I governed me by thy conseil it shulde seme that I had yeve thee over me the maistrie; and God forbede that it so were; for Jesus Sirak sayth, that if the wif have the maistrie she is contrarious to hire husbond; and Salomon sayth, Never in thy lif to thy wif, ne to thy child, ne to thy frend, ne yeve no power over thyself; for better it were that thy children axe of thee thinges that hem nedeth, than thou see thyself in the handes of thy children. And also if I wol werche by thy conseilling, certes it must be somtime secree, til it were time that it be knowen, and this ne may not be if I shulde be conseilled by thee [For it is writen † The janglerie of women ne can no thing hide save that which they wote not; after the philosophre seyth, In wikked conseil women venquisheth men: and for thise resons I ne owe not to be conseilled by thee.]

Whan Dame Prudence, ful debonairly, and with gret patience, had herd all that hire husbonde liked for to say, than axed she of him licence for to speke, and sayde in this wise: My lord, (quod she) as to your first reson it may lightly ben answerd, for I say that it is no folie to chaunge conseil whan the thing is chaunged, or elles whan the thing semeth otherwise than it semed afore. And moreover, I say, though that ye have sworne and behight to performe your emprise, an les ye weive to performe thilke same just cause, men shuld not say therfor lyer ne forsworn; for the book sayth t man maketh no lesing whan he turnet for the better. And al be it that your established and ordeined by gret multit yet thar you not accomplish thilke or you liketh, for the trouthe of thinges fit ben rather founden in fewe folk t and ful of reson, than by gret multit ther every man cryeth and clattereth liketh; sothly swiche multitude is not to the second reson, wheras ye say tha ben wicke; save your grace, certes ye women in this wise, and he that all d saith the book, all desplaseth. And that who so wol have sapience shall preise, but he shal gladly teche the sci can without presumption or pride, things as he nought can he shal not b to lere hem, and to enquere of lesse foll self. And, Sire, that ther hath ben good woman may lightly be preved; Sire, our Lord Jesu Crist n'olde nev cended to be borne of a woman if all be wicked; and after that, for the g that is in women, our Lord Jesu Cri was risen from deth to lif, appeared woman than to his apostles. And thou lomon sayde he founde never no good folweth not therfore that all women for though that he ne found no go certes many another man hath fou woman ful good and trewe: or elles, p the entent of Salomon was this, that bountee he found no woman; this is ther is no wight that hath soveraine b God alone, as he himself recordeth in h lies; for ther is no creature so good t wanteth somwhat of the perfection is his maker. Youre thridde reson is that if that ye governe you by my shulde seme that ye had yeve me the the lordship of your person. Sire, save it is not so; for if so were that no ma conseilled but only of hem that han maistrie of his person, men n'olde not b so often; for sothly thilke man that seil of a purpos, yet hath he free ch he wol werke after that conseil or no to your fourth reson, ther as ye sain th lerie of women can hide thinges th not, as who so sayth that a woman that she wote; Sire, thise wordes ben of women that ben janglereses and which women men fain that three thi a man out of his hous, that is to say, s ping of raine, and wicked wives; an women Salomon sayth, that a man dwell in desert than with a woman th and, Sire, by your leve, that am not I ful often assaied my gret silence and tience, and eke how wel that I can h

* He calls himself *Petrus Alfonsi* in his *Dialogus contra Judaeos*, ms. *Harl.* 3861. He there informs us, that he was himself originally a Jew, but converted and baptised in the year 1106, in July, *die natalis App. Petri et Pauli*, upon which account he took the name of *Peter*.

† What is included between hooks is wanting in all the mss. which I have examined: it is plainly necessary to the sense, as it shews us what the fourth and fifth reasons of Melibeus were to which Prudence replies: I have therefore inserted as literal a translation as I imagine Chaucer might have made of the following passage in the Fr. Melibee, ms. *Reg.* 19 C. vii 1. "Car il est escript, la gengleri. "des femmes ne puet riens celer fors ce qu'elle ne sect: "Apris le philosophre dit, en mauvais conseil les femmes "vainquent les hommes, et par ces raisons je ne dois point "user de ton conseil." *Tyrwhitt.*

that men oughten secretly to hiden. And to your fifthe reson, wheras ye say that of conseil women venquished men, God at thilke reson stant here in no stede; for ondith now ye axen conseil for to do nesse, and if ye wol werken wickednesse, and restraineth thilke wicked purpos, and eth you by reson and by good conseil, our wif ought rather to be preised than to ed: thus shulde ye understonde the philo- that sayth, in wicked conseil women ven- hir husbondes. And ther as you blamen en and hir resons, I shal shewe you by ample that many women have ben ful yet ben, and hir conseil holesome and . Eke som men han sayd that the conseil n is either to dere or elles to litel of pris: it so that ful many a woman be bad, and seil vile and nought worth, yet han men ful many a good woman, and discrete in conseilling. Lo Jacob, thurgh the seil of his mother Rebecke, wan the be- his father and the lordship over all his; Judith by hire good conseil delivered of Bethulie, in which she dwelt, out of of Holofern, that had it beseged, and al destroye; Abigail delivered Nabal bond fro David the king, that wolde han , and appesed the ire of the king by hire y hire good conseilling; Hester by hire nhaunced gretly the peple of God in the Assuerus the king; and the same bountee conseilling of many a good woman moun and tell. And further more, whan that d had created Adam oure forme father in this wise; It is not good to be a man make we to him an helpe semblable to Here moun ye see that if that women good, and hir conseil good and profita- Lord God of heven wolde neither han hem ne called hem helpe of man, but usion of man. And ther sayd a clerk wo vers, What is better than gold? what is better than jaspre? wisdom; and etter than wisdom? woman; and what than a good woman? nothing. And, many other resons moun ye seen that men ben good, and hir conseil good and : and therefore, Sire, if ye wol trofte nseil, I shall restore you your doughter found, and I wol don to you so muche uln have honour in this cas.

Melibee had herd the wordes of his wif he sayd thus; I se wel that the word of soth, for he saith that wordes that ben cretly by ordinaunce ben honiecombes, even sweteneſſe to the soule and hol- to the body: and, wif, because of thy des, and eke for I have preved and af- grete sapience and thy grete trouthe, I me me by thy conseil in alle thing.

Sire, (quod Dame Prudence) and I n ichsafe to be governed by my conseil, I e you how that ye shuln governe your- ing of youre conseillours. Ye shuln first in alle your werkes mekely beseechen to the heigh God that he wol be your conseillour, and shapeth you to swiche entente that he yeve you conseil and comforte, as taught Tobie his sone; At alle times thou shalt blesse God, and preie him to dresse thy wayes; and loke that alle thy conseils ben in him for evermore. Seint James eke sayth, If any of you have nede of sapience, axe it of God. And afterwarde than shullen ye take conseil in yourself, and examine wel your owen thoughtes of swiche thinges as you thinketh that ben best for your profit; and than shuln ye drive fro your herte three thinges that ben contrarious to good conseil, that is to sayn, ire, coveitise, and hastinesse.

First, he that axeth conseil of himself, certes he must be withouten ire for many causes. The first is this; he that hath gret ire and wrath in himself, he weneth alway that he may do thing that he may not do. And, secondly, he that is irous and wroth he may not wel deme; and he that may not wel deme may not wel conseille. The thridde is this; he that is irous and wroth, as sayth Senek, ne may not speke but blameful thinges, and with his vicious wordes he stirreth other folk to anger and to ire. And eke, Sire, ye must drive coveitise out of your herte; for the apostle sayth, that coveitise is the rote of all harmes: and trosteth wel that a coveitous man ne can not deme, ne thinke, but only to fulfille the end of his coveitise, and certes that ne may never ben accomplised; for ever the more habondance that he hath of richesse, the more he desireth. And, Sire, ye must also drive out of youre herte hastinesse; for certes ye ne moun not deme for the beste a soden thought that falleth in your herte, but ye must avise you on it ful ofte; for, as ye have herde herebefore, the commune proverbe is this, He that sone demeth sone repenteth.

Sire, ye ne be not alway in like disposition, for certes som thing that somtime semeth to you that it is good for to do, another time it semeth to you the contrarie.

And whan ye han taken conseil in yourself, and han demed by good deliberation swiche thing as you semeth beste, than rede I you that ye kepe it secree. Bewreye not your conseil to no persone, but if so be that ye wenen sikerly that thurgh youre bewreying youre condition shal ben to you more profitable; for Jesus Sirak saith, Neither to thy foe ne to thy frend discover not thy secree, ne thy folie; for they woln yeve you audience and loking, and supportation, in your presence, and scorne you in youre absence. Another clerk sayth, that scarsly shalt thou finden any persone that may kepe thy conseil secrely. The book saith, While that thou kepest thy conseil in thin herte thou kepest it in thy prison, and whan thou bewreyest thy conseil to any wight, he holdeth thee in his snare: and therfore you is better to hide your conseil in your herte than to preye him to whom ye han bewreyed youre conseil that he wol kepe it close and stille; for Seneca sayth, If so be that thou ne mayst not thin owen conseil hide, how darest thou preyen any other wight thy conseil secrely to kepe? But natheles, if thou wene siker-

ly that thy bewreying of thy conseil to a persone wol make thy condition to stonden in the better plight, than shalt thou telle him thy conseil in this wise. First, thou shalt make no semblant whether thee were lever pees or werre, or this or that, ne shewe him not thy will ne thin entente; for troste wel that communly these conseillours ben flaterers, namely the conseillours of grete lordes, for they enforcen hem alway rather to speken plesant wordes, enclining to the lordes lust, than wordes that ben trewe or profitable, and therfore men sayn that the riche man hath selde good conseil but if he have it of himself. And after that thou shalt consider thy frendes and thin enemies. And as touching thy frendes, thou shalt consider which of hem ben most feithful and most wise, and eldest and most appreved, in conseilling, and of hem shalt thou axe thy conseil as the cas requireth.

I say, that first ye shuln clepe to youre conseil youre frendes that ben trewe; for Salomon saith, that right as the herte of a man delitteth in favour that is swote, right so the conseil of trewe frendes yeveth sweteneſſe to the soule: he sayth also, Ther may nothing be likened to the trewe frend, for certes gold ne silver ben not so much worth as the good will of a trewe frend: and eke he sayth, that a trewe frend is a strong defence; who so that it findeth, certes he findeth a gret tresor. Than shuln ye eke consider if that your trewe frendes ben discrete and wise; for the book saith, Axe alway thy conseil of hem that ben wise. And by this same reson shuln ye clepen to youre conseil youre frendes that ben of age, swiche as han seyn and ben expert in many thinges, and ben appreved in conseillinges; for the book sayth, In olde men is al the sapience, and in longe time the prudence: And Tullius sayth, that grete thinges ne ben not ay accomplised by strengthe ne by deliverneſſe of body, but by good conseil, by auctoritee of persones, and by science; the which three thinges ne ben not feble by age, but certes they enforcen and encresen day by day. And than shuln ye kepe this for a general reule; first, ye shuln clepe to your conseil a fewe of your frendes that ben especial; for Salomon saith, Many frendes have thou, but among a thousand chese thee on to be thy conseillour. For al be it so that thou first ne telle thy conseil but to a fewe, thou mayest afterwarde tell it to mo folk if it be nede. But loke alway that thy conseillours have thilke three conditions that I have sayd before; that is to say, that they be trewe, wise, and of olde experience. And werke not alway in every nede by on conseillour allone, for somtime behoveth it to be conseilled by many; for Salomon sayth, Salvation of thinges is wher as ther ben many conseillours.

Now sith that I have told you of which folk ye shulde be conseilled, now wol I teche you which conseil ye ought to eschue. First, ye shuln eschue the conseilling of fooles; for Salomon sayth, Take no conseil of a fool, for he ne cannot conseille but after his owen lust and his affection: the book *sayth, The propertee* of a fool is this, he troweth *lightly harme of every man*, and lightly troweth all bountee in himself. Thou shalt eke the conseilling of all flaterers, swiche as en hem rather to preisen youre persone by rie, than for to tell you the sothfastne thinges.

Wherfore Tullius sayth, Among alle the lences that ben in frendship the greteſt is fla and therfore it is more nede that thou eschu drede flaterers than any other peple. The faith, Thou shalt rather drede and flee fr swete wordes of flatering preisers than fr egre wordes of thy frend that saith thee fo Salomon saith, that the wordes of a flatere snare to cacchen innocentes: he sayth als that speketh to his frend wordes of swet and of plesaunce, he setteth a net beforne hi to cacchen him: and therfore sayth Tullius cline not thin eres to flaterers, ne take no e of wordes of flaterie: and Caton sayth, thee wel, and eschue wordes of sweteneſſe plesaunce. And eke thou shalt eschue the seilling of thin olde enemies that ben reco The book sayth, that no wight retourneth into the grace of his olde enemie: and sayth, Ne trost not to hem to which thou somtime had werre or enmitee, ne telle he thy conseil: and Senek telleth the cause wh may not be, sayth he, ther as gret fire hath time endured that ther ne dwelleth som of warmneſſe; and therfore saith Salom thin olde foo trost thou never; for sikerly t thin enemie be reconciled, and maketh thee of humilitee, and louteth to thee with hi ne trost him never, for certes he maketh feined humilitee more for his profite than f love of thy persone, because that he dem have victorie over thy persone by swiche f contenance, the which victorie he might not by strif of werre. And Peter Alphonse Make no felawship with thin olde enemie if thou do hem bountee they wollen perve to wickedneſſe. And eke thou must esch conseilling of hem that ben thy servaunt beren thee gret reverence, for paraventur fein it more for drede than for love; and th faith a philosophre in this wise, Ther is no parfitly trewe to him that he so fore dredet Tullius sayth, Ther n'is no might so gret emperour that longe may endure, but if h more love of the peple than drede. The also eschue the conseilling of folk th dronkelewe, for they ne can no conseil hi Salomon sayth, Ther n'is no privetee ther neth dronkenneſſe. Ye shuln also have in the conseilling of swiche folk as conseill thing prively, and conseille you the contrar ly; for Cassiodore sayth, that it is a manere to hinder his enemy whan he sheweth t thing openly, and werketh prively the co Thou shalt also have in suspect the conse wicked folk, for hir conseil is alway ful of And David sayth, Blisful is that man tha not folwed the conseilling of shrewes. Tha also eschue the conseilling of yonge folk, conseilling is not ripe, as Salomon saith.

Now, Sire, sith I have shewed you of

[illegible] ye shullen take youre conseil, and of which [illegible] ye shullen eschue the conseil, now wol I [illegible] you how ye shuln examine your conseil after the doctrine of Tullius. In examining than of your conseillours, ye shuln considre many thinges. Alder first, thou shalt considre that in thilke thing that thou purposest, and upon what thing that thou wolt have conseil, that veray trouthe be said and conserved; this is to say, telle trewely thy tale, for he that sayth false may not wel be conseilled in that cas of which he lieth. And after this thou shalt considre the thinges that accorden to that thou purposest for to do by thy conseillours, if resion accord therto, and eke if thy might may atteine therto, and if the more part and the better part of thin conseillours accorden therto or nay. Than shalt thou considre what thing shal follow of that conseilling, as hate, pees, werre, gain, profite, or domage, and many other thinges, and in alle thinges thou shalt chese the beste, and weive all other thinges. Than shalt thou considre of what roote is engendred the matere of thy conseil, and what fruit it may conceive and engendre. Thou shalt eke considre alle the causes from whennes they ben sprongen. And when thou hast examined thy conseil, as I have said, and which partie is the better and more profitable, and hast appreved it by many wise folk and olde, than shalt thou considre if thou mayst performe it and maken of it a good ende; for certes reson wol not that any man enterprise beginne a thing but if he mighte performe it as him oughte, ne no wight shulde take upon him so hevy a charge that he might not beren it, for the proverbe sayth, He that to muche embraseth distreineth litel; and Caton saith, Assay to do suche thinges as thou hast power to don, lest the charge oppresse thee so sore that thee behoveth to weive thing that thou hast begonne. And if so be that thou be in doute whether thou mayst performe a thing or non, chese rather to abide than to beginne. And Peter Alphonse sayth, If thou hast might to don a thing of which thou art repente, it is better nay than ya; this is to seyn, that thee is better to holde thy tonge stille than for to speke. Than mayst thou understande by stronger resons, that if thou hast power to performe a werk of which thou shalt repente, that is thee better that thou suffre than beginne. And seyn they that defenden every wight to sayn a thing of which he is in doute whether he may performe it or non. And after whan ye have examined your conseil as I have said beforne, and known wel that ye moun performe your emprise, conferme it than sadly til it be at an ende. Now is it reson and time that I shewe you whan and wherfore that you maun chaunge your conseil withouten repreve. Sothly a man may change his purpos and his conseil if the cause ceseth, or when a newe cas betideth; for the lawe saith, that upon thinges that newly betiden behoveth newe conseil; and Seneca sayth, If thy conseil is comen to the eres of thin enemies chaunge thy conseil. Thou mayst also chaunge thy conseil, if so be that thou find that by errour or by other cause, harme or damage may betide: also if thy conseil be dishoneste, other elles come of dishoneste cause, chaunge thy conseil; for the lawes sain that all behestes that ben dishoneste ben of no value; and eke if so be that it be impossible, or may not goodly be performed or kept.

And take this for a general reule, that every conseil that is affermed so strongly that it may not be chaunged for no condition that may betide, I say that thilke conseil is wicked.

This Melibeus, whan he had herd the doctrine of his wif Dame Prudence, answered in this wise: Dame, quod he, as yet unto this time ye han wel and covenably taught me, as in general, how I shal governe me in the chesing and in the withholding of my conseillours; but now wold I fain that you wold condescend in especial, and telle me how liketh you or what semeth you by oure counseillours that we han chosen in oure present nede.

My Lord, quod she, I beseche you in alle humblesse that ye wol not wilfully replie agein my resons, ne distempre your herte, though I speke thing that you displese, for God wote that as in min entente I speke it for your beste, for youre honour and for youre profit eke, and sothly I hope that youre benignitee wol taken it in patience. And trosteth me wel, quod she, that youre conseil as in this cas ne shulde not (as to speke propreley) be called a conseilling, but a motion or a meving of folie, in which conseil ye han erred in many a sondry wise.

First and forward, ye han erred in the assembling of youre conseillours, for ye sholde first han cleped a fewe folk to youre conseil, and after ye mighte han shewed it to mo folk if it hadde be nede; but certes ye han sodeinly cleped to your conseil a gret multitude of peple, ful chargeaunt, and ful anoyous for to here. Also ye han erred, for ther as ye shulde han only cleped to youre conseile youre trewe frendes olde and wise, ye han cleped straunge folk, yonge folk, false flaterers, and enemies reconciled, and folk that don you reverence withouten love. And eke ye han erred, for ye han brought with you to youre conseil ire, coveitise, and hastifnesse, the which three thinges ben contrary to every conseil honest and profitable, the which three thinges ye ne han not anientissed or destroyed neither in youreself ne in youre conseillours as you ought. Ye han erred also, for ye han shewed to youre conseillours youre talent and youre affections to make werre anon, and for to do vengeaunce, and they han espied by youre wordes to what thing ye ben enclined, and therfore han they conseilled you rather to youre talent than to youre profite. Ye han erred also, for it semeth that you sufficeth to han ben conseilled by thise conseillours only, and with litel avis, wheras in so high and so gret a nede it had ben necessarie mo conseillours and more deliberation to performe youre emprise. Ye han erred also, for ye han not examined your conseil in the foresaid manere, ne in due manere as the cas requireth. Ye han erred also, for ye han maked no division betwix youre conseillours; this is to

ſayn, betwix youre trewe frendes and youre feined conſeillours; ne ye han not knowe the wille of youre trewe frendes olde and wiſe, but ye han caſt alle hir wordes in an hochepot, and enclined your herte to the more part and to the greter nombre, and ther be ye condeſcended: and ſith ye wot wel that men ſhuln alway finde a greter nombre of fooles than of wiſe men, and therfore the conſeillings that ben at congregations and multitudes of folk, ther as men take more regard to the nombre than to the ſapience of perſones, ye ſeen wel that in ſwiche conſeillings fooles han the maiſtrie. Melibeus anſwered and ſaid agein; I graunte wel that I have erred, but ther as thou haſt told me herebeforne that he n'is not to blame that chaungeth his conſeil in certain cas, and for certain and juſt cauſes, I am al ready to chaunge my conſeil right as thou wolt deviſe. The proverbe ſayth, For to don ſinne is manniſh, but certes for to perſevere in ſinne is werke of the devil.

To this ſentence anſwered anon Dame Prudence, and ſaide; Examineth (quod ſhe) wel your conſeil, and let us ſee the which of hem han ſpoken moſt reſonably, and taught you beſt conſeil: and for as muche as the examination is neceſſarie, let us beginne at the ſurgiens and at the phyſiciens that firſt ſpaken in this mater. I ſay that phyſiciens and ſurgiens han ſayde you in youre conſeil diſcretly as hem oughte, and in hir ſpeche ſaiden ful wiſely that to the office of hem apperteineth to don to every wight honour and profite, and no wight to anoye, and after hir craft to don gret diligence unto the cure of hem which that they han in hir governaunce. And, Sire, right as they han anſwered wiſely and diſcretly, right ſo rede I that they be highly and ſoverainly guerdoned for hir noble ſpeche, and eke for they ſhulden do the more ententif beſineſſe in the curation of thy dere doughter: for al be it ſo that they ben youre frendes, therfore ſhullen ye not ſuffren that they ſerve you for nought, but ye oughte the rather guerdene hem, and ſhewe hem youre largeſſe. And as touching the propoſition which the phyſiciens entreteden in this cas, this is to ſain, that in maladies that a contrarie is wariſhed by another contrarie, I wold fain knowe how ye underſtonde thilke text, and what is your ſentence. Certes, quod Melibeus, I underſtond it in this wiſe, that right as they han don me a contrarie, righte ſo ſhulde I don hem another; for right as they han venged hem upon me and don me wrong, right ſo ſhal I venge me upon hem and don hem wrong, and than have I cured a contrarie by another.

Lo, lo! quod Dame Prudence, how lightly is every man enclined to his owen deſire and his owen pleſance! Certes (quod ſhe) the wordes of the phyſiciens ne ſhulden not han ben underſtonden in that wiſe, for certes wickedneſſe is not contrarie to wickedneſſe, ne vengeaunce to vengeaunce, ne wrong to wrong, but they ben ſemblable, and and therfore a vengeaunce is not wariſhed by another vengeaunce, ne a wrong by another wrong, but everich of hem encreſeth and aggreggeth other. But certes the wordes of ſhulden ben underſtonde in this and wickedneſſe ben two contrar werre, vengeaunce and ſuffraunce cord, and many other thinges; ednesſe ſhal be wariſhed by good accord, werre by pees, and ſo forth And hereto accordeth Seint Pou many places; he ſayth, Ne yeld harme, ne wicked ſpeche for wic do wel to him that doth to thee h him that ſaith to thee harme: an places he amoneſteth pees and ac wol I ſpeke to you of the conſeil yeven to you by the men of law folk and old folke, that ſayden all ye han herd beforne, that over ſhuln do your diligence to kepe y to warneſtore your houſe; and ſai this cas you oughte for to werche with gret deliberation. And, Sir point, that toucheth the keping o ye ſhuln underſtond that he that ever more devoutly and mekely alle thinges that Jeſu Criſt of his him in his protection, and ben his ing at his nede; for certes in th no wight that may be conſeilled n withoute the keping of oure Lor this ſentence accordeth the proph ſayth, If God ne kepe the citee in that kepeth it. Now, Sire, than ſh the keping of youre perſone to you that ben appreved and yknowe, a ye axen helpe youre perſone for t ton ſaith, If thou have nede of he frendes, for ther n'is non ſo goo thy trewe frend. And after th kepe you fro alle ſtraunge folk, a have alway in ſuſpect hir compa Alphonſe ſayth, Ne take no compa of a ſtraunge man, but if ſo be knowen him of lenger time; and falle into thy compaignie paraver thin aſſent, enquere than as ſubti of his converſation, and of his ſeine thy way, ſaying thou wolt wolt not go; and if he bere a ſp the right ſide, and if he bere a ſw his left ſide. And after this tha you wiſely from all ſwiche ma have ſayed before, and hem and h And after this than ſhuln ye kep manere that for any preſumption o that ye ne deſpiſe not ne accoun of your adverſary ſo lite that ye youre perſone for your preſumptio man dredeth his enemie: and Welful is he that of alle hath dre that thurgh the hardineſſe of his h the hardineſſe of himſelf, hath to g him ſhal evil betide. Than ſhuln trewaite emboyſſements and alle nek ſayth, that the wiſe man that eſchueth harmes, ne he ne falleth

perils eschueth. And al be it so that it seme that these art in siker place, yet shalt thou alway do thy diligence in keping of thy persone; this is to sayn, ne be not negligent to kepe thin persone not only fro thy gretest enemy but also fro thy lesse enemy. Senek sayth, A man that is wel avised he dredeth his leste enemie; Ovide sayth, that the litel wesel wol slee the gret boll and the wilde hart; and the book sayth, A litel thorne may prikke a king ful sore; and a litel hound wol bite the wilde bore. But natheles I say not thou shalt be so coward that thou doute wher as is no nede. The book saith that * som men [han taught to hir deceivour, for they han to much dreded] to be deceived. Yet shalt thou drede to be empoisoned and [therfore shalt thou] kepe thee fro the compagnie of scorners; for the book sayth, Scorners ne make no compagnie, but flee hir wordes as venime.

Now as to the second point, wheras youre wise conseillours conseilled you to warnestore your hous and get diligence, I wolde fain knowe how that I understonde thilke wordes, and what is your sentence.

Melibeus answered and saide; Certes I understond it in this wise, that I shal warnestore min hous with toures, swiche as han castelles and other strong edifices, and armure, and artelries, by which thinges I may my persone and myn hous kepen and defenden that min enemies shuln hem no drede min hous for to approche.

To this sentence answered anon Prudence: Warnestoring (quod she) of heighe toures and of gret edifices, is with grete costages and with gret travaille, and whan that they ben accomplised yet ben they not worth a stre, but if they be defended by trewe frendes that ben olde and wise. And understonde wel that the gretest and strongeste garneson that a riche man may have, as wel to kepen his persone as his goodes, is, that he be beloved with his subgets and with his neighboures; for thus sayth Tullius, that ther is a strong garneson that no man may venquish ne distrouble, and that is a lord to be beloved of his citeisins and of his peple.

Now, Sire, as to the thridde point, wheras youre wise and wise conseillours sayden that you ne oughte not sodeinly ne hastily proceden in this thing, but that you oughte purveyen and appareilen you in this cas with gret diligence and gret deliberation, trewely I trowe that they sayden right wisely and right soth; for Tullius sayth, In every thing er thou beginne it apparcile thee with gret diligence. Than say I that in vengeaunce taking in werre, in bataille, and in warnestoring, er thou begin I rede that thou appareile thee therto, and do it with gret deliberation; for Tullius sayth that longe appareiling tofore the bataille maketh short victorie; and Cassiodorus sayth, The garneson is stronger whan it is longe time avised.

But now let us speken of the conseil that was accorded by youre neigheboures swiche as don you reverence withouten love, youre olde enemies reconciled, your flatereres, that conseilled you certain thinges prively, and openly conseilled you the contrarie, the yonge folk also, that conseilled you to venge you and to make werre anon. Certes, Sire, as I have sayde beforne, ye han gretly erred to han cleped swiche maner folk to youre conseil, which conseillours ben ynough reproved by the resons aforesaid: but natheles, let us now descende to the special. Ye shul first proceden after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes the trouthe of this matere or of this conseil nedeth not diligently to enquire, for it is wel wist which they ben that han don to you this trespas and vilanie, and how many trespasours, and in what manere, they han don to you all this wrong and all this vilanie. And after this than shuln ye examine the second condition which that the same Tullius addeth in this matere; for Tullius putteth a thing which that he clepeth Consenting; this to sayn, who ben they, and which ben they, and how many, that consenten to thy conseil in thy wilfulnesse to don hastif vengeaunce. And let us considre also who ben they, and how many ben they, and which ben they, that consenteden to youre adversaries. As to the first point, it is wel knowen which folk they be that consenteden to youre wilfulnesse, for trewely all tho that conseileden you to maken sodein werre ne ben not youre frendes. Let us now considre which ben they that ye holden so gretly youre frendes as to youre persone, for al be it so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ne ben but allone; for certes ye ne han no child but a doughter, ne ye ne han no brethren, ne cosins germains, ne non other nigh kinrede, wherfore that your enemies for drede shulde stinte to plede with you or to destroye youre persone. Ye knowen also that your richesses moten ben dispended in diverse parties, and whan that every wight hath his part they ne wollen taken but litel regard to venge youre deth. But thin enemies ben three, and they han many brethren, children, cosins, and other nigh kinrede; and though so were that thou haddest slain of hem two or three, yet dwellen ther ynow to wreken hir deth, and to slee thy persone. And though so be that youre kinrede be more stedefast and siker than the kin of your adversaries, yet natheles youre kinrede is but a fer kinrede; they ben but litel sibbe to you, and the kin of youre enemies ben nigh sibbe to hem; and certes as in that hir condition is better than youres. Than let us considere also of the conseilling of hem that conseilled you to take sodein vengeaunce, whether it accorde to reson; and certes ye knowe wel nay; for as by right and reson ther may no man taken vengeaunce on no wight but the juge that hath the jurisdiction of it, whan it is ygraunted him to take thilke vengeaunce hastily or attemprely as the lawe requireth.

* This passage, which is defective in all the mss. I have filled up as well as I could, by adding the words between [ ] from the French Melibee, where it stands thus; "aucuns gens ont enseigné leur decevour, car ils ont [illegible] que on ne les decevra. Apres tu te dois garder de trom, et tu dois garder de compaignie de [illegible] et en escript, Avec les mauvais [illegible] et ne veut."

And moreover of thilke word that Tullius clepeth Consenting, thou shalt considere if thy might and thy power may consente and suffice to thy wilfulnesse and to thy conseillours; and certes thou mayest wel say that Nay; for sikerly, as for to speke proprely, we moun do nothing but only swiche thing as we moun don rightfully; and certes rightfully ye ne mowe take no vengeaunce, as of your propre auctorite. Than mowe ye sen that your power ne consenteth not ne accordeth not to your wilfulnesse. Now let us examine the thridde point, that Tullius clepeth Consequent. Thou shalt understonde that the vengeaunce that thou purposest for to take is the consequent, and theroffolweth another vengeaunce, peril, and werre, and other damages without nombre, of which we ben not ware as at this time. And as touching the fourthe point, that Tullius clepeth Engendering, thou shalt consider that this wrong which that is don to thee is engendred of the hate of thin enemies, and of the vengeaunce taking upon that wold engender another vengeaunce, and muchel sorwe and wasting of richesses, as I sayde ere.

Now, Sire, as to the point that Tullius clepeth Causes, which that is the last point, thou shalt understonde that the wrong that thou hast received hath certaine causes which that clerkes clepen *oriens* and *efficiens*, and *causa longinqua*, and *causa propinqua*; this is to sayn, the fer cause and the nigh cause. The fer cause is almighty God, that is cause of alle thinges; the ner cause is thin three enemies; the cause accidental was hate; the cause material ben the five woundes of thy doughter; the cause formal is the maner of hir werking, that broughten ladders and clomben in at thy windowes; the cause final was for to slee thy doughter: it letted not in as muche as in hem was. But for to speke of the fer cause, as to what ende they shuld come, or what shal finally betide of hem in this cas, ne can I not deme but by conjecting and supposing; for we shuln suppose that they shuln come to a wicked ende, because that the book of Decrees sayth, Selden or with gret peine ben causes ybrought to a good ende whan they ben badly begonne.

Now, Sire, if men wold axen me why that God suffred men to do you this vilanie, certes I can not wel answer as for no sothfastnesse; for the apostle sayth that the sciences and the jugements of oure Lord God Almighty ben ful depe; ther may no man comprehend ne serche hem sufficantly; natheles, by certain presumptions and conjectings I hold and belove that God, which that is ful of justice and of rightwisenesse, hath suffered this betide by just cause resonable.

Thy name is Melibee, this is to sayn, a man that drinketh hony. Thou hast dronke so muche hony of swete temporel richesses, and delices, and honours of this world, that thou art dronken, and hast forgetten Jesu Crist thy creatour: thou ne hast not don to him swiche honour and reverence as thee ought, ne thou ne hast wel ytaken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that sayth, Under the honey of the goodes of thy body is hid the venime that sleth the soule: and Salomon sayth, If thou hast founden hony, ete of it that sufficeth; for ete of it out of mesure thou shalt spewe, nedy and poure. And peraventure Cri thee in despit, and hath tourned away fro t face and his eres of misericorde, and also suffred that thou hast ben punished in the that thou hast ytresspased. Thou hast do again oure Lord Crist, for certes the thr mies of mankind, that is to sayn, the fl fend, and the world, thou hast suffred he into thin herte wilfully by the windowes body, and hast not defended thyself su agein hir assautes and hir temptations, they han wounded thy soule in five places; to sayn, the dedly sinnes that ben entr thyn herte by thy five wittes: and in th manere our Lord Crist hath wold and that thy three enemies ben entred into th by the windowes, and han ywounded thy ter in the foresayd manere.

Certes, quod Melibee, I see wel that ye you muchel by wordes to overcomen me i manere that I shal not venge me on min e shewing me the perils and the evils that t falle of this vengeaunce; but who so wold dre in all vengeaunces the perils and ev mighten sue of vengeaunce taking a man v ver take vengeaunce, and that were harme the vengeaunce taking ben the wicked me vered fro the goode men, and they that h to do wickedness restreinen hir wicked whan they sen the punishing and the cl * of the trespasours. [To this answere Prudence: Certes, quod she, I graunte y of vengeaunce taking cometh muche e muche good; but vengeaunce taking appe not to everich on, but only to juges, and that han the jurisdiction over the tresp And yet say I more, that right as a singul sine sinneth in taking vengeaunce of anoth right so sinneth the juge if he do no vengea hem that it han deserved; for Senek say That master (he sayth) is good that shrewes; and Cassiodore sayth, A man dre do outrages whan he wot and knoweth tha plesseth to the juges and soveraines; and sayth, The juge that dredeth to do right men shrewes; and Seint Poule the apost in his epistle, whan he writeth unto the Re that the juges beren not the spere wi cause, but they beren it to punishe the and misdoers, and for to defende the goo If ye wiln than take vengeaunce of youre e ye shuln retourne or have your recours to that hath the jurisdiction upon hem, and punishe hem as the lawe axeth and require

A! sayd Melibee, this vengeaunce lik nothing. I bethink me now and take he

* The following passage, which the reader will very material to the sense, I have translated f French, and inserted between crotchets, as bel " a ce respont Dame Prudence: Certes, dit el " troye que de vengeance vient molt de maulx et " mais vengeance n'appartient pas a un chascun, " lement aux juges et a ceulx qui ont la jurisdic " malfaiteurs."—*Tyrwhitt.*

that Fortune hath nourished me from my childhode, and hath holpen me to passe many a stronge pas: now wol I assayen hire, trowing with Goddes helpe that she shal helpe me my shame for to venge.

Certes, quod Prudence, if ye wol werke by my conseil ye shuln not assaye Fortune by no way, ne ye ne shuln not lene or bowe unto hire, after the wordes of Senek; for thinges that ben folily don, and tho that ben don in hope of Fortune, shuln never come to good ende. And as the same Senek sayth, The more clere and the more shining that Fortune is, the more brotel and the soner broke she is. Trusteth not in hire, for she n'is not stedefast ne stable, for whan thou troweſt to be most siker and seure of hire helpe, she wol faille and deceive thee. And wheras ye sayn that Fortune hath norished you fro youre childhode, I say that in so muchel ye shuln the lesse truste in hire and in hire wirc; for Senek saith, What man that is norished by Fortune she maketh him a gret fool. Now than sin ye desire and axe vengeaunce, and the vengeaunce that is don after the lawe and before the juge ne liketh you not, and the vengeaunce that is don in hope of Fortune is perilous and uncertain, than have ye non other remedie but for to have your recours unto the soveraine juge that vengeth alle vilanies and wronges, and he shal venge you; after that himself witnesseth wheras he saith, Leveth the vengeaunce to me, and I shal do it.

Melibeus answered, If I ne venge me of the vilanie that men han don to me, I sompne or warne hem that has don to me vilanie, and alle other, to do me another vilanie; for it is written, If thou take no vengeaunce of an olde vilany, thou sompnest thin adversaries to do thee a newe vilanie: and also for my suffraunce men wolden do me so muche vilanie, that I might neither bere it ne lidreine, and so shulde I ben put and holden over lowe; for som men sain, In muchel suffring shal many thinges falle unto thee which thou shalt not mow suffre.

Certes, quod Prudence, I graunte you wel that mumuchel suffraunce is not good, but yet ne folweth it not therof that every persone to whom men don vilanie shuld take of it vengeaunce, for that apperteineth and longeth all only to the juges, for they shul venge the vilanies and injuries; and therfore tho two auctoritees that ye han sayd above ben only understonden in the juges, for whan they suffren overmuchel the wronges and vilanies to be don withouten punishing, they sompne not a man all only for to do newe wronges, but they commaunden it; al so as a wise man sayth, that the juge that correcteth not the sinner commaundeth and biddeth him do sinne: and the juges and soveraines mighten in hir lond so muche suffre of the shrewes and misdoers, that they shuld en by swiche suffraunce by proces of time wexen of swiche power and might, that they shulde putte out the juges and the soveraines from hir places, and atte laste maken him lese hir lordshippes.

But now let us putte that ye have leve to venge you: I say ye be not of might and power as now to venge you; for if ye wol maken comparison unto the might of youre adversaries, ye shuln finde in many thinges that I have shewed you er this that hir condition is better than youres, and therfore say I that it is good as now that ye suffre and be patient.

Forthermore, ye knowen wel that after the commune saw it is a woodnesse a man to strive with a stronger or a more mighty man than he is himself; and for to strive with a man of even strengthe, that is to say, with as strong a man as he is, it is peril; and for to strive with a weker man it is folie; and therfore shulde a man flee striving as muchel as he mighte; for Salomon sayth, It is a gret worship to a man to kepe him fro noise and strif. And if it so happe that a man of greter mighte and strengthe than thou art do thee grevaunce, studie and besie thee rather to stille the same grevaunce than for to venge thee; for Senek sayth, That he putteth him in a grete peril that striveth with a greter man than he is himself; and Caton sayth, If a man of higher estat or degree, or more mighty than thou, do thee anoye or grevance, suffre him; for he that ones hath greved thee may another time releve thee and helpe thee. Yet sette I cas ye have bothe might and licence for to venge you; I say that ther ben ful many thinges that shuln restreine you of vengeaunce taking, and make you for to encline to suffre and for to han patience in the wronges that han ben don to you. First and forward, if ye wol considre the defautes that ben in youre owen persone, for which defautes God hath suffred you have this tribulation, as I have sayd to you herebeforne; for the poete sayth, that we oughten patiently taken the tribulations that comen to us, whan that we thinken and consideren that we han deserved to han hem; and Seint Gregorie sayth, that whan a man considereth wel the nombre of his defautes and of his sinnes, the peines and the tribulations that he suffereth semen the lesse unto him; and in as muche as him thinketh his sinnes more hevy and grevous, in so muche semeth his peine the lighter and the esier unto him. Also ye owen to encline and bowe youre herte to take the patience of oure Lord Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Peter in his Epistles. Jesu Crist (he sayth) hath suffred for us, and yeven ensample to every man to folwe and sue him, for he did never sinne, ne never came ther a vilains word out of his mouth. Whan men cursed him he cursed hem nought, and whan men beten him he manaced hem nought. Also the gret patience which seintes that ben in Paradis han had in tribulations that they han suffred withouten hir desert or gilt, oughte muchel stirre you to patience. Forthermore, ye shulde enforce you to have patience, considering that the tribulations of this world but litel while endure, and sone passed ben and gon, and the joye that a man seketh to han by patience in tribulations is perdurable; after that the apostle sayth in his epistle, The joye of God, he sayth, is perdurable, that is to sayn, everlasting. Also troweth and beleveth stedfastly that he n'is not wel ynorished ne wel ytaught that cannot have patience, or wol not receive pa-

tience; for Salomon ſayth, that the doctrine and wit of a man is knowen by patience; and in another place he ſayth, that he that is patient governeth him by gret prudence: and the ſame Salomon ſayth, The angrie and wrathful man maketh noiſes, and the patient man attempteth and ſtilleth hem: he ſaith alſo, It is more worth to be patient than to be right ſtrong; and he that may have the lordſhipe of his owen herte is more to preiſe than he that by his force or ſtrengthe taketh gret citees: and therfore ſayth Seint James in his epiſtle, that patience is a gret vertue of perfection.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you, Dame Prudence, that patience is a gret vertue of perfection, but every man may not have the perfection that ye ſeken; ne I am not of the nombre of the right parfit men, for min herte may never be in pees unto the time it be venged. And al be it ſo that it was gret peril to min enemies to do me a vilanie in taking vengeaunce upon me, yet token they non hede of the peril, but fulfilleden hir wicked will and hir corage; and therfore me thinketh men oughten not repreve me though I put me in a litel peril for to venge me, and though I do a gret exceſſe, that is to ſayn, that I venge on outrage by another.

A! quod Dame Prudence, ye ſayn your will and as you liketh; but in no cas of the world a man ſhulde not don outrage ne exceſſe for to vengen him; for Caſſiodore ſayth, that as evil doth he that vengeth him by outrage as he that doth the outrage; and therfore ye ſhuln venge you after the ordre of right, that is to ſayn, by the lawe, and not by exceſſe ne by outrage. And alſo if ye wol venge you of the outrage of youre adverſaries in other manere than right commaundeth ye ſinnen; and therfore ſayth Senek, that a man ſhal never venge ſhrewedneſſe by ſhrewedneſſe. And if ye ſay that right axeth a man to defende violence by violence, and fighting by fighting, certes ye ſay ſoth, whan the defence is don withouten intervalle, or withouten tarying or delay, for to defende him, and not for to venge: and it behoveth that a man putte ſwiche attemperaunce in his defence that men have no cauſe ne mater to repreve him that defendeth him of outrage and exceſſe, for elles were it againe reſon. Parde ye knowen wel that ye maken no defence as now for to defende you, but for to venge you, and ſo ſheweth it that ye han no will to do your dede attempreſly; and therfore me thinketh that patience is good; for Salomon ſayth, that he that is not patient ſhal have gret harme.

Certes, quod Melibee, I graunte you that whan a man is impatient and wrothe of that that touchith him not, and that apperteineth not unto him, though it harme him, it is no wonder; for the lawe ſaith that he is coupable that entremeteth or medleth with ſwiche thing as apperteineth not unto him; and Salomon ſaith, that he that entremeteth of the noiſe or ſtrif of another man is like to him that taketh a ſtraunge hound by the eres; for right as he that taketh a ſtraunge hound by the eres is other while biten with the hound, right in the ſame wiſe it is reſon that he have harme that by his impatience medleth him of the noiſe of another man, wheras it apperteineth not unto him. But ye knowe wel that this dede, that is to ſayn, my greef and my diſeſe, toucheth me right nigh; and therfore though I be wroth and impatient it is no mervaile: and (ſaving your grace) I cannot ſee that it might gretly harme me though I took vengeaunce, for I am richer and more mighty than min enemies ben; and wel knowe ye that by money and by having grete poſſeſſions ben alle thinges of this world governed; and Salomon ſayth that alle thinges obeye to money.

Whan Prudence had herd hire huſbond avaunte him of his richeſſe and of his money, diſpreiſing the power of his adverſaries, ſhe ſpake and ſayd in this wiſe: Certes, dere Sire! I graunte you that ye ben riche and mighty, and that richeſſes ben good to hem that han wel ygeten hem, and that wel conne uſen hem; for right as the body of a man may not liven withouten ſoul, no more may it liven withouten temporel goodes, and by richeſſes may a man gete him grete frendes; and therfore ſayth Pamphilus, If a netherdes doughter (he ſayth) be riche, ſhe may cheſe of a thouſand men which ſhe wol take to hire huſbond; for of a thouſand men on wol not forſaken hire ne refuſen hire. And this Pamphilus ſaith alſo, If thou be right happy, that is to ſayn, if thou be right riche, thou ſhalt finde a gret nombre of felawes and frendes; and if thy fortune chaunge, that thou wexe poure, farewel frendſhipe and felawſhipe, for thou ſhalt be al allone withouten any compaigne, but if it be the compaignie of poure folk. And yet ſayth this Pamphilus moreover, that they that ben bond and thralle of linage ſhuln be made worthy and noble by richeſſes. And right ſo as by richeſſes ther comen many goodes, right ſo by poverte come ther many harmes and eviles, for gret poverte conſtreineth a man to do many eviles: and therfore clepeth Caſſiodore poverte the moder of ruine, that is to ſayn, the moder of overthrowing or falling doun; and therfore ſayth Piers Alfonſe, On of the greteſt adverſitees of this world is whan a free man by kinde, or of birthe, is conſtreined by poverte to eten the almeſſe of his enemie. And the ſame ſayth Innocent in on of his bookes: he ſayth, that forweful and miſhappy is the condition of a poure begger, for if he axe not his mete he dieth for hunger, and if he axe he dieth for ſhame; and algates neceſſitee conſtreineth him to axe; and therfore ſayth Salomon, that better it is to die than for to have ſwiche poverte; and, as the ſame Salomon ſayth, Better it is to die of bitter deth than for to liven in ſwiche wiſe. By thiſe reſons that I have ſaid unto you, and by many other reſons that I conde ſaye, I graunte you that richeſſes ben good to hem that wel geten hem, and to hem that wel uſen tho richeſſes; and therfore wol I ſhewe you how ye ſhuln behave you in gadering of your richeſſes, and in what manere ye ſhuln uſen hem.

re ſhuln geten hem withouten gret de-
od leiſer, ſokingly, and not over haſtifly,
that is to deſiring to get richeſſes aban-
im firſte to theſte and to alle other
nd therfore ſayth Salomon, He that haſt-
o beſily to wexe riche he ſhal be non in-
he ſayth alſo, that the richeſſe that ha-
eth to a man ſone and lightly goeth and
om a man, but that richeſſe that cometh
itel wexeth alway and multiplieth. And,
hulen gete richeſſes by youre wit and by
vaille, unto youre profite, and that with-
ong or harme doing to any other per-
the lawe ſayth, Ther maketh no man
iche if he do harme to another wight;
ſay, that Nature defendeth and forbedeth
that no man make himſelf riche unto
e of another perſone. And Tullius ſayth,
orwe, ne no drede of deth, ne nothing
falle unto a man, is ſo muchel ageins
a man to encreſe his owen profite to
f another man. And though the grete
the mighty men geten richeſſes more
han thou, yet ſhalt thou not ben idel ne
do thy profite, for thou ſhalt in alle wiſe
eſſe; for Salomon ſayth, that idleneſſe
man to do many eviles: and the ſame
ſayth, that he that travailleth and beſi-
to tillen his lond ſhal ete bred, but he
del, and caſteth him to no beſineſſe ne
n, ſhal falle into poverte, and die for
And he that is idel and ſlow can never
nable time for to do his profite; for ther
hour ſayth, that the idel man excuſeth
winter becauſe of the grete cold, and in
hey by encheſon of the hete. For thiſe
yth Caton, Waketh, and enclineth you
muchel to ſlepe, for over muchel reſte
and cauſeth many vices; and therfore
nt Jerome, Doeth ſom good dedes, that
which is oure enemie ne finde you not
d, for the devil he taketh not lightly
werking ſwiche as he findeth occupied
werkes.

hus in geting richeſſes ye muſten flee
and afterward ye ſhuln uſen the richeſſes
han geten by youre wit and by youre
in ſwiche manere than men holde you
rce ne to ſparing, ne fool-large, that is
ver large a ſpender; for right as men
n avaricious man becauſe of his ſcarcitee
therie, in the ſame wiſe is he to blame that
over largely; and therfore ſaith Caton,
th he) the richeſſes that thou haſt ygeten
manere that men have no matere ne
calle thee nother wretche ne chince, for
er ſhame to a man to have a poure herte
he purſe: he ſayth alſo, The goodes that
t ygeten uſe hem by meſure, that is to
nde meſurably, for they that folily wa-
diſpenden the goodes that they han whan
no more propre of hir owen that they
em to take the goodes of another man.
n that ye ſhuln flee avarice, uſing youre
richeſſes in ſwiche manere that men ſayn not that
youre richeſſes ben yberied, but that ye have hem
in youre might and in youre welding; for a wiſe
man repreveth the avaricious man, and ſayth
thus in two vers, Wherto and why berieth a man
his goodes by his gret avarice, and knoweth wel
that nedes muſt he die, for deth is the end of
every man as in this preſent lif? and for what
cauſe or encheſon joineth he him, or knitteth he
him ſo faſt unto his goodes, that alle his wittes
mown not diſſeveren him or departen him from
his goodes, and knoweth wel, or oughte to know,
that whan he is ded he ſhal nothing bere with
him out of this world? and therfore ſayth Seint
Auguſtien, that the avaricious man is likened unto
helle, that the more it ſwalweth the more deſir it
hath to ſwalwe and devoure. And as wel as ye
wolde eſchue to be called an avaricious man or
chinche, as wel ſhulde ye kepe you and governe
you in ſwiche a wiſe that men calle you not fool-
large; therfore ſaith Tullius, The goodes of thin
hous ne ſhulde not ben hid ne kept ſo cloſe but
that they might ben opened by pitee and debo-
nairetee, that is to ſayn, to yeve hem part that
han gret nede; ne thy goodes ſhulden not ben ſo
open to be every mannes goodes. Afterward, in
getting of youre richeſſes, and in uſing of hem, ye
ſhuln alway have three thinges in youre herte,
that is to ſay, oure Lord God, conſcience, and good
name. Firſt, ye ſhuln have God in youre herte,
and for no richeſſe ye ſhuln do nothing which
may in any manere diſpleſe God that is youre crea-
tour and maker; for, after the word of Salomon,
It is better to have a litel good, with love of God,
than to have muchel good and leſe the love of his
Lord God: and the prophete ſayth, that better
it is to ben a good man and have litel good and
treſor than to be holden a ſhrewe and have grete
richeſſes. And yet I ſay forthermore, that ye
ſhulden alway do youre beſineſſe to gete you rich-
eſſes, ſo that ye gete hem with good conſcience.
And the apoſtle ſayth, that there n'is thing in this
world of which we ſhulden have ſo gret joye as
whan oure conſcience bereth us good witneſſe;
and the wiſe man ſayth, The ſubſtaunce of a man
is ful good whan ſinne is not in mannes conſcience.
Afterward, in geting of youre richeſſes and in
uſing of hem, ye muſt have gret beſineſſe and gret
diligence that youre good name be alway kept and
conſerved; for Salomon ſayth, that beter it is
and more it availeth a man to have a good name
than for to have grete richeſſes; and therfore he
ſayth in another place, Do gret diligence (ſaith
Salomon) in keping of thy frendes and of thy
good name, for it ſhal lenger abide with thee
than any treſor, be it never ſo precious; and cer-
tes he ſhulde not be called a Gentilman that after
God and good conſcience alle thinges left ne doth
his diligence and beſineſſe to kepen his good name;
and Caſſiodore ſayth, that it is a ſigne of a gentil
herte whan a man loveth and deſireth to have a
good name; and therefore ſayth Seint Auguſtine,
that ther ben two thinges that arn right neceſſarie
and nedeful, and that is good conſcience and good

los; that is it to ſayn, good conſcience to thin owen perſone inward, and good los for thy neighebour outward. And he that troſteth him ſo muchel in his good conſcience that he deſpiſeth and ſetteth at nought his good name or los, and recketh not though he kepe not his good name, n'is but a cruel cherl.

Sire, now have I ſhewed you how ye ſhulden do in geting richeſſes, and how ye ſhulen uſen hem; and I ſee wel that for the truſt that ye han in youre richeſſes, ye wiln meve werre and bataille. I conſeille you that ye beginne no bataille ne werre in truſt of youre richeſſes, for they ne ſuffizen not werres to mainteine; and therfore ſayth a philoſophre, That man that deſireth and wol algates han werre ſhal never have ſuffiſaunce, for the richer that he is the greter diſpences muſt he make, if he will have worſhip and victorie; and Salomon ſaith, that the greter richeſſes that a man hath the mo diſpendours he hath. And, dere Sire! al be it ſo that for youre richeſſes ye moun have muchel folk, yet behoveth it not ne it is not good to beginne werre, wheras you moun in other manere have pees unto youre worſhip and profite: for the victorie of batailles that ben in this world lith not in gret nombre or multitude of peple, ne in the vertue of man, but it lith in the will and in the hond of oure Lord God Almighty; and therefore Judas Machabeus, which was Goddes knight, whan he ſhulde fighte again his adverſarie that hadde a greter nombre and a greter multitude of folk, and ſtrenger than was the peple of this Machabee, yet he recomforted his litel compaignie, and ſayde right in this wiſe; Al ſo lightly (ſayde he) may our Lord God Almighty yeve victorie to a fewe folk as to many folk, for the victorie of a bataille cometh not by the gret nombre of peple, but it cometh from oure Lord God of heven. And, dere Sire! for as muchel as ther is no man certaine if it be worthy that God yeve him victorie or not, after that Salomon ſayth, Therfore every man ſhulde gretly drede werres to beginne; and becauſe that in batailles fallen many perils, and it happeth other while that as ſone is the gret man ſlain as the litel man; and, as it is ywritten in the ſecond book of Kinges, The dedes of batailles ben aventurous, and nothing certain, for as lightly is on hurt with a ſpere as another; and for ther is gret peril in werre, therfore ſhulde a man flee and eſchue werre in as muchel as a man may goodly; for Salomon ſeyth, He that loveth peril ſhal falle in peril.

After that Dame Prudence had ſpoken in this manere, Melibee anſwerd and ſaide: I ſee wel, Dame Prudence, that by youre faire wordes and by youre reſons that ye han ſhewed me that the werre liketh you nothing; but I have not yet herd your conſeil how I ſhal do in this nede.

Certes, quod ſhe, I conſeille you that ye accorde with youre adverſaries, and that ye have pees with hem; for Seint James ſayth in his epiſtle that by concorde and pees the ſmale richeſſes wexen grete, and by debat and diſcorde grete richeſſes fallen doun: and ye knowen wel that on of the greteſt and moſte ſoveraine thing that is in this world is unitee and pees; and therfore ſayde oure Lord Jeſu Criſt to his apoſtles in this wiſe, Wel happy and bleſſed ben they that loven and purchaſen pees, for they ben called the children of God. A! quod Melibee, now ſee I wel that ye loven not min honour ne my worſhipe. Ye knowen wel that min adverſaries han begonne this debat and brige by hir outrage, and ye ſee wel that they ne requeren ne prayen me not of pees, ne they axen not to be reconciled; wel ye than that I go and meke me and obeye me to hem, and crie hem mercie? forſoth that were not my worſhipe; for right as men ſayn that overgrat homlineſſe engendreth diſpreiſing, ſo fareth it by to gret humilitee or mekeneſſe.

Than began Dame Prudence to make ſemblaunt of wrathe, and ſayde, Certes, Sire, (ſauf your grace) I love youre honour and youre profite as I do mine owen, and ever have don, ye ne nor other ſeyn never the contrary; and if I had ſayde that ye ſhuld han purchaſed the pees and the reconciliation, I ne hadde not muchel miſtake me ne ſayde amis; for the wiſe man ſayth, The diſſention beginneth by another man, and the reconciling beginneth by thyſelf: and the prophete ſaith, Flee ſhrewedneſſe and do goodneſſe: ſeke pees and folwe it, in as muchel as in thee is. Yet ſay I not that ye ſhuln rather purſue to youre adverſaries for pees than they ſhuln to you, for I know wel that ye ben ſo hard-herted that ye wol do nothing for me; and Salomon ſayth, He that hath over hard an herte atte laſte he ſhal miſhappe and miſtide.

Whan Melibee had herd Dame Prudence make ſemblaunt of wrath he ſayde in this wiſe: Dame, I pray you that ye be not diſpleſed of things that I ſay, for I knowe wel that I am angry and wroth, and that is no wonder, and they that ben wroth woten not wel what they don ne what they ſayn; therfore the prophete ſayth, that troubled eyen han no clere ſighte. But ſayth and conſeilleth me as you liketh, for I am redy to do right as ye wol deſire; and if ye repreve me of my folie I am the more holden to love you and to preiſe you; for Salomon ſaith, that he that repreveth him that doth folie he ſhal find greter grace than he that deceiveth him by ſwete wordes.

Than ſayde Dame Prudence, I make no ſemblaunt of wrath ne of anger but for youre grete profite; for Salomon ſaith, He is more wroth that repreveth or chideth a fool for his folie, ſhewing him ſemblaunt of wrath, than he that ſupporteth him and preiſeth him in his miſdoing, and laugheth at his folie; and this ſame Salomon ſaith afterward, that by the forweful viſage of a man, that is to ſayn, by the ſory and hevy countenance of a man, the fool correcteth and amendeth himſelf.

Than ſaid Melibee, I ſhal not conne anſwere unto ſo many faire reſons as ye putten to me and ſhewen: ſayth ſhortly youre will and youre conſeil, and I am al redy to performe and fulfille it.

Than Dame Prudence discovered all hire will unto him, and saide, I conseille you, quod she, above alle thinges that ye make pees betwene God and you, and be reconciled unto him and to his grace, for as I have sayde you herebeforen, God hath suffered you to have this tribulation and disese for youre sinnes: and if ye do as I say you, God wol sende youre adversaries unto you, and make hem falle at youre feet, redy to do youre will and youre commandements; for Salomon sayth, Whan the condition of man is plesaunt and liking unto God, he chaungeth the hertes of the mannes adversaries, and constreineth him to beseken him of pees and of grace. And I pray you let me speke with your adversaries in prevee place, for they shuln not knowe that it be of youre will or youre assent, and than whan I knowe hir will and hir entente I may conseille you the more securely.

Dame, quod Melibeus, doth youre will and youre liking, for I putte me wholly in youre disposition and ordinance.

Than Dame Prudence, whan she sey the good will of hire husbond, delibered unto hire, and take avis in hire self, thinking how she might bring this nede unto goode ende; and whan she sey hire time she sent for thise adversaries to come unto hire in to a privee place, and shewed wisely unto hem the grete goodes that comen of pees, and the grete harmes and perils that ben in werre; and saide to hem in a goodly manere how that hem oughte have gret repentance of the injuries and wronges that they hadden don to Melibeus hire lord, and unto hire and to hire doughter.

And whan they herden the goodly wordes of Dame Prudence they weren so surpised and ravished, and hadden so gret joye of hire, that moder was to telle. A Lady! quod they, ye have shewed unto us the blessing of sweetenesse, after the saying of David the prophet; for reconciling which we be not worthy to have in manere, but we oughten requeren it with gret contrition and humilitee, ye of your grete goodnesse have presented unto us. Now see we wel that the science and conning of Salomon is ful trewe; for he saith, that swete wordes multiplien and encresen frendes, and maken shrewes to be debonaire and meke.

Certes, quod they, we putten oure dede and all our matere and cause al holly in youre good will, and ben redy to obeye unto the speche and commaundement of my Lord Melibeus; and therfore, dere and benigne Lady! we praye you and beseche you, as mekely as we conne and moun, that it like unto your grete goodnesse to fulfille in dede youre goodly wordes; for we consideren and knowelechen that we han offended and greved my Lord Melibeus out of mesure, so fer forth that we ben not of power to maken him amendes, and therfore we oblige and binde us and oure frendes for to do all his will and his commaundements; but peraventure he hath swiche bevinesse and swiche wrath to us ward, because of our offence, that he wol enjoynen us swiche a peine as we moun not bere ne sustaine; and therfore, noble Ladie! we beseche youre womanlyte pittee to take swiche a visement in this nede that we ne oure frendes ben not disherited and destroied thurgh oure folie.

Certes, quod Prudence, it is an hard thing and right perilous that a man putte him all outrely in the arbitration and jugement and in the might and power of his enemie; for Salomon sayth, Leveth me and yeveth credence to that that I shall say; To thy sone, to thy wif, to thy frend, ne to thy brother, ne yeve thou never might ne maistrie over thy body while thou livest. Now sith he defendeth that a man shulde not yeve to his brother ne to his frend the might of his body, by a strenger reson he defendeth and forbedeth a man to yeve himself to his enemy. And natheles I conseille you that ye mistruste not my lord, for I wot wel and know verraily that he is debonaire and meke, large, curteis and nothing desirous ne coveitous of good ne richesse, for ther is nothing in this world that he desireth save only worshipe and honour. Forthermore, I know wel and am right sure that he shal nothing do in this nedie withouten my conseil, and I shal so werken in this cas that by the grace of our Lord God ye shuln be reconciled unto us.

Than saiden they with o vois, Worshipful Lady! we putten us and our goodes al fully in youre will and disposition, and ben redy to come what day that it like unto youre noblesse to limite us or assigne us for to make oure obligation and bond as strong as it liketh unto youre goodnesse, that we moun fulfille the will of you and of my Lord Melibee.

Whan Dame Prudence had herd the answer of thise men, she bad hem go agein prively, and she retourned to hire Lord Melibee, and told him how she found his adversaries ful repentant knowleching ful lowly hir sinnes and trespas, and how they weren redy to suffren all peine, requering and preying him of mercy and pitee.

Than saide Melibee, He is wel worthy to have pardon and foryevenesse of his sinne that excuseth not his sinne, but knowlecheth and repenteth him, axing indulgence; for Senek saith, Ther is the remission and furyevenesse wher as the confession is, for confession is neighebour to innocence: and therefore I assente and conferme me to have pees: but it is good that we do nought withouten the assent and will of oure frendes.

Than was Prudence right glad and joyeful, and saide, Certes, Sire, ye han wel and goodly answered; for right as by the conseil, assent, and helpe, of your frendes ye han be stired to venge you and make werre, right so withouten hir conseil shul ye not accord you ne have pees with youre adversaries; for the lawe saith, Ther is nothing so good by way of kinde as a thing to be unbounde by him that it was ybounde.

And than Dame Prudence, withouten delay or tarying, sent anon hire messageres for hir kin and for hir olde frendes which that were trewe and wise, and told hem by ordre in the presence of Meli-

bee all the matere as it is above expreſſed and declared, and preied hem that they wold yeve hir avis and conſeil what were beſt to do in this nede. And whan Melibeus frendes hadden taken hir avis and deliberation of the foreſaid matere, and hadden examined it by gret beſineſſe and gret diligence, they yaven ful conſeil for to have pees and reſte, and that Melibee ſhulde receive with good herte his adverſaries to foryeveneſſe and mercy.

And whan Dame Prudence had herd the aſſent of hire Lord Melibee, and the conſeil of his frendes accord with hire will and hire entention, ſhe was wonder glad in hire herte, and ſayde, Ther is an old proverbe, quod ſhe, ſayth, that the goodneſſe that thou maiſt do this day do it, and abide not ne delay it not till to morwe: and therefore I conſeille that ye ſende youre meſſageres, ſwiche as ben diſcret and wiſe, unto youre adverſaries, telling hem on youre behalf, that if they wol trete of pees and of accord, that they ſhape hem withouten delay or tarying to come unto us. Which thing parfourmed was indede. And whan thiſe treſpaſours and repenting folk of hir folies, that is to ſayn, the adverſaries of Melibee, hadden herd what thiſe meſſageres ſayden unto hem they weren right glade and joyeful, and anſwerden ful mekely and benignely, yelding graces and thankinges to hir Lord Melibee and to all his compagnie, and ſhopen hem withouten delay to go with the meſſageres, and obeye to the commandement of hir Lord Melibee.

And right anon they token hir way to the court of Melibee, and token with hem ſom of hir trewe frendes to make feith for hem and for to ben hir borwes. And whan they were comen to the preſence of Melibee he ſaide hem thiſe wordes. It ſtant thus quod Melibee, and ſoth it is that ye cauſeles and withouten ſkill and reſon han don grete injuries and wronges to me and to my wif Prudence, and to my doughter alſo, for ye han entered into myn hous by violence, and have don ſwiche outrage that alle men knowen wel that ye han deſerved the deth; and therefore wol I know and wete of you whether ye wol put the puniſhing and chaſtiſing, and the vengence, of this outrage in the will of me and of my wif, or ye wol not.

Than the wiſeſt of hem three anſwered for hem alle, and ſaide; Sire, quod he, we knowen wel that we ben unworthy to come to the court of ſo gret a lord and ſo worthy as ye ben, for we han ſo gretly miſtaken us, and han offended and agilte in ſwiche wiſe agein your high lordſhipe, that trewely we han deſerved the deth; but yet for the grete goodneſſe and debonairetee that all the world witneſſeth of youre perſone we ſubmitten us to the excellence and benignitee of youre gracious lordſhipe, and ben redy to obeye to alle youre comandements, beſeching you that of youre merciable pitee ye wol conſidere oure grete repentance and lowe ſubmiſſion, and graunte us foryeveneſſe of our outragious treſpas and offence; for wel we knowen that youre liberal grace and mercie ſtretchen hem forther into goodneſſe than don oure outragious giltes and treſpas into wickedneſſe, al be it that curſedly and dampnably we han agilte again youre highe lordſhipe.

Then Melibee toke hem up fro the ground ful benignely, and received hir obligations and hir bondes by hir othes upon hir plegges and borwes, and aſſigned hem a certain day to retourne unto his court for to receive and accept ſentence and jugement that Melibee wolde commande to be don on hem by the cauſes aforeſaid; which thinges ordeined every man retourned to his hous.

And whan that Dame Prudence ſaw hire time ſhe freined, and axed hire Lord Melibee what vengance he thoughte to taken of his adverſaries?

To which Melibee anſwerd and ſaide; Certes, quod he, I think and purpoſe me fully to diſherite hem of all that ever they han, and for to putte hem in exile for ever.

Certes, quod Dame Prudence, this were a cruel ſentence, and muchel agein reſon, for ye ben riche ynough, and han no nede of other mennes good; and ye might lightly in this wiſe gete you a coveitous name, which is a vicious thing, and oughte to be eſchewed of every good man, for after the ſawe of the apoſtle, coveitiſe is rote of alle harmes; and therefore it were better for you to leſe muchel good of your owen, than for to take of hir good in this manere: for better it is to leſe good with worſhip than to winne good with vilanie and ſhame: and every man ought to do his diligence and his beſineſſe to get him a good name; and yet ſhal he not only beſie him in keeping his good name, but he ſhal alſo enforcen him alway to do ſom thing by which he may renovelle his good name; for it is written that the olde good los or good name of a man is ſone gon and paſſed whan it is not newed. And as touching that ye ſayn, that ye wol exile your adverſaries, that thinketh me muchel agein reſon and out of meſure, conſidered the power that they han yeven you upon hemſelf; and it is written, that he is worthy to leſe his privilege that miſuſeth the might and the power that is yeven him. And I ſette cas ye might enjoine hem that peine by right and by lawe, (which I trowe ye mowe not do) I ſay ye might not putte it to execution peraventure, and than it were like to retourne to the werre as it was beſorn: and therefore if you wol that men do you obeiſance ye muſt deme more curteiſly, that is to ſayn, ye muſt yeve more eſie ſentences and jugements; for it is written, he that moſt curteiſly commandeth to him men moſt obeyen. And therefore I pray you that in this neceſſitee and in this nede ye caſte you to overcome your herte; for Senek ſayth, that he that overcometh his herte overcometh twies; and Tullius ſaith, Ther is nothing ſo commendable in a gret lord as whan he is debonaire and meke, and appeſeth him lightly. And I pray you that ye wol now forbere to do vengeaunce in ſwiche a manere that your good name may be kept and conſerved, and that men mown have cauſe and matere to preiſe you of pitee and of mercy, and that ye

have no cause to repente you of thing that ye don; for Seneke saieth, He overcometh in an evil manere that repenteth of his victorie. Wherfore I pray you let mercy be in your herte, to the effect and entent that God Almighty have mercy upon you in his last jugement; for Seint James saith in his epistle, Jugement withoute mercy shal be do to him that hath no mercy of another wight.

When Melibee had herd the grete skilles and resons of Dame Prudence, and hire wise informations and techinges, his herte gan encline to the will of his wif, considering hire trewe entente, enforced him anon, and assented fully to werken after hire conseil, and thanked God, of whom procedeth all goodnesse and all vertue, that him sent a wif of so gret discretion. And whan the day came that his adversaries shulde appere in his presence, he spake to hem ful goodly, and saide in this wise: Al be it so that of youre pride and high presumption and folie, and of youre negligence and unconning, ye have misborne you and trespased unto me, yet for as muchel as I see and behold your grete humilitee, and that ye ben sory and repentant of youre giltes, it constreineth me to do you grace and mercy; wherfor I receive you into my grace, and foryeve you outrely alle the offences, injuries, and wronges, that yet have don agein me and mine, to this effect and to this ende, that God of his endeles mercie wol at the time of oure dying foryeve us oure giltes that we han trespased to him in this wretched world; for douteles if we be sory and repentant of the sinnes and giltes which we han trespased in the sight of oure Lord God, he is so free and so merciable that he wol foryeven us oure giltes, and bringen us to the blisse that never hath ende. *Amen.*

THE MONKES PROLOGUE.

Whan ended was the Tale of Melibee
And of Prudence and hire benignitee
Our Hoſte ſaide, As I am faithful man,
And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,
I hadde lever than a barell of ale
That goode leſe my wif had herde this Tale,
For ſhe n'is no thing of ſwiche patience
As was this Melibeus wif Prudence.
By Goddes bones whan I bete my knaves
She brineth me the grete clobbed ſtaves,
And cryeth, Slee the dogges everich on,
And breke hem bothe bak and every bon.
And if that any neighebour of mine
Wol not in chirche to my wif encline,
Or be ſo hardy to hire to treſpace,
Whan ſhe cometh home ſhe rampeth in my face,
And cryeth, Falſe coward! wreke thy wif:
By *corpus Domini* I wol have thy knif,
And thou ſhalt have my diſtaf and go ſpinne.
Fro day til night right thus ſhe wol beginne.
Alas! ſhe ſaith, that ever I was yſhape
To wed a milkſop or a coward ape,
That wol ben overladde with every wight:
Thou darſt not ſtonden by the wives right.
This is my lif but if that I wol fight,
And out at dore anon I mote me dight,
Or elles I am loſt, but if that I
Be like a wilde leon fool-hardy.
I wote wel ſhe wol do me ſlee ſom day
Som neighebour, and thanne go my way,
For I am in perilous with knif in honde
Al be it that I dare not hire withſtonde,
For ſhe is bigge in armes by my faith,
That ſhal he finde that hire miſdoth or ſaith.
But let us paſſe away fro this matere.
My Lord the Monk, quod he, be mery of chere
For ye ſhul telle a Tale trewely.
Lo! Rouchefter ſtondeth here faſte by;
Ride forth, min owen Lord, breke not our game.
But by my trouthe I can no telle youre name;
Whether ſhal I call you my Lord Dan John.
Or Dan Thomas, or elles Dan Albon?
Of what hous be ye by your fader kin?
I vow to God thou haſt a ful faire ſkin.
It is a gentil paſture ther thou goſt;
Thou art not like a penaunt or a goſt.
Upon my faith thou art ſom officer,
Som worthy ſextein, or ſom celerer,
For by my fadres ſoule, as to my dome,
Thou art a maiſter whan thou art home;
No poure cloiſterer, ne non novice,
But a governour bothe ware and wiſe,
And therwithal of braunes and of bones
A right wel faring perſone for the nones.
I pray to God yeve him confuſion
That firſt thee brought into religion.
Thou woldeſt han ben a trede-foul a right
Haddeſt thou as grete leve as thou haſt might
To parfourme all thy luſt: in engendrure
Thou haddeſt begeten many a creature.
Alas! why wereſt thou ſo wide a cope?
God yeve me forwe but and I were pope
Not only thou but every mighty man,
Though he were ſhore ful high upon his pan,
Shuld have a wif, for al this world is lorn,
Religion hath take up all the corn
Of treding, and we borel men ben ſhrimpes;
Of feble trees ther comen wretched impes.
This maketh that our heires ben ſo ſclendre
And feble that they monn not wel engendre;
This maketh that our wives wol aſſaye
Religious folk, for they moun better paye
Of Venus payements than mowen we;
God wote no Luſheburgées payen ye.
But be not wroth, my Lord, though that I play;
Ful oft in game a ſothe have I herd ſay.
This worthy Monke toke all in patience,
And ſaide, I wol don all my diligence,
As fer as ſouneth into honeſtee,
To tellen you a Tale, or two or three;
And if you liſt to herken hiderward
I wol you ſayn the lif of Seint Edward,
Or elles tragedies firſt I wol telle,
Of which I have an hundred in my celle.
Tragedie is to ſayn a certain ſtorie,
As olde bookes maken us memorie,
Of him that ſtood in gret proſperitee,
And is yfallen out of high degree
In to miſerie, and endeth wretchedly;
And they ben verſified communly
Of ſix feet, which men clepen Exametron:
In proſe eke ben endited many on,
And eke in metre in many a ſondry wiſe.
Lo this declaring ought ynough ſuffice.
Now herkeneth if you liketh for to here.
But firſt I you beſeche in this matere,

by ordre telle not thise thinges,
opes, emperoures, or kinges,
ages, as men written finde,
hem fom before and fom behinde,
As it now cometh to my remembrance,
Have me excused of min ignorance.

THE MONKES TALE*.

waile in manere of tragedie
of hem that stode in high degree,
so that ther n'as no remedie
hem out of hir adversitee;
h whan that Fortune lift to flee
no man of hire the cours withholde:
n truft on blinde prosperitee;
: by thise ensamples trewe and olde.

Lucifer.

ifer, though he an angel were
man, at him I wol beginne;
h Fortune may non angel dere,
degree yet felle he for his finne
helle, wheras he yet is inne.
! brightest of angels alle,
hou Sathanas, that maist not twinne
ferie in which that thou art falle.

Adam.

ain in the feld of Damascene
des owen finger wrought was he,
geten of mannes sperme unclene,
all Paradis saving o tree.
worldly man so high degree
, til he for misgovernance
n out of his prosperitee
, and to helle, and to meschance.

Sampson.

mpson, which that was annunciat
gel long or his nativitee,
to God Almighty consecrat,
in noblesse while he mighte see:
r swiche another as was he,
of strength and therto hardinesse;
wives tolde he his secree,
which he slow himself for wretchednesse.

Sampson, this noble and mighty champion,
Withouten wepen save his handes twey
He slow and all to-rente the leon,
Toward his wedding walking by the wey.
His false wif coude him so plese and pray
Til she his conseil knewe, and she untrewe
Unto his foos his conseil gan bewray,
And him forsoke, and toke another newe.
Three hundred foxes toke Sampson for ire,
And all hir tayles he togeder bond,
And set the foxes tayles all on fire,
For he in every tayl had knit a brond,
And they brent all the cornes in that lond,
And all hir oliveres and vines eke.
A thousand men he slow eke with his hond,
And had no wepen but an asses cheke.
Whan they were slain so thursted him that he
Was wel nie lorne, for which he gan to preye
That God wold on his peine han som pitee,
And send him drinke, or elles moste he deye;
And of this asses cheke that was so dreye
Out of a wang toth sprang anon a welle,
Of which he drank ynough, shortly to seye.
Thus halp him God, as *Judicum* can telle.
By veray force at Gasa on a night,
Maugre the Philistins of that citee,
The gates of the toun he hath up plight,
And on his bak yearried hem hath he
High on an hill, wher as men might hem se.
O noble mighty Sampson, lese and dere!
Haddest thou not told to women thy secree,
In all this world ne had ther ben thy pere.
This Sampson never sider dranke ne wine,
Ne on his hed came rasour non ne shere.
By precept of the messager divine,
For all his strengthes in his heres were:
And fully twenty winter yere by yere
He hadde of Israel the governance;
But sone shal he wepen many a tere,
For women shuln him bringen to meschance.

rical discourse of many who have fallen from
e into extreme misery. *Urry.*
a. l.

Unto his lemman Dalida he told
That in his heres all his strengthe lay,
And falsely to his fomen she him sold;
And sleping in hire barme upon a day
She made to clip or shere his here away,
And made his fomen al his craft espien;
And whan that they him fond in this array
They bond him fast, and putten out his eyen.
But or his here was clipped or yshave,
Ther was no bond with which men might him bind,
But now is he in prison in a cave,
Wheras they made him at the querne grinde.
O noble Sampson, strongest of mankind,
O whilom juge in glory and richesse!
Now mayest thou wepen with thin eyèn blind
Sith thou fro wele art falle in wretchednesse.
The ende of this caitif was as I shal seye:
His fomen made a feste upon a day,
And made him as hir fool before hem pleye,
And this was in a temple of gret array:
But at the last he made a foule affray,
For he two pillers shoke and made hem falle,
And doun fell temple and all, and ther it lay,
And slow himself, and eke his fomen alle.
This is to sayn, the princes everich on,
And eke three thousand bodies, were ther slain
With falling of the gret temple of ston
Of Sampson now wol I no more sain:
Beth ware by this ensample old and plain
That no men tell hir conseil to hir wives
Of swiche thing as they wold han secree fain,
If that it touch hir limmes or hir lives.

Hercules.

Of Hercules the soveraine conqueroun
Singen his werkes laude, and high renoun,
For in his time of strength he was the flour.
He slow and raft the skinne of the leon;
He of Centaures laid the bost adoun;
He Harpies slow, the cruel briddes felle;
He golden apples raft fro the dragon;
He drow out Cerberos, the hound of helle.
He slow the cruel tirant Busirus,
And made his hors to fret him flesh and bon;
He slow the firy serpent venemous;
Of Achelous two hornes brake he on;
And he slow Cacus in a cave of ston;
He slow the geaunt Anteus the strong;
He slow the grisely bore, and that anon;
And bare the hevene on his nekke long
Was never wight sith that the world began
That slow so many monstres as did he;
Thurghout the wide world his name ran,
What for his strength and for his high bountee;
And every reuame went he for to see.
He was so strong that no man might him let;
At bothe the worldes endes, saith Trophee,
In stede of boundes he a piller set.
A lemman had this noble champion
That hight Deianire, as fresh as May:
And, as thise clerkes maken mention,
She hath him sent a sherte fresh and gay:
Alas! this sherte, alas and wala wa!
Envenimed was sotilly withalle,
That or that he had wered it half a day
It made his flesh all from his bones falle.
But natheles som clerkes hire excusen
By on that highte Nessus, that it maked:
Be as may be, I wol hire not accusen;
But on his bak this sherte he wered al naked,
Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked;
And whan he saw non other remedie
In hote coles he hath himselven raked,
For with no venime deigned him to die.
Thus starf this worthy mighty Hercules.
Lo! who may trust on Fortune any throw
For him that folweth all this world of pres
Or he be ware is oft ylaid ful lowe:
Ful wise is he that can himselven knowe.
Beth ware, for whan that Fortune lift to glose
Than waiteth she hire man to overthrowe
By swiche a way as he wold lest suppose.

Nabuchodonosor.

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,
The glorious sceptre, and real majestee,
That hadde the King Nabuchodonosor,
With tonge unnethes may descrived be:
He twies wan Jerusalem the citee,
The vessell of the temple he with him ladde;
At Babiloine was his soveraine see,
In which his glorie and his delit he hadde.
The fayrest children of the blood real
Of Israel he did do gelde anon,
And maked eche of hem to ben his thral.
Amonges other Daniel was on,
That was the wisest child of everich on,
For he the dremes of the king expouned,
Wher as in Caldee clerk ne was ther non
That wiste to what sin his dremes sounded.
This proude king let make a statue of gold
Sixty cubites long and seven in brede,
To which image both yonge and old
Commanded he to loute and have in drede,
Or in a fourneis ful of flames rede
He shuld be brent that wolde not obeye;
But never wold assenten to that dede,
Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.
This king of kinges proud was and elat;
He wend that God that sit in majestee
Ne might him nat bereve of his estat:
But sodenly he lost his dignitee,
And like a best him semed for to be,
And ete heye as an oxe, and lay therout:
In rain with wilde bestes walked he
Til certain time was ycome about.
And like an egles fethers wex his heres,
His neyles like a briddes clawes were,
Til God relesed him at certain yeres,
And yaf him wit, and than with many a tere
He thanked God, and ever his lif in fere
Was he to don amis, or more trespace:
And til that time he laid was on his bere
He knew that God was ful of might and grace.

Balthasar.

s sone, which that highte Balthasar,
held the regne after his fadres day,
y his fader coulde not beware,
wronde he was of herte and of array,
eke an ydolaster was he ay.
ugh estat assured him in pride;
Fortune cast him doun (and ther he lay)
sodenly his regne gan devide.
feste he made unto his lordes alle
a time, and made hem blithe be,
than his officers gan he calle;
bringeth forthe the vessels, quod he,
h that my fader in his prosperitee
f the temple of Jerusalem beraft,
to our highe gooddes thanke we
onour, that our eldres with us laft.
s wif, his lordes, and his concubines,
ronken, while hir appetites last,
f thise noble vessels sondry wines.
on a wall this king his eyen cast,
saw an hand armles that wrote ful fast,
fere of which he quoke and siked fore:
hand that Balthasar so sore agast,
te *Mane tecbel Phares* and no more.
al that lond magicien was non
coud expounen what this lettre ment,
Daniel expouned it anon,
said, O King! God to thy fader lent
e and honour, regne, tresour and rent,
he was proud and nothing God ne dradde,
therfore God gret wreche upon him sent,
him beraft the regne that he hadde.
was out cast of mannes compagnie.
s asses was his habitation,
ete hey as a best in wete and drie,
that he knew by grace and by reson
God of heven hath domination
every regne and every creature,
than had God of him compassion,
him restored his regne and his figure.
Thou that art his sone art proud also
knowest all thise thinges verayly,
art rebel to God and art his fo:
dranke eke of his vessels boldely,
wif eke and thy wenches sinfully
ke of the same vessels sondry wines,
heried false goddes cursedly,
fore to thee yshapen ful gret pine is.
his hand was sent fro God that on the wall
te *Mane tecbel Phares*, trusteth me.
regne is don; thou wayest nought at all:
ded is thy regne, and it shal be
Medes and to Perses yeven, quod he.
thilke same night this king was slawe,
Darius occupied his degree,
ugh he therto had neither right ne lawe.
ordinges, ensample hereby moun ye take
that in lordship is no sikernesse,
whan that Fortune wol a man forsake
bereth away his regne and his richesse,
eke his frendes, bothe more and lesse;
what man that hath frendes thurgh Fortune
hap wol make hem enemies I gesse.
s proverbe is ful soth, and sule commune.

Zenobia.

Zenobia, of Palmerie the quene,
(As writen Persiens of hire noblesse)
So worthy was in armes, and so kene,
That no wight passed hire in hardinesse,
Ne in linege, ne in other gentillesse.
Of kinges blood of Perse is she descended;
I say not that she hadde most faireneſſe,
But of hire shape she might not ben amended.
From hire childhode I finde that she sledde
Office of woman, and to wode she went,
And many a wilde hartes blood she shedde
With arwes brode that she to hem sent;
She was so swift that she anon hem hent:
And whan that she was elder she wolde kille
Leons, lepard, and beres al to-rent,
And in hire armes weld hem at hire wille.
She dorst the wilde bestes dennes seke,
And rennen in the mountaignes all the night,
And slepe under the bush; and she coude eke
Wrastlen by veray force and veray might
With any yong man, were he never so wight;
Ther mighte nothing in hire armes stonde:
She kept hire maidenhode from every wight;
To no man deigned hire for to be bonde.
But at the last hire frendes han hire maried
To Odenat, a prince of that contree,
Al were it so that she hem longe taried,
And ye shul understonden how that he
Hadde swiche fantasies as hadde she;
But natheles whan they were knit in fere
They lived in joye and in felicitee,
For eche of hem had other lese and dere;
Save o thing, that she n'olde never assente
By no way that he shulde by hire lie
But ones, for it was hire plaine entente
To have a childe the world to multiplie;
And al so sone as that she might espie
That she was not with childe with that dede,
Than wold she suffer him don his fantasie
Eftsone, and not but ones out of drede.
And if she were with child at thilke cast
No more shuld he playen thilke game
Till fullen fourty days weren past,
Than wold she ones suffre him do the same.
Al were this Odenate wild or tame
He gate no more of hire, for thus she sayde,
It was to wives lecherie and shame
In other cas if that men with hem playde.
Two sones by this Odenate had she,
The which she kept in vertue and lettrure.
But now unto our Tale turne we.
I say so worshipful a creature,
And wise therwith, and large with mesure,
So penible in the werre, and curteis eke,
Ne more labour might in werre endure,
Was non, though all this world men shulden seke.
Hire riche array ne mighte not be told,
As wel in vessell as in hire clothing;
She was all clad in pierrie and in gold;
And eke she lefte not for non hunting

To have of ſondry tonges ful knowing,
Whan that ſhe leiſer had, and for to entend
To lernen bookes was all hire liking,
How ſhe in vertue might hire lif deſpend.
And ſhortly of this ſtorie for to trete,
So doughty was hire huſbond, and eke ſhe,
That they conquered many regnes grete
In the orient, with many a faire citee
Appertenaunt unto the majeſtee
Of Rome, and with ſtrong hand held hem ful faſt,
Ne never might hir fomen don hem flee
Ay while that Odenates dayes laſt.
Hire batailles, who ſo liſt hem for to rede,
Againe Sapor the king, and other mo,
And how that all this proceſſe fell in dede,
Why ſhe conquered, and what title therto,
And after of hire miſchefe and hire wo,
How that ſhe was beſeged and ytake,
Let him unto my maiſter Petrark go,
That writeth ynough of this I undertake.
Whan Odenate was ded ſhe mightily
The regnes held, and with hire propre hond
Agains hir foos ſhe fought ſo cruelly
That ther n'as king ne prince in all that lond
That he n'as glad if he that grace fond
That ſhe ne wolde upon his lond werreye;
With hire they maden alliaunce by bond
To ben in pees and let hire ride and pleye.
The Emperour of Rome Claudius,
Ne him beforn the Romain Galien,
Ne dorſte never be ſo corageous,
Ne non Ermin ne non Egiptien,
Ne Surrien ne non Arabien,
Within the feld ne dorſte with hire fight,
Leſt that ſhe wold hem with hire hondes flen,
Or with hire meinie putten hem to flight.
In kinges habite wente hire ſones two
As heires of hir fadres regnes alle,
And Heremanno and Timolao
Hir names were, as Perſiens hem calle.
But ay Fortune hath in hire hony galle:
This mighty quene may no while endure;
Fortune out of hire regne made hire falle
To wretchedneſſe and to miſaventure.
Aurelian, whan that the governance
Of Rome came into his hondes twey,
He ſhope upon this quene to do vengeance,
And with his legions he toke his way
Toward Zenobie; and, ſhortly for to ſay,
He made hire flee, and atte laſt hire hent,
And fettred hire and eke hire children tway,
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.
Amonges other things that he wan
Hire char, that was with gold wrought and pierrie,
This grete Romain, this Aurelian,
Hath with him lad for that men ſhuld it ſee.
Beforen his triumphe walketh ſhe,
With gilte chaines on hire necke honging,
Crouned ſhe was, as after hire degree,
And ful of pierrie charged hire clothing.
Alas, Fortune! ſhe that whilom was
Dredeful to kinges and to emperoures,
Now gaureth all the peple on hire, alas!
And ſhe that helmed was in ſtarke ſtoures,
And wan by force tounes ſtronge and toures,
Shal on hire hed now were a vitremite,
And ſhe that bare the ſceptre ful of floures
Shal bere a diſtaf, hire coſt for to quite.

Nero.

Although that Nero were as vicious
As any fend that lieth ful low adoun,
Yet he, as telleth us Suetonius,
This wide world had in ſubjectioun,
Both eſt and weſt, ſouth and ſeptentrioun.
Of rubies, ſaphires, and of perles white,
Were al his clothes brouded up and doun,
For he in gemmes gretly gan delite.
More delicat, more pompous of array,
More proude, was never emperour than he,
That ilke cloth that he had wered o day
After that time he n'olde it never ſee:
Nettes of gold threde had he gret plentee
To fiſh in Tiber whan him liſt to play:
His luſtes were as law in his degree,
For Fortune as his frend wold him obay.
He Rome brente for his delicacie;
The Senatours he ſlow upon a day
To heren how that men wold wepe and crie,
And ſlow his brother, and by his ſuſter lay.
His moder made he in pitous array,
For he hire wombe let ſlitten, to behold
Wher he conceived was, ſo wala wa!
That he ſo litel of his moder told.
No tere out of his eyen for that ſight
Ne came, but ſayd a faire woman was ſhe.
Gret wonder is how that he coud or might
Be domeſman of hire dede beautee.
The wine to bringen him commanded he,
And dranke anon: no other wo he made.
Whan might is joined unto crueltee,
Alas! to'depe wol the venime wade.
In youthe a maiſter had this emperour
To techen him lettrure and curteſie:
For of moralitee he was the flour,
As in his time, but if bookes lie;
And while this maiſter had of him maiſtrie
He maked him ſo conning and ſo ſouple
That longe time it was or tyrannie
Or any vice dorſt in him uncouple.
This Seneka, of which that I deviſe,
Becauſe Nero had of him ſwiche drede,
For he fro vices wold him ay chaſtiſe
Diſcretly, as by word and not by dede;
Sire, he wold ſay, an emperour mote nede
Be vertuous, and haten tyrannie;
For which he made him in a bathe to blede
On bothe his armes till he muſt die.
This Nero had eke of a cuſtumaunce
In youth ageins his maiſter for to riſe,
Which afterward him thought a gret grevaunce
Therfore he made him dien in this wiſe.
But natheles this Seneka the wiſe
Chees in a bathe to die in this manere
Rather than han another turmentiſe:
And thus hath Nero ſlain his maiſter dere.

Now fell it so that Fortune lift no lenger
The highe pride of Nero to cherice,
For though that he were ſtrong yet was ſhe ſtreng-
She thoughte thus: by God I am to nice [er.
To ſet a man that is fulfilled of vice
In high degree, and Emperour him calle:
By God out of his ſete I wol him trice;
Whan he left weneth ſoneſt ſhal he falle.
The peple roſe upon him on a night
For his defaute, and whan he it eſpied
Out of his dores anon he hath him dight
Alone, and ther he wend han had ben allied
He knocked faſt, and ay the more he cried
The faſter ſhetten they hir dores alle;
Tho wiſt he wel he had himſelf miſgied,
And went his way; no lenger dorſt he calle.
The peple cried and rombled up and doun,
That with his eres herd he how they ſayde,
Wher is this falſe tyrant, this Neroun?
For fere almoſt out of his wit he brayde,
And to his goddes pitouſly he preide
For ſocour, but it mighte not betide:
For drede of this him thoughte that he deide,
And ran into a gardin him to hide.
And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye
That faten by a fire gret and red,
And to thiſe cherles two he gan to preye
To ſlen him, and to girden of his hed,
That to his body whan that he were ded
Were no deſpit ydon for his defame.
Himſelf he ſlow, he coud no better rede,
Of which Fortune lough and hadde a game.

Holoferne.

Was never capitaine under a king
That regnes mo put in ſubjectioun,
Ne ſtrenger was in feld of alle thing
As in his time, ne greter of renoun,
Ne more pompous in high preſumptioun,
Than Holoferne, which that Fortune ay kiſt
So wiſe, and lad him up and doun,
Tilthat his hed was of or that he wiſt.
Not only that this world had him in awe
For kinge of richeſſe and libertee,
But he made every man reneie his lawe.
Nabuchodonoſor was God, ſayd he;
Noo other god ne ſhulde honoured be.
Agains his heſte ther dare no wight treſpace
Save in Bethulia, a ſtrong citee,
Wher Eliachim a preeſt was of that place.
But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne:
Amid his hoſt he dronken lay a night
Within his tente, large as is a berne;
And yet for all his pompe and all his might
Judith, a woman, as he lay upright
Sleping, his hed of ſmote, and fro his tente
Ful prively ſhe ſtale from every wight,
And with his hed unto hire toun ſhe wente.

Antiochus.

What nedeth it of King Antiochus
To tell his high and real majeſtee,
His gret pride, and his werkes venimous?
For ſwiche another was ther non as he:
Redeth what that he was in Machabe,
And redeth the proud wordes that he ſeid,
And why he fell from his proſperitee,
And in an hill how wretchedly he deid.
Fortune him had enhaunſed ſo in pride
That verailly he wend he might attaine
Unto the ſterres upon every ſide,
And in a balaunce weyen eche mountaine,
And all the floodes of the ſee reſtreine:
And Goddes peple had he moſt in hate,
Hem wold he fleen in turment and in peine,
Wening that God ne might his pride abate.
And for that Nichanor and Timothee
With Jewes were venquiſhed mightily,
Unto the Jewes ſwiche an hate had he
That he bad greithe his char ful haſtily,
And ſwore and ſayde ful deſpitouſly
Unto Jeruſalem he wold eftſone,
To wreke his ire on it ful cruelly;
But of his purpos was he let ful ſone.
God for his manace him ſo ſore ſmote
With inviſible wound, ay incurable,
That in his guttes carſe it ſo and bote
Thatte his peines weren importable;
And certainly the wreche was reſonable,
For many a mannes guttes did he peine;
But from his purpos curſed and damnable,
For all his ſmerte, he n'olde him not reſtreine;
But bade anon apparailen his hoſt.
And ſodenly, or he was of it ware,
God daunted all his pride and all his boſt;
For he ſo ſore fell out of his chare
That it his limmes and his ſkinne to-tare,
So that he neither mighte go ne ride,
But in a chaiere men about him bare,
Alle forbruſed bothe bak and ſide.
The wreche of God him ſmote ſo cruelly
That thurgh his body wicked wormes crept,
And therwithal he ſtanke ſo horribly
That non of all his meinie that him kept,
Whether ſo that he woke or elles ſlept,
Ne mighte not of him the ſtinke endure.
In this miſchieſe he wailed and eke wept,
And knew God lord of every creature.
To all his hoſt and to himſelf alſo
Ful wlatſom was the ſtinke of his careine;
No man ne mighte him beren to ne fro;
And in this ſtinke and this horrible peine
He ſtarf ful wretchedly in a mountaine.
Thus hath this robbour and this homicide,
That many a man made to wepe and pleine,
Swiche guerdon as belongeth unto pride.

Alexander.

The ſtorie of Alexandre is ſo commune
That every wight that hath diſcretioun
Hath herd ſomwhat or all of his fortune.
This wide world, as in concluſioun,
He wan by ſtrength, or for his high renoun
They weren glad for pees unto him ſende.
The pride of man and boſt he layd adoun,
Wher ſo he came, unto the worldes ende.

Comparison might never yet be maked
Betwix him and another conquerour,
For al this world for drede of him hath quaked;
He was of knighthode and of fredome flour;
Fortune him maked the heir of hire honour.
Save wine and women nothing might aswage
His high entente in armes and labour,
So was he ful of leonin corage.
What pris were it to him though I you told
Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo
Of kinges, princes, dukes, erles bold,
Which he conquered, and brought hem into wo?
I say as fer as man may ride or go
The world was his; what shuld I more devise?
For though I wrote or told you ever mo
Of his knighthode it mighte not suffice.
Twelf yere he regned, as saith Machabe:
Philippus sone of Macedoine he was,
That first was king in Greece the contree.
O worthy gentil Alexandre! alas
That ever shuld thee fallen swiche a cas!
Enpoisoned of thyn owen folke thou were;
Thy sis Fortune hath turned into an as,
And yet for thee ne wept she never a tere.
Who shal me yeven teres to complaine
The deth of gentillesse and of fraunchise,
That al this world welded in his demaine,
And yet him thought it mighte not suffice?
So ful was his corage of high emprise.
Alas! who shal me helpen to endite
False Fortune, and poison to despise?
The which two of all this wo I wite.

Julius Cesar.

By wisdome, manhode, and by gret labour,
From humblehede to real majestee
Up rose he Julius the conquerour,
That wan all the occident by lond and see
By strengthe of hond, or elles by tretee,
And unto Rome made hem tributarie,
And sith of Rome the Emperour was he
Til that Fortune wexe his adversarie.
O mighty Cesar! that in Thessalie
Ageins Pompeius, father thin in lawe,
That of the orient had all the chivalrie
As fer as that the day beginneth dawe,
Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem take and slawe,
Save few folk that with Pompeius fledde,
Thurgh which thou put all the orient in awe,
Thanke Fortune that so wel thee spedde.
But now a litel while I wol bewaile
This Pompeius, this noble governour
Of Rome, which that fled at this bataille.
I say on of his men, a false traitour,
His hed of smote, to winnen him favour
Of Julius, and him the hed he brought:
Alas, Pompeie! of the orient conquerour,
That Fortune unto swiche a fin thee brought.
To Rome again repaireth Julius
With his triumphe laureat ful hie,
But on a time Brutus and Cassius,
That ever had of his high estat envie,
Ful prively had made conspiracie
Ageins this Julius in sotil wise,
And cast the place in which he shulde die
With bodekins, as I shal you devise.
This Julius to the Capitolie wente
Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,
And in the Capitolie anon him hente
This false Brutus and his other foon,
And stiked him with bodekins anon
With many a wound, and thus they let him lie;
But never gront he at no stroke but on,
Or elles at two, but if his storie lie.
So manly was this Julius of herte,
And so wel loved estatly honestee,
That though his dedly woundes sore smerte
His mantel over his hippes caste he,
For no man shulde seen his privetee;
And as he lay of dying in a trance,
And wiste verailly that ded was he,
Of honestee yet had he remembrance.
Lucan, to thee this storie I recommende,
And to Sueton and Valerie also,
That of this storie writen word and ende,
How that to thise gret conqueroures two
Fortune was first a frend and sith a fo.
No man ne trust upon hire favour long,
But have hire in awaite for evermo,
Witnesse on all thise conqueroures strong.

Cresus.

The riche Cresus, whilom King of Lide,
Of whiche Cresus Cirus fore him dradde,
Yet was he caught amiddes all his pride,
And to be brent men to the fire him ladde,
But swiche a rain doun from the welken shadde
That slow the fire, and made to him escape;
But to beware no grace yet he hadde
Til Fortune on the galwes made him gape.
Whan he escaped was he can not stint
For to beginne a newe werre again:
He wened wel for that Fortune him sent
Swiche hap that he escaped thurgh the rain
That of his foos he mighte not be slain;
And eke a sweven upon a night he mette
Of which he was so proud and eke so fain,
That in vengeance he all his herte sette.
Upon a tree he was, as that him thought,
Ther Jupiter him wesshe both bak and side,
And Phebus eke a faire towail him brought
To drie him with, and therfore wex his pride.
And to his doughter that stood him beside,
Which that he knew in high science habound,
He bad hire tell him what it signified,
And she his dreme began right thus expound.
The tree (quod she) the galwes is to mene,
And Jupiter betokeneth snow and rain,
And Phebus with his towail clere and clene,
Tho ben the sonnes stremes, soth to sain:
Thou shalt anhanged be, fader, certain;
Rain shal thee wash, and sonne shal thee drie.
Thus warned him ful plat and eke ful plain
His doughter, which that called was Phanie.

anged was Crefus the proude king;
al trone might him not availle:
die is non other maner thing,
n in finging crien ne bewaile,
r that Fortune all day wol affaille
unware ftroke the regnes that ben proude;
han men truften hire than wol fhe faille,
ower hire bright face with a cloude.

Peter of Spaine.

oble, o worthy, Petro, glorie of Spaine!
Fortune held fo high in majeftee,
ughten men thy pitous deth complaine:
f thy lond thy brother made thee flee,
fter at a fege by fotiltee
were betraied and lad unto his tent,
as he with his owen hond flow thee,
ling in thy regne and in thy rent
feld of fno, with th' egle of blak therin,
t with the limerod, coloured as the glede,
ewed this curfedneffe and all this finne;
vicked neffe was werker of this dede,
harles Oliver, that toke ay hede
uthe and honour, but of Armorike
n Oliver, corrupt for mede,
hte this worthy king in fwiche a brike.

Petro King of Cypre.

vorthy Petro! King of Cypre alfo,
Alexandrie wan by high maiftrie,
any an Hethen wroughteft thou ful wo,
hich thin owen lieges had envie,
or nothing but for thy chivalrie
in thy bed han flain thee by the morwe.
can Fortune hire whele governie and gie,
ut of joye bringen men to forwe.

Barnabo Vifcount.

Milane grete Barnabo Vifcount,
delit, and fcourge of Lumbardie,
fhuld I not thin infortune account,
eftat thou clomben were fo high?
rothers fone, that was thy double allie,
thy nevew was and fone in lawe,
n his prifon made he thee to die,
hy ne how n'ot I that thou were flawe.

Hugelin of Pife.

the Erl Hugelin of Pife the langour
may no tonge tellen for pitee,
tel out of Pife ftant a tour,
iche tour in prifon yput was he,
And with him ben his litel children three,
The eldeft fcarfely five yere was of age:
Alas! Fortune, it was gret crueltee
Swiche briddes for to put in fwiche a cage.
Dampned was he to die in that prifon,
For Roger which that Bifhop was of Pife
Had on him made a falfe fuggeftion,
Thurgh which the peple gan upon him rife,
And put him in a prifon in fwiche a wife
As ye han herd; and mete and drinke he had
So fmale, that wel unnethe it may fuffife,
And therwithal it was ful poure and bad.
And on a day befell that in that houre
Whan that his mete wont was to be brought
The gailer fhette the dores of the toure;
He herd it wel, but he fpake right nought:
And in his herte anon ther fell a thought
That they for hunger wolden do him dien:
Alas! quod he, alas that I was wrought!
Therwith the teres fellen fro his eyen.
His yonge fone, that three yere was of age,
Unto him faid, Fader, why do ye wepe?
Whan will the gailer bringen our potage?
Is ther no morfel bred that ye do kepe?
I am fo hungry that I may not flepe.
Now wold God that I might flepen ever,
Than fhuld not hunger in my wombe crepe;
Ther n'is no thing fauf bred that me were lever.
Thus day by day this childe began to crie,
Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay,
And faide, Farewel, fader, I mote die;
And kift his fader, and dide the fame day.
And whan the woful fader did it fey
For wo his armes two he gan to bite,
And faide, Alas! Fortune, and wala wa!
Thy falfe whele my wo all may I wite.
His children wenden that for hunger it was
That he his armes gnowe, and not for wo,
And fayden, Fader, do not fo, alas!
But rather ete the flefh upon us two:
Our flefh thou yaf us, take our flefh us fro,
And ete ynough. Right thus they to him feide,
And after that, within a day or two,
They laide hem in his lappe adoun and deide.
Himfelf difpeired eke for hunger ftarf.
Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pife:
From high eftat Fortune away him carf.
Of this tragedie it ought ynough fuffice;
Who fo wol here it in a longer wife
Redeth the grete poete of Itaille
That highte Dante, for he can it devife
Fro point to point; not o word wol he faille.

THE NONNES PREESTES PROLOGUE.

Ho ! quod the Knight, good Sire, no more of this;
That ye han said is right ynough ywis,
And mochel more; for litel hevinesse
Is right ynough to mochel folk I gesse.
I say for me it is a gret disese
Wher as men have ben in gret wealth and ese
To heren of hir soden fail, alas!
And the contrary is joye and gret solas,
As whan a man hath ben in poure estat,
And climbeth up and wexeth fortunat,
And ther abideth in prosperitee:
Swich thing is gladsom as it thinketh me,
And of swiche thing were goodly for to telle.
Ye, quod our Hoste, by Seint Poules belle,
Ye say right soth: this Monk hath clapped loude;
He spake how Fortune covered with a cloude
I wote not what, and als of a tragedie
Right now ye herd; and parde no remedie
It is for to bewailen ne complaine
That that is don, and als it is a paine,
As ye han said, to here of hevinesse.
Sire Monk, no more of this, so God you blesse;
Your Tale anoyeth all this compagnie;
Swiche talking is not worth a boterflie,
For therin is ther no disport ne game;
Therfore Sire Monk, Dan Piers by your name,
I pray you hertely tell us somwhat elles,
For sikerly n'ere of your belles
That on your bridel hange on every side,
By heven king, that for us alle dide,
I shuld er this have fallen doun for slepe,
Although the slough had ben never so depe,
Than hadde your Tale all ben told in vain:
For certainly, as that thise clerkes sain,
Wher as a man may have non audience
Nought helpeth it to tellen his sentence;
And wel I wote the substance is in me
If any thing shal wel reported be.
Sire, say somwhat of hunting I you pray.
Nay, quod this Monk, I have not lust to play
Now lette another telle as I have told.
Than spake our Hoste with rude speche and bold
And sayd unto the Nonnes Preest anon,
Come nere, thou Preest, come hither, thou Sire John
Telle us swiche thing as may our hertes glade:
Be blithe although thou ride upon a jade.
What though thin horse be both foule and lene
If he wol serve thee recke thee not a bene:
Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.
Yes, Hoste, quod he, so mote I ride or go
But I be mery ywis I wol be blamed.
And right anon his Tale he hath attamed;
And thus he said unto us everich on,
This swete Preest, this goodly man, Sire John.

THE NONNES PREESTES TALE*.

A poure widewe, somdel stoupen in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage
Beside a grove stonding in a dale.
This widewe, which I tell ou of my Tale,
Sin thilke day that she was last a wif
In patience led a ful simple lif,
For litel was hire catel and hire rente;
By husbondry of swiche as God hire sente
She found hireself and eke hire doughteren two.
Three large sowes had she, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Malle:
Ful footy was hire boure and eke hire halle,
In which she ete many a slender mele;
Of poinant sauce ne knew she never a dele:
No deintee morsel passed thurgh hire throte;
Hire diete was accordant to hire cote:
Repletion ne made hire never sike;
Attempre dicte was all hire physike,

* Of a cock and a hen; the moral whereof is to embrace true friends, and to beware of flatterers. *Urry.*

And exercise, and hertes suffisance:
The goute let hire nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexie shente not hire hed:
No win ne drinke she nyther white ne red:
Hire bord was served most with white and black,
Milk and broun bred, in which she fond no lack,
Seinde bacon, and somtime an eye or twey,
For she was as it were a maner dey.
A yerd she had enclosed all about
With stickes, and a drie diche without,
In which she had a cok hight Chaunteclere,
In all the land of crowing n'as his pere:
His vois was merier than the mery orgon
On masse daies that in the chirches gon:
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge
Than is a clok or any abbey orloge:
By nature he knewe eche ascentioun
Of the equinoctial in thilke toun,
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended
Than crew he that it might not ben amended.
His combe was redder than the fin corall,
Enbattelled as it were a castel wall;
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone,
Like asure were his legges and his tone,
His nailes whiter than the lily flour,
And like the burned gold was his colour.
This gentil cok had in his governance
Seven hennes for to don all his plesance,
Which were his susters and his paramoures,
And wonder like to him as of coloures,
Of which the fairest, hewed in the throte,
Was cleped faire Damoselle Pertelote.
Curteis she was, discrete, and debonaire,
And compenable, and bare hireself so faire,
Sithen the day that she was sevennight old,
That trewelich she hath the herte in hold
Of Chaunteclere, loken in every lith;
He loved hire so that wel was him therwith:
But swiche a joye it was to here hem sing,
Whan that the brighte sonne gan to spring,
In swete accord, My lefe is fare in lond.
For thilke time, as I have understond,
Bestes and briddes conden speke and sing.
And so befell that in a dawening
As Chaunteclere among his wives alle
Sate on his perche that was in the halle,
And next him sate his faire Pertelote,
This Chaunteclere gan gronnen in his throte
As man that in his dreme is dretched sore;
And whan that Pertelote thus herd him rore
She was agast, and saide, Herte dere!
What aileth you to grone in this manere?
Ye ben a veray sleper, fy for shame!
And he answered and sayde thus; Madame,
I pray you that ye take it not agrefe;
By God me mete I was in swiche mischefe
Right now, that ye min herte is fore afright.
Now God (quod he) my sweven recche aright,
And kepe my body out of foule prisoun:
My mete how that I romed up and doun
Within our yerde, wher as I saw a beste
Was like an hound, and wold han made areste
Upon my body, and han had me ded:
His colour was betwix yelwe and red,
And tipped was his tail and both his eres
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres:
His snout was smal, with glowing eyen twey;
Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey:
This caused me my groning douteles.
Away, quod she; fy on you herteles!
Alas! quod she, for by that God above
Now han ye lost myn herte and all my love:
I cannot love a coward by my faith;
For certes, what so any woman saith,
We al desiren, if it mighte be,
To have an husbond hardy, wise, and free,
And secree, and non niggard ne no fool,
Ne him that is agast of every tool,
Ne non avantour by that God above.
How dorsten ye for shame say to your love
That any thing might maken you aferde?
Han ye no mannes herte and han a berde?
Alas! and con ye ben agast of swevenis?
Nothing but vanitee, God wote, in sweven is.
Swevenes engendren of repletions,
And oft of fume, and of complexions,
Whan humours ben to habundant in a wight.
Certes this dreme which ye han met to-night
Cometh of the gret superfluitee
Of youre rede *coleras* parde,
Which causeth folk to dreden in hir dremes
Of arwes, and of fire with rede lemes,
Of rede bestes that they wol hem bite,
Of conteke, and of wispes gret and lite,
Right as the humour of melancolie
Causeth ful many a man in slepe to crie
For fere of bolles and of beres blake,
Or elles that blake devils wol hem take.
Of other humours coud I telle also,
That werken many a man in slepe and wo;
But I wol passe as lightly as I can.
Lo Caton, which that was so wise a man,
Said he not thus? Ne do no force of dremes.
Now, Sire, quod she, whan we flee fro the bemes
For Goddes love as take som laxatif:
Up peril of my soul and of my lif
I conseil you the best, I wol not lie,
That both of coler and of melancolie
Ye purge you; and for ye shul not taric,
Though in this toun be non apotecarie,
I shal myself two herbes techen you
That shal be for your hele and for your prow,
And in our yerde the herbes shal I finde,
The which han of hir propretee by kinde
To purgen you benethe and eke above.
Sire, forgete not this for Goddes love;
Ye ben ful colerike of complexion;
Ware that the sonne in his ascention
Ne finde you not replete of humours hote;
And if it do I dare wel lay a grote
That ye shul han a fever tertiane,
Or elles an ague, that may be your bane.
A day or two ye shul han digestives
Of wormes or ye take your laxatives,
Of laureole, centaurie, and fumetere,
Or elles of ellebor that groweth there,
Of catapuce or of gaitre beries,
Or erbe ive growing in our yerd that mery is;

Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in.
Beth mery, husbond; for your fader kin
Dredeth no dreme: I can say you no more.
Madame, quod he, *grand mercy* of your lore;
But natheles as touching Dan Caton,
That hath of wisdome swiche a gret renoun,
Though that he bade no dremes for to drede,
By God men moun in olde bookes rede
Of many a man more of auctoritee
Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,
That all the revers sayn of his sentence,
And han wel found n by experience
That dremes ben significations
As wel of joye as tribulations
That folk enduren in this lif present:
Ther nedeth make of this non argument;
The veray preve sheweth it indede.
On of the greteſt auctours that men rede
Saith thus, that whilom twey felawes wente
On pilgrimage in a ful good entente,
And happed so they came into a toun
Wher ther was swiche a congregatioun
Of peple, and eke so streit of herbergage,
That they ne founde as moche as a cotage
In which they bothe might ylogged be,
Wherfore they musten of necessitee;
As for that night, departen compagnie,
And eche of hem goth to his hostelrie,
And toke his logging as it wolde falle.
That on of hem was logged in a stalle,
Fer in a yard, with oxen of the plough,
That other man was logged wel ynough,
As was his aventure or his fortune,
That us governeth all, as in commune.
And so befell that long or it were day
This man met in his bed ther as he lay
How that his felaw gan upon him calle,
And said, Alas! for in an oxes stalle
This night shal I be mordred ther I lie;
Now help me, dere brother! or I die:
In alle haste come to me, he saide.
This man out of his slepe for fere abraide;
But whan that he was waked of his slepe
He turned him, and toke of this no kepe;
Him thought his dreme was but a vanitee.
Thus twies in his sleping dremed he.
And at the thridde time yet his felaw
Came, as him thought, and said, I now am slaw;
Behold my blody woundes depe and wide:
Arise up erly in the morwe-tide,
And at the west gate of the toun (quod he)
A carte ful of donge ther shalt thou see,
In which my body is hid prively;
Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
My gold caused my mordre, soth to sain;
And told him every point how he was slain
With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe;
And trusteth wel his dreme he found ful trewe;
For on the morwe sone as it was day
To his felawes inne he toke his way,
And whan that he came to this oxes stalle
After his felaw he began to calle.
The hosteler answered him anon,
And saide, Sire, your felaw is agon;
As sone as day he went out of the toun.
This man gan fallen in suspecioun,
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette,
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fond
A dong carte as it went for to dong lond,
That was arraied in the same wise
As ye han herde the dede man devise,
And with an harde herte he gan to crie
Vengeance and justice of this felonie;
My felaw mordred is this same night,
And in this carte he lith gaping upright.
I crie out on the ministers, quod he,
That shulden kepe and reulen this citee:
Harow! alas! here lith my felaw slain.
What shuld I more unto this tale sain?
The peple out stert, and cast the cart to ground,
And in the middel of the dong they found
The dede man that mordred was all newe.
O blisful God! that art so good and trewe,
Lo, how that thou bewreyest mordre alway!
Mordre wol out, that see we day by day:
Mordre is so wlatsom and abhominable
To God, that is so just and resonable,
That he ne wol not suffre it hylled be:
Though it abide a yere, or two or three,
Mordre wol out; this is my conclusioun.
And right anon the ministres of the toun
Han hent the carter, and so sore him pined,
And eke the hosteler so sore engined,
That they beknewe hir wickednesse anon,
And were anhanged by the necke bon.
Here moun ye see that dremes ben to drede.
And certes in the same book I rede,
Right in the next chapitre after this,
(I gabbe not, so have I joye and blis)
Two men that wold han passed over the see,
For certain cause, in to a ser contree,
If that the winde ne hadde ben contrarie,
That made hem in a citee for to tarie
That stood ful mery upon a haven side:
But on a day, agein the even tide,
The wind gan change, and blew right as hem leste
Jolif and glad they wenten to hir reste,
And casten hem ful erly for to saile;
But to that o man fel a gret mervaile.
That on of hem in sleping as he lay
He mette a wonder dreme again the day:
Him thought a man stood by his beddes side,
And him commanded that he shuld abide,
And said him thus; If thou to-morwe wende
Thou shalt be dreint; my tale is at an ende.
He woke, and told his felaw what he met,
And praied him his viage for to let;
As for that day he prayd him for to abide.
His felaw, that lay by his beddes side,
Gan for to laugh, and scorned him ful faste:
No dreme, quod he, may so my herte agaste
That I wol leten for to do my thinges:
I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,
For swevens ben but vanitees and japes;
Men dreme al day of oules and of apes,
And eke of many a mase therwithal;
Men dreme of thing that never was ne shal.

But sith I see that thou wol there abide,
And thus forslouthen wilfully thy tide,
God wot it reweth me; and have good day:
And thus he took his leve, and went his way.
But or that he had half his cours ysailed,
N'ot I not why ne what meschance it ailed,
But casuelly the shippes bottom rente,
And ship and man under the water wente
In sight of other shippes ther beside
That with him sailed at the same tide.
And therfore, faire Pertelote so dere,
By swiche ensamples olde maist thou lere
That no man shulde be to recchelcs
Of dremes, for I say thee douteles
That many a dreme ful sore is for to drede.
Lo, in the lif of Seint Kenelme I rede,
That was Kenulphus sone, the noble King
Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.
A litel or he were mordred on a day
His mordre in his avision he say;
His norice him expouned every del
His sweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel
Fro treson; but he n'as but seven yere old,
And therfore litel tale hath he told
Of any dreme, so holy was his herte.
By God I hadde lever than my sherte
That ye had red his legend as have I.
Dame Pertelote, I say you trewely,
Macrobius, that writ the avision
In Affrike of the worthy Scipion,
Affirmeth dremes, and sayth that they ben
Warning of thinges that men after seen.
And forthermore, I pray you loketh wel
In The Olde Testament of Daniel,
If he held dremes any vanitee.
Rede eke of Joseph, and ther shuln ye see
Wher dremes ben somtime (I say not alle)
Warning of thinges that shuln after falle.
Loke of Egipt the king, Dan Pharao,
Bakaker and his boteler also,
Wether they ne felten non effect in dremes.
Who so wol seken actes of sondry remes
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.
Lo Cresus, which that was of Lydie king,
Mme he not that he sat upon a tree?
Which signified he shuld anhanged be.
Lo hire Adromacha, Hectores wif,
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
She dremed on the same nighte beforne
How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne
If thilke day he went into bataille;
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natheles,
And was yslain anon of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to long to telle,
And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle.
Shortly I say, as for conclusion,
That I shal han of this avision
Adversitee; and I say forthermore,
That I ne tell of laxatives no store,
For they ben venimous, I wot it wel:
I hem defie; I love hem never a del.
But let us speke of mirthe, and stinte all this.
Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,
Of o thing God hath sent me large grace,
For whan I see the beautee of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet red about your eyen,
It maketh all my drede for to dien;
For al so siker as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio,
(Madame, the sentence of this Latine is,
Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis;)
For whan I fele a-night your softe side,
Al be it that I may not on you ride
For that our perche is made so narwe, alas!
I am so ful of joye and of solas
That I deffie bothe sweven and dreme.
And with that word he flew doun fro the beme,
For it was day, and eke his hennes alle,
And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle,
For he had found a corn lay in the yerd.
Real he was, he was no more aferd;
He fethered Pertelote twenty time,
And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime:
He loketh as it were a grim leoun,
And on his toos he rometh up and doun;
Him deigned not to set his feet to ground:
He chukketh, whan he hath a corn yfound,
And to him rennen than his wives alle.
Thus real as a prince is in his halle
Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture,
And after wol I till his aventure.
Whan that the month in which the world began,
That highte March, whan God first maked man,
Was complete, and ypassed were also
Sithen March ended thritty dayes and two,
Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,
His seven wives walking him beside,
Cast up his eyen to the brighte sonne,
That in the signe of Taurus hadde yronne
Twenty degrees and on, and somwhat more:
He knew by kind, and by non other lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blisful steven.
The sonne, he said, is clomben up on heven
Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis;
Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,
Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they sing,
And see the freshe floures how they spring;
Ful is min herte of revel and of solas.
But sodenly him fell a sorweful cas,
For ever the latter ende of joye is wo;
God wote that worldly joye is sone ago;
And if a rethor coude faire endite
He in a chronicle might it saufly write
As for a soveraine notabilitee.
Now every wise man let him herken me;
This story is al so trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot du Lake,
That women holde in ful gret reverence.
Now wol I turne agen to my sentence.
A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,
That in the grove had wonned yeres three,
By high imagination forecast,
The same night thurghout the hegges brast
Into the yerd ther Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont, and eke his wives, to repaire,
And in a bedde of wortes stille he lay
Till it was passed undern of the day,

Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to falle,
As gladly don thise homicides alle
That in awaite liggen to mordre men.
O false morderour! rucking in thy den,
O newe Scariot, newe Genelon!
O false dissimulour, o Greek Sinon!
That broughtest Troye al utterly to forwe,
O Chaunteclere! accursed be the morwe
That thou into thy yerd flew fro the bemes;
Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy dremes
That thilke day was perilous to thee:
But what that God forewote most nedes be,
After the opinion of certain clerkes,
Witnesse on him that any parfit clerk is,
That in scole is gret altercation
In this matere and gret disputison,
And hath ben of an hundred thousand men:
But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
As can the holy Doctour Augustin,
Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardin,
Whether that Goddes worthy foreweting
Streineth me nedely for to don a thing,
(Nedely clepe I simple necessitee)
Or elles if free chois be granted me
To do that same thing or do it nought,
Though God forewot it or that it was wrought,
Or if his weting streineth never a del
But by necessitee condicionel.
I wol not han to don of swiche matere;
My Tale is of a cok, as ye may here,
That took his conseil of his wif with sorwe
To walken in the yerd upon the morwe
That he had met the dreme, as I you told.
Womennes conseiles ben ful often cold;
Womennes conseil brought us first to wo,
And made Adam fro Paradis to go,
Ther as he was ful mery and wel at ese:
But for I n'ot to whom I might displese
If I conseil of women wolde blame,
Passe over, for I said it in my game.
Rede auctours where they trete of swiche matere,
And what they sayn of women ye mown here.
Thise ben the Cokkes wordes and not mine;
I can non harme of no woman devine.
Faire in the fond, to bath hire merily,
Lith Pertelote, and all hire susters by,
Agein the sonne, and Chaunteclere so free
Sang merrier than the mermaid in the see,
For Phisiologus sayth sikerly
How that they singen wel and merily.
And so befell that as he cast his eye
Among the wortes on a boterflie
He was ware of this fox that lay ful low:
Nothing ne list him thaune for to crow,
But cried anon Cok, cok, and up he sterte
As man that was affraied in his herte;
For naturally a beest desireth flee
Fro his contrarie if he may it see,
Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.
This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him espie,
He wold han fled, but that the fox anon
Said, Gentil Sire, alas! what wol ye don?
Be ye affraid of me that am your frend?
Now certes I were werse than any fend
If I to you wold harme or vilanie.
I n'am not come your conseil to espie,
But trewely the cause of my coming
Was only for to herken how ye sing,
For trewely ye han as mery a steven
As any angel hath that is in heven,
Therwith ye han of musike more feling
Than had Boece, or any that can sing.
My Lord, your fader (God his soule blesse)
And eke your moder of hire gentillesse
Han in myn hous yben, to my gret ese,
And certes, Sire, ful fain wold I you plese.
But for men speke of singen, I wol sey,
So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,
Save you ne herd I never man so sing
As did your fader in the morwening:
Certes it was of herte all that he song:
And for to make his nois the more strong
He wold so peine him, that with both his eyen
He muste winke, so loude he walde crien,
And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And stretchen forth his necke long and smal.
And eke he was of swiche discretion,
That ther n'as no man in no region
That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.
I have wel red in Dan Burnel the asse
Among his vers, how that ther was a cok
That for a preestes sone yave him a knok
Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,
He made him for to lese his benefice;
But certain ther is no comparison
Betwix the wisdom and discretion
Of your fader and his subtilitee.
Now singeth, Sire, for Seint Charitee:
Let see, can ye your fader countersete?
This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,
As man that coud not his treson espie,
So was he ravished with his flaterie.
Alas! ye lordes, many a false flatour
Is in your court, and many a losengeour,
That plesseth you wel more, by my faith,
Than he that sothfastnesse unto you saith,
Redeth Ecclesiast of flaterie:
Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.
This Chaunteclere stood high upon his toes
Streching his necke, and held his eyen cloos
And gan to crowen loude for the nones;
And Dan Russel the fox stert up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,
And on his back toward the wood him bere,
For yet ne was ther no man that him sued.
O destinee! that maist not ben eschued,
Alas that Chaunteclere flew fro the bemes!
Alas, his wif ne raughte not of dremes!
And on a Friday fel all this meschance.
O Venus! that art goddesse of Plesance,
Sin that thy servant was this Chaunteclere,
And in thy service did all his powere,
More for delit than world to multiplie,
Why wolt thou suffre him on thy day to die?
O Gaufride, dere maister soverain!
That whan thy worthy King Richard was slain
With shot complainedest his deth so sore,
Why ne had I now thy science and thy lore

riday for to chiden as did ye?
n a Friday ſothly ſlain was he)
wold I ſhew you how that I coud plaine
auntecleres drede and for his paine.
es ſwiche cry ne lamentation
ever of ladies made whan Ilion
ounne, and Pirrus with ſtreite ſwerd,
he had hen King Priam by the berd
ain him, (as ſaith us *Eneidos*)
den all the hennes in the cloos
they had ſeen of Chaunteclere the ſight;
erainly Dame Pertelote ſhright
der than did Haſdruballes wif
that hire huſbond hadde yloſt his lif,
at the Romaines hadden brent Cartage;
s ſo ful of turment and of rage
wilfully into the fire ſhe ſterte,
rent hire ſelven with a ſtedfaſt herte.
ful hennes! right ſo criden ye
an that Nero brente the citee
me cried the Senatoures wives
at hir huſbonds loſten alle hir lives.
uten gilt this Nero hath hem ſlain.
w wel I turne unto my Tale again.
ly widewe and hire doughtren two
n theſe hennes crie and maken wo,
ut at the dores ſterten they anon,
w the fox toward the wode is gon,
are upon his back the cok away:
crieden out Harow and wala wa!
the fox! and after him they ran,
ke with ſtaves many an other man;
olle our dogge, and Talbot and Gerlond,
Malkin, with hire diſtaf in hire hond;
ow and calf; and eke the veray hogges
ed were for barking of the dogges,
houting of the men and women eke,
ronnan ſo hem thought hir hertes breke;
yilleden as ſendes don in helle;
kes crieden as men wold hem quelle:
es for fere flewen over the trees,
the hive came the ſwarme of bees,
as was the noiſe, a *benedicite!*
he Jakke Straw and his meinie
den never ſhoutes half ſo ſhrille,
that they wolden any Fleming kille,
ke day was made upon the fox.
s they broughten beemes and of box,
m and bone, in which they blew and pouped,
herwithal they ſhriked and they houped;
ed as that the heven ſhulde falle.
w, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle:
w Fortune turneth ſodenly
ope and pride eke of hire enemy!
cok that lay upon the foxes bake,
his drede unto the fox he ſpake,
ayde; Sire, if that I were as ye
wold I ſain, (as wiſly God help me)
Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle,
A very peſtilence upon you falle:
Now I am come unto the wodes ſide,
Maugre your hed the cok ſhal here abide;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.
The fox anſwered, in faith it ſhal be don;
And as he ſpake the word al ſodenly
The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,
And high upon a tree he flew anon.
And whan the fox ſaw that the cok was gon,
Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!
I have (quod he) ydon to you treſpas,
In as moche as I maked you aferd
Whan I you hente and brought out of your yerd
But, Sire, I did it in no wikke entente:
Come doun, and I ſhal tell you what I mente:
I ſhal ſay ſothe to you, God helpe me ſo.
Nay than quod he, I ſhrewe us bothe two;
And firſt I ſhrewe myſelf bothe blood and bones
If thou begile me oftener than ones:
Thou ſhalt no more thurgh thy flaterie
Do me to ſing and winken with mine eye,
For he that winketh whan he ſhulde ſee,
Al wilfully, God let him never the.
Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him meſchance
That is ſo indiſcrete of governance
That jangleth whan that he ſhuld hold his pece.
Lo, which it is for to be recheles
And negligent, and truſt on flaterie.
But ye that holden this Tale a folie,
As of a fox, or of a cok or hen,
Taketh the moralitee therof, good men;
For Seint Poule ſayth, that all that writen is
To our doctrine it is ywriten ywis.
Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be ſtille.
Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille,
As ſayth my Lord, ſo make us all good men,
And bring us to thy high bliſſe. *Amen*
Sire Nonnes Preeſt, our Hoſte ſayd anon,
Ybleſſed be thy breche and every ſton;
This was a mery Tale of Chaunteclere:
But by my trouthe if thou were ſeculere
Thou woldeſt ben a tredefoule a right,
For if thou have corage as thou haſt might
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,
Ye mo than ſeven times ſeventene.
Se whiche braunes hath this gentil Preeſt,
So gret a neck, and ſwiche a large breeſt
He loketh as a ſparhauk with his eyen:
Him nedeth not his colour for to dien
With Braſil ne with grain of Portingale,
But, Sire, faire falle you for your Tale.
And after that he with ful mery chere
Sayd to another as ye ſhulen here.

* * * * * * * *

THE SECOND NONNES TALE*.

The miniſtre and the norice unto vices,
Which that men clepe in Engliſh Idelneſſe,
That porter at the gate is of Delices,
To eſchuen, and by hire contrary hire oppreſſe;
That is to ſain, by leful beſineſſe.
Wel oughte we to don al our entente,
Leſt that the fend thurgh idelneſſe us hente.
For he that with his thouſand cordes ſlie
Continuelly us waiteth to be clappe,
Whan he may man in idelneſſe eſpie,
He can ſo lightly caeche him in his trappe,
Til that a man be hent right by the lappe
He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:
Wel ought us werche and idelneſſe withſtond.
And though men dradden never for to die,
Yet ſee men wel by reſon douteles
That idelneſſe is rote of ſlogardie,
Of which ther never cometh no good encrees,
And ſee that ſlouth holdeth hem in a lees,
Only to ſlepe and for to ete and drinke,
And to devouren all that other ſwinke.
And for to put us from ſwiche idelneſſe,
That cauſe is of gret confuſion,
I have here don my feithful beſineſſe,
After the legende, in tranſlation
Right of thy glorious lif and paſſion,
Thou with thy gerlond wrought of roſe and lilie,
Thee mene I, maid and martir, Seinte Cecilie,
And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,
Of whom that Bernard liſt ſo wel to write,
To thee at my beginning firſt I call,
Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite
Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite
The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,
As man may after reden in hire ſtorie.
Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy ſon,
Thou wel of mercy, ſinful ſoules cure,
In whom that God of bountee chees to won;
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledeſt ſo fer forth our nature,
That no diſdaine the maker had of kinde
His ſon in blood and fleſh to clothe and winde.
Within the cloyſtre blisful of thy ſides
Toke mannes ſhape the eternal Love and Pees,
That of the trine compas Lord and guide is,
Whom erthe, and ſee, and heven, out of relleee
Ay herien; and thou virgine wemmeles
Bare of thy body (and dwelteſt maiden pure)
The Creatour of every creature.
Aſſembled in thee magnificence
With mercy goodneſſe, and with ſwiche pitee,
That thou that art the ſonne of excellence,
Not only helpeſt hem that praien thee,
But oftentime of thy benignitee
Ful freely, or that men thin helpe beſeche,
Thou goeſt beforne and art hir lives leche.
Now helpe, thou meke and blisful faire maide,
Me flamed wretch, in this deſert of galle;
Thinke on the woman Cananee, that ſaide
That whelpes eten ſom of the cromes alle
That from hir lordes table been yfalle;
And though that I, unworthy ſone of Eve,
Be ſinful, yet accepteth my beleve.
And for that feith is ded withouten werke,
So for to werken yeve me wit and ſpace
That I be quit from thennes that moſt derke is:
O thou! that art ſo faire and ful of grace,
Be thou min advocat in that high place,
Ther as withouten ende is ſonge Oſanne,
Thou Criſtes mother, doughter dere of Anne.
And of thy light my ſoule in priſon light,
That troubled is by the contagion
Of my body, and alſo by the wight
Of erthly luſt and falſe affection:
O haven of refute! o ſalvation
Of hem that ben in forwe and in diſtreſſe!
Now help, for to my werk I wol me dreſſe.
Yet pray I you that reden that I write
Foryeve me that I do no diligence
This ilke ſtorie ſubtilly to endite;
For both have I the wordes and ſentence
Of him that at the feintes reverence
The ſtorie wrote, and folowed hire legende,
And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.
Firſt wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie
Expoune, as men may in hire ſtorie ſee;
It is to ſayn in Engliſh, Hevens lilie,
For pure chaſtneſſe of virginitee,
Or for ſhe whitneſſe had of honeſtee,
And grene of conſcience, and of good fame
The ſwote ſavour, Lilie was hire name.

* The life and death of Saint Cecily. Sp.

r Cecile is to fayn, The way to Ulinde,
ſhe enſample was by good teching,
lles Cecilie, as I writen finde,
ined by a maner conjoining
even and *Lia*, and here in figuring
heven is ſet for thought of holineſſe,
Lia for hire laſting befineſſe.
ecilie may eke be fayd in this manere,
ting of blindneſſe, for hire grete light
ipience, and for hire thewes clere;
lles lo this maidens name bright
even and *Lea* cometh, for which by right
n might hire wel the heven of peple calle,
mple of good and wiſe werkes alle.
or *Lea* peple in Engliſh is to ſay:
l right as men may in the heven ſee
ſonne and mone, and ſterres, every way,
ht ſo men goſtly, in this maiden free
en of faith the magnanimitee,
l eke the clereneſſe hole of ſapience,
l ſondry werkes bright of excellence.
and right ſo as thiſe pholoſophres write,
t heven is ſwift and round, and eke brenning,
ht ſo was faire Cecilie the white
ſwift and beſy in every good werking,
d round and hole in good perſevering,
d brenning ever in charitiee ful bright.
w have I you declared what ſhe hight.
This maiden bright Cecile, as hire life faith,
s come of Romaines and noble kind,
d from hire cradle foſtred in the faith
Criſt, and bare his goſpel in hire mind;
never ceſed, as I writen find,
hire prayere, and God to love and drede,
eching him to kepe hire maidenhede.
And whan this maiden ſhuld until a man
edded be that was ful yonge of age,
hich that ycleped was Valerian,
d day was comen of hire marriage,
ſul devout and humble in hire corage,
ter hire robe of gold, that ſat ful faire
dnext hire fleſh yclad hire in an haire.
And while that the organs maden melodie
God alone thus in hire hert ſong ſhe;
Lord! my ſoule and eke my bodie gie
wemmed, leſt that I confounded be.
d for his love that died upon the tree
ery ſecond or thridde day ſhe faſt,
bidding in hire oriſons ful faſt.
The night came, and to bed muſt ſhe gon
ith hire huſbond, as it is the manere,
d prively ſhe ſaid to him anon;
ſwete and wel beloved ſpouſe dere!
er is a conſeil, and ye wol it here,
hich that right ſayn I wold unto you ſaie,
that ye ſwere ye wol it not bewraie.
Valerian gan faſt unto hire ſwere
at for no cas ne thing that mighte be
ſhulde never to non bewraien here;
d than at erſt thus to him ſaide ſhe;
ave an angel which that loveth me,
at with gret love wher ſo I wake or ſlepe
redy ay my body for to kepe:
And if that he may felen out of drede
hat ye me touch or love in vilanie,
He right anon wol fleen you with the dede,
And in your youthe thus ye ſhulden die;
And if that ye in clene love me gie,
He wol you love as me for your cleneneſſe,
And ſhew to you his joye and his brightneſſe.
This Valerian, corrected as God wold,
Anſwered again; If I ſhal truſten thee
Let me that angel ſeen and him behold,
And if that it a veray angel be,
Than wol I don as thou haſt prayed me;
And if thou love another man, forſothe
Right with this ſwerd then wol I flee you bothe.
Cecile anſwerd anon right in this wiſe:
If that you liſt the angel ſhul you ſee,
So that ye trowe on Criſt, and you baptiſe:
Go forth to Via Apia, (quod ſhe)
That fro this toun ne ſtant but miles three,
And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen
Say hem right thus as that I ſhal you tellen.
Tell hem that I Cecile you to hem ſent
To ſhewen you the good Urban the old,
For ſecree nedes and for good entent;
And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold,
Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told:
And whan that he hath purged you fro ſinne
Than ſhal ye ſeen that angel ere ye twinne.
Valerian is to the place gon,
And right as he was taught by hire lerning
He fond this holy old Urban anon
Among the ſeintes buriels louting;
And he anon withouten tarying
Did his meſſage, and whan that he it tolde
Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.
The teres from his eyen let he falle;
Almighty Lord, o Jeſu Criſt! quod he,
Sower of chaſt conſeil, hierde of us alle,
The fruit of thilk ſeede of chaſtitee
That thou haſt ſow in Cecile take to thee:
Lo, like a beſy bee withouten gile
Thee ſerveth ay thin owen thral Cecile.
For thilk ſpouſe that ſhe toke but newe,
Ful like a fiers leon, ſhe ſendeth here
As meke as ever was any lamb or ewe.
And with that word anon ther gan apere
An old man clad in white clothes clere,
That had a book with letters of gold in hond,
And gan beforne Valerian to ſtond.
Valerian as ded fell doun for drede
Whan he him ſaw, and he up hent him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede:
On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,
On Criſtendom, and ſader of all alſo
Aboven all, and over all every wher.
Thiſe wordes all with gold ywriten were.
Whan this was red, than ſaid this olde man,
Leveſt thou this thing or no? ſay ye or nay.
I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,
For ſother thing than this I dare wel ſay
Under the heven no wight thinken may.
Tho vaniſhed the olde man he n'iſte wher,
And Pope Urban him criſtened right ther.
Valerian goth home, and fint Cecilie
Within his chambre with an angel ſtonde:
This angel had of roſes and of lilie
Corones two, the which he bare in honde,
And firſt to Cecile, as I underſtonde,

He yaf that on, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian hire make,
With body clene and with unwemmed thought
Kepeth ay wel thise corones two, quod he,
From Paradis to you I have hem brought,
Ne never mo ne shul they roten be,
Ne lese hir swete savour, trusteth me,
Ne never wight shal seen hem with his eye,
But he be chaste and hate vilanie.
And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone
Assentedest to good conseil, also
Say what thee list and thou shalt han thy bone.
I have a brother, quod Valerian tho,
That in this world I love no man so,
I pray you that my brother may have grace
To know the trouth, as I do in this place.
The angel sayd, God liketh thy request,
And bothe with the palme of martirdome
Ye shullen come unto this blissful rest;
And with that word Tiburce his brother come.
And whan that he the savour undernome,
Which that the roses and the lilies cast,
Within his herte he gan to wonder fast,
And said; I wonder this time of the yere
Whenes that swete savour cometh so
Of roses and lilies that I smelle here,
For though I had hem min hondes two
The savour might in me no deper go:
The swete smel that in min herte I find
Hath changed me all in another kind.
Valerian said, Two corones han we
Snow-white and rose-red, that shinen clere,
Which that thin eyen han no might to see,
And as thou smellest hem thurgh my praiere,
So shalt thou seen hem, leve brother dere,
If it so be thou wolt withouten slouthe
Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.
Tiburce answered; Saiest thou this to me
In sothnesse, or in dreme herken I this?
In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be
Unto this time, brother min, ywis;
But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.
How wost thou this, quod Tiburce, in what wise?
Quod Valerian, That shal I thee devise.
The angel of God hath me the trouth ytaught,
Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wilt reney
The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught.
And of the miracle of thise corones twey
Seint Ambrose in his preface list to sey;
Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and saith in this manere:
The palme of martirdome for to receive
Seint Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yeft,
The world and eke hire chambre gan she weive,
Witnesse Tiburces and Ceciles shrift,
To which God of his bountee wolde shift
Corones two, of floures wel smelling,
And made his angel hem the corones bring.
The maid hath brought thise men to blisse above;
The world hath wist what it is worth certain,
Devotion of chastitee to love.
Though shewed him Cecile all open and plain
That all idoles n'is but a thing in vain,
For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deve;
And charged him his idoles for to leve.
Who so that troweth not this, a best he is,
Quod this Tiburce, if that I shal not lie,
And she gan kisse his brest whan she herd this,
And was ful glad he coude trouthe espie:
This day I take thee for min allie,
Saide this blissful faire maiden dere;
And after that she said as ye may here:
Lo, right so as the love of Crist (quod she)
Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wise
Anon for min allie here take I thee,
Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles despise.
Goth with thy brother now and thee baptise,
And make thee clene, so that thou maist behold
The angels face of which thy brother told.
Tiburce answered, and saide, Brother dere,
First tell me whither I shal, and to what man
To whom, quod he, Come for with goode chere,
I wol thee lede unto the Pope Urban.
To Urban? brother min, Valerian,
Quod tho Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede?
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.
Ne meneſt thou not Urban (quod he tho)
That is so often damned to be ded,
And woneth in halkes alway to and fro,
And dare not ones putten forth his hed?
Men shold him brennen in a fire so red
If he were found, or that men might him spie,
And we also, to bere him compagnie.
And while we seken thilke divinitee
That is yhid in heven prively,
Algate ybrent in this world shuld we be.
To whom Cecile answered boldely;
Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully
This lif to lese, min owen dere brother!
If this were living only and non other.
But ther is better lif in other place
That never shal be lost, ne drede thee nought,
Which Goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace,
That fadres sone which alle thinges wrought;
And all that wrought is with a skilful thought,
The gost that from the fader gan procede
Hath fouled hem withouten any drede.
By word and by miracle he Goddes sone,
Whan he was in this world, declared here
That ther is other lif ther men may wone.
To whom answerd Tiburce; O suster dere!
Ne saideſt thou right now in this manere,
Ther n'is but o God Lord in sothfastnesse,
And now of three how mayst thou bere witnesse?
That shal I tell, quod she, or that I go.
Right as a man hath sapiences three,
Memorie, engine, and intellect also,
So in o being of divinitee
Three persones mowen ther righte wel be.
Tho gan she him ful besily to preche
Of Cristes sonde, and of his peines teche,
And many pointes of his passion,
How Goddes sone in this world was withhold
To don mankinde pleine remission,
That was ybound in sinne and kares cold.
All this thing she unto Tiburce told,

iis Tiburce in good entent
an to Pope Urban he went,
iked God, and with glad herte and

d him, and made him in that place
s lerning, and Goddes knight:
iis Tiburce gat fwiche grace
day he faw in time and fpace
f God and every maner bone
d axed it was fped ful fone.
d hard by ordre for to fain
wonders Jefus for hem wrought:
ift, to tellen fhort and plain,
nts of the toun of Rome hem fought,
fore Almache the Prefect brought,
appofed, and knew all hir entent,
image of Jupiter hem fent.
Who fo wol nought do facrifice
hed; this is my fentence here.
nartyrs that I you devife
s, that was an officere
ctes, and his Corniculere
and whan he forth the feintes lad
wept for pitee that he had.
ximus had herd the feintes lore
of the turmentoures leve,
to his hous withouten more;
r preching or that it were eve
n fro the turmentours to reve,
xime, and fro his folk eche on,
ith, to trowe in God alone.
ne, whan it was waxen night,
s that hem criftened all yfere;
rd whan day was waxen light
faid with a ful ftedfaft chere,
s owen knightes leve and dere,
ay the werkes of derkeneffe,
you in armes of brightneffe.
rfoth ydon a gret bataille;
don; your faith hath you conferved;
croune of lif that may not faille;
juge, which that ye han ferved,
you, as ye han it deferved.
his thing was faid as I devife
em forth to don the facrifice.
they weren to the place ybrought,
ortly the conclufioun,
encenfe ne facrifice right nought,
nees they fetten hem adoun,
e herte and fad devotioun,
oth hir hedes in the place:
enten to the King of grace.
imus, that faw this thing betide,
teres told it anon right
foules faw to heven glide
, ful of clereneffe and of light,
is word converted many a wight,
Almachius did him to-bete
of led til he his lif gan lete.
m toke and buried him anon
and Valerian foftely,
burying place, under the fton;
is Almachius haftily
aiftres fetchen openly
Cecile, fo that fhe might in his prefence
Don facrifice, and Jupiter encenfe.
But they, converted at hire wife lore,
Wepten ful fore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hire word, and crieden more and more
Crift, Goddes fone, withouten difference,
Is veray God, this is all our fentence,
That hath fo good a fervant him to ferve:
Thus with o vois we trowen though we fterve.
Almachius, that herd of this doing,
Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire fee:
And alderfirft, lo, this was his axing;
What maner woman art thou? quod he.
I am a gentilwoman borne, quod fhe.
I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,
Of thy religion and of thy beleve.
Why than began your queftion folily,
Quod fhe, that woldeft two anfwers conclude
In o demand? Ye axen lewedly.
Almache anfwered to that fimilitude,
Of whennes cometh thin anfwering fo rude?
Of whennes? (quod fhe, whan that fhe was friened)
Of confcience, and of good faith unfeined.
Almachius faid; Ne takeft thou non hede
Of my power? And fhe him anfwerd this;
Your might (quod fhe) ful litel is to drede,
For every mortal mannes power n'is
But like a bladder ful of wind ywis,
For with a nedles point whan it is blow
May all the boft of it be laid ful low.
Ful wrongfully begonneft thou, (quod he)
And yet in wrong is all thy perfeverance:
Woft thou not how our mighty princes free
Have thus commanded and made ordinance
That every Criften wight fhal han penance
But if that he his Criftendome withfeye,
And gon al quite if he wol it reneye?
Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,
Quod tho Cecile, and with a wood fentence
Ye make us gilty, and it is not foth;
For ye, that knowen wel our innocence,
For as moche as we don ay reverence
To Crift, and for we bere a Criften name,
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.
But we, that knowen thilke name fo
For vertuous, we may it not withfeye.
Almache anfwered; Chefe on of thife two,
Do facrifice, or Criftendom reneye,
That thou mow now efcapen by that wey.
At which this holy blisful fayre maid
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge faid;
O juge! confufe in thy nicetee,
Woldeft thou that I reneye innocence?
To maken me a wicked wight (quod fhe)
Lo, he diffimuleth here in audience,
He ftareth and wodeth in his advertence.
To whom Almachius faid, Unfely wretch!
Ne woft thou not how far my might may ftretch?
Han not our mighty princes to me yeven
Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee
To maken folk to dein or to liven?
Why fpekeft thou fo proudly than to me?
I ne fpeke nought but ftedfaftly, quod fhe,

Not proudely, for I ſay, as for my ſide
We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.
And if thou drede not a ſoth for to here
Than wol I ſhewe al openly by right
That thou haſt made a ful gret leſing here.
Thou ſaiſt thy princes han thee yeven might
Both for to ſlee and for to quicken a wight.
Thou that ne maiſt but only lif bereve
Thou haſt non other power ne no leve.
But thou maiſt ſayn thy princes han thee maked
Miniſtre of Deth, for if thou ſpeke of mo
Thou lieſt, for thy power is ful naked.
Do way thy boldneſſe, ſaid Almachius tho,
And ſacrifice to our goddes er thou go.
I recke not what wrong that thou me proffre,
For I can ſuffre it as a philoſophre.
But thilke wronges may I not endure
That thou ſpekeſt of our goddes here, quod he.
Cecile anſwerd; O nice creature!
Thou ſaideſt no word ſin thou ſpake to me
That I ne knew therwith thy nicetee,
And that thou were in every maner wiſe
A lewed officer, a vain juſtice.
Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen
That thou n'art blind; for thing that we ſeen alle,
That is a ſton, that men may wel eſpien,
That ilke ſton a god thou wolt it calle:
I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle,
And taſt it wel, and ſton thou ſhalt it find,
Sin that thou ſeeſt not with thin eyen blind.
It is a ſhame that the peple ſhal
So ſcornen thee, and laugh at thy folie,
For comunly men wot it wel over al
That mighty God is in his hevens hie;
And thiſe images, wel maiſt thou eſpie,
To thee ne to nemſelf may not profite,
For in effect they be not worth a mite.
Thiſe and iwiche other wordes ſaid ſhe,
And he wex wroth, and bade men ſhulde hire lede
Home til hire hous, and in hire hous (quod he)
Brenne hire right in a bath with flames rede.
And as he bade right ſo was don the dede,
For in a bathe they gonne hire faſte ſhetten,
And night and day gret fire they under betten.
The longe night, and eke a day alſo,
For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,
She ſate al cold, and felt of it no wo;
It made hire not a drope for to ſwete;
But in that bath hire lif ſhe muſte lete,
For he Almache with a ful wicke entent
To ſleen hire in the bath his ſonde ſent.
Three ſtrokes in the nekke he ſmote hire tho
The turmentour, but for no maner chance
He mighte not ſmite all hire nekke atwo;
And for ther was that time an ordinance
That no man ſhulde don man ſwiche penance
The fourthe ſtroke to ſmiten ſoft or ſore,
This turmentour ne dorſte do no more;
But half ded, with hire nekke ycorven thro
He left hire lie, and on his way is went:
The Criſten folk which that about hire were
With ſhetes han the blood ful faire yhent:
Three dayes lived ſhe in this turment,
And never ceſed hem the faith to teche,
That ſhe had ſoſtred hem ſhe gan to preche.
And hem ſhe yaf hire mebles and hire thin
And to the Pope Urban betoke hem tho,
And ſaid, I axed this of heven King
To have reſpit three dayes and no mo,
To recommend to you or that I go
Thiſe ſoules, lo, and that I might do werche
Here of min houſe perpetuellich a cherce.
Seint Urban with his dekenes prively
The body fette, and buried it by night
Among his other ſeintes honeſtly.
Hire hous The Cherche of Seint Cecile hight
Seint Urban halowed it as he wel might,
In which unto this day in noble wiſe
Men don to Criſt and to his ſeinte ſerviſe.

THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

hat tolde was the lif of Seinte Cecile,
d ridden fully five mile,
iton-under-Blee us gan atake
at clothed was in clothes blake,
rnethe he wered a white surplis.
iey, which that was al pomelee gris,
that it wonder was to see;
s he had priked miles three.
eke that his Yeman rode upon
that unnethes might he gon:
peytrel stood the some ful hie;
some as flecked as a pie.
reifold on his croper lay,
hat he caried litel array;
or sommer rode this worthy man.
y herte wondren I began
he was, til that I understode
his cloke was sowed to his hode,
whan I had long avised me
im some chanon for to be.
ng at his back doun by a las,
d ridden more than trot or pas;
priked like as he were wode.
fe he had laid under his hode
, and for to kepe his hed fro hete:
joye for to seen him swete;
d dropped as a stillatorie
of plantaine or of paritorie.
n that he was come he gan to crie,
(quod he) this joly compagnie!
I priked (quod he) for your sake,
hat I wolde you atake,
in this mery compagnie.
man was eke ful of curtesie,
e, Sires, now in the morwe tide
our hostelrie I saw you ride,
rned here my lord and soverain,
hat to riden with you is ful fain
disport; he loveth daliance.
or thy warning God yeve the good chance.
id our Hoste: certain it wolde seme
d were wise, and so I may wel deme;
d joconde also dare I leye:
ought tell a mery tale or tweie,
which he gladen may this compagnie?
ite? my lord? Ye, Sire, withouten lie,
of mirth and eke of jolitee
enough; also, Sire, trusteth me
And ye him knew al so wel as do I
Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily
He coude werke, and that in sondry wise:
He hath take on him many a gret emprise,
Which were ful harde for any that is here
To bring about but they of him it lere.
As homely as he rideth amonges you
If ye him knew it wold be for your prow:
Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance
For mochel good, I dare lay in balance
All that I have in my possession.
He is a man of high discression;
I warne you wel he is a passing man.
Wel, quod our Hoste, I pray thee tell me than
Is he a clerk or non? Tell what he is.
Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,
Saide this Yeman, and in wordes fewe,
Hoste, of his craft somwhat I wol you shewe.
I say my lord can swiche a subtiltee,
(But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,
And somwhat help I yet to his werking)
That all the ground on which we ben riding,
Til that we come to Canterbury toun,
He coud al clene turnen up so doun,
And pave it all of silver and of gold.
And whan this Yeman had this tale ytolde
Unto our Hoste, he said *Benedicite!*
This thing is wonder mervaillous to me,
Sin that thy lord is of so high prudence,
Because of which men shulde him reverence,
That of his worship rekketh he so lite;
His overest sloppe it is not worth a mite,
As in effect, to him, so mote I go;
It is all baudy and to-tore also.
Why is thy lord so sluttish I thee preye,
And is of power better cloth to beye,
If that his dede acorded with thy speche!
Telle me that, and that I thee beseche.
Why? quod this Yeman, wherto axe ye me?
God helpe me so, for he shal never the:
(But I wol not avowen that I say,
And therfore kepe it secree I you pray)
He is to wise in faith, as I beleve:
Thing that is overdon it wol not preve
Aright, as clerkes sain; it is a vice;
Wherfore in that I hold him lewed and nice;
For whan a man hath overgret a wit
Ful oft him happeth to misusen it:

So doth my lord, and that me greveth sore:
God it amende; I can say now no more.
Therof no force, good Yeman, quod our Host;
Sin of the conning of thy lord thou wost
Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,
Sin that he is so crafty and so sly.
Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be?
In the subarbes of a toun, quod he,
Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,
Wheras thise robbours and thise theves by kinde
Holden hir privee fereful residence,
As they that dare not shewen hir presence;
So faren we, if I shal say the sothe.
Yet, quod our Hoste, let me talken to the;
Why art thou so discoloured of thy face?
Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace;
I am so used the hote fire to blow
That it hath changed my colour I trow:
I n'am not wont in no mirrour to prie,
But swinke sore, and lerne to multiplie.
We blundren ever and poren in the fire,
And for all that we faille of our desire;
For ever we lacken our conclusion.
To mochel folk we don illusion,
And borwe gold be it a pound or two,
Or ten or twelve, or many sommes mo,
And make hem wenen at the leste wey
That of a pound we connen maken twey;
Yet it is false; and ay we han good hope
It for to don, and after it we grope:
But that science is so fer us beforne,
We mowen not, although we had it sworne,
It overtake, it flit away so fast;
It wol us maken beggers at the last.
While this Yeman was thus in his talking
This chanon drow him nere and herd all thing
Which this Yeman spake, for suspecion
Of mennes speche ever had this chanon;
For Caton sayth, that he that gilty is
Demeth all thing be spoken of him ywis:
That was the cause he gan so nigh him drawe
To his Yeman, to herken all his sawe;
And thus he saide unto his Yemain tho:
Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes mo,
For if thou do thou shalt it dere abie:
Thou sclaundrest me here in this compagnie,
And eke discoverest that thou shuldest hide.
Ye, quod our Hoste, tell on, what so betide;
Of all his thretening recke not a mite.
In faith, quod he, no more I do but lite.
And whan this chanon saw it wold not be
But his Yeman wold tell his privetee,
He fled away for veray sorwe and shame.
A! quod the Yeman, here shal rise a game:
All that I can anon I wol you telle,
Sin he is gon; the foule fend him quelle,
For never hereafter wol I with him mete
For peny ne for pound, I you behete.
He that me broughte first unto that game,
Er that he die sorwe have he and shame,
For it is ernest to me by my faith;
That sele I wel, what that any man saith;
And yet for all my smert and all my grief,
For all my sorwe, labour, and meschief,
I coude never leve it in no wise.
Now wolde God my wit mighte suffice
To tellen all that longeth to that art;
But natheles yet wol I tellen part:
Sin that my lord is gon I wol not spare;
Swiche thing as that I know I wol declare.

THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE*.

With this chanon I dwelt have seven yere,
And of his science am I never the nere;
All that I had I have yloft therby,
And God wot so han many mo than I.
Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay
Of clothing, and of other good array,
Now may I were an hose upon min hed;
And wher my colour was both fresh and red
Now is it wan and of a leden hewe;
(Who so it useth so shal he it rewe)
And of my swinke yet blered is min eye;
Lo which avantage is to multiplie!
That sliding science hath me made so bare
That I have no good wher that ever I fare;
And yet I am endetted so therby,
Of gold that I have borwed trewely,
That while I live I shal it quiten never;
Let every man beware by me for ever.
What maner man that casteth him therto,
If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo;
So helpe me God, therby shal he nat winne,
But empte his purse, and make his wittes thinne.

* A priest of London, more covetous than wise, is deceived by a chanon professing the art of alchymye. *Urry.*

ıan he thurgh his madneſſe and folie,
ſt his owen good thurgh jupartie,
e exciteth other folk therto,
hir good as he himſelf hath do,
o ſhrewes joye it is and eſe
: hir ſelawes in peine and diſeſe.
as I ones lerned of a clerk.
no charge ; I wol ſpeke of our werk.
ve be ther as we ſhuln exerciſe
iſh craft we ſemen wonder wiſe,
nes ben ſo clergial and queinte.
he fire til that myn herte feinte.
ıuld I tellen eche proportion
es whiche that we werchen upon,
ve or ſix unces, may wel be,
, or ſom other quantitee ?
ie me to tellen you the names,
nent, brent bones, yren ſquames,
o poudre grounden ben ful ſmal ?
ın erthen pot how put is al,
yput in and alſo pepere,
hiſe poudres that I ſpeke of here,
yeovered with a lampe of glas ?
noche other thing which that ther was ?
he pottes and glaſſes engluting,
the aire might paſſen out no thing ?
he eſy fire, and ſmert alſo,
ıat was made ? and of the care and wo
had in our materes ſubliming,
ımalgaming and calcening
ſilver, yeleped Mercurie crude ?
ur ſleightes we can not conclude.
ment and ſublimed mercurie,
anden litarge eke on the porphurie,
of thiſe of unces a certain
eth us ; our labour is in vain.
her our ſpirites aſcentioun,
nateres that lien al fix adoun,
ı our werking nothing us availle,
is all our labour and travaille,
the coſt a twenty devil way
ſo which we upon it lay.
is alſo ful many another thing
ınto our craft apperteining,
I by ordre hem nat reherſen can,
that I am a lewed man,
I telle hem as they come to minde,
I ne cannot ſet hem in hir kinde,
ırmoniak, verdegreſe, boras,
dry veſſels made of erthe and glas,
ales, and our deſcenſories,
ſlettes and ſublimatories,
es and alembikes eke,
er ſwiche ger, dere ynough a leke,
deth it for to reherſe hem alle ?
rubifying, and bolles galle,
ſal armoniak, and brimſton,
bes coude I tell eke many on,
noine, valerian, and lunarie,
er ſwiche, if that me liſt to tarie,
pes brenning bothe night and day,
: about our craft if that we may,
neis eke of calcination,
rateres albification,
Unſlekked lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,
Poudres divers, aſhes, dong, piſſe, and cley,
Sered pokettes, ſal peter, and vitriole,
And divers fires made of wode and cole,
Sal tartre, alcaly, and ſalt preparat,
And combuſt materes and coagulat,
Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile
Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,
Roſalgar, and other materes enbibing,
And eke of our materes encorporing,
And of our ſilver citrination,
Our cementing and fermentation,
Our ingottes, teſtes, and many thinges mo ?
I wol you tell as was me taught alſo
The foure ſpirites and the bodies ſevene
By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.
The firſte ſpirit Quickſilver cleped is,
The ſecond Orpiment, the thridde ywis
Sal Armoniak, and the fourth Brimſton.
The bodies ſevene eke, lo hem here anon :
Sol gold is, and Luna ſilver we threpe,
Mars iren, Mercurie quickſilver we clepe,
Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,
And Venus coper, by my fader kin.
This curſed craft who ſo wol exerciſe
He ſhal no good have that him may ſuffice,
For all the good he ſpendeth theraboute
He leſen ſhal, therof have I no doute.
Who ſo that liſteth uttren his folie
Let him come forth and lernen multiplie ;
And every man that hath ought in his cofre
Let him appere and wex o philoſophre,
Aſcaunce that craft is ſo light to lere.
Nay, nay, God wot al be he monk or frere,
Preeſt or chanon, or any other wight,
Though he ſit at his book both day and night
In lerning of this elviſh nice lore
All is in vain, and parde mochel more
To lerne a lewed man this ſubtiltee .
Fie ! ſpeke not therof, for it wol not be :
And conne he letterure, or conne he non
As in effect he ſhal finde it all on,
For bothe by two my ſalvation
Concluden in multiplication
Ylike wel whan they have al ydo ;
This is to ſain, they faillen bothe two.
Yet forgate I to maken reherſaile
Of waters coroſif and of limaile,
And of bodies molification,
And alſo of hir induration,
Oiles, ablufions, metal fuſible ;
To tellen all wold paſſen any Bible
That o wher is ; wherfore as for the beſt
Of all thiſe names now wol I me reſt ;
For as I trow I have you told ynow
To reiſe a fend, al loke he never ſo row.
A ! nay, let be ; the philoſophres ſton,
Elixer cleped, we ſeken faſt eche on,
For had we him than were we ſiker ynow ;
But unto God of heven I make avow,
For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,
And all our fleight, he wol not come us to :

He hath ymade us ſpenden mochel good,
For ſorwe of which almoſt we waxen wood,
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,
Suppoſing ever, though we ſore ſmerte,
To ben releved of him afterward:
Swiche ſuppoſing and hope is ſharp and hard:
I warne you wel it is to ſeken ever:
That future *temps* hath made men diſſever
In truſt therof from all that ever they had,
Yet of that art they conne not waxen ſad,
For unto hem it is a bitter ſwete:
So ſemeth it, for ne had they but a ſhete
Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,
And a bratt to walken in by day-light,
They wold hem fell, and ſpend it on this craft:
They conne not ſtinten til no thing be laſt;
And evermore, wher ever that they gon,
Men may hem kennen by ſmell of brimſton:
For all the world they ſtinken as a gote;
Hir ſavour is ſo rammiſh and ſo hote
That though a man a mile from hem be
The ſavour wol enfect him, truſteth me.
Lo, thus by ſmelling and thred-bare array
If that men liſt this folk they knowen may;
And if a man wol axe hem prively
Why they be clothed ſo unthriftily,
They right anon wol rounen in his ere,
And ſaien, if that they eſpied were
Men wolde hem ſle becauſe of hir ſcience.
Lo, thus thiſe folk betraien innocence.
Faſſe over this; I go my Tale unto.
Er that the pot be on the fire ydo,
Of metals with a certain quantitee
My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he,
(Now he is gon I dare ſay boldely)
For as men ſain he can don craftily,
Algate I wote wel he hath ſwiche a name,
And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame;
And wete ye how? ful oft it falleth ſo
The pot to-breketh, and farewel! all is go.
Thiſe metales ben of ſo gret violence
Our walles may not make hem reſiſtence,
But if they weren wrought of lime and ſton;
They percen ſo that thurgh the wall they gon,
And ſom of hem ſinke doun into the ground,
(Thus have we loſt by times many a pound).
And ſom are ſcatered all the flore aboute,
Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.
Though that they fend not in our ſight him ſhewe
I trow that he be with us, thilke ſhrewe
In helle, wher that he is lord and fire,
Ne is ther no more, rancour, ne ire.
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have ſayde,
Every man chit, and holt him evil apayde:
Som ſayd it was long on the fire-making,
Som ſayd nay, it was long on the blowing;
(Than was I ferd, for that was min office)
Straw! quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice;
It was not tempred as it oughte to be;
Nay, quod the fourthe, ſtinte and herken me;
Becauſe our fire was not made of beche
That is the cauſe, and other non, ſo the iche.
I can not tell wheron it was along,
But wel I wot gret ſtrif is us among.
What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don;
Of thiſe perils I wol beware eftſone;
I am right ſiker that the pot was craſed.
Be as be may be ye no thing amaſed;
As uſage is let ſwepe the flore as ſwithe;
Plucke up your hertes, and be glad and blithe.
The mullek on an hepe yſweped was,
And on the flore ycaſt a canevas,
And all this mullok in a five ythrowe,
And ſifted, and ypicked many a throwe.
Parde, quod on, ſomwhat of our metall
Yet is ther here, though that we have not all;
And though this thing miſhaped hath as now
Another time it may be wel ynow.
We moſten put our good in aventure;
A marchant parde may not ay endure,
Truſteth me wel, in his proſperitee;
Somtime his good is drenched in the ſee,
And ſomtime cometh it ſauf unto the lond.
Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond
To bring our craft all in another plite,
And but I do, Sires, let me have the wite:
Ther was defaute in ſomewhat wel I wote.
Another ſayd the fire was over hote:
But be it hote or cold I dare ſay this,
That we concluden evermore amis;
We faille alway of that which we wold have,
And in our madneſſe evermore we rave,
And whan we be together everich on
Every man ſemeth a Salomon.
But all thing which that ſhineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told,
Ne every apple that is faire at eye
Ne is not good, what ſo men clap or crie.
Right ſo, lo, fareth it amonges us;
He that ſemeth the wiſeſt, by Jeſus
Is moſt fool whan it cometh to the preſe,
And he that ſemeth trueſt is a theſe:
That ſhal ye know or that I from you wende,
By that I of my Tale have made an ende.
Ther was a chanon of religionn
Amonges us wold enfect all a toun,
Though it as gret were as was Ninive,
Rome, Aliſaundre, Troie, or other three.
His ſleightes and his infinite falſeneſſe
Ther coude no man writen, as I geſſe,
Though that he mighte live a thouſand yere:
In all this world of falſeneſſe n'is his pere,
For in his termes he wol him ſo winde,
And ſpeke his wordes in ſo ſlie a kinde,
Whan he comunen ſhal with any wight,
That he wol make him doten anon right
But it a fend be, as himſelven is.
Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,
And wol, if that he may live any while;
And yet men gon and riden many a mile
Him for to ſeke, and have his acquaintance,
Not knowing of his falſe governance;
And if you luſt to yeve me audience
I wol it tellen here in your preſence.
But, worſhipful chanons religious,
Ne demeth not that I ſclander your hous,
Although that my Tale of a chanon be:
Of every order ſom ſhrew is parde

ede that all a compagnie
ſinguler mannes folie.
ou is no thing min entent,
en that is mis I ment.
not only told for you
her mo: ye wot wel how
Criſtes apoſteles twelve
traitour but Judas himſelve;
ld al the remenant have blame,
ere? By you I ſay the ſame;
, if ye wol herken me,
n your covent be
betimes I you rede,
s may cauſen any drede;
ng diſpleſed I you pray,
herkeneth what I ſay.
was a preeſt, an annuellere *;
welled hadde many a yere,
pleſant and ſo ſervifable
ther as he was at table,
d ſuffer him no thing to pay
clothing, went he never ſo gay;
ſilver had he right ynow:
ce; I wol proceed as now,
th my Tale of the chanon
e this preeſt to confuſion.
hanon came upon a day
eſtes chambre ther he lay,
to lene him a certain
he wold quite it him again.
arke, quod he, but dayes three,
y I wol it quiten thee;
e that thou finde me falſe
hang me up by the halſe.
him toke a marke, and that as ſwith,
on him thanked often ſith,
leve, and wente forth his wey;
ridde day brought his money,
reeſt he toke his gold again,
preeſt was wonder glad and fain.
od he, nothing anoieth me
n a noble, or two, or three,
ing were in my poſſeſſion,
rewe is of condition
viſe he breken wol his day;
man I can never ſay nay.
od this chanon, ſhuld I be untrewe?
ere thing fallen al of the newe:
hing that I wol ever kepe
in which that I ſhal crepe
re, and elles God forbede!
as ſiker as your crede,
l, and in good time be it ſayde,
as never man yet evil apayde
ſilver that he to me lent,
ſhede in min herte I ment.
, (quod he) now of my privetee,
ellich have ben unto me,
to me ſo gret gentilleſſe,
quiten with your kindeneſſe
ewe, and if you luſt to lere
chen pleinly the manere
How I can werken in philoſophie:
Taketh good heed, ye ſhuln wel ſen at eye
That I wol do a maiſtrie or I go.
Ye, quod the preeſt; ye, Sire, and wol ye ſo?
Mary, therof I pray you hertily.
At your commandement, Sire, trewely,
Quod the chanon, and elles God forbede.
Lo, how this theſe coude his ſervice bede
Ful ſoth it is that ſwiche profered ſervice
Stinketh, as witneſſen thiſe olde wiſe,
And that ful ſone I wol it verifie
In this chanon, rote of all trecherie,
That evermore delight hath and gladneſſe
(Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte empreſſe)
How Criſtes peple he may to meſchief bring:
God kepe us from his falſe diſſimuling!
Nought wiſte this preeſt with whom that he delt,
Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.
O ſely preeſt! o ſely innocent!
With covetiſe anon thou ſhalt be blent;
O graceles! ful blind is thy conceite,
For nothing art thou ware of the diſceite
Which that this fox yſhapen hath to thee;
His wily wenches thou ne mayſt not flee:
Wherfore to go to the concluſion,
That referreth to thy confuſion,
Unhappy man! anon I wol me hie
To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,
And eke the falſeneſſe of that other wretch,
As ferforth as that my conning will ſtretch.
This chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;
Sire Hoſte, in faith, and by the heven quene,
It was another chanon, and not he
That can an hundred part more ſubtiltee:
He hath betraied folkes many a time;
Of his falſeneſſe it dulleth me to rime:
Ever whan that I ſpeke of his falſhede
For ſhame of him my chekes waxen rede,
Algates they beginnen for to glowe,
For redeneſſe have I non, right wel I knowe,
In my viſage, for fumes diverſe
Of metals which ye have herd me reherſe
Conſumed han and wafted my redneſſe.
Now take hede of this chanons curſedneſſe.
Sire, quod the chanon, let your yeman gon
For quikſilver, that we it had anon,
And let him bringen unces two or three,
And whan he cometh as faſte ſhul ye ſee
A wonder thing, which ye ſaw never er this.
Sire, quod the preeſt, it ſhal be don ywis.
He bad his ſervant fetchen him this thing,
And he al redy was at his bidding,
And went him forth, and came anon again
With this quikſilver, ſhortly for to ſain,
And toke thiſe unces three to the chanoun,
And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,
And bad the ſervant coles for to bring,
That he anon might go to his werking.
The coles right anon weren yſet,
And this chanon toke out a croſſelet
Of his boſome, and ſhewed it to the preeſt.
This inſtrument, quod he, which that thou ſeeſt
Take in thyn hond, and put thyſelf therin
Of this quikſilver an unce, and here begin
In the name of Criſt to wex a philoſophre:
Ther be ful fewe which that I wolde profre

* called *annuellerer*, not from their receiv-
ipend, as the Gloſſ. explains it, but from
ployed ſolely in ſinging annuals or anniver-
the dead, without any cure of ſouls.

To ſhewen hem thus muche of my ſcience;
For here ſhul ye ſee by experience
That this quikſilver I wol mortifie
Right in your ſight anon withouten lie,
And make it as good ſilver and as fine
As ther is any in your purſe or mine
Or elles wher, and make it malliable,
And elles holdeth me ſalſe and unable
Amonges folk for ever to appere.
I have a prouder here, that coſt me dere,
Shal make all good, for it is cauſe of all
My conning which that I you ſhewen ſhall.
Voideth your man, and let him be therout,
And ſhet the dore, while we ben about
Our privitee, that no man us eſpie
While that we werke in this philoſophie.
All as he bade fulfilled was in dede:
This ilke ſervant anon right out yede,
And his maiſter ſhette the dore anon,
And to hir labour ſpedily they gon.
This preeſt at this curſed chanons bidding
Upon the fire anon he ſet this thing,
And blew the fire, and beſied him ful faſt;
And this chanon into the croſſelet caſt
A pouder, n'ot I never wherof it was
Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,
Or ſomwhat elles, was not worth a flie,
To blinden with this preeſt, and bade him hie
The coles for to couchen all above
The croſſelet, for in tokening I thee love
(Quod this chanon) thine owen hondes two
Shal werken all thing which that here is do.
Grand mercy, quod the preeſt, and was ful glad,
And couched the coles as the chanon bad;
And while he beſy was this ſendly wretch,
This falſe chanon, (the foule ſend him fetch)
Out of his boſom toke a bechen cole,
In which ful ſubtilly was made an hole,
And therin put was of ſilver limaile
An unce, and ſtopped was withouten faile
The hole with wax to keep the limaile in.
And underſtandeth that this falſe gin
Was not made ther, but it was made before;
And other thinges I ſhall tell you more
Hereafterward which that he with him brought;
Er he came ther him to begile he thought,
And ſo he did or that they went atwin;
'Til he had torned him coud he not blin.
It dulleth me whan that I of him ſpeke;
On his falſhede fain wold I me awreke
If I wiſt how; but he is here and ther:
He is ſo variaunt he abit no wher.
But taketh hede, Sires, now, for Goddes love.
He toke his cole, of which I ſpake above,
And in his hond he bare it prively,
And whiles the preeſt couched beſily
The coles, as I tolde you er this,
This Chanon ſayde; Frend, ye don amis;
This is not couched as it ought to be,
But ſone I ſhal amenden it, quod he.
Now let me meddle therwith but a while,
For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile.
Ye ben right hot; I ſee wel how ye ſwete;
Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.
And whiles that the preeſt wiped his face
This chanon toke his cole with ſory grace,
And laied it above on the midward
Of the croſſelet, and blew wel afterward,
Til that the coles gonnen faſt to bren.
Now yeve us drinke, quod this chanon, then,
As ſwithe all ſhall be wel I undertake:
Sitte we doun, and let us mery make.
And whanne that this chanones bechen cole
Wes brent all the limaile out of the hole
Into the croſſelet anon fell adoun;
And ſo it muſte nedes by reſoun,
Sin it above ſo even couched was,
But therof wiſt the preeſt nothing, alas!
He demed all the coles ylike good,
For of the fleight he nothing underſtood.
And whan this alkymiſtre ſaw his time,
Riſeth up, Sire Preeſt, quod he, and ſtondeth by m
And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,
Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ſton,
For I wol make it of the ſame ſhap
That is an ingot, if I may have hap:
Bring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne
Ful of water, and ye ſhul wel ſee thanne
How that our beſineſſe ſhal thrive and preve:
And yet, for ye ſhul have no miſbeleve
Ne wrong conceit of me in your abſence,
I ne wol not ben out of your preſence,
But go with you, and come with you again.
The chambre door, ſhortly for to ſain,
They opened and ſhet, and went hir wey,
And forth with hem they caried the key,
And camen again withouten any delay.
What ſhuld I tarien all the longe day?
He toke the chalk, and ſhope it in the wiſe
Of an ingot, as I ſhal you deviſe;
I ſay he toke out of his owen ſleve
A teine of ſilver (yvel mote he cheve)
Which that ne was but a juſt unce of weight:
And taketh heed now of his curſed fleight;
He ſhop his ingot in length and in brede
Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,
So ſtily that the preeſt it not eſpide,
And in his fleve again he gan it hide,
And from the fire he toke up his matere,
And in the ingot it put with mery chere,
And in the water-veſſel he it caſt
Whan that him liſt, and bad the preeſt as faſt
Loke what ther is; put in thin hond and grope;
Thou ſhalt ther finden ſilver, as I hope.
What, divel of helle! ſhuld it elles be?
Shaving of ſilver, ſilver is parde.
He put his hond in and toke up a teine
Of ſilver fine, and glad in every veine
Was this preeſt whan he ſaw that it was ſo.
Goddes bleſſing, and his mothers alſo,
And alle Halwes, have ye, Sire Chanon!
Sayde this preeſt, and I hir maliſon,
But and ye vouchefauf to techen me
This noble craft and this ſubtilitee
I wol be your in alle that ever I may.
Quod the chanon, Yet wol I make aſſay
The ſecond time, that ye mow taken hede,
And ben expert of this, and in your nede
Another day aſſay in min abſence
This diſcipline and this crafty ſcience.
Let take another unce, quod he tho,
Of quikſilver, without en wordes mo,

herwith as ye have don er this
t other which that now ſilver is.
reeſt him beſieth all that ever he can
s this chanon, this curſed man,
deth him, and faſte blewe the fire
me to the effect of his deſire;
chanon right in the mene while
was this preeſt eft to begile,
countenance in his hond bare
ſtikke, (take kepe and beware)
de of which an unce and no more
limaile put was, as before
s cole, and ſtopped with wax wel
pe in his limaile every del;
e this preeſt was in his beſineſſe
ion with his ſtikke gan him dreſſe
non, and his pouder caſt in
erſt, (the devil out of his ſkin
e, I pray to God, for his falſhede,
as ever falſe in thought and dede)
his ſtikke above the croſſelet,
ordained with that falſe get,
h the coles til relenten gan
again the fire, as every man
fool be wote wel it mote nede,
hat in the ſtikke was out yede,
e croſſelet haſtily it fell.
goode Sires, what wol ye bet than wel?
t this preeſt was thus begiled again,
nought but trouthe, ſoth to ſain,
glad that I can not expreſſe
dere his mirth and his gladneſſe,
e chanon he profered eftſone
good. Ye, quod the chanon, ſone,
oure I be, crafty thou ſhalt me finde:
hee wel yet is ther mor behinde.
any coper here within? ſayd he?
quod the preeſt, I trow ther be.
beie us ſom, and that as ſwithe.
de Sire, go forth thy way and h'e the.
it his way, and with the coper he came
chanon it in his hondes name,
at coper weyed out an unce.
is my tonge to pronounce,
er of my wit, the doubleneſſe
anon, rote of all curſedneſſe:
frendly to hem that knew him nought,
s fendly both in werk and thought.
me to tell of his falſeneſſe,
les yet wol I it expreſſe,
atent men may beware therby,
on other cauſe trewely.
this coper into the croſſelet,
e fire as ſwithe he hath it ſet,
in pouder, and made the preeſt to blow,
werking for to ſtoupen low
erſt, and all n'as but a jape;
im liſt the preeſt he made his ape;
ward in the ingot he it caſt,
e panne put it at the laſt
and in he put his owen hond:
ſleve, as ye beforen hond
telle, he had a ſilver teine;
ke it out, this curſed heine,
(Unweting this preeſt of his falſe craft)
And in the pannes bottom he it laſt,
And in the water rombleth to and fro,
And wonder prively toke up alſo
The coper teine, (not knowing thilke preeſt)
And hid it, and him hente by the breſt,
And to him ſpake, and thus ſaid in his game;
Stoupeth adoun; by God ye be to blame;
Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere;
Put in your hond, and loketh what is there.
This preeſt toke up this ſilver teine anon;
And thanne ſaid the chanon, Let us gon
With thiſe three teines which that we han wrought
To ſom goldſmith, and wete if they ben ought,
For by my faith I n'olde for my hood
But if they weren ſilver fine and good,
And that as ſwithe wel preved ſhal it be.
Unto the goldſmith with thiſe teines three
They went anon, and put hem in aſſay
To fire and hammer: might no man ſay nay
But that they weren as hem ought to be.
This ſoted preeſt, who was gladder than he?
Was never brid gladder agains the day,
Ne nightingale in the ſeſon of May
Was never non that liſt better to ſing,
Ne lady luſtier in carolling,
Or for to ſpeke of love and womanhede,
Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede
To ſtonden in grace of his lady dere,
Than hadde this preeſt this craft for to lere;
And to the chanon thus he ſpake and ſeid:
For the love of God that for us alle deid,
And as I may deſerve it unto you,
What ſhal this receit coſt? telleth me now.
By our Lady, quod this chanon, it is dere.
I warne you wel that ſave I and a frere
In Englelond ther can no man it make.
No force, quod he: now, Sire, for Goddes ſake
What ſhall I pay? telleth me I you pray.
Ywis, quod he, it is ful dere I ſay.
Sire, at o word, if that you liſt it have
Ye ſhal pay forty pound, ſo God me ſave;
And n'ere the frendſhip that ye did er this
To me ye ſhulden payen more ywis.
This preeſt the ſum of fourty pound anon
Of nobles fet, and toke hem everich on
To this chanon for this ilke receit.
All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit.
Sire Preeſt, he ſaid, I kepe for to have no loos
Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos,
And as ye love me kepeth it ſecree,
For if men knewen all my ſubtiltee,
By God they wolden have ſo gret envie
To me, becauſe of my philoſophie,
I ſhuld be ded, that were non other way.
God it forbede, quod the preeſt, what ye ſay:
Yet had I lever ſpenden all the good
Which that I have (and elles were I wood)
Than that ye ſhuld fallen in ſwiche miſchefe.
For your good will, Sire, have ye right good preſe,
Quod the chanon; and farewel, *grand mercy*.
He went his way, and never the preeſt him ſey
After that day. And whan that this preeſt ſhold
Maken aſſay, at ſwiche time as he wold,

Of this receit, farewel! it n'old not be.
Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he;
Thus maketh he his introduction
To bringen folk to hir destruction.
Considereth, Sires, how that in eche estat
Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,
So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.
This multiplying so blint many on
That in good faith I trowe that it be
The cause greteſt of swiche scarsitee.
Thise philosophres speke so mistily
In this craft that men cannot come therby
For any wit that men have now adayes:
They mow wel chateren as don thise jayes,
And in hir termes set hir lust and peine,
But to hir purpos shul they never atteine.
A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,
To multiplie and bring his good to nought.
Lo, swiche a lucre is in this lusty game
A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame,
And emptien also gret and hevy purses,
And maken folk for to purchasen curses
Of hem that han therto hir good ylent.
O, fy for shame! they that han be brent,
Alas! can they not flee the fires hete?
Ye that it use I rede that ye it lete,
Lest ye lese all; for bet than never is late:
Never to thriven were to long a date:
Though ye proll ay ye shul it never find;
Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,
That blondereth forth, and peril casteth non;
He is as bold to renne agains a ston
As for to go besides in the way:
So faren ye that multiplien I say.
If that your eyen cannot seen aright
Loketh that youre mind lacke not his sight,
For though ye loke never so brode, and stare,
Ye shuln not win a mite on that chaffare,
But wasten all that ye may rape and renne.
Withdraw the fire lest it to faste brenne;
Medleth no more with that art I mene,
For if ye don your thrift is gon ful clene:
And right as swithe I wol you tellen here
What philosophres sain in this matere.
Lo, thus saith Arnolde of the newe toun,
As his Rosarie maketh mentioun;
He saith right thus, withouten any lie,
Ther may no man Mercurie mortifie
But it be with his brothers knowleching.
Lo, how that he which firste said this thing
Of philosophres father was, Hermes;
He saith how that the dragon douteles
Ne dieth not but if that he be slain
With his brother; and this is for to sain
By the dragon Mercury and non other
He understood, and Brimstone by his brother,
That out of Sole and Luna were ydrawe.
And therfor, said he, Take heed to my sawe:
Let no man besie him this art to seche
But if that he the entention and speche
Of philosophres understonden can,
And if he do he is a lewed man;
For this science and this conning (quod he)
Is of the secree of secrees parde.
Also ther was a disciple of Plato
That on a time said his maister to,
As his book Senior wol bere witnesse,
And this was his demand in sothfastnesse,
Telle me the name of thilke privee ston.
And Plato answerd unto him anon;
Take the ston that Titanos men name.
Which is that? quod he. Magnetia is the same
Saide Plato. Ye, Sire, and is it thus?
This is *ignotum per ignotius*,
What is magnetia, good Sire, I pray?
It is a water that is made, I say,
Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.
Tell me the rote, good Sire, quod he tho,
Of that water, if that it be your will.
Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'ill:
The philosophres were sworne everich on
That they ne shuld discover it unto non,
Ne in no book it write in no manere,
For unto God it is so lese and dere
That he wol not that it discovered be
But wher it liketh to his deitee
Man for to enspire, and eke for to defende
Whom that him liketh; lo, this is the ende.
Than thus conclude I; sin that God of heven
Ne wol not that the philosophres neven
How that a man shal come unto this ston,
I rede as for the best to let it gon;
For who so maketh God his adversary,
As for to werken any thing in contrary
Of his will, certes never shal he thrive,
Though that he multiply terme of his live.
And ther a point, for ended is my Tale.
God send every good man bote of his bale!

THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

ye not wher ſtondeth a litel toun
that ycleped is Bob-up-and-doun,
the Blee in Canterbury way?
an our hoſte to jape and to play,
yde; Sires, what? Dun is in the mire;
no man for praiere ne for hire
ol awaken our ſelaw behind?
him might ful lightly rob and bind:
r he nappeth, ſee, for cockes bones,
wold fallen from his hors atones.
a coke of London, with meſchance?
come forth, he knoweth his penance,
ſhal tell a Tale by my fey,
gh it be not worth a botel hey.
, thou coke, quod he; God yeve the ſorwe,
ileth thee to ſlepen by the morwe?
ou had fleen al night, or art thou dronke?
thou with ſom quene al night yſwonke
thou mayſt not holden up thin hed?
coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,
our Hoſte; So God my ſoule bleſſe,
is falle on me ſwiche hevineſſe,
at why, that me were lever to ſlepe
e beſt gallon wine that is in Chepe.
quod the Manciple, if it may don eſe
, Sire Coke, and to no wight diſpleſe
that hire rideth in this compagnie,
at our Hoſte wol of his curteſie;
now excuſe thee of thy Tale,
good faith thy viſage is ful pale:
en daſen, ſothly as me thinketh,
l I wot thy breth ful ſoure ſtinketh,
eweth wel thou art not wel diſpoſed:
certain thou ſhalt not ben yglofed.
w he galpeth, lo, this dronken wight,
ugh he wold us ſwalow anon right!
loſe thy mouth, man, by thy father kin;
vil of helle ſet his foot therin,
rſed breth enfecten wol us alle:
king ſwine! ſy, foul mote thee bafalle!
eth heed, Sires, of this luſty man.
ſwete Sire! wol ye juſt at the fan?
me thinketh ye be wel yſhape:
that ye have dronken win of ape,
at is whan men playen with a ſtraw.
l with this ſpeche the coke waxed all wraw,
n the Manciple he gan not faſt
cke of ſpeche, and doun his hors him caſt,
Wher as he lay til that men him up toke:
This was a faire chivachee of a coke:
Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladel!
And er that he agen were in the ſadel
Ther was gret ſhoving bothe to and fro
To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,
So unweldy was this ſely palled goſt;
And to the Manciple then ſpake our Hoſt.
Becauſe that drinke hath domination
Upon this man, by my ſalvation
I trowe he lewedly wol tell his Tale;
For wer it win or old or moiſty ale
That he hath dronke he ſpeketh in his noſe,
And ſneſeth faſt, and eke he hath the poſe;
He alſo hath to don more than ynough
To keep him on his capel out of the ſlough
And if he felle from of his capel eſtſone
Than ſhul we alle have ynough to done
In lifting up his hevy dronken cors.
Tell on thy Tale, of him make I no force.
But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice
Thus openly to repreve him of his vice;
Another day he wol paraventure
Recleimen thee, and bring thee to the lure;
I mene he ſpeken wol of ſmale thinges,
As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,
That were not honeſt if it came to preſe.
Quod the Manciple, That were a gret meſchefe;
So might he lightly bring me in the ſnare;
Yet had I lever payen for the mare
Which he writ on than he ſhuld with me ſtrive:
I wol not wrathen him, ſo mote I thrive:
That that I ſpake I ſayd it in my bourd
And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd
A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,
And right anon ye ſhul ſeen a good jape;
This coke ſhal drinke therof if that I may;
Up peine of my lif he wol not ſay nay.
And certainly, to tellen as it was,
Of this veſſell the coke dranke faſt, (alas!
What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforne)
And whan he hadde pouped in his horne
To the Manciple he toke the gourd again;
And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,
And thonked him in ſwiche wiſe as he coude.
Than gan our Hoſte to laughen wonder loude
And ſayd; I ſee wel it is neceſſary
Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary,

For that wol turnen rancour and disese
To accord and love, and many a wrong apese
O Bacchus, Bacchus! blessed be thy name,
That so canst turnen ernest into game;
Worship and thonke be to thy deitee.
Of that matere ye get no more of me.
Tale on thy Tale, Manciple, I thee pray.
Wel, Sire, quod he, now herkeneth what I say.

THE MANCIPLES TALE *.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,
As olde bookes maken mentioun,
He was the moste lusty bacheler
Of all this world, and eke the best archer:
He slow Phiton the serpent as he lay
Sleping agains the sonne upon a day,
And many another noble worthy dede
He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.
Playen be coude on every minstralcie,
And singen that it was a melodie
To heren of his clere vois the soun:
Certes the King of Thebes Amphioun,
That with his singing walled the citee,
Coud never singen half se wel as he.
Therto he was the semelieste man
That is or was sithen the world began.
What nedeth it his feture to descrive?
For in this world n'is non so faire on live;
He was therwith fulfilled of gentillesse,
Of honour, and of parfite worthinesse.
This Phebus, that was floure of bachelerie,
As wel in fredom as in chivalrie,
For his disport, in signe eke of victorie
Of Phiton, so as telleth us the storie,
Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe.
Which in a cage he fostred many a day,
And taught it speken, as men teche a jay.
Whit was this crowe, as is a snow-whit swan,
And contrefete the speche of every man
He coude whan he shulde tell a tale:
Therwith in all this world no nightingale
Ne coude by an hundred thousand del
Singen so wonder merily and wel.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif
Which that he loved more than his lif,
And night and day did ever his diligence
Hire for to pless and don hire reverence;
Save only, if that I the soth shal sain,
Jelous he was, and world have kept hire fain,
For him were loth yjaped for to be,
And so is every wight in swiche degree:
But all for nought, for it availeth nought.
A good wif, that is clene of werk and thought,
Shuld not be kept in non await certain;
And trewely the labour is in vain
To kepe a shrewe, for it wol not be.
This hold I for a veray nicetee
To spillen labour for to kepen wives;
Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.
But now to purpos as I first began.
This worthy Phebus doth all that he can
To plesen hire, wening thurgh swiche plesance,
And for his manhood and his governance,
That no man shulde put him from hire grace;
But God it wote ther may no man embrace
As to destreine a thing which that Nature
Hath naturelly set in a creature.
Take any brid and put it in a cage,
And do all thin entente and thy corage
To foster it tendrely with mete and drinke
Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke,
And kepe it al so clenely as thou may,
Although the cage of gold be never so gay,
Yet had this brid by twenty thousand fold
Lever in a forest that is wilde and cold
Gon eten wormes and swiche wretchednesse:
For ever this brid will don his besinesse
To escape out of his cage whan that he may:
His libertee the brid desireth ay.
Let take a cat, and foster hire with milke
And tendre flesh, and make hire couche of silke,
And let hire see a mous go by the wall,
Anon she weiveth milke and flesh and all,
And every deintee that is in that hous,
Swiche appetit hath she to ete the mous.
Lo, here hath kind hire domination,
And appetit flemeth discretion.
A she-wolf hath also a vilains kind;
The lewedeste wolf that she may find,
Or lest of reputation, wol she take
In time whan hire lost to have a make.
All thise ensamples speke I by thise men
That ben untrewe, and nothing by women;

* Phoebus kepeth a white crow which can speak as a jay. The crow accuseth his wife, of whom he was too jealouse, to have played false in his absence; hereupon with an arrow he slayeth his wife but after repenting of his rashness he taketh revenge of the crow. *Urry.*

n have ever a likerous appetit
er thing to parforme hir delit
n hir wives, be they never so faire,
er so trewe, ne so debonaire.
s so newefangle, with meschance,
ve ne con in nothing have plesance
buneth unto vertue any while.
Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
red was for all his jolitee,
der him another hadde she,
of litel reputation,
t worth to Phebus in comparison:
ore harme is: it happeth often so,
ich ther cometh mochel harme and wo.
so befell whan Phebus was absent
if anon hath for hire lemman sent.
emman! certes that is a knavish speche;
re it me, and that I you beseche;
wise Plato fayth, as ye mow rede,
ord must nede accorden wit the dede:
shul tellen proprely a thing
ord must cosin be to the werking.
boistous man, right thus say I;
no difference trewely
t a wif that is of high degree
ire body dishonest she be)
ny poure wenche, other than this,
o be they werken both amis)
the gentil is in estat above
al be cleped his Lady and his Love,
r that other is a poure woman
al be cleped his Wenche and his Lemman;
od it wote, mine owen dere brother!
y as low that on as lith that other.
t so betwixt a titleles tiraunt
n outlawe, or elles a these erraunt,
me I say; ther is no difference,
lexander told was this sentence)
the tyrant is of greter might
e of meine for to sle doun right,
rennen hous and hom, and make all plain,
rfore is he cleped a Capitain;
r the outlawe hath but smale meine,
ay not do so gret an harme as he,
ng a contree to so gret meschiefe.
lepen him an Outlawe or a Thefe.
for I am a man not textuel
ot tell of textes never a del;
go to my Tale as I began.
n Phebus wif had sent for hire lemman
they wroughten all hir lust volage.
hite crowe, that heng ay in the cage,
hir werke, and sayde never a word;
han that home was come Phebus the lord
rowe song Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow!
t? brid, quod Phebus, what song singest thou
re thou wont so merily to sing, [now?
o my herte it was a rejoysing
re thy vois? Alas! what song is this!
God, quod he, I singe not amis.
s, (quod he) for all thy worthinesse,
l thy beautee and all thy gentillesse,
l thy song and all thy minstralcie,
l thy waiting, blered is thin eye
With on of litel reputation,
Not worth to thee as in comparison
The mountance of a gnat, so mote I thrive,
For on thy bedde thy wif I saw him swive.
What wol you more? the crowe anon him told,
By sade tokenes and by wordes bold,
How that his wif had don hire lecherie
Him to gret shame and to gret vilanie,
And told him oft he sawe it with his eyen.
This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien:
Him thought his woful herte brast atwo;
His bowe he bent, and set therin a flo,
And in his ire he hath his wif yslain:
This is the effect, ther is no more to sain;
For sorwe of which he brake his minstralcie,
Both harpe and lute, giterne and sautrie,
And eke he brake his arwes and his bowe,
And after that thus spake he to the crowe:
Traitour, quod he, with tonge of scorpion
Thou hast me brought to my confusion:
Alas that I was wrought! why n'ere I dede!
O dere wif, o gemme of lustyhede!
That were to me so sade and eke so trewe,
Now liest thou ded, with face pale of hewe,
Ful gilteles, that durst I swere ywis.
O rakel hond! to do so foule a mis:
O troubled wit, o ire reccheles!
That unadvised smitest gliteles:
O wantrust! ful of false suspecion,
Wher was thy wit and thy discretion?
O! every man beware of rakelnesse,
Ne trowe no thing withouten strong witnesse:
Smite not to sone er that ye weten why,
And beth avised wel and sikerly
Or ye do any execution
Upon your ire for suspecion.
Alas! a thousand folk hath rakel ire
Fully sordon, and brought hem in the mire.
Alas! for sorwe I wol myselven sle.
And to the crowe, O false thefe! said he,
I wol thee quite anon thy false tale;
Thou song whilom like any nightingale,
Now shalt thou, false thefe, thy song forgon,
And eke thy white fethers everich on,
Ne never in all thy lif ne shalt thou speke;
Thus shul men on a traitour ben awreke.
Thou and thin offspring ever shul be blake,
Ne never swete noise shul ye make,
But ever crie ageins tempest and rain,
In token that thurgh thee my wif is slain.
And to the crowe he stert, and that anon,
And pulled his white fethers everich on,
And made him blak, and rast him all his song
And eke his speche, and out at dore him slong
Unto the devil, which I him betake;
And for this cause ben alle crowes blake.
Lordings, by this ensample I you pray
Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye say,
Ne telleth never man in all your lif
How that another man hath dight his wif;
He wol you haten mortally certain.
Dan Salomon, as wise clerkes sain,
Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel;
But, as I sayd, I am no textuel;

But natheles thus taughte me my dame;
My sone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name:
My sone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend;
A wicked tonge is worse than a fend:
My sone, from a fende men may hem blesse;
My sone, God of his endeles goodnesse
Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,
For man shuld him avisen what he speke:
My sone, ful often for to mochel speche
Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes teche,
But for a litel speche avisedly
Is no man shent, to speken generally:
My sone, thy tonge shuldest thou restreine
At alle time, but whan thou dost thy peine
To speke of God in honour and prayere:
The firste vertue, sone, if thou wolt lere,
Is to restraine and kepen wel thy tonge;
Thus leren children whan that they be yonge:
My sone, of mochel speking evil avised,
Ther lesse speking had ynough suffised,
Cometh mochel harme: thus was me told and taught,
In mochel speche sinne wanteth naught.
Wost thou wherof a rakel tonge serveth?
Right as a swerd forcutteth and forkerveth
An arme atwo, my dere sone! right so
A tonge cutteth frendship all atwo:
A jangler is to God abhominable:
Rede Salomon, so wise and honourable,
Rede David in his Psalmes, rede Seneck.
My sone, speke not but with thyn hed thou beck
Dissimule as thou were dese if that thou here
A janglour speke of perilous matere.
The Fleming sayth, and lerne if that thee lest,
That litel jangling causeth mochel rest.
My sone, if thou no wicked word hast said
Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;
But he that hath missayd, I dare wel sain,
He may by no way clepe his word again.
Thing that is sayd is sayd, and forth it goth;
Though him repent, or be him never so loth,
He is his thral to whom that he hath sayd
A tale of which he is now evil apaid.
My sone, beware, and be non auctour newe
Of tidings whether they ben false or trewe:
Wher so thou come, amonges high or lowe,
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe.

THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

By that the Manciple had his tale ended
The ſonne fro the ſouth line was deſcended
So lowe, that it ne was not to my ſight
Degrees nine-and-twenty as of hight.
Foure of the clok it was tho, as I geſſe,
For enleven foot, a litel more or leſſe,
My ſhadow was at thilke time as there,
Of ſwiche feet as my lengthe parted were
In ſix feet equal of proportion;
Therwith the mones exaltation,
I mene Libra, alway gan aſcende
As we were entring at the thorpes ende;
For which our Hoſte, as he was wont to gie
As in this cas our jolly compagnie,
Said in this wiſe; Lordings everich on,
Now lacketh us no Tales mo than on:
Fulfilled is my ſentence and my decree;
I trowe that we han herd of eche degree:
Almoſt fulfilled in myn ordinance;
I pray to God ſo yeve him right good chance
That telleth us this Tale luſtily.
Sire Preeſt, quod he, art thou a vicary,
Or art thou a Perſon? ſay ſoth by thy fay.
Be what thou be ne breke thou not our play,
For every man ſave thou hath told his Tale.
Unbokel and ſhew us what is in thy male;
For trewely me thinketh by thy chere
Thou ſhuldeſt knitte up wel a gret matere.
Tell us a fable anon, for cockes bones.
This Perſon him anſwerd al at ones;
Thou geteſt fable non ytold for me,
For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,
Repreveth hem that weiven ſothfaſtneſſe,
And tellen fables and ſwiche wretchedneſſe.
Why ſhuld I ſowen draf out of my fiſt
Whan I may ſowen whete if that me liſt?
For which I ſay, if that you liſt to here
Moralitee and vertuous matere,
And than that ye wol yeve me audience,
I wold ful fain at Criſtes reverence
Don you pleſance leful, as I can;
But truſteth wel I am a ſotherne man;
I cannot geſte, rom, ram, ruf, by my letter,
And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better:
And therfore if you liſt, I wol not gloſe,
I wol you tell a litel Tale in proſe
To knitte up all this feſte and make an ende;
And Jeſu for his grace wit me ſende
To ſhewen you the way in this viage
Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage
That hight Jeruſalem celeſtial:
And if ye vouchefauf anon I ſhal
Beginne upon my Tale, for which I pray
Tell your avis: I can no better ſay.
But natheles this meditation.
I put it ay under correction
Of clerkes, for I am not textuel:
I take but the ſentence, truſteth me wel:
Therfore I make a proteſtation
That I wol ſtanden to correction.
Upon this word we han aſſented ſone;
For as us ſemed it was for to done,
To enden in ſom vertuous ſentence,
And for to yeve him ſpace and audience,
And bade our Hoſte he ſhulde to him ſay
That alle we to tell his Tale him pray.
Our Hoſte had the wordes for us alle:
Sire Preeſt, quod he, now faire you befalle;
Say what you liſt, and we ſhul gladly here.
And with that word he ſaid in this manere;
Telleth, quod he, your meditation,
But haſteth you, the ſonne wol adoun:
Beth fructuous, and that in litel ſpace,
And to do wel God ſende you his grace.

THE PERSONES TALE*.

Our ſwete Lord God of heven, that no man wol periſh, but wol that we comen all to the knowleching of him, and to the bliſful lif that is pardurable, amoneſteth us by the prophet Jeremie, that ſayth in this wiſe, Stondeth upon the wayes, and ſeeth, and axeth of the olde pathes, that is to ſay, of olde ſentences, which is the good way, and walketh in that way, and ye ſhul finde refreſhing for your ſoules. Many ben the wayes ſpirituel that leden folk to our Lord Jeſu Criſt, and to the regne of glory; of which wayes ther is a ful noble way, and wel covenable, which may not faille to man, ne to woman that thurgh ſinne hath miſgon fro the right way of Jeruſalem celeſtial, and this way is cleped Penance, of which man ſhuld gladly herken and enqueren with all his herte, to wete what is penance, and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many maneres ben of actions or werkings of penance, and how many ſpices ther ben of penance, and which thinges apperteinen and behoven to penance, and which thinges diſtroublen penance.

Seint Ambroſe ſayth, that penance is the plaining of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine; and ſom doctour ſayth, Penance is the waymenting of man that forweth for his ſinne, and peineth himſelf for he hath miſdon. Penance with certain circumſtances is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himſelf in forwe and other peine for his giltes; and for he ſhal be veray penitent he ſhal firſt bewailen the ſinnes that he hath don, and ſtedfaſtly purpoſen in his herte to have ſhrift of mouth, and to don ſatisfaction, and never to don thing for which him ought more to bewayle or complaine, and to continue in good werkes, or elles his repentance may not availe: for, as Seint Iſidor ſayth, He is a japer and a gabber, and not veray repentant, that eftſones doth thing for which him oweth to repent. Weping, and not for to ſtint to do ſinne, may not availe. But natheles men ſhuld hope that at every time that man falleth, be it never ſo oft, that he may ariſe thurgh penance, if he have grace; but certain it is gret doute; for, as ſaith Seint Gregorie, Unnethes ariſeth he out of ſinne that is charged with the charge of evil uſage: and therfore repentant folk, that ſtint for to ſinne, and forlete ſinne or that ſinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem ſiker of hir ſalvation: and he that ſinneth and veraily repenteth him in his laſt day, holy chirche yet hopeth his ſalvation, by the grete mercy of our Lord Jeſu Criſt, for his repentance: but take ye the ſiker and certain way.

And now, ſith I have declared you what thing is penance; now ye ſhul underſtond that ther ben three actions of penance. The firſt is, that a man be baptiſed after that he hath ſinned. Seint Auguſtine ſayth, But he be penitent for his old ſinful lif, he may not beginne the newe clene lif; for certes, if he be baptiſed without penitence of his old gilt, he receiveth the marke of baptiſme, but not the grace, ne the remiſſion of his ſinnes, til he have very repentance. Another defaut is, that men don dedly ſinne after that they have received baptiſme. The thridde defaute is, that men fall in venial ſinnes after hir baptiſme fro day to day: therof ſayth Seint Auguſtin, that penance of good and humble folk is the penance of every day.

The ſpices of penance ben three. That on of hem is ſolempne, another is commune, and the thridde privee. Thilke penance that is ſolempne is in two maneres, as to be put out of holy chirche in lenton, for ſlaughter of children, and ſwiche maner thing: another is, whan a man hath ſinned openly, of which ſinne the fame is openly ſpoken in the contree, and than holy chirche by jugement diſtreyneth him for to do open penance: commun penance is that preeſtes enjoinen men in certain cas, as for to go paraventure naked on pilgrimage or bare foot: privee penance is thilke that men don all day for privee ſinnes, of which we ſhrive us prively, and receive privee penance.

Now ſhalt thou underſtond what is behoveful and neceſſary to every parfit penance; and this ſtont on three thinges, contrition of herte, confeſſion of mouth, and ſatisfaction; for which ſayth Seint John Chriſoſtome, Penance diſtreineth a man to accept benignely every peine that him is enjoined with contrition of herte, and ſhrift of mouth, with ſatisfaction, and werking of all maner humilitee. And this is fruitful penance ayenſt the three thinges in which we wrathen our Lord Jeſu Criſt; this is to ſay, by delit in thinking, by reche-

* *Jerem.* vi.; "State ſuper vias, et videte, et interrogate de ſemitis antiquis, quæ ſit via bona, et ambulate in ea: et invenietis refrigerium animabus veſtris." *Perry.*

in ſpeking, and by wicked ſinful werking: nſt thiſe wicked giltes is penance, that likened unto a tree.

ote of this tree is contrition, that hideth he herte of him that is veray repentant, the rote of the tree hideth him in the)f this rote of contrition ſpringeth a ſtalke eth branches and leves of confeſſion, and ſatisfaction; of which Criſt ſayth in his Doth ye digne fruit of penitence, for by t mow men underſtonde and knowe this I not by the rote that is hid in the herte ne by the branches, ne the leves of con- and therfore our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſaith the fruit of hem ſhal ye knowe hem. rote alſo ſpringeth a ſeed of grace, which noder of ſikerneſſe, and this ſeed is eger . The grace of this ſeed ſpringeth of God, remembrance on the day of dome and on a of helle. Of this matere ſayth Salo- at in the drede of God man forletteth his The hete of this ſede is the love of God, deſiring of the joye perdurable. This weth the herte of man to God, and doth te his ſinne; for ſothly ther is nothing oureth ſo ſote to a child as the milke of ce, ne nothing is to him more abhomina- that milke whan it is medled with other Right ſo the ſinful man that loveth his m ſemeth that it is to him moſt ſwete of g, but fro that time that he loveth ſadly d Jeſu Criſt, and deſireth the lifperdurable, to him nothing more abhominable; for he lawe of God is the love of God: for David the prophet ſayth, I have loved thy d hated wickedneſſe: he that loveth God his lawe and his word. This tree ſaw the Daniel in ſpirit upon the viſion of Na- onoſor, whan he conſeilled him to do pe- Penance is the tree of lif to hem that it ; and he that holdeth him in veray penance al, after the ſentence of Salomon.

is penance or contrition, man ſhal under- ure thinges; that is to ſay, what is contri- d which ben the cauſes that moven a man rition, and how he ſhuld be contrite, and ontrition availeth to the ſoule. Than is it at contrition is the veray ſorwe that a man th in his herte for his ſinnes, with ſad pur- hriven him, and to do penance, and never o don ſinne. And this ſorwe ſhal be in mer, as ſayth Seint Bernard; it ſhal ben d grevous, and ful ſharp and poinant in ſirit, for a man hath agilted his Lord and atour, and more ſharpe and poinant, for he gilted his father celeſtial, and yet more and poinant, for he hath wrathed and agilt- that boughte him, that with his precious th delivered us fro the bondes of ſinne, the crueltee of the devil, and fro the peines .

cauſes that ought to meve a man to con- ben ſixe. Firſt, a man ſhal remembre him innes; but loke that that remembrance ne im no delit by no way, but grete ſhame and for his ſinnes; for Job ſayth, Sinful men don werkes worthy of confeſſion; and therefore ſayth Ezechiel, I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif in the bitterneſſe of my herte: and God ſayth in the Apocalipſe, Remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye ſinned, ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne of God; but for your ſinne ye ben waxen thral, and foule membres of the fende, hate of angels, ſclaunder of holy chirche, and fode of the falſe ſerpent, perpetuel matere of the fire of helle, and yet more foule and abhominable for ye treſ- paſſen ſo oft times as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his own ſpewing, and yet fouler for your long continuing in ſinne, and your ſinful u- ſage, for which ye be roten in your ſinnes as a beeſt in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have ſhame of his ſinne and no delit, as God ſayth by the prophet Ezechiel, Ye ſhul remembre you of your wayes, and they ſhul diſpleſe you. Sothly ſinnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The ſecond cauſe that ought to make a man to have diſdeigne of ſinne is this, that, as ſaith Seint Peter, Who ſo doth ſinne is thral to ſinne, and ſinne putteth a man in gret thraldom, and ther- fore ſayth the prophet Ezechiel, I went ſorweful, and had diſdeigne of . ſelf. Certes wel ought a man have diſdeigne of ſinne, and withdraw him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what ſayth Seneke in this mater? He ſaith thus, Though I wiſt that neither God ne man ſhuld never know it, yet wold I have diſdeigne for to do ſinne. And the ſame Seneke alſo ſayth, I am borne to greter thinges than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man ne woman make of his body than for to yeve his body to ſinne: al were it the fouleſt chorle or the fouleſt woman that liveth, and leſt of value, yet is he than more foule and more in ſervitude. Ever fro the higher degree that man falleth, the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God! wel ought a man have diſdeigne of ſinne, ſith that thurgh ſinne ther he was free he is made bond: and therfore ſayth Seint Auguſtine, If thou haſt diſdeigne of thy ſervant, if he offend or ſinne, have thou than diſdeigne that thou thy ſelf ſhuldeſt do ſinne. Take reward of their owen value that thou ne be to foule to thyſelf. A- las! wel oughten they than have diſdeigne to be ſervants and thralles to ſinne, and ſore to be aſhamed of hemſelf, that God of his endles good- neſſe hath ſette in high eſtat, or yeve hem witte, ſtrength of body, hele, beautee, or proſperitee, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blood, that they ſo unkindly agains his gentil- leſſe quiten him ſo vilainſly, to ſlaughter of hir owen ſoules. O good God! ye women that ben of gret beautee, remembreth you on the pro- verbe of Salomon, that likeneth a faire woman that is a fool of hire body, to a ring of gold that is worne in the groine of a ſowe; for right as a ſowe wroteth in every ordure, ſo wroteth ſhe hire beautee in ſtinking ordure of ſinne.

The thridde cauſe that ought to meve a man to contrition, is drede of the day of dome, and of the

horrible peines of helle; for, as Seint Jerome sayth, At every time that me remembreth of the day of dome I quake; for whan I ete or drinke, or do what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres, Riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement. O good God! moche ought a man to drede swiche a jugement, ther as we shul be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the streit jugement of oure Lord Jesu Crist, wheras he shal make a general congregation, wheras no man may be absent; for certes, ther availeth non essoine, ne non excusation; and not only that our defautes shul be juged, but eke that all our werkes shul openly be knowen. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, Ther ne shal no pleting availe, ne no sleight: we shal yeve rekening of everich idle word: ther shal we have a juge that may not be deceived, ne corrupt: and why? for certes all our thoughtes ben discovered as to him: ne for prayer, ne for mede he wil not be corrupt; and therfore saith Salomon, The wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight for prayer, ne for yeft; and therfore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape; wherfore, as sayth Seint Anselme, Ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time: ther shal he the sterne and wroth juge sitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroye him that wolde not be knowen his sinnes, which sinnes shullen openly be shewed before God and before every creature; and on the left side no divels than any herte may thinke for to hary and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle; and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the worldall brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he mot come forth and shewe him; for certes, as saith Seint Jerome, the erth shal cast him out of it, and the see, and also the aire; that shal be ful of thonder clappes and lightnings. Now sothly, who so wil remembre him of these thinges I gesse that his sinnes shal not torne him to delit, but to grete sorwe for drede of the peine of helle; and therfore saith Job to God, Suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewaile and bewepe or I go without returning to the derke lond ycovered with the derkenesse of deth to the lond of misese and of derkenesse, wheras is the shadow of deth, wheras is non ordre ne ordinance, but grisly drede, that ever shal last. Lo, here may ye see that Job prayed respite awhile to bewepe and waile his trespas, for sothely on day of respite is better than all the tresour of this world; and for as moche as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by tresour, therfore should he pray to God to yeve him respite a while to bewepen and bewailen his trespas; for certes, all the sorwe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world, n'is but a litel thing at regard of the sorwe of helle. The cause why that Job clepeth helle the lond of derkenesse, understondeth that he clepeth it londe or erth, for it is stable and never shal faile, and derke, for he that is in helle hath defaute of light naturel; for certes the derke light that shal come out of the fire that ever shall brenne shall torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it sheweth hem the horrible divels that hem tormenten covered with the derkenesse of deth; that is to say, that he that is in helle shal have defaute of the sight of God, for certes the sight of God is the lif perdurable. The derkenesse of deth ben the sinnes that the wretched man hath don, which that distroublen him to see the face of God, right as a derke cloud betwene us and the sonne: it is londe of misese, because that ther ben three maner of defautes ayenst three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lif, that is to say, honoures, delites, and richesses. Ayenst honour have they in helle shame and confusion, for wel ye wote that men clepen honour the reverence that man doth to man, but in helle is non honour, ne reverence, for certes no more reverence shal be don ther to a king than to a knave; for which God saith by the prophet Jeremie, The folk that me despisen shal be in despite. Honour is also cleped gret lordeship: ther shal no wight serven other but of harme and turment. Honour is also cleped gret dignitee and highnesse; but in helle shal they be alle fortroden of divels: as God sayth, The horrible divels shul gon and comen upon the heddes of dampned folk; and this is, for as moche as the higher that they were in this present lif the more shul they be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenst the richesse of this world shul they have misese of poverte, and this poverte shall be in foure thinges, in defaute of tresour, of which David sayth, The riche folk, that enbraceden and oneden all hir herte to tresour of this world, shul slepe in the sleping of deth, and nothing ne shul they find in hir hondes of all hir tresour. And moreover, the misese of helle shall be in defaute of mete and drink; for God sayth thus by Moyses, They shul be wasted with honger, and the briddes of helle shul devoure hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body as of clothing, save the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they be in soule, of all maner vertues which that is the clothing of the soule. Wher ben than the gay robes, the soft shetes, and the fyn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the prophet Esaie? that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir covertures shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over, hir misese shal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend, for neither God, ne no good creature shal be frend to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The sonnes and the doughters shal rebel ayenst father and mother, and hired ayenst hired, and chiden and despisen eche other both day and night, as God sayth by the prophet Micheas; and the loving children, that whilom loveden so flesshly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might: for how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this lif? for truste wel hir flesshly love was dedly hate; as saith

the prophet David, Who so that loveth wickednesse he hateth his owen soule, and who so hateth his own soule certes he may love non other wight in no manere; and therefore in helle is no solace, ne no frendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle, the more cursing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate, ther is among hem. And further over, ther they shul have defaute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes, as sight, hering, smelling, savouring, and touching. But in helle hir sight shal be ful of derknesse and of smoke, and hir eyen ful of teres, and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as sayth Jesu Crist, Hir nose thirles shul be ful of stinking; and, as sayth Esay the prophet. Hir savouring shal be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body shall be covered with fire that never shal quenche, and with wormes that never shal die, as God sayth by the mouth of Esay, And for as moche as they shul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they understonde in the word of Job, that sayth, Ther is the shadow of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likenesse of the thing of which it is shadowed, but shadowe is not the same thing of which it is shadowed; right so fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth for the horrible anguish: and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they shuld die anon; but certes they shul not dien; for, as sayth Seint Gregory, To wretched caitifes shal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth shal alway live, and hir ende shal ever more beginne, and hir defaute shal never faile: and therfore sayth Seint John the Evangelist, They shul folow deth and they shul not finde him, and they shul desire to die and deth shal flee from hem. And eke Job saith, that in helle is non ordre of rule. And al be it so that God hath create all thing in right ordre, and nothing withouten ordre, but all thinges ben ordred and nombred, yet natheles they that ben dampned ben nothing in ordre, ne hold non ordre; for the erth shal bere hem no fruite; (for, as the prophet David sayeth, God shal destroy the fruite of the erth as fro hem) ne water shal yeve hem no moisture, ne the aire no refreshing, ne the fire no light: for, as sayth Seint Basil, The brenning of the fire of this world shal God yeve in helle to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the clernesse shal be yeve in heven to his children, right as the good man yeveth flesh to his children and bones to his houndes. And for they shul have non hope to escape, sayth Job at last, that ther shal horrour and grisly drede dwellen withouten ende. Horrour is alway drede of harme that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwel in the hertes of hem that ben dampned; and therfore han they lorne all hir hope for seven causes; first, for God, that is hir juge, shal be withouten mercie to hem, and they may not plese him ne ton of his halwes, ne they may yeve nothing for hir raunsom, ne they have no vois to speke to him, ne they may not flee fro peine, ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may shew to deliver hem fro peine; and therfore sayth Salomon, The wicked man dieth, and whan he is ded he shal have non hope to escape fro peine. Who so than wold wel understonde these peines, and bethinke him wel that he hath deserved these peines for his sinnes, certes he shulde have more talent to sighen and to wepe than for to singe and playe; for, as sayth Salomon, Who so that had the science to know the peines that ben established and ordeined for sinne he wold forsake sinne: That science, sayth Seint Austin, maketh a man to waimenten in his herte.

The fourthe point that oughte make a man have contrition is the sorweful remembrance of the good dedes that he hath lefte to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath lefte, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne ben all mortified, astoned, and dulled, by the eft sinning; the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne they ben utterly ded as to the lif perdurable in heven. Than thilke good werkes that ben mortified by eft sinning, which he did while he was in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray penitence: and therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel, If the rightful man retorne again fro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse shal he liven? nay; for all the good workes that he hath wrought shul never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus, that we shal understonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought beforn, for certes in the werking of dedly sinne ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don beforn; that is to say, as for to have therby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles the good werkes quicken again and comen again, and helpe and availe to have the lif perdurable in heven, whan we have contrition; but sothly the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, for as moche as they were don in dedly sinne, they may never quicken; for certes thing that never had lif, may never quicken; and natheles al be it so that they availen not to have the lif perdurable, yet availen they to abreggen the peine of helle, or elles to get temporal richesses, or elles that God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke they availen for to usen a man to do good werkes that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the certeis Lord Jesu Crist ne woll that no good werk that men don be loste, for in somwhat it shal availe. But for as moche as the good werkes that men don while they ben in good lif ben all amortised by sinne folowing, and eke sith all the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif perdurable, wel may that man that no good werk ne doth

ſing thilke newe Frenſhe ſong, *J' ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour*; for certes ſinne bereveth a man both goodneſſe of nature and eke the goodneſſe of grace; for ſothly the grace of the Holy Goſt fareth like fire that may not ben idle, for fire ſaileth anon as it forletteth his werking, and right ſo grace faileth anon as it forletteth his werking. Than leſeth the ſinful man the goodneſſe of glorie, that only is hight to good men that labouren and werken wel. Wel may he be ſory than that oweth all his lif to God as long as he hath lived, and alſo as long as he ſhal live, that no goodneſſe ne hath to paie with his dette to God, to whom he oweth all his lif; for truſt wel he ſhal yeve accomptes, as ſayth Seint Bernard, of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in this preſent lif, and how he hath hem diſpended, in ſo moche that ther ſhal not periſhe an here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne ſhal not periſhe of his time that he ne ſhal yeve therof a rekening.

The fifthe thing that ought to meve a man to contrition is remembrance of the paſſion that our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſuffered for our ſinnes; for, as ſayth Seint Bernard, While that I live I ſhal have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord Jeſu Criſt ſuffered in preching, his werineſſe in traveling, his temptations whan he faſted, his long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan he wept for pitee of good peple, the wo, and the ſhame, and the filthe, that men ſayden to him, of the foule ſpitting that met ſpitten in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him, of the foule mouthes and of the foule repreves that men ſaiden to him, of the nayles with which he was nailed to the croſſe, and of all the remenant of his paſſion that he ſuffred for mannes ſinne, and nothing for his gilte. And here ye ſhul underſtand that in mannes ſinne is every maner order or ordinance tourned up ſo doun; for it is ſoth that God and reſon, and ſenſualitee, and the body of man, ben ordained that everich of thiſe foure thinges ſhuld have lordſhip over that other, as thus; God ſhuld have lordſhip over reſon, and reſon over ſenſualitee, and ſenſualitee over the body of man. But ſothly whan man ſinneth al this ordre or ordinance is turned up ſo doun; and therfore than, for as moche as reſon of man ne wol not be ſubget ne obeiſant to God, that is his Lord, by right therfore leſeth it the lordſhip that it ſhuld have over ſenſualitee, and eke over the body of man: and why? for ſenſualitee rebelleth than ayenſt reſon, and by that way leſeth reſon the lordſhip over ſenſualitee and over the body; for right as reſon is rebel to God, right ſo is ſenſualitee rebel to reſon and the body alſo. And certes this diſordinance and this rebellion our Lord Jeſu Criſt abought upon his precious body ful dere: and herkeneth in whiche wiſe; for as moche as reſon is rebel to God, therfore is man worthy to have forwe, and to be ded: this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt for man after that he had be betraied of his diſciple, and diſtreined and bounde, ſo that his blood braſt out at every nail of his hondes, as ſaith Seint Auguſtin. And ferthermore, for as moche as reſon of man wol not daunt ſenſualitee whan it may, therfore is man worthy to have ſhame; and this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt for man whan they ſpitten in his viſage. And fertherover, for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reſon and to ſenſualitee, therfore it is worthy the deth; and this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt upon the croſſe, wheras ther was no part of his body free without grete peine and bitter paſſion; and all this ſuffred our Lord Jeſu Criſt that never forfaited: and thus ſayd he; To mochel am I peined for thinges that I never deſerved, and to moche defouled for ſhendſhip that man is worthy to have: and therfore may the ſinful man wel ſay, as ſayth Seint Bernard, Accurſed be the bitterneſſe of my ſinne, for whiche ther muſt be ſuffered ſo moche bitterneſſe: for certes after the divers diſcordance of our wickedneſſe was the paſſion of Jeſu Criſt ordeined in divers thinges, as thus; certes ſinful mannes ſoule is betraied of the divel by coveitiſe of temporel proſperitee, and ſcorned by diſceite whan he cheſeth fleſhly delites, and yet it is turmented by impatience of adverſitee, and beſpet by ſervage and ſubjection of ſinne, and at the laſt it is ſlain finally. For this diſcordance of ſinful man was Jeſu Criſt firſt betraied, and after that was he bounde that came for to unbinde us of ſinne and of peine; than was he beſcorned that only ſhuld have ben honoured in alle thinges and of alle thinges; than was his viſage, that ought to be deſired to be ſeen of all mankind (in which viſage angels deſiren to loke) vilainſly beſpet; than was he ſcourged that nothing had treſpaſſed; and, finally, than was he crucified and ſlain: than were accompliſhed the wordes of Eſaie, He was wounded for our miſdedes, and defouled for our ſelonies. Now ſith that Jeſu Criſt toke on himſelf the peine of all our wickednesſes, moche ought ſinful man to wepe and to bewaile that for his ſinnes Goddes ſone of heven ſhuld all this peine endure.

The ſixte thing that ſhuld move a man to contrition is the hope of three thinges; that is to ſay, foryeveneſſe of ſinne, and the yeſt of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of heven, with whiche God ſhal guerdon man for his good dedes: and for as moche as Jeſu Criſt yeveth us thiſe yeftes of his largeneſſe and of his ſoveraine bountee, therfore is he cleped *Jeſus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum*. Jeſus is for to ſay Saviour or Salvation, on whom men ſhul hopen to have foryeveneſſe of ſinnes, which that is proprely ſalvation of ſinnes; and therfore ſayd the angel to Joſeph, Thou ſhalt clepe his name Jeſus that ſhal ſaven his peple of hir ſinnes. And hereof ſaith Seint Peter, Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to any man, by which a man may be ſaved but only Jeſus. Nazarenus is as moche for to ſay as floriſhing, in which a man ſhal hope that he that yeveth him remiſſion of ſinnes ſhal yeve him alſo grace wel for to do; for in the flour is hope of fruit in time coming, and in foryeveneſſe of ſinnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore of thine herte, ſayth Jeſus, and clepeth for to enter; be

neth to me ſhal have foryeveneſſe of his
nd I wol enter into him by my grace, and
ith him by the good werkes that he ſhal
ich werkes ben the food of God, and he
e with me by the gret joye that I ſhal
n. Thus ſhal man hope that for his werkes
nce God ſhal yeve him his regne, as he be-
m in the Goſpel.

ſhal man underſtande in which maner ſhal
ontrition. I ſay that it ſhal be univerſal
l; this is to ſay, a man ſhal be veray re-
for all his ſinnes that he hath don in delite
hought, for delite is perilous: for ther
maner of conſentinges; that on of hem
l Conſenting of Affection, whan a man
l to do ſinne, and than deliteth him longe
inke on that ſinne, and his reſon apper-
it wel that it is ſinne ayenſt the lawe of
d yet his reſon refraineth not his ſoule
talent though he ſee wel apertly that it is
he reverence of God; although his reſon
not to do that ſinne indede, yet ſayn ſom
that ſwiche delite that dwelleth longe is
ous, al be it never ſo lite: and alſo a man
rrow, namely for all that ever he hath de-
nſt the lawe of God, with parfite con-
of his reſon, for therof is no doute that
ly ſinne in conſenting; for certes ther is
ſinne but that it is firſt in mannes thought,
r that in his delite, and ſo forth into con-
and into dede; wherfore I ſay that many
repent hem never of ſwiche thoughtes
tes, ne never ſhriven hem of it, but only
dede of gret ſinnes outward; wherfore I
ſwiche wicked delites ben ſubtil begilers
that ſhul be dampned. Moreover, man
o forwen for his wicked wordes as wel as
wicked dedes, for certes repentance of a
ſinne, and not repentant of all his other
r elles repenting him of all his other ſinnes
of a ſinguler ſinne, may not availe; for
od Almighty is all good, and therfore
e foryeveth all, or elles right nought; and
ſayth Seint Auguſtin, I wote certainly
l is enemy to every ſinner: and how than?
obſerveth on ſinne ſhal he have foryeve-
the remenant of his other ſinnes? nay.
rtherover, contrition ſhuld be wonder
and anguiſhous, and therfore yeveth
l plainly his mercie: and therfore whan
e was anguiſhous, and forweful within
n had I remembrance of God that my
ight come to him. Furtherover, contri-
te be continuel, and that man have ſted-
oſe to ſhrive him and to amend him of his
ſothly while contrition laſteth man may
e to have foryeveneſſe: and of this com-
of ſinne, that deſtroyeth ſinne bothe in
and eke in other folk at his power; for
ayth David, They that love God hate
eſſe; for to love God is for to love that
l, and hate that he hateth.

aſt thing that men ſhull underſtand in
n is this, wherof availeth contrition. I ſay that contrition ſomtime delivereth man fro ſinne; of which David ſaith, I ſay, (quod David) I purpoſed fermely to ſhrive me, and thou Lord releſedeſt my ſinne. And right ſo as contrition availeth not without ſad purpos of ſhrift and ſatisfaction, right ſo litel worth is ſhrift or ſatisfaction withouten contrition. And moreover, contrition deſtroyeth the priſon of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the ſtrengthes of the devils, and reſtoreth the yeſtes of the Holy Goſt and of all good vertues, and it clenſeth the ſoule of ſinne, and delivereth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compagnie of the devil, and fro the ſervage of ſinne, and reſtoreth it to all goodes ſpirituel, and to the compagnie and communion of holy chirche. And furtherover, it maketh him that whilom was ſone of ire to be the ſone of grace: and all theſe thinges ben preved by holy writ; and therfore he that wold ſet his entent to thiſe thinges he were ful wiſe; for ſothly he ne ſhuld have than in all his lif corage to ſinne, but yeve his herte and body to the ſervice of Jeſu Criſt, and therof do him homage; for certes our Lord Jeſu Criſt hath ſpared us ſo benignely in our folies, that if he had ne pitee on mannes ſoule a fory ſong might we alle ſinge.

Explicit prima pars penitentiæ, et incipit pars ſecunda.

The ſecond part of penitence is confeſſion, and that is ſigne of contrition. Now ſhul ye underſtonde what is confeſſion, and whether it ought nedes to be don or non, and which thinges ben convenable to veray confeſſion.

Firſt ſhalt thou underſtande that confeſſion is veray ſhewing of ſinnes to the preeſt; this is to ſaie veray, for he muſt confeſſe him of all the conditions that belongen to his ſinne as ferforth as he can: all muſt be ſayd, and nothing excuſed, ne hid, ne forwrapped, and not avaunt him of his good werkes: alſo it is neceſſarie to underſtande whennes that ſinnes ſpringen, and how they encreſen, and which they ben.

Of ſpringing of ſinnes ſaith Seint Poule in this wiſe; that right as by on man ſinne entred firſt into this world, and thurgh ſinne deth, right ſo deth entreth into alle men that ſinnen: and this man was Adam, by whom ſinne entred into this world whan he brake the commandement of God: and therfore he that firſt was ſo mighty that he ne ſhuld have died, became ſwiche on that he muſt nedes die whether he wold or no; and all his progenie in this that in thilke maner ſinnen dien. Loke that in the eſtate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve weren naked in Paradiſe, and no thing ne hadden ſhame of hir nakedneſſe, how that the ſerpent, that was moſt wily of all other beſtes that God had made, ſayd to the woman, Why commanded God you that ye ſhuld not ete of every tree in Paradiſe? The woman anſwered, Of the fruit, ſayd ſhe, of the trees of Paradiſe we feden us, but of the fruit of the tree that is in the middel of Paradiſe, God forbode us for to eten, no to touche it, leſt we ſhuld die. The ſerpent ſayd to the woman, Nay, nay, ye ſhul not dien of deth

for foth God wote that what day that ye ete ther-of your eyen shul open, and ye shul be as goddes, knowing good and harme. The woman saw that the tree was good to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to the sight; she toke of the fruit of the tree and did ete, and yáve to hire husbond, and he ete; and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan they knewe that they were naked, they sowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches to hiden hir members. Here mow ye seen that dedly sinne hath first suggestion of the fende, as sheweth here by the adder, and afterward the delit of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve, and after that the consenting of reson, as sheweth by Adam: for trust wel though so it were that the fende tempted Eve, that is to say, the flesh, and the flesh had delit in the beautee of the fruit defended, yet certes til that reson, that is to say Adam, consented to the eting of the fruit, yet stode he in the state of innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke sinne original; from him fleshly descended be we all, and engendred of vile and corrupt mater; and whan the soule is put in our bodies, right anon is contract original sinne, and that that was erst but only peine of concupiscence is afterward both peine and sinne; and therfore we ben all yborne sones of wrath and of damnation perdurable, if ne were baptisme that we receive, which benimeth us the culpe: but forfoth the peine dwelleth with us as to temptation, which peine hight concupiscence. This concupiscence, whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordeined in man, it maketh him coveit, by coveitise of flesh, fleshly sinne by sight of his eyen, as to erthly thinges, and also coveitise of highnesse by pride of herte.

Now, as to speke of the first coveitise, that is, concupisence, after the lawe of our membres that were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful jugement of God, I say, for as moche as a man is not obeisant to God that is his Lord, therfore is his herte to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which is called nourishing of sinne, and occasion of sinne; therfore all the while that a man hath within him the peine of concupisence it is impossible but he be tempted somtime, and moved in his flesh to sinne. And this thing may not faile as long as he liveth; it may wel waxe feble by vertue of baptisme, and by the grace of God thurgh penitence, but fully ne shal it never quenche, that he ne shal somtime be meved in himselfe but if he were refreined by sikenesse, or malefice of sorcerie, or cold drinkes. For lo, what sayth Seint Poule? The flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirit, and the spirit ayenst the flesh; they ben so contrarie and so striven that a man may not alway do as he wold. The same Seint Poule, after his gret penance in water and in lond; in water by night and by day in gret peril and in gret peine, in lond in grete famine and thrust, cold and clothles, and ones stoned almost to deth, yet sayd he, Alas! I caitif man, who shal deliver me fro the prison of my caitif body? And Seint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in desert, whereas he had no compagnie but of wilde bestes, wheras he had no mete but herbes, and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erth, wherfore his flesh was black as an Ethiopian for hete, and nie destroyed for cold, yet sayd he that the brenning of letherie boiled in all his body: wherfore I wot wel sikerly that they be deceived that say they be not tempted in hir bodies; witnesse Seint James, that said that every wight is tempted in his owen conscience; that is to say, that eche of us hath mater and occasion to be tempted of the nourishing of sinne that is in his body; and therfore sayth Seint John the Evangelist, If we say that we ben without sinne we deceive ourself, and truth is not in us.

Now shul ye understonde in what maner sinne wexeth and encreseth in man. The first thing is that nourishing of sinne of which I spake before, that is, concupiscence; and after that cometh suggestion of the devil, this is to say, the divels bellows, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiscence; and after that a man bethinketh him whether he wol do or no that thing to which he is tempted; and than if a man withstond and weive the first entising of his flesh and of the fend than it is no sinne; and if so be he do not, than feleth he anon a flame of delit, and than it is good to beware and kepe him wel, or elles he wol fall anon to consenting of sinne, and than wol he do it if he may have time and place. And of this mater sayth Moyses by the devil in this maner; The fend sayth, I wol chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion, and I wol hent him by meving and stirring of sinne, and I wol depart my pris or my prey by deliberation, and my lust shal be accomplised in delit; I wol draw my swerd in consenting; (for certes right as a swerd departeth a thing in two peces, right so consenting departeth God fro man) and than wol I sle him with my hond in dede of sinne. Thus sayth the fend, for certes than is a man al ded in soule; and thus is sinne accomplised by temptation, by delit, and by consenting, and than is the sinne actuel.

Forfoth sinne is in two maners; either it is venial or dedly sinne. Sothly whan a man loveth any creature more than Jesu Crist our creatour, than it is dedly sinne; and venial sinne it is if a man love Jesu Crist lesse than him ought. Forfoth the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous, for it amenuseth the love that man shuld have to God more and more; and therfore if a man charge himself with many swiche venial sinnes, certes but if so be that he somtime discharge him of hem by shrift, they may wel lightly amenuse in him all the love that he hath to Jesu Crist. And in this wise skippeth venial sinne into dedly sinne; for certes the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial sinnes, the more he is enclined to fall into dedly sinne; and therfore let us not be negligent to discharge us of venial sinnes; for the proverbe sayth that many smal maken a gret. And herken this ensample: a gret wawe of the see cometh somtime with so gret a violence that it drencheth the ship; and the same harme do somtime the smal dropes of water that enteren thurgh a lite crevis in the thurrok, and in the bottom of the

nen ben ſo negligent that they diſcharge by time; and therfore although ther be e betwix thiſe two cauſes of drenching al- e ſhip is dreint. Right ſo fareth it ſom- dedly ſinne and of anoious venial ſinnes, ey multiplie in man ſo gretly that thilke things that he loveth, thurgh which he venially, is as gret in his herte as the love or more; and therfore the love of every at is not beſet in God, ne don principally les ſake, although that a man love it leſſe d, yet it is venial ſinne; and dedly ſinne the love of any thing weigheth in the man as moche as the love of God, or Dedly ſinne, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, is man tourneth his herte fro God, whiche veray ſoveraine bountee, that may not , and yeveth his herte to thing that may and ſlitte; and certes that is every thing d of heven: for ſoth is that if a man yeve which that he oweth to God with all his nto a creature, certes as moche of his love eth to the ſame creature, ſo moche he be- o God, and therfore doth he ſinne; for s dettour to God ne yeldeth not to God lette, that is to ſayn, all the love of his

ſith man underſtondeth generally which ſinne, than is it convenable to tell ſpeci- nnes whiche that many a man peraven- eth hem no ſinnes, and ſhriveth him not me, and yet natheles they be ſinnes ſothly, clerkes writen; this is to ſay, at every it man eteth and drinketh more than ſuf- the ſuſtenance of his body, in certain he ne; eke whan he ſpeketh more than it he doth ſinne; eke whan he herkeneth gnely the complaint of the poure; eke is in hele of body, and wol not faſt whan k faſt, without cauſe reſonable; eke whan h more than nedeth, or whan he cometh enchefon to late to chirche, or to other f charitee; eke whan he uſeth his wif n ſoveraine deſire of engendrure, to the f God, or for the entent to yeld his wif of his body; eke whan he wol not viſite or the priſoner if he may; eke if he love ild, or other worldly thing, more than quireth; eke if he flater or blandiſe more oughte for any neceſſitee; eke if he ame- withdrawe the almeſſe of the poure; eke araile his mete more delicioufly than nede it to haſtily by likerouſneſſe; eke if he aitees in the chirche, or at Goddes ſervice, ie be a taler of idle wordes of folie or vi- r he ſhal yeld accomptes of it at the day ; eke whan he behighteth or aſſureth to ges that he may not perſourme; eke at he by lightneſſe of foly miſſayeth or his neighbour; eke whan he hath ony ſuſpecion of thing ther he ne wote of it no eſſe. Thiſe thinges, and mo withouten be ſinnes, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine. Now underſtonde that al be it ſo that non erthly man may eſchewe al venial ſinnes, yet may he refreine him by the brenning love that he hath to our Lord Jeſu Criſt, and by prayer and confeſ- ſion, and other good werkes, ſo that it ſhal but litel grieve: for, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, If a man love God in ſwiche maner that all that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the love of God veraily, for he brenneth in the love of God, loke how moche that o drope of water which fal- leth into a fourneis ful of fire anoieth or greveth the brenning of the fire, in like maner anoieth or greveth a venial ſinne unto that man whiche is ſtedfaſt and parfite in the love of our Saviour Je- ſu Criſt. Furthermore, men may alſo refreine and put away venial ſinne by receiving worthily the precious body of Jeſu Criſt, by receiving eke of holy water, by almes dede, by general confeſſion of *confiteor* at maſſe, and at prime, and at complin, and by bleſſing of biſhoppes and preeſtes, and by other good werkes.

De Septem Peccatis Mortalibus.

Now it is behovely to tellen whiche ben dedly ſinnes, that is to ſay, chiefetaines of ſinnes, for as moche as all they ren in o lees, but in divers ma- ners. Now ben they cleped chiefetaines for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem ſpringen all other ſinnes. The rote of thiſe ſinnes than is pride, the general rote of all harmes, for of this rote ſpringen certain braunches, as ire, envie, ac- cide or ſlouthe, avariſe or coveitiſe, (to common underſtonding) glotonie, and lecherie; and eche of thiſe chief ſinnes hath his braunches and his twigges, as ſhal be declared in hir chapitres fol- lowing.

De Superbia.

And though ſo be that no man knoweth utter- ly the nombre of the twigges and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I ſhew a partie of hem as ye ſhul underſtond. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocriſie, deſpit, arrogance, impudence, ſwelling of herte, inſolence, elation, impatience, ſtrif, contumacie, preſumption, irreverence, perti- nacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Inobedient is he that diſobeyeth for deſpit to the commandements of God, and to his ſoveraines, and to his goſtly ſader; avaun- tour is he that boſteth of the harme or of the boun- tee that he hath don; ipocrite is he that hideth to ſhew him ſwiche as he is, and ſheweth him to ſeme ſwiche as he is not; deſpitous is he that hath diſ- dain of his neighebour, that is to ſayn, of his even Criſten, or hath deſpit to do that him ought to do; arrogant is he that thinketh that he hath thoſe bountees in him that he hath not, or weneth that he ſhulde have hem by his deſerving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not; impudent is he that for his pride hath no ſhame of his ſinnes; ſwelling of herte is whan man rejoyeeth him of harme that he hath don; inſolent is he that deſ- piſeth in his jugement all other folk as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his ſpeking, and of

his bering; elation is whan he ne may neither suffre to have maistre ne felawe; impatient is he that wol not be taught ne undernome of his vice, and by strif werrieth truth wetingly, and defendeth his foly; *contumax* is he that thurgh his indignation is ayenst every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his soveraines; presumption is whan a man undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called surquidrie; irreverence is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be reverenced; pertinacie is whan man defendeth his foly, and trusteth to moche in his owen wit; vaineglorie is for to have pompe and delit in his temporel highnesse, and glorye him in his worldly estate; jangling is whan man speketh to moche before folk, and clappeth as a mille, and taketh no kepe what he sayth.

And yet ther is a privee spice of pride that waiteth first to be salewed or he wol salew, all be he lesse worthy than that other is; and eke he waiteth to sit or to go above him in the way, or kisse the pax, or ben encensed or gon to offering before his neighbour, and swiche semblable thinges, ayenst his deutee peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente in swiche a proude desire to be magnified and honoured beforn the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on of hem is within the herte of a man, and that other is without; of whiche sothly thise foresayd thinges, and mo than I have sayd, apperteinen to pride that is within the herte of man; and ther be other, spices of pride that ben withouten; but natheless that on of thise spices of pride is signe of that other, right as they gay Levesell at the taverne is signe of the win that is in the celler. And this is in many thinges, as in speche and contenance, and outragious array of clothing; for certes if there had ben no sinne in clothing Crist wold not so sone have noted and spoken of the clothing of thilke rich man in the Gospel; and, as Seint Gregory sayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the derth of it, and for his softnesse, and for his strangenesse and disguising, and for the superfluitee or for the inordinate scantnesse of it. Alas! may not a man see as in our daies the sinneful costlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluitee, or elles in to disordinate scantnesse.

As to the first sinne, in superfluitee, of clothing, whiche that maketh it so dere, to the harm of the peple, not only the coste of the enbrouding, the disguising, endenting or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending, and semblable wast of cloth in vanitee but ther is also the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so muche pounsoning of chesel to maken holes, so moche dagging of sheres, with the superfluitee in length of the foresaide gounes, trailing in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is veraily (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong, rather than it is yeven to the poure, to get damage of the foresayd poure folk, and that in sondry wise: this is to sayn, the more that cloth is wasted the more must it cost the pour peple for the sca and furtherover, if so be that they wol swiche pounsoned and dagged clothing poure peple it is not convenient to were estate, ne suffisant to bote hir necessitee, hem fro the distemperance of the firmamen that other side, to speke of the horrible d scantnesse of clothing, as ben thise cutte or hanselines, that thurgh hir shortnes not the shameful members of man to entente: alas! som of hem shewen the b the shape of the horrible swollen membe semen like to the maladie of Hernia, in th ping of hir hosen, and eke the buttokkes behinde, that faren as it were the hinde a she ape in the ful of the mone. An over, the wretched swollen members t shew thurgh disguising, in departing of h in white and rede, semeth that hali hir privee membres were slaine: and if so they departe hir hosen in other colour white and blewe, or white and blake, and rede, and so forth, than semeth it, as ance of colour, that the half part of hi members ben corrupt by the fire of Seint A or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. hinder part of hir buttokkes it is ful hor to see, for certes in that partie of hir be as they purgen hir stinking ordure, th partie shewe they to the peple proudely i of honestee, whiche honestee that Jesu C his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. to the outragious array of women, God w though the visages of some of hem semen s and debonaire, yet notifien they in hir attire likerousnesse and pride. I say n honestee in clothing of man or woman venable, but certes the superfluitee or di scarcitee of clothing is reprevable. Also of ornament or of apparaile is in thinges perteine to riding, as in to many delicat ben holden for delit, that ben so faire, satte, lewe; and also in many a vicious knave that ed because of hem; in curious herneis, as cropers, peitrels, and bridles, covered with cloth and rich, barred and plated of gold an for which God sayth by Zacharie the I wol confounde the riders of swiche hors folke taken litel regard to the riding of sone of heven, and of his harneis, whan upon the asse, and had none other harneis poure clothes of his disciples, ne we rede ever he rode on ony other beste. I speke the sinne of superfluitee, and not for h whan reason it requireth. And moreover pride is gretly notified in holding of gret whan they ben of litel profite or of ri profite, and namely whan that meinie is and damageous to the peple by hardinesse lordeship, or by way of office; for certes lordes sell than hir lordeship to the devil whan they susteine the wickedneste of hir or e whan thise folk of low degree, that holden hostelries, susteinen theste

hostellers, and that is in many maner of deceites; thilke maner of folk ben the flies that folowen the hony, or elles the houndes that folowen the carraine: swiche forefayde folk stranglen spiritually hir lordeshipes; for which thus saith David the prophet, Wicked deth mot come unto thilke lordshipes, and God yeve that they mot descend into helle all doun, for in hir houses is iniquitee and shrewednesse, and not God of heven: and certes but if they don amendement, right as God yave his benison to Laban by the service of Jacob, and to Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so God wol yeve his malison to swiche lordshipes as susteine the wickednesse of hir servants, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth eke ful oft, for certes riche men be cleped to festes, and poure folk he put away and rebuked; and also in excesse of divers metes and drinkes, and namely swiche maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of wilde fire, and peinted and castelled with paper, and semblable wast, so that it is abusion to thinke; and eke in to gret preciousnesse or vessell, and curiositee of minstralsie by which a man is stirred more to the delites of luxurie, if so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon oure Lord Jesu Crist, it is a sinne; and certainly the delites might ben so gret in this cas that a man might lightly fall by hem into dedly sinne. The spices that sourden of pride, sothly whan they sourden of malice imagined, avised, and forecaste, or elles of usage, ben dedly sinnes it is no doute; and whan they sourden by freeltee unavised sodenly, and sodenly withdrawn again, it be they grevous sinnes I gesse that they be not dedly. Now might men aske wherof that pride sourdeth and springeth? I say that somtime it springeth of the goodes of nature, somtime of the goodes of fortune, and somtime of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature stonden only in the goodes of the body or of the soul; certes the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strength, deliverneste, beautee, gentrie, franchise; the goodes of nature of the soule ben good wit, sharpe understonding, subtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie: goodes of fortune ben riches, high degree of lordshipes, and preisinges of the peple; goodes of grace ben science, power to suffre spirituel travaile, benignitee, vertuous contemplation, withstonding of temptation, and semblable thinges; of which foresaid goodes certes it is a gret folie a man to priden him in ony of hem all. Now as for to speke of goodes of nature, God wot that somtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profite. As for to speke of hele of body, trewely it passeth ful lightly, and also it is ful ofte enchefson of sikneste of the soule, for God wote the flesh is a gret enemy to the soule, and therfore the more that the body is hole the more be we in peril to falle; eke for to priden him in his strength of body it is a grete folie, for certes the flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirite, and ever the more strong that the flesh is the forier may the soule be; and, over all, this strength of body and worldly hardinesse causeth ful of to many man peril and mischance; also to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie, for oft time the gentrie of the body benimeth the gentrie of the soule: and also we ben all of o fader and of o moder, and all we ben of o nature, rotten and corrupt, bothe riche and poure. Forsoth o maner gentrie is for to preise, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees, and maketh him Cristes child, for trusteth wel that over what man that sinne hath maistrie he is a veray cherl to sinne.

Now ben ther general signes of gentilnesse, as eschewing of vice and ribaudrie, and servage of sinne in word, and in werk and contenance, and using vertue, as courtesie and cleneneste, and to be liberal, that is to say, large by measure, for thilke that passeth mesure is folie and sinne; another is to remember him of bountee that he of other folk hath received; another is to be benigne to his subgettes; wherfor saith Seneke, Ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high estate than dobonairtee and pitee; and therfore thise flies that men clepen Bees, whan they make hir king they chesen on that hath no pricke wherwith he may sting. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous thinges: now, certes a man to priden him in the goodes of grace is eke an outrageous folie, for thilke yeftes of grace that shuld have tourned him to goodnesse and to medicine tourneth him to venime and confusion, as sayth Seint Gregorie. Certes also, who so prideth him in the goodnesse of Fortune he is a gret fool, for somtime is a man a gret lord by the morwe that is a caitise and a wretch or it be night: and sometime the richnesse of a man is cause of his deth: and somtime the delites of a man ben cause of grevous maladie thurgh which he dieth. Certes the commendation of the peple is ful false and brotel for to trust; this day they preise, to-morwe they blame. God wote desire to have commendation of the peple hath caused deth to many a besy man.

Remedium Superbiæ.

Now sith that so it is that ye have understond what is pride, and which be the spices of it, and how mennes pride sourdeth and springeth, now ye shul understond which is the remedie ayenst it. Humilitee or mekenesse is the remedy ayenst pride; that is a vertue thurgh which a man hath veray knowledge of himself, and holdeth of himself no deintee ne no pris, as in regard of his desertes, considering ever his freeltee. Now ben ther three maner of humilitees, as humilitee in herte, and another in the mouth, and the thridde in werkes. The humilitee in herte is in foure maneres; that on is whan a man holdeth himself as nought worth before God of heven; the second is whan he despiseth non other man; the thridde is whan he ne recketh nat though men holde him nought worth; and the fourth is whan he is not sory of his humilitation. Also the humilitee of mouth is in four thinges; in attemperate speche; in humilitee of speche, and whan he confesseth

with his owen mouth that he is ſwiche as he thinketh that he is in herte; another is whan he preiſeth the bountee of another man, and nothing therof amenuſeth. Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners: the firſt is whan he putteth other men before him; the ſecond is to cheſe the loweſt place of all; the thridde is gladly to aſſent to good conſeil; the fourth is to ſtond gladly to the award of his ſovereigne, or of hem that is higher in degree; certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

De Invidia.

After pride wol I ſpeke of the foule ſinne of envie, which that is, after the word of the philoſopher, ſorwe of other mennes proſperitee; and after the word of Seint Auguſtine it is ſorwe of other mennes wele, and joy of other mennes harme. This foule ſinne is platly ayenſt the Holy Goſt: al be it ſo that every ſinne is ayenſt the Holy Goſt, yet natheles for as moche as bountee apperteineth properly to the Holy Goſt, and envie cometh properly of malice, therfore it is properly ayenſt the bountee of the Holy Goſt. Now hath malice two ſpices, that is to ſay, hardineſſe of herte in wickedneſſe, or elles the fleſh of man is ſo blind that he conſidereth not that he is in ſinne, or recketh not that he is in ſinne, which is the hardineſſe of the divel. That other ſpice of envie is whan that a man werrieth trouth whan he wot that it is trouth, and alſo whan he werrieth the grace of God that God hath yeve to his neighbour; and all this is by envie; certes than is envie the werſt ſinne that is, for ſothly all other ſinnes be ſometime only ayenſt on ſpecial vertue, but certes envie is ayenſt al maner vertues and alle goodneſſe, for it is ſory of all bountee of his neighbour: and in this maner it is divers from all other ſinnes, for wel unnethe is ther any ſinne that it ne hath ſom delit in himſelf ſave only envie that ever hath in himſelf anguiſh and ſorwe. The ſpices of envie ben theſe: ther is firſt ſorwe of other mennes goodneſſe and of hir proſperitee, and proſperitee ought to be kindly mater of joye; than is envie a ſinne ayenſt kinde. The ſeconde ſpice of envie is joye of other mennes harme, and that is properly like to the divel, that ever rejoyſeth him of mannes harme. Of thiſe two ſpecies, cometh backbiting; and this ſinne of backbiting or detracting hath certain ſpices, as thus; ſom man preiſeth his neighbour by a wicked entente, for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laſte ende; alway he maketh a *but* at the laſt ende, that is digne of more blame than is worth all the preiſing: the ſecond ſpice is, that if a man be good, or doth or ſayth a thing good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodeſſe up ſo doun to his ſhrewde entente: the thridde is to amenuſe the bountee of his neighbour: the fourthe ſpice of backbiting is this, that if men ſpeke goodneſſe of a man than wol the backbiter ſay, Parfay ſwiche a man is yet better than he, in diſpreiſing of him that men preiſe: the fifth ſpice is this, for to conſent gladly t ken the harme that men ſpeke of other folk ſinne is ful gret, and ay encreſeth after the w entent of the backbiter: after backbiting co grutching or murmurance, and ſometin ſpringeth of impatience ayenſt God, and for ayenſt man: ayenſt God it is whan a grutcheth ayenſt the peine of helle, or poverte, or loſſe of catel, or ayenſt rain or peſt, or elles grutcheth that ſhrewes have ſperitee, or elles that good men have adver and all thiſe things ſhuld men ſuffre pati for they comen by the rightful jugemen ordinance of God. Somtime cometh grutchi avarice, as Judas grutched ayenſt the Magd whan ſhe anointed the hed of our Lord Jeſu with hire precious oynement: this maner muring is ſwiche as whan man grutche goodneſſe that himſelf doth or that other don of hir owen catel. Somtime cometh mur of pride, as whan Simon the Ph grutched ayenſt the Magdeleine whan ſh proched to Jeſu Criſt and wept at his feet fo ſinnes: and ſomtime it ſourdeth of whan men diſcover a mannes harme tha privee, or bereth him on hond thing that is Murmur alſo is oft among ſervants, that gru whan hir ſoveraines bidden hem do leful thi and for as moche as they dare not openly w the commaundement of hir ſoveraines, ye they ſay harme and grutche and murmure p for veray deſpit, which wordes they ca divels *Pater noſter*, though ſo be that the devi never *Pater noſter*, but that lewed folk yev ſwiche a name. Somtime it cometh of i privee hate, that noriſheth rancour in the as afterward I ſhal declare. Than cometh bitterneſſe of herte, thurgh which bitte very good dede of his neighbour ſemeth to bitter and unſavory. Than cometh di that unbindeth all maner of frendſhip: cometh ſcorning of his neighbour, al do he ſo wel: than cometh accuſing, as whan a m keth occaſion to annoyen his neighbour, is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth day and night to accuſen us all: than co malignitee, thurgh which a man annoiet neighbour prively if he may, and if he ma algate his wicked will ſhal not let as for to b his hous prively, or enpoiſen him, or ſle his b and ſemblable thinges.

Remedium Invidiæ.

Now wol I ſpeke of the remedie ayen foule ſinne of envie. Firſte is the love of principally, and loving of his neighbour as ſelf, for ſothly that on ne may not be wi that other; and truſt wel that in the name o neighbour thou ſhalt underſtande the man thy brother, for certes all we have on fader ly and on moder, that is to ſay, Adam and and alſo on fader ſpirituel, that is to ſay, G heven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde

l will him all goodneſſe, and therfore
l, Love thy neighbour as thyſelf, that is
o ſalvation both of lif and ſoule; and
, thou ſhalt love him in word, and in
amoneſting and chaſtiſing, and comfort
s anoyes, and praye for him with all thy
d in dede thou ſhalt love him in ſwiche
thou ſhalt do to him in charitee as thou
hat it were don to thin owen perſon, and
hou ne ſhalt do him no damage in wick
ne harme in his body, ne in his catel,
ſoule, by entiſing of wicked enſample:
not deſire his wif, ne non of his thinges.
nde eke that in the name of Neighbour
hended his enemy; certes man ſhal love
for the commandement of God, and
frend thou ſhalt love in God: I ſay
y ſhalt thou love for Goddes ſake by his
ement, for if it were reſon that man
te his enemy forſoth God n'olde not re-
o his love that ben his enemies. Ayenſt
ber of wronges that his enemy doth to
al do three thinges, as thus; ayenſt hate
ur of herte he ſhal love him in herte;
iding and wicked wordes he ſhal pray
emy; ayenſt the wicked dede of his ene-
l do him bountee; for Criſt ſayth, Love
mies, and prayeth for hem that ſpeke
e, and for hem that chaſen and purſuen
do bountee to hem that haten you Lo,
mandeth us our Lord Jeſu Criſt to do to
ies. Forſoth nature driveth us to love
es, and parfay our enemies have more
ve than our frendes, and they that more
certes to hem ſhal men do goodneſſe;
in thilke dede have we remembrance
ve of Jeſu Criſt that died for his ene-
d in as moche as thilke love is more
o performe, ſo moche is more gret the
nd therfore the loving of our enemy
ſounded the venime of the divel; for
the divel is confounded by humilitee,
he wounded to the deth by love of our
certes than is love the medicine that
it the venime of envie fro mannes herte.

De Ira.

envy wol I declare of the ſinne of ire,
who ſo hath envy upon his neighbour
mmunly wol finde him mater of wrath in
n dede ayenſt him to whom he hath en-
as wel cometh ire of pride as of envie,
y he that is proude or envious is lightly

nne of ire, after the diſcriving of Seint
, is wicked will to be avenged by word
le; ire, after the philoſophre, is the fer-
e of man yquicked in his herte, thurgh
wold harme to him that he hateth; for
herte of man by enchauſing and meving
od waxeth ſo troubled that it is out of
jugement of reſon. But ye ſhul under-
that ire is in two maners, that on of
hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good ire is by jalouſie of goodneſſe, thurgh the which man is wroth with wickedneſſe, and again wickedneſſe, and therfore ſaith the wiſe man that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairtee, and it is wrothe without bitterneſſe; not wrothe ayenſt the man, but wrothe with the miſdede of the man; as ſaith the prophet David, *Iruſciminí, et nolite peccare.* Now underſtond that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to ſay, ſoden ire or haſty ire, without aviſement and conſenting of reſon; the meaning and the ſenſe of this is, that the reſon of a man ne conſenteth not to that ſoden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, aviſed and caſt before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his reſon conſenteth; and ſothly this is dedly ſinne. This ire is ſo diſpleſant to God that it troubleth his hous, and chaſeth the Holy Goſt out of mannes ſoule, and waſteth and deſtroyeth the likeneſſe of God, that is to ſay, the vertue that is in mannes ſoule, and putteth in him the likeneſſe of the devil, and benimeth the man fro God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful gret pleſance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchaufeth with the fire of helle; for certes right ſo as fire is more mighty to deſtroie erthly thinges than any other element, right ſo ire is mighty to deſtroie all ſpirituel thinges. Loke how that fire of ſmal gledes, that ben almoſt ded under aſhen, wol quicken ayen whan they ben touched with brimſtone; right ſo ire wol evermore quicken ayen whan it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte; for certes fire ne may not come out of nothing, but if it were firſt in the ſame thing naturelly, as fire is drawn out of flintes with ſtele; and right ſo as pride is many times mater of ire, right ſo is rancour norice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as ſayth Seint Iſidore, that whan men make a fire of the ſaide tree, and cover the coles of it with aſhen, ſothly the fire therof wol laſt all a yere or more: and right ſo fareth it of rancour whan it is ones conceived in the herte of ſom men; certes it wol laſten peraventure from on Eaſterne day until another Eaſterne day, or more; but certes the ſame man is ful fer from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this foreſaid devils forneis ther forgen three ſhrewes, Pride, that ay bloweth and encreſeth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes; than ſtondeth Envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man with a pair of longe tonges of longer rancour; and than ſtondeth the ſinne of contumelie, or ſtrif and cheſte, and battereth and forgeth by vilains reprevinges. Certes this curſed ſinne annoyeth both to the man himſelf and eke his neighbour, for ſothly almoſt all the harme or damage that ony man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath, for certes outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the ſoule ſende willeth or commandeth him; for he ne ſpareth neyther for our Lord Jeſu Criſt ne his ſwete moder; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! ful many on at that

time feleth in his herte ful wickedly both of Crift and alfo of all his halwes. Is not this a curfed vice? yes, certes. Alas! it benimmeth fro man his witte and his refon, and all his debonaire lif fpirituel, that fhuld kepe his foule: certes it benimmeth alfo Goddes due lordfhip (and that is mannes foule) and the love of his neighbours; it ftriveth alfo all day ayenft trouth; it reveth him the quiet of his herte, and fubverteth his foule.

Of ire comen thife ftinking engendrures; firft hate, that is olde wrath; difcord, thurgh which a man forfaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long; and than cometh werre, and every maner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel. Of this curfed finne of ire cometh eke manflaughter. And underftondeth wel that homicide (that is manflaughter) is in divers wife. Som maner of homicide is fpirituel, and fom is bodily. Spirituel manflaughter is in fix thinges. Firft, by hate, as fayth Seint John, He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is alfo by backbiting, of which backbitours fayth Salomon, that they have two fwerdes with which they flay hir neighbours; for fothly as wicked it is to benime of him his good name as his lif. Homicide is alfo in yeving of wicked confeil by fraude, as for to yeve confeil to areife wrongful cuftomes and talages, of which fayth Salomon, A lion roring, and a bare hungrie, ben like to cruel lordes in withholding or a bregging of the hire or of the wages of fervantes, or elles in ufurie, or in withdrawing of the almeffe of poure folk; for which the wife man fayth, Fedeth him that almoft dieth for honger, for fothly but if thou fede him thou fleeft him: and all thife ben dedly finnes. Bodily manflaughter is whan thou fleeft him with thy tonge in other maner, as whan thou commandeft to fle a man, or elles yeveft confeil to fle a man. Manflaughter in dede is in foure maners. That on is by lawe, right as a juftice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth; but let the juftice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delit to fpill blood, but for keping of rightwifeneffe. Another homicide is don for neceffitee, as whan a man fleeth another in his defence, and that he ne may non other wife efcapen fro his owen deth; but certain and he may efcape withouten flaughter of his adverfarie he doth finne, and he fhal bere penance as for dedly finne. Alfo if a man by cas or aventure fhete an arowe or caft a ftone with which he fleeth a man, he is an homicide. And if a woman by negligence overlyeth hire child in hire flepe, it is homicide and dedly finne. Alfo whan a man difturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by drinkes of venimous herbes thurgh which fhe may not conceive, or fleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles putteth certain material thing in hire fecret place to flee hire child, or elles doth unkinde finne, by which man or woman fhedeth his nature in place ther as a childe may not be conceived; or elles if a woman hath conceived and hurteth hirefelf, and by that mifhappe the childe is flaine, yet is it homicide. What fay we eke of women that murderen hir children for drede of worldly fhame? certes it is an horrible homicide. Eke if a man approche to a woman by defir of lecherie thurgh which the childe is perifhed, or elles fmitten a woman wetingly, thurgh which fhe lefeth hire child, all thife ben homicides, and horrible dedly finnes. Yet comen ther ire many mo finnes, as wel in worde as in thought and in dede; as he that arretteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himfelf gilty, or defpifeth God and all his halwes, as don thife curfed hafardours in divers contrees. This curfed finne don they whan they felen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: alfo whan they treten unreverently the facrament of the auter, thilke finne is fo gret that unneth it may be relefed, but that the mercy of God paffeth all his werkes, it is fo gret, and he fo benigne. Than cometh alfo of ire attry anger, whan a man is fharpely amonefted in his fhrift to leve his finne; than wol he be angry, and anfwere hokerly and angerly, to defend or excufen his finne by unftedfaftneffe of his fleth; or elles he did it for to hold compagnie with his felawes; or elles he fayeth the fend enticed him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is fo corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his deftinee, he fayth, unto a certain age; or elles he fayth it cometh him of gentilneffe of his aunceftres, and femblable thinges. All thife maner of folke fo wrappen hem in hir finnes that they ne wol not deliver hemfelf, for fothly no wight that excufeth himfelf wilfuly of his finne may not be delivered of his finne til that he mekely beknoweth his finne. After this than cometh fwering, that is expreffe ayenft the commandement of God; and that befalleth ofte of anger and of ire: God fayth, Thou fhalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel: alfo our Lord Jefu Crift fayth by the word of Seint Mathew, Ne fhal ye not fwere in all manere, neyther by heven, for it is Goddes trone, ne by erthe, for it is the benche of his feet, ne by Jerufalem, for it is the citee of a gret king, ne by thin hed, for thou ne mayft not make an here white ne black; but he fayth, Be your word ye, ye, nay, nay; and what that is more it is of evil. Thus fayth Crift, for Criftes fake fwere not fo finnefully, in difmembring of Crift, by foule, herte, bones, and body; for certes it feemeth that ye thinken that the curfed Jewes difmembred him not ynough, but ye difmembre him more. And if fo be that the lawe compell you to fwere, than reuleth you after the lawe of God in your fwering, as fayth Jeremie, Thou fhalt kepe three conditions; thou fhalt fwere in trouth, in dome, and in rightwifeneffe; this is to fay, thou fhalt fwere foth, for every lefing is ayenft Crift, for Crift is veray trouth; and thinke wel this, that every gret fwerer, not compelled lawfully to fwere, the plage fhal not depart fro his hous while he ufeth unleful fwering. Thou fhalt fwere alfo in dome, whan thou art conftreined by the domefman to

neſſe a trouth. Alſo thou ſhalt not ſwere for ie, neyther for favour ne for mede, but only rightwiſeneſſe, and for declaring of trouthe the honour and worſhip of God, and to the ng and helping of thin even Criſten: and rfore every man that taketh Goddes name in l, or falſely ſwereth with his mouth, or elles esh on him the name of Criſt, to be called a iſten man, and liveth agenſt Criſtes living and teching, all they take Goddes name in idel. ke alſo what ſayth Seint Peter, *actuum* iv. *Non aliud nomen ſub cælo, &c.*; Ther is non other me (ſayth Seint Peter) under heven yeven to n in which they may be ſaved, that is to ſay, the name of Jeſu Criſt. Take kepe eke w precious is the name of Jeſu Criſt, as ſayth nt Poule *ad Philipenſes* ii. *In nomine Jeſu, &c.*; t in the name of Jeſu every knee of hevenly ature, or erthly, or of helle, ſhuld bowen; it is ſo high and worſhipful that the curſed d in helle ſhuld tremble for to here it named. an ſemeth it that men that ſwere ſo horribly his bleſſed name, that they deſpiſe it more dely than did the curſed Jewes, or elles the el, that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Now certes ſith that ſwering (but if it be law- ly don) is ſo highly defended, moche worſe is to ſwere falſely and eke nedeles.

What ſay we eke of hem that deliten hem in ering, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to ere gret othes? and what of hem that of veray gene ceſe not to ſwere gret othes, al be the cauſe worth a ſtrawe? certes this is horrible ſinne: ering ſodenly without aviſement is alſo a gret ne. But let us go now to that horrible ſwe- g of adjuration and conjuration, as don thiſe e enchantours and nigromancers in baſins of water, or in a bright ſwerde, in a cercle, in a fire, or in a ſholder bone of a ſhepe: I not ſayn but that they do curſedly and dam- ly ayenſt Criſt, and all the faith of holy che.

What ſay we of hem that beleven on divinales, y flight or by noiſe of briddes or of beſtes, or ſorte of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking dores, or cracking of houſes, by gnawing of es, and ſwiche maner wretchedneſſe? Certes thiſe thinges ben defended by God and holy rche, for which they ben accurſed, till they come amendement, that on ſwiche filth ſet hir be- e. Charmes for woundes, or for maladies of n or of beſtes, if they take any effect it may be aventure that God ſuffreth it for folk ſhuld ve the more feith and reverence to his name.

Now wol I ſpeke of leſinges, which generally is ſe ſignifiance of word, in entent to deceive his n Criſten. Some leſing is of which ther com- non avantage to no wight; and ſom leſing neth to the profite and eſe of a man, and to dammage of another man; another leſing is to ſaven his lif or his catel; another leſing neth of delit for to lie, in which delit they wol ge a long tale, and peint it with all circumſtan- s, wher all the ground of the tale is falſe; ſome leſing cometh for he wol ſuſtein his word; and ſom leſing cometh of recheleſneſſe withouten aviſement, and ſemblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which ne cometh not gladly, but for drede or for covetiſe. Flaterie is generally wrongful preiſing: flaterers ben the devils nourices, that nouriſh his children with milke of loſengerie. Forſoth Salomon ſayth that flaterie is werſe than detraction, for ſomtime detraction maketh an hautein man be the more humble, for he dredeth detraction, but certes flaterie maketh a man to enhaunce his herte and his contenance. Flaterers ben the devils enchauntours, for they maken a man to wenen himſelf be like that he is not like: they be like to Judas that be- trayed God; and thiſe flaterers betrayen man to ſelle him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flate- rers ben the devils chappelcines, that ever ſingen *Placebo*. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire, for oft time if a man be wroth with another, than wol he flater ſom wight to ſuſteine him in his quar- rel.

Speke we now of ſwiche curſing as cometh of irous herte. Maliſon generally may be ſaid every maner power of harme: ſwiche curſing bereveth man the regne of God, as ſayth Seint Poule; and oft time ſwiche curſing wrongfully retorneth again to him that curſeth, as a bird retorneth again to his owen neſt: and over all thing men ought eſchew to curſe hir children, and to yeve to the devil hir engendrure, as fer forth as in hem is; certes it is a grete peril and a grete ſinne.

Let us than ſpeke of chiding and repreving, which ben ful grete woundes in mannes herte, for they unſow the ſeames of frendſhip in mannes herte; for certes unnethe may a man be plainely accorded with him that he hath openly reviled, repreved, and diſclaundred; this is a full griſly ſinne, as Criſt ſayth in the goſpel. And take ye kepe now that he that repreveth his neighbour either he repreveth him by ſom harme of peine that he hath upon his bodie, as meſel, croked har- lot, or by ſom ſinne that he doth: now if he re- preve him by harme of peine, than turneth the re- preve to Jeſu Criſt; for peine is ſent by the right- wiſe ionde of God, and by his ſuffrance, be it me- ſelrie, or maime, or maladie; and if he repreve him uncharitably of ſinne, as thou holour, thou dronkelewe harlot, and ſo forth, than apperteine- eth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joye that men don ſinne. And certes chiding may not come but out of a vilains herte, for after the haboundance of the herte ſpeketh the mouth ful oft. And ye ſhul underſtond that loke by any way whan ony man chaſtiſeth another that he be- ware fro chiding or repreving, for trewely but he beware he may ful lightly quicken the fire of an- ger and of wrath, which he ſhuld quench, and per- aventure fleth him that he might chaſtiſe with benignitee; for, as ſayth Salomon, The amiable tonge is the tree of lif, that is to ſay, of lif ſpiri- tuel; and ſothly a diſſolute tonge fleth the ſpirit of him that repreveth, and alſo of him which is repreved. Lo, what ſayth Seint Auguſtine; Ther

is nothing so like the devils child as he which oft chideth; a servant of God behoveth not to chide; and though that chiding be a vilains thing betwix all maner folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable betwene a man and his wif, for ther is never rest; and therfore sayth Salomon, An hous that is uncovered in rayn and dropping and a chiding wif ben like; a man which is in a dropping hous in many places though he eschew the dropping in o place, it droppeth on him in another place; so fareth it by a chiding wif, if she chide him not in o place she wol chide him in another; and therfore better is a morsel of bred with joye than an hous filled ful of delices with chiding, sayth Salomon: and Seint Poule sayth, O ye women! beth ye subgettes to your husbonds as you behoveth in God; and ye men loveth your wives.

Afterward speke we of scorning, which is a wicked sinne, and namely whan he scorneth a man for his good werkes, for certes swiche scorners faren like the foule tode, that may not endure to smell the swete savour of the vine whan it flourisheth: thise scorners ben parting felaws with the devil, for they have joye whan the devil winneth, and sorwe if he leseth; they ben adversaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth, that is to say, salvation of soule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him; but natheless yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself; for, as sayth the wise man, Every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understond that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely in conseiling of mannes soule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist hateth utterly; and no wonder is, for he died for to make concord; and more shame dou they to Crist than did they that him crucified; for God loveth better that friendship be amonges folk than he did his owen body, which that he yave for unitee; therfore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of double tonge, swiche as speke faire before folk and wickedly behind, or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entention, or elles in game and play, and yet they speken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewreying of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed: certes unnethe may he restore the damage: now cometh manace, that is an open folie, for he that oft manaceth he threteth more than he may performe ful oft time: now comen idel wordes that be without profite of him that speketh the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes, or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben nedeles, or withouten entente of naturel profit; and al be it that idel wordes be somtime venial sinne, yet shuld men doute hem, for we shul yeve rekening of hem before God. Now cometh ling, that may not come withouten sinne; a sayth Salomon, It is a signe of apert folie therfore a philosophre sayd, whan a man ax how that he shuld plese the peple, he ans Do many good werkes, and speke few jangel After this cometh the sinne of japeres, th the devils apes, for they make folk to laugh japerie, as folk don at the gaudes of an swiche japes defendeth Seint Poule. Lok that vertuous wordes and holy comforte that travaillen in the service of Crist, right s forten the vilains words and the knakke peres hem that travaillen in the service of vil. Thise ben the sinnes of the tonge, that of ire, and other sinnes many mo.

Remedium Ire.

The remedie ayenst ire is a vertue that cle Mansuetude, that is debonairtee, and eke ther vertue that men clepen Patience or S raunce.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refreineth stirrings and mevings of mannes corage i herte in swich maner that they ne skip not ou anger ne ire; sufferance suffereth swetely all annoyance and the wrong that is don to outward. Seint Jerome sayth this of debo tee, that it doth no harme to no wight ne s ne for no harme that men do ne say he ne ch not ayenst reson. This vertue somtime co of nature; for, as sayth the philosophre, A m a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and tre to goodnesse; but whan debonairtee is enfo of grace, than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy ayenst ire, an vertue that suffereth swetely every mannes g nesse, and is not wroth for non harme that i to him. The philosophre sayth that patie the vertue that suffreth debonairly al the ou of adversitee and every wicked word. This v maketh a man like to God, and maketh Goddes owen childe, as sayth Crist: this v discomfiteth thin enemies; and therfore sayt wise man, If thou wolt vanquish thin enemi thou be patient. And thou shalt understond a man suffereth foure maner of grevances in ward thinges, ayenst the which foure he must foure maner of patiences.

The first grevance is of wicked wordes; t grevance suffred Jesu Crist, without grute ful patiently, whan the Jewes despised hin repreved him ful oft: suffer thou therfore tiently, for the wise man saith, If thou strive a foole, though the foole be wroth, or thou laugh, algate thou shalt have no reste. other grevance outward is to have domage e catel; therayenst suffred Crist ful patiently he was despoiled of al that he had in this li that n'as but his clothes. The thridde greva a man to have harme in his body; that s Crist ful patiently in all his passion. The fo grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes; v

ſay that folk that make hir ſervants to tra-
grevouſly, or out of time, as in holy dayes,
they do gret ſinne: hereayenſt ſuffered
d patiently, and taught us patience, whan
upon his bleſſed ſholders the croſſe upon
he ſhuld ſuffer deſpitous deth. Here may
me to be patient; for certes not only Criſten
patient for love of Jeſu Criſt, and for
of the bliſful lif that is perdurable, but
he old Payenes, that never were chriſ-
commendeden and uſeden the vertue of
.
iloſophre upon a time that wold have be-
diſciple for his gret treſpas, for which he
ly meved, and brought a yerde to bete the
nd whan this child ſawe the yerde he ſayd
aiſter, What thinke ye to do? I wol bete
d the maiſter, for thy correction. For-
d the childe, ye ought firſt correct your-
have loſt all your patience for the offence
d. Forſooth, ſayd the maiſter, all weping,
eſt ſoth; have thou the yerde, my dere
d correct me for min impatience. Of
cometh obedience, thurgh which a man
nt to Criſt, and to all hem to which he
be obedient in Criſt. And underſtand
obedience is parfite whan that a man doth
nd haſtily, with good herte entirely, all
huld do. Obedience generally, is to per-
ſtily the doctrine of God and of his ſove-
which him ought to be obeiſant in all
neſſe.

De Accidia.

the ſinne of wrath now wol I ſpeke of the
accidie or ſlouth; for envie blindeth the
a man, and ire troubleth a man, and ac-
keth him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe.
d ire maken bitterneſſe in herte, which
ſe is mother of accidie, and benimeth him
of alle goodneſſe; than is accidie the an-
a trouble herte: and Seint Auguſtine
is annoye of goodneſſe and annoye of
Certes this is a damnable ſinne, for it
ng to Jeſu Criſt, in as moche as it beni-
ſervice that men ſhulde do to Criſt with
nce, as ſayth Salomon; but accidie doth
e diligence: he doth all thing with an-
with wrawneſſe, ſlackneſſe, and excuſa-
h idelneſſe and unluſt; for which the
h, Accurſed be he that doth the ſervice
egligently. Than is accidie enemy to
te of man; for certes the eſtate of man
maners: either it is the eſtate of inno-
ce, as the eſtate of Adam before that he fell
in which eſtate he was holden to werk,
ing and adoring of God. Another eſtate
te of ſinful men, in which eſtate men
n to labour in praying to God for
nt of hir ſinnes, and that he wold
n to riſe out of hir ſinnes. Another eſtate
e of grace, in which eſtate he is holden
of penitence; and certes to all thiſe
thinges is accidie enemie and contrary, for he loveth no beſineſſe at all. Now certes this foule ſinne of accidie is eke a ful gret enemie to the live-lode of the body, for it ne hath no purveaunce ayenſt temporel neceſſitee, for it forſleutheth, for-ſluggeth, and deſtroieth all goodes temporel by recchelesneſſe.

The fourth thing is that accidie is like hem that ben in the peine of helle becauſe of hir ſlouthe and of hir hevineſſe; for they that be damned ben ſo bound that they may neyther do wel ne think wel. Of accidie cometh firſt that a man is annoi-ed and accombred to do any goodneſſe, and that maketh that God hath abhomination of ſwiche ac-cidie, as ſayth Seint John.

Now cometh ſlouthe, that wol not ſuffre no hardneſſe ne no penance; for ſothly ſlouthe is ſo tendre and ſo delicat, as ſayth Salomon, that he wol ſuffre non hardneſſe ne penance, and therfore he ſhendeth all that he doth. Ayenſt this roten ſinne of accidie and ſlouthe ſhuld men exercise hemſelf, and uſe hemſelf to do good werkes, and manly and vertuouſly cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jeſu Criſt quiteth every good deed, be it never ſo lite. Uſage of labour is a gret thing, for it maketh, as ſayth Seint Ber-nard, the labourer to have ſtrong armes and hard ſinewes, and ſlouthe maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes; for certes he that enclineth to ſinne, him thinketh it is to gret an empriſe for to under-take the werkes of goodneſſe, and caſteth in his herte that the circumſtances of goodneſſe ben ſo grevous and ſo chargeant for to ſuffre that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodneſſe, as ſayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is deſpeir of the mercy of God, that cometh ſomtime of to moche outrageous ſorwe, and ſomtime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do ſo moche ſinne that it wolde not availe him though he wolde re-pent him and forſake ſinne, thurgh which deſpeire or drede he abandoneth all his herte to every ma-ner ſinne, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine; which damp-nable ſinne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the ſinne of the Holy Goſt. This horrible ſinne is ſo perilous that he that is deſpeired ther n'is no felonie, ne no ſinne that he douteth for to do, as ſhewed wel by Judas. Certes aboven all ſinnes than is this ſinne moſt diſpleſant and moſt ad-verſarie to Criſt. Sothly he that deſpeireth him is like to the coward champion recreant that flieth withouten nede. Alas! alas! nedeles is he recreant and nedeles deſpeired. Certes the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent per-ſon, and is above all his werkes. Alas! can-not a man bethinke him on the Goſpel of Seint Luke, chap. xv.; wheras Criſt ſayth, that as wel ſhal ther be joye in heven, upon a ſinful man that doth penitence, as upon ninety-and-nine rightful men that neden no penitence? Loke further in the ſame goſpel the joye and the feſte of the good man that had loſt his ſone, whan his ſone was re-tourned with repentance to his father. Can they

not remembre hem alſo (as ſayth Seint Luke, ch. xxiii.) how that the theſe that was honged beſide Jeſu Criſt ſayd, Lord, remembre on me whan thou comeſt in thy regne? Forſoth, ſaid Criſt, I ſay to thee to-day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradis. Certes ther is non ſo horrible ſinne of man that ne may in his lif be deſtroyed by penitence thurgh vertue of the paſſion and of the deth of Criſt. Alas! what nedeth man than to be deſpeired, ſith that his mercy is ſo redy and large? Axe and have. Than cometh ſompnolence, that is, ſluggy ſlumbring, which maketh a man hevy and dull in body and in ſoule, and this ſinne cometh of ſlouthe; and certes the time that by way of reſon man ſhuld not ſlepe is by the morwe, but if ther were cauſe reſonable; for ſothly in the morwe tide is moſt covenable to a man to ſay his prayers, and for to think on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almeſſe to the poure that comen firſt in the name of Jeſu Criſt. Lo, what ſayth Salomon? Who ſo wol by the morwe awake to ſeke me he ſhal find me. Than cometh negligence or recchelesneſſe, that recketh of nothing; and though that ignorance be mother of all harmes certes negligence is the norice; negligence ne doth no force whan he ſhal do a thing whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thiſe two ſinnes is, as ſayth the wiſe man, that he that dredeth God ſpareth not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God he wol do diligence to pleſe God by his werkes, and abandon himſelf with all his might wel for to do: Than cometh idelneſſe, that is the yate of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles, theras deviles may enter on every ſide, or ſhoot at him at diſcoverte by temptation on every ſide: this idelneſſe is the thurrok of all wicked and vilains thoughtes, and of all jangeles, trifles, and all ordure: certes heven is yeven to hem that will labour, and not to idel folk: alſo David ſayth, They ne be not in the labour of men, ne they ſhul not ben whipped with men, that is to ſay, in Purgatorie: certes than ſemeth it they ſhul ben tormented with the devil in helle but if they do penance.

Than cometh the ſinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is latered or taryed or he wol tourne to God; and certes that is a gret folie: he is like him that falleth in the diche and wol not ariſe. And this vice cometh of falſe hope, that thinketh that he ſhal live long; but that hope failleth ful oft.

Than cometh Lacheſſe, that is he that whan he beginneth any good werk, anon he wol forlete it and ſtint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and ne take of him no more kepe, anon as they find any contrary or any annoy. Thiſe ben the newe ſhepherdes that let hir ſhepe wetingly go renne to the wolf that is in the breres, and do no force of hir owen governance. Of this cometh poverte and deſtruction both of ſpirituel and temporel thinges: than cometh a maner coldneſſe that freſeth all the herte of man; than cometh undevotion, thurgh which a man is ſo blont, as ſayth Seint Bernard, and hath ſwiche
ſoule, that he may neyther rede n
chirche, ne here ne thinke of no de
vaile with his hondes in no good w
to him unſavory and all appalled:
ſluggiſh and ſlombry, and ſone wo
and ſone is he inclined to hate and
cometh the ſinne of worldly forw
cleped *Triſtitia*, that fleth a man
Poule; for certes ſwiche ſorwe v
deth of the ſoule and body alſo, for
that a man is annoied of his owe
ſwiche ſorwe ſhorteth the lif of n
that his time is come by way of ki

Remedium Accidiæ

Ayenſt this horrible ſinne of a
braunches of he ſame, ther is a ve
led *Fortitudo* or Strength, that i
thurgh which a man deſpiſeth n
This vertue is ſo mighty and ſo vi
dare withſtond mightily, and wra
aſſautes of the devil, and wiſely k
periles that ben wicked, for it enha
forceth the ſoule, right as accidi
maketh it feble; for this *fortitu*
with long ſufferance the travailles
nable.

This vertue hath many ſpices: th
Magnanimitee, that is to ſay, g
certes ther behoveth gret corage
leſt that it ſwalowe the ſoule by the
or deſtroy it with wanhope. Ce
maketh folk to undertake hard
thinges by hir owen will wiſely
And for as moche as the devil
man more by queinteſſe and ſl
ſtrength, therfore ſhal a man withſt
by reſon, and by diſcretion. Tha
vertues of feith, and hope in God an
to acheven and accomplice the goo
which he purpoſeth fermely to co
cometh ſeuretee or ſikerneſſe, and
man ne douteth no travaile in time
good werkes that he hath begonne
magnificence, that is to ſay, whan a
performeth gret werkes of goodne
begonne, and that is the end why
do good werkes, for in the accomp
werkes lieth the gret guerdon: th
ſtance, that is ſtableneſſe of corage,
be in herte by ſtedfaſt feith, and in
bering, in chere and in dede. E
ſpecial remedies ayenſt accidie, in
and in conſideration of the peines o
the joyes of heven, and in truſt of t
Holy Goſt, that will yeve him mig
his good entent.

De Avaritia.

After accidie wol I ſpeke of avari
tiſe; of which ſinne Seint Poule ſ

harmes is coveitise; for sothly whan the man is confounded in itself and troubled, the soule hath lost the comfort of God, keth he an idel solas of worldly thinges.

rice, after the description of Seint August a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly . Som other folk sayn that avarice is for to e many erthly thinges, and nothing to hem that han nede. And understond wel arice standeth not only in land ne catel, time in science and in glorie, and in eve- er outrageous thing, is avarice: and the ce betwene avarice and coveteise is this; e is for to coveit swiche thinges as thou t, and avarice is to withholde and kepe thinges as thou hast without rightful nede. this avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable, holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst it, oth wrong to Jesu Crist, for it bereveth e love that men to him owen, and tourneth ward ayenst all reson, and maketh that the ous man hath more hope in his catel than Crist, and doth more observance in keping resour than he doth in the service of Jesu and therfore sayth Seint Poule, that an a- man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

difference is ther betwix an idolastre and cious man, but that an idolastre peraven- ath not but o maumet or two, and the a- man hath many? for certes every florein re is his maumet: and certes the sinne rie is the first that God defended in the ndments, as bereth witnesse, *Exod.* ch. shalt have no false goddes before me, lt make to thee no graven thing. Thus ious man that loveth his tresour before olastre. And thurgh this cursed sinne and coveitise cometh thise hard lord- h which men ben distreined by talla- es, and cariages, more than hir dutee s and eke take they of hir bondmen ites, which might more resonably be ortions than amercementes; of which ntes, or ransoming of bondmen, som wardes say that it is rightful; for as a cherl hath no temporel thing that it lordes as they say. But certes thise lord- don wrong, that bereven hir bondmen that they never yave hem. *Augustinus de Dei, libro* ix. Soth is that the condition of n, and the first cause of thraldom was for *nesis* v.

may ye see that the gilt deserved thral- t not nature; wherfore thise lordes ne to moche glorifie hem in hir lordshipes, they by naturel condition ben not lordes alles, but that thraldom came first by the f sinne. And furtherover, ther as the h that temporel goodes of bondfolk ben es of hir lord, ye, that is for to under- goodes of the emperour, to defend hem ght, but not to robbe hem ne to reve erfore sayth Seneca, The prudent shuld nely with the thral, tho that thou clepest es ben Goddes peple; for humble folk ben Crites frendes; they ben contubernial with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also that of swiche seed as cherles springen, of swiche seed springen lordes: as wel may the cherl be saved as the lord. The same deth that taketh the cherl swiche deth taketh the lord; wherfore I rede do right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy lord did with thee if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne. I rede thee, thou lord, that thou reule thee in swiche wise that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel that ther is degree above degree, as reson is, and skill is, that men do hir devoir ther as it is due; but certes extor- tion and despit of your underlinges is dampnable.

And furthermore, understond wel that thise conqueroures or tyrantes maken ful oft thralles of hem that ben borne of as royal blood as ben they that hem conqueren. This name of Thraldom was never erst couthe til that Noe sayd that his sone Cham shuld be thrall to his brethren for his sinne. What say we than of hem that pille and don extortions to holy chirche? Certes the sword that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed signifieth that he shuld defend holy chirche, and not robbe it ne pille it; and who so doth is traitour to Crist: as saith Seint Augustine, Tho ben the devils wolves that strangelen the shepe of Jesu Crist, and don worse than wolves; for sothly whan the wolf hath full his wombe he stinteth to strangle shepe, but sothly the pillours and de- stroiers of holy chirches goodes ne do not so, for they ne stint never to pille. Now, as I have sayd, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldom, than is it thus, that at the time that all this world was in sinne, than was all this world in thraldom and in subjection: but certes sith the time of grace came, God ordeined that som folk shuld be more high in estate and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that everich shuld be served in his estate and his degree: and therfore in som contrees ther as they ben thralles whan they have tourned hem to the feith they make hir thralles free out of thraldom; and therfore certes the lord oweth to his man that the man oweth to the lord. The Pope clepeth himself Servant of the servants of God; but for as moche as the estate of holy chirche ne might not have ben, ne the commun profite might not have be kept, ne pees ne rest in erthe, but if God had ordeined that som men have higher degree and som men lower, therfore was soveraintee ordeined to kepe and mainteine, and defend, hire underlinges or hire subjectes in reson, as ferforth as it lieth in hire power, and not to destroy hem ne confound; wherfore I say that thilke lordes that ben like wolves, that de- voure the possessions or the catel of poure folk wrongfully, withouten mercy or mesure, they shul receive by the same mesure that they have me- sured to poure folk the mercy of Jesu Crist, but they it amende. Now cometh deceit betwixt marchant and marchant. And thou shalt under- stond that marchandise is in two maners, that on is bodily, and that other is goستly; that on is honest and leful, and that other is dishonest and

unleful. The bodily marchandife, that is leful and honeft, is this, that ther as God hath ordeined that a regne or a contree is fuffifant to himfelf, than it is honeft and leful that of the haboundance of this contree men helpe another contree that is nedy; and therfore ther maft be marchants to bring fro on contree to another hir marchandife. That other marchandife that men haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and deceit, with lefinges and falfe othes, is right curfed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandife is proprely fimonie, that is, ententif defire to buy thing fpirituel, that is, thing which apperteineth to the feintuarie of God, and to the cure of the foule. This defire, if fo be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his defire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly finne, and if he be ordered he is irregular. Certes fimonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that wold have bought for temporel catel the yefte that God had yeven by the Holy Goft to Seint Peter and to the apoftles; and therfore underftond ye, that both he that felleth and he that byeth thinges fpirituel ben called Simoniackes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleftly praier of his frendes, fleftly frendes or fpirituel frendes, fleftly in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes; fothly if they pray for him that is not worthy and able it is fimonie, if he take the benefice, and if he be worthy and able ther is non. That other maner is whan man or woman prayeth for folk to advancen hem only for wicked fleftly affection, which they have unto the perfons, and that is foule fimone; but certes in fervice, for which men yeven thinges fpirituel unto hir fervants, it muft be underftonde that the fervice muft be honeft or elles not, and alfo that it be without bargaining, and that the perfon be able; for (as fayth Seint Damafcen) All the finnes of the world, at regard of this finne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the gretteft finne that may be after the finne of Lucifer and of Antierift; for by this finne God forlefeth the chirche and the foule, which he bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that ftelen the foules of Jefu Crift, and deftroyen his patrimonie. By fwiche undigne preeftes and curates han lewed men leffe reverence of the facraments of holy chirche; and fwiche yevers of chirches put the children of Crift out, and put into chirches the divels owen fones; they fellen the foules that lambes fhuld kepe to the wolf, which ftrangleth hem, and therefore fhall they never have part of the pafture of lambes, that is, in the bliffe of heven. Now cometh hafardrie, with his apertenauntes, as tables and rafles, of which cometh deceit, falfe othes, chidings, and all raving, blafpheming, and renoying of God, hate of his neyghbours, waft of goodes, mifpending of time, and fomtime manfaughter. Certes hafardours ne mow not be without gret finne. Of avarice comen eke lefinges, theft, falfe witnefle, and falfe othes; and ye ftul underftonde that thefe be gret finnes, and expreffe ayenft the commandements of God, as I have fayd. Falfe witnefle is eke in word and in dede; in word, as for to bereve neighbours good name by thy falfe witnefl bereve him his catel or his heritage by thy witnefling, whan thou for ire, or for mede, o envie, bereft falfe witnefle, or accufeft him, o cufeft thyfelf falfely. Ware, ye queftmonger notaries! certes for falfe witnefling was Sufa ful gret forwe and peine, and many another The finne of theft is alfo expreffe ayenft Go heft, and that in two maners, temporel and rituel. The temporel theft is as for to tak neighbours catel ayenft his will, be it by for by fleight, be it in meting or mefure, by de by falfe enditements upon him, and in bore of thy neighbours catel in entent never to p ayen, and femblable thinges. Spirituel the facrilege, that is to fay, hurting of holy thi or of thinges facred to Crift, in two maners refon of the holy place, as chirches or chi hawes; (for every vilains finne that men d fwiche places may be called facrilege, or violence in femblable places) alfo they that drawe falfely the rentes and rightes that leng holy chirche; and plainly and generally, fac is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or un thing out of holy place, or holy thing out o holy place.

Remedium Avaritiæ.

Now fhul ye underftond that releving rice is mifericorde and pitee largely taken. men might axe why that mifericorde are releving of avarice? Certes the avar man fheweth no pitee ne mifericorde to the ful man, for he deliteth him in the keping trefour, and not in the refcouing ne rele his even Criften: and therfore fpeke I fi mifericorde. Than is mifericorde (as fay philofophre) a vertue by which the corage is ftirred by the mifefe of him that is mifefo pon which mifericorde foloweth pitee, in p ming and fulfilling of charitable werkes of m helping and comforting him that is mifefed certes this meveth a man to mifericorde Crift, that he yave himfelf for our offence fuffred deth for mifericorde, and foryaf us riginal finnes, and therby relefed us fro the of hell, and amenufed the peines of Purga penitence, and yeveth us grace wel to do, the laft the bliffe of heven. The fpices of m corde ben for to leve, and eke for to yeve, to foryeve and relefe, and for to have p herte, and compaffion of the mifchefe of hi Criften, and alfo to chaftife ther as nede is. ther maner of remedy ayenft avarice is relis largeffe; but fothly here behoveth the co ation of the grace of Jefu Crift, and of the porel goodes, and alfo of the goodes perde that Jefu Crift yave to us, and to have re brance of the deth which he fhal receive, he not whan; and eke that he fhal forgon all he hath, fave only that which he hath dispo in good werkes.

as moche as som folk ben unmesurable, en for to avoid and eschue fool-largesse, e men clepen Waste. Certes he that is ke yeveth not his catel, but he leseth his othly what thing that he yeveth for vaine o minstrals, and to folk that bere his re- e world, he hath do sinne therof, and non rtes he leseth foule his good that ne seketh efte of hir good nothing but sinne: he is hors that seketh rather to drink drovy or water than for to drink water of the : and for as moche as they yeven ther uld nat yeven, to hem appertaineth lison that Crist shal yeve at the day of em that shul be dampned.

De Gulâ.

varice cometh glotonie, which is expresse commandement of God. Glotonie is ble appetit to ete or to drinke, or elles ought to the unmesurable appetite and d coveitise to ete or drinke. This sinne all this world, as is wel shewed in the dam and of Eve. Loke also what sayth le of glotonie: Many (sayth he) gon, I have ofte said to you, and now I say , that they ben the enemies of the crosse of which the end is deth, and of which e is hir God and hir glorie, in confusion hat so serven erthly thinges. He that ant to this sinne of glotonie, he ne may withstond, he must be in servage of all it is the devils horde ther he hideth him h. This sinne hath many spices: the nkennesse, that is the horrible sepulture reson, and therfore whan a man is hath lost his reson; and this is dedly sothly whan that a man is not wont drinkes, and peraventure ne knoweth trength of the drinke, or hath feble- his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh drinketh the more, al be he sodenly ith drinke, it is no dedely sinne The second spice of glotonie is, that f a man wexeth all trouble for dronk- nd bereveth a man the discretion of his thridde spice of glotonie is whan a areth his mete, and hath not rightful eting. The fourthe is, whan thurgh bundance of his mete the humours in his distempered. The fifthe is foryetful- moche drinking, for which sometime a eteth by the morwe what he did over eve. e maner ben distinct the spices of glot- Seint Gregorie. The first is for to ete ne; the second is whan a man geteth elicate mete or drinke; the thridde is n taken to moche over mesure; the curiositee, with gret entent to maken reille his mete; the fifth is for to ete This ben the five fingers of the devils which he draweth folk to the sinne.

Remedium Gulæ.

Ayenst glotonie the remedie is abstinence, as sayth Galien; but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augustine wol that abstinence be don for vertue, and with patience. Abstinence (sayth he) is litel worth but if a man have good will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitee, and that men don it for Goddes sake, and in hope to have the blisse in heven.

The felawes of abstinence ben attemperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; also shame, that escheweth all dishonestee; sufisance, that seketh no riche metes ne drinkes, ne doth no force of non outrageous apparailling of mete; mesure also, that restreineth by reason the unmesurable appetit of eting; soberesse also, that restreineth the outrage of drinke; sparing also, that restreineth the delicat ese to sit long at mete, wherfore som folk standen of hir owen will whan they ete, because they wol ete at lesse leiser.

De Luxuriâ.

After glotonie cometh lecherie, for thise two sinnes ben so nigh cosins that oft time they wol not depart. God wote this sinne is ful displesant to God, for he said himself, Do no lecherie; and therfore he putteth gret peine ayenst this sinne: for in the old lawe if a woman thrall were taken in this sinne, she shuld be beten with staves to the deth, and if she were a gentilwoman she shuld be slain with stones, and if she were a bishoppes doughter she shuld be brent by Goddes commandement. Moreover, for the sinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and after that he brent five cities with thonder and lightning, and sanke hem doun into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said stinking sinne of lecherie, that men clepen Avoutrie, that is of wedded folk, that is to say, if that on of hem be wedded or elles both. Seint John sayth, that avouterers shul ben in helle in a stacke brenning of fire and of brimstone; in fire for her lecherie, in brimstone for the stenche of hir ordure. Certes the breking of this sacrament is an horrible thing; it was made of God himself in Paradis, and confirmed by Jesu Crist, as witnesseth Seint Mathew in the Gospel; A man shal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, and they shal be two in on flesh. This sacrament betokeneth the knitting together of Crist and holy chirche. And not only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but also he commanded that thou shuldest not coveit thy neighbours wif. In this haste (sayth Seint Augustine) is forboden all maner coveitise to do lecherie. Lo, what sayth Seint Mathew in the Gospel, that who so loeth a woman to coveitise of his lust, he hath don lecherie with hire in his herte. Here may ye see that not only the dede of this sinne is forboden, but eke the delire to don that sinne. This cursed sinne annoyeth grevously

hem that it haunt: and first to the soule, for he obligeth it to sinne and to peine of deth, which is perdurable; and to the body annoyeth it grevously also, for it drieth him and wasteth and ihent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the fend of helle: it wasteth eke his catel and his substance; and certes if it be a foule thing a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing whan that for swiche ordure women dispenden upon men hir catel and hir substance. This sinne, as sayth the prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour; and it is ful plesant to the devil, for therby winneth he the moste partie of this wretched world: and right as a marchant deliteth him most in that chaffare which he hath most avantage and profite of, right so deliteth the fend in this ordure

This is that other hond of the devil, with five fingers, to cacche the peple to his vilanie. The first fingre is the foole loking of the foole woman and of the foole man, that sleth right as the basilicok sleth folk by venime of his sight, for the coveitise of the eyen soloweth the coveitise of the herte. The second fingre is the vilains touching in wicked maner; and therfore sayth Salomon, that whoso toucheth and handleth a woman he fareth as the man that handleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodenly sleth thurgh his enveniming, or as who so that toucheth warme pitch it shendeth his fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finger is kissing, and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kisse the mouthe of a brenning oven or of a fourneis; and more fooles ben they that kissen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thise olde dotardes holoures, which wol kisse and flicker, and besie hemself though they may nought do: certes they ben like to houndes, for an hound whan he cometh by the rofer or by other bushes, though so be that he may not pisse, yet wol he heve up his leg and make a contenance to pisse. And for that many men weneth that he may not sinne for no likerousnesse that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is false; God wot a man may slee himself with his own knif and make himself dronken of his owen tonne. Certes be it wif, be it childe, or any worldy thing, that he loveth before God, it is his maumet, and he is an idolastre. A man shuld love his wif by discretion, patiently and attemprely and than is she as though it were his suster. The fifth fingre of the divels hond is the stinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingers of glotonie the fend putteth in the wombe of a man, and with his five fingers of lecherie he gripeth him by the reines for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they shul have the fire and the wormes that ever shul lasten, and weping and wayling, and sharpe hunger and thurst, and grislinesse of divels whiche shul all to-trede hem withouten respite and withouten ende. Of lecherie, as I sayd, sourden and springen divers spices; as fornication that is betwene man and woman which ben not maried, and is dedly sinne, and nature. All that is enemy and destruct nature is ayenst nature. Parfay the reason of eke telleth him wel that it is dedly sinne, moche as God forbad lecherie; and Seint yeveth hem the regne that n'is dewe to no but to hem that don dedely sinne. Anothe of lecherie is, to bereven a maid of hire meid for he that so doth, certes he casteth a m out of the higheſt degree that is in this p lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fru the boo kclepeth the Hundreth Fruit; I say it non otherwise in English, but in La hight *Centesimus fructus*. Certes he that so the cause of many damages and vilanies m any man can reken: right as he somtime i of all damages that bestes do in the fe breketh the hedge of the closure, thurgh wh destroyeth that may not be restored; for no more may maidenhed be restored than a that is smitten fro the body may return and wexe: she may have mercy, this wot if that she have will to do penitence, but shal it be but that she is corrupte. And a so that I have spoke somwhat of avoutri good to shewe the periles that longen to av for to eschewe that foule sinne. Avout Latine, is for to saye, approching of anothe nes bedde, thurgh whiche tho that somtim on flesche abandone hir bodies to other p Of this sinne, as sayth the wise man, folow harmes: firste breking of feith: and cert is the key of Cristendom, and whan that broken and lorne sothly Cristendom is lor stont vaine and without fruit. This sinne theft, for theft generally is to reve a wi thinges ayenst his will. Certes this is the theft that may be whan that a woman stele body from her husbond, and yeveth it to hire to defoule it, and steleth hire soule fro Cr yeveth it to the devil: this is a fouler theste t to breke a chirche and stele away the c for thise avouterers breken the temple o spirituelly, and stelen the vessell of grace, the body and the soule, for whiche Criste stroy hem, as sayth Seint Poule. Sothly theft douted gretly Joseph, whan that his wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he saye my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me my warde all that he hath in this world, thing is out of my power but only ye, that wif: and how shuld I then do this wickedne sinne so horribly ayenst God and ayenst my God it forbede! Alas! all to litel is swiche trou ysounde! The thridde harme is the filth which they breke the commandement of God foule the auter of matrimonie, that is Cr certes in so moche as the sacrament of mari noble and so digne, so moche is it the grete for to breke it, for God made mariage in Par the estate of innocencie, to multiplie ma to the service of God, and therfore is the b therof the more grevous, of which breking false heires oft time, that wrongfully oc folkes heritages, and therfor wol Crist p

out of the regne of heven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time that folk unware wedde or sinne with hir owen kindrede; and namely thise harlottes that haunten bordelles of thise foul women that may be likened to a commune gong wheras men purge hir ordure. What say we also of putours, that live by the horrible sinne of puterie, and constrein women to yelde hem a certain rent of her bodily putrie, ye, somtime his owen wif or his childe, as don thise baudes? Certes thise ben cursed sinnes. Understond also that avourie is set in the ten commandements betwene theft and manslaughter, for it is the greteſt theft that may be, for it is theft of body and of soule: and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth atwo and breketh atwo hem that first were made on flesh; and therfore by the old lawe of God they shuld be slaine, but natheleſſe by the lawe of Jesu Crist, that is the lawe of pitee, whan he sayd to the woman that was found in avoutrie, and shuld have be slain with stones, after the will of the Jewes, as was hir lawe, Go, said Jesu Crist, and have no more will to do sinne. Sothly the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to the peine of helle, but if so be that it be discombered by penitence. Yet ben ther mo spices of this cursed sinne, as whan that on of hem is religious, or elles both; or of folk that ben entered into ordere, as sub-deken, deken, or preest, or hospitaler; and ever the higher that he is in ordre the greter is the sinne. The thinges that gretely agrege hir sinne is the breking of hir avow of chastitee whan they received the ordre. And moreover, soth is that holy ordre is chefe of all the tresorie of God, and is a special signe and marke of chastitee, to shew that they ben joined to chastitee, which is the moste precious lif that is. And thise ordered folk ben specially titled to God, and of the special meinie of God, for which whan they don dedly sinne they ben the special traitours of God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to praye for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours hir prayeres availe not to the peple. Preestes ben as angels as by the mysterie of hir dignitee; but forsoth Seint Poule saith that Sathanas transfourmeth him in an angel of light. Sothly the preest that haunteth dedly sinne he may be likened to an angel of derknesse transfourmed into an angel of light; he semeth an angel of light, but for soth he is an angel of darknesse. Swiche preestes be the sones of Hely, as is shewed in the Book of Kinges that they were the sonnes of Belial, that is the divel. Belial is to say withouten juge, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they be free, and have no juge, no more than hath a free boll, that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren they by women, for right as on free boll is ynough for all a toun, right so is a wicked preest corruption ynough for all a parish or for all a countree. Thise preestes, as sayth the book, ne cannot minister the mysterie of preesthood to the peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem not apaied, as saith the book, of sodden flesh that was to hem offred, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes right so thise shrewes ne hold hem not apaied of rosted flesh and sodden with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh, as folkes wives and hir doughters. And certes thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie don gret wrong to Crist and to holy chirche, and to all halowes and to all soules, for they bereven all thise hem that shuld worship Crist and holy chirche, and pray for Cristen soules; and therfore han swiche preestes, and hir lemmans also that consenten to hir lecherie, the malison of the court Cristen til they come to amendement. The thridde spice of avoutrie is somtime betwixt a man and his wif, and that is whan they take no regard in hir assembling but only to hir fleshly delit, as saith Seint Jerome, and ne recken of nothing but that they ben assembled because they ben maried: all is good ynough, as thinketh to hem. But in swiche folk hath the divel power, as said the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in hir assembling they putten Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven themself to all ordure. The fourth spice is of hem that assemble with hir kindrede, or with hem that ben of an affinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kinred have deled in the sinne of lecherie: this sinne maketh hem like to houndes, that taken no kepe of kindrede. And certes parentele is in two maners, eyther gostly or fleshly; gostly is for to delen with hir godfibbes; for right so as he that engendreth a child is his fleshly father, right so is his godfather his father spirituel, for which a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with hire godsib than with hire owen fleshly broder. The fifthe spice is that abhominable sinne of which abhominable sinne no man unneth ought to speke ne write, natheles it is openly rehersed in holy writ. This cursednesse don men and women in diverse entent and diverse maner: but though that holy writ speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writ may not be defouled, no more than the sonne that shineth on the myxene. Another sinne apperteineth to lecherie that cometh in sleping, and this sinne cometh often to hem that ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt and this sinne men call Pollution, that cometh of four maners: somtime it cometh of languishing of the body, for the humours ben to ranke and haboundant in the body of man; somtime of infirmitee, for sehlenesse of the virtue retentif, as phisike maketh mention; somtime of surfet of met and drinke; and somtime of vilains thoughtes that ben enclosed in mannes minde whan he goth to slepe, which may not be withouten sinne, for whiche men must kepe hem wisely, or elles may they sinne sul grevously.

Remedium Luxuriæ.

Now cometh the remedy ayenst lecherie, and that is generally chastitee and continence; that restraineth all disordinate mevings that comen of fleshly talents, and ever the greter merite shal he have that most restraineth the wicked enchausing

or ardure of this ſinne; and this is in two maners, that is to ſay, chaſtitee in mariage and chaſtitee in widewhood. Now ſhalt thou underſtonde that matrimony is leful aſſembling of man and woman that receiven by vertue of this ſacrement the bonde thurgh whiche they may not be departed in all hir lif, that is to ſay, while that they live bothe. This, as faith the book, is a ful gret ſacrement; God made it (as I have ſaid) in Paradis, and wold himſelf be borne in mariage; and for to halowe mariage he was at a wedding wheras he tourned water into wine, whiche was the firſt miracle that he wrought in the erthe before his diſciples. The trewe effect of mariage cleanſeth fornication, and repleniſheth holy chirche of good lignage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly ſinne into venial ſinne betwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes all on of hem that ben ywedded as wel as the bodies. This is veray mariage that was eſtabliſhed by God er that ſinne began, whan naturel lawe was in his right point in Paradis; and it was ordeined that o man ſhuld have but o woman, and o woman but o man, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, by many reſons.

Firſt, for mariage is figured betwix Criſt and holy chirche; and another is, for a man is hed of the woman, (algate by ordinance it ſhuld be ſo) for if a woman had mo men than on than ſhuld ſhe have mo hedes than on, and that were an horible thing before God; and alſo a woman mighte not pleſe many folk at ones; and alſo ther ſhuld never be pees ne reſt among hem, for everich of hem wold axe his owen right. And furthermore, no man ſhulde knowe his owen engendrure, ne who ſhuld have his heritage, and the woman ſhuld be the leſſe beloved for the time that ſhe were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man ſhuld bere him with his wif, and namely in two thinges, that is to ſay, in ſuffrance and in reverence, and this ſhewed Criſt whan he firſt made woman; for he ne made hire of the hed of Adam, for ſhe ſhuld not claime to gret lordſhippe, for ther as the woman hath the maiſtrie ſhe maketh to moche diſarray; ther nede non enſamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough ſuffice: alſo certes God ne made not woman of the foot of Adam, for ſhe ſhuld not be holden to lowe, for ſhe cannot patiently ſuffer; but God made woman of the rib of Adam, for woman ſhuld be felaw unto man. Man ſhuld bere him to his wif in feith, in trouth, and in love, as ſayth Seint Poule, that a man ſhuld love his wif as Criſt loved holy chirche, that loved it ſo wel that he died for it: ſo ſhuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman ſhuld be ſubget to hire huſbond that telleth Seint Peter: firſt in obedience; and eke, as ſayth the decree, A woman that is a wif, as long as ſhe is a wif, ſhe hath non auctoritee to ſwere ne bere witneſſe without leve of hire huſbonde, that is hire lord, algate he ſhuld be ſo by reſon: ſhe ſhulde alſo ſerve him in all honeſtee, and ben attempre of hire array. I write wel that they ſhuld ſet hir entent to pleſe hir huſbonds, but not by queintiſe of hir array. Seint Jerom ſayth, Wives that ben apparelled in ſilke and precious purple ne mow not cloth hem in Jeſu Criſt: Seint Gregorie ſayth alſo, that no wight ſeketh precious array but only for vain glorie, to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a gret folie a woman to have a faire array outward and hireſelf to be foule inward. A wif ſhuld alſo be meſurable in loking, in bering, and in laughing, and diſcrete in all hire wordes and hire dedes, and above all worldly thinges ſhe ſhulde love hire huſbonde with all hire herte, and to him be trewe of hire body; ſo ſhuld every huſbond eke be trewe to his wif; for ſith that all the body is the huſbondes ſo ſhuld hire herte be alſo, or elles ther is betwix hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. Than ſhul men underſtond that for three thinges a man and his wif fleſhly may aſſemble. The firſt is for the entent of engendrure of children, to the ſervice of God, for certes that is the cauſe final of matrimonie: another cauſe is to yelde eche of hem to other the dettes of hir bodies, for neyther of hem hath power of hir owen bodie: the thridde is for to eſchew lecherie and vilanie: the fourth is for ſoth dedly ſinne. As to the firſt, it is meritorie; the ſecond alſo, for, as ſayth the decree, She hath merite of chaſtitee that yeldeth to hire huſbond the dette of hire body, ye, though it be ayenſt hire liking and the luſt of hire herte. The thridde maner is venial ſinne. Trewely ſcarcely may any of thiſe be without venial ſinne for the corruption and for the delit therof. The fourth maner is for to underſtond, if the aſſemble only for amourous love and for non of the foreſaid cauſes, but for to accompliſh hir brenning delit, they recke not how oft, ſothly it is dedly ſinne; and yet with forwe ſom folk wel pene hem more to do than to hir appetit ſufficeth.

The ſecond maner of chaſtitee is for to be a clene widew, and eſchue the embracing of a man, and deſire the embracing of Jeſu Criſt. Thiſe ben tho that have ben wives, and have forgon hir huſbondes, and eke women that have don lecherie, and ben releved by penance: and certes if that a wif coud kepe hire all chaſt, by licence of hire huſbond, ſo that ſhe yeve no cauſe ne non occaſion that he agilted, it were to hire a gret merite. This maner of women, that obſerven chaſtitee, muſt be clene in herte as wel as in body, and in thought, and meſurable in clothing and in contenance, abſtinent in eting and drinking, in ſpeking, and in dede, and than is ſhe the veſſel or the boiſte of the bleſſed Magdeleine, that fulfilleth holy chirche of good odour. The thridde maner of chaſtitee is virginitee; and it behoveth that ſhe be holy in herte and clene of body; than is ſhe the ſpouſe of Jeſu Criſt, and ſhe is the lif of angels; ſhe is the preiſing of this world, and ſhe is as thiſe martirs in egalitee; ſhe hath in hire that tongue may not telle ne herte thinke. Virginitee bare our Lord Jeſu Criſt, and virgin was himſelf.

Another remedie against lecherie is specially to withdrawe swiche thinges as yeven occasion to that vilanie, as ese, eting, and drinking; for certes whan the pot boileth strongly the best remedie is to withdrawe the fire. Sleping long in gret quiet is also a gret nourice to lecherie.

Another remedie ayenst lecherie is, that a man or a woman eschewe the compagnie of hem by which he douteth to be tempted; for all be it so that the dede be withstonden, yet is ther gret temptation. Sothly a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully with sticking of a candle, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Ful oft time I rede that no man trust in his owen perfection but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the Seven Dedly Sinnes, and som of hir braunches, and the remedies, sothly if I coude I wold tell you the ten commandements: but so high doctrine I lete to divines: natheles I hope to God they ben touched in this tretise everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the second part of penitence stont in confession of mouth, as I began in the first chapitre, I say Seint Augustine saith, Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that man covetein, ayenst the law of Jesu Crist; and this is for to sinne in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wittes, which ben sight, hering, smelling, tasting or savouring, and feling. Now is it good to understond the circumstances that agregen moche every sinne. Thou shalt consider what thou art that dost the sinne, whether thou be male or female, yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or servant, hole or sike, wedded or single, ordered or unordered, wise or foole, clerk or seculer, if she be of thy kinred bodily or gostly or non, if any of thy kinred have sinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumstance is this, whether it be don in fornication or in advoutrie or no, in maner of homicide or non, a horrible gret sinne or smal, and how long thou hast continued in sinne. The thridde circumstance is the place ther thou hast don sinne, whether in other mennes houses or in thin owen, in feld, in chirche, or in chirchhawe, in chirche dedicate or non; for if the chirche be halowed, and man or woman spille his kinde within that place, by way of sinne or by wicked temptation, the chirche were enterdited til it were reconciled by the bishop; and if it were a preest that did swiche vilanie, the terme of all his lif he shuld no more sing masse; and if he did he shuld do dedly sinne at every time that he so song masse. The fourthe circumstance is by whiche mediatours, as by messagers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to bere compagnie with felawship, for many a wretche for to bere felawship wol go to the divel of helle; wherfore they that eggen or consenten to the sinne ben partiners of the sinne, and of the dampnation of the sinner. The fifth circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen; for he that oft falleth in sinne he despiseth the mercy of God, and encreseth his sinne, and is unkind to Crist, and he waxeth the more feble to withstand sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later ariseth, and is more slow to shrive him, and namely to him that hath ben his confessour; for which that folk, whan they fall ayen to hir old folies, either they forleten hir old confessour al utterly, or elles they departen hir shrift in divers places: but sothly swiche departed shrift deserveth no mercie of God for hir sinnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth, as by what temptation, and if himself procure thilke temptation, or by exciting of other folk, or if he sinne with a woman by force or by hire owen assent, or if the woman maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non; this shal she tell, and wheder it were for coveitise or poverte, and if it were by hire procuring or non, and swiche other thinges. The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath don his sinne, or how that she hath suffered that folk have don to hire: and the same shal the man tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and wheder he hath sinned with commun bordel women or non, or don his sinne in holy times or non, in fasting times or non, or before his shrift, or after his later shrift, and hath peraventure broken therby his penance enjoined, by whos helpe or whos conseil, by sorcerie or crafte; all must be told. All thise thinges, after that they ben gret or smale, engreggen the conscience of man or woman. And eke the preest that is thy juge may the better be avised of his jugement in yeving of penance, and that shal be after thy contrition: for understond wel that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptisme by sinne, if he wol come to salvation, ther is non other way but by penance, and shrifte, and satisfaction; and namely by tho two, if ther be a confessour to whom he may shrive him, and that he first be veray contrite and repentant, and the thridde if he have lif to performe it.

Than shal a man loke and consider that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confession ther must be foure conditions. First, it must be in sorowful bitternesse of herte, as sayth the King Ezechiel to God, I wol remember all the yeres of my lif in the bitternesse of my herte. This condition of bitternesse hath five signes; the first is that confession must be shamefast, not for to covern ne hide his sinne, but for he hath agilted his God and defouled his soule: and hereof sayth Seint Augustin, The herte travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath gret shamefastnesse he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confessioun of the Publican that wold not heve up his eyen to heven, for he had offended God of heven, for which shamefastnesse he had anon the mercy of God; and therefore saith Seint Augustine, that swiche shamefast folk ben next foryevenesse and mercy. Another signe is humilitee in confession, of whiche sayth Seint Peter, Humbleth you under the might of God; the hond of God is mighty in confession, for therby God foryeveth thee thy sinnes, for he alone hath the power. And

this humilitee shal be in herte and in signe outwarde; for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte, right so shuld he humble his body outward to the preest that sitteth in Goddes place; for which in no maner, sith that Crist is soveraine, and the preest mene and mediatour betwixt Crist and the sinner, and the sinner is last by way of reson, than shuld not the sinner sitte as high as his confessour, but knele before him or at his feet, but if maladie distrouble it; for he shal not take kepe who sitteth ther, but in whos place he sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a lord, and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his accorde, and setteth him doun anon by the lord, men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy so sone for to have remission ne mercy. The thridde signe is, that the shrift shuld be ful of teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not wepe with hir bodily eyen, than let hem wepe in hir herte: swiche was the confession of Seint Peter, for after that he had forsake Jesu Crist he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth signe is that he ne lete not for shame to shrive him and shewe his confession; swiche was the confession of Magdeleine, that ne spared for no shame of hem that weren at the feste to go to our Lord Jesu Crist, and beknowe to him hire sinnes. The fifthe signe is, that a man or a woman be obeisant to receive the penance that hem is enjoined, for certes Jesu Crist for the gilt of man was obedient to the deth

The second condition of veray confession is, that it be hastily don; for certes if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to warishe himself the more wold it corrupt and haste him to his deth, and also the wound wol be the werse for to hele. And right so fareth sinne that long time is in a man unshewed: certes a man ought hastily to shewe his sinne for many causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft sodenly, and is in no certain what time it shal be, ne in what place; and eke the drenching of o sinne draweth in another; and also the lenger that he tarieth, the ferther is he fro Crist; and if he abide to his last day scarcely may he shrive him, or remembre him of his sinnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif herkened Jesu Crist whan he hath spoken unto him, he shal crie unto our Lord at his last day, and scarcely wol he herken him. And understonde that this condition muste have foure thinges; first that the shrift be purveyed afore, and avised, for wicked haste doth not profite; and that a man con shrive him of his sinnes, be it of pride, or envie, and so forth, with the spices and circumstances, and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the gretnesse of his sinnes, and how longe he hath lien in sinne, and eke that he be contrite for his sinnes, and be in stedfast purpose (by the grace of God) never efte to fall into sinne; and also that he drede and countrewaite himself that he flee the occasions of sinne to which he is inclined: also thou shalt shrive thee of all thy sinnes to o man, and not parcelmele to o man and parcelmele to another; that is to understonde, in entent to depart thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule; for certes Jesu Crist is entierly all good, in him is non imperfection, and therfore either he foryeveth all parfitly or elles never a dele. I say not that if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certain sinne that thou art bounde to shewe him all the remenant of thy sinnes of whiche thou hast ben shriven of thy curat but if it like thee of thyn humilitee; this is no departing of shrift: ne I say not, ther as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive thee to a discrete and an honest preest, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayest wel shrive thee to him of all thy sinnes: but lete no blot be behind; let no sinne be untolde as fer as thou hast remembrance. And whan thou shalt be shriven of thy curat tell him eke all the sinnes that thou hast don sith thou were laste shriven: this is no wicked entente of division of shrift.

Also the veray shrift axeth certain conditions. First, that thou shrive thee by thy free will, not constreined, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, or swiche other thinges, for it is reson that he that trespasseth by his free will, that by his free will be confesse his trespas, and that non other man telle his sinne but himself; ne he shal not nay ne deny his sinne, ne wrath him ayenst the preest for amonesting him to lete his sinne. The second condition is, that thy shrift be lawful, that is to say, that thou that shrivest thee, and eke the preest that hereth thy confession, be verailly in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man ne be not dispeired of the mercie of Jesu Crist, as Cain and Judas were. And eke a man muste accuse himself of his owen trespas, and not another; but he shal blame and wite himselfe of his owen malice and of his sinne, and non other: but natheles if that another man be enchefson or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of the person be swiche by which his sinne is aggregged, or elles that he may not plainly shrive him but he tell the person with whiche he hath sinned, than may he tell, so that his entent ne be not to backbite the person, but only to declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy confession for humilitee, peraventure to say that thou hast committed and don swiche sinnes of which that thou ne were never gilty; for Seint Augustine sayth, If that thou, because of thin humilitee, makest a lesing on thyself, though thou were not in sinne before yet arte thou than in sinne thurgh thy lesing. Thou must also shew thy sinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dombe, and not by no letter; for thou that hast don the sinne thou shalt have the shame of the confession. Thou shalt not eke peint thy confession with faire and subtil wordes, to cover the more thy sinne, for than begilest thou thyself and not the preest: thou must telle it plainly, be it never so foule ne so horrible. Thou shalt eke shrive thee to a preest that is discrete to conseille thee; and eke thou shalt not shrive thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypocrisie, ne for no cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Crist and

the hele of thy foule. Thou ſhalt not eke renne to the preeſt al ſodenly to tell him lightly thy ſinne, as who telleth a ſape or a tale, but aviſedly and with good devotion; and generally ſhrive thee ofte: if thou ofte fall, ofte ariſe by confeſſion. And though thou ſhrive thee ofter than ones of ſinne which thou haſt be ſhriven of it is more merite; and, as ſayth Seint Auguſtine, Thou ſhalt have the more lightly releſe and grace of God both of ſinne and of peine. And certes ones a yere at the leſt way it is lawful to be houſeled, for ſothely ones a yere all things in the erthe renovelen.

Explicit ſecunda pars penitentiæ, et ſequitur tertia pars.

Now have I told you of veray confeſſion, that is the ſeconde part of penitence; the thridde part is ſatisfaction, and that ſtont moſt generally in almeſſe dede and in bodily peine. Now ben ther three maner of almeſſe; contrition of herte, wher a man offreth himſelf to God; another is to have pitee of the defaute of his neighbour; and the thridde is in yeving of good conſeil goſtly and bodily wher as men have nede, and namely in ſuſtinance of mannes food. And take kepe that a man hath nede of thiſe thinges generally; he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow, he hath nede of charitable conſeilling and viſiting in priſon and in maladie, and ſepulture of his ded body. And if thou maieſt not viſite the nedeful in priſon in thy perſon, viſite hem with thy meſſage and thy yeftes: thiſe ben generally the almeſſes and werkes of charitee of hem that have temporel richeſſes or diſcretion in conſeilling. Of thiſe werkes ſhalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almeſſe ſhuldeſt thou do of thy propre thinges, and haſtily and prively, if thou mayeſt; but natheles if thou mayeſt not do it prively thou ſhalt not forbere to do almeſſe though men ſee it, ſo that it be not don for thanke of the world, but only to have thanke of Jeſu Criſt; for, as witneſſeth Seint Mathewe, *chap.* v. A citee may not be hid that is ſette on a mountaine, ne men light not a lanterne to put it under a buſhell, but ſetten it upon a candleſticke, to lighten the men in the hous: right ſo ſhal your light lighten before men, that they mowe ſee your good werkes, and glorifie your fader that is in heven.

Now as for to ſpeke of bodily peine, it ſtont in prairs, in waking, in faſting, and in vertuous teching. Of oriſons ye ſhul underſtond, that oriſons or prayers is to ſay a pitous will of herte, that ſetteth it in God, and expreſſeth it by word outward to remeve harmes, and to have thinges ſpirituel and perdurable, and ſomtime temporel thinges; of which oriſons certes in the oriſon of the *Pater noſter* hath Jeſu Criſt encloſed moſt thinges: certes it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for whiche it is more digne than any other prayer, for that Jeſu Criſt himſelf made it; and it is ſhort, for it ſhuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it the more eſie in herte, and helpe himſelf the ofter with this oriſon, and for a man ſhuld be the leſſe wery to ſay it, and for a man may not excuſe him to lerne it, it is ſo ſhorte and ſo eſie, and for it comprehendeth in himſelf all good prayers. The expoſition of this holy prayer, that is ſo excellent and ſo digne, I betake to the maiſters of theologie; ſave thus moche wol I ſay, that whan thou prayeſt that God ſhuld foryeve thee thy giltes as thou foryeveſt hem that have agilted thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy oriſon amenuſeth eke venial ſinne, and therfore it apperteineth ſpecially to penitence.

This prayer muſt be trewely ſayd, and in perfect feith, and that men prayen to God ordinately, diſcretely, and devoutly: and alway a man ſhal put his will to be ſubgette to the will of God. This oriſon muſt eke be ſayd with gret humbleſſe, and ful pure and honeſtly, and not to the annoyance of any man or woman: it muſt eke be continued with werkes of charitee: it availeth eke ayenſt the vices of the ſoule; for, as ſayth Seint Jerome, By faſting ben ſaved the vices of the fleſh, and by prayer the vices of the ſoule.

After this thou ſhalt underſtonde that bodily peine ſtont in waking; for Jeſu Criſt ſayth, Wake ye and pray ye that ye ne enter into wicked temptation. Ye ſhul underſtond alſo that faſting ſtont in three thinges, in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldly jolitee, and in forbering of dedly ſinne; this is to ſay, that a man ſhall kepe him fro dedly ſinne with all his might.

And thou ſhalt underſtond alſo that God ordained faſting, and to faſting appertaineth foure thinges; largeneſſe to poure folk, gladneſſe of herte ſpirituel, not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he faſteth, and alſo reſonable houre for to ete by meſure, that is to ſay, a man ſhal not ete in untime, ne ſit the longer at the table for he faſteth.

Than ſhalt thou underſtonde that bodily peine ſtont in diſcipline, or teching by word or by writing, or by enſample, alſo in wering of here or of ſtamin, or of habergeons, on hir naked fleſh for Criſtes ſake. But ware thee wel that ſwiche maner penances ne make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyſelf, for better is to caſt away thin here, than to caſt away the ſwetneſſe of our Lord Jeſu Criſt; and therfore ſayth Seint Poule, Clothe you as they that ben choſen of God in herte, of miſericorde, debonairtee, ſuffrance, and ſwiche maner of clothing, of which Jeſu Criſt is more pleſed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is diſcipline eke in knocking of thy breſt, in ſcourging with yerdes, in kneling, in tribulation, in ſuffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee, and eke in patient ſuffring of maladies, or leſing of worldly cattle, or wif, or child, or other friendes.

Than ſhalt thou underſtond which thinges diſtourben penance, and this is in foure maners, that is, drede, ſhame, hope, and wanhope, that is, deſperation. And for to ſpeke firſt of drede; for which he weneth that he may ſuffer no penance, ther ayenſt is remedie for to thinke that bodily penance is but ſhort, and litel at regard of

the peine of helle, that is ſo cruel and ſo long, that it laſteth withouten ende.

Now ayenſt the ſhame that a man hath to ſhrive him, and namely thiſe ipocrites, that wold be holden ſo parfit that they have no nede to ſhrive hem, ayenſt that ſhame ſhuld a man thinke, that by way of reſon he that hath not ben aſhamed to do ſoule thinges, certes him ought not be aſhamed to do faire thinges, and that is confeſſions. A man ſhuld alſo think that God ſeeth and knoweth al his thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men ſhuld eke remembre hem of the ſhame that is to come at the day of dome to hem that ben not penetent in this preſent lif; for all the creatures in heven and in erthe, and in helle, ſhul ſee apertly all that they hiden in this world.

Now for to ſpeke of the hope of hem that ben ſo negligent and ſlowe to ſhrive hem, that ſtondeth in two maners; that on is that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchaſe moche richeſſe for hir delit, and than he wol ſhrive him, and, as he ſayth, he may, as him ſemeth, than timely ynough come to ſhrift; another is the ſurquedrie that he hath in Criſtes mercie. Ayenſt the firſt vice he ſhal thinke that our lif is in no ſikerneſſe, and eke that all the richeſſe in this world ben in aventure, and paſſen as a ſhadowe on a wall; and as ſayth Seint Gregorie, that it appertaineth to the gret rightwiſneſſe of God that never ſhal the peine ſtinte of hem that never wold withdrawe hem from ſinne, hir thankes, but ever continue in ſinne. For thilke perpetual will to don ſinne ſhall they have perpetual peine.

Wanhope is in two maners; the firſt wanhope is in the mercie of God; that other is that they think that they ne might not long perſevere in goodneſſe. The firſt wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath ſinned ſo gretly and ſo oft, and ſo long lyn in ſinne, that he ſhal not be ſaved. Certes ayenſt that curſed wanhope ſhulde he thinke that the paſſion of Jeſu Criſt is more ſtronge for to unbinde than ſinne is ſtrong for to binde. Ayenſt the ſecond wanhope he ſhal thinke that as often as he falleth he may ariſen again by penitence; and though he never ſo longe hath lyen in ſinne, the mercie of Criſt is alway redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenſt that wanhope that he demeth he ſhuld not long perſever in goodneſſe he ſhal think, that the febleneſſe of the devil may nothing do but if men wol ſuffre him; and eke he ſhal have ſtrength of the helpe of Jeſu Criſt, and of all his chirche, and of the protection of angels, if him liſt.

Than ſhal men underſtonde what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jeſu Criſt it is an endeles bliſſe of heven, ther joye hath no contrarioſitee of wo ne grevance; ther all harmes ben paſſed of this preſent lif: ther as is ſikerneſſe from the peines of helle; ther as is the bliſful compagnie that rejoyceen hem ever mo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was ſoule and derke, is more clere than the ſonne; ther as the body that whilom was ſike and freele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and ſo ſtrong and ſo hole, that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther as is neither hunger, ne thurſte, ne colde, but every ſoule repleniſhed with the ſight of the parfit knowing of God. This bliſful regne mowe men purchaſe by poverte ſpirituel, and the glory by lowlineſſe, the plentee of joye by honger and thurſt, and the reſte by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of ſinne; to which life he us bring that bought us with his precious blood! *Amen.*

Now preye I to hem alle that herken this litel tretiſe or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem that therof they thanken our Lord Jeſu Criſt, of whom procedeth alle witte and all godeneſſe; and if ther be any thing that diſpleſeth hem, I preye hem alſo that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unkonning, and not to my wille, that wold ſayn have ſeyde better if I hadde had koning; for oure boke ſeyth, All that is written is written for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente: wherfore I beſeke you mekely, for the mercie of God, that ye preye for me that Criſt have mercie of me and foryeve me my giltes, [and namely of myn Tranſlations and editinges of worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my retractions; as The Boke of Troilus, The Boke alſo of Fame, The Boke of The Five-and-twenty Ladies, The Boke of The Ducheſſe, The Boke of Seint Valentines Day of the Parlement of Briddes, The Tales of Canterbury, thilke that ſounen unto ſinne, The Boke of the Leon, and many an other Bokes, if they were in my remembraunce, and many a Song, and many a lecherous Lay, Criſt of his grete mercie foryeve me the ſinne! but of The tranſlation of Boes of Conſolation, and other Bokes of Legendes of Saints, and of Omelies, and Moralite, and Devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jeſu Criſt and his bliſſful mother, and alle the ſeintes in heven, beſeking hem that they fro henſforth unto my lyves ende ſende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to ſtodien to the ſavation of my ſoule,] and graunte me grace, of veray penance, confeſſion and ſatisfaction to don in this preſent lif, therge the benigne grace of him that is King of kinges and Preſte of alle preſtes, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, ſo that I mote ben on of hem atte the laſte day of dome that ſhullen be ſaved; *Qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu ſancto vivit et regnat Deus per omnia ſecula. Amen.*

THE COKE'S TALE OF GAMELYN.

y lithin and liſtinith, and
inith you aright,
ye ſhullin herè me tell
of a doughti knight.
Johan of Boundis clepid was
ilke knight'is name;
coudin he of noriture,
cke of mochil game.
re ſonnis this knight had, and with
odi he them wan;
ldeſt was a moche ſhrew,
onè he began.
brotherin lov'd thir fadir,
f him were agaſt;
ldiſt deſerv'd his fadir's curſe,
ad it at the laſt.
godè knight his fadir did
o long and yore,
Deth was comen him unto,
andlid him full ſore.
godè knight ycarid moch,
ke ther as he lay,
hat his childerin ſhuldè
after his day.
haddè ben widè where, but
ufboudèe he was;
e londe which that he had
veray purchas;
fayn he woldè that it were
among them all,
verich of them had his part
nightè befall.
ſent he into the contrè
viſè knightis,
pen dele his londis, and
them to rightis.
ent them word by letteris
ey ſhulde hyè blyve
they wol ſpeken with him
hat he was on live.
as thoſe knightis herden how
kè that he lay,
ddè they no mannir reſt
by night nor day
that they comin unto him,
he layd him ſtill,
is deth'is bedde for to
Godd'is will.

Thus then ſaidin the godè knight,
Sek ther as he lay,
Lordis, I warnè you forſothe,
Withoutin any nay,
I may not lengir liven herè
In this ſorrowful ſtound,
For thorough Godd'is will ſupreme
Dethe drawith me to ground.
Ther ne was no one of them alle,
That herdin him aright,
That thei ne haddè mochil routh
Upon that ilke knight;
And ſeidè, Sir, for Godd'is love
Ne diſmayen you nought,
God may don botè of balè
Which that is now ywrought.
Then anſwerid them the gode knight,
Sikè there as he lay,
Botè of balè God may ſend,
I wote it is no nay.
But I beſekè you knightis,
Al for the love of me,
Goith and dreſſith my londis
Among my ſonis thre.
And, frendis, for the love of God
Delith them nat amys,
And forgettith not Gamèlyn,
My yongè ſon that is.
Takith hedè unto that one
As wel as to that other;
Seldome ye ſeine any heir
That helpè woll his brother.
Tho lettin they the knightè liggin
Which that was not in hele,
And in thei wentin to counſaile
His londis for to dele;
For to delin them al too on
That was ther only thought,
And for that Gamèlyn yongiſt was
He ſhuldè havin nought.
Al the londè which that ther was
They delten it in two,
And letè Gamèlyn the yonge
Withouten londè go.
And everich of them ſeiden
Til othir fullè londe,
His bretherin mowe give him londe
Whan that he godis koude.

Whan they had delid the londis
After their owne will,
Tho camin they unto the knight
Ther as he lay full ſtill,
And toldin unto him anon
How that they hadd ywrought,
And the knight there as he ſeke lay
Ylikid it right nought.
Then ſeidè the knight angrily,
I ſware by Seint Martyn
For all that which ye have ydone
Yet is the londè myn.
For Godd'is love, my neighbouris,
Standeith ye allè ſtill,
And I woll delin my londe
After myn owne will.
Johan myn eldiſt ſone ſhall
Yhavè plowis five,
That was my fadir's heritage
While that he was on live;
And middilliſt ſonè ſhall
Five plowis have of lond
That I holpe for to gettin
With myn own rightè hond;
And all myn othir purchaſis
Of landis and of ledes,
That I bequethè Gamèlyn,
And alle my gode ſtedes.
And I beſeke you, gode men,
That lawis con of lond,
For Gamèlyn'is love that
Thus my bequeſt may ſtond.
Thus delid hath the gode knighte
His londè be his dai,
Right upon his deth'is beddè,
Sore ſike ther as he lay:
And ſone aftirwardis he
Lay as a ſtonè ſtill,
And dyid whan the tymè came,
As it was Criſt'is will.
Anon aftir that he was dede,
And undir graſs ygrave,
Tho ſonè the eldir brothir
Begylid the yongè knave.
He tokin into his houdis
His londis and his lede,
And alſo Gamèlyn himſelf
To clothin and to fede.
He clothid him and feddè him
Evil and ekè wroth,
And letin his londis for fare,
And als his houſis both;
His parkis eke, and his wodis,
And diddè nothyng wel,
And ſithin he it aboughtè
On his own feire fell.
So longè tyme was Gamèlyn
In his brother's Hall,
For the ſtrengiſt of godè will
They doutidin him all.
There ne was none wight in that place,
Nothir yongè ne olde,
That woldè wrathin Gamèlyn
Were he nevir ſo bold.

Gamèlyn ſtode upon a day
In his brother'is yerde,
And he began with his hondè
To handilin his berde.
He thoughtin upon his londis,
That layin longe unſawe,
And alſo of his feire okis,
That dounè were ydrawe.
His parkis werin al brokin,
And al his deir reved;
Of allè his gode ſtedis noon
Was therè with him beleved;
His houſis werein unhelid
And full evilly dight;
Tho thought this yongè Gamèlyn
It wentè not aright.
After camè his brothir in
Ywalkyng ſtatelich thare,
And ſeidè unto Gamèlyn,
What? is our metè yare?
Tho Gamèlyn ywrothid hym,
And ſwore by Godd'is boke,
Thou ſhalt y go bake, luke, thy ſelf;
I wol not be thy coke.
How, brothir Gamèlyn, quod he,
Thus anſwerift me thou?
Thou ſpakiſt nevir ſoche a word
Yet as thou doiſt now.
By my faith, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Now me it thinkith nede;
Of all the harmis that I have.
I nevir yit toke hede.
My parkis ben y brokin, and
My deir ben yreved;
Of myn harnis and my ſtedis
Noght is there me beleved.
Al that my fadir me bequethe
Al goith now to ſhame,
And therefore have thou Godd'is curſe,
Brothir John by thy name.
Than thus beſpakin his brothir,
That rapè was of vees,
Stondith ſtille, thou gadiling,
And holdith right thy pees:
Thou ſhaltè ben ful faign to have
Thy metè and thy wede.
What ſpekiſt thou, thou gadiling,
Of lond othir of lede?
Then ſeidè to him Gamèlyn,
The childè that was yinge,
Chriſt'is curſè mote he havin
That clepith me Gadlyng.
I am no wors gadlying than the,
Parde ne no wors wight,
But born I was of a lady,
And gottin of a knyght.
Ne durſt he not to Gamèlyn
Not oo fote ferthir go,
But clepid to him his meinè,
And ſeidè to them tho;
Goith and betith wele this boy,
And ravith him his wit,
And let him lere another time
To anſwering me bett.

Then seid the chyld, yong Gamelyn,

. . . . . .

Crist'is curse mote thou havin
What? brother art thou myn
And if that I shal algatis
Y betin be anon,
Crist'is curse mote thou havin
But that thou be that one
And right anon his brothir did,
In that his gretè hete,
Makin his meinè fett stavis,
This Gamelyn to bete.
Whan everich of them had a staff
Into his hond nomin,
Gamelyn was aware tho,
He forsaugh them comin.
Tho Gamelyn saugh them comin
He lokid ovir all,
And was warè of a pestil
Stodè undir the wall.
And Gamelyn was fully light,
And thidir gan he lepe,
And droffe all his brother's men
Right sone on an hepe.
He lokid like a wild lion,
And laidin on gode wone;
Tho whan his brothir seye that
He beganne to gonne.
He sleigh up untill a loftè,
And shet the dor fast:
Thus Gamelyn with his pestil
Made them all agast.
Somè for Gamelyn'is love,
And some for his envie,
All withdrowen them to halves
Thò he began to pleie:
What now? seide Gamelyn; brothir,
Evil motè ye the;
Wollè ye beginnin contek
And than so sone fle?
Gamelyn sought his brothir tho
Whithir he was yflowe,
And saugh where that he lokid out
At a solere windowe.
Brothir, tho seidè Gamelyn,
Comith a litil nere,
And I wol techin the a plaie
Atte the bokillere.
His brothir to hym anfwerid,
And fwore by Scint Richere,
While the peftil is in thyn hondè
Woll comin no nere.
Brothir, I woll makin the pece,
Were by Crift's ore;
Lith away the peftil tho,
And wrathè the na more.
Not nedis, seide Gamelyn,
Lathè me at onys,
That thou woldift make thy men
Breikin my bonis.
Ne had I laddin meyn and might,
Myn ownè twey armes,
I have y pushin them fro me
Ey would have donè me harmes.

To Gamelyn tho seidin his
Brothir; Be thou not wrothe,
For to sein the havin harmè
Me werin rightè lothe.
I ne did it not, my brothir,
But right for a sonding,
For to lokin if thou were strong,
And art so very ying.
Come adoun then to me, quod he,
And graunte me my bone,
Of oo thing I wol askin the,
And we shul saughtè sone.
Adoun then camin his brothir,
That skill was and sell,
And was swithè right sore aghast
Of that ilkè pestil.
He seidè, Brothir Gamelyn;
Askè me now thy bone,
And loke that you me blamè, but
I graunte it full sone.
Tho seiden yongè Gamelyn;
Brothir myne, I wiss
And if we shullè ben at one
Thou must me graunte this:
Al that my fadir me bequethe,
While that he was on live,
Thou mustè do me it to have,
If that we shul not strive.
That thou shalt havè, Gamelyn,
I swere by Crist'is ore,
Al that thy fadir the bequethe,
Though thou woldist have more.
Thy londè, that now lyith lie,
Full well it shall be sowe,
And thyne housis yraisid up
That now ben layd full lowe.
Thus seide the knight to Gamelyn,
But only with his mouth,
And thoughtè but of falsenes,
As he right welè couth.
The knightè thoughtin on traison,
But Gamelyn on noon,
And went and kissid his brothir,
And then they were at oon.
Alas for yongè Gamelyn!
Nothing at all he wist
With swichè false traison
His brothir hath him kist.
Lithinith and lestinith, and
Holdith you stille yotir tonge,
And ye shull herin straunge talking
Of Gamelyn the yonge.
There happid to be there beside
Tryid a wrastiling,
And therefore there was ysettin
A ram and als a ring.
And Gamelyn was in a will
To wendè thereunto,
For to previn his mighte, and se
What that he couthè do.
Now brothir myne, quod Gamelyn,
By holie Scint Richere
Thou mustè nedis lene to night
Me a litil coursere,

That is freshe to the sporis,
Upon him for to ride;
I mustin on an errand go
A litil here beside.
Be God, seidè his brothir tho,
Of stedis in my stall
Goith and chosith the the best,
And sparith none of alle,
Of stedis or of courseris,
That stondith 'hem beside,
And tellith me, my godè brothir,
Whithur thou wiltè ridè.
Herè besidis, brothir, is
Y cryid a wrastling,
And therefore shallè ben y sett
A ram and als a ring.
Mochè worship it were sothly,
Brothir, unto us all.
Might I the ram and als the ring
Bringin home to the Hall.
A stedè there was sadilid,
Smarth was it and eke flete;
Gamèlyn diddin a peire of
Sporis fast on his fete.
He sat his fotè in the stirrop,
The stedè he bestrode,
And towardis the wrastilling
The yongè childè rode.
Tho Gamèlyn the yongè was
Riddin out at the gate,
The falsè knight his own brothir
Lokkid it aftir thate.
And he besoughtin Jesu Crist,
That is of hevin king,
That he mightè brekin his nek
In that ilk wrastiling.
Assone as Gamèlyn cam there
The wrastling placè was
He lightid down of the stede
And stodin on the gras.
And ther he herd a frankelyn
Weloway for to sing,
And beganin all bittirly
His handis for to wring.
Godè man, seidè Gamèlyn,
Why makist thou this fare?
Is ther no man that may you help
Out of this nicè care?
Alas! seidè this frankèlyn,
That evir I was borè!
For tweiè stalworthè sonis
I wene I have forlore.
A champion is in the place
That has wroughtin me sorow,
For he hath slayn my too sonis
But if that God them borrow.
I woldè givin ten poundis,
Be Jesu Crist, and more,
With the nonis I fond a man
To handilin him sore.
Godè man, seidè Gamèlyn,
Wilt thou this welè done?
Holdè my hors while that my man
Ydrawith of my shone.
And helpe my man also to kepe
My clothis and my stede,
And I woll into the place gon
And loke how I may spede.
By God, seidè the frankelyn,
It shall right so be don,
I woll my silfin be thy man
To drawin of thy shone.
And wendè you into the place,
Swete Jesu Crist the spede,
And dredè not of thy clothis
Nor of thy godè stede.
Barefote and ungert Gamèlyn
Into the ringe came,
Allè that werin in the place
Hedin of him the name,
How he durstin aventure him
On him to don his might
That was so doughti a champion
In wrastling and in fight.
Upsertè tho the champion
Ful rapely right anon,
Towardis yongè Gamèlyn
He tho began to gon,
And seidè, Who is thy sadir,
And who is eke thy sire?
Forsothè thou art a gret sole
For that thou camist hire.
Anon Gamèlyn answerid
The stout champion tho,
Thou knewist full wele my sadir
Whilè that he couthè go:
Whilis that he was on live,
I swere by Seint Martyn,
Sir John of Boundis was his name,
And I am Gamèlyn.
Felawe, seidè the champion,
So evir mote I thrive,
I knew right welè thy sadir
While that he was on live;
And thy selfin, yonge Gamèlyn,
I will that thou it here,
Whiles thou wert a yongè boy
A mochè shrew thou were.
Then seidè yongè Gamèlyn,
And swore bi Crist'is ore,
Now am I oldir wox thou shalt
Y findin me a more.
Be God, seidè the champion,
Welcome motè thou be;
Come thou onys in my honde
Shaltin thou nevir the.
It was welè within the night,
And bright the monè shone,
Whan Gamèlyn and the champion
Togidir gan to gon.
The champion castè tornis
To Gamèlyn that was prest,
And Gamèlyn stodin stillè,
And bad him don his best.
Then seiden yongè Gamèlyn
Unto the champion,
Now that I have fully provid
Many tornis of thine,

noftin, feidè Gamèlyn,
hett or two of myn.
lyn to the champion
nartily anon,
he tornis that he coude
wid him but one;
keft him on the liftè fide
ire ribbis to brak,
ereunto his left armè,
af a grettè crak.
a feidè yongè Gamèlyn
y to him anon,
be holdin for a caft,
go for none?
od, feidè the champion,
r fo that it be,
t ones comith in thyn hand
he nevir the.
a feidè the frankèlyn, that
nis there had lore,
be thou, yongè Gamèlyn,
ver thou were bore!
now unto the champion
ve I for to feie,
the yongè Gamèlyn
ughtè the to pleie.
a anfwerde the champion,
kid nothyng well,
llè their maiftir, and
iè is right fell.
n that I wriftilid firft
on full yore,
as nevir in my life
d fo before.
ye Gamèlyn ftode in the place
withouten ferk,
de, If there be any mo
m comè to werk.
champion which that painid
workin fo fore,
h by his countinaunce
: willè no more.
èlyn in the placè ftode
any ftone
bidin wraftiling,
re ycomith none.
e ne was none with Gamèlyn
oldè wreftle more,
handilid the champion
derouffly fore.
gentilmeinè that owned the place
o Gamelyn, God geve them grace!
dè to him, Have done on
fin and thy fhone;
è at this timè all
ire it is ydone.
feidè to them Gamèlyn,
: I well yfare,
not yet halvindele
all my ware.
feide the champion fo broke,
welè fwere
fole that therof bieth,
lleft it fo dere.

Tho feide to him the frankèlyn,
That was in mochill care,
Fellaw, he faidè, whi lakkift
Thou fo moche of his ware?
Be Seint Jame, that in Gal'is is,
That many man has fought,
Yet it is moche too godè chepe
That thou haften ybought.
Tho that the wardinis werin
Of that ilk wraftiling
Comin forth, and brought Gamèlyn
The ram and als the ring.
And thus wann yongè Gamèlyn
The ram and eke the ring,
And wentè forth with mochil joy
Homeward in the morning.
His brothir fe where that he come
With all the grettè rout,
And bad the porter fhute the gate,
And holdin him without.
The porter of his lord'is word
Was fo right fore agaft,
And ftert anon unto the gate
And lokkid it full faft.
Now lithinith and leftinith
Bothè yongè and old,
And ye fhullin herè gamin
Of Gamelyn the bold.
Gamèlyn cometh therunto
For to have comen in;
But all in vaine; the dore then was
Y fhitt faft with a pyn.
Than feidè yongè Gamèlyn,
Porter, undo the yate,
For many a godè mann'is
Sonnè ftondith thereat.
Then anfwerid him the porter,
And fwore by Godd'is berde,
Thou ne fhalt, frènde Gamèlyn,
Comin into this yerde.
Thou lyift, feidè Gamèlyn,
So broukin I my chynne:
He fmote the wikit with his fote,
And brak away the pyn.
The porter ftreightwey faughè tho
It might no bettir be,
He fette fote on erthè, and
Faft he began to fle.
Bi my faith, feidè Gamèlyn,
That travaile is ylore,
For I am on fote as light as
Thow, though thow had yfwore,
Gamelyn ovirtoke the porter,
And his teenè ywrak,
And gert him full upon the nek,
That he the bon to brak;
And toke him by that oon armè,
And threw him in a well;
Seven hundrid fadom it was depe,
As I have herdè telle.
Whan Gamèlyn the yongè thus
Had yplaied his play,
Alle that in the yerdè were
Withdrewin them away,

That dredin him full forè for
The wreke that he wrought,
And for the fayir cumpany
That he had thither brought.
Yong Gamèlyn yede to the gate
And letè it up wide,
He letin in allè the rout
That gon woldin of ride;
And seidè, Ye ben ywelcome
Withouten any gréve,
For we wol ben maisteris here,
And askè no man leve.
It n'as but yesterdai I last,
Saide yongè Gamèlyn,
In my brother'is seleris
Five toun of right gode wyne.
I willè not this cumpany
Partyn with me on twyn,
And if ye will don aftir me,
Whil any sope is inn:
And if my brothir grutchith us,
Or makith it soulè chere,
Othir for spence of mete and drink
That we shull spendin here,
I am the ovircaterir,
And bere our althir purse,
He shallè have for his grutching
Santa Maria's curse.
My brothir is but a nigon,
I swere by Crist'is ore,
And we woll spendè largily
That he hath sparid yore.
And whoso that makith grutching
That we do here ydwell,
He shall go unto the porter
Into the drawè well.
Sevin dayis and sevin nightes
Gamèlyn held his fest,
With mochè solace that there was,
And eke no mannir heste.
All in a litil torrit his
Brothir laydè ysteke,
And saugh him wastin his godis,
But durstè not to speke.
Right erls in a morrowning,
Upon the eightè day,
The gestis come to Gamèlyn,
And woldè gon thir way.
Lordis, tho seidè Gamèlyn,
And wollin ye so hit?
Allè the wyn is not yet dronk,
So broukin I mine eye.
Yonge Gamèlyn in his hertè
Was sorowfull and wo
Whan that his gestis toke their leve
And fro him woldè go.
He woldè that they had dwellid
Lengir, and they seide Nay,
But bitaught Gamèlyn to God,
And bad him have gode dai.
Thus madè Gamèlyn his feste,
And brought it well to end,
And aftirward his gestis toke
Levè their way to wend.

Now lithinith and listinith,
And holdith you your tonge,
And ye shullin herè gamin
Of Gamèlyn the yonge.
Herkinith, Lordilingis, and
Listinith you aright,
Whan all the gestis weren gon
How Gamèlyn was dight.
Allè the while that Gamèlyn
Had hold his mangerie
His brothir thought on him bewreke
With his false trecherie;
Tho whan that Gamèlyn'is gestes
Y ridin were and gon
Gamèlyn stode anon alone,
Frendè tho had he none.
Tho aftir this full sone it fell,
Within a littil stound,
That Gamèlyn was takin, and
Full hardly was he bound.
Than forth comith the false knight
Out of the solerè,
And to Gamèlyn his brothir
He goith fullè nere,
And seiden unto Gamèlyn,
Who mede the so bold
For to destroyin and wastè
The store of my houshold?
Brothir, answered Gamèlyn,
Now wrathè the right noght,
For it is many-day agon
Sithins it was ybought:
For, brothir, thou hastin haddè,
I swere by Seint Richere,
Of fiftene plowis of londè
This full sixtenè yere;
And of allè the bestis which
Thou hastè forth ybredd,
That my fadir to me bequethe
Upon his deth'is bedd:
Of allè this full sixtene yere
I gevè the the prow,
For the metè and the drinkè
That we have spendid now.
Than thus seidè the false knight,
(Full evil mote he the)
Herkinith, brothir Gamelyn,
What I woll gevin the;
For of my body, brothir, heir
Y gettin have I none;
I wollè makin the my heir,
I swerè by Seint John.
Par mafay, seidè Gamèlyn,
And if that it so be,
And thou thinkest as thou seyist,
May God yeldin it the!
Nothing wistè yong Gamèlyn
Of his brother'is gile,
And therefore he him begilid
In verry littil while.
Gamèlyn, seiden he, o thing
I nedis must the tell,
Tho whan thou threwe my porter
Into the drawè well,

vrathê, and
ıote,
ybondê be
e fote:
beſechê the,
lyn,
me be forſworn,
ı mine;
indin the
e fote,
nyne avough,
te.
e Gamêlyn,

n forſworin
.
this Gamêlyn
not ſtand,
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his brothir of
,
eris
L
leſingis
ſtode,
at comin in
wode.
o a poſt
all,
ycomin in
.
Gamêlyn

ne had he none
night.
Gamêlyn,
y hals
ſpyid that
ls.
that treſon
yfond
n ſtrokis
nd.
hus bondin
:
oo nightis,
one.
t this Gamêlyn,
ſtrong,
thinkith that

ı le Diſpencer,

with which
,
in to the kaies,
ond,
departin
lond.
rid this Adam,
Spencer,
brothir
re,

And if I ſhuldê letin you
To gon out of his boure
He woldin aftirwardis ſeye
That I were a traytour.
Adam, anſweryd Gamêlyn,
So broukin I myn hals,
Thou ſhaltê findin my brothir
At the laſt rightê ſals;
And therefore, brothir Adam, me
Loſê out of my bonds,
And I wollê departin with
The of myn own fre londs.
Upon ſo gode a forewardê
Saidin Adam, I wis
I wollê doin thereunto
Allê that in me is.
Adam, tho ſeidê Gamelyn,
As ſo mowin I the,
I woll holdê the covênaunt,
An thou too wollê me.
Anon as Adam his lordê
To beddê was ygone,
Adam tokê the kaies, and lat
Gamêlyn out anon.
He unlokid yonge Gamêlyn
Both houdis and eke fete,
On hope of the avauncêment
Which that he him bêhete.
Then ſeidê yongê Gamêlyn,
Thankid be Godd'is ſonde,
For now that I am yloſid
Both fote and alſo hond!
Had I but etin a litil,
And thereto dronk aright,
There is non in this houſê that
Shuld bindê me this night.
Tho Adam tokê Gamelyn,
As ſtill as any ſtone,
And haddin him into the ſpence
Right rapily anon;
And ſettin him to his ſoupere
Right in a privie ſtede,
And badin hym do gladily,
And Gamelyn ſo dede.
Anon aſſone as Gamêlyn
Had etin wel and fine,
And thereunto had ydrankin
Well of the redê wyne,
Adam, ſeide yongê Gamêlyn,
Tell what is now thy rede;
For me to go to my brothir,
And gerdin of his hede?
No, Gamêlyn, ſeidin Adam,
It ſhallê not be ſo,
But I can tellê the a rede
That is yworth the too.
I wote wele forſothê that
(And this it is no nay)
We ſhullin have a mangerie
Rightê upon Sonday;
Of abbotis and priouris
Full many here ſhal be,
And othir men of holie cherch,
As I can tellê the:

Thou ſhaltè ſtond up by the poſt,
As thou were hondè faſt,
And I ſhall them leve unlok, that
Away thou may them caſt:
And whan that they have y etin,
And waſhin have their hondes,
Tho thou ſhalt beſpekin them all
To bring the out of bondes:
And if that they will borrow the
That werin a gode game,
Than werin thou out of priſon
And I als out of blame;
But if that everich of them
Sayè unto us Nay,
I ſhullè don anothir thing,
I ſwerè by this day.
Thou ſhullè have a godè ſtaffe,
And I woll have another,
And Criſt'is curſe have that oon
That failè ſhall that othir.
Ye, for God, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
I ſay it right for me
If that I failin on my ſide
Than evil mote I the.
If that we ſhullin algatis
Aſſoile them of thire ſynne;
Warnith me, my brothir Adam,
Whan that we ſhall begynn.
Now Gamèlyn, ſeiden Adam,
Ey Seintè Charitè
I wollè warnè the beforn
Whan that the time ſhall be.
Whan that I twinkin upon the
Lokè for to be gon,
And caſt away the fetteris,
And come to me anon.
Adam, ſeidè yong Gamèlyn,
Y bliſſid be thy bones!
That is a rightè gode counſaile
Y gevin for the nones.
If that they ſhullin wernè me
To bring the out of bendes
I wollè ſettin gode ſtrokis
Full right upon their lendes.
Tho the Sondy was ycomin,
And theſe folk to the feſtè;
Faire they werein ywelcomid
Bothè the leſte and meſte.
And evir as they at the Hall
Dorè were comin in
They everich caſtin an eie
On yongè Gamèlyn.
The falſe knight his own brothir,
So full of trecherie,
Allè the geſtes that there were
At that ilk mangerie
Of Gamèlyn his own brothir
He toldin them with mouth
Allè the harmis and the ſhame
That e'ere he tellè couth.
Tho they werein yſervid ſtreit
Of meſſis too or thre;
Than ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn,
How do ye ſervè me?
It ne is not wele yſervid,
Be God that allè made,
That I ſhold ſittin here faſting
And othir men make glade.
The falſe knightè his brothir,
Thereas that he yſtode,
Toldin to allè his geſtis
That Gamèlyn was wode.
And Gamèlyn there ſtodè ſtill,
And anſwerid right noght,
But of Adam'is wordis he
Heldè ſtill in his thought.
Tho Gamèlyn began to ſpeke,
Right doulefully withall,
Unto the grettè lordis that
Y ſatyn in the Hall:
My Lordings, tho ſeiden he,
For Criſt'is paſſion
Helpin to bringè Gamèlyn
Out of thilkè priſon.
Than ſeidè to him an abbot,
(Sorow upon his cheke!)
He ſhallin have Criſt'is curſe
And Seintè Maries eke,
That ſhall the out of this priſon
Beggin owthir borow,
But evir worthè hym full wele
That doth the mykil ſorow.
And anon aftir that abbot
Than ſpakin anothir,
I woldè that thyn hede were of
Though thou were my brothir.
Allè that the ſhall borrowin
Motè them foulè fall;
And thus yſeiden allè they
That werin in the Hall.
Than ſeidè to him a priour,
Evil mowin he thrive!
It is grettè ſorow and care,
Boy, that thou art on live.
On, on, ſeidè yongè Gamèlyn,
So broukin I my bone,
Now that I havin eſpyid
That frendis have I none.
A curſid mot he worthè be,
Bothè fleſhè and blode,
That evir doth to priouris
Or abbotes any gode.
Anon Adam the Diſpencer
Takin up hath the cloth,
And lokid unto Gamèlyn,
And ſaugh that he was wroth.
Adam of the pantrie at thilk
Time litil he thought.
And too godè ſtavis unto
The Hallè dore he brought.
Adam lokid on Gamèlyn,
And he was war anon,
And caſt awaie the fetteris,
And began for to gon.
Tho he camin unto Adam,
He toke to the one ſtaff,
And beganning to werkè wele,
And gode ſtrokis he gaff.

lyn came into the Hall,
lam Spencer both,
tid them all aboutin
haddè ben wroth.
lyn ſprenith holi watir
h an okin ſpire,
me of them that ſtode upright
ito the fire.
was no mannir lewdè man
the Hallè ſtode
old doin Gamèlyn
ngè but gode.
hei ſtodè beſidin, and
m bothè werch,
ne haddè no routhè
of holi cherch.
bot or of prior, or
or of canon,
mèlyn hath overtoke,
cy yedin doun.
ne was none of them allè
th his ſtuff ymette
made them overthrowe,
ttè them his dette.
Gamèlyn, ſeidè Adam,
tè Charite
I pray, gode liveray,
the love of me;
wollè kepin the dore;
here I maſſe
hey ben aſſoilyld
llè noon ypaſſe.
the noght, ſeide Gamèlyn,
at we ben in fere;
thou welè the dore
oll werkin here;
rith the, gode Adam, and
h none yfle,
ſhall tellè largily
ny here there be.
mèlyn ſeiden Adam,
em all but gode,
ben men of holi cherch;
of them no blode;
right wele the coroune,
h them no harmes,
ith bothè their leggis,
in here thir armes.
Gam lyn and Adam hath
htin righte faſt,
din with the monkies tho,
dè them agaſt.
hidir they comè riding
y with ſwaines,
agen they werin ledde
and in waines.
they haddin all ydone
lin a gray frere,
s! my Lord Abbot,
ldè we now here?
hat we hither did ycome
coldè rede;
r better ben at home
tir and with brede.

While Gam lyn made orderis
Of monkis and of frere
Evir ſtodè his brothir ſtille,
And madè foulè chere.
Tho Gamèlyn up with his ſtaff,
That he ful welè knew,
And grettin him upon the nek,
That he him overthrewe,
A litil above the girdil*
The riggin bone to braſt,
And ſett him in the fetteris
There as he ſattin arſt.
Sittith thou there, my brothir John,
Tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
For to colin thy hotte bodie,
As I did colè myn.
And ſwithe as they yhaddè wele
Wroken them on their fone,
They aſkid for the watir, and
They wiſhin them anon.
What ſome of them for their lovè,
And ſomè for their awe,
Allè the ſervauntis ſervid
Them of the beſtè law.
The ſhereff was thennis away
But about a five myle,
And all was toldin unto him
Within a little whyle,
How Gamèlyn and Adam had
Ydon a ſorry res,
Boundin and woundin many men
Agen the king'is pece.
Eſtſonis tho begannin ſone
Striffe for to awake,
And the ſhiregereve about did
Caſt Gamèlyn to take.
Now lithinith aud leſtinith,
So God geve you gode fine,
And ye ſhull herin a gode game
Of yongè Gamèlyn.
Now four-and-twenty yongè men,
That holdin them full bolde,
Comin unto the ſhiregereve,
And ſeidè that they wold
Both Gamèlyn and eke Adam
Y fettè be the way;
The ſhiregereve gafè them leve
Tho ſoth as I you ſay,
Thes yongè meinè hiden them
Faſt, woldè they not lynne
Tyll that they comin to the gate
There Gamèlyn was inne.
Thy knokidin upon the gate,
The porter tho was nye,
And lokid forth out at an hole,
As man that was full ſlye
The porter had beholdin them
But for a litil while,
He lovid welè Gamèlyn,
And was adrad of gile,
And forthi letè the wiket
Y ſtondin fullè ſtill,
And aſkid them that ſtant without
What ywas their will?

For allè the gret cumpany
Than ſpake bot one alone,
Undo the gatis, porter, and
Latè us in ygone.
Then ſeidè to them the porter,
So broukin I my chynne
Ye ſhulle ſayin your errand
Or that ye comin inne.
Say to Gamèlyn and Adam,
If that ther wille it be,
We wollè ſpekin here with them
Two wordis othir thre.
Fellaw, ſeidè the porter tho,
Stondith thou ther yſtill,
And I woll wend to Gamèlyn
To wetin of his wille.
And in wentè the porter tho
To Gamèlyn anon,
And ſeidè, Sire, I warne you
That here be come your ſone;
For lo! the ſhiregerev'is men
Now ben all at the gate
For to ytekin you bothè;
Shallè ye not eſcape.
Porter, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
So mote I welè the,
I woll allowè the thy wordes
Whan I my timè ſe.
Go ageyn, porter, to the gate,
And dwell with them a while,
Awaitin, and thou ſhaltè ſe
Right ſone, porter, a gile.
Adam, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Lokè the to be gon,
We havè foomen at the gate,
And frendis nevir one.
It ben the ſhiregerev'is men
That hithir ben comin,
They ben yſwore togideris,
That we ſhull be nomin.
To Gamèlyn ſeidè Adam,
Hiè the righte belyve,
And if I failè the this day
Than evil mote I thryve.
And we ſhullin ſo welcomè
The ſhiregerev'is men,
That ſome of them I trow ſhall make
Their beddis in the fen.
Then thorough the poſternè gate
Yong Gamèlyn out went,
And a gode ſturdie cartè ſtaffe
In his hondè he hent.
And Adam Spencer hentè ſone
Anothir grettè ſtaff
For to helpè young Gamèlyn,
And gode ſtrokis he gaffe.
Adam yfellid hath his tweyne,
And Gamèlyn felled thre,
The tothir ſettè on erth,
And faſt began to fle.
What? ſeidin Adam Spencer tho,
So evir hire I maſſe
I havè right gode reddè wyne,
Pray drinkith er ye paſſe.
Nai, nai! by God, ſeidè they tho,
Thy drink is nothing gode,
It woldè makin mann'is brayne
To lyin in his hode.
Yong Gamèlyn tho ſtodè ſtill,
And lokid him about.
And ſaide, The ſhiregereve comith
With a full grettè rout.
Adam Spencer, ſeid Gamèlyn,
My rede it is now this,
Abidin we not lengir here
Leſt we farin amys.
I rede that we to wode ygonn
Er that we be yfound;
Betir is there loſe for to gonn
Than in the toune ybound.
Adam them tokè by the hond
This yongè Gamèlyn.
And echè of them to the othir
Drankin a draft of wyne.
And aftirwardis toke their courſe,
And wentè ſtreight their way;
Tho fond the ſhiregereve the neſt,
But in it was none ay.
The ſhiregereve lightid adoune,
And went into the Hall,
And fond the lord yfetterid
Full faſtè therewithall.
The ſhireve tho unfetterid
Him right ſone anon,
And ſentin aftir a gode leche
To hele his riggè bon.
Letè we now this falſè knight
Lie in his mochill care,
And tellè we of Gamèlyn,
And lokè how he fare.
Gamèlyn into the wild wode
Yſtalkid is full ſtille,
And Adam le Diſpencer it
Ylikid but right ille.
Tho Adam ſwore to Gamèlyn,
And that be Seint Richere,
Now I ſay that it is mery
To ben a diſpencer;
That muchè levire me werin
The kayis for to bere,
Than walkin in this wildè wode
My clothis all to tere.
Adam, ſeidè yong Gamèlyn,
Diſmayè the right noght,
For many a gode mann'is child
In carè is ybrought.
As they thus in the wode ſtodin,
Ytalking both in fere,
Adam herdè talking of men,
And nigh them thought they were.
Tho Gamèlyn undir the wild
Wodè lokid aright,
Full ſevin ſcore of yongè men
He ſaugh right wel ydight;
Allè were ſattè at their mete
In a compas about;
Adam, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
Now havin ye no doute,

tir balè comith bote,
h Godd'is grete might;
ith of mete and of drink
avin a fight.
le Dispencer lokid
lir wode bowe,
an that he the metè faugh
was glad inowe;
ow he hopid unto God
win his dele,
was ful fore alongid
rodè mele.
as he seide that word
the maistir outlawe
amèlyn and Adam both
he wodè shaw.
ungè men, seide the maistir
by the gode rode
re of some gestis,
d sendin us gode!
yondir be two yongè men
n right wel adight,
dventure they ben mo,
okid aright.
h up quick yongè men,
è them to me,
gode that we wetin
einè that they be.
i stertin quik at that word,
the dinnere,
y mettin with Gamèlyn
am Dispencere.
that they werin ney to them
dè thus that one,
up to us, yonge men
wis and your flone.
seidè to them Gamèlyn,
ngè was of elde,
il forow mote they have
to you shall yelde:
woll none othir wight
t mine ownè selve
ay fettin unto you
dthan be ye twelve.
herdin by his wordis that
ht was in his arme,
hi there was non of them
ldè don him harme,
din unto Gamèlyn
ildily and still,
aforin our maistir,
to him thy will.
man, seidè Gamèlyn,
ur leaute
what man your maister is
hat ye with ybe.
llè they anfwerid him
without lesing,
ster is ycorounid
wis is the King.
, seide yongè Gamelyn,
n Crist'is name,
nothir metè nor drink
us for shame;

And if that he hendè, and
Comin of gentil blode,
He woll geve us both mete and drink,
And doin us some goode.
By Seintè Jame, seide Adam tho,
What harme so that I grete
I will adventure me to the
Dorè that I had mete.
Tho Gamèlyn and Adam both
Y wentè forth in fere,
And they both gretè the maisti r
Which that they fondè there.
Than seidè to them the maistir,
That King was of Outlawes,
What do ye seke, ye yongè men,
Undir the wodè shawes?
Yong Gamèlyn anfwerid tho
The King with his coroune,
He mustè nedis walk in wodes
That may not walk in toune.
Sire, we walkè not here in wodes
Non harmè for to do,
But if paradventure we mete
A dere to sherte thereto,
As meinè that ben right hungry,
And mow no metè fynd,
And very hardè ben bestad
Undir the wodè lynd.
Of Gamèlyn'is wordis tho
The maister haddè routhe,
And seidè to them, Ye shall have
Inow, heve God my trouthe.
Anon he baddè them sittin
Doune for to takè rest,
And baddè them etin and drink,
And that too of the best.
As they were eting and drinking
Of the best wele and fine,
Than seide the ton to the tothir
This is yonge Gamèlyn.
Tho was the maister of outlawes
Into consaile nomin,
And told how it was Gamèlyn
That thither was comin.
Anon as he had herdin all
How that it was befall,
He madè Gamèlyn maistir
Undir him o're them all.
Within the third weke aftir this
To him comith tiding,
To the maistir of outlawis,
Which that now was their king,
That he shuldè ycomin home,
For that his pees was made;
And of that joyfull tiding he
Was wonderously glade.
Tho seide he to his yongè men,
The sothè for to tell.
To me be comin tidingis
I may no lengir dwell.
Tho was yong Gamèlyn anon,
Withoutin tarying,
Made maistir of outlawis, and
Y coroundid their king:

Tho was yong Gamèlyn crounid
The King of the Outlawes,
And among them walkid a while
Undir the wodè ſhawes.
The falſe knight his brothir now
Was ſhiregereve and Sire,
And lete his brothir be endite
For hatè and for ire.
Tho werin all his bondmeinè
Sory and nothing glad
Whan that Gamèlyn their lordè
Wolves Hede was cryed and made,
And ſentin outè his meinè
Where they mightin him fynd,
For to ſekin yonge Gamèlyn
Undir the wodè lynd,
To tellè to him tidingis
The winde was ywent,
And allè his gode revied was,
And all his men yſhent.
Whan that they haddè hym foundin
On kneys they them ſette,
And adoun with their hodè, and
Gamèlyn their lord grette.
They ſeiden, Sire, now wrathè not
You for the godè rede,
For we have brought you tidingis,
But they be nothing gode.
Now is thy brothir ſhiregereve,
And he hath the baillie,
And thereto hath enditid the,
And Wolves Hede doth the crie.
Allas! tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
That e're I was ſo ſlak,
That I ne hadd brokin his nek
Whan I his riggè brak.
Goith, and gretith you welè
My houſbondis an wif,
I wollè ben at the next ſhire,
So havè God my lif.
Gamèlyn camè well redy
Unto the nextè ſhire,
And there the falſe knight his brothir
Was bothè Lord and Sire.
Gamèlyn camè boldilich
Into the Moté Hall,
And put adoun his hode among
The lordilingis all.
God ſavè you, Lordilingis!
Which that now herè be;
But as for the, brokebak ſhereve,
Evil motè thou the!
Why haſtè thou doin to me
That ſhame and villonie
For to latin enditè me,
And Wolf'is Hede me crie?
Tho thought the falſe knight on him
For to have ben awreke,
And letè takin Gamèlyn;
Muſt he no more yſpeke.
Mightè there be no mannir grace,
But Gamèlyn at laſt
Was into priſoun ycaſtin,
And fetterid full faſt.

This Gamèlyn hath a brothir
That cleped was Sir Ote;
As gode and hend a knight he was
As mightin gon on fote.
Right anon yede a meſſager
Unto that gode knight,
And toldin him altogethir
How Gamèlyn was dight.
Anon as Sir Otè herdin had
How Gamèlyn was dight,
He was right paſſing ſory tho,
Ne he was nothing light:
And letè ſaddle him a ſtede,
And ſtreit the weie he name,
And unto his tweie bretherin
Right ſonè there he came.
Sir, ſeidè this Sir Ote unto
The ſhiregerevè tho,
We ben but only thre brethren,
Shall we be nevir mo,
And thus haſt thou yprisounid
The beſtè of us all;
Soche anothir brothir as thou
Evil mote him befall!
Sir Ote, ſeidè the falſè knight,
Now letè be thy cars;
By God for theſe thi wordis he
Shallè farin the wors.
Now to the king'is priſoun be
Is leſully ynome,
And ther he ſhall abidin
Untill the juſtice come.
But parde, ſeidè Sir Ote tho,
Bettir it ſhall ybe
I biddin him unto maynpriſe
And that thou graunté me,
Untill the nextè ſitting ſhall
Come of deliveraunce,
And than lete Gamèlyn fairely
Yſtondin to his chaunce.
Brothir, in ſoche a forewardè
I takin him to the,
And by thy fadir'is ſoulè,
That the begat and me,
If that he be not right redy
Whan that the juſtice ſitte,
Thou ſhaltè berin the judgement,
For all thy grettè wit.
I grauntin it wele, ſeide Sir Ote,
That it ſhall ſo ybe;
Letith delivir him anon,
And takin him to me.
Tho Gamèlyn was delivered
To Sir Ote his brothir,
And that night ydwellid in fere
The ton with the tothir.
On the morow ſeide Gamèlyn
Unto Sir Ote the hend,
My brothir, he ſeidè, forſothe
I motè from the wend,
To lokin how my yongè men
In wode ledin their lif,
And whethir that they liven now
In joie or elles in ſtrif.

God, tho anſwerid Sir Ote,
a coldè rede,
ſe that alle the cark
allin on my hedè;
whan that the juſtice ſittith,
ou be not yfound
anon be takin, and
ſtede be ybound.
hir, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
rè the right noght,
Seintè Jame in Galis,
nany man hath ſought,
that God Almighty hold
r lif and my wit
ben there right redy
that the juſtice ſit.
n ſeide Sir Ote to Gamèlyn,
eldè the fro ſhame!
whan that thou ſeiſt tyme,
ing us out of blame.
r lithinith and leſtinith,
ldith you right ſtill,
: ſhullè herin how that
yn had his will.
n Gamèlyn wentin his
ddir the wode riſe,
: yſondè there playing
ngè men of priſe.
was this yongè Gamèlyn
right glad inow
that he ſond his yongè men
the wodè bow
èlyn and his yongè men
lin in fere,
ey all haddè right gode game
maiſtir for to here.
men told him of aventures
that they had yfound,
am lyn told them agen
e was faſt ybound.
he while that Gamèlyn was
had he no curs;
ne was no man that for him
ought the wors,
abbotis and priouris,
onkis, and chanon;
d forſothe ne laſt he noght
er he might them nom.
le Gamèlyn and his yong men
mirthis ryve,
lſè knight his own brothir,
otè he thryve!
all this while he waſt about,
ne day and othir,
poſe for to hire the queſt
gin his brothir.
èlyn ſtodin on a day,
und him he beheld
ild wodis and the ſhawis
the wildè feld;
houghtin upon his brothir,
hat he him behete
e ywoldin be redy
that the juſtice ſete;

He thoughtin welè that he wolde,
Withoutin more delay,
Ycomin afore the juſtice
For to kepin his day;
And ſeidè to his yongè men,
Now dightith you full yare,
For whan that the juſtice ſittith
We mote nedis be there;
For I am undir a borow
Until that I comin,
And my brothir inſtede of me
To priſon ſhal be nomin.
Be Seint Jame, ſeide his yongè men,
And that thou rede thereto,
Ordeinith how it ſhallè be,
And it ſhall ſo be do.
While Gamèlyn was ycoming
There that the juſtice ſatt
The falſè knight his own brothir
Forgattin he not that,
To hire the meinè on his queſt
To hangin his brothir,
And though thei haddè not that oon
He wolde han that othir.
Tho comith yongè Gamèlyn
From undir the wode riſe,
And he broughtin along with him
His yongè men of priſe.
I ſe wele, ſeidè Gamèlyn,
The juſtice is yſette;
Go thou aforn us, Adam, and
Lokè how that it ſpette.
Adam wentè into the Hall,
And lokid all about,
And he ſaugh there yſtondè tho
Lordingis grette and ſtout,
And Sir Ote, Gamèlyn'is brothir,
Yſterterid wele faſt;
Tho wentin Adam out of Hall
As he werin agaſt.
Adam ſeidè to Gamèlyn,
And to his ſelawes all,
Sir Ote yſtondith ſetterid
Within the Motè Hall.
Seide Gamèlyn, If God geve us
Gracè wel for to do
He ſhallin it abegge anon
That him broughtin thereto.
Then ſeidin Adam Diſpencer,
That lokkis haddin hore,
Chriſt'is curſe motè he havin
That boundin him ſo ſore.
And if thou wiltè, Gamèlyn,
Doin aftir my rede,
There is none in the Hallè that
Shall bere aweie his hede.
Adam, tho ſeidè Gamèlyn,
We wollè not do ſo;
We woll ſle only the giltif,
And lat the othir go.
I will my ſelve into the Hall,
And hire the juſtice ſpeke,
And on all them that ben giltif
I wollè ben awreke.

Lat none escapin at the dore;
Take, yongè meinè, yeme,
For I wolle ben the justice
This day domis to deme.
Pray God spedè me this ilk dai
At this my newè werke!
And Adam, comith thou with me,
For thou shalt be my clerke.
His meinè all answerid him,
And bad hym don his best,
And if thou to us havè nede
Thou shalt syndin us prest:
For we wollè stondin with the
Whilis that we may dure,
And but that we werkin manly
Payith us then no hure.
Yongè men, seidè Gamèlyn,
So mot I wele y the,
As ye a right trusty maistir
Shullè findin of me.
And rightè thereat the justice
Ysattin in the Halle,
In wentè tho yong Gamèlyn
Boldly amonges them all.
Gamèlyn letè unfettir
His brothir out of bend;
Than seidè to him Sir Otis,
His brothir that was hende,
Thou haddist almost, Gamèlyn,
Dwellid away to long,
For the questè is ygon out
On me that I shulde honge.
Brothir, tho seidè Gamèlyn,
God gevè me gode rest,
This gode day they shull ben hongid
That ben upon the quest;
And thereto the justice bothè,
That is the juggè man,
And eke the sheriff our brothir,
For through him it began.
Than seidè yongè Gamèlyn
Unto the false justice,
Now is thi powir at an end,
You must nedis arise.
Thou hast ygevin domis that
Ben evil allè dight;
I wollè settin in thi sete,
And dressin them aright.
But the justice sattin stillè,
And roofè not anon,
And Gamèlyn with his swerdè
Clevid his chekè bone.
Yonge Gamèlyn toke him in his
Armis, and no more spak,
But threw him ovir the barrè,
And his armè to brak.
Durst no one unto Gamèlyn
Sayè nothing but godè,
For fere of the gret company
That withoutin ystode.
Gamèlyn sattè him adoun
In the justic'is stede,
(Herkenith now of the bourdè
That Gamèlyn tho dede)
And Sir Otè by him he satte,
And Adam at his fete.
And whan Gamèlyn the yong was
Satte in the justice sete,
He letè settè the justice
And his false brothir,
And letè them come to the barre
The ton with that othir.
Whan Gamèlyn had thus ydone
Haddin he tho no rest
Till that he had enquerid who
Werin upon the quest.
For to demin his brothir dere,
Sir Ote, for to be honge,
Er that he wiste which they were
It thoughte him full longe.
But al so sone as Gamèlyn
Wiste where that thei were
He didde them everichone
Fetterin fast in fere,
And bringè them unto the barre,
And settè them in vewe:
By my faith, seidè the justice,
The sheriff is a shrewe.
Than seidè yongè Gamèlyn
Unto the false justice,
Thou hastè gevè thy domis
Al of the worst assise;
And the twelve sisouris that
Werin of the inquest
They shulle ben hongid this day,
So God geve me gode rest.
Than seide the sheriff pitously
To yongè Gamèlyn,
My Lord, I crie the mercie,
Brothir artè thou myn.
Therefore, seidè yonge Gamèlyn,
Havè you Crist's curse,
For if thou werin maistir yet
Shuldin I farè worse.
But for to makè short my Tale,
And not to tary longe,
He ordeynid him there a quest
Of his own men so strong.
The false justice and the sheriff
Bothè were hongid hie,
To weyvin there with the ropis,
And with the winde drie.
And als the twelvè sisouris,
Sorow havè that rekk,
Allè they werin yhongid
Full fastè by the nekk.
Thus endid hath the falsè knight
With all his trecherie,
That evir haddè lad his life
In falsenes and folie.
He was hongid up by the nek,
And nought by the purse,
That was the mede that he had haddè
From his fadir'is curse.
Sir Ote was the eldist tho,
And Gamèlyn was yonge,
They wentin with their frendis, and
Passidin to the king

madin pece with the kingè
eſtè aſſiſe;
g lovid Sir Otè welè,
de him a juſtice.
he king made Gamèlyn,
eſt and weſt,
ſe juſtice and ridere of
fre foreſt.
is wight yonge men the king
them their gilt,
en in gode office the king
è them ypilt.
has wan yongè Gamèlyn
è and his lede,
ake of him his enemies,
tè them their mede.

And Sir Otè, his brothir dere,
Ymade him hath his heir,
And ſithin weddid Gamèlyn
A wife both gode and faire.
They lividin togidir wele
Whilis that Chriſtè wolde,
And ſithin that was Gamèlyn
Ygravin undir molde:
And ſo ſhallè we allè here;
May there no man yſle
God bringin us unto the joie
That evir ſhull ybe!

Thus endith the legend of Gamelyn, called The Coke's Tale.

HERE BEGINNETH

THE PLOWMAN'S PROLOGUE.

THE Plowman plucked up his plowe
Whan midſomer mone was comen in,
And ſaied his beſtes ſhould ete inowe,
And lige in graſſe up to the chin:
Thei ben feble both oxe and cowe,
Of 'hem n'is left but bone and ſkinne;
He ſhoke of ſhere, and coulter' off drowe,
And honged his harnis on a pinne.
He toke his tabarde and ſtaffe eke,
And on his hedde he ſet his hat,
And ſaied he would Sainct Thomas ſeke.
On pilgrimage he goth forth plat;
In ſcrippe he bare bothe bred lekes;
He was folſwonke and all forſwat:
Men might have ſene through both his chekes,
And every wang tothe where it ſat.
Our Hoſte behelde well all about,
And ſawe this man was ſunne ibrent;
He knewe well by his ſingid ſnout,
And by his clothes, that were to rent,
He was a man wont walke about,
He n'as not aye in cloiſter pent,
Ne couthe religiouſliche lout,
And therefore was he full ill ſhent.
Our Hoſte him axed, What man art thou?
Sire Hoſte, (quod he) I am an hine,
For I am wont to go to plow,
And erne my mete yet that I dine:
To ſwette and ſwinke I make avowe,
My wife and babes therewith to finde,
And ſervin God and I wiſt how,
But we lende men yben full blinde:
For clerkes ſaie we ſhullin be fain
For ther livelod to ſwette and ſwinke,
And thei right nought us give again
Neither to ete ne yet to drinke;
Thei mowe by lawe, as that thei ſain,
Us curſe and dampne to hell'is brinke;
And thus thei puttin us to pain
With candlis quient and bell'is clinke.
Thei make us thrallis at their luſt,
And ſain we mowe not els be ſaved;
Thei have the corne and we the duſt;
Who gainſayes then they ſaye he raved.
What, man! (quod our Hoſte) canſt thou preche
Come nere and tel ſome holy thing.
Sir, quod he, I herd onis teche
A preeſt in pulpit gode preching.
Saie on quod he, I the beſeche.
Sir, I am redy at your bidding.
I praie that no man me reproche
While that I am my Tale telling.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE FIRST PART OF THE TALE*.

ı. ſterne ſtrief is ſtirrid newe,
ſtedis in a ſtounde,
ry ſedis that ben ſewe;
h that ſome ben unſounde,
e be grete growin on grounde,
n ſouble, ſimple and ſmall:
r of 'hem is falſir ſounde
ir ſoule mote him bifall.
one ſide is that I of tell
ardinals, and prelates,
monkis, and freris fell,
abbotes, of grete eſtates;
n and hell thei kepe the yeates,
er's ſucceſſours ben all,
s is demid by old dates;
ed ſoule mote it befall.
thir ſide ben pore and pale,
le yput out of preſe,
in caitiffes ſore a cale,
in one without encreſe
Lollers and Londleſe;
heth on 'hem thei ben untall;
arayid all for pece,
ed ſoule mote it befall
a countrey have I ſought
re the falſir of theſe two,
my travaile was for nought
rre as I have ygo,
wandrid in a wro,
wode beſide a wall,
lis ſawe I ſitting tho,
r ſoule mote him befall.
one did plete on the Pope's ſide,
n of a grimme ſtature;
ine withoutin pride
Lollers ylaied his lure;
d his mattir in meſure
ſaile, Chriſt ay gan he call;
ſon ſhewed as ſharpe as fire,
ed ſoule mote it befall.

plaint againſt the pride and covetouſneſs of the
te no doubt by Ghaucer, ſays the editor of Chau-
printed for *Ad. Iſlip* at *London*, *A. D.* 1602.

The Pellicane began to preche
Bothe of mercie and of mekeneſſe,
And ſaied that Chriſt ſo gan us teche,
And meke and merciable gan bleſſe:
The' Evangely berith witneſſe
A lambe he likeneth Chriſt ovre' all,
In tokening that he mekiſt was
Sith pride was out of hevin fall.
And ſo ſhould every Criſtened be,
Prieſtis and Peter's ſucceſſours,
Beth lowliche and of lowe degre,
And uſin none yerthly honours,
Ne croune ne curious covertours,
Ne pilloure ne other proude pall,
Ne to cofrin up grete treſours,
For falſhed ſoule mote it befall.
Prieſtis ſhould for no cattill plede,
But chaſten 'hem in charite,
Ne to no battaile ſhould men lede
For inhaunſing ther owne degre,
Nat willin ſittinges in hie ſe,
No ſoverainte in hous ne hall,
Worldly worſhip defie and ſle;
Who willeth highnes ſoule ſhall fall.
Alas! who maie ſoche ſainctis call
That wilnith welde yerthly honour?
Lowe as Lucifere ſoche ſhall fall,
In balefull blackneſſe build ther boure
That eggith peple to erroure,
And makith them unto 'hem thrall;
To Criſt I holde ſoche one traitour;
Lowe as Lucifer ſoche ſhall fall,
That willith to be kingis peres,
And higher than the Emperour,
And ſome that werin but pore freres
Now wollin waxe a warriour;
God ne is not ther governour
That holdith none his permagall,
While cove'tiſe is ther conſailour;
All ſoche falſhede mote nedis fall,
That hie on horſe willith to ride
In glitterande golde of grete araie,
Painted and portrid alle in pride,
No common knight maie go ſo gaie,

Chaunge of clothing every daie,
With goldin girdils grete and ſmall,
As boiſtous as is bere at baie;
All ſoche falſhede mote nedis fall.
With pride puniſhith thei the pore,
And ſome one thei ſuſtain with ſale,
Of holie churche makith an hore,
And fill ther wombe with wine and ale;
With money fille thei many a male,
And chaffrin churchis when thei fall,
And telle the peple a leude tale;
Soche falſe faitours foule 'hem befall.
Thei fede of many manir metes,
With ſong and ſolas ſitting long,
And filleth ther wombe, and faſte fretes,
And from the mete unto the gong,
And aftir mete with harpe and ſong,
And eche man mote 'hem Lordis call,
And hote ſpicis evir emong;
Soche falſe faitours foule 'hem befall.
Miters thei werin mo than two
Iperlid as the quen'is hedde,
A ſtaffe of golde, and pirrie lo!
As hevie as' it were made of ledde;
With clothe of gold bothe new and redde,
With glitterande gold as grene as gall,
By dome thei dampne men to be dedde;
All ſoche faitours foule 'hem befall.
And Criſt'is peple proudly curſe
With brode boke and braying bell,
And to put pennies in ther purſe
Thei woll ſell bothe hevin and hell:
In ther ſentence and thou wilt dwell
Thei willin geſſe in ther gaie hall,
And though the ſoth thou of 'hem tell
In the grete curſing ſhalt thou fall.
That is ybleſſid that thei bleſſe,
And curſid that thei curſin woll,
And thus the peple thei oppreſſe,
And have ther lordſhippis at full:
And many be merchauntes of woll,
And to purs pennies woll come thrall,
The pore peple thei al to pull;
Such falſe faitours foule 'hem befall,
Lordis alſo mote to 'hem loute,
Obeyſaunt to ther brode bleſſing,
Thei ridin with ther royal route
On a courſir as' it were a king,
With ſadle of golde glittering,
With curious harneis quaintly crallit,
Stiroppis gaie of golde maſtling;
All ſuche falſhed foule may befal it.
Chriſtes Miniſters clepid thei'bene,
And rulin al in robberie,
But Antichriſte thei ſervin clene,
Attirid al in tirannie,
Witneſſe of John his prophecie;
Antichriſte is ther admirall,
Tiffelers attired in trecherie;
Al ſuche faitours foule 'hem befall.
Who ſaith that ſome of 'hem may ſinne
He ſhal be domid to be ded;
Some of 'hem wollin gladly winne
Al ayenſt that which God forbed.
Al Holieſt they clepe ther hed,
That of ther rule is full regall;
Alas that evir thei ete bred!
For al ſuch falſhed wol foule fall.
Ther hed covitith al honour,
To be worſhipped in worde and dede,
Kingis mote to him knele and coure,
To the' apoſtles that Chriſt forbede:
To Popis heſte ſuch take more hede
Than to kepe Chriſtes commaundement,
Of gold and ſilvir ben ther wede,
Thei holde him hole omnipotent.
He ordaineth by his ordinaunce
To pariſhe prieſtis a powere,
To' anothir a gretir avaunce,
A gretir point to his miſtere;
But for he' is highiſt in erth here
To him reſerveth he many' a point,
But unto Chriſt, that hath no pere,
Reſervith he no pin no joynt.
So ſemith he abovin all,
And Chriſt abovin him nothinge,
Whan that he ſittith in his ſtall
Dampnith and ſavith as him thinke;
Suche pride tofore hie God doth ſtinke:
An angel bad John to' him not knele,
Only to God to do his bowinge;
Soche worſhip-willers mote ill fele.
Thei ne clepe Chriſt but *Sanctus Deus*,
And clepe ther hed *Sanctiſſimus*;
All they that ſuche a ſecte ſewis
I trowe thei taken 'hem amiſſe:
In erth here they havin ther bliſſe,
Ther hie maſtir is Beliall;
Chriſt his pore peple from 'hem wiſſe,
For al ſuche falſe will foule befall.
They mowin both ybinde and loſe,
And all is for ther holy life;
To ſave or dampne they mowen choſe;
Betwene 'hem now is a grete ſtrife;
Many' a man is killed with a knife
To wete which havin lordſhip ſhall;
For ſuche Chriſt ſuffrid woundis five,
For all ſuche falſhed will foule fall.
Chriſt ſaid, *Qui gladio percutit*,
With ſwerde ſurely he ſhall die;
He bad his prieſtis pece and grith,
And bad 'hem not drede for to die,
And bad them be both ſimple' and ſlie,
And carke not for no cattell,
And truſte on God that ſittith on hie,
For al falſe ſhal full foule befall.
Theſe wollin make men to ſwere
Ayenſt Chriſt'is commaundiment,
And Chriſt'is members al to tere,
On rode as he were new yrent;
Suche lawes thei maken by aſſent,
Eche on it trowith as a ball,
And thus the pore be fully ſhent,
But falſhed foule it ſhulle befall.
Ne uſin thei no ſimonie,
But ſelle churchis and priories,
Ne they uſin to none envie,
But curſin al 'hem contraries,

h men by daies and yeres
ngth to hold 'hem in ther ſtall,
: all ther advarſaries,
falſhed foule thou them fall.
urſe they purchaſe perſonage,
ſe thei payin 'hem to plede,
of warre thei wollin wage
ther enemies to dede,
is livis they wol lede,
hil take, and give but ſmall,
ſo get from it ſhal ſhede,
e ſuche falſe right foule yfall.
alowe nothing but for hire,
he, ne font, ne veſtiment,
e orders in every ſhire,
is pay for the parchment;
rs they taken rent,
they ſmere the ſhep'is ſkall,
churches ben ſuſpent;
falſhed foule it befall.
ivith not in lecherie,
e wenchis, widows, and wives,
ſh the pore for putre,
: it uſeth al ther lives;
a man to them him ſhrives
come he nevir ſhall,
e curſed as be catives;
ei ſaine that he ſhal fall.
as more mercy' in Maximine,
, that never was gode,
e is now in ſome of them
hath on his furrid hode;
we Chriſt that ſhede his blode
, as bucket to the wall;
echis yben worſe than wode,
che faitours foule 'hem fall.
ive ther almis to the riche,
eynours and men of lawe,
dis they wol be liche,
ts ſonne not worthe an hawe;
ſſe alle ſuche han ſlawe;
nbe ther crockettes with criſtall,
e of God they have doune drawe;
aitours foule 'hem befall.
ake parſons for the pennie,
s and their cardinals;
mongſt 'hem al is any
ath gloſed the goſpel fals,
: made ner no cathedrals,
im was no cardinall
dde hatte, as uſe minſtrals;
d foule mote it befall.
thing and ther offring bothe
aith by poſſeſſion,
n'il they none forgo,
men as a raunſome:
g of *turpe lucrum*
e maiſters is veniall;
of bribry and larſon
: falſhed full foule to fall.
kin to ferme ther ſompnours
the peple what they may,
ers and falſe faitours
her ſeles I dare well ſay,
And all to holdin gret arraie,
To multiplie 'hem more metall,
They drede ful litel dom'is day,
Whan al ſuche falſhed ſhal foule fall.
Suche harlottes ſhul men diſclaunder,
For that they ſhullin make them gre,
And ben as proud as Alexander,
And ſain to the pore Wo be ye!
By yere eche prieſt ſhal paie his ſe
For to encreſe his lemmans call;
Suche herdis ſhul wel ivil the,
And al ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.
And if a man be falſely famed,
And wol ymake purgacioun,
Than wol the' officers be agramed,
And aſſign him fro toun to toun;
So nede he muſt payin raunſome,
Though he be clene as is chriſtall,
And than have an abſolution;
But al ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.
Though he be giltie of the dede,
And that he may the money paie,
Al the while his purſe wol yblede
He may uſe it fro day to day.
The biſhopes officers gone gay,
And this game they uſe ovir all,
The pore to pil is al their pray;
But al ſuche falſe ſhul foule befall.
Alas! God ordained no ſuche lawe,
Ne no ſuche craſte of covetiſe,
But he forbad it by his lawe;
Suche rulers mowen of God agriſe,
For al his rulis ben rightwiſe:
Theſe newe pointis ben pure papall,
And Godd'is lawe they all diſpice,
And al ſuche faitours ſhul foule fall.
They ſaine that Peter had the key
Of heven and hel, to have and holde;
I trowe Peter toke no money
For no finnis that he yſolde:
Suche ſucceſſours yben to bolde,
In winning all ther witte they wral,
Ther conſcience is waxin colde,
And al ſuch faitours foul 'hem fall.
Peter was ner ſo grete a fole
To leve his key with ſuche a lorell,
Or take ſuche curſid ſoc or tole,
He was adviſid nothing well;
I trowe they have the key of hell,
Their maiſtir is of that marſhall,
For there thei dreſſin 'hem to dwell,
And with falſe Lucifer to fall.
Thei ben as proude as Lucifarre,
As angry and as envious;
From a gode faith they ben ful farre;
In cove'tiſe they ben curious;
To catche catil as covitous
As hounde that for hungre wol yall,
Ungodly and ungracious;
And nedely ſuche falſe ſhal foule fall.
The Pope, and he were Peter's heire,
Me thinke he errith in this caſe,
Whan choiſe of biſhop's in diſpaire
To choſin 'hem in divers place,

A lorde ſhal write to him for grace,
For his clerke anone praye he ſhall,
So ſhal he ſpedin his purchaſe;
And al ſuche falſe foule 'hem befall.
Although he can ne manir gode
A lord'is prayir ſhal be ſpedde,
Though he be wilde of wil or wode,
Nat underſtanding what men redde,
A leude boſtir, that God forbedde,
As gode a biſhoppe' is my horſe Ball;
Suche a Pope is full foule beſtede,
And at the laſte wol foule yfall.
He makith prieſtes for erthly thanke,
And not at all for Chriſt'is ſake;
Suche that yben ful fat and ranke,
To ſoul'is hele none hede they take;
Al is wel done what er they make,
For they ſhal anſwere ones for all;
For world'is thank ſuch worch and wake,
And al ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.
Suche that can nat yſay ther crede
With prayir ſhul be made prelates,
Nothir can thei the goſpell rede,
Suche ſhul now weldin hie eſtates;
The hiè godes frendſhip 'hem makes,
Thei totith on ther ſumme totall;
Suche bere the keyes of hell'is yates,
And all ſuche falſe ſhal foule befall.
Thei forſakin for Chriſt'is love
Travaile, and hungre, thurſte, and colde;
They ben ordrid or al above
Out of youthed til they ben olde;
By the' dore they go nat to the folde,
To helpe ther ſhepe they nought traval,
For hirid men al ſuche I holde,
And al ſuche falſe foule 'hem befall.
For Chriſt our King thei wol forſake,
And knowe him nought for his poverte,
For Chriſt'is love they wol awake,
And drinke piement al aperte:
Of God they ſeme nothing aferde,
As luſty live as Lamual,
And drive ther ſhepe into deſert;
Al ſuche falſe faitours ſhul foule fal.
Chriſt yhad twelve apoſtles here,
Nowe ſay they Ther may be but one
That may not erre in no manere,
Who leve not this ben loſt echone:
Peter errid, ſo did not John;
Why is he cleped the Principall?
Chriſte cleped him Peter, not the Stone;
Al falſe faitours foule 'hem befal.
Why curſin they the croiſery
Chriſt'is Chriſtian creturis?
For bytwene them is now envy
To be enhaunſid in honours;
Chriſtin livers with ther labours,
For they levin on no mortal,
Ben do to deth with diſhonours,
And al ſuche falſe foule 'hem befal.
What knoweth a tilloure at the plowe
The Pop'is name, and what he hate?
His crede ſuffiſeth to' him inowe,
And knoweth a cardi'nal by his hatte.
Rough is the pore unrightly latte,
That knowith Chriſt his God royal;
Suche maters be not worth a gnatte,
But ſuche falſe faitours foule 'hem fal.
A king ſhal knele and kiſſe his ſhowe,
Chriſt let a ſinful kiſſe his fete,
Me thinke he holdeth him hie inowe,
So Lucifer did, that hie ſet:
Suche one me thinke himſelfe foryet,
Or to the trouth he was nat cal:
Chriſte that ſuffirid woundis wete,
Shall make all ſuche falſhed foule fall.
They layith out ther large nettes
For to takin ſilvir and golde,
Thei fillin coffers, and ſackes fettes
Ther as they ſoulis catchin ſholde;
Ther ſervauntes be to them unholde,
But they can doublin ther rentall;
To bigge 'hem caſtles bigge 'hem holde;
And al ſuche falſe foule 'hem befall.

Here endeth the firſt parte of this Tale, and hereafter followeth the ſecunde parte.

To accorde what this word fall
No more Engliſhe ne can I finde,
Shewing anothir nowe I ſhall,
For I have moche to ſaye behinde,
How prieſtis han the peple pinde,
As curteis Chriſte yhath me kinde,
And put this matter in my minde,
To make this manir men amende.
Shortely to ſhende 'hem, and ſhewe nowe
How wrongfully they werche and walke,
Of hie God nothing tell, ne howe,
But in Goddes worde tell many a balke,
In harnis holde 'hem and in halke,
And prechen' of tithis and offrende,
And untruely of the goſpel talke;
For his mercy God it amende!
What els is Antichriſte to ſaie
But even Chriſt'is adverſarie?
Suche hath now ben many a daie
To Chriſt'is bidding ful contrarie,
That from the trouthe clene ywarry;
Out of the way they ben ywende,
And Chriſt'is peple untruely cary;
God for his pitie it amende!
They live contrary to Chriſtes life,
In hie pride againſt meknesse,
Againſt ſuffraunce they uſin ſtrife,
And angre ayenſt ſobreneſſe,
Ayeniſt wiſedom wilfulneſſe;
To Chriſt'is talis litil tende,
Againſt meſure outrigiouſneſſe;
But whan God wol it may amende.
Lordely life ayenſt lowlineſſe,
And demin al without mercy,
And covetiſe ayenſte largeſſe,
Ayeniſt trouthe trechery,

nist almesse envy;
Christ they comprehende;
stite mainteine leche'ry;
his grace this amende!
ust penaunce thei use delightes,
suffraunce strong defence,
God they usin ill rightes,
pitie punishmentes,
vil ayenst continence;
ickid winning worse dispende,
sie sette in to dispence;
his godenesse it amende!
cleimin they holy' his powere,
ranglin ayenst al his hestes?
ng folowe thei nought here,
in worse than witlesse bestes;
e and flesshe they lovin festes;
lis thei ben brode ikende;
dd'is pore thei hatin gestes;
r his mercy this amende!
Dives suche shal have ther dome,
line that they be Christ'is frendes,
nothing as they should done,
e ben falsir than ben fendes:
peple they ley suche bendes
d in erth they han offende;
r for such Christe now send us,
r his mercy this amende!
ken' of Antichrist they be;
reckes ben now wide iknowe,
d to preche shal no man be
ut tokin of him I trowe:
Christin priest to prechin owe,
God above thei ben ysende
s word to al folke for to showe,
ful man for to amende.
ist sent the pore for to preche,
yal riche he did not so,
are no pore the peple teche,
tichrist is al ther foe;
g the peple he mote go,
h biddin al suche suspende,
ath he hent, and thinketh yet mo;
this God may wel amende.
ho that han the worlde forsake,
vin lowly, as God badde,
er prison shulle be take,
and boundin, and forth ladde:
f I rede no man be dradde,
said that his should be yshende;
nan ought hereof to be gladde,
od ful wel it wol amende.
y take on 'hem royall power,
sy they havin swerdis two,
arse to hel, one sle men here:
taking Christ had no mo,
eter had but one of tho,
Christ to him smite gan defende,
nto the' sheth badde put it tho;
l suche mischeves God amende!
ist bad Peter to kepe his shepe,
rith his sworde forbade 'hem smite;
e is no tole with shepe to kepe,
shepherdes that shepe wol bite;
Me thinke suche shepherdes ben to wite
Who' ayen ther shepe with swerde contende;
They drive ther shepe with grete despite;
But al this God may well amende.
Peter's successoures be thei nought
Whom Christ ymade his chefe pastoure;
A swerde no shepherde usin ought
But he would sle as a bochoure:
Who so were Peter's successoure
Should bere his shepe til his backe bende,
And shadowe 'hem from every shoure;
And al this God may wel amende.
Successours to Peter ben these
In that, that Peter Christe forsoke,
That levir had God's love to lese
Than shepherde had to lese his hoke;
He culleth the shepe as doth the coke;
Of 'em takin they woll untrende,
And falsely glose the Gospell boke;
God for his mercy them amende!
Whan Christ had take Peter the kay
Christ saide he must ydie for man;
That Peter to Christ gan withsay,
Christe bad him Go behinde, Sathan;
Suche counsailours many' of these han,
For world'is wele God to offende;
Peter's successours they ben than
But al suche God may wel amende.
For Sathan is to say no more
But he that contrary to Christ is,
In this they lernin Peter's lore,
They sewin him whan he did misse;
They folowe him forsoth in this
That Christ would Peter reprehende,
But nat that longith to' hevin blisse;
God for his mercie 'hem amende!
Thei none apostle sewen, in case
Of ought that I can understonde,
But him that betraieth Christ, Judas,
That bare the purse in every londe,
And al that he might sette on honde
He hidde and stale, and it mispende:
His rule these traitours han in honde;
Almighty God all suche amende!
And at the last his lorde gan tray
Cursidly through false covetise,
So would these traine him for money
And they ywistin in what wise;
They be sikre' of the sele ensise.
From all sothnesse they ben yfrende,
And covetise chaunge with quentise;
Almighty God al suche amende!
Were Christ upon erth, here este sone,
These wouldin dampnè him to die;
All his hestis they han fordone,
And saine his sawes ben heresie;
Ayenst his commaundementes they crie,
And dampnin all his to be brende,
For thei ne like suche losengrie;
God Almighty all suche amende!
These han more might in Englande here
Than hath the king and all his lawe,
They han purchasid suche powere
To takin 'hem whom list not knawe,

And ſay that hereſie' is ther ſawe,
And ſo to priſon wol 'hem ſende;
It was not ſo by eldir dawe;
God for his mercy it amende!
The king'is lawe wol no man deme
Angerliche withoutin anſwere,
But if any man theſe miſqueme
He ſhall be baightid as a bere,
And yet wel worſe they wol him tere,
And in priſon wollin him pende
In ginis, and in othir gere;
Whan that God woll it may amende.
The king ne taxith nat his men
But by aſſent of the commi'nalte,
But theſe eche yere wol raunſom 'hem
Maiſtirfully, more than dothe he:
Ther ſelis by yere bettir be
Than is the king'is in extende,
Ther officers han gretir ſe;
But alle this miſchefe God amende!
Who ſo wol prove a teſtament
That is nat al worth tennè pounde,
He ſhal paye for the parchement
The thirde of the money all rounde;
Thus the pore peple is ranſounde,
They ſay ſuche parte t'em ſhould apende,
There as they gripen' it goeth to grounde;
God for his mercy it amende!
A ſimple fornication
Twenty ſhillingis he ſhall pay,
And than have abſolucion
And al the yere uſe it he may:
Thus thei lettin 'hem go aſtray;
Thei recke nat though the ſoule be brende;
Theſe kepin evill Peter's kay;
And al ſuche ſhepherdes God amende!
Wondir is that the parliamente,
And all the lordis of this londe,
Here to takin ſo lite entente
To helpe the peple' out of ther honde,
For thei ben hardir in ther bonde,
Worſe bete, and cruellir ybrende,
Than to the king is underſtand;
God him helpe this for to amende!
What biſhoppes, what religions,
Han in this lande as muche lay ſe,
Lordeſhippis and poſſeſſions,
More than lordis it ſemith me;
That makith 'hem leſe charite:
They mowin not to God attende,
In erth thei have ſo highe degre;
God for his mercy it amende!
The Empe'rour yaſe the Pope ſomtime
So highè lordeſhip him about,
'That at the laſt the ſely kime
The proudè Pope yput him out,
So of this relme is in grete dout;
But, Lordes, beware, and them defende,
For nowe theſe folke be wondir ſtoute;
The king and lords now this amende.

Thus endeth the ſecunde parte of this Tale, and hereafter ſolowyth the thirde.

Moyses lawe forbode it tho
'That preſtis ſhould no lordſhippes welde,
Chriſt'is goſpell biddith alſo
'That they ſhould no lordſhippis helde;
Chriſtes apoſtels were ner ſo bolde,
No ſuche lordſhippes to 'hem embrace,
But ſklere ther ſhepe and kepe ther folde;
May God amende 'hem for his grace!
For thei ne ben but counterſete,
Men may yknow 'hem by ther fruite,
Ther greteneſſe maketh 'hem God foryete,
And take his mekeneſſe in deſpite;
And thei were pore and had but lite
Thei n'old nat demen' aftir the face,
Noriſhe ther ſhepe, and 'hem nat bite;
May God amende 'hem for his grace!

Griffon.

What canſt thou preche ayenſt chanons
That men yclepin Seculere?

Pellican.

Thei ben curates of many tounes,
On yerth they havin grete powere,
They have grete prebendis and dere,
Some two or thre, and ſome have mo,
A parſonage to ben playing fere,
And yet thei ſerve the king alſo,
And let to-fermè all that fare
To whom that wol moſte give therfore,
Some wollin ſpende, and ſome woll ſpare,
And ſome wol laye it up in ſtore;
A cure of ſoule they care not fore,
So that they mowin money take;
Whethir ther ſoules be wonne or lore
Ther profites they woll not forſake.
They have a gedering procuratour,
That can the pore peple enplede,
And roble 'hem as a ravinour,
And to his lorde the mony lede,
And catche of quicke and eke of dede,
And richin him and his lorde eke,
And to robbe the pore give gode rede
Of olde and yonge, of hole and ſicke.
Therwith they purchaſe 'hem lay ſe
In londe, there as 'hem likith beſt,
And buildin brode as a cite
Both in the eſt and in the weſt;
To purchaſe thus they ben ful preſt,
But on the pore they woll nought ſpende,
Ne no gode give to Godd'is geſt,
Ne ſende him ſome that all hath ſende.
By ther ſervice ſoche wollin live,
And truſt that othir to treſure;
Though all ther pariſhe die unſhrive
Thei woll nat givin a roſe floure;
Ther life ſhould be as a mirrour
Both to lerid and leude alſo,
And teche the folke ther lele labour;
Soche maiſter men ben all miſgo.
Some of 'hem yben full harde nigges,
And ſome of 'hem ben proude and gaie,
Some ſpendin ther gode upon gigges,
And findin 'hem of grete araie.

at thinke these men to saie
dispendin Godd'is gode?
ete dredefull dom'is daie
tchis shall be worse than wode.
ier churchis nevir ne sie,
penie thidir sende;
hat the pore for hungir die,
n 'hem will thei not spende:
receiving of the rente
: ner of the remenaunt;
devill hath clene 'hem blente;
is Sathanes sojournaunt,
: horedome and harlottrie,
tise, and pompe, and pride,
e, and wrathe, and eke envie,
sinne by every side;
ere thinkin soche t' abide?
thei ther accomptis yeld?
God thei mowe 'hem not hide;
ers witte' is not worth a nelde.
n so rotid in richesse
st'is povert is foryet;
ith so many messe
ke that manna is no mete:
e that thei mowin gete;
: to livin evirmore;
that God at dome is sete
our is a feble store.
is mote thei matins saie
ing and for courtholding,
e jangilith as jaie,
rstont himself nothing;
serve bothe erle and king
ding and for his fe,
his tithing and offring;
eble charite.
hei ben proude or cove'tous,
ei ben hard or hungrie,
n libe'rall or lecherous,
llers with marchandrie,
rs of men with maistrie,
des, countours, or pledours,
: God in ypocrisie;
stis ben Christes false traitours.
n false, thei ben vengeable,
e men in Christ'is name;
unstedfast and unstable;
her Lorde 'hem thinke no shame;
God thei ben full lame;
evis, and falsely stele,
y Godd'is worde defame;
g is ther world'is wele.
ist these priestis serve all,
: who maie sayin Naie?
ichrist soche shullin fall,
wen him in dede and faie;
n him in riche araie,
Christ soche falsely fain;
e dredfull dom'is daie
not folowe him to pain?
nowen 'hem selfthat thei doen ill
hrist'is commaundement,
ide 'hem ner ne will,
Sathan by one assent.
L.

Who sayith sothe he shall be shent,
Or speketh ayenst ther false living,
Who so well livith shall be brent,
For soche ben gretir than the king.
Popis, bishops, and cardinals,
Chanons, and parsons, and vicare,
In Goddes service I trowe ben fals
That sacramentis seilin here,
And ben as proude as Lucifere:
Eche man loke whethir that I lie;
Who so spekith ayenst ther powere
It shall be holdin heresie.
Lokith how many orders take
Onely of Christ for his service,
That the world'is godis forsake;
Who so take ordirs othir wise
I trowe that thei shall sore agrise,
For all the glose that thei conne,
All ne sewin not this assise;
In evill time thei thus begonne.
Loke how many emong hem all
Ne holdin not this hie waie
With Antichrist thei shullin fall,
For that thei wollin God betraie:
God amende 'hem, that best ymaie!
For many men thei makin shende;
Thei wetin well the sothe I saie,
But the devill hath foule 'hem blende.
Som of 'hem on ther churchis dwell
Apparailled porely; proude of porte;
The seven sacramentes thei doen sell;
In eattell catching' is ther comfort:
Of eche mattir thei wollin mell;
To doen 'hem wrong is ther disport;
To afraie the peple thei ben fell,
And hold 'hem lower than doeth the lorde.
And for the tithing of a ducke,
Or of an apple or an aie,
Thei make men swere upon a boke;
Lo! thus thei foulin Christ'is saie:
Soche berin evill hevin kaie;
Thei mowin assoile, thei mowe shrive,
With mennis wivis strongly plaie,
And with true tillers, sturte and strive,
At the wrestling and at the wake,
And the chief chauntours at the nale,
Market beters, and medling make,
Hoppen' and houtin with heve and hale;
At faire freshe, and at wine stale,
Thei dine and drinke, and make debate,
The seven sacramentes set a saile;
Kepe soche the kaies of hevin gate?
Mennis wivis thei wollin hold,
And though that thei ben right sory,
To speke thei shull not be so bold,
For sompning to' the consistory,
And make 'hem saie with mouthe I lie;
Though thei it sawin with ther eye
His lemman holdin opinly
No man so harde to aske why.
He woll have tithing and offring
Maugre whosoevir it grutche,
And twise on the daie he woll sing:
Godd'is priestis ne were none soche;

He mote go hunte with dogge and biche,
And blowen his horne and cryin Hey,
And forcerie usen as a witche;
Soche kepin evill Peter's key.
Yet thei mote have some stocke or stone
Gaily paintid and proudly dight,
To makin men livin upon,
And saie that it is full of might,
About soche men set up grete light,
Other soche stockes shull stande thesby
As darke as if it were midnight,
For it maie makin no mastrie.
That it the leude peple se mowe,
Thou Mary, thou worcheft wondir thinges,
About that that men offrin to
Hongin brochis, ouchis, and ringes;
The priest purchasith the offringes,
But he n'ill offir to' none image:
Wo is the soule that he forsinges
That prechith for soche pilgrimage!
To men and women that ben pore,
Which that ben Christ'is owne likenesse,
Men shullen offir at ther dore,
That suffre hungir and distresse,
And to soche image offir lesse,
That mowe not sele ne thirstene cold;
The pore in spirite gan Christ blesse,
Therfore offrith to feble' and old.
Buckilers brode and swerdis long,
Baudrike, with baselardis kene,
Soche toles about ther necke thei hong:
With Antichrist soche priestis ben;
Upon ther dedes it is well sene
Whom thei servin, whom thei honouren;
Antichrist'is thei ben all clene,
And Godd'is godes falsly devouren.
Of scarlet and grene gaie gounes,
That mote be shapin for the newe,
To clippin and kissin in tounes
The damoseles that to the daunce sewe,
Cuttid clothes to sewe ther hewe,
With long' pikis on ther shone:
Our Godd'is gospell is not true;
Either thei serve the devill or none.
Now ben the priestis pokes so wide
Men must enlarge the vestiment,
The holy gospell they doen hide
For the contrarien in raiment;
Such pristes of Lucifer ben sent:
Like conquerours thei ben araied,
The proude pendauntes at ther ars pent,
Falsely the trueth thei han betraied.
Shrift silvir soche wollin askeis,
And wollin men crepe to the crouche;
None of the sacramentes save askis
Withouten moede shall no man touche;
On ther bishop ther warant vouche,
That is a law of the decre:
With mede and money thus thei mouche,
And thus thei sain is charite.
Within the middis of ther masse
Thei n'ill have no man but for hire,
And full shortly let forth ypasse;
Soche shull men findin in eche shire
That parsonages for gaine desire
To live in liking and in lustes;
I dare not sain *sans ose jeo dire*
That soche ben Antichrist'is priestis.
Or thei yef the bishoppis why,
Or thei mote ben in his service,
And holdin forth ther harlottrie,
Soche prelates ben of feble' emprise;
Of Godd'is grame soche men agrise,
For soche mattirs that takin mede,
How thei' excuse hem, and in what wise,
Methinketh thei ought gretely drede.
Thei sain that it to no man longeth
To reprove them though that thei erre,
But falsly Godd'is godes thei fongeth,
And therwith maintein wo and werre;
Ther dedes should be as bright as sterre,
Ther living leude mann'is light:
Thei saie the Pope ne maie not erre;
Nede must that passin mann'is might.
Though' a priest lie with his lemman' al night
And tellen his felowe and he him,
He goith to masse anon right,
And saieth he singeth out of sinne;
His birde abideth him at his inne,
And dighteth his diner the mene while,
He singeth his masse for he would winne,
And so he wenith God begile.
'Hem thinkith long till thei be met,
And that thei use forth all the yere;
Emong the folke whan he is set
He holdith no man half his pere:
Of the bishop he hath powere
To soile men, or els thei ben lore,
His absolucion maketh them skere;
Wo is the soule that he singeth for!
The Griffon began for to threte,
And saied, Of monkis canst thou ought?
The Pelli'can said, Thei ben full grete,
And in this world moche wo hath wrought;
Sainct Benet, that ther ordir brought,
Ne made 'hem ner in soche manere,
I trowe it came ner in his thought
That thei should use so grete powere.
That a man should a monke Lorde call,
Ne serve him on knees as a king;
He is as proude as prince in pall,
In mete and drinke, and in all thing:
Some weren a miter and ring,
With double worstid well idight,
With roiall mete and riche drinke,
And ride on courser as a knight.
With haukis and with houndis eke,
With broche or ouchis on his hode;
Some saie no masse in all a weke;
Of deintees is ther moste fode
With lordshippis and with bondmen;
This is a roiall regioun;
Sainct Benet made ner non of 'hem
To have lordship of man ne toune.
Now thei ben queint and curious,
With fine clothe clad and servid cleue,
Proude, and angrie, and envious,
Malice is mochil that thei mene;

g craftie and covetous,
in in grete liking;
g' is not religious
to Benet's living.
n clerkes, and courts ovir se,
tenaunce fully thei slite;
man amercid be
yir thei woll it write:
re from Christes poverte,
th cove'tise thei endite;
re thei have no pite,
m cherishe but or bite.
nminly soche ben comen
ple', and of 'hem begete,
perfection han inomen:
rs ride but on their fete,
ile sore for that thei ete,
livith yong and old;
irs suffreth drought and wete,
grie meles, thurste, and cold.
this the monkes han forsake
'is love and Sainct Benete,
nd ese have 'hem betake;
ion is ill besete:
ben out of gret religion
have hangid at the plowe,
nd diked fro toune to tonne,
mete not halfe inowe.
e thei han this all forsake,
to riches, pride, and ese;
for God wol monkes 'hem make,
he ordir for to praise;
iet ordained it not so,
em to the cheréliche,
iche manir live and go,
yerth, and not lordliche.
slaunderin Sainct Benet,
thei have his holy curse;
iet with hem never met
thought to robbe his purse.
ore here of 'hem tell
hei ben like tho before,
serve the devill of hell,
is trefure and his store;
soche othir counterfaitours,
canons, and soche disgised,
'is enemies and traitours,
n han foule dispised;
ris I have before
makin of a crede,
could tell worse and more,
would werien it to rede.
des godenes no man tell might,
e speke, ne thinke in thought,
lshed and ther unright
an tell that ere God wrought.
n saied, Thou canst no gode,
e net of no gentill kinde;
we thou waxist wode
n hast lostè thy minde.
oly churche yhave no hedde
d ybe her governaile,
d her rule, who should her redde,
d her fortiren, who availe?
Eche man shall live by his travaile;
Who best doith shall have most mede:
With strength if men the churche assaile
With strength men must defende her nede.
And if the Pope were purely pore
And nedy, and nothing ne had,
He shuld be drive from dore to dore;
The wickid of him n'olde not drad:
Of soche an hedde men would be sade,
And sinfully liven' as 'hem lust;
With strength amendis soche be made,
With wepin wolves from shepe be wulf.
If that the Pope and prelates would
So begge and bid, bowe and borowe,
Holy churche should ystande full cold,
Her servauntes sit and soupe sorowe;
And thei were noughtie, foule, and horowe,
To worship God men would wlate
Both on evin and on morowe:
Soché harlotrie men would hate.
And therfore men of holy churche
Shouldin be honeste in all thing,
And worshipfull God's workis werche;
So semeth it to serve Christ ther king
In honest and in clene clothing,
With vessels of gold and clothes riche
To God honestly to' make offring,
For to his lordship none is liche.
The Pellican cast an houge crie,
And saied, Alas! why saiest thou so?
Christ is our hede that sitteth on hie,
Heddis ne ought we have no mo;
We ben his membres bothe also,
Fathir he taught us call him als,
Maisters to call forbad he tho;
All maisters ben wickid and fals
That takith maistrie in his name
Ghostly, and to win yerthly gode;
Kingis and lordes should lordship have,
And rule the peple with milde mode,
But Christ, for us that shed his blode,
Bad his priests no maistirship have,
Ne carke not for clothis ne fode;
From all mischief he woll 'hem save.
Ther riche clothes shall be rightwisnesse,
Ther trefure a true life shall be,
Charite shal be ther richesse,
Ther Lordship shall be unite,
And hope in God ther honeste,
Ther vessell a clene conscience;
Pore in sprite, and humilite,
Shall be holy church'is defence.
What! saied the Griffon, maie the greve
That othir folkis faren wele?
What hast thou to doin with ther live?
Thy falshed every man maie fele,
For thou ne canst no cattell gete,
But livest in londe as a lorell,
With glosing gettist thou thy mete;
So farith the devil in hell.
He would that eche man there should dwell,
For he livith in clene envie,
So with the tales that thou doest tell
Thou wouldest othir peple destrie

With your glose and your heresie,
For ye can live no bettir life
But clene in fals hypocrisie,
And bringist the in wo and strife.
And therwith have ye not doen,
For ye ne havin here ne cure;
Ye serve the devill, not God ne man,
And he shall payin you your hire;
For ye wol farin wel at festes,
And be warm clothid for the cold,
Therfore ye glosin Godd'is hestes,
And begile peple yong and old.
And all the sevin sacramentes
Ye speke ayenst as ye were slie,
Tithings, offringes, with your ententes,
And on your Lord'is body lie:
All this ye doen to live in eso,
As who sayith ther ben none soche,
And sain The Pope' is not worth a pese,
To make the peple' ayen him groche.
And this ycommith in by sendes
To bring the Christin in distaunce,
For thei would that no man were frendes.
Levith thy chattring with mischaunce!
If thou live well what wilt thou more?
Let othir men live as 'hem list,
Spendin ther gode or kepe in store;
Othir mennes conscience ner thou n'ist.
Ye han no cure to answere fore;
What meddle' ye that han not to doen?
Let men live as thei han doen yore,
For thou shalt answere for no man.
The Pellican sayid, Sir, naie,
I ne dispisid not the Pope
Ne no sacrament, sothe to saie,
But speke in charite' and gode hope:
But I dispise ther hiè pride,
Ther welthe that should be pore in sprite;
Ther wickidnesse is knowe so wide,
Thei servin God in false habite,
And tournin mekenesse into pride,
And lowlinesse into' hie degre,
And Godd'is wordis tourne and hide,
And I am moved by charite
To lettin men to livin so
With all my conning and my might,
And to warnin men of ther wo,
And to tellin 'hem trouth and right.
The sacramentes be soul'is hele
If thei ben usid in gode use;
Ayenst that speke I ner a dele,
For than ne were I nothing wise;
But thei that use 'hem in misse manere,
Or set 'hem up to any sale,
I trowe thei shall abie 'hem dere;
This is my reson, this my tale:
Who so taketh hem unrightfulliche
Ayenst the ten commandementes,
Or elles by glose wrechidliche
Selleth any of the sacramantes,
I trowe thei doe the devill homage,
In that thei wetin thei doe wrong,
And therto I dare well to wage
Thei serve Sathan for all their song.
To tithen' and offre' is holsome life,
So it be doen in due manere,
A man to houselin and to shrive,
Wedding, and all othir in fere.
So it be nother solde ne bought,
Ne takè ne give for covetise,
And it be so taken' it is nought;
Who selleth him so maie sore agrise:
On our Lordes body' I doe not lie,
I saie the sothe thorough true rede,
His flesche and blode, through his misterie,
Is there all in the forme of brede.
How it is there it nedeth not strive,
Whethre' it be subget or accident,
But as Christ was whan he' was on live
So is he there in verament.
If Pope or cardi'nall live gode live,
As Christ us bad in his gospell,
Ayenst that ne woll I not strive,
But me thinkith thei live not well;
For if the Pope lived as God bedde,
Pride and highnesse he should dispise,
Richesse, covetise, and crowne on hedde;
Mekenesse and poverte' he should use.
The Griffon saied he should abaie,
Thou shalt be brent in balefull fire,
And all thy sect I shall distrie;
Ye shall be hangid by the swire.
Ye shulle be hangid and to drawe:
Who givith you leve for to preche,
Or spekin ayenst Godd'is lawe,
And the peple thus falsely teche?
Thou shalt be cursed with boke and bell,
And dissevered from holie churche,
And clene idampnid into hell,
Othirwise but ye wollin worche.
The Pelli'can saied, That I ne drede;
Your cursing is of lite value;
Of God I hope to have my mede,
For it is falshed that ye shewe,
For ye ben out of charite,
And wilne vengeaunce, as did Nero:
To suffrin I wol redy be;
I drede not all that thou canst do.
Christ bad ones suffre for his love,
And so he taught all his servauntes,
But thou' amende for his sake above;
I drede not all thy maintenaunce;
For if I drede the world'is hate,
Me thinkith I were lite to praise:
I drede nothing your hie estate,
Ne I ne drede not your disese.
Wollin ye tourne and leve your pride,
And your hie porte and your richesse,
Your cursing should not go so wide;
God bring you into right wisenesse!
For I drede not your tirannie,
For nothing that ye can ydoen;
To suffre I am all redie,
Sikir I recke nevir how sone.
The Griffon grinned as he were wode,
And lokid lovely as an owle,
And swore by cock'is herte and blode
He wold him tere every doule;

che thou disclaundrist foule;
eche I woll the to race,
thy flesh to rote and moule;
u shalt have hardè grace.
iffon flewe forth on his waie,
can did sit and wepe,
mself he gan to saie,
d that any of Christes shepe
in, and itaken kepe
ord that here sayid was,
ld it write and well ikepe;
d it were all for his grace!

Plowman.

rld, and saied I would,
travaile one would pey.

Pellican.

d yes; these ther God han sold,
an grete store of money.

Plowman.

Tell me and thou maie,
ist thou menn'is trespace?

Pellican.

l, To' amende hem in gode fay,
oll give me any grace;
rist himself is liken to me,
his peple died on rode;
right so farith he,
his birdes with his blode:
doen evill ayenst Gode,
his foen undir frendes face;
m how ther living stode,
l amende 'hem for his grace!

Plowman.

ailith the Griffon, tell why
holdith on the' othir side,
wo yben likily
h kindis yrobin wide.

Pellican.

ulè betokinith pride,
er that high flewe was,
he did him in ill hide,
rilted Godd'is grace.
de flyith up in the aire,
h by birdes that ben meke,
ben flowe up in dispaire,
ndin sely foulis eke;
is that ben in finnes eke
h 'hem; knele therfore, alas!
ie Godd'is forbode breke;
amende it for his grace!
inder parte is a loun,
and a raviner,
beth the peple in yerth doune,
erth holdith none his pere:
this foule both ferre and nere,
npo'rel strength the peple chase
proude in yerth here;
d amende 'hem for his grace!

Pellican.

He flewe forth with his wingis twain
All drouping and dasid, and dull,
But fone the Griffon came again,
Of his foulis the yerth was full;
The Pelli'can he had cast to pull,
So grete nombre ner sene ther was,
What manir of foules telle I woll,
If God wol give me of his grace.
With the Griffon come foulis sele,
Ravins, rokis, crowis, and pie,
And graie foulis, agadrid wele,
Igurde above they wouldin hie,
Gledis and bosardes weren 'hem by,
White molles and puttockes toke ther place,
And lapwinges, that wel conith lie;
This company' han forlete ther grace.
Long while the Pellican was oute,
But at last he commith againe,
And brought with him the phenix stoute;
The Griffon would have flow ful faine,
His foulis flewen as thicke as raine,
The phenix tho began 'hem chace;
To flie from him it was in vaine,
For he did vengeaunce and no grace.
He flewe 'hem doune without mercy;
There estarte neither fre ne thrall;
On him they cast a rufull crie
Whan that the Griffon doun was fall;
He bete him not, but flewe hem all:
Where he 'hem drove no man may trace:
Under the erth methought they yall;
Alas, they had a feble grace!
The Pellican then axid right
For my writing if I have blame
Who then wol for me fight of flight?
Who shullin sheldè me from shame?
He that yhad a maide to dame,
And the Lambè that slaine ywas,
Shal sheldin me from gostly blame,
For erthely harme is Godd'is grace.
Therfore I pray every man
Of my writing have me excused,
This writing writeth the Pellican,
That thus these peple hath dispised;
For I am freshe fully advised
I n'ill not maintene his menace,
For the devill is ofte disguised
To bring a man to evil grace.
Witith the Pelli'can and not me,
For herof I n'il not avowe
In hie ne lowe, ne no degre,
But as fable take it ye mowe.
To holy churche I will me bowe;
Eche man to' amende him Christe sende space!
And for my writing me alowe
He that' is almighty for his grace.

Here endeth the Plowman's Tale.

THE PROLOGUE;

Or, The mery adventure of the Pardonere and Tapstere at the Inn at Canter

When all this fresh felefhip were come to Canterbury,
As ye haye herde to fore, with Talys glad and merry,
Som of fotill fentence of vertue and of lore,
And fom of othir mirthis, for them that hold no [ftore
Of wifdom, ne of holynes, ne of chivalry,
Nethir of vertuoufe matere, but to foly
Leyd wit and luftis all to fuch japis
As hurlewaynes meyne in every hegg that rapes
Thorough unftabill mynde, ryght as the levis grene
Stondewn ageyn the wedir, ryght fo by them I mene;
But no more hereof nowe at this ilche tyme,
In faving of my fentence, my Prolog, and my ryme.
They toke ther in, and loggit them at mydmorowe I trowe,
Alle cheker of the hope that many a man doth knowe;
Their Hooft of Southworke, that with them went, as ye have herde to fore,
That was rewler of them al, of las and eke of more,
Ordeyned their dyner wifely or they to chirch went,
Such vitaillis as he fonde in town, and for noon othir fent.
The Pardonere behelde the befynes, how ftatis wer ifervid,
Diffcennyng hym al prively, and a fyde fwervid:
The hoftelere was fo halowid fro o plafe to another,
He toke his ftaffe to the Tapftere: Welcom myn own brother,
Quod fhe, with a frendly loke, al redy for to kys;
And he, as a man i lerned of fuch kyndnes,
Bracyd hir by the myddyll, and made hir gladly chere,
As thoughe he had iknowen hir al th yeer:
She halid hym into the tapftry there hir l was makid;
Lo, here I ligg, (quod fhe) myfelf al nakid,
Without manny's company fyn my love w
Jenkyn Harpour, yf ye hym knewe: fi to the hede
Was not a luftier perfone to daunce ne to
Then he was, thoughe I it fey: and ther wepe
She made, and with hir napron feir an ywafh
She wypid foft hir eyen for teris that fhe
As grete as any mylftone: upward g ftert
For love of her fwetyng, that fat fo ni hert:
She wept and waylid, and wrong her hon made much to done,
For they that loven fo paffyngly fuch trow have echon:
She fnyffith, fighith, and fhoke hire he made rouful cher:
Benedicite! quod the Pardonere, and toke the fwere,
Yee make forwe inowgh, quod he, y though ye fhuld lafe.
It is no wondir, quod fhe than; and there gan to fnefe.
Aha! al hole, quod the Pardonere; your p is fomewhat paffid.
God forbede it el! quod fhe, but it wer what laffid;
I might nat lyve el, thowe wotift, and long endure:
Now bleffid be God of mendemente of h eke of cure!

dlonere tho anoon, and toke hir by
fnne,
ir thefe wordis tho; Alas that love
er as ye be oon, and fo trew of
we confcience yit for yewe I fmerte,
month hereafter, for your foden
er hym ye lovid fo he coud you
pon a book that trewe he fhuld yewe
fo yore dede is grene in yeur mynd.
fory man; I dred ye wold have
, gentil Sir, quod fhe, that ye un-
l:
le man, ibleffid mut yee be:
fhul drynk. Nay I wis (quod he)
it, myne own hert'is rote.
alafs! quod fhe; therof I can gode
the town and fet a py al hote,
re the Pardonere; Jerken, I ween
ame I yow prey. I wis, myn own
rued of them that did me foftir.
yowrs? Kitt, iwis; fo cleped me
me.
bleffing have thow, Kitt; now broke
y name;
unlafid his both eyen liddes,
in the vifage paramour and amyddis,
here with a litil time that fhe it here
e,
own and feyn this fong, *Now, love,*
me righte.
erry, quod fhe; why breke ye nowt
aft?
felefhip it were but work in wafte.
e fo dull chere? for your love at
?
, myne own hert, it is for you aloon.
what fey ye? that wer a fimple prey.
quod the Pardonere, it is as I yewe
l beth mery; we wol fpeke therof
with feir: it is mery to be a loon;
Lady Mary, that bare Jefus on hir
ove yit but it did me harm, [arm,
manere hath be to love ovirmuch.
bleffing, quod the Pardonere, go with
.
clowdis worchyn ech man to mete
ich,
gentil Criftian, I ufe the fame tach,
many a yer: I may it nat forbere,
I have his cours though men the con-
fwere:

And therwith he ftert up fmertly and caft down
a grote.
What fhal this do, gentil Sir? Nay, Sir, for my
I n'old ye payd a peny her and fo fone pas. [cote
The Pardoner fwore his grette othe he wold pay
no las.
I wis, Sir, it is ovir do, but fith it is yowr will
I woll putt it in my purfe left yee it take in ill
To refufe your curtefy: and therwith fhe gan to
bowe.
Now trewly, quod the Pardoner, yeur maners
been to lowe,
For had ye countid ftreytly, and nothing left behind,
I might have wele ydemed that ye be unkind,
And eke untrewe of hert, and fooner me forgete,
But ye lift be my treforer, for we fhall offter mete.
Now certen, quod the Tapfter, ye have a rede ful
even,
As wold to God ye couth as wele undo my fweven
That I my felf did mete this nyght that is ypaffid,
How I was in a chirch when it was all ymaffid,
And was in my devocioune tyl fervice was al doon,
Tyl the preeft and the clerk boyftly bad me goon,
And put me out of the chirch with an egir mode.
Now Seynt Daniel, quod the Pardonere, your
fwevyn turn to gode,
And I woll halfow it to the beft, have it in yeur
mynd,
For comyngly of thefe fwevyngs the contrary men
fhul fynd.
Ye have be a lover glad, and litil joy yhad;
Plick up a lufty hert, and be mery and glad,
For ye fhul have an hufbond that fhall yewe wed
to wyve,
That fhal love yewe as hertly as his own lyve.
The preeft that put yew out of chirch fhall lede
you in ageyne,
And helpe to yeur mariage with al his might and
main.
This is the fweven al and fom Kit; how likith the?
Be my trowith wondir wele, bleffid mut thou we be?
Then toke he leve at that tyme, tyll he come efft-
fone,
And went to his felefhip (as it was to doon)
Thoughe it be no grete holynes to prech this ilk
matere,
And that fom lift to her it, yit, Sirs, ner the latter
Endurith for a while and fuffrith them that woll,
And ye fhull her how the Tapfter made the Par-
doner pull
Garlik all the long nyghte til it was ner end day;
For the more chere fhe made of love the falfir
was her lay:
But litil charge gaff fhe therof, tho fhe acquit his
while,
For ethir is thought and tent was othir to begile,
As ye fhul here hereaftir, when tyme comith and
fpafe
To meve fuch matere.—But now a litil fpafe
I wol return me ageyn to the company,
The Knyghte and al the felefhip, and nothing for
to ly.

Whan they wer al yloggit, as ſkil wold and reſon,
Everich aftir his degre, to chirch then was ſeſon
To pas and to wend to make their offringis,
Righte as their devocioune was, of ſilver broch and rynges;
Then at chirch dorr the curteſy gan to ryſe
Tyl the Knyght, of gentilnes that knewe right wele the guyſe,
Put forth the prelatis, the Parſon, and his fere,
A Monk that took the ſpryngill with a manly chere,
And did as the manere is, moilid al their patis
Everich aftir othir, righte as they were of ſtatis:
The Frer ſeynyd ſetouſly the ſpryngill for to hold
To ſpryng oppon the remnaunt, that for his cope he n'old
Have laſt that occupacioune in that holy plaſe,
So longid his holy conſcience to ſe the Nonn'is ſaſe.
The Knyght went with his compers toward the holy ſhryne
To do that they wer com for, and aftir for to dyne:
The Pardoner and the Miller, and othir lewde ſotes,
Sought 'hem ſelf in the chirch right as lewd gotes,
Pyrid faſt and pourid high upon the glaſe,
Counterfetyng gentilmen the armies for to blaſe,
Diſkyngring faſt the peyntur, and for the ſtory mournid,
And a red al ſo right as rammys hornyd.
He berith a balſtaff, quod the toon, and els a rakid end;
Thow ſaileſt, quod the Miller, thow haſt nat wel thy mynd;
It is a ſpere, yf thow canſt ſe, with a prik tofore,
To puſh a down his enmy, and through the ſhoulder bore.
Peſe, quod the Hooſt of Southwork; let ſtond the wyndow glaſid;
Goith up and doith your offerynge; ye ſemith half amaſid:
Sith ye be in company of honeſt men and good
Worchith ſomwhat aftir them, and let the kynd of brode
Pas for a tyme; I hold it for the beſt,
For who doith aftir company may live the bet in reſt.
Then paſſid they forth boyſtly gogling with their hedis,
Knelid adown to fore the ſhrine, and hertlich their bedis
They preyd to Seint Thomas in ſuche wyſe as they couth;
And ſith the holy relikes ech man with his mowith
Kiſſid, as a goodly monk the names told and taught,
And ſith to othir places of holynes they raught,
And wer in their devocioune tyl ſervice wer al doon,
And ſith they drowgh to dynerward as it drew to noon,
Then, as manere and cuſtom is, ſignes there they bought,
For men of contre ſhuld know whome they had ſought.
Eche man ſet his ſilver in ſuch thing as they likid,
And in the meen while the Miller had ypikid
His boſom ful of ſignys of Caunterbury brochis,
Though the Pardoner and he pryvely in hir poochis,
They put them afterwards, that noon of them it wiſt,
Save the Sompner ſeid ſomwhat, and ſeyd to be liſt
Halff part, quod he, prively rowning on their ere;
Huſht! pees, quod the Miller, ſeiſt thou nat the Frere,
How he lowrith undir his hood with a doggiſh eye?
Hit ſhuld be a privy thing that he coud nat aſpy;
Of every craft he can ſomwhat our Lady gave hym ſorowe!
Amen, tho quod the Sompner, on eve and eke on morowe:
So curſid a Tale he told of me the devill of hell hem ſpede,
And me, but yf I pay him wele and quyte wele his mede.
Yf it hap homward that ech man tell his Tale,
As we did hiderward, though we ſhuld ſet at ſale
All the ſhrewdnes that I can, I woll hym nothing ſpare,
That I n'ol touch his takerd ſomwhat of his ere.
They ſet their ſignys upon their hedes, and ſom oppon their capp,
And ſith to the dynerward they gan for to ſtapp.
Every man in his degre wiſh and toke his ſete,
As they were wont to doon at ſoper and at mete,
And wer in ſilence for a tyme tyl good ale gan ariſe,
And then, as nature axith, as theſe old wiſe
Knowen wele, when veynys been ſomwhat replete,
The ſpirits wol ſtere, and alſo metis ſwete
Cauſen oft myrthis for to be ymevid,
And eke it was no tyme tho for to be ygrevid:
Every man in his wyſe made hertly chere,
Telling his felowe of ſportys and of chere,
And of othir mirthis that fellyn by the wey,
As cuſtom is of pylgryms, and hath been many a dey.
The Hooſt leid to his ere, of Southworke as ye knowe,
And thenkid al the company both high and lowe,
So wele kepeing the covenaunt in Southwork that was made,
That every man ſhuld by the wey with a Tale glade
All the whole company in ſhorting of the wey;
And al is wele performed: but than now thus I ſey,
That we muſt ſo homeward eche man tel anothir.
Thus we wer accordit, and I ſhuld be a rathir
To ſet yewe in governaunce by right ful judgement.
Trewly Hooſt, quod the Frer, that was all our aſſent,

With a litil more that I shall sey therto:
Yee graunted of yeur curtesy that we shuld also
All the hole company sope with yewe at nyght?
Thus I trowe that it was; what sey you, Sir Knyght?
It shal nat nede, quod the Hooft, to axe no witnes;
Your record is good I nowe; and of yeur gentilnes
Yit I prey yew efft ageyn; for by Seynt Thomas shryne
And ye woll hold covenaunt I woll hold myne.
Now trewely Hooft, quod the Knyght, ye have right wel yseyd;
And as towching my persone I hold me payde;
And so I trowe that al doith: Sirs, what sey yee?
The Monk and eke the Marchaunte and al seid Ye.
Then al this aftir-mete, I hold it for the beft;
To sport and pley us, quod the Hooft, eche man as hym left,
And go by tyme to soper and to bed also,
So mowe we erly rysen our jorney for to do.
The Knyght arose therwithal, and cast on a fresher gown,
And his sone anothir, to walk in the town,
And so did all the remnaunt that were of that aray,
That had their chaungis with them, they made them fresh and gay,
Sortid them togidir, right as their lustis lay,
As they were more usid travelling by the way.
The Knyght with his meyne went to see the walle
And the wards of the town, as to a knyght befall,
Devising ententiflich the strengthis al about,
And apointid to his sone the perell and the dout
For shot of arblast and of bowe, and eke for shot of gonne,
Unto the wardis of the town, and how it might be wone;
And al defence ther ageyn aftir his intent
He declarid compendiously, and al that evir he ment
He sone perseyvid every poynt, as he was ful abil.
To armes and to travaile and persone covenabill
He was of all factur aftir fourm of kynd,
And for to deme his governaunce it semed that his mynd
Was much in his lady that he lovid beft,
That made hym offt to wake when he shuld have his reft.
The Clerk that was of Oxenforth onto the Sompnore seyd;
Me semeth of grete clerge that thow art amayde,
For thou putteft on the Frer in maner of repreff,
That he knoweth falshede, vice, and eke a theff;
And I it hold vertuouse and right commendabill
To have very knowlech of thinges reprovabill;
For who so may eschew it, and let it pas by,
And els he might fall theron unward and sodenly.
And thoughe the Frer told a Tale of a Sompnour,
Thow oughtift for to take it for no dishonour,
For of al craftis and of eche degre
They be not al perfite, but som nyce be.
Lo! what is worthy, seyd the Knight, for to be a clerk;
To sommon among us them this mocioune was ful [derke:
I comend his wittis and eke his clerge,
For of ether part he saveth honeste.
The Monk toke the Parsone then and the grey Frer,
And preyd them for curtesy for to go in fere:
I have ther acquaintaunce that al this yeres thre
Hath preyd hym by his lettris that I hym wold se;
And ye my brothir in habit and in possessioune,
And now I am here methinketh it is to doon,
To preve it in dede what chere he wold me make,
And to yew my frende also for my sake.
They went forth togidir talking of holy matere,
But woot ye wele in certeyn they had no mind on watere
To drynk at that tyme, when they wer met in fere,
For of the best that myght be founde, and therewith mery chere,
They had, it is no doubte; for spycys and eke wine
Went round about the gastoyn and eke the ruyne.
The Wyfe of Bath was so wery, she had no wyl to walk,
She toke the Priores by the honde; Madam, wol ye stalk,
Pryvely into the garden to se the herbes growe,
And aftir with our hoft'is wife in hir parlour rowe?
I wol gyve yewe the wyne and ye shul me also,
For tyl we go to soper we have naughs ellis to do.
The Priores, as woman taught of gentil blood and hend,
Assentid to hir counsel, and forth gon they wend,
Passyng forth softly into the herbery,
For many a herb grewe for sewe and surgery,
And all the aleys seir, and parid, and raylid, and ymakid,
The savige and the isope ysrethid and ystakid,
And othir beddis by and by fresh ydight,
For comers to the hooste righte a sportful sight.
The Marchaunt and the Mancipill, the Miller and the Reve,
And the Clerk of Oxenforth, to townward gan they meve,
And al the othir meyne, and lafft noon at home
Save the Pardoner, that pryvelich when al they wer goon
Stalkid into the tapstry; for nothing wold he leve
To make his covenaunte in certeyn that same eve;
He wold be loggit with hir, that was his hole ententioune.
But hap and eke Fortune, and all the constellacioune,
Was clere hym ageyns, as ye shul aftir here;
For hym had better be yloggit al nyght in a myere
Then he was the same nyght or the sun was up;
For such was his fortune he drank without the cupp;
But thereof wift he no delay; ne *No man of us alle May have that high connyng to know what shall befall.*
He stappid into the tapstry wondir pryvely,
And fond hir ligging lirylong with half slopy eye,

Pourid fellich undir hir hood, and ſawe all his comyng,
And lay ay ſtill, as naught ſhe knewe, but feynid hir ſlepyng.
He put his hond to hir breſt; Awake, quod he, awake.
A, *benedicite!* Sir, who wiſt yew her? out tho I myght betake
Priſoner, quod the Tapſtere, being al aloon;
And therwith breyd up in a frite, and began to groon.
Now ſith ye be my priſoner yeld yew now, quod he.
I muſt nedis, quod ſhe, I may nothyng ſle;
And eke I have no ſtrengith, and am but yong of age,
And alſo *It is no maſtery to cach a mouſe in a cage*
That may no where ſlert out, but cloſid wondir faſt;
And eke, Sir, I tell yew though I had grete haſt
Ye ſhuld have coughed when ye com. Wher lern you curteſy?
Now trewlich I muſt chide, for of right pryvety
Women ben ſom tyme of day when they be aloon.
Wher coud I yew prey when ye com eſſtſone?
Nowe mercy, dere ſwetyng! I wol do ſo no more;
I thank you an hundrit ſithis; and alſo by your lore
I wol do hereaftir in what plaſe that I com:
But lovers, Kitt, ben evil avyſid full oft, and to lom;
Wherfore I prey you hertlich hold me excuſed,
And I behote yew trewly it ſhall no more be uſid.
But now to our purpoſe: how have ye fare
Sith I was wyth you laſt? that is my moſt care;
For yf yee eylid eny thing othir wiſe then good,
Trewly it wold chaunge my chere and my blood.
I have farid the wers for yewe, quod Kitt; do ye no drede
God that is above? and eke ye had no nede
For to congir me, God woot, wyth your nygromancy,
That have no more to vaunte me but oonly my body,
And yf it were diſteynid then wer I ondo: [me.
I wis I trowe, Jenkyn, ye be nat to truſt to;
For evir more ye clerkis con ſo much in book
Yee wol wynn a woman at firſt look.
Thought the Pardonere, this goth wele, and made his beter chere,
And axid of hir ſoftly, Love! who ſhall ligg here
This nyght that is to comyng? I prey yewe tell
I wis it is grete nede to tell yewe, quod ſhe: [me.
Make it nat overqueynt though you be a clerk;
Ye knowe wele inough iwis by loke, by word, by work.
Shal I com than, Criſtian, and feſe awey the cat?
Shal ye com? *per benedicite!* what queſtion is that?
Wherfor I prey you hertly to be my counſail?
Comyth ſomwhat late, and for nothing faill;
The dorr ſhall ſtond that up; put it from you ſoft,
But be wele avyſid ye wake nat them on lofft,
Care ye nat, quod Jenkin, I can theron at beſt;
Shal no man for my ſtepyng be wakid of his reſt.
Anon they dronk the beverage, and were of oone accord,
As it ſemed by their chere and alſo by their word;
And al a ſtaunce ſhe lovid hym wele, ſhe toke hym by the ſwere,
As though he had lernyd cury ſavel of ſom old frere.
The Pardoner plukkid out of his purs I trow the dowry,
And toke it Kitt in hir hond, and bad her pryvely
To orden a rere ſopor for them both to, [alſo,
A cawdell ymade with ſwete wyne and with ſugir
For trewly I have no talent to ete in your abſence,
So longith my hert toward yew to be in yewr preſence.
He toke his leve, and went his wey as though nothing wer,
And met wyth al the felſhip; but in what plaſe ne wher
He ſpake no word therof, but held hym cloſe and ſtyll,
As he that hopid ſikirlich to have had al his wyll,
And thought many a mery thought by hymſelf aloon:
I am a loggit, thought he beſt, how ſo evir it goon;
And thoughe it have coſtid me, yit wol I do my peyn.
For to pike hir purs to nyghte and win my coſt ageyn.
Now leve I the Pardonere tyll that it be eve,
And wol returne me ageyn righte, ther as I did leve.
Whan al wer com togider in their herbergage
The Hooſt of Southwork, as ye knowe, that had no ſpice of rage,
But al thing wrought prudenciall, as ſobir man and wiſe;
Now wol we to the ſoup, Sir Knyght, ſeith yeur avyſe,
Quod the Hooſt ful curteyſly, and in the ſame wiſe.
The Knyght anſwer'd him ageyn, Sir as ye devyſe
I muſt obey, ye woot wele; but yf I faill wytt
Then takith theſe prelatis to yewe, and waſhith and go ſit;
For I woll be yewr Marchall and ſerve yewe, ech one,
And then the officers and I to ſoper ſhall we goon.
They wiſh, and ſett right as he bad, eche man wyth his fere,
And begonne to talk of ſportis and of chere
That they had the aftir-mete whiles they wer out,
For othir occupacioune tyll they wer ſervid about
They had nat at that tyme, but every man kitt a loff;
But the Pardoner kept hym cloſe, and told nothing of
The myrth and hope that he had, but kept it for hymſelf;
And thoughe he did it is no fors, for he had nede to ſolve
Long or it were mydnyght, as ye ſhul her ſone,
For he met with his love in crokeing of the moon.
They wer yſervyd honeſtly, and eche man held hym payde,
For of o manere of ſervice their ſoper was araide,
As ſkill wold and reſon, ſith the left of all
Payid ylike much, for growing of the gall;

But yit as curtesy axith, though it were som dele
streight,
The statis that were above had of the seyrest endreyte;
Wherfor they did their gentilnes ageyn to all the rout,
They dronken wyne at their cost onys round about.
Now pass I lightly ovir. When they soupid had
Tho that were of governaunce, as wise men and sad,
Went to their rest, and made no more to doon,
But Miller and the Coke dronken by the moon
Twyes to eche othir in the repenyng; [to sing
And when the Pardoner them espy'd anoon he gan
Doubill me this lourden, chokelyng in his throte,
For the Tapster shuld here of his mery note:
He clepid to hym the Sompnour, that was his own discipill,
The Yeman and the Reve, ond the Mancipill,
And stoden so holowyng; for nothing wold they
Tyl the tyme that it was well within eve. [leve
The Hoost of Southwork herd them wele, and the Marchaunt both,
As they wer at a countis, and wexen somewhat wroth,
But yet they preyd them curteysly to rest for to wend.
And so they did all the rout; they dronk and made an end.
And eche man droughe to *cushy* to slepe and take his rest
Save the Pardoner, that drew apart, and weytid by a cheste
For to hide hymself tyl the candill wer out:
And in the meen while, have ye no doute,
The Tapster and hir paramour, and the hosteler of the house,
Sitt togidir pryvelich, and of the best gouse
That was ysound in town and yset at sale
They had there of sufficiaunt, and dronk but litill ale;
And sit and ete the cawdell for the Pardoner that was made,
With sugir and with swete wyne, right as hymself bade;
So he that payd for all in seer had not a twynt,
For offt is more better ymerkid then ymynt:
And so farid he ful right as ye have yherd,
But *Who is that a woman coud not make his berd*,
And she wer therabout, and set hir wytt therto?
Ye woot wele I ly nat, and wher I do or no
I wol nat here termyn it, left ladies stond in plase
Or els gentil women, for lesing of my grace
Of daliaunce and of sportis and of goodly chere;
Therfor anenst their estatis I wol in no manere
Deme ne determyn, but of lewd kitts,
As tapsters, and othir such that hath wyly wytts,
To pike mennys pursis, and eke to bler their eye;
So wele they make seme foth when they falsest hy.
Now of Kitt Tapster, and of hir paramour,
And the hosteler of the house, that sit in Kittis bour,
When they had ete and dronk right in the same plase,
Kitt began to rendir out all things as it was;
The wowing of the Pardoners and his cost also,
And how he hopid for to lygg al nyght wyth hir also;
But therof he shall be sikir as of God'is cope;
And sodenly kissid her paramour, and seyd, We shul sclope
Togidir hul by hul, as we have many a nyght,
And yf he com and make noyse, I prey yewe dub hym Knyght.
Yes, Dame, quod hir paramour, be thou not agast;
This is his own staff thou seyst, therof he shall atast.
Now trewly, quod the hostler, and he com by my lot
He shall drink for Kittis love wythout cup or pot;
And he be so hardy to wake eny gist [mist;
I make a vowe to the pecock there shal wake a foul
And arose up therewithal and toke his leve anoon:
It was a shrewid company; they had servid so many oon.
With such manere of felesship ne kepe I never to dele,
Ne no man that lovith his worship and his hele.
Quod Kitt to hir paramour, Ye must wake a whyle,
For trewlich I am sikir that within this myle
The Pardoner wol be comyng, his hete to aswage,
But loke ye pay hym redelich to kele his corage;
And therfor, love, dischance yewe not tyll this chek [be do.
No, for God, Kitt, that wol I no.
Then Kitt went to bed, and blewe out all the light,
And by that tyme it was ner hond quarter nyght.
Whan all was still, the Pardoner gan to walk,
As glad as eny goldfynch that he herd no man talk,
And dorwghe to Kittis droward to herken and to lift,
And went to have fond the dor up; but the hasp and eke the twift
Held hym out a whils, and the lok also;
Yit trowid he no gile, but went ner to,
And scrapid the dorr welplich, and wynyd wyth his mowith
After a doggis lyden, as nere as he couith.
Awey, dog, with evill deth! quod he that was within,
And made hym all redy the dorr to unpin.
A! thought the Pardoner, tho I trow my berd be made;
The Tapster hath a paramour, and hath made them glade
With the cawdell that I ordeyned for me, as I guess;
Now the devill hir spede, such oon as she is,
She seid I had ycongerid hir; our Lady gyve hir sorowe;
Now wold to God she wer in stokis tyl I shuld hir borowe,
For she is the falsest that evir yit I knewe;
To pik the mony out of my purs, Lord! she made hir trewe.

And therewyth he caught a cardiakill and a cold
ſot,
For who have love longing, and is of corage hote,
He hath ful many a myry thought tofore his
delyte;
And right ſo had the Pardoner, and was in evil
plight;
For ſayling of his purpoſe he was nothing in eſe,
Wherfor he fill ſodenlich into a wood reſe,
Entryng wondir faſt into a frenſy
For pur very angir and for jelouſy; [wood,
For when he herd a man within, he was almoſt
And becauſe the coſt was his no mervel tho the
moud
Wer turned into vengaunce, of it myght be:
But this was the myſchief; all ſo ſtrong as he
Was he that was within, and lighter man alſo,
As provid wele the bataile betwene them both to.
The Pardonere ſcrapid eſſt ageyn; for nothyng
wold he blyn,
So feyn he wold have herd more of hym that
was within.
What dog is that? quod the paramour; Kit, woſt
thou ere?
Have God my trowith, quod ſhe, it is the Pardonere.
The Pardoner, with myſcheff! God gyve hym evil
preff!
Sir, ſhe ſeid; by my trowith he is the ſame theff.
Therof thou lieſt, quod the Pardoner, and might
nat long forbere.
A thy fals body! quod he; the devil of hell the
tere!
For by my trowith a falsſher ſawe I nevir noon,
And nempnid hir namys many mo then oon,
Though to rech hir wer noon honeſte
Among men of good worſhip and degre.
But, ſhortly to conclude; when he had chid inowe
He axid his ſtaff ſpitouſlich, with wordis ſharp and
rowe.
Go to bed, quod he within; no more noyſe thow
make;
Thy ſtaff ſhal be redy to morowe I undertake,
In ſoth, quod he, I wol nat fro the dorr wend
Tyl I have my ſtaff. Thow bribour, then have the
todir end,
Quod he that was within; and leyd it on his back,
Right in the ſame plaſe as chapmen berith their
And ſo he did to mo, as he coud a rede, [pak;
Graſpying aftir with the ſtaff in lengith and eke in
brede;
And fond hym othir whyle redlich inoughe
With the ſtaffys end high upon the browe.
The hoſteler lęy oppon his bed and herd of this
affray,
And ſtert hym up lightlich, and thought he wold
aſay:
He toke a ſtaff in his hond, and highed wondir
blyve
Tyl he wer with the feleſhip that ſhuld nevir
thryve.
What be yee? quod the hoſteler; and knew them
both wele,
Hyuſt! peſe, quod the paramour: Jak, thow muſt
be ſele;
Ther is a theff, I tell the, within this hall dorr.
A theff? quod Jak; this is a nobill chere
That thou hym haſt yfound, yf wee hym mygh
cach.
Yis, yis, care the nought; with hym we ſhul mach
Wele inowe or he be go, yf ſo we had lighte,
For we to be ſtrong inowe with o man for to
fighte.
The devil of hell, quod Jak breke this thev'i
bonis!
The key of the kitchen, as it wer for the nonys,
Is above with our dame: and ſhe hath ſuch uſage,
And ſhe be wake of her ſlepe, ſhe fallith in ſuch a
rage
That al the weke aftir there may no man hir pleſe,
So ſhe ſterith aboute this houſe in a wood reſe.
But now I am aviſid but how we ſhul have lyte;
I have too giſtis within that this ſame nyght
Supid in the halle, and had a litill ſeir: [pire,
Go up, quod Jak, and loke, and in the aſhis
And I wol kepe the dorr; he ſhall not ſtert out.
Nay, for God that wol I nat, leſt I cach a clout,
Seid the todir to Jak, for thou knowiſt bettir then I
All the eſtris of this houſe; go up thyſelf and ſpy.
Nay, for ſoth, quod Jak, that were grete unrighte
To aventur oppon a man that with hym did not
fighte:
Sithens thou haſt hym bete and with thy ſtaff ypilt,
Me thinkith it wer no reſon that I ſhuld ber the
gilt;
For by the blyſyng of the cole he myght ſe myne
hede,
And lightly lene me ſuch a ſtroke my hond to be
dede.
Then wol we do by common aſſent ſech hymal
about;
Who that metith hym firſt pay him on the ſnout;
For methought I herd hym here laſt among the
pannys.
Kepe thou the toder ſide, but ware the watir
cannys,
And if he be herein ryght ſone we ſhull hym fynde,
And we to be ſtrong inowghe o theffe for to bynde.
Aha ha! thought the Pardoner, beth the pannys
aryn?
And drowhe oppon that ſide, and thought oppon
a gynne;
So at laſt he fond oon, and ſet it on his hede,
For as the caſe was fall ther' to be had grete nede:
But yit he graſpit ferthirmore to have ſomwhat
in honde,
And fond a grete ladill right as he was gonde,
And thought for to ſterte out betwene them both
to
And waytid wele the paramour that had doon
hym woo,
And ſet him with the ladill on the gruſcill on the
noſe,
That all the week after he had ſuch a poſe,
That both his eyin waterid erlich by the morowe,
But ſhe that was the cauſe of it had ther'of no
ſorowe.
But now to the Pardoner. As he wold ſtert awey
The hoſteler met with hym, but nothyng to his pay:

'ardoner ran so swith the pan fill him fro,
ak hosteler aftir hym as blyve as he myght go,
lapid oppon a brondeal unware, [aware,
hym had bin beter to have goon more
e egg of the pann met with his shynne,
arff atoo a veyn and the next syn:
hils that it was grene he thought litil on,
hen the grenenes was apast the greff fat ner
the bone;
k leyd to his hond to grope wher it sete,
hen he fond he was yhurt the Pardoner he
gan to threte,
wore by Seynt Amyas that he shuld abigg
stroks hard and sore even oppon the rigg;
hym myght fynd he nothyng would hym
spare:
ierd the Pardoner wele, and held hym bettir
a square,
ought that he had strokis ryght inough.
s on his armis, his back, and his browe.
ien, quod the paramour, where is the theff
ago?
, quod tho Jak; right now he lept me fro,
Crist'is curs go with hym, for I have harm
and spite:
trowith and I also and he goith nat al quyte:
d we myght hym fynd we wold aray him so
e shuld have legg ne foot to morrowe on to go.
w shull we hym fynd? the moon is adown,
ace was for the Pardoner) and eke when
they did roun
d them evir wel inowe, and went the more
asyde,
ew him ever bakward, and let the strokis
glide.
iod the paramour, I hold it for the best,
e moon is down, for to go to rest,
ake the gatis fast; he may not then astert,
ce of his own staff he berith a redy mark,
y thou mayest him knowe among all the
route,
ou ber a redy ey, and weyt wele aboute
rowe when they shul wend; this is the best
rede:
iat seyst thou therto? is this wele yseyd?
t is clere, quod Jak; thy wit mut nodis
stond.
le the gatis fast; ther is no more to doon.
rdoner stode aside, his chekis ron and bled,
is ryght evil at ese al nyght in his hede:
t of force lige lyke a colyn swerd, [berd;
nevid him wondir sore for making of his
d at full ther'fore though a womans art
ne and eke for cawdill, and had ther'of no
part:
'for preyd Seyn Juliane, as ye mowe on-
derstonde,
edevill her shulde spede on watir and on
londe,
lseive a travellyng man of his herbergage,
id not els save curs his angir to aswage;
is distract of his wit, and in grete despayr
ir his hete he caught a cold through the
yght'is eyr,
That he was ner afound it, and coud, none othir
help:
But as he sought his loggyng he happid oppon a
whelp
That ley undir a steyir, a grete Walsh dog,
That bare about his neck a grete huge clog;
Because that he was spetouse, and wold sone bite,
The clog was hongit about his nek, for men shuld
nat wite
Nothyng dogg'is maister yf he did eny harm,
So for to excuse them both it was a wyly charm.
The Pardoner wold have loggit hym ther, and
lay somwhat nigh,
The warrok was awakid and caught hym by the
thigh,
And bote hym wondir spetously, defending wele
his couch,
That the Pardoner myght nat ne hym nether touch.
But held hym a square by that othir side,
As holsom was at that tyme for tereing of his hyde:
He coud noon othir help, but leyd adown his hede
In the dogg'is littir, and wisshid aftir brede
Many a time and offt, the dog for to plese,
To have yle ymore nere for his own ese:
But wish what he wold, his fortune seyd Ney;
So trewly for the Pardoner it was a dismal dey.
The dog ley evir grownyng, redy for to snache.
Wher'for the Pardoner durst nat with hym mache,
But ley as still as eny stone, remembring his foly,
That he wold trust a Tapster of a common hostry;
For commonly for the most part they ben wyly
echon.
But now to alle the company a morrow whan
they shuld gon
Was noon of all the feleship half so sone ydight
As was the gentil Pardoner; for al tyme of the nyght
He was aredy in his aray, and had nothing to doon
Saffe shake alite his eris, and trus and be goone.
Yet or he cam in company he wish away the blood,
And bond the forys to his hede with the typet of
his hood,
And made lightsom chere for men shuld nat spy
Nothyng of his turment ne of his luxury; [pry,
And the hosteler of the house, for nothing he coud
He coud nat knowe the Pardoner among the com-
pany
A morowe when they shuld wend, for ought that
they coud pour,
So wysely went the Pardoner out of the dogg'is
bour,
And blynched from the hosteler, and turned offt
about,
And evirmore beheld hym amydward of the rout,
And was evir syngyng to make al thyng good;
But yit his notis wer somwhat low for aking of his
So at that tyme he had no more grame, [hede;
But held hym to his happynes to scape shame.
The Knyght and all the feleship forward gon they
Passyng forth merely to the toun' ys end; [wend,
And by that tyme they were ther the day began to
And the son merely upward gan he pike, [rype,
Pleying under the egge of the firmament.
Now, quod the Hoost of Southwork, and to the
feleship bent,

Who ſawe evir ſo feyr or ſo glad a day,
And how ſote this ſeſon is entring into May ?
The thruſtelis and the thruſſhis, in this glad mornyng,
The ruddok and the goldfynch; but the nyghtingale
His amerous notis lo how he twynith ſmall!
Lo how the trees grenyth that nakid wer, and nothing
Bare this month afore but their ſommer clothing!
Lo how Nature makith for them everichone!
And as many as ther be he forgettith noone!
Lo how the ſeſon of the yere and Averell ſhouris
Doith the buſſhis burgyn out bloſſoms and flouris!
Lo the prymeroſis how freſh they ben to ſene!
And many othir flouris among the grafis grene.
Lo how they ſpryng, and ſprede, and of divers hue!
Beholdith, and ſeith both rede, white and blue!
That luſty bin and comfortabill for mann'ys ſight!
For I ſey for myſelf it makith my hert to light.
Now ſith Almighty Soveryn hath ſent ſo feir a dey
Let ſe now, as covenant is, in ſhotting of the wey,
Who ſhall be the firſt that ſhall unlace his male
In comfort of us al, and gyn ſome mery Tale;
For and we ſhuld now begyn to draw lot
Peraventure it might fal ther it ought not,
On ſom unluſty perſone that wer not wele awakid,
Or ſemybouſy ovyr eve, and had yſong and crakid
Somwhat ovir much: how ſhuld he than do:
For *Who ſhuld tell a Tale he muſt have good wyll therto.*
And eke ſom men faſtyng beth glewid and ybound
In their tongis; and ſom faſtyng beth nothyng jocound;
And ſom men in the morning ther mouthis beth adoun;
Tyll that they be charmyd their wordis woll not foun.
So thys is my concluſioune and my laſt knot,
It wer grete gentilnes to tell without lot.
By the rood of Bromholm, quod the Marchant tho,
As fer as I have failed, riden and ygo,
Sawe I nevir man yet tofore this ilk day
So wele coud rule a company as our Hoſt, in fay
His wordis ben ſo comfortabill, and comyth ſo in ſeſon,
That my wit is ovircome to make eny reſon
Contrary to his counſaill at myn ymagynacioune,
Wher'for I woll tell a Tale to your conſolacioune,
In enſampill to yowe that when that I have do
Anothir be right redy then for to tell, ryght ſo
To fulfyll our Hooſt'is wyll and his ordinaunce.
There ſhall no ſawte be found in me: gode wyl ſhal be my chaunce:
With this I be excuſid of my rudines,
Altho' I cannot peynt my Tale, but tell it as it is,
Lepyng ovir no ſentence, as ferforth as I may,
But tell yewe the yolke and put the white away.

THE MERCHANT'S SECOND TALE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF BERYN.

ıom yeris passed in the old dawis [lawis,
ı rightfullich by reson governyd wer the
pryncipally in the cete of Rome, that was so
rich,
worthiest in his dayes, and noon to him ilich
orship ne of wele, ne of governaunce,
lle londis christened ther' of had dotaunce,
all othir natiouns, of what seith they were,
s the Emperour was hole, and in his paleys
nteynid in honour; and in Pop'is se [there
e was then obeied of all Cristiante.
t farith ther'by as it doith by othir thingis;
hough nethir cete, regioune, ne kyngis,
nat nowe so worthy as wer by olde tyme,
re fynd in romaunces, in gestis, and in ryme,
ll things doith wast, and the mann'ys lyff
ore shorter then it was; and our wittis fyve
re nat comprehende now in our dieties
m tyme myght these old wise poetes.
ith that terrene thinges ben nat perdurabill,
nervaile is though Rome be somwhat variabill
ionour and frd wele sith his frendis passid;
ıany anothir town is payrid and ylassid
in these few yeris, as we mowe se at eye;
Sirs, here fast by Wynchelse and Ry.
yit the name is evir oon of Rome as it was
groundit
r Remus & Romulus, that first that cete foundit,
brethren weren both to, as old bokis writen;
of ther lef and governaunce I wol not now
enditen,
of othir mater that fallith to my mynd;
r'for, gentill Sirs, ye that beth behind
with somwhat nere thikker to a rout,
my wordis may soune to eche man about.
ftir these two brethren Romulus and Remus
is Cæsar was Emperour, that rightful was of
Domus.
cete he governed nobilich wele,
conquered many a regioune, acronicull doth
us telle;

For, shortly to conclude, al tho wer adversaryes
To Rome in his dayis he made them tributaries;
So had he in subjectioune both frend and foon,
Of which I tell yew trewely Englond was oon.
Yit aftir Julius Cæsar, and sith that Crist was bore,
Rome was governed as wele as it was before,
And namelich in that tyme and in the same yeris
When it was governed by the Doseperis;
As semeth wele by reson, who so can entend,
That *O mann'ys wyt ne wyll may not comprehend*
The boucheff and the mysteheff, as may many hedis;
Ther'for ther operacioun, ther domes, and ther
dedes,
Were so egallich ydoon; for in all Cristen londis
Was noon that they sparid for to mend wrongis.
Then Constantyne the Third, aftir these Dosiperis,
Was Emperour of Rome, and regnyd many yeris.
So, shortly to pas ovir, after Constantyn's dayis
Phus Augustinus, as songen is in layes,
That Constantyn'ys son, and of plener age,
Was Emperour ychose, as fill by heritage,
In whose tyme sikerlich the seven Sages were
In Rome ydwelling decently; and yf yee lust to lere
How they were yclepid, or I ferther goon,
I woll tell you the names of them everichone,
And declare yeu the cause why they ther namys
The first was ycleped Sother Legiseer, [bere.
This is thus much for to sey, as *man lering the lawe:*
And so he did trewly; for lever he had be sclawe
Then do or sey eny thing that sowned out of reson,
So cleen was his conscience yset in trowith and
reson.
Marcus Stoycus the second, so pepill hym hight,
That is to mene in our constort, *a keper of the right:*
And so he did full trewe; for the record and the
plees [sees
He wrote them evir trewly, and took noon othir
But such as was ordynid to take by the yere:
Now, Lord God! in Cristendom I wold it were so
clere.

The third Craſſus Aſulus among men clepid was,
An houſe of reſt, and eſe, and counſail, in every caſe:
For to onderſtond that was his name full right,
For evirmore the counſails he helpid wyth al his
Antonius Judeus the ferth was yclepid, [myght
That was asmuch to meen, as wele me myght have
As any poſed of all the long yere, [clepid
That myght have made hym ſory or chongit onys chere,
But evirmore rejoycing, what that evir betid,
For his hert was evir mery, right as the ſomer
Summus Philopater was the fifft'is name, [bridd.
That thoughe men wold flee hym, or do hym al the ſhame,
Angir, or diſeſe, as evil as men couthe,
Yet wold he love them nevir the wers in hert ne in mowith.
His will was cleen undir his foot, and nothing hym above,
Ther'fore he was clepid *Fathir of perfite love.*
The ſixth and the ſevinth of theſe Sevin Sages
Was Stypio and Sithero, as thes word Aſtrolages
Was ſirname to them both aftir their ſciences;
For of aſtronomy ſikerlich the cours and all the ſences
Bothe they knowhit wele inoughe, and wer right ſotil of art.
But now to othir purpoſe, for her I woll depart
As lightly as I can, and draw to my matere.
In that ſame tyme that theſe Sages were
Dwellyng thus in Room, a litill without the walles,
In the ſubarbis of the town, of chambris and of hallis,
And all other howſeing that to a lord belongit,
Was noon wythyn the cete, ne noon ſo wele behongit
With docers of highe pryſe, ne wallid ſo aboute,
As was a Senatours hous wythyn and eke withoute.
Favinus was his name, a worthe man and rich;
And, for to ſey ſhortlych, in Room was noon hym lyche.
His portis and his eſtris were full evenaunte
Of treſour and of lordſhyp; alſo the moſt vailant
He was, and eke ycom of high lynage:
And at laſt he toke a wyff like to his peerage;
For *Noriture and connyng, bewte and parentyne,*
Wer tho countid more worth than gold or ſylvir fyne.
But now it is al othir in many mann'ys thought,
For *Muk ye now ymarried, and vertu ſet at nought*
Fawnus and his worthy wyff wer to gidir aloon
Fyveteene wyntir fulliche, and iſſu had they noon,
Wher'for ther joyis wer not half parfite,
For uttirlich to have a child was al ther delite,
That myght enjoy ther heritage and weld their honour,
And eke when they were febill to their trew ſocoure.
Their faſtyng and their prayir, and all that evir they wrought,
As pilgrimage and almſded, ever they beſought
That God would of his goodnes ſom fruyte betwene them ſend:
Fro gynnyng of their ſpouſaill, the myddil, and the end,
This was their moſt beſynes, and all othir delite,
And eke this world'is rychis, they ſet at litil price.
So at laſt, as God wold, it fill oppon a dey,
As this lady fro chirchward went in the wey,
A child gan ſtere in her womb, as Godd'is wyl was,
Wher'of ſhe gan to mervill, and made ſhortir pas,
Wyth colour pale and eke wanne, and full in hevynes,
For ſhe had nevir tofore that day ſuch manere ſekenes.
The wymmen that with hir were gon to behold
The lady and her chere, but nothing they told,
But ſeir and ſoft wyth eſe homward they her led:
For her ſoden ſekenes ful ſore they were adred,
For ſhe was inlich gentil, kynd and amyabill,
And eke trewe of hert, and nothyng variabill.
She lovid God above all thing, and dred ſyn and ſhame,
And Agea ſikerly was her rightfull name.
So aftir, in breff tyme, when it was purſeyved
That ſhe had done a womans dede, and had a child conſeyvyd,
The joy that ſhe made ther may no tung tell;
And al ſo much, or more, yf I ne ly ſhell,
Favinus made in his behalf for this glad tyding,
That I trowe I leve the emperour ne the kyng
Made no bettir cher to wyff, ne no more myrth,
Then Fawnus to Agea. And when the tyme of birth
Nyghid ner and ner, aftir cours of kynd,
Wetith wele in certen that all the wyt and mynd
Of Fawnus was continuell of feir delyveraunce
Betwene Agea and his child, and made grete ordenaunce
Ageyn the tyme it ſhuld be bore, as it was for to doun.
So as God wold whan tyme cam Agea had a ſon;
But joy that Fawnus made was dobil tho to ſore
When that he knew in certen ſhe had a ſon ybore,
And ſent anoon for nurſis four, and no leſs,
To reule this child. Afterward as yeris did pas,
The child was kept ſo tenderly that it throff wel the bet,
For what the noriſhes axit anoon it was yſett.
In his chambir it noriſhed was; to town it mut nat go:
Fawnus lovid it ſo cherely hit myght nat part hym fro.
It was ſo feyr a creature as myght be on lyve
Of lymys and of ſetours, and growe wondir blyve.
This child that I of tell, Berinus was his name,
Was ovir much cheriſhed, which turned hym into grame,
As yee ſhull here aftir, when time comyth and ſpaſe; [*pleſe.*
For *Aftir ſwete the ſoure comyth full oft in many a*
For as ſone as he coud go and alſo ſpeke
All that he ſet his ey on, or aftir liſt to beke,
Anoon he ſhuld it have, for no man hym wernyd. [nyd
But it had be wel bettir he had be wele yler-

re and gentilnes, and had yhad some hey,
fill so aftir wyth what child he did pley
e pley ne likid hym he wold breke his
hede,
th a knyff hym hurt ryght nygh hond to be
dede:
er nas knyght ne squyer in his fadirs house,
hought his owne persone moste corajouse,
lid or seyd eny thing Bérinus to displese
he n'old spetously anoon oppon him rese;
of his fadir had joy and his modir also:
semith to many a man it was nat wisely do.
Beryn passed was seven yere, and grew in
more age,
ought ful many an evil chek; for such was
his corage
here he wist or might do eny evill dede
ld nevir sese for ought that men him seid,
ore many a pore man ful oft was agrevid;
wnus and Agea ful light theron belevid:
houghe men wold pleyne ful short it shuld
availe,
awnus was so myghty, and cheff of all
counsaill
Augustyn the Emperour, that all men hym
drad,
te pas ovir mischese and harmys that they
had.
s ferthermore lovid well the dise;
r to pley at hazard, and held ther' of grete
pryse,
ll othir gamys that losery was in,
irmore he lost, and nevir myght wyn.
s at hazard many a nyght he wakid,
t tyme it fill so that he cam hom al nakid:
at was all his joy, for right wele he knew
gea his modir wold cloth hym newe.
Berynus lyvid, as I have told to fore,
e was of the age of eightene yere or more.
hir whyls amongis for pleyntis that were
grete
s made amendis, and put them in quiete:
the fadir cause the sone was so wyld;
have many mo such of his own child
se of his undoyng, al we mowe se al day;
ing ytake is hard to put awey,
that evir trottid, trewlich I yew telle,
hard to make hym aftir to ambill welle:
so by Beryn; when he had his lust and wyll
when he was lite
l be hevy afterward to reve his old delite,
he whele of Fortune, that no man may
withstonde,
ery man on lyve ther'on he is gond;
e she turnyd bakward, righte at high noone,
yn Berinus, as ye shull here sone.
is modir fell in grete sikenes,
t aftir husbond wyth wordis hire to lis,
r she wold tell hym hir hole hert'is wyll
ut of the world partid, as it was right and
skill.
Fawnus was ycome, and saw so rodylese
ff that was so dere, that for love he chese,
oz. I.

No mervell though his hert wer in grete morn-
ing,
For he purseyvyd sullich she drewe to hir endyng:
Yit made he othir chere then in his hert was
To put awey discomfort, dissimilying wyth his
fase
The hevynes of his hert: wyth chere he did it
close,
For such a manner craft ther is wyth them can
glose;
Save that tournyth all to cautele: but Fawnus
did nat so,
For wetith wele in certeyn his hert was full of wo
For his wyff Agea; and yit for craft he couth
The teris fro his eyin ran doun by his mowith:
When he saw the pangis of deth comyng so aft
Oppon his wyff Agea almost his hert to brast.
Agea lyfft up hir eyen, and beheld the chere
Of hir husbond Fawnus, that was so trew a fere,
And seyd, Sir, why do ye thus? this is an elying
fare
In comfort of us both; yf yee might spare
And put awey thys hevynes whyle that yee and I
Myght speke of othir thyngis, for Deth me
nyghith nygh,
For to body ne to soule this vailyth nat a karse.
Now tellyth on, quod Fawnus, and I wol lete it
For the time of talkying as wele as I may [pas
But out of my remembraunce onto my endyng
day
Yeur deth woll nevir, I woot it wele, but evir be
in my mynd.
Then, good Sir, quod Agea, beth to my soule
kynd
When my body is out of sight, for therto have I
nede,
For truer make then yee be in word ne in dede
Had nevir woman, ne more kyndnes
Hath shewed unto his make, I know right wele
iwis:
Now wold ye so her after in hert be as trewe,
To lyve wythout make, and on yeur sone rewe,
That litill hath ylernid sithens he was bore:
Let hym have no stepmodir, for children have
tofore
Comelich they lovith nat: wherfore wyth hert I
prey
Have chere onto yeur sone aftir my endyng day;
For so God me help and I lafft yew behynd
Shuld nevir man on lyve bryng it in my mynd
To be no more yweddit, but lyve soule aloon.
Now yee know all my wyll, good Sir, think
ther'on.
Certis, quod Fawnus, whils I have wyttis syve
I think nevir aftir yew to have another wyff.
The preest was com therwythall for to do hir
rightis;
Fawnus toke his leve, and all the othir knyghtis,
Hir kyndrid and frendis kissed hir echone:
It is no nede to axe wher ther was dole or noon.
Agea cast her ey up, and lokid all aboute,
And wold have kissid Beryn, but then was he
wythoute,

Pleying to the hazard, as he was wont to doon,
For as sone as he had ete he wold ren out anoon;
And when she saw he was not ther that she thought most on
Hire sekenes and hire mournyng berst her hert anoon.
A damsell tofore that was rou into the toune
For to seche Beryn, that pleyed for his gowne,
And had almost lost it, right as the damsell cam,
And swore and starid as he was wood, as longit to the game.
The damsell seyd to Beryn, Sir, ye must com home,
For but ye hygh blyve that yee wer ycome
Yeur mothir woll be dede; she is yit on lyve:
Yf ye wol speke wyth her yee must hygh blyve.
Who bad so, lewd Kitt? Your fadir, Sir, quod she.
Go home, lewd visenag, that evil mut thow the!
Quod Beryne to the damsell, and gan her fray and seer,
And bad the devill of hell hir should to tere.
Hast thow ought els to do but let me of my game?
Now by God in hevin, by Peter, and by Jame,
Quoth Beryn in grete angir, and swore be book and bell,
Rehersying many namys mo than me lyst to tell,
N'er thow my fadirs messenger wer thou shuldist nevir ete brede:
I had levir my modir and also thou wer dede
Then I shuld lese the game that I am nowgh in;
And smote the damsell undir the ere, the weet gon upward spyn:
The death of Agea he set at litill pryse;
So in that wrath frolick Beryn threw the dyse,
And lost wyth that same cast al was leyde adown,
And stert up in a wood rage, and ballid on his crown,
And so he did the remnaunt, as many as wold abyde;
But for drede of Fawnus his felawis gan to hyde,
And nevir had wyll, ne list, wyth Beryn for to fyght,
But evir redy to pley and wyn what they myght.
The deth of Agea sprang about the towne,
And every man that herd the bell for her sowne
Bemony'd her full sore; saff Beryn toke none hede,
But sought anothir felesship, and quyklich to them yede,
To such manner company as shuld nevir thryve,
For such he lovid bettir then his modir's lyve;
And evirmore it shuld be nyght or he wold home drawe,
For of his fadir in certeyn he had no manner awe;
For evir in his yowith he had al his wyll,
And was ypassed chastising but men wold hym kyll.
Fawnus for Agea, as it was well sitting,
Made grete ordenaunce for hir burying,
Of prelatis and of preestis, and of all othir thyng,
As thoughe she had be a wyff of a worthy king
It myght nat have be mendit; such was his gentilnes,
For at hir enteryng was many a worthy messe.
For four weeks full, or he did her intere,
She ley in lede wythyn his house; but Beryn can not there,
Namelich into the place where his modir ley,
Ne onys wold he a *Pater noster* for hir soule sey:
His thought was all in unthryft, lechery, and dyse,
And drawyng all to soly, for *Yowith is rudder,*
But ther it is refreyned and hath som manere eye:
And ther'fore methinkith that I may wele sey
A man ypassid yowith, and is wythout lore,
May be wele ylikened to a tre wythout more,
That may nat bowe ne bere fruyte, but root and ever wast:
Ryght so by yowith farith that no man list to chast.
This mowe we know verely by experience,
That *Yerd makith vertu and benevolence*
In childhode for to growe, as provith ymagynacioune:
A plant whils it is grene, or it have dominacionne,
A man may wyth his fyngers ply it wher hym lyst,
And make ther'of a shakill, a with, or a twist;
But let the plant stond, and yeris ovirgrowe,
Men shull not wyth both his hondis unnethis make it bowe:
No more myght Fawnus make his sone Beryn,
When he grew in age, to his lore enclyne;
For every day when Beryn rose unwash he wold dyne,
And draw hym to his felesship as even as a lyne,
And then com home and ete, and soop, and slepe at nyght:
This was al his besynes but yf that he did fight;
Wher'for his fadir's hert Fawnus gan for to blede,
That of his modir that ley at home he toke no more hede:
And so did all the pepill that dwellid in the town
Of Beryn's wildnes gon speke and eke roun.
Fawnus oppon a dey, when Beryn cam at eve,
Was set oppon a purpose to make his sone leve
All his shrewd taichis wyth goodnes if he myght,
And taught hym feir and soft, but Beryn toke it light,
And countid at litill pryse al his fadir's tale.
Fawnus saw it wold nat; with colour wan and pale
He partid from his sone, and wyth a sorowfull hert.
I ne can write halfyndele how sore he hid smert
The disobeying of his sone and his wyf's deth,
That, as the book tellith, he wished that his breth
Had ybeen above the serkill celestyne,
So fervent was his sorowe, his angir, and his pyne.
So, shortly to conclude, Agea was interid,
And Fawnus livid wyfles three yere were yweid,
Wher'of ther was grete speche for his high honour;
Tyll at last word cam onto the Emperour
That Fawnus was without wyfe, and feld was jocounde,
But mournyng for Agea that he was to ybound,

vid as an hermyte, foule and deftitute,
ut confolacioune, penfyff oft and mute:
for Auguftinus, of Rome the Emperour,
wardlich fory, and in grete dolour.
that the feven Sagis and Senatouris all
affemblid, to difcryve what fhuld ther'of
fall;
ych feyd fhortly, For a moleftatioune
was noon othir remedy but a confolacioune;
Whofo ever in eny thing difplefid or agrevid
y a like thing egall be remevid.
hen the Emperour knew all their determinacioune,
lich in his mynd he had imaginacioune
Fawnus for Agea was in high diftres,
anft yeurid be wyth paffyng gentilnes
a lufty lady, that of pulchritude
excellent al othir: fo, fhortly to conclude,
mperour had a love tofore he had a wyf
e lovid as hertlich as his own lyf,
s as feir a creature as fone myght befhyne;
cellent of bewte that fhe myght be fhryne
othir wymmen that wer tho lyvand:
r the Emperour had a wyf ye fhul wele onderftond
m nat in hir company to have his delite;
Criftendome and confcience was tho more perfite
it is now adayis, yf I durft tell:
wol leve at this tyme. Than Fawnus al fo well
ftir fent in heft, of feknes to be curyd;
hat for drede and ellis they wer both enfuryd
fence of the Emperour, fo Fawnus myght nat flee;
s the Emperours wyll, it myght noon othir be.
ythin a tyme Agea was forgete,
awnus thought litill on that he hir behight:
the feven Sagis had afore declarid
all to purpos; For Fawnus litil carid
ny thing at all fave his wyff to plefe,
Rame was yclepid: for reft nethir efe
is nevir had but of her prefence:
as his hert on her yfet that he coud no defence,
evirmore be wyth hir, and ftare on hir vifage,
the moft part of Room held it for dotage,
had much marvell of his variaunce:
What is that Fortune cannat put in chance?
her n'as man on lyve on woman more bedotid
Fawnus was in Rame, ne half fo much yfotid.
that Rame had knowlech that Fawnus was yfmyt
the dart of Love: ye mowe ryght wele it wyt
all that evir fhe coud caft or ythynck
all ageyn Berynus, for many a fotill wrench
She thought and wrought day by day, as meny wemen doon,
Tyll they have of their defire the full conclufioune:
For the more that Fawnus of Rame did made
The more dangerous was Rame and of chere fade,
And kept wele hir purpofe undir covirture:
She was the las to blame; it grew of nature.
But though that Rame wrought fo, God forbedo that alle
Wer of that condicioune. Yet touch no man the gall,
It is my plein counfell, but doith as othir doith:
Take yeur part as it comith of roughe and eke of fmoothe.
Yit noritur, wit and gentilnes, refon and perfite mynde,
Doth all thefe worthy women to worch agenys kynde,
That thoughe they be agrevid they fuffir and endure,
And paffith ovir for the beft, and folowith nothing nature,
But now to Rame's purpofe, and what was hir defire,
Shortly to conclude, to make debate and ire
Betwene the fadir and the fone, as it was likely tho;
What for his condicioune, and what for love alfo
That Fawnus owt to his wyff, the rathir he muft hir leve,
And grant for to mend, yf ought hir did greve.
Berinus evir wrought right as he did before,
And Rame made hym chere of love, ther myght no woman more,
And gaff hym gold and clothing evir as he did lefe,
Of the beft that he coud ought wher in town chefe,
And fpeke full feir wyth hym, to make al thyng dede;
Yit wold fhe have yete his hert wythout falt or brede:
She hid fo hir felony, and fpak fo in covert,
That Beryn myght nat fpy it but lite of Ram'ys hert.
So, fhortly to pas ovir, it fill oppon a nyghte,
When Fawnus and his frefh wyf wer to bed ydight,
He toke hir in his armys and made hir hertly chere,
Ther myght no man betir make to his fere,
And feyd, Myn ertly joy, myn hertis full plefaunce,
My wele, my woo, my paradife, my lyv'is fuftenaunce!
Why ne be ye mery, why be ye fo dull,
Sith ye know I am yeur own right as yeur hert woll?
Now tell on love, myn own hert! yf ye eylith ought,
For and it be in my power anoon it fhall be wrought.

Rame wyth that gan ſighe, and wyth a wepeing chere
Undid the bagg of trechery, and ſeide in this manere:
No mervell though myn hert be ſore and full of dele,
For when I to yew weddit was wrong went my whele.
But who may be ageyns hap and aventure?
Therfor as wele as I may myne I mut endure.
Wyth many ſharp wordis ſhe ſet his hert on feir
To purchaſe with hir practik that ſhe did deſire:
But hoolich all hir wordis I cannot wele reherſe,
Ne write ne endite how ſhe did perce
Through Fawny's hert and his ſcull alſo;
For more petouſe compleynt of ſorowe and of woo,
Made nevir woman, ne more petouſly,
Then Rame made to Fawnys: ſhe ſmote full bitterly
Into the veyn, and through his hert blood;
She bloderit ſo and wept, and was ſo high on mode,
That unneth ſhe myght ſpeke but othir while among
Wordis of diſcomfort, and hir hondis wrong;
For alas and woo the tyme that ſhe weddit was!
Was evir more the frefreit when ſhe myght have ſpaſe.
I am yweddit; ye, God woot beſt in what maner and how!
For yf it wer ſo fall I had a child by you,
Lord! how ſhuld he lyve, how ſhuld he com awey?
Sith Beryn is yeur firſt ſone, and heir aftir yeur day?
But yf that he had grace to ſcoole for to goo,
To have ſom maner conning that he myght truſt to,
For as it now ſtondeth it were the beſt rede,
For, ſo God me help, I had levir he wer dede
Than wer of ſuch condicioune or of ſuch lore
As Beryn yeur ſone is; it wer bett he wer unbore,
For he doith nat ellis ſave at hazard pley,
And comyth home al nakid ech othir dey;
For within this month that I have wyth yeu be
Fiftene ſithis, for verry grete pite
I have yclothid hym al new when he was to tore,
For evirmore he ſeyde the old were ylore.
Now and he wer my ſone I had levir he were yſod,
For and he pley ſo long half our lyvelode
Wold ſcarſly ſuffiſe hymſelf oon,
And n'ere yee wold be grevid, I ſwere be Seynt John
He ſhuld aftir this dey be clothid no more for me,
But he wold kepe them bettir and draw fro nycete.
Now gentill wyff, grāmcy of yeur wiſe tale,
I thynk wel the more that I ſey no fale;
For towchyng my grevaunce, that Beryn goith al nakid,
Treulich that grevaunce is ſomwhat aſclakid:
Let hym aloon, I prey yew, and I woll con yew thank,
For in ſuch loſery he hath loſt many a frank.
The devil hym ſpede that rech yf he be to tore,
And he uſe it hereaftir as he hath doon to fore.
Beryn aroſe a morowe, and cried wondir faſt,
And axid aftir clothis, but it was all in waſt;
Ther was no man tendant for hym in all the houſe;
The whele was ychaungit into anothir cours.
Fawnus herd his ſone wele how he began to cry,
And roſe up anoon and to hym did high,
And had forgete nothyng that Rame had yſeyde,
For he boillid ſo his hert he was nat well apayde.
He went into the chambir ther his ſone ley,
And ſet hym down in a chair, and thus he gan to ſey:
My gentil ſone Beryn, now feir I wol ye teche;
Rew oppon thy ſelf, and be thyne own leche.
Manhode is ycom now, myne own dere ſone,
It is tyme thow be aweynyd of thyn old wone:
And thow art 20 wynters, and naught haſt of doctryne;
Yit woldiſt thow draw to perſite the worſhip wold be thyne,
To noritur and goodſhip, and al honeſt thing,
Ther myght com to myn hert no more glad tyding.
Leve now al thy ſoly and thy rebawdry,
As tablis and mervellis, and the hazardry,
And draw the to the company of honeſt men and good,
Els leve thow me as wele as Criſte died on the rode;
And for al menkynd his ghoſt pas lete,
Thow ſhalt for me heraftir ſtond on thyn own fete,
For I woll no longir ſuffir this aray
To clothe the al new eche othir dey.
Yf thow wolt draw the to wit, and rebawdry withdraw,
Of ſuch good as God have ſent yn part have ſhalt thow:
And if thow wolt nat, my ſone, do as I the tell,
Of me ſhalt thow naught have, truſt me right well.
Wenyſt thow wyth thy diſe-pleying hold myn honoure
Aftir my deth dey? Then Beryn gan to loure,
And ſeide, Is this a ſermon or a prechement?
Ye were nat wont herto; how is this ywent?
Sendith for ſome clothing that I wer ago;
My felawis lokith aftir me, I woot well they do ſo:
I woll nat leve my feleſhip ne my rekelagis,
Ne my diſe-pleying, for all yeur heretages:
Doith yeur beſt wyth them by yeur lyf day,
For when they fall to me I wol do as I may.
Benedicite! fadir, who hath enformyd you,
And ſet you into ire, to make me chere rowe?
But I know wele inough whens this counſaill cam;
Trewlich of yeur own wyfe, that evil dame:
Com oppon hir body that fals putaigne,
For trewlich, fadir, yee dote on hir, and ſo all men ſeyne.
Alas that evir a man ſhuld, that is of high counſaill,
Set all his wiſdom on his wyfe's taile!
Yee lovith hir ſo much ſhe hath beneome yeur wyt,
And I may curs the tyme that evir ye wer yknyt,

For now I am in certen I have a ſtepmodir:
They been ſhrewis, ſom ther been, but few, othir.
Vel Fikil Flaptail, ſuch oon as ſhe ys,
For all my pleying at diſe yit do yee more amys:
Yee have yloſt yeur name, yeur worſhip, and yeur feith,
So dote ye on hir, and levith all ſhe ſayith.
Fawnus wyth the ſame word gaff the chayir a but,
And lepe out of the chambir, as who ſeyd Cut,
And ſwore in verrey woodnes be God omnipotent
That Beryn of his wordis ſhuld ſore repent.
Beryn ſet nought ther'of, with a proude hert
Anſwerd his ſadir, and axid a new ſhert.
He gropid al about to have found oon,
As he was wont to ſore, but ther was noon.
Then toke he ſuch wilokis as he fond ther,
And beheld hymſelf what man he wer;
For when he was arayde then gan he firſte be wrothe,
For his womb lokid out and his rigg both.
He ſtert aftir his ſadir, and he began to cry,
For ſeth myn array, for the villany
Ys as wele yeurs as it is myne.
Fawnus let him clatir and cry wel and ſyne,
And paſſid forth ſtill and ſpak nat a word.
Then Beryn gan to think it was nat al bord
That his ſadir ſeyde when he wyth hym was,
And gan to think all about, and therwyth ſeid Alaſs!
Now know I wele forſoth that my modir is dede;
For tho gan he to glow firſt a ſory mann'yis hede.
Now kepe thy cut, Beryn, for thou ſhalt have a ſit
Somwhat of the world to lern betir wit;
For and thow wiſt ſikerly what ys for to com
Thow woldiſt wiſh aftir thy deth full oft and ylone;
For *Ther n'ys betying half ſo ſore wyth ſtaff nethir ſwerd*
A man to be bete with his own yerd.
The pyry is yblowe, hop, Beryn, hop,
That ripe wol heraſtir and on thyn hede drop:
Thou tokiſt noon hede whils it ſhoon hoot,
Ther for wynter the nyghith aſay by thy cote.
Beryn for ſhame to town durſt he nat go,
He toke his wey to churchward; his frend was made his foo,
For angir, ſorowe, and ſhame, and hevynes, that he had,
Unneth he might ſpeke, but ſtode half as mad.
O alas! quod Beryn, what wyt had I
That coud nat tofore this dey know ſikerly
That my modir dede was? but now I know to ſore,
And drede more that eche day hereaftir more and more
I ſhall know and fele that my modir is dede.
Alas! I ſmote the meſſangere, and toke of hir noon hede:
Alas! I am right pore; alas! that I am nakid:
Alas! I ſclept to faſt, tyl ſorowe now hath me wakid:
Alas! I hunger ſore; alas! for hole and peyn,
For eche man me ſeith hath me in diſdeyn.
This was all his mirth to the churchward
That of his modir Agea he toke ſo litill reward.
When Beryn was within the chirch then gan he wers fray:
As ſone as he ſaw the tomb where his modir lay
His colour gan to chaunge into a dedely hew:
Alas, gentill modir! ſo kynd you wer and trew,
It is no mervell for thy deth though I ſore ſmert.
But therwythal the ſorowe ſo fervent ſmote his hert
That ſodenly he fil down ſtan dede in ſwowe:
That he had part of ſorowe methynkith that myght I avowe.
Beryn lay ſo long or he myght awake,
For al hys fyve wittis had clene hym forſake,
Wel myght he by hymſelf, when reſon ycom were,
Undirſtond that Fortune had a ſharp ſpere,
And eke grete power among high and lowe,
Som to avaunce and ſom to ovirthrowe.
So at laſt whan Beryn a litill wakid were
He trampelid faſt with his fete, and al to tere his
And his viſage both, right as a wodeman,
With many a bitir tere that from his eyen ran,
And ſighid many a ſore ſigh, and had much hevynes,
And evirmore he curſid his grete unkyndnes
To foreyit his modir whils ſhe was alyve,
And lenyd to hir tombe opon his tore ſelyve,
And wisſhid a thowſand ſithis he had ybe hir by,
And beheld hir tombe with a petouſe eye.
Now, glorious God! quod Beryn, that al thing madiſt of nought,
Heven and erth, man and beſte, ſith I am myſwrought
Of yewe I axe mercy, ſocour, and help, and grace,
For my myſdede and foly, unthryſſe and treſpaſe:
Set my ſorowe and peyn ſomwhat in meſure
Fro diſpeir and myſcheff as I may endure.
Lord of all lordis! though Fortune be my foo
Yit is thy myght above to turn hym to and fro.
Firſt my modirs lyfe Fortune hath me berevid,
And ſith my fadirs love, and nakid alſo me levid.
What may he do more? Yis, take awey my lyfe;
But for that wer myn eſe, and end of al ſtryfe,
Ther'for he doith me lyve for my wers I ſey,
That I ſhuld evirmore lyve and nevir for to dey.
Now leve I Beryn wyth hys modir tyl I com aye,
And wol return me to Rame, that of hir ſotilte
Bethoughte hir al aboute, when Beryn was agoon
That it ſhuld be wittid hir, wher'for ſhe anoon
In this wiſe ſeyd to Fawnus: Sir, what have ye do,
Althoughe I ſpeke a mery word, to ſuffir your ſone go
Nakid into the town? it was nat my counſaill.
What wol be ſeyd ther'of? ſikir without faile,
For I am his ſtepmodir, that I am cauſe of alle
The violence, the wrath, the angir, and the gall,
That is betwene yew both, it wol be wit me;
Wher'for I prey you hertly doith hym com hom aye.
Nay, by trowith, quod Fawnus, for me comyth he nat yit;
Sithe he of my wordis ſo litil priſe ſet
As litil ſhall I charge his eſtate alſo:
Sorowe have that rechith though he nakid go,
For every man knowith that he is nat wiſe;
Wher'for may be ſuppoſid his pleying at diſe
Is cauſe of his aray, and nothing yee, my wyff,
Yes, iwis, quod Rame, the tale woll he ryff

Of me and of noon othir, I know right wel afyne;
Wher'for I prey you, gentil Sir, and for love myn,
That he wer yfet hom, and that in grete haſt,
And let aſay offt agein with feirnes hym to chaſte;
And ſend Beryn clothis and a new ſhert; [hert.
And made al wele in eche ſide, and kept cloſe her
Now ſith it is your wyll, quod Fawnus tho anoon,
That Beryn ſhall home com, for yeur ſake aloon
I woll be the meſſager to put your hert in eſe;
And els, ſo God me help, wer it nat yew to pleſe
The gras ſhuld grow on pament or I hym home bryng.
Yet nethirles forth he went, wyth too or thre riding,
From o ſtrete to anothir, enquerynge to and fro
Aftir Beryn in every plaſe wher he was wont to
Seching eviry halk howris two or thre, [go,
With hazardours, and othir ſuch, ther as he was wont to be,
And ſond hym not ther; but to chirche went echone,
And at dorr they ſtode a while and herd Beryn made his mone:
They herd all his compleynt, that petouſe was to here.
Fawnus into the chirch pryvelich gan pire,
But al ſo ſone as he beheld wher Agea lay
His teris ran down be his chekis, and thus he gan to ſey:
A, Agea! myn old love, and my new alſo!
Alas, that evir our hertis ſhuld depart atoo!
For in your graciouſe dayis of hert'is trobilnes
I had nevir knowlech, but of all gladnes;
Remembryng in his hert, and evir gan renewe
The goodnes betwene them both, and hir hert trewe,
And drew hym ner to Beryn with an hevy mode.
But as ſone as Beryn knew and ondirſtode
That it was his ſadir, he wold no longir abide,
But anoon he voidit by the todir ſide,
And Fawnus hym encountrid, and ſeyd, We have the ſought
Through the town, my gentil ſone, and ther'for void the nought.
Though I ſeyd a word or two, as me thought for the beſt
For thyne erudicioune, to drawe the onto lyfe honeſt,
Thou ſhuldiſt nat ſo fervently have take it to thyn hert;
But ſith I know my wordis doith the ſo ſore ſmert
Shall no more hereaftir; and eche dey our diete
Shall be mery and ſolaſe, and this ſhall be forgete;
For wele I woot for thy modirthat thou art to tore,
Alſo thou haſt grete ſorowe, but onys nedith, and no more:
And ther'for, ſone, on my bleſſing to put ſorowe away;
Drawe the nowe heraftir to honiſt myrth and pley.
Lo ther is clothing for yewe, and yeur hors ydight
With harneys all freſhe new; and if yee liſt be knyght
I ſhall yit or eve that bergeyn undirtake, [make;
That the Emperour for my love a knyght ſhall you
And what that evir ye nede anoon it ſhall be bought,
For whils that I have eny thing ye ſhall lak naught.
Graunt mercy! quod Beryn with an hevy chere,
Of yeur worſhipfull profir that ye have proferid me here:
But ordir of knyghthode to take is nat my liking:
And ſith yeur will is for to do ſomwhat my pleſing,
Ye have a wyfe ye love wele, and ſo tenderlich,
That and ſhe have children I know right ſikerlich
All that ſhe can devyſe both be nyght and dey
Shall be to make her childryn heirs of that ſhe may,
And eke ſowe ſedis of infelicite,
Wher'of wold growe devyſioune betwene yewe and me:
For yf ye ſpend on me yeur good, and thus riallich
Levith wele, in certen yeur wyfe woll ſikerlich
Eche dey for angir her tuſkis whet,
And to ſmyte with her tunge, your hert in wrath to ſet.
Toward me from dey to dey, but ye wold aply
Somwhat to hir purpoſe and aftir hir yew guy;
She wold wex ſo ovirtwart and of ſo lither tach,
And evir lour undir her hood a redy for to ſnache;
She wold be ſhorſyng of yeur lyfe, and that deſire I naught:
Wher'for to pleſe all about, my purpoſe and my thought
Is for to be a Marchaunte, and leve myn heritage,
And releſe it for evir, for ſhyppys fyve of ſtage
Full of marchaundiſe the beſt of all this londe:
And yf ye woll ſo, ſadyr, quyk let make the bonde.
Fawnus was right well apayd that ilk word outſtert,
But yit he ſeyd to Beryn, I mervell in myn hert
Wher haddiſt thou this counſaille to leve thyne honour,
And lyve in grete aventure and in grete labour;
And rid ſo forth talkyng a ſoft eſy paſe
Homward to his plaſe ther that Rame was.
And as ſone as Fawnus was ylight adown,
And highid faſt to his wyfe, and with hir gan to rown,
And told hir all the purpoſe, and made Fawnus chere,
She did hym nat half ſo much the tyme ſhe was his fere.
She hullid hym, and mollid hym, and toke hym about the nekk,
And went low for the kite, and made manya bekk;
And ſeyd, Sir, by yeur ſpech now right well I here
That yf ye liſt ye mowe do thing that I moſt deſire;
And that is this, yeur heritage there yeu beſt likid
That ye myght gyve: and evir among the bruſh awey ſhe pikid
From hir clothis here and there, and fighid therwithall.
Fawnus of his gentilnes by hir myddil ſmale
Hertlich hir bracyd, and ſeyd, I woll nat leve,
I ſuyr yew my trowith that onys or it be eve
That I ſhall do my devoir without feintiſe
For to pleſe your hert fullich in all wyſe.

mercy! myn own ſoverene, quod Rame
tho mekely,
ade proteſtatioune that ſhe ſhuld ſikerly
dayis of hir lyfe be to hym as hende
woman was to man, as ferforth as hir
mynd
it hir wold ſerve, and made grete othe,
s bood no longir, but forth therwith he
goith.
cious God in heven, Kyng of majeſte!
tivouſe this world is of iniquite!
to yſuffrid that trowith is brought adown
ecbery and falſhede in feld and eke in town?
w to Fawnus and his entent. When he his
ſone met
e hym ſoft by the hond; his tung he gan
to whet,
to engyne him. Firſt he gan to preche,
ıy foly, my dere ſone, and do as I the teche:
ou haſt wit and reſon, and art of mann'ys
age,
nedith the be Marchaunt and ſhall have
heritage?
l thy good wer yloſt the ſorowe wold be
myne,
the ſoth, right nigh peregall to thyne;
that I were dede whils thow wer oute
ınd rent, and all my good, have thou no
doute,
l be plukkid from the; thy part wold be
ſo ferthermore, I make oon beheeſt, [leſt:
trowe my moblis wol nat ſuffiſe
rge fyve ſhippis ſul of marchandiſe
I leyd in mortgage my lond and eke my
rent,
ıat I leve be nat thy wyll ne thyn entent:
hirles yf thy hert be ſo inly ſet
be a Marchaunt, for nothing woll I let
n'yl do thy pleſaunce as ferforth as I mey
ryght nygh myn own eſtate, but levir I
had nay.
wordis ne their dedis, ne matters them be-
twene,
nat tary now ther'on my perchemen to
ſpene:
ıallich, to the end of their accordement,
s had ſo goon about, yturned and ywent,
e had brought his ſone tofore the Empe-
ſe his heritage and al his honour, [rour,
e ſhuld have aſtir his dey, for ſhippis fyve,
and full
marchaundiſe of lynnen and of wool,
othir thingis that wer yuſid tho.
ıd was the covenaunt betwene them to
ence of the Emperour, in opyn and norown,
the gretiſt Cenators and eldeſt of the town.
n the releſe ſelid was with a ſyde honde
er yleyd both in a meen honde
e tyme that Beryn fullich ſeſid were
fyve ſhippis that I yew told ere.
o was glad but Fawnus? and to his wyff
went
ıd, Now, my hert'is ſwete! all thyn hole
entent
Ys uttirlich perfourmyd; us lakkith now no more
But marchaundiſe and ſhippis, as I told tofore.
That ſhall not faill, quod Rame, and began to
daunce,
And aftirward they ſpeken of the purveaunce.
Alas! this fals world, ſo ful of trechery?
In whom ſhuld the ſone have truſt and feith ſikirly
If his fadir faylid hym? whether myght he go
For to fynd a ſikir frend that he myght truſt to!
So when theſe five ſhippis wer rayid and dight
Fawnus and his ſone to the Emperour ful right
They went, and many a grete man for the ſame
caſe,
To ſee both in poſſeſſionne, as ther covenaunte
Beryn firſt was ſeſid in the ſhippis fyve, [was.
And Fawnus had the releſe, and bare it to his
wyff;
And eche held them payde, and Rame beſt of all,
For ſhe had conquerid thing that cauſid moſt hir
gall.
Now leve I Fawnys and his wyff, and of the go-
vernaunce
Of Beryn I wol ſpeke, and alſo of his chaunce.
When lodiſmen and maryneris in al thing redy
was
This Beryn into Aliſaunder, yf God wold ſend
hym grace
That wynde hym wold ſerve, he wold: ſo on a day
The wynd was good, and they ſeylid on ther wey
Too dayis fullich, and a nyght therwythal,
And had wedir at wyll, tyll at laſt gan fall
Such a myſt among them that no man myght ſe
othir,
That wele was hym that had ther the bleſſing of
his modir.
For thre dayis inceſſantly the derknes among
them was,
That no ſhipp myght ſe othir; wherfor ſull oft
Alas!
They ſeyd, and to the high God they made their
preyere,
That he wold of his grace them govern and ſtere
So that their lyvis myght ſayid be,
For they were cleen in diſpeyr, becauſe they
myght nat ſe
The loder, wherby theſe ſhipmen ther cours toke
ech one.
So at laſt, the ferth day, making thus hir mone,
The dey gan clere; and then ſuch wynd aroſe
That blew their ſhippis elſewhere then was their
firſt purpoſe.
The tempeſt was ſo huge and ſo ſtreng alſo,
That wele was hym that coude bynde or ondo
Any rope within the ſhipp that longit to the craft;
Every man ſhewed his connyng to ſore the ſhipp
and baſſt.
The wynd a wook the ſee to braſt, it blew ſo
greſly ſore,
That Beryn and all his company of ſynnys las and
more
Eche man round about ſhroff hymſelf to othir,
And put in Godd'is gowernaunce lyf, ſhipp, and
ſtrothir;

For ther was ſhippis meyne, for owght they coud hale,
That myght abate of the ſhipp the thiknes of a ſcale:
The wedir was ſo fervent of wynd and eke of thundir
That every ſhipp from othir was blowe of ſight aſondir,
And durid ſo al day and nyght, tyll on the morowe
I trow it was no queſtioune wher they had joy or ſorowe.
So aftirward, as God wold, the wynd was ſomwhat ſoft,
Beryne clepid a maryner, and bad hym ſty on loft,
And weyte aftir our four ſhippis aftir us doith dryve,
For it is but grace of God yf they be alyve.
A maryner anoon wyth that, right as Beryn bad,
Styed into the top caſtell, and brought hym tydings glad:
Sir, he ſeith, beth mery; yeur ſhippis comith echone
Saff and ſound ſailing, as ye ſhul ſe anoon;
And eke, Sir, ferthermore, lond alſo I ſigh,
Let draw our cors eſtward, thys tyde woll bryng us ny.
Bleſſed be God! quod Beryn, then wer our ſhippis com,
We have no nede to dout werr ne moleſtatioune,
For ther n'ys wythin our ſhippis no thyng of ſpoliatioune,
But al trew marchaundiſe; wherefor for lodiſman
Stere onys into the coſtis as well as thou can;
When our ſhippis be ycom, that we mowe pas in fere,
Lace on a bonnet or tweyn, that we mowe ſaile nere.
And when they wer the coſtis nygh was noon of them alle
That wiſt what lond it was: then Beryn gan to calle
Out of every ſhip anoon a maryner or tweyne
For to take counſeil, and thus he gan to ſeyne:
The frountis of this ilk town been wondir feir wythall,
Methinketh it is the beſt rede, what that evir befall,
That I my ſelf aloon walk into the towne,
And here and ſe both her and ther, upward and downe,
And enquere fullich of their governaunce.
What ſey ye Sirs? woll ye ſent to this ordenaunce?
All they accordit well therto and held it for the beſt,
For thus yf it be profitabill we mowe abide and reſt,
And yf it be othirwiſe the rathir ſhall we go,
For aftir that the ſpede we woll work and do.
But nowe mowe ye her right a wondir thing:
In all the world wyde ſo fals of their lyvyng
Was no pepill undir ſone, ne none ſo diſſeyvabill,
As was the pepill of this town, ne more unſtabill,
And had a curſed uſage of ſotill ymaginacioune,
That yf ſo wer the ſhippis of any ſtraunge nacioune
Were com into the port, anoon they wold them hide
Within their own howſis, and no man go ne ryde
In no ſtrete of alle the town; aſcaunce that they wer lewde,
And coud no ſkill of marchandiſe, a ſkill it was a ſhrewde,
As ye ſhull here aftir of their wrong and falſhede;
But yit it fill, asworthy was, oppon their own hede.
Beryn arayd hym freſhly, as to a Marchand longith,
And ſet hym on a palfrey wel be ſey and longit,
And a page rennyng by his hors fete:
He rode endlong the town, but no man coud he meet;
The dorrys wer ycloſid in both too ſidis,
Wherof he had mervell: yet ferthermore he ridis,
And waytid on his right hond a mancipil'is plaſe
All freſh and new, and thidir gan he paſe:
The gatis wer wyde up, and thidir gan he go,
For throughout the long town he found ſo no mo.
Therin dwellid a burgeyſe the moſt ſcliper man
Of all the town throughout, and what ſo he wan
With trechery and gile, as doith ſom freris,
Right ſo muſt he part with his comperis.
Beryn light down on his hors, and inward gan he dres,
And fond the good man of the houſe pleying at cheſs
With hys neyghbour, as trewe as he, that dwellid hym faſt by.
But as ſone as this burgeyſe on Beryn caſt his eyg
Sodenly he ſtert up, and put the cheſs hym fro,
And toke Beryn by the hond, and ſeyd theſe wordis tho;
Benedicite; what manere wynd hath ybrought you here?
Now wold to God I had wherof, or coud make yew chere!
But ye ſhull lowe my good wyll, and take ſuch as ther is,
And of yeur gentil paciens ſuffir that is amys.
For well he wiſt by his aray and by his countenaunce
That of the ſhippis that wer ycom he had ſom governaunce,
Wherfor he made hym chere ſemyng amaybill,
Icolerid all with cautelis, and wondir diſſeyvabill;
He bracyd hym by the myddil, and preyd hym ſit adoun,
And lowly with much worſhipp dreſſid his coſhon.
Lord God! ſeyd this burgeyſe, I thank this ilk dey
That I ſhuld ſee yew hole and ſound here in my contray;
And yf ye liſt to tell the cauſe of yewr comyng,
And yf ye have nede to any manere thing,
And it be in my power, and thoughe I ſhuld it ſech,
It ſhuld go right wonder ſtreyte, I ſey yew ſiker-lich,
But yee it had in haſte, therwith yew pleſe,
For now I ſee yew in my houſe my hert is in greteſe.
The todir burgeyſe roſe hym up for to make rouſe,
And axid of his felaw, that lord was of the houſe,
Whens is this worſhipfull man? with wordis hend and low,
For it ſemith by the manere that ye hym ſhuld knowe,

ve ſey hym tofore this tyme. I have ſene,
quod the todir,
an 100 ſithis, and right as to my brodir
hym pleſaunce in al that evir I can,
vlich in his contray he is a worſhipful man:
, Sir, and for your love, a thouſand in this
town
hym worſhip, and be right feyne and
bown
hym, and avail to have thonk of you:
vele, God them yeld, ſo have they oft er
nowe.
ſe up therwithall, and with his felaw ſpak
manere mater that faylid nevir of lakk.
their conſeill was ydo this burgeyſe preyd
his fere
down be Beryn, and do hym ſport and
the while I wol ſe to his hors, [chere,
ry gentil hert, afore his own cors
that his riding beſt ſervid and ydight
than hymſelf; wherfor wyth all my myght
ave an eye therto; and ſich parte wyyn
onne or pipe is beſt and moſt fyne.
was all abaſhid of his ſoden chere,
hirles the burgeyſe ſat hym ſomwhat nere,
yd hym of his gentilnes his name for to tell,
trey and his lynnage: and he anſwer'd ſnell,
I am ynamid, and in Rome ybore,
ve fyve ſhippis of myn own, las and more,
narchaundiſe, ligging tofore the town;
ch marvaille have I the good man is ſo boun
e me and pleſe, and how it might be.
I the burgeyſe, no mervelle it is to me,
ny a tyme and oft, I cannot ſey how lome,
be in your marchis; and as I trow in Room
was ybore, yf I ne ly ſhall.
ſo, quod Beryn, no mervelle it is at all
e he may have yſey, and eke his gentill
chere
it all opynly; but be hym that bought me
dere
her'of no knowlech, as I am now avyſid.
at cam in the good man with countenaunce
diſgiſid,
I enqueryd of the child that with Beryn cam
nyng to the endyng, and told his maſtris
name,
Agea his modir, and all thing as it was,
hrough he was ful perfite to anſwere to e-
very cas;
ng into the hall the burgeys ſpak anoon,
gentill Beryn, alas! that under ſtonne
vn hert Agea, thy modir leff and dere!
od affoyl hir ſoule, for nevir bettir chere
f frend woman, ne nevir half ſo good.
e! a Marchaunt comyng ovir flood!
ought yew in this purpos, and beth your
adir's heir?
my trew conſcience ryght nygh in diſpeyr
r your ſake, for now frendleſe
ve wele ſey that ye been; but yit for ne-
thirles
t endure fortune and hevynes put awey;
noon othir wiſdom. Alſo yeur ſhippis gey,

That been ycom in ſavete, ought to amend yeur
mode,
The wich when we have dyned, I ſwere for by the
rood,
We wol ſe them trewly within and eke without,
And have wyne wyth us and drynk al about.
They ſet and wiſh, and fed them, and had wher-
of plente;
The burgeyſe was a ſtuffid man, ther lakkid noon
deynte.
So when they had ydined the cloth was up ytake,
A cheſe ther was ybrought forth, but tho gan ſo-
rowe to wake.
The ches was all of ivory, the meyne freſh and
new,
I pulſhid and ypikid of white, aſure, and blew.
Beryn beheld the cheker, it ſemed paſſyng feir;
Sir, quod the burgeyſe, ye ſhul fynd her a payr
That woll mate yew trewly in las than half a myle,
And was yſeyd of ſotilte Beryn to begile.
Now in ſoth, quod Beryn, it myght wel hap nay,
And ne'er I muſt my ſhippis ſe els I wold aſſay.
What nedith that, quod the burgeyſe? trewlich I
wol nat gloſe,
They been nat yit yſetelid ne fixid in the woſe;
For I have ſent thries ſith ye hither cam
To wait oppon their governaunce; wher'for let ſet
o game,
And I ſhall be the firſt that ſhall yew ataſt.
The meyne wer yſet up, and gon to pley faſt.
Beryn wan the firſt, the ſecond, and the third,
And at fourth game' in the ches amyd
The burgeyſe was ymatid; but that luſt him wele;
And all was doon to bryng hym yn, as ye ſhul
her ſnel.
Sir, then, ſeyd Beryn, ye woot well how it is,
Me liſt no more to pley, for yee know this,
Wher is noon compariſoun, of what thing ſo it be,
Luſt and liking fallith ther: as it ſemeth me
Ne mvrth is nat commendabill that ayris by o ſide,
But it rebound to the tothir; wherfore tyme is to ryde;
And as many thonkis as I can or may
Of my ſport and chere, and alſo of yeur pley.
Nay iwis, gentill Beryn, I woot ye wol nat go,
For noritur wol it nat for to part ſo,
And eke my condicioune; but I ley ſomething
Is no more to pley then who ſo ſhoke a ryng
Ther no man is wythyn the ryngyng to anſwere;
To ſhete a fethirles bolt almoſt as good me were:
But and ye wold this next game ſom manir wager
legg,
And let the trowith on both ſidis be morgage and
yplegg,
That whoſo be ymatid graunt and aſſent
To do the todirs bidding, and whoſo do repent
Drynk all the watir that ſalt is of the ſee.
Beryn belevid that he coud pley betir than he,
And ſodinly aſſentid, with hond in hond aſſurid.
Men that ſtode beſides, ycappid and yhurid.
Wiſt wele that Beryn ſhuld have the wers mes,
For the burgeyſe was the beſt pleyer at ches
Of all the wyde marchis, or many a myle about;
But that ne wyſt Beryn of, ne caſt ther'of no
doute;

He set the meyne efft ageyn, and toke betir hede
Then he did tofore; and so he had nede.
The burgeyse toke avisement long on every draught,
So wyth an hour or two Beryn he had ycaught
Somwhat oppon the hipp, that Beryn had the wers.
And albeit his mynd and wyll was for to curs,
Yit must he dure his fortune when he was so fer ygo;
For *Who is that that Fortune may alway undo!*
And namelich stout even in eche side
Of *pro* and *contra:* but God help down woll he glide.
But now a word of philosophy that falliith to my mynd;
Who take hede of the begynnyng what fal shall of the end
He leyth abuse tofore the gap ther Fortune wold inryde:
But comynlich yowith forgetith that throughout the world wyde.
Right so be Beryn I may wele sey that consaillis in rakid,
Likly to lese his marchaundise, and go hymself al nakid.
Beryn studied in the ches, although it nought availid;
The burgeyse in the mene while with other men consaillid
To fech the sergauntis in the town for thing he had ado.
So when they come were, they walkid to and fro
Up and down in the hall, as skaunce they knew nought;
And yit of all the purpose, wit, and mynd, and thought,
Of the untrew burgeyse, by his messengeris
They wer ful enformyd: wherfor with eye, and eris, and hest,
They lay awaît full doggidly Beryn to arest,
Forther'for they wer aftir sent, and was their charge.
Lord! how shuld o sely lomb among wolvis weld,
And scape unyharmyd? it hath been seyn seld.
Kepe thy cut now, Beryn, for thow art in the case.
The hall was full of pepill, the serjauntis shewid their mase;
Beryn kast up his hede, and was ful sore amayid,
For then he was in certen the burgeyse had hym betrayde.
Draw on, seyd the burgeyse; Beryn, ye have the wers;
And every man to othir the covenaunt gan reherse.
The burgeys, whils that Beryn was in hevy thought,
The next draught aftir he toke a rook for nought.
Beryn swat for angir, and was in hevy plight,
And drede full sore in hert; for wele he wist al quyt
He shuld nat escape, and was in high distress;
And pryvelich in his hert that ever he saw the ches
He cursid the day and tyme: but what avaylid
For wele he wist then that he shuld be mate: [that?
He gan to chaunge his colour both pale and wan.
The burgeyse seith; Comyth nere, ye shul se this man
How he shul be matid with what man me list.
He droughe and seyd, Chek mate. The serjauntis wer full prest,
And sesid Beryn by the sleve, and seyd, Sirs, what think ye for to do, [so?
Quod Beryn to the serjauntis, that ye me hondith
Or what have I offendit? or what have I seide?
Trewlich, quod the serjauntis, it vaylith nat to breyde;
Wyth us ye must a while wher ye wol or no
Tofore the steward of this town; aryse, and trus and go;
And ther it shal be openyd how wisely thow hast wrought:
This is the end of our tale, make it nevir so tought.
Sire, farith feir, ye have no nede to hale. [tale.
Pas forth, quod the serjauntis, we wol nat her thy
Yis, Sirs, of yeur curtesy I prey yew of o word:
Although my gentill hoost hath pleyed with me in borde,
And ywon a wager, ye have naught to doon:
That is between hym and me; ye have nothyng to doon.
The hoost made an hidouse cry, in gesolreut the haut,
And set his hand in kenebowe, he lakkid nevir a faute.
Weynst thow, seid he to Beryn, for to scorne me?
What evir thow speke, or stroute, certes it woll nat be.
Of me shalt thou have no wrong: pas forth a betir pase;
In presence of our steward I woll tell my case.
Why, hoost, say yee this in ernest or in game?
Ye know my contray, and my modir, my lynnage, and my name;
And thus ye have yseyd me X sith on this dry.
Ye, what though I seyd so? I know wele it is nay:
Ther lyth no more ther'to. But anothir tyme
Leve me so much the les when thow comest by me;
For all that evir I seyd was to bryng the in care,
And now I have my purpose I woll nothyng the spare.
Thus jangling to ech othir, endenting every pase,
They entrid both into the hall ther the steward was:
Evandir was his name, that sotill was, and so fell,
He must be well avised tofore hym shuld tell.
Anothir burgeyse wyth hym was, provost of the cete,
That Hanybald was yclepid, but of sotilte
He passid many anothir, as ye shul here sone.
Berynus hoost gan to tell al thyng as it was doon
Fro gynnyng to the endyng, the wordis wyth the dede,
And how they made their covenaunt, and wager how they leyd.
Now Beryn, quod the steward, thou hast yherd this tale,
How and in what manere thou art ybrought in bale;
Thow must do his byddyng, thow maist yn no wyse flee,
Or drynk all the watir that salt is in the see:
Of these too thingis thow must chese the toon;
Now be well avysid, and sey they will anoon.
To do yee both law I may no betir sey, [mey:
For thow shalt have no wrong, as ferforth as I

he ſelf right as the liſt, and wit thou no-
thing me
h thow cheſe the wers and let the betir be.
ſtode aſtonyd, and no mervaill was, [caſe;
eyd the ſteward of a dey to anſwere to the
night lightlich in ſom word be ycaught,
ke it is right herd to cheſe of to that beth
right naught:
d it wer yeur likyng to graunt me day tyl
to morowe
anſwer through Godd'is help. Then muſt
thew fynd a borowe,
he ſteward to Beryn, and yit it is of grace.
erith me, quod Hanybald, I prey a litil ſpaſe:
h five ſhippis ondir the town, lyggyng on
the ſtrong,
ich been ſufficiant yſefid in our hond,
that am yeur provoſt to execute the law,
ſt aſſent. Quod Evander, Let us onys here
his ſaw.
at wele, quod Beryn, ſith it may be noon
othir.
Hanybald aroſe hym up to ſeſe both ſhip
and ſtrothir, [wey,
ke Beryn wyth hym: ſo talkyng on the
quod Hanybald, I ſuyr the be my ſey
how art much ybound to me this ilk dey,
y ple amendit by me; and eke of ſuch a wey
vyſid in thy cauſe, yf thow wolt do by rede,
ite or nought by my counſaill ought the to
drede.
now wele to morowe the dey of ple is ſet
e mut nedis anſwere, or els wythout lett
yeld them yeur ſhippis; I may in no wyſe
blyn;
I undertake: but the merchaundiſe wythin
in my charge, ye knowe as wele as I,
ke ther'of no lyvery: wher'for now wyſely
, and do aftir rede: let all your merchaun-
dit of yeur ſhippis, and at hieſt priſe [diſe
ave it every dele in covenaunt; yf ye liſt
myne houſe here onys toſore, I hold it for
the beſt,
ye ſhull ſe of divers londis, houſes to or thre
marchaundiſe, that through this grete cete
ich in preve, I may right well avowe.
n he have all ſeyn, and I have yeur alſo,
n bargen be ymade betwene us both too.
mercy! Sir, quod Beryn, yeur profir is ſeir
and good;
vold I do ther'aftir yf I ondirſtood
it wythout blame of breking of areſt.
od Hanybald, at my perell me truſt.
Hanybald's houſe togidir both they rode,
nd, as Hanybald had yſeyd, an houge houſe,
long and brode,
marchaundiſe as rich as it may be, [cete.
g all the marchantis that dwellid in that
when all was ſhewid they dronk and toke
their leve,
Beryn's ſhippis in haſt they gon to meve.
hen that Hanybald was avyſid what charge
the ſhippis bere [nere
to ſpeke, in his wyſe aſcaunce, he rought
Whethir he bargenynd or no, and ſeyd thus: Be-
ryn, frend,
Your marchaundiſe is feir and good, now let us
make an end
If yee liſt; I can no more; ye knowith how it is.
Com, of ſhort let tuk them yn, methinkith I ſey
nat mys,
And then yeur meyne and ye, and I, to my houſe
ſhall we go,
And of the marchaundiſe I ſaw I wol not part
Cheſe of the beſt of that ye find there [therfro;
Throughout the long houſe, ther ſhal no man yeu
dere,
And therwith ſhall yeur ſhippis be filled all fyve:
I can ſey no betir: yf ye liſt to dryve [men;
This bargen, to the end counſellith with yeur
I may nat long tary, I muſt nedis hen.
Beryn clepid his meyne counſell for to take;
But his firſt mocioune was of the woo and wrake,
And all the tribulacioune, for pleying at ches,
That he had, every dele his ſhame and his dures
Fro poynt to poynt, and how it ſtode, he told how
it was,
And then he axid counſaill what beſt was in the
caſe,
To chaunge with the burgeyſe or els for to leve?
Eche man ſeyd his aviſe; but al that they did meve
It wer to long a tale for to tell it here:
But fynally, at end, they cordit al in fere
That the chaunge ſhuld ſtond, for as the caſe was
fall
They held it clerely for the beſt, and went forth
wythall
The next wey that they couth to Hanybald'is plaſe.
But now ſhull ye here the moſt ſotill fallace
That ever man wrought till othir, and higheſt
trechery,
Wich Hanybald had wrought hymſelf to this com-
pany.
Go in, quod Hanybald, and cheſe, as thy cove-
naunt is.
In goon theſe Romeyns ech oon, and fond a mys;
For there was nothing that eny man might ſe
Saſſ the wall and tyle ſtonys, and tymbir made of
tre;
For Hanybald had do void it of all thing that was
there;
Whils he was at the ſhippis his men away it bere.
When Beryn ſaw the houſe ler that ful was ther'to-
fore
Of riche marchaundiſe, alas! thought he, I am lore,
I am in this world; and wittith well his hert
Was nat al in likeing; and outward gan he ſtert
Like half a wodeman, and bete both his lippis,
And gan to haſt faſt towards his own ſhippis,
To kepe his good within wyth al that evir he
myght,
That it were nat diſchargit, as hym thought verrey
right.
But al for naught was his haſt, for 300 men,
As faſt as they myght, they hare the good then,
Through ordenaunce of Hanybald, that pryvelich
toſore
Had purpoſid and ycaſt ſhuld be out ybore.

Beryn made a ſwyff paſe; ther myght no man hym let;
But Hanybald was ware inough, and with Beryn met:
All for nought: Beryn, thou knoweſt well and fyne
The ſhippis ben areiſtid, and the good is myne.
What woldeſt thow do ther? thow haſt ther nowght to do;
I wol hold thy covenaunt and thow myn alſo.
For yit ſaw I nevir man that was of thy manere;
Sometyme thou wilt avaunte, and ſome tyme arere:
Now thow wilt, and now thow n'olt. Wher ſhul men the fynd?
Now ſey oon, and ſith anothir. So variant of mynd
Saw I nevir tofore this dey man ſo variabill.
Sith I the fynd in ſuch plyte, our bargen for to ſtabill,
We woll tofore the ſteward, ther we both ſhull have right.
Nay, forſoth, quod Beryn. Yis treulich the tite,
Quod Hanybald, wher thou wolt or no; and ſo I the charge
As provoſt: know that yf me liſt my warant is ſo large,
And thow make any diffence, to bynym thy lyffe.
Take thyn hors; it gaynyth nat for to make ſtryffe.
So wyth ſorowfull hert Beryn toke his hors,
And ſoftly ſeyd to his men, Of me, quod he, no fors,
But wend to yeur ſhippis; I wol com when I may;
Ye ſeth well everichone I may no bet awey.
Now here by this ſame Tale both fre and bond
Mow ſele in their wittis; and eke ondirſtonde
That *Litill vailith wyſdom or els governaunce*
Ther Fortune evir werrieth, and eke Hap and Chaunce,
Or what availeth bounte, bewte, or riches,
Frendſhip, or ſotilte, or els hardines,
Gold, good, or catell, wyt, or by lynage,
Lord, or lordis ſervice, or els high peerage?
What may all this avayle ther Fortune is a foo?
I wis right litill, or nevir a dele: full oft it fallith ſo.
So, ſhortly to pas ovir, they fill to ſuch an end
That Beryn ſhuld have day ageyn a morowe, and ſo to wend
He ſet hym in ful purpoſe to his ſhippis ward:
But yit or he cam ther he fond the paſſage hard:
For how he was begiled throughout all the towne
Ther and ther a coupill gan to ſpeke and to roune;
And every man his purpoſe was to have parte
With falſnes, and with ſotiltees; they coud noon othir art,
Beryn rode forth in his wey, his page ran hym by,
Full ſore adred in hert, and caſt about his eye
Up and down, even long the ſtrete, and for angir ſwet;
And er he had riden a ſtone's caſt, a blynd man with him met,
And ſpak no word, but ſeſid hym faſt by the lap,
And cried out and harrowe, and nere hym gan to ſtap.
All for nought, quod this blynd; what! wenyſt thow for to ſkape?
Beryn had thought to prik forth, and thought it had be jape.
The blynd man caſt awey his ſtaff, and ſet on both his hondis;
Nay, thow ſhalt nat void, quod he, for all thy rich londis,
Tyll I of the have reſon, lawe, and eke righte,
For trewlich I may wit it the that I have loſt my ſight.
So for ought that Beryn coud othir ſpeke or prey
He myght in no wyſe pas; ful ſore he gan to may,
And namelich for the pepill throng hym ſo about,
And eche man gan hym hond, and ſeyd, Without doute
Ye muſt nedes ſtond, and reſt, and bide the lawe,
Be ye nevir ſo grete a man. So wold I wonder fawe,
Quod Beryn, yf yee had cauſe, but I know noon.
No, thou ſhalt know or thow go thow haſt nat al ydoon,
The blynd man ſeyd to Beryn. Tell on them, quod he.
Here is no place to plete, the blynd man ſeyd age,
Alſo we have no juge here of autorite; [me.
But Evandir the ſteward ſhall deme both the and
When I my tale have told, and thow haſt made anſwere,
By that tyme men ſhull know how thow canſt the clere.
Now, ſoveren God! I thank the of this ilk dey;
Then I may preve the, be my lyve, of word and eke of ſay
Fals, and eke untrewe of covenaunt thow haſt ymakid.
But litill is thy charge now though that I go nakid
That ſometyme wer partinere, and rekenydſt nevir yit;
But thou ſhalt here or we depart ther' of a litill
For aftir comyn ſeyng, Evir atte ende [witt,
The trowith woll be previd how ſo men evir trend.
Thus they talkid to eche othir tyl they com into the plaſe,
And wer yentrid in the hall ther the ſteward was.
The blynd man firſt gan to ſpake: Sir Steward, for Godd'is ſake,
Herith me a litill while, for here I have ytake
He that hath do me wrong moſt of man of mold;
Be my help, as law woll, for hym that Judas ſold.
Ye know wele that oft tyme I have to yew ypleynid
How I was betrayed, and how I was ypenid,
And how a man ſome tyme and I our yen did chaunge:
This is the ſame perſone, though that he make it ſtraunge:
I toke them hym but for a tyme, and wenyd trewly
Myne to have that yhad ageyn; and ſo both he and I
Were enſured uttirlich, and was our both will;
But for myne the bettir were wrongfullich and ille
He hath them kept hidirto, wyth much ſorowe and pyne
To me, as ye wele knowith; becauſe I have nat myne
I may nat ſe with his; wherfor me is ful woo:
And evirmore yeſeyd that ye myght nothing do

presence of the man that wrought me
his unquert:
he is tofore you now let hym nat astert;
y tyme and oft yee behete me
myght be take he shuld do me gre.
f hym be sesid, howevir so ye tave,
nevir pas tyl I myn yen have.
uod Evandir, herist thow nat they selve
illy he pletith, and ware by eche halve?
ode all muët, and no word he spake;
t was tho his grace; ful sone he had be
ake
had mysseyd onys, or els yseyd nay;
he had been negatyff, and undo for ay:
were grete Sevilioons, and usid probat law,
evirmore affirmatyf shuld preve his own
aw:
re they were so querelouse of all myght
om in mynd,
it wer nevir in dede ydo; such matere
hey wold fynd
rm a manhis good through som manir gile;
blynd man wist right wele he shuld have
oft his whyle
his pleynt on Beryn, and suyd oppon his
ood,
pis and eke marchaundise in a balaunce
ode;
he made his chalenge his yen for to have,
e shuld for them syne yf he wold them
ave,
for them in hostage tyil the synaunce cam:
s all the sotilte of the blynd man.
ode all muët, and no word he spak.
uod Evander, lest thow be ytake
te of answere thou myghtist be condemp-
yd,
wele avysid, sith thou art examenyd.
Beryn, it wold litill availe
ere thus aloon without good counsaill;
o ferthermore, full litill I shuld be levid,
ir I answered, thus stonyd and reprevid;
my wit doith faille; and no wondir is;
r I wold prey yew, of yewr gentilnes,
nt me dey tyll to morowe I might be
vyside
ere forth, wyth othir that on me been
urmysid.
ux! quod the steward, I graunt wel it be so.
ke his leve, and hopid to pas and go:
one as Beryn was on his hors ryding
a woman and a child wyth sad chere
omyng,
te hym by the reyn, and held hym wondir
ast,
d, Sir, voidith nat yit, vailith nat to haste;
in no wyse scape; ye must nedis abyde;
gh ye list to know me nat, yit lien by
eur side
ul many a tyme, I can nat tell yew lome.
fore the steward, ther shall ye here yeur
lome
that I shall put on yew, and no word for
me thus aloon it is yeur villany. [to ly:

Alas the day and tyme that evir I was yeur make
Much have I endured this too yere for yeur sake!
But now it shall be know who is in the wronge.
Beryn was all abashid, the pepill so thik thronge;
About him in eche side: for ought that he couth peyn
He must to the steward of syne fors ageyn.
Now shull ye here how sotilich this woman gan hir tale
In presence of the steward. With colour wan and pale
Petously she gan to tell; and seid, Sir, to yew
Full oft I have compleynyd in what manere and how
My childlis fadir left me, by myself aloon,
Without help or comforte, as grete as I myght goon,
Wyth my son here and his, that shame it is to tell
The penury that I have yhad, that afors sell
I must nedis myne aray, wher me list or lothe,
Or els I must have beggit for to fynd us bothe;
For there was nevir woman I leve, as I ges,
For lak of hede of lyvelode that lyvid in more distres
Then I my self for oft tyme for lake of mete and drink;
And yit I trow no creature was seyner for to swinke
My lyff to sustene: but as I mut nede
Above all othir thingis to his child take hede,
That wondir is and mervaile that I am alyve;
For the sokyng of his right as it were a knyve
It ran into my hert; so low I was of mode
That well I woot in certen with percell of my blode
His child I have ynorishid; and that is by me seen;
For my rede colour is turnid into grene:
And he that cause is of all here he stondith by me;
To pay for the fosteryng methinkith it is tyme.
And sith he is my husbond, and hath on me no rowith,
Let hym make amendis in saving of his trowith.
And yf he to any word onys can say nay
Lo! here my gage, al redy to preve all that I sey.
The steward toke the gage, and spakin soft wyse;
Of this perouse compleynt a mann'ys hert may grise,
For I know in percell hir tale is nat all lese,
For many a time and oft this woman that here is
Hath ybe tofore me, and pleynid of hir gresse,
But without a party hir cause myght nat presse.
Now thou art here present that she plenyth on,
Make thy defence now, Beryn, as wele as thow
Beryn stode all muët, and no word he spak. [con.
Beryn, quod the steward, doist thow sclepe or
Sey onys oon or othir: is it soth or nay. [wake?
As she hath declarid? tell on saunce delay.
Lord God! quod Beryn, what shuld it me availe
Among so many wise, without right good counsaill,
To tell eny tale? full litil as I ges:
Wher'for I wold prey you of your gentilnes
Graunt me day tyl to morrowe to answer forth with othir.
I graunt wele, quod the steward, but for fadir and modir,

Thow getiſt no lenger tyme pleynly I the tell.
Beryn toke his leve; his hert gan to ſwell
For pure verrey anguysſh; and no mervaill was;
And who is that that n'old and he wer in ſuch caſe?
For al his triſt and hope in eny worldich thing
Was cleen from hym paſſid, ſave ſorowe and myſlykyng;
For body, good, and catell, and lyff, he ſet at nought,
So was his hert ywoundit for angir and for thought.
Beryn paſſyd ſoftly, and to his hors gan go;
And when he was without the gatis, he lokid to and fro,
And coud noon othir countenaunce; but to his page he ſeyd,
Precioufe God in heven! how falſly am I betrayd!
I trow no man alyve ſtont it wers plight,
And all is for my ſynne, and for my yong delite;
And pryncipally above all thyng for grete unkyndnes
That I did to my modir; for littil hede iwis
I toke of hir, this know I wele, while ſhe was alyve,
Therfor al this turment is ſent to me ſo ryve:
For ther was nevir womon kynder to hir child
Than ſhe was; and ther ageyns nevir thing ſo wyld
Ne ſo evil thewid as I was my ſelf,
Ther'for ſorowe and happs environ me by eche helve,
That I n'ote whider ryde nethir up ne down,
Ther ben ſo many devillis dwellyng in this town,
And ſo ful of gile and trechery alſo,
That well I woot in certeyn they woll me ondo.
Now wold to God in hevyn what is my beſt rede!
He toke his hors to his page, and thus to hym he ſayd,
Lede my hors to ſhipward, and take it to ſome man,
And I woll go on foot as pryvely as I can,
And aſſay yf I may in eny manere wiſe
Eſcape unarreſted more in ſuch manner wiſe.
The child toke his maiſtir's hors, and laft hym there aloon,
Walking forth on foot, making oft his moon;
And in his moſt muſing, I can nat ſey how lome,
He wosſhid nakid as he was bore he had be in Room,
And no mervaill was it as the caſe ſtode,
For he drad more to leſe his eyen than he did his ſhippis or his good.
Now ye that liſtith to dwell and here of aventure,
How petouſly Dame Fortune, Beryn to inure,
Turnyth hir whele about in the wers ſide;
With hap of ſorowe and anguysſh ſhe gynyth for to ride.
Beryn paſſid toward the ſtrond ther his ſhippis were,
But yee mow ondirſtond his hert was full of fere;
Yet nethirles he ſat hym down ſoftly on a ſtall,
Semy'ryſe for ſorowe, and lenyd to the wall
For turment that he had, ſo wery he was and ſen t
And to God above thus he made his pleynt:
Glorious God in heven! that al thing maidſt of nought,
Why ſufferiſt thow theſe curſid men to ſtroy me for nought,

And knoweſt well myn innocent, that I have na [gilt
Of al that they purſu me or on me is pilt?
And in the meen whils that Beryn thusgan pleyn
A cachepoll ſtode beſidis, his name was Machiage,
And herd all the wordis, and knew alſo tefore
How Beryn was turmented both with las and more:
It was yſprong through the town; ſo was he full enſenſid
How he hym would engyne as he had propenſid,
And had araid hym ſotillich as man of contemplacioune,
In a mantell wyth the lift, with fals diſſimulacioune.
And a ſtaff in his honde, as thoughe he febill were,
And drow hym toward Beryn, and ſeid in this manere:
The high God of heven, that al thing made of nought,
Bles yew, gentil Sir, for many an hevy thought
Me thinketh that ye have, and no wondir is:
But, good Sir, diſmay yew nat, but levith yeur hevines,
And yf ye lift to tell me ſomwhat of yeur diſtres
I hope to God Almighty in party it redres [oon,
Through my pore counſaill, and ſo I have many
For I have pete on yew be God and by Seint Jon:
And eke pryvy hevines doith eche man apeir
Sodenly or he be ware, and fall in diſpeir;
And who be in that plague that man is incurabill.
For conſequent comyth aftir ſekenes abominabill;
And ther'for, Sir, diſkeverith yewe, and be nothing adrad.
Graunt mercy! Sir, quod Beryn, ye ſeme trew and ſad;
But o thing lyith in myn hert, I n'ote to whom to truſt,
For tho that dyned me to dey ordeyned me to areſt,
A Sir! be yew that man? of yew I have yherd.
Gentill Sir, doutith nat, ne be nothing aferd
Of me, for I ſhall counſell yew as well as I can,
For trewlich in the cete dwellith many a fals man,
And ufyn litil els but falſhode, wrong, and wyle,
And how they might ſtraungers with trechery begile:
But ye ſhul do right wiſely ſomewhat be my counſail.
Speke with the ſteward; that may you moſt availl;
For ther is a comyn byword, yf ye it herd havith,
Wele ſtitth he his peny that the pound ſawith.
The ſteward is a covetouſe man, that long hath diſirid
A knyff I have in keeping, wherwith his hert I wirid;
Shall be yew to help, in covenaunte that yee
Shall give me five mark yeur treu frend to be.
The knyff is feir, I tell yew; yet nevir tofore this day
Myght the ſteward have it for aught he coud prey,
The wich ye ſhuld gyve hym, the betir for to ſpede,
And behothe hym 20*l.* to help yew in yeur nede;

he grauntith, trustith wele ye stond in
ood plight;
is then lese all the las the more quyt.
oll go wyth yew straight to his plase,
le down and speke first to amend yewr
ase,
yee be my cosin; the betir ye shul spede;
en that I have all ytold the knyff to hym
ee bede.
ankid hym hertlich, and on hym gan trust,
nd in hond ensurid, and all for the best;
ought noon othir, al that it othir was.
n hym comfortid, talkyng of their case,
lid forth stylly toward the steward blyve
d Machaign; but Beryn bare the knyff,
t much in his felawe to have som help:
ey departed were they had no cause to yelp
anir comfort, as ye shull here anoon;
ne as Machaigne tofore the steward com
lat to the erth: a grevous plynt and an
huge
e; and seyd, Sir Steward, now be a trew
uge
this fals treytour that stondith me besyde;
of hym good hede, els he woll nat abide.
rcy gode Steward, for yee have herd me
ore
fadir Melan pleyn to you ful sore,
th seven dromedarys, as I have told yew
ome,
archandise chargit went toward Rome,
s seven yere ago and a litill more
or of his goodis that I herd les or more;
I have enquered as by ely as I couthe.
t nevir man yit that me coud tell with
nowth
ling of hym onto this same day;
I know too much, alas! I may wel sey.
eryn herd these wordis he kist down his
ede;
e thought in hert, alas! what is my rede?
uld fayn have voidit and outward gan to
tapp,
chaigne arose and sesid by the lapp:
ow shalt not void, he seid; my tale is nat
ydo;
rowith of my body yf thou scapidist so
nevir have mery whils I wer on lyve,
hond fast on Beryn's othir seleve,
d, Good Sir Steward, my tale to the end
e wold here, for wend how men wend
nay no man hele murdir, but it will out at
last: [past
e knyff my fadir bere when he of contre
h wele this felon, ther ye shul hym find;
the knyff wele inough, it is nat out of my
mynd:
elere dwellith in this toun that made the
same knyff,
to preve the trowith he shall be here as
blyve.
wat for angir, his hert was full of fere;
the knyff to the steward or he serchid
were.

The steward onto Beryn, My frend, lo! quod he,
And thow think the well about this is foule plee:
I can know noon othir but thow must or thow go
Yeld the body of Melan and his good also.
Now be well avysid ageyne to morowe day,
Then shalt thou have thy jugement; ther is no more to say.
When Beryn fro the steward thus departid was,
And was without the gate, he lokid oppon the plase,
And cursid it wondir bitterly in a fervent ire,
And wisshid many tymes it had been a fire;
For I trowe that man of lyve was never wors betrayid
Then I am; and therwithall my hert is cleen dismayid,
For here I have no frendship, but am all counselles,
And they ben falsher then Judas, and eke mercyles.
A, Lord God in hevyn! that my hert is woo;
And yit suyrly I mervel nat though that it be so,
For yit in all my lyve sithe I ought undirstond
Had I nevir wyl for to lern good:
Foly I hauntid it ever, ther myght no man me let,
And now he hath ypaid me, he is cleen out of my dett;
For whils I had tyme, wisdom I myght have lernyd,
But I drow me to foly, and wold nat be governed,
But had al myne own wyll, and of no man aferd,
For I was nevir chastisid; but now myne own yerd
Betith me to sore; the strokis been too hard;
For these devillis of this town takith but littil reward
To sclee my body to have my good. The day is set to morowe;
Now wold to God I were in grave, for it wer end of sorowe.
I was iwis to much a sole; for hate I had to Rame
I wold forsake myn heritage, ther'for sorowe and shame
Is oppon me fall, and right wele deservid,
For I toke none maner hede when my modir stervid,
And disobeyid my fadir, and set hym at naught also;
What wondir is it than though that I have woo?
Fortune and eke Wisdom have werrid with me evir,
And I with them in all my lyf, for Fortune was me levir.
Then eny wit or governaunce, for them too I did hate;
And though I wold be at oon now it is too late.
O myghtfull God in heven! wher was evir man
That wrought hymself more foly than I my self did than?
A cursid be the tyme that I out of Rome went!
That was my fadir's right heir of lyvelode and of rent,
And al the rial lordship that he hath in the town.
Had I had wit and grace, and hold me low and boun,
It wer my kynd now among my baronage
To hauk and to hunt, and eke to pley and rage

With ſeir freſhe ladies, and daunce when me liſt;
But now it is to late to ſpeke of Had I wiſt.
But I fare like the man that for to ſwele his flyes
He ſtert into the bern, and aftir ſtre he hies,
And goith about the wallis with a brennyng waſe,
Tyll it was at laſt that the leem and blaſe
Entrid into the chynys where the wheate was,
And kiſſid ſo the eveſe that brent was all the plaſe;
But firſt in the begynnyng, tyll ſeer ſmote in the raftris,
He toke no manere kepe, and thought of nothing aftir
What perell there myght fall: ne more did I ywis,
That wold forſake myn honour for the unkyndnes
Of Rame, that was my ſtepmodir; for yf I ſhall nat ly
They beth ſoure; wherfore the more wiſely
I ſhuld have wrought, had I had wit, and ſuffrid for a tyme,
And aftir com to purpos wel inowghe of myne;
But evil avengit he is deol that for a litil mode
And angir to his neybour ſellith awey his good,
And goith hymſelf a beggyng: aftir in breff tyme
He mut be countid a lewd man in all manere ryme.
So have I wrought and wers, for I dout of my lyve,
How that it ſhal ſtond, for plukking of my ſcleve
The knyff that was me take, as ye have herd toſore;
And yit it grevith mine hert alſo much more!
Of myn own pepill, that no diſeſe aſervid.
I wote wele aftir pleding ryght nought woll be reſervyd
To ſuſtene their lyvis: I trow ryght nought or lite,
And peraventur lightly ſtond in wors plight.
Of me it is no fors though I be thus arayed,
But it is dole and pete that they ſhull be betrayid
That hath nought aſervid but for my gilt aloon.
And when that Beryn in this wiſe had ymade his mone
A crepill he ſaw comyng with grete ſpede and haſte
Oppon a ſtilt ondir his kne bound wondir faſt,
And a crouch undir his armys, with hondis al forſkramyd;
Alas! quod this Beryn, ſhall I be more examenyd?
And gan to turn aſide onto the ſee ſtronde,
And the crippill aftir, and wan oppon hym londe.
Tho began Beryn to drede inwardlich ſore,
And thought thus in his hert, ſhall I be comberid more?
And it wer Godd'is wyll my ſorowe for to ceſe
Methinkith I have inowghe. The cripill began to preche,
And had yraught nere hond Beryn by the ſcleve:
Beryn turnyd as an hare, and gan to ren blyve;
But the cripill knew betir the pathis ſmale and grete
Then Beryn, ſo to ſore hym he was, and gan hym mete.
When Beryn ſaw it vaylid naught to renne ne to lepe,
What for dole and anguyſſh no word myght he ſpeke,
But ſtode ſtill amaſid, and ſtarid faſt about:
The crepill began to ſpeke; Sir, to drede or to dout
Of me wold ye right light, and ye knew myne hert,
So where ye like well or ill fro me ſhall ye nat part
Tyl I have tretid with yew, and ye with me alſo,
Of all yeur ſoden happis, yeur myſcheff, and yeur wo;
For by the tyme that I have knowlech of yeur caſe,
Yeur rennyng, and yeur trotting into an eſy pas,
I ſhall turn or that we twyn, ſo ye aftir my ſtole
Woll do, and as I rede yew; for yee wer a ſole
When ye cam firſt alonde, ye had met with me,
For I wold have enſenſid yew all the iniquite
Of thes fals marchauntes that dwellen in this town,
And outid all your chaffare without gruch or groun;
For had ye dwellid within yeur ſhippis, and nat go them among,
Then had ye been undaungerid, and quyt of all their wrong
On yew that been ſurmyſid through fals ſuggeſtioune.
Beryn gan to ſigh, unneth he might ſoune
Saf o word or tweyn, and Mercy was the firſt,
Preying with all his hert that he myght have his reſt,
And be no more enpledit, but pas fro hym quyte.
Good Sir, quod Beryn, doith me no more diſpite,
And ſuffir me to pas, and have on me routhe,
And I ſuyr yew feithfully, have here my trowith,
To morowe when I have pledit, and eny thing be laſt
Of ſhip or marchaundiſe, afore the ſhip or baſt,
I woll ſhew yew all iſere, and opyn every cheſt,
And put it in yewr grace to do what ye leſt.
And in the meen while that Beryn gan to clapp
The crypill nyghid hym nere and nere, and hent hym by the lap;
And as ſone as Beryn knew that he was in honde
He unlacyd his mantell for drede of ſome command,
And pryvelich ovir his ſhuldris let hym down glide,
And had levir leſe his mantell then abide.
The crepill all perceyvid, and hent hym by the ſcleve
Of his nethir furcote. Alas! now mut I ſtrive,
Thought Beryn by himſelf, now I am yhent,
There helpith naught ſave ſtrengith; therwith the ſcleve to rent
Beryn gan; to ſcappe he ſparid for no coſt.
Alas! thought this cripill, this man woll be loſt,
And be ondo for evir, but he counſell have;
Iwis thughe he be lewde my contremen to ſave;

ill I my besines do and peyn that I may,
e is of Room, for that is my contray.
ripill was an hundrit yere full of age,
a long thik berd, and a trew visage
d; and manly and july was he,
Geffrey was his name yknow in that contré.
thought this Geffrey, this man hath grete drede
t, that by my power, wold help hym in his nede:
hough he be nyce, untaught and unwise,
nat for his foly leve myne enpryse;
lept aftir Beryn, and that in right good spede.
was so fore agast he toke no maner hede
k onys bakward tyll he to the watir cam,
lokid be behynd and saw Sir Clekam
aund wondir fast with staff and with his stilt.
thought Beryn, I now am yspilt,
may no ferthir without I wold me droune,
wich were the betir, or go ageyn to toune.
y was so nigh com that Beryn myght nat fle:
Sir, quod this Geffrey, why do yee void me?
heven quene, that bare Crist in hir barme,
ght as to my self I woll yew no more harme.
down here by me oppon this see stronde,
yf ye drede any thing clepe yewr men to londe,
t them be here with us all our speche tyme,
woll nat seyn oon word, as makers doon to ryme,
unsell yew as prudently as God woll send me grace:
comfort to yew, and herk a litill spase.
hen that Beryn had yherd his tale to the end,
ow goodly as Geffrey spak, as he were his frende,
bstant his drede, yet part of sapience
rd into his hert for his eloquence,
yd; God me counsaill for his high mercy!
ave herd this same dey men as sotilly
and of yeur semblant, and in such manere,
yhete me frendship outward by their chere,
ward it was contrary their intellectioune,
or the blame is les, though I suspectioune
f yewr wordis, lest othir be yewr entent,
fote whom to trust by God omnipotent;
hirles yf your will is to com into the ship with me
somwhat do by yeur rede how so it evir be.
quod Geffrey, if it be so that I in yewr powere
nto your shippis, and yew help in yewr mystere,
e ageyn yewr adversaryes shull have the betir syde,
ve yow such counsell to bate down their pride,
at yee wynne in every pleynt, al so much or more
purpose to have of yew; yf they be down ybore,

And ye have amendis for their iniquite,
And I yew bring to this end, what shall my guerdon be?
In verrey soth, quod Beryn, yf I yew may trust
I woll quyte yew trewly, I make yew behest.
In feith then, quod Geffrey, I woll with yew wende.
What is yewr name, seid Beryn, though my frende?
Gefferey, he seid; but in these marchis I was nat bore,
But I have dwellid in this cete yeeris heretofore
Ful many, and turmented wers then wer yee,
And endurid for my trowith much adverslite,
For I wold in no wise suffir their falshedes,
For in all the world so corrupt of their dedis
Been noon men alyve, I myght ryght well avow.
For they set all their wittis in wrong all that they mowe;
Wher'for full many a tyme the grettist of them and I
Have stonden in altercatioune for their trechery;
For I had in valew in trew marchaundise
A M. l. all have they take in such maner wise:
So serforth to save my blode no longer myght I dryve dure;
For drede of wors thus thought I myself to disfigure,
And have among them 12 yere go right in this plighte,
And evir have had in memory how I myght them quyte;
And so I hope now, as sotill as they be,
With my wit engine them and help yew and me.
My lymes been both hole and sound, me nedith stilt ne crouch.
He cast afyde them both, and lepe oppon an huche
And adown ageynes, and walkid to and fro,
Up and down, within the ship, and shewid his hondis tho,
Stretching forth his fingris in sight and all about
Without knot or knor, or eny sign of goute,
And dyght them esst ageyns right disfetirly,
Som to ride ech othir, and som aweward wry.
Geffrey was right myghty, and wele his age did bere,
For natur was more substantiall when tho dayis wer
Then now in our tyme; for all thing doith waste
Saff vile and cursid lyving, that growith all to faste.
What shuld I tell more? But Geffrey sat hym down,
And Beryn hym besydis; the Romeyns gan to rown,
And mervelled much in Geffrey of his disgisenes,
And Beryn had anothir thought, and spak of his distres.
Now Geffrey, seid this Beryn, and I durst trust in yewe
That and ye knewe eny man that is alyve anowe
That had of discrecioune so much influence
To make my party good to morowe in my defence,

And delivir me of forowe, as ye behote have,
I wold become his legeman, as God my foule fave.
That wer to much, quod Gefferey; that woll I yew relefe;
But I defire of othir thing to have yewr promes,
That and I bryng yewr enmyes into fuch a traunce
To make for yewr wrong is to you right high fenaunce,
And fo declare for you that with you pas fuch dome,
That yee oppon your feith bryng me at Rome,
Yf God wol fend yew wedir and grace to repafe.
Quod Beryn, But I grant yew I wer lewder then an affe,
But or I fullich truft yew holdith me excufid;
I woll go counfell with my men left they it refufid.
Beryn drew afyde, and fpak with his meyne,
And expreffid every word in what plight and degre
That he ftode from poynt to poynt, and of his fals areftis:
His meyne were aftonyd, and ftarid forth as beftis.
Spekith fom word, quod Beryn, fith I am betrayd;
Yee have yherd what Geffrey to me hath fayd.
Thefe Romeyns ftode alle ftill; o word ne cowd they meve;
And eke it paffid their wittis. Then Beryn gan releve,
And to Geffrey eft ageyn, and mercy hym befought.
Help me, Sir, quod Beryn, for his love that us bought
Dying on the rood, and wept full tendirly;
For but yé help, quod Beryn, ther is no remedy,
For comfort nethir counfaill of my men have I noon:
Help me, as God yew help, and els I am undoon.
When Geffrey faw this Beryn fo diftract and wept,
Pite into eche veyn of his hert crept.
Allas! quod Geffrey, I might nat do a more fynful dede,
I leve by my trowith, then fayl yew in this nede;
Faill me God in heven yf that I yew faill!
That I fhall do my befines, my peyn, and my travaile,
To help yew be my power; I may no ferther goo.
Yis, yee behete me more, feid Beryn, tho,
That yee wold help me at all that I fhuld ftond [cler.
Beryn gan to wepe and make wers chere.
Stillith yew, quod Geffrey, for how fo evir ye
More than my power ye ought nat defire, [tire
For thorough the grace of God ye fhul be help wele;
I have ther'of no dout; but trewlich I you tele
That ye woll hold me covenaunte and I woll yew alfo,
To bryng me at Rome when it is all ydo.
In figne of trowith of both fidis of our acordment
Eche of us kys othir of our comyn affent;
And all was do. And aftirward Beryn commaundit wyne;
They dronk, and then Geffrey feid; Sir Beryne,
Yee mut declare yeur maters to myne intelligence,
That I may the bet perfeyve all inconvenience,
Dout, pro, contra, and ambiguite,
Thorough your declaratioune, and enformyd be;
And with the help of our Soveren Lord celeftiche
They fhall be behynd, and we fhull have the ball,
For now the time approchith for their curfidnes
To be fomwhat rewardit; and caufe of yewr diftres
Hath my hert yfetlid and fixid them a nye,
As trowith woll and refon, for their trechery:
For many a man tofore this day they have do out of daw,
Diftroid and turmentid thorough their fals law;
For they think litill ellis, and all their wyttis fyve,
Save to have a mann'ys good and to benym his lyve;
And hath a curfid cuftom, all ageyns refon,
That what man they empeche they have noon enchefon
Thoughe it be as falfe a thing as God hymfelf is trewe:
And it touche a ftraunger that is com of newe
Atte firft mocioune that he begynneth to meve
Ther ftondith up an hundrit hym to repreve.
The lawes of the cete ftont in probacy;
They ufen noon enqueftis the wrongis for to try:
And yf thow haddift eny wrong, and woldift pleyn the,
And were as trewe a caufe as eny myght be,
Thow fhuldift nat find o man to bere the witnes,
Though every man in the town knew it more or les;
So burith they togidir, and holdith with eche othir,
That as to counterplede them, though ye wer my brothir,
I wold gyve yew no counfaill, ne their empechement,
In no word to deny, for that wer combirment;
For then wer they in the affirmatyf, and wold preve anoon,
And to yew that wer negatyff the law wold graunt anoon:
So for to plede ageyn them it woll litill availl,
And yit to every mann'ys wit it ought be grete mervaile,
For their lawes been fo ftreyt, and peynous ordinaunce
Is ftallid for their falfhede; for this is their fynaunce,
To lefe their lyff for lefing, and Ifope it may knowe,
That lord is riall of the town, and holdith them fo lowe,
Wherfor they have a cuftom a fhrewid for the nonys,
Yf eny of them fey a thing they cry all at onys,
And ferm it for a foth, and it bere any charge;
Thus of the danger of Ifope they kepe them ever at large;
And therfor wifdom weer, whofo might efchewe,
Nevir to dele with them; for wer it wrong or trewe
It fhuld litill availl agey[illegible] their falfhedes,
For they been acurfid, and so been their dedes;

Wherfore we muſt, with all our wit ſenſibill,
Such anſwers us purvey that they been inſolibill,
To morowe at our aparaunce, and ſhall be reſponſaill,
For of wele and ellis it is thy day fynall.
Now Soveren Lord celeſtiale! with many ſorowful ſighs,
Seyd Beryn to Geffrey, ymmemorat of lyes,
Graunt me grace to morowe, ſo that God be pleſid
Make ſo myne anſwere, and I ſomwhat y-eſid
By the that art my counſaill, for othir help is noon.
Reheree me then, quod Geffrey, the cauſis of thy ſoon
Fro poynt to poynt, al in fere, on the is ſurmyſid,
Wherthorough I myght to morowe the betir be aviſid.
Now in ſoth, quod Beryn, thoughe I ſhuld dy
I cannat tell the tenyth part of their trechery,
What for ſorowe and angir that they to me have wrought;
So ſtond I clene deſperat but ye con help ought.
Deperdeux! ſeid Geffrey, and I the woll not ſaill,
Sith I have enſurid the to be of thy counſaill;
And ſo much the more that thou art nat wiſe,
And canſt nat me enform of no maner aviſe;
Here ther'fore a while, and tend wel to my lore.
The lord that dwellith in this town, whoſe name I told tofore,
Iſope, eſſt reherſid, is ſo inly wiſe
That no man alyve can his pas deviſe,
And is ſo grow in yeris that LX yeer ago
He ſawe nat for age; and yit it ſtondith ſo
That thorough his wit, and wiſdom, and his governaunce,
Who makith a fray ef, or ſtryvith aught, or mel to much or praunce,
Within the ſame cete, that he n'ys take anoon,
And hath his pennaunce forthwith, for pardon uſith he noon:
For ther n'ys pore ne riche, ne what ſtate he be,
That he ny's undirſote for his iniquite;
And it be previd on hym ther ſhall no gold hym quyte,
Right as the forfete axith moch or lite,
For geyns his commaundment is noon ſo hardy quek,
So hard ſetith he his fote in every mann's nek;
For undir ſky and ſterris this day is noon alyve
That coud amend hym in o poynt, al thing to diſtryve.
The ſeven Sages of Rome, though al ageyn hym were,
The ſhuld be inſufficient to make his anſwere,
For he can all langagis, Greek, Hebrew, and Latyne,
Caldey, Frenſh, and Lombard, ye know well fyne,
And al maner that men in bokis write;
In poyſe and philoſophie alſo he can endite:
Cevile and canoune, and al maner lawis,
Seneca and Sydrak, and Salamon'ys ſawys,
And the ſeven ſciences, and eke lawe of armys,
Experimentis and pomprey, and all maner charmys,
As ye ſhul here aftir er that I depart,
Of his imaginaciouns and of his ſotill art;
For he is of age 300 yere and more,
Wherfor of all ſciences he hath the more lore.
In Denmark he was gotten and ybore alſo,
And in Grece ynoriſhed tyl he coud ſpek and go;
Ther was he put to ſcole, and lernyd wondir faſt,
For ſuch was his grace that all othir he paſt:
But firſt in his begynnyng litil good he had,
But lernyd evir paſſyngly, and was wiſe and ſad:
Of ſtature and of feture ther was noon hym like
Thorough the lond of Grece though men wold hym ſeke.
A kyng ther was in tho yeris that had noon heir male
Saff a doughter, that he lovid as his own ſaal;
Iſope was his ſervaunt, and did hym ſuch pleſaunce
That he made hym his heir, and did hym ſo avaunce
To wed his doughter, and aftir hym to bere crowne,
Thorough prowes and his port ſo low he was and boun;
So as Fortune wold, that was Iſop'is frend,
This worthy king that ſame yere made his carnel end.
That twenty-ſeven yere is paſſid that Iſope thus hath reigned,
And yit was ther nevir for wrong on hym compleyned
For no jugement that he gaff; yit ſom ageyn hym wylid
A grete part of his pepil, and wold have hym exilid;
But his grete wiſdom, and his manſulnes,
His governaunce, with his bounte and his rightſulnes,
Hath evir yit preſerved hym unto this ilk day,
And woll whyle that he lyvith for aught that men can ſay:
For who hath eny quarrel or cauſe for to wonde
Within this ſame cete, quicklich woll he fond,
And it be ſotill matir, to Iſope for to fare,
For gynnyng to the end his quarrell to declare;
And eve afore, as cuſtom is, peple ſhall be on the morowe;
But whoſo ly he ſcapith nat wythout ſhame or ſorowe.
Beryn, thou muſt go thidir, wher thyn empechement
Shull be ymevid, and therfor pas nat thens
Tyll thou have herd them alle, and report them wele
To me, that am thy counſell, and repeir ſnele.
But ſo rial mancioune as Iſope dwellith in
Ther is noon in the world, ne ſo queynt of gyn,
Wherfore be well aviſid how I enform the
Of the wondir wayis and of the pryvyte
That been wythyn his paleyſe, that thou muſt pas by:
And when thow approchiſt, and art the caſtell nygh,

Blench fro the brode gate, and enter thow nat there,
For ther been men to keep it; yit have thow no fere;
Pas down on the right hond by the castell walle
Tyll thow fynd a window, and what so the byfall
Entir ther yf thow may, and be nothyng agast,
But walk forth in that entre: then shalt thow see in haste
A porteolyse the tofore; pas in boldly
Tyll thow com to an hall the feyrist undir sky:
The wallis been of marbill, yjoynid and yclosid,
And the pilours of crystall, grete and wele proposid:
The keveryng of bove is of selondyn,
And the pament beneth of gold and asure fyne.
But whoso passith thorough this hall hath nede to ren blyve,
Or els he myght be diswarc of his own lyve,
For ther wythin liith a stoon that is so hote of kynd
That what thing com for by anoon it woll atend,
As bryght as eny kandell leem, and consume anoon;
And so wold the hall also n'er coldnes of a stoon
That is yclepid Dionyse, that set is hym ageyn;
So and thow lepe lightly thou shalt have no peyn,
For ethir stone in kynd proportioned they be,
Of hete and eke of coldnes of oon equalite.
Thow must pas thorough the hall, but tary nat I rede,
For thou shult fynd a dur up right afore thyn hede:
When thow'art entrid ther, and the dore apast,
Whatso thow se ligg or stond be thow nat agast;
And yf thow drede eny thing do no more saff blowe,
But yit I rede the beware that it be somwhat lowe:
Ther been to libardis loos and untyed,
If that thy blowing of that othir in eny thing be spied
Anoon he rakith on the to sese the by thy pate,
For ther n'ys thing in erth that he so much doth hate,
As breth of mann'ys mowith; wher fore refreyn thee,
And blow but fair and soft, and when that nede be.
When thow art passid this hall anoon then shalt thow com
Into the fayrest garden that is in Christendom,
The wich thorough his clergy is made of such devise
That a man shall ween he is in Paradise,
At his first comyng in, for melody and song,
And othir glorious thinges and delectabill among,
The wich Tholomeus, that somtyme Paynym was,
That of astronomy knew every poynt and case,
Did it so devise, thorough his high connyng,
That ther n'ys best in erth ne bird that doth sing
That he n'ys there in figur in gold and sylvir fyne,
And mow, as they wer quyk, knowe the sotill engyne.
In mydward of this gardyn stant a feir tre
Of al maner levis that undir sky be,
Yforgit and yfourmit eche in his degre
Of sylvir and of gold syne that lusty been to see.
This gardeyn is evir grene, and full of May flowris,
Of rede, white, and blew, and othir fresh colouris,
The wich been so redolent, and sentyn so about,
That he must be right lewde therin shuld route.
These monstrefull thingis I devise to the
Because thow shuldist nat of them abasshid be.
When that thow comyst there, so thow be strong in thought,
And do be my counsell, drede the right noght,
For ther beth eight tregetours that this gardyn kepith,
Four of them doith waak whils the four sclepith,
The wich been so persite of nygramance,
And of the art of apparene and of tragetrie,
That they make semen as to a mann'ys sight
Abominabill wormys, that sore ought be afright
The hertiest man on erth, but he warnyd were
Of the grisly sightis that he shuld see there.
Among all othir there is a lyon white
That and he be a straungir he rampith for to bite,
And hath tofore this tyme 500 men and mo
Devourid and yete, that thereforth have ygo:
Yit shalt thow pas suyrly so thow do as I tell.
The tre I told tofore, that round as eny bell
Berith bow and braunche, traylyng to the ground,
And thow touch oon of them thow art saff and sound;
The tre hath such vertu there shall nothing the dere:
Loke that be the first when thow comyst there.
Then shalt thow se an entre by the ferther side;
Thoughe it be streyte tofore, inner large and wyde
It growith more and more, and as a dentur wryith;
Yit woll that wey the bryng there that Isope liith,
Into the feyrist chambir that evir man saw with eye.
When thow art there wythyn govern the wisely,
For there shalt thow here al thyn empechement
Opynly declarid in Isop'is present.
Report them wele and kepe them in thy mynd,
And aftir thy relacioune we shall so turn and wend,
Thorough help of God above, such help for to make
That they shult be acombrit, and we right well to scape.
Now in soth, quod Beryn, a mann'ys hert may grise
Of such wondir weyis, for al my marchandise
I had levir lese them oppon me take
Such a wey to pas. Then, Sir, for your sake
I woll my self, quod Geffrey: sith I am enfuryd
To help the with my power thow shalt me assyrid
As forforth as I may; that I woll do my peyn
To bryng yow plesaunt tyding, and retourn ageyn

Yit or the cok crow; and ther'for let me se
Whils I am out how mery ye can be.
Geffrey toke his leve; but who was sory tho
But Beryn and his company? for when he was go
Thei had no maner joy, but dout and hevynes,
For of his repeyryng thei had no sikernes;
So every man to othir made his compleynt,
And wishid that of felony they had been atteynt,
And so them thought betir to end hevynes
Then every day to lak brede atte first mes;
For when our good is go what shall fal of us?
Evir to be their thrallis, and peraventure wers,
To lese our lyf aftir yf we displese them ought.
Aftir Geffrey went this was all their thought
Throughout the nyght tyl cokkis gan to sing;
But then encresid anguishe; their hondis gan to wryng,
And cursid wynd and watir that them brought ther,
And wisshid many tymes that he had been in here,
And were apassid and entrid into dispeyr,
In as much as Geffrey did nat repeir:
Eche man seyd to othir it myght nat be ynayid
But Geffrey had uttirlich falsly them betrayid
Thoroughout all the long nyght.

. . . . . .

Tho went they to counsell a litill tofore the day,
And were all acordit for to sayl awey;
And so them thought betir, and leve their good ther,
Then abyde theroppon, and have more fere.
They made their takelyng redy, and wend the sail acros,
For to save their lyvis, and set nat of their los;
So sore they wer adred to be in servitute,
And hopid God above wold send them som refute
By som othir costis ther wynd them wold bryng:
And therwithall cam Geffrey on his stilt lepeing,
And cried wondir fast by the watir syde.
When Beryn herd Geffrey he bid his men abyde,
And to launch out a bote and bryng Geffrey in,
For he may more avayl me now then al my kyn,
And he be trew and trusty, as myn hope is;
But yit ther'of had Beryn no full sikernes.
These Romeyns set in Geffrey with an hevy chere,
For they had levir saill forth then put them in weer
Both lyve and goodis: and evill suspicioune
They had of this Geffrey; wherfore they gon roune,
Talkyng to eche othir, This man woll us betray.
Geffrey wist well inowghe he was nat to their pay,
And for verry angir he threw into the see
Both stilt and eke his crouch, that made wer of tre,
And gan them to comfort, and seid in this manere:
Dauntite! Beryn, why make ye such chere?
For and yee wex hevy what shall yewr men do
But take ensampill of yew? and have no cause to;
For yit or it be eve yewr adversaryes all
I shall make them spurn and have a fore fall,
And yee go quyte, and all yewr good, and have of theirs too,
And they to be right feign for to scape so
Wythout more daungir, and yewr wyl be;
For of the lawys her such is the equyte
That *Who pursu othir and his pleynt be wrong*
He shall make amendis be he nevir so strong;
Right as shuld the t'odir yf he condempned were
Right so shall the pleyntiff right as I yew lere:
And that shall preve by them, have ye no doute,
Yet or it be eve right low to yew to loute,
And submit them to yew, and put them in yewr grace
By that tyme I have ymade all my wanlase;
And in hope to spede wel let shape us for to dyne,
Geffrey axid watir, and sith brede aud wyne,
And seit, It is holsom to breke our fast betyme,
For the steward woll to the court at hour of pryme.
The sonne gan to shyne and shope a'feir dey;
But for aught that Geffrey coud do or sey
These Romeyns spekyn fast all the dyner while,
That Geffrey with his sotill wordis wold them begile.
So when they had ydyned they rysen up echoone,
And drew them to counsell what was best to doon:
Som seyd the best rede that we do may,
To throw Geffrey ovir the bord, and seyll forth our way:
But for drede of Beryn som wold nat so,
Yit the more party assentid wele therto.
Geffrey and Beryn, and worthy Romeyns tweyn,
Stood a part within the ship, so Geffrey gan to seyn,
Beryn, beth avisid; your men beth in distaunce:
Sith ye been her soveren put them in governance;
For methinkith they boldith contrary opynyoune,
And *Grace faylith comynlich wher is divisioune.*
In the meen whyle that they gan thus to stryve
Hanybald was up, and ycom as blyve
To the brigg of the town ther the shippis rood,
And herd much noyse; but litil while he bood,
For when he saw the saylis stond all acros,
Alas! quod this Hanybald, here growith a smert los
To me that am provost, and have in charge and hest
All these syve shippis undir myn arest:
And ran into the town, and made an hidouse cry,
And chargit all the cetezins to armys for to hy
From o strete tyl anothir, and rerid up al the town,
And made the trompis blowe up and the bellis soun,
And sey that the Romeyns wer in poynt to pas,
Tyl ther wer a thousand, rathir mo then les,
Men y-armyd cleen, walkyng to the stronde
When Beryn them aspied: Now, Geffrey, in thy honde
Stont lyf and goodis; doth with us what the list
For all our hope is on the, comfort, help, and trist;

For we muſt bide aventure, ſuch as God wol ſhape,
For now I am in certen we mow in no wiſe ſcape.
Have no doubt, quod Geffrey, beth mery; let me aloon;
Getith a peir ſiſours, ſherith my berd anoon,
And aftirwerd lete top my hede haſtylich and blyve.
Som went to with ſeſours, ſom wyth a knyffe,
So what for ſorowe and haſt, and for lewd tole,
Ther was no man alyve bet like to a fole
Then Geffrey was by that tyme they had al ydo.
Hanybald clepid out Beryn, to Mote Hall for to go,
And ſtode upon the brigg with an huge route.
Geffrey was the firſt to Hanybald gan to loute
And lokid out a fore ſhip: God bles yew! Sir, quod he,
Wher art thow now, Beryn? com forth, behold
Her is an huge pepill yrayd and ydight; [and ſe,
All theſe been my children that been in armys
Yiſtirdey I gat them: is nat mervaill, [bryght;
That they been hidir ycom to be of our counſaill,
And to ſtond up by us, and help us in our ple?
A! myne own childryn, bleſſid mut ye be!
Quod Geffrey, with an high voiſe, and had a nyce viſage,
And gan to dannce for joy in the fore ſtage.
Hanybald lok'd on Geffrey as he wer amaſid,
And beheld his countenaunce, and how he was yraſid,
But evirmore he thought that he was a fole
Naturell of kynde, and had noon othir tool,
As ſemed by his wordis and his viſage both,
And thought it had been foly to wex with hym wroth,
And gan to bord ageyn, and axid hym in game,
Sith thou art our fadir who is then our dame?
And how and in what plaſe were we begete?
Yiſtirday, quod Geffrey, pleyng in the ſtrete
At a gentil game that clepid is the Quek,
A long peny halter was caſt about my nek,
And yknet faſt with a riding knot,
And caſt over a perch, and hale along my throte.
Was that a game, quod Hanybald, for to hang thy ſelve?
So they ſeyd about me, a thouſand eche by hymſelf.
How ſcapiddiſt thow, quod Hanybald, that thou wer nat dede?
Therto can I anſwer without any rede:
I bare thre diſe in myn own purs,
For I go nevir without, fare I betir or wers;
I kiſt them forth all thre, and too fill am'ys,
But here now what fill aftir, right a merveloufe caſe;
Ther cam a mowſe lep forth, and ete the third boon,
That puffid out her ſkyn as grete as ſhe myght goon;
And in this maner wiſe of the mowſe and me
All ye be ycom my children fair and fre;
And yit or it be eve fall woll ſuch a chaunce
To ſtond in my power yew all to avaunce,
For and we plede well to day we ſhall be riche inowghe.
Hanybald of his wordis hertlich loughe,
And ſo did all that herd hym, as they myght wele,
And had grete joy wyth hym for to tell,
For they knew hym noon othir but a fole of kynd
And all this was his diſcrecioune, and that previd the end,
Thus whils Geffrey japid to make their hertis light
Beryn and his company were rayid and ydight,
And londid them in botis, ferefull how to ſpede,
For all their thoughtis in balance ſtode betwene hope and drede:
But yet they did their peyn to make lightſome chere,
As Geffrey them had enſourmed, of port and all manere
Of their governaunce all the long day [wey
Tyll their plee wer endit; ſo went they forth their
To the court with Hanybald. Then Beryn gan to ſey,
What nedith this, Sir Hanybald, to make ſuch aray
Sith we been peſe-marchantis, and uſe no ſpoliacioune?
For ſoth, Sir, quod Hanybald, to me was made relacioune
Yee wer in poynt to void; and yef ye had do ſo
Yee had loſt yewr lyvis, without wordis mo.
Beryn held hym ſtyll. Geffrey ſpak anoon;
No les wed them lyvis? Whi ſo, good Sir Jon?
That wer ſomwhat to much as it ſemeth me;
But ye be ovirwiſe that dwell in this eete;
For ye have begonne a thing makith you right bold
And yit or it be eve as folis ſhull yee be hold:
And eke ye devyne for ſhipmanny's craft,
And wotith litill what longith to afore the ſhip aud bafft,
And namelich in the dawnyng when ſhipmen firſt ariſe,
My good frend, quod Hanybald, in a ſcornyng wiſe,
Yee muſt onys enſourm me thorough yowr diſcrecioune,
But firſt yee muſt anſwer to a queſtioune;
Why make men croſ-ſail in myddis of the maſt?
For to talow the ſhip and ſech more blaſt.
Why goon the yemen to bote ankirs to hale?
For to make them redy to walk to the ale.
Why hale they up ſtonys by the crane lyne?
To make the tempeſt ſiſe and the ſonne ſhyne.
Why cloſe they the port with the ſee bord?
For the maſtir ſhuld awake at firſt word.
Thou art a redy reve, quod Hanybald, in fay.
Yee, Sir, trewly, for ſothe is that ye yew ſey;
Geffrey evir clappid as doith a watir myll,
And made Hanybald to laugh al his hert fyll.
Beryn, quod this Geffrey, retourn thy men ageyn;
What ſhull they do with the at court? no man on them pleyn.
Plede thy caſe thy ſelve right as thow hall ywrought;
To bide with the ſhippis my purpoſe is and thought.
Nay, ſorſoth, quod Hanybald, thow ſhalt abyde on lond,
Wee have no folis but the; and toke hym by the hond,

ow art wise in law to plede all the case.
can I betir, quod Geffrey, then eny man in this plase.
seyst thow therto, Beryn? shall I tell thy tale?
bald likid his wordis wele, and forward gan hym hale.
made him angry, and sighid wondir sore,
effrey hym had enfourmid of every poynt to fore,
he hym shuld govern all the long day.
y chasid hym ageyn; Sey me ye or nay;
'owe nat here speke some maner word?
thy blab, lewd sole, me likith nat thy bord:
anothir thought, quod Beryn, wherof thow carist lite.
ist thow me a Fole, quod Geffrey? al that I may the wite:
st when we out of Rome saillid both in fere was thy felawe and thy partinere,
o the marchandise was more then half myne,
ith that thow com hidir thow takist all for thyne.
t or it be eve I wol make oon behest,
ow have my help thy part shall be lest.
help, quod Beryn; lewde sole, thow art more then masid;
the to the shippis ward with thy crown yrasid,
ayght nevir spare the bet: trus and be agoo.
go with the, quod Geffrey, wher thow wolt or no,
rn to plede law to wyn both howse and lond.
w shalt, quod Hanybald, and led hym by the hond,
yd his hond oppon his nek: but and he had yknow
he had led, in sikernes he had well levir in snowe
walkid xl myle, and rathir then fail more;
wisshid that Geffrey had ybe unbore
t tyme in that day or the ple wer do,
did all that wrought Beryn sham and woo.
ee that list abide and here of sotilte
know how that Beryn sped in his ple,
what aray to the court he went,
ow Hanybald led Geffrey, disware of his entent;
t he axid of Geffrey, What is thy name I pray?
het, quod Geffrey, men clepid me yistirday.
herfweer thow ybore? I n'ote I make a vow,
effrey to this Hanybald, I axe that of yew,
an tell no more but here I stond nowe.
ald of his wordis hertlich lowghe,
ld hym for a passyng fole to serve eny lord.
hey romyd janglyng into the court ward,
they com ther the steward was yset,
e grettist of the town a company ymet,
n to stryve fast who shuld have the good
m was with Beryn ovir the salt flood.
yd oon and som seyde anothir;
old have the shippis, the parell, and the nothir;
Som his eyen, som his lyf wold have, and no les,
Or els he shuld for them syne or he did pas;
And in the mene whils they wer in this afray
Beryn and these Romeyns wer com, in good aray
As myght be made of woll, and of colour graynyd;
They toke a syde bench that for them was ordeynyd.
When all was husht and still Beryn arose anoon,
And stode in the myddis of the hall tofore them everichone,
And seyd, Sir Steward, in me shall be no let;
I am ycom to answer as my day is set:
Do me ryght and reson; I axe yew no more.
So shall I, quod the steward, for ther'to I am swore.
He shall have right, quod Geffrey, wher thow wolt or no,
For and thow mys onys thy jugement ondo.
I woll to the Emperour of Rome my cosyn,
For of o cup he and I full oft have dronk the wyne,
And yit we shull heraftir as oft as we mete,
For he is long the gladder when I send hym to grete.
This Geffrey stode upon a fourm, for he wold be sey
Above all othir the shouldris and the cry,
And starid al about with his lewd berd,
And was yhold a very fole of ech man hym herd.
The steward, and the officers, and the burgeysis all,
Laughid at hym hertlich; the criour gan to call
The burgeyse that had pleyd with Beryn at ches,
And he arose quiklich, and gan hym for to dres
Afore the steward at barr, as the maner is;
He gan to tell his tale wyth grete redines:
Here me, Sir Steward, this day is me set
To have right and reson; I axe yew no bet,
Of Beryn that here stondith, that with me yistirday
Made a certen covenaunt, and at ches we did pley,
That whoso were ymatid of us both too
Shuld do the todir's bidding, and yf he wold nat so
He must drink all the watir that salt wer in the se:
Thus I to hym furid and he also to me.
To preve my tale trew I am nat all aloon:
Up rose ten burgeysis quyklich anoon,
And affermyd eviry word of his tale soth,
And made them all redy for to do their othe.
Evander the steward, Bery, now, quod he,
Thow most answere nede; it woll noon othir be:
Take thy counsell to the: spede on; I have doon.
Beryn held hym styll: Geffrey, spak anoon;
Now be my trowith, quod Geffrey, I mervell much of yew
To bid us go to counsell, and knowith me wise inowghe,
And evir ful avisid, in twynkelyng of an eye,
To make a short answer but yf my mowith be dry.
Shuld we go to counsell for o word or tweyn?
Be my trowith we n'yll; let se mo that pleyn;
And but he be yanswer'd, and that right anoon,
I geve yew leve to rise and walk out every choon,
And aspyd redily yf ye fynd me there,
In the meen whils I woll abyde here;
Nay, I tell trewly, I am wiser than ye ween,
For ther n'yis noon of you woot redily what I meen.

Every man gan laughe all his hert fill
Of Geffrey and his wordis; but Beryn held hym
And was cleenastonyd; but yit ner the lattir [still,
He held it nat al soly that Geffrey did clattir,
But wisely hym governyd, as Geffrey hym taught.
For percell of his wisdom he had tofore smaught.
Sir Steward, quod Beryn, I undirstound wele
The tale of this burgeyse; now let anothir tell,
That I may take counsell and answer all at onys,
I graunt, quod the steward; then azing for the nonys,
Sith thow wold be rewlid by the sol'is rede,
For he is right a wise man to help the in thy nede.
Up aros the accusours queyntlich anoon;
Hanybald was the first of them everichoon,
And gan to tell his tale with a proud chere.
Yistirday, Soverens, when I was here
Beryn and thes burgeyse gon to plede fast
For pleying at ches; so ferforth at last,
Thorough vertu of myn office, that I had in charge
Beryn's syve shippis, for to go at large,
And to be in answer her this same day;
So walkyng to the strondward we bargeynyd by the wey
That I shuld have the marchandise that Beryn with hym brought,
Wherof I am sesid, as ful sold and bought,
In covenaunte that I shuld his shippis fill ageyn
Of my marchandise, such as he tofore had seyn
n myn own plase, howsis to or thre,
Full of marchandise as they myght be;
And I am evir redy, whensoever he woll,
Let hym go or sende, and charge his shippis full
Of such marchandise as he findith there,
For in such wordis we acordit were.
Up rose x burgeysis, not tho that rose tofore,
But othir, and made them redy to have swore
That every word of Hanybald, from the begynnyng to the end,
Was soth and eke trewe, and with their mende
Full prest they wer to preve; and seyd they wer present
At covenaunt making, by God omnipotent.
It shal nat nede, quod Geffrey, whils that I here stond,
For I woll preve it my self with my right honde,
For I have been in four batellis heretofore,
And this shall be the fist, and therfor I am swore.
Beholdith, and seith, and turnyd hym about;
The steward and the burgeyse gamyd all about;
The Romeyns held them still, and lawhghid but a lite.
Wyth that cam the blynd man his tale to endite,
That God hym grant wynnyng right as he hath asservid.
Beryn and his company stood all astryvyd
Betwene hope and drede, right in high distres,
For of wele or of woo they had no sikernes.
Beryn, quod this blynd, thoughe I may nat see
Stond nere yit the barr, my comyng is for the,
That wrongfullich thow witholdist my both to eyen,
The wich I toke the for a tyme, and quyklich to me hijen,
And take them me ageyn, as our covenaunt was.
Beryn, I take no reward of othir mennys case,
But oonlich of myn oon; that stont me most an hond.
Now blessid be God in heven that brought the to this lond!
For sith our last parting many betir teris
Have I lete for thy love, that som tyme partineris
Of wynnnyg and of lesing were yeris sele,
And evir I fond the trewe, tyl at the last thow didst stele
Awey wyth my too eyen that I toke to the
To se the tregetours pley and their sotilte,
As yistirday here in this same plase
Tofore yew, Sir Steward, rehersid as it was.
Full trew is that byword, *A man to ser wofull*
Ledith oft Beyard from his own stabill.
Beryn, by the I meen, though thow make it straunge,
For thow knowist trewly that I made no chaunge
Of my good eyen for thyn that badder were.
Therwith stode up burgeyse four witnes to bere.
Beryn held hym styll, and Geffrey spak anoon;
Now of thy lewd compleynt, and thy masid moon,
By my trowith, quod Geffrey, I have grete mervaill,
For though thow haddist eyen-sight it shuld litill availe;
Thow shuldist nevir fare the bet, but the wors, in fay,
For al thing may be still now for the in house and way,
And yf thow haddist thyn eyen thou woldist no counsell hele;
I know wele by thy sisnamy thy kynd wer to stele:
And eke it is thy profite and thyn ese also
To be blynd as thow art; for now wherso thow go
Thow hast thy lyvlode whils thow art alyve,
And yf thow myghtist se thow shuldist nevir thryve.
Al the house throughout save Beryn and his feris
Lawghid of Geffrey, that watir on their levis
Ran down from their eyen for his masid wit.
Wythat cam the woman, hir tung was nat selyt,
Wyth 15 burgeysis, and women also sele,
Her quarel for to preve, and Beryn to apele,
With a feir knave child yloke wythin their armys,
And gan to tel her tale of wrongis and of harmys,
And eke of unkyndnes, untrowith, and falshede,
That Beryn had ywrought to hir, that quyntlich from hir yede
Anoon oppon her wedding, when he his wyl had doon,
And brought hir wyth chyld, and lete hir sit aloon
Wythout help and comfort from that day, and nowith
He proferid me nat to kys onys with his mowith,
As yistirday, Sir Steward, afore yew eche word
Was rehersid here, my pleynt is of record,
And this dey is me set for to have reson.
Let hym make amendis, or els tell enchesson

ym ought nat fynd, as man ought, his wyf.
iftene burgeyfis quyklich al fo blyve,
fele wymen as ftode by hir ther,
at they were prefent when they weddit were,
at every word that the woman feyde
w, and eke Beryn had hir fo betray'd.
is! quod Geffrey, Beryn, haft thow a wyf?
ive God my trowith the dayis of my lyf
uft the the les thow teldift me nat to fore
of thy wedding and of thy fone ybore.
and kys them both, thy wyf and eke thyn heir;
v nat afhamyd, for they both be feyr.
edding was right privy, but I fhall make it couthe;
thy fone, it femith crope out of thy mowith,
of thy condicioune both foft and fome.
n I glad thyn heir fhall with us to Rome,
hall teche hym, as I can, whils that he is young,
lay by the ftrete to gadir houndis dung
be abill of prentyfe to craft of *Taverner* taury
ir I fhall teche hym for to catche a fly,
mend mytens when they been to tore,
ir to cloute fhoun whan he is elder more;
his parentyne to pipe as doith a mowfe
ym teche, and for to pike a fnayl out of his howfe,
berk as doith an hound, and fey Baw, baw,
rn round about as a cat doith wyth a ftraw,
blete as doith a fhepe, and ney as doith an hors,
low as doith a cow; and as myn own corps
cherifh hym every day for his modirs fake:
n to ftappe ner the child, to have ytake,
ied by his countenaunce, although he thought nat fo:
dir was evir ware, and blenchid to and fro,
d hir hond betwene, and lokid fomwhat wroth,
effrey in pur wrath befhrewid them all both;
my trowith, quod Geffrey, wel mafid is thy pan,
oll teche thy fone the craftis that I can,
in tyme to come myght win his lyvlode,
therfor angry thow art verry wood.
ond, wyff, and fone, by the Trynyte
wich is the wifeft of them all thre.
hly, quod the fteward; it liith all in thy noll
it and wyfdom, and previth by thy poll:
be that Geffrey wordit fotilly,
ward and the burgeyfis held it for foly
All that evir he feyd, and toke it for good game,
And had full litill knowlech he was Geffrey the lame.
Beryn and his company ftode ftill as ftone
Betwene hope and drede, difware how it fhuld goon,
Saff Beryn trift in party that Geffrey wold hym help,
But yit into that hour he had no caufe to yelp;
Wherfor they made much forowe, that dole was and pete.
Geffrey herd hym figh fore: What devil is yew? quod he:
What nede yew be fory whils I ftond here?
Have I nat enfourmid yew how and in what manere
That I yew wold help, and bryng them in the fnare?
Yf ye coud plede as well as I, full litill wold ye care.
Pluk up thy hert, quod Geffrey, Beryn, I fpeke to the.
Leve thy blab lewd, quod Beryn to hym age;
It doith no thing availl that forowe com on thy hede;
It is nat worth a fly al that thow haft feyde.
Have we nat els now for to think oppon
Saff here to jangill? Machyn rofe anoon,
And went to the barr, and gan to tell his tale;
He was as fals as Judas, that fet Crifte at fale.
Sir Steward, quod this Machyn, and the burgeyfis al,
Knowith wele how Melan with purpill and with pall,
And othir marchandife, feven yere ago
Went toward Rome, and how that I alfo
Have enquered fith, as refon woll and kynde,
Sith he was my fadir, to know of his ende;
For yit fith his departing tyl it was yiftirday
Met I nevir creature that me coud wifsh or fay
Reedynes of my fadir, dede othir alyve;
But, bleffid be God in heven! in this thev'is felyve
The knyff I gaff my fadir was yiftirday yfound:
Sith I hym apele let hym be faft ybound.
The knyf I know wel inowe; alfo the man ftont here,
And dwellith in this town, and is a cotelere,
That made the fame knyf wyth his too hondis,
That wele I woot there is noon like to fech al Criften londis;
For three preciouse ftonys been wythin the haft
Perfectlich ycouchit, and fotillich by craft
Endendit in the haft, and that right coriouffly,
A faphir, and a falidone, and a rich ruby.
The cotelere cam lepeing forth with a bold chere
And feyd to the fteward that Machyn told now here
Every word is trew, fo beth the ftonys fet;
I made the knyf my felf, who myght know it bet?
And toke the knyff to Machyn, and he me pay'd wele;
So is this felon gilty; there is no more to tell.

Up arose burgeysis by two by three by four,
And sey'd they wer present the same tyme and hour
When Machyn wept sore, and brought his fadir's gownd,
And gaf hym the same knyff oppon the see strond.
Beth ther eny mo pleyntifs of record?
Quod Geffrey to the steward: and he ageynward;
How semeth the, Gylhochet, beth ther nat inowghè?
Make thyn answer, Beryn, case that thow mowe,
For oon or othir thow must sey, although it nat availle,
And but thow lese or thow go methinkith grete mervaill.
Beryn goith to counsell and his company,
And Geffrey bode behinde to her more and se,
And to shew the burgeyse somewhat of his hert;
And seyd, But I make the pleyntifs for to smert,
And alle that them meyntenith, for aught that is yseyd,
I woll grant yew to kut the eris fro my hede.
My master is at counsell, but counsell hath he noon
For but I hym help he is cleen undoon;
But I woll help hym al that I can, and meyntene hym also
By my power and connyng, so I am bound ther'to;
For I durst wage battell wyth yew, though yee be strong,
That my maister is in the trowith and ye be in the wrong;
For and we have lawe I ne hold yew but distroied
In yewr own falshede, so be yee now aspied;
Wherfor yit or eve I shal abate yewr pride,
That som of yew shall be right feyn to slynk away and hide.
The burgeyses gon to lawgh, and scornyd hym ther'to.
Gylhochet, quod Evander, and thow cowdist so
Bryng it thus about, it were a redy wey.
He is a good fool, quod Hanybald, in fay,
To put hymself aloon in strengith and eke in wit
Ageyns all the burgeysis that on this bench sit.
What elatir is this, quod Machyn, al day with a sole?
Tyme is now to worch with som othir tole,
For I am certeyn of their answer that they wol fail,
And lyf for lyf of my fadir what may that avail?
Wher'for beth avisid, for I am in no doute
The goodis been sufficient to part al aboute,
So may every party pleyntif have his part.
That is reson, quod the blind; a trew man thow art;
And eke it were untrowith and eke grete syn
But eche of us that pleynith myght somwhat wyn.
Hanybald bote his lippis, and herd them both wele;
Towching the marchandise o tale I shall yew tell,
And eke make a vow, and hold my behest,
That of the marchandise yewr part shall be left;
For I have made a bargeyn that may nat be undo;
I woll hold his covenaunt and he shal myn also.
Up roos quicklich the burgeyse Syrophanes;
Hanybald, quod he, the law gojth by no lanys,
But hold ferth the streyt wey, even as doith a lyne;
For yistirday when Beryn with me did dyne
I was the first person that put him in arest;
And for he wold go large thow haddist in charge and hest
To sese both ship and goodis til I were answerid;
Then must I first be servid, this knowith al men ylerid.
The woman stode besidis, and cried wondir fast,
Ful soth is that byword, *To pot wbo comyth last*
He worst is servid: and so it farith by me:
Yit nethirles, Sir Steward, I trust to yewr lentè,
That knowith best my cause and my trew entent;
I axe yew no more but rightful jugement:
Let me have part with othir sith he my husbond is:
Good Sir, beth avisid; I axe yew nat amys.
Thus they gon to stryve, and wer of high mode
For to depart emong them othir mennys good,
Wher they tofore had nevir properte,
Ne nevir shuld theraftir by doom of equyte;
But they had othir cause then they had tho.
Beryn was at counsell, his hert was full woo,
And his meyny sory, distrakt, and al amayide,
For tho they levid noon othir but Geffrey had betrayide;
Because he was so long they coud no maner rede,
But everich by hymself wisshid he had be dede.
O myghtful God! they seyd, I trow tofore this day
Was nevir gretter treson, fere, ne affray,
Ywrought onto mankind then now is to us here,
And namelich by this Geffrey with his sotil chere;
So feithful he made it he wold us help echone.
And now we be ymyryd he letith us sit aloon.
Of Geffrey, quod Beryn, be as it be may;
We mut answer nede, ther is noon othir way;
And ther'for let me know your wit and your counsaile.
They wept, and wrong their hondis, and gan to waille
The tyme that they were bore, and shortly of the lyve
They wisshid that they wer. With that came Geffrey blive,
Passing them towards, and began to smyle.
Beryn axid Geffrey wher he had be al the while?
Have mercy oppon us, and help us as thow hight.
I woll help yow right wele through grace of Godd'is might;
And I can tell yow tiding of their governaunce.
They stondin altercatioune and stryf in poynt to praunce
To depart your goodis, and levith verily
That it wer impossibil yew to remedy;
But their high pride and their presumpcioune
Shal be yit or eve their confusioune;
And to make amendis ech man for his pleynt,
Let se ther'for your good avise how they might be ateynt.
The Romeyns stode still, as who had shor their hede.
In feith, quod Beryn, we can no maner rede,
But in God and yew we submit us all,
Body, lyf, and goodis, to stond or to fall,

for to travers o word that thow seyst;
ood Geffrey, as wele as thou mayst.
! quod Geffrey, and I woll do my peyn
ow as my connyng woll strech and ateyn,
eyns went to barr, and Geffrey altofore
ce countenance, bare fote, and to tore,
ith a yerd he bare in his honde,
vir wistlyng at every pase comaunde.
rd and the burgeysis had game inowghe
'is nice comyng, and hertlich lowghe;
man seyd, Gylhochet, com nere;
right welcome, for thow makist us chere.
welcom, quod Geffrey, that yee woll us
yewr hedis, I pray to God, and wers.
hym for a verry fole, but he held them
l more;
made them in breff tyme, all though
y wer nat shore.
ow, quod Geffrey, and let make pese;
and of japis tyme is now to cese,
of othir mater that we have to doon,
e hew amys eny maner stone
wele in certeyn what pardon we shul
ve;
is our nede us to defend and save.
hath be at counsell, and ful avisid is
ll have the wordis, speke I wele or mys;
Sir Steward, and ye burgeysis all,
ight, and writtith nat, for aventuris that
y fall;
e deme untrewely, or do us eny wrong,
e resourmyd, be ye nevir so strong,
oynt and injury, and that in grete haste,
at unknowe to us that may yow chaste:
the right wey, and by no side lanys.
wching the first pleyntif Syrephanes,
l with my master yistirday at ches,
a certeyn covenaunte, who that had
wers
game, al thoughe I wer nat there,
he todir's bidding, whatsoever it wer,
all the watir that salt wer in the see;
we, Sir Steward, ye woll record the ple,
ave ymissid in lettir or in word
wol I be rewlid aftir yewr record;
ful avisid in this wise to answere.
e steward, and al men that wer there,
il much of Geffrey, that spak so redely,
rdis tofore semyd al foly,
stonyed cleen, and gan for to drede,
man tyl othir lenyd with his hede,
e reported the tale right formally;
fole in certen, but wise, ware, and sely,
h but yjapid us and scornyd heretofore,
ave hold hym a fole, but we be wel
re.
stodied on Geffrey, and laughed tho
t naught.
rey had aspied they wer in such thought,
ertis trobelid, pensyf, and anoyed,
o dryve in bet the nayl, till they were
y cloyid.
rs, he seyd, sith that it so is
orting of our ple ye synd nothing amys,
As provith wele yowr scilence, eke ye withseyth
O word of our tale, but clene without spot, [nat
Then to our answer I prey yow take hede,
For we wol sey al the trowith right as it is in dede;
For this is soth and certen, it may nat be with-
seyd,
That Beryn that here stondith was thus ovirpleid
In the last game, when wagir was opon;
But that was his sufferaunce, as ye shull here anoon,
For in all this cete ther n'ys no maner man
Can prey betir at ches then my mastir can;
Ne bet then I, though I it sey, can nat half so much;
Now how he lost it by his wyll the cause I woll
teche;
For ye wend and ween that he had hym engyned.
But ye shul sele in every veyn that ye be undir-
mined,
And ybrought at ground, and eke ovirmusid.
And agenst the first that Beryn is accusid
Herith now ententyflich. When we wer on the see
Such a tempest on us fill that noon myght othir se
Of thundir, wynd, and lightenyng, and stormys
ther among.
Fiftene dayis during the tempest was so strong
That eche man till othir began hym for to shryve,
And made their avowis, yf they myght have the
lyve,
Som to se the sepulkir, and som to othir plase,
To sech holy seyntis for help and for grace;
Som to fast and do pennaunce, and som do almys-
dede;
Tyl at last, as God wold, a voise to us seyd,
In our most turment, and desperat of mynd,
That yf we wold be savid my maister must hym
bynd
Be feith and eke be vow, when he cam to lond,
To drink al the salt watir within the see strond,
Without drinking eny sope of the fresh watir;
And taught hym al the sotilte how and in what
manere
That he shuld wirch by engyne and by a sotill
charm, [harm,
To drink all the salt watir and have hymself no
But stop the fresh rivers by every cost side,
That they enter nat in the se thorough the world
wyde.
The voise we herd but naught we saw; so wer our
witts ravid,
For this was end synally, yf we lust be savid.
Wher'for my master Beryn, when he cam to this
port,
To his avow and promys he made his first resort,
Or that he wold bergeyn eny marchandise,
And right doith these marchandis in the same wise
That maken their avowis in saving of their lyv'is,
They completyn their pilgremagis or they se their
wyvis.
So mowe ye ondirstond that my master Beryn
Of fre will was ymatid, as he that was a pilgrym,
And myght nat persourm by many thowsand part
His avow and his hest wythout right sotil art,
Without help and strength of many mennys
myght. [right
Sir Steward, and Sir Burgeyse, if we shul have

Sirophanes muſt do coſt and aventure,
To ſtop al the freſh ryvers into the ſee that entir,
For Beryn is redy in al thing hym to quyte,
So he be in defaute muſt pay for the wite.
Sith ye been wiſe al what nede is much clatir?
Ther was no covenaunte them betwene to drink freſh watir.
When Sirophanes had yherd al Geffrey's tale,
He ſtode al abaſhid, with colour wan and pale,
And lokid oppon the ſteward with a rewful chere,
And on othir frendſhip and neyhbours he had there,
And preyd them of counſell the anſwere to reply.
Theſe Romeyns, quod the ſteward, been wondir
And eke right ymmagytyf, and of ſotil art, [ſely,
That I am in grete dowte howe yee ſhul depart
Without harm in oon ſide: our lawis, well thow woſt,
Is to pay damagis, and eke alſo the coſt,
Of every party plentyf that fallith in his pleynt:
Let hym go quyt I counſell, yf it may ſo be queynt.
I merveil, quod Sirophanes, of their ſotilte,
But ſith that it ſo ſtondith, and may noon othir be,
I do woll be counſell, and graunted Beryn quyte.
But Geffrey thought anothir, and without reſpite,
Sirs, he ſeyd, me wetith wele that ye wol do us right,
And ſo ye muſt nedis, and ſo ye have us highte;
And therefore, Sir Steward, ye occupy our plaſe,
And ye know wele what law wol in this caſe;
My maſtir is redy to perfourme his avow.
But natheleſs, quod the ſteward, I cannat wete how
To ſtop all the freſh watir were poſſibilite.
Yis, in ſoth, quod Geffrey, who had of gold plente
As man coud wiſh and it myght well be do:
But that is nat our defaute, he hath no treſour to.
Let hym go to in haſte, or find us ſuerte
To make amendis to Beryn for his iniquite,
Wrong, and harm, and treſpas, and undewe wexacioune,
Loſt of ſale, and marchandiſe, diſeſe, and tribulacioune,
That we have ſuſtenyd thorough his iniquite.
What vaylith it to tary us? for though ye ſotil pry
We ſhul have reſon wher ye wol or no,
So woll we that ye knowe what that we woll do;
In certen full aviſid to Iſope for to paſe,
And declare every poynt, them ore and eke the laſe,
That of yeur opyn errours hath pleyne correctioune,
And agenys his jugement is noon protectioune:
He is yewr lord riall, and ſoveren jugge and lele,
That and ye work in eny poynt to hym liith our apele.
So when the ſteward had yherd, and the burgeyſis alle,
How Geffrey had yſteryd, that went ſo nighe the gall,
What for ſhame, and drede of more harm, and repreſſe,
They made Sirophanes, weer hym looth or leſſe,
To take Beryn gage, and plegg find alſo,
To byde the ward and jugement of that he had myſdo.
Now fertherfore, quod Geffrey, ſith that it ſo is
That of the firſt plentyf we have ſikernes,
Now to the Marchant we muſt nedis anſwere,
That bergeyned with Beryn al that his ſhippis bere,
In covenaunte that he ſhuld his ſhippis fill ageyn
Of othir marchandiſe that he tofore had ſeyn
In Hanybald'is plaſe, howſis to or thre,
Full of marchandiſe as they might be;
Let us pas thidir, yf eny thing be there
At our luſt and liking, as they accordit were.
I graunt wele, quod Hanybald, thow axiſt but righte;
Up aroſe theſe burgeyſis, Thow axiſt but right.
The ſteward and his comperis entrid firſt the howſe,
And ſaw nothing within, ſtraw, ne leff, ne mowſe,
Save tymbir, and the tyle ſtonys, and the wallis white.
I trow, quod the ſteward, the wynnyng woll be but lite
That Beryn woll now get in Hanybald, is pleynte,
For I can ſe noon othir but they woll be ateynt,
And clepid them in echone, and went out hymſelve. [ſelve,
As ſone as they were entrid they ſaw no maner
For ſoris of their hert, but, as tofore is ſeyd,
The howſe was cleen yſwept; then Geffrey ſeid they preyde,
To help yf he coud. Let me aloon, quod he,
Yit ſhul they have the wers as ſotil as they be.
Evander the ſteward in the mene while
Spak to the burgeyſe, and began to ſmyle;
Though Sirophanes be yhold thes Romeyns for ſecurs,
Yit I trow that Hanybald woll put hym to the wers,
For I am ſuyr and certeyn within they ſhul nat fynd?
What ſey ye be my pleynt, Sirs, quod the blynd!
For I make a vow I woll nevir ceſe
Tyl Syrophanes have of Beryn a pleyn releſe,
And to make hym quyte of his ſubmiſſioune,
Els wol I have no pete of his contritioune,
But folow hym al ſo ſerſly as I can or may
Tyll I have his eyen both to away.
Now in ſeith, quod Machyn, and I wol have his lyſſe,
For though he ſcape yew all, with me woll he nat ſtryſſe,
But be right ſeyn in hert all his good forſake
For to ſcape wyth hys lyf, and to me it take.
Beryn and his feleſhip wer within the houſe,
And ſpeken of their anſwer, and made but litill rouſe,
But evir preyd Geffrey to help yf he coud ought.
I woll nat faill, quod Geffrey, and was tofore bethought
Of too botirſliis, as white as eny ſnowe;
He lete them flee within the houſe, that aſtir on the wowe

vid wondir fast, as their kynd woll,
y had flew to rest anothir pull
ffrey saw the boterfliis cleving on the wall
ard and the burgeyse in he gan call;
he sayd, whoso evir repent,
those marchandise most to our talent
fynd herein. Behold, Sir Hanybal,
lir botirfliis that cleviith on the wall;
e must fill our shippis all fyve.
thy hert Beryn, for thow most nedis
ryve;
we out of Rome in Marchantfare went,
ase botirfliis was our most entent;
I tell the cause especial and why:
a leche in Room that hath ymade a cry
an oyntement to cure all tho ben blynde,
aner infirmytees that growith in man-
ynde. [ye mut hy.
is short; the work is long: Sir Hanyball,
anybald herd this tale, he seyd pryvely
ll to the steward; In soth I have the wers,
sikir by this pleynt that shall I litil purs.
neth, quod the steward, for in the world
unde
botirfliis wold nat be founde
hip to charge; wher'for me thinkith best
have his good ageyn, and be in pese and
it.
s an aventure and thow scape so
naunt to relese without more ado.
eyse everichone, that were of that cete,
yid sore when they herd of this plee;
with his wisdom held them hard and
eyte,
were acombrit in their own distreyte.
anybald with his frendis had spoke of
is matere [manere:
w them towards Beryn, and seid in this
botirfliis ye com fro your contre,
ou tell in sikirnes and opon our fey,
any botirflyes we shul nevir gete,
e we be avisid othirwise to trete;
ybald shal relese his covenaunt that is
skid, [ransakid.
ver the good ageyn that from you was
th, quod Geffrey, us nedith no relese;
hold our covenaunt and we shall yeurs
ull have reson wher ye woll or no [also,
pe is alyve; I am nothyng aferd,
wipe all this plee cleen from your berd,
lench onys out of the high wey. [deley.
erid hym plegg and gage without more
hirmore, quod Geffrey, us ought to pro-
de, [nede;
blynd mann's poynt we must answer
to tell trowith, he lyvith all to long
vn sawte and his own wrong
he hath furmysid, as previth by his plee,
ye shull opynlich know wele and see;
ndirstode hym he seyd that sele yeris
at here stondith, and he were pertyneris
yng and of lesyng, as men it use and
ith,
they chaungit eyen, and yit this is sothe:
But the cause of chaunging yit is to yow onknow,
Wher'fore I woll declare it both to high and lowe.
In that same tyme that this burge se blynd,
And my master Beryn, as fast as seyth myght bynde
Were marchaundis in comyn of al that they myght
Saff of lyf and lym, and of dedel syn, [wyn,
Ther fill in tho marchis of al thing such a derth
That joy, comfort, and solas, and al maner myrth;
Was exilid cleen, saff oonly molestatioune,
That abood continuel—desperatioune:
So when that the pepil wer in most myscheffe
God that is above, that al thing doth releve,
Sent them such plente of mony, fruyte, and corn,
Wich turnid al to joy their mournyng al to forn;
Then gaf they them to mirth, revel, pley, and
And thankid God above evir more among [song,
Of their relevacioune from woo into gladnes,
For *Aftir sour when swete is com it is a plesant mes.*
So in the meen while of this prosperite
Ther cam such a pleyer into the same contre
That nevir thertofore was seyn such anothir,
That wele was the creture that born was of his
modir
That myght se the mirthis of this jugeloure,
For of the world wide tho dayis he bare the floure,
For there n'as man ne woman in that regioune
That set of hymself the store of a boton
Yf he had not sey his myrthis and his game.
So oppon a tyme this pleyer did proclame
That al manere of pepill his pleyis wold se
Shuld com oppon a certen dey to the grete cete:
Then among othir my master here, Beryn,
And this same blynd, that pledith now with hym,
Made a certen covenaunt that they wold se
The mervellis of this pleyer and his sotilte:
So what for hete of somer, age, and febilnes,
And eke also the long way, this blynd for wer-
rynes
Fill flat adown to the erth; o fote ne myght he go;
Wher'for my master Beryn in hert was full woo,
And seyd, My frend, how now? mow ye no fer-
ther pas?
No, he sayd, by hym that first made mas;
And yit I had levir, as God my soule save,
Se thes wondir pleyis then all the good I have.
I cannat els, quod Beryn, but yf it may nat be
But that ye and I mut retourn age
Aftir ye be refreshid of your werynes,
For to leve yew in this plite it wer no gentilnes,
Then seyd this blynd, I am avisid bet;
Beryn, ye shull wend thidir without eny let,
And have myn eyen with yew that they the pley
mow se,
And I woll have yewrs tyll ye come age.
Thus was their covenaunt made, as I to yow report,
For ese of this blynd, and most for his comfort.
But wotith wele the whole science of all sur-
gery
Was unyd or the chaunge was made of both eye
With many sotill enchantours and eke nygraman-
cers,
That sent were for the nonys mastris and scoleris.
So when all was complete my mastir went his wey
With this mann'ys eyen and saw all the pley,

And haſtly retourned into that plaſe age,
And fond this blynd ſeching on hondis and on kne,
Graſping all aboute to fynd that he had lore,
Beryn his both eyen that he had toſore.
But as ſone as Beryn had pleyn knowleche
That his eyen were yloſt, unneth he myght areche
O word, for pure anguyſh that he toke ſodenly,
And from that day till nowe ne myght he nevir ſpy
This man in no plaſe ther law was ymevid;
But now in his preſence the ſoth is full yprevid,
That he ſhall make amendis or he hens pas
Right as the lawe wol deme, ethir more or las;
For my maſtir'is eyen were betir and more clere
Then theſe that he hath now to ſe both ſer and nere;
So wold he have his own, that proper were of kynd,
For he is evir redy to take to the blynde
The eyen that he had of hym, as covenaunt was,
So he woll do the ſame. Now, Soverens, in this [caſe
Ye mut take hede for to deme right,
For it wer no reſon my maſtir ſhuld leſe his ſight
For his trew hert and his gentilnes.
Beryn, quod the blind, tho I woll the releſe
My quarell and my cauſe, and fall fro my pleynt.
Thow mut nede, quod Geffrey, for thow art ateynt,
So mut thow profir gage, and borowis fynd alſo,
For to make amendis, as othir have ydo.
Sir Steward, do us law, ſith we deſire but right:
As we been peſe marchandis us longith nat to fight,
But pleyn us to the law, yf ſo we be agrevid.
Anoon opon that Geffrey theſe wordis had ymevid
The blynd man ſond borowis for all his maletalent,
And were yentrid in the court to byde the jugement;
For thoughe that he blynde were yit had he good plente,
And more wold have wonne through his iniquite.
Now herith, Sirs, quod Geffrey: thre pleyntiſs been aſſurid;
And as anenſt the ſerth this woman hath arerid,
That pleynith here on Beryn, and ſeyth ſhe is his wyſe,
And that ſhe hath many a dey led a peynous lyſe,
And much ſorow endurid his child to ſuſtene,
And al is ſoth and trew. Now rightfullich to deme
Whether of them both ſhall othir obey,
And folowe will and luſtis, Sir Steward, ye mut ſey.
And therwith Geffrey lokid aſide on this woman
How ſhe chaungit colours, pale and eke wan.
All for nought, quod Geffrey, for ye mut with us go,
And endure with your huſbond both wele and woo;
And wold have take her by the hond, but ſhe awey did breyde,
And with grete ſighing theſe wordis ſhe ſeyd;
That ageyns Beryn ſhe wold plede no more,
But gagid with too borowis, as othir had do toſore.
The ſteward ſat as ſtill as who had ſhor his hede,
And ſpecially the pleyntiſs were in much drede:
Geffrey ſet his wordis in ſuch maner wiſe
That wele they wiſt they myght nat ſcape in no wiſe
Without loſs of goodis for damage and for coſt,
For ſuch wer their lawis wher pleyntis wer yloſt.
Geffrey had full perſeyte of their encombirment,
And eke he was in certen that the jugement
Shuld pas with his maſtir; wherfor he anoon,
Sovern Sirs, he ſeyd, yit muſt we ſerthir goon,
And anſwere to this Machyn, that ſeith the knife is his
That found was on Beryn; ther'of he ſeith nat amys:
And for more preſe he ſeith in this manere
That here ſtondith preſent the ſame cotelere
That the knyfe made, and the precious ſtonys thre
Within the haft been couchid, that in Cryſhyante,
Thoughe men wold of purpoſe make ſerch and ſeche,
Men ſhuld nat fynd in al thing a knyfe that were it liche;
And more opyn preſe than maun'ys own knowleche
Men of law ne clerkis con nat tell ne teche.
Now ſith we be in this manere thus ferforth agre
Then were ſpedfull for to know how Beryn cam firſt to
Have poſſeſſioune of the knyfe that Machyn ſeith is his:
To yew unknowne I ſhall enſourm the trowith as it is.
Now ſeven yere and paſſid, opon a Tuyſday
In the Paſſioun-week, when men leven pley,
And uſe mote devocioune, faſtyng, and preyer,
Then in othir tyme or ſeſon of the yere,
This Beryn's fadir erlich wold ariſe,
And barefote go to chirch to Godd'is ſerviſe,
And lay hymſelf aloon from his own wyſe,
In reverence of the tyme, and mending of his lyfe:
So on the ſame Tuyſday that I toſore nempt
This Beryn roſe and rayn hym, and to the chirch went,
And mervelid in his hert his fadir was nat there,
And homward went ageyn with drede and eke fere.
Into his fadir's chambir ſodenlich he rakid,
And fond hym ligg ſtan dede oppon the ſtraw al nakid,
And the clothis halid from the bed awey.
Out, alas! quod Beryn, that evir I ſaw this dey!
They meyne herd the noiſe, how Beryn cried alas,
And cam into the chambir al that therein was;
But the dole, and the ſorowe, and anguyſh, that was there
It vaylith nat at this tyme to declare it here;

yn had moſt of all, have ye no doute:
oon they ſerchid the body al aboute,
d this ſame knyſe, the poynt right at his
hert
n's fadir, whoſe teres gan outſtert
e drowth out the knyſe of his fadir's
wound;
andede I ſaw hym fall down to the ground
: of the moſt part that beth with hym
now here,
y affermyd it for ſoth, as Geffrey did them
lere:
had I nevir ſuſpecioun from that day tyll
noweth
d that curſed dede, tyll Machyn with his
moweth
ew hath knowlechid that the knyſe is
his;
he nedis anſwer for his deth ywis.
Macyhn had yherd all Geffrey'is tale
of bench ſodenly with colour wan and
pale,
d onto Beryn, Sir, ageyn the
lete no more, for it wer gret pete
bir yew with actions that beth of nobill
kynde.
mercy! Sir, quod Geffrey; but yit ye
ſhull fynde
s or ye pas, amendis for to make
r undewe vexacioune, and gage alſo us
take
of ſubmyſſioune for your injury,
woll and reſon, for we woll uttirly
: tyll we have jugement finall;
er'for, Sir Steward, what that evir fall
s no longer but gyve us jugement,
lith ye noon othir but we be fullich bent
e for to wend, and in his high preſence
: al our plees, and have his ſentence;
ull e make ſynys, and highlich be agre-
vid.
ſone as the ſteward herd thes wordis me-
vid,
ryght, and law, ſeyd the ſteward tho,
: nedis have wher I woll or no;
preve my full wyll, or we ſerther goon,
ch he commaundit, and ſparid nevir oon,
eyſis in law beſt ylerid,
ng them the plees, and how Geffrey an-
ſwerid,
lyf and lym, and forſetur of good,
they wold nat leſe the ball within their
hood,
w a-part togidir, and by their all aſſent
o man on lyve to gyve trew jugement.
hen thes 24 burgeyſis had yherd
arge of the ſteward, right ſore they wer
aferd
ther own lyvis but they demed trowith;
e of their neybours they had grete rowith,
y perſeyvid clerelich in the plee through-
out
rendis had the wors ſide, ther'of they had
no dout,
And yf we deme trewly they woll be ſore anoyid,
Yit it is betir then we be ſhamyd and diſtroyid.
And anoon they were accordit, and ſeyd with
Beryn,
And demed every pleyntif to make a grete fyne
With Beryn, and hym ſubmyt hoolich to his grace
Body, good, and catell, for wrong and their tref-
paſe;
So ſerforth, tyll at laſt it was ſo bout ybore
That Beryn had the doubill good that he had to-
fore,
And wyth joy and myrth, wyth all his company,
He droughe hym to his ſhippis ward wyth ſong
and melody.
The ſteward and the burgeyſe from the court bent
Into their own placis, and evir as they went
They talkid of the Romeyns, how ſotill the wer
To aray hym like a fole that for them ſhuld an-
ſwer.
What vylith it, quod Hanybald, to angir or to
curs?
And yit I am in certen I ſhall fare the wers
All the dayis of my lyfe for this day'is pleding,
And ſo ſhal al the remnaunt; and their hondis
wryng,
Eoth Syrophanes, and the blynd, the woman, and
Machyn,
And be bet aviſid er they eſtſon s pleyne,
And al othir perſonys wythyn this cete
Mell the les wyth Romeyns whils they here be;
For ſuch anothir fole was nevir yit yborn,
For he did naught ellis but evir with us ſcorn
Tyll he had us caught even by the ſhyn
With his ſotill wittis in our own grene.
Now woll I retourn to Beryn ageyn,
That of his grete lukir in hert was right feyne.
And ſo was all his meyne, as them ought wele,
That they wer ſo delyverid from turment like to
hell,
And graciuſly relevid out of ther grete myſchef,
And yſet above in comfort and bouchef.
Now in ſoth, quod Beryn, it may nat be denied
N'ad Geffrey and his witt be we had be diſtroyid;
Ithanked be Almyghty God omnipotent
That for our confolacioune Geffrey to us ſent!
And in proteſt opynly, here among yew alle,
Half my good, whils that I lyve, whatevir me
befall,
I graunt it here to Geffrey, to gyve or to ſell,
And nevir to part from me, yf it wer his wyl,
And fare as well as I a morrow and eke on eve,
And nevir for a man on lyve his company for to
leve.
Graunt mercy! Sir, quod Geffrey, yewr profir is
feir and grete,
But I deſire no more but as ye me behete,
To bryng me at Room, for this is covenaunte.
It ſhall be do, quod Beryn, and all the rem-
naunt.
Deperdeux! quod Geffrey, ther'of we ſhull wele
do.
He rayid hym othirwiſe; and without wordis me
They went to the dyner the hole company,
With pipis and wyth trompis, and othir melody;

And in the myddis of their mete gentil women fyve,
Maidens fresh atirid as myght be on lyve,
Com from the Duke Isope, lord of that rigioune,
Everich wyth a present, and that of grete renown:
The first bare a cup of gold, and of asure fyne,
So corouse and so nobill that I can nat devyne;
The second brought a fwerd yshethid, wyth feyntur
Ifretid all with perelis orient and pure;
The third had a mantell of lusty fresh colour,
The uttir part of purpill, yfurrid with pelour;
The ferth a cloth of gold, a worthy and a riche,
That nevir man tofere saw cloith it liche;
The fift bare a palme that stode tofore the deyse
In tokyn and sign of trowith and pese,
For that was the custom through all the contray;
The message was the levir and more plesant to pay.
The cup was uncoverid, the fwerd was out ybrayid,
The mantell was unfold, the cloth along ylayid;
They knelid adown echone right tofore Beryn;
The first did the message, that taught was wel and fyne:
Isope, she seyd, Sir Beryn, that is our lord riall,
And gretith yew, and sendith yew these presentis all,
And joy hath of yewr wisdom and of yewr governaunce,
And preyd you to com and have with hym plesaunce
To morowe, and se his palayse, and to sport you there,
Yee and all your company. Beryn made noon answere,
But sat styll, and beheld the women and the sondis;
And aftirward avisely the fwerd first he hondis
And commaundit therewith all the wymmen wasth and sit,
And pryvelich chargit officers that with al their wit
To serve them of the best, and make them hertly chere
Resevying al the presentis in worshipful manere.
I cannat wele expres the joy that they had,
But I suppose tofore that day that they were nat so glad
That they wer so ascapid fortune and myschese,
And thankid God above that al thing doith relese;
For *Aftir mysty cloudis ther comith a cler sonne,*
So aftir bale comyth bote, whoso byde conne.
The joy and nobley that they had whils they wer at mete,
It vaylith nat at this tyme ther'of long to trete:
But Geffrey sat with Beryn, as he had servid wele;
Their hedis they leyd togidir, and begon to tell
In what maner the wymen shuld be answered.
Geffrey evir avisid Beryn ther'of he leryd,
And of othir thinges how he hym shuld govern;
Beryn saverid wele theron, and fast he gan to lern.

When al wer up the wymmen cam to take their leve;
Beryn, as sat hym wele of blode, them toward gan releve,
And prey'd them hertly hym to recommend
Unto the worthy lordship of Isope, that you send
To me that am unworthy, save of his grete nobley,
And thank hym of his gystis as ye can best, and sey,
To morow I woll be redy his best to fulfill,
With this I have save condit I may com hym syll,
For me and al my selesship saff to com and go,
Trusting in his discrecioune that thoughe I ax so
He wol nat be displesid; for in my contray
It hath evir be the custom, and is into this day,
That yf a lord riall desirith for to see
Eny maner persone that is of las degre,
Er he approche his presence he wol have in his honde
A saff condit enselid, or els som othir bonde,
That he may com and pas without disturbaunce;
Throughout all our marchis it is the observaunce.
Thes wymmen toke their leve without wordis mo,
Repeyring onto Isope, and al as it was do
They reherfid redely, and fayliid nevir a word,
To Isope with his baronage ther he sat at his borde,
Taskyng fast of Romayns, and of their high prudence,
That in so many daungers made so wise defence.
But as sone as Isope had pleynlich yherd
Of Beryn's governaunce, that first sesid the fwerd
Afore al othir presentis, he demed in hys minde
That Beryn was ycom of som nobill kynde.
The nyght was past; the morowe cam; Isope had nat forgete;
He chargit barons twelf with Beryn for to mete
To cond hym saff and his meyne; and al perfourmyd was.
Thre dayis ther they sportid hym in myrth and solas,
That throughe the wise instructioune of Geffrey nyght and dey
Beryn plesid Isope with wordis al to pay,
And had hym so in port and in governaunce
Of all honest myrthis and witty dalliaunce,
That Isope cast his chere to Beryn so groundly,
That at last ther was no man with Isope so pryvy,
Resorting to his shippis, comyng to and fro,
Thoroughe the wit of Geffrey, that eche day it fil so
That Isope coude no wher chere when Beryn was absent;
So Beryn must nedis eche day be aftir sent:
And chese he was of counsell within the first yere,
Thoroughe the wit of Geffrey, that eche dey did hym lere.
This Isope had a doughtir betwene hym and his wyfe
That was as feir a creature as myght bere lyfe,
Wyse, and eke bountevouse, and benyng with all,
That heir shuld be aftir his dey of his lordshippis alle;

rtly to conclude, the mariage was made
ne hir and Beryn, many a man to glade,
ie burgeyſis of the town, of falſhede that were rote:
ey wer evir hold ſo low ondir ſote
they might nat regne, but at laſt fawe
re their condicioune and their fals lawe.
and Geffrey made them ſo tame
they amendit eche dey, and gat a betir name.

Thus Geffrey made Beryn his enemyes to ovir-com,
And brought hym to worſhip thoroughe his wyſdom
Now God us graunt grace to fynde ſuch a frende
When we have nede! and thus I make an ende.

MISCELLANIES.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE*.

Many menne faine that in fweveninges
Ther n'is but fables and lefinges,
But yet menne maie fome fwedin fene
Whiche hardily that falfe ne bene,
But aftirwarde ben apparent,
This maie I drawin to warraunt.
An author that hight Macrobes,
That halte not dremis falfe ne lefe,
But undoth us the avifioun
That whilom mette King Cipionn.
And who faith and weneth it be
A jape or els a nicete
To wene that dremis aftir fal,
Let who fo lifte a fole me cal;
For this trowe I, and fay for me,
That dremis fignifiaunce be
Of gude and harme to many wightes
That dremin in ther flepe a nightes
Full many thingis covirtly
That fallin aftir opinly.

Within my twenty yere of age,
Whan that Love takith his corage
Of yongé folke, I wentè fone
To bed, as I was wont to done,
And fafte I flepte, and in fleping
Me mettè fuche a fwevining
That likid me wondirous wele,
But in that fwevin' is ner a dele
That it n'is aftirwarde befal,
Right as this dreme wol tell us al.
Now this dreme wol I rime a right
To make your hertis gay and light;
For Love it prayith, and alfo
Commaundith me, that it be fo.
And if there any affèin me
Whether that it be he or fhe,
And how this bokè whiche is here
Shal hate, which that I rede you here,
It is The Romaunt of the Rofe,
In which all The' Arte of Love I clofe.
The matir faire is of to make,
God graunt in gre that fhe it take
For whom that it begonnin is!
And that is fhe that hath iwis
So mokil prife, and therto fhe
So worthy is beloved to be
That fhe wel ought of prife and right
Be clepid Rofe of every wight.
That it was Mey me thoughtin tho,
It is five yere or more ago,
That it was Mey thus dremid me,
In time of love and jolite,
That al thing ginnith waxin gay,
For there is neithir bufke nor hay
In Mey that it n'ill fhroudid bene,
And it with newè levis wrene;

* This book was begun in French verfe by William de Lorris, and finifhed forty years after by John Clopinell, alias John Moone, born at Meweu upon the river of Loyer, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet the French author, upon the morality of The Romaunt, and afterward tranflated, for the moft part into Engliih metre by Geoffrey Chaucer, but not finifhed. It is inticuled The Romaunt of the Rofe, or The Art of Love; wherein are fhewed the helps and furtherances, as alfo the lets and impediments that lovers have in their fuits. In this book the author hath many glances at the hypocrify of the clergy, whereby he got himfelf fuch hatred amongft them that Gerton Chancellor of Paris writeth thus of him; fay'th he, There was one called Johannes Meldinenus who wrote a book called The Romaunt of the Rofe, which book if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have 100 pound for the fame, I wold rather burn it than take the money. He faith more, that if he thought the author thereof did not repent him for that book before he dyed, he would vouchfafe to pray for him no more than he would for Judas that betrayed Chriit. *Jerry.*

rdis eke recoveren grene
in winter ben to sene,
rth wexith proud withall
lewis that on it fall,
povir estate forgette
that winter had it sette,
becometh the grounde so proude
ol have a newe shroude,
e so queint his robe and fayre,
d hewes an hundrid payre
and flouris Inde and Pers,
y hewis full divers,
e robe I mene iwis
whiche the ground to praisin is.
dis that han left ther sorge
i han suffrid colde ful stronge
grille and derke to sight,
ey for the sunne bright
at they shewe in singing
er herrt is suche liking
mote singin and ben light;
e the nightingale her might
noise and singen blithe,
isful many a sithe,
ndre' and the popingay,
gè folke entendin aye
gaie and amorous,
is than so savorous:
s his herte that lovith nought
han al this mirth is wrought,
may on these braunchis here
birdis singing clere
ull swete song pitous;
is seson delitous,
e affirmith alle thing,
ht one night, in my sleping,
ny bed ful redily
s by the' morowe erly,
rose and gan me clothe;
ishe mine hondis bothe,
dil forth I drowe
iler queint inowe,
this nidil threde anone,
toune me list to gone
of briddis for to here
he buskis singin clere;
te seson that lefe is,
red basting my slevis,
ent in my playing,
foulis songe herkening,
id'hem ful meny' a paire
bowis blossomed faire;
gaie, full of gladnesse,
river gan me dresse,
t I herde renne faste by,
playin non saugh I
in me by that rivere,
n hill that stode there nere
ne the streme full stiffe and bold,
the watir, and as cold
lle is, sothe to saine,
ele lisse it was than Saine,
straitir, wele away,
saugh I er that daie
The watir that so wele liked me,
And wondir glad was I to se
That lusty place and that rivere:
With that watir that ran so clere
My face I wishe, tho sawe I wele
The botome ipavid everidele
With gravell, ful of stonis shene,
The medowis soste, sote, and grene,
Beet right upon the watir side;
Ful clere was than the morowe tide,
And ful attempre out of drede;
Tho gan I walkin throwe the mede,
Downwarde evir in my playing
Nigh to the river's side coasting.
And whan I had a while igone
I sawe a gardin right anone
Full long and brode, and everidele
Enclosid was and wallid wele
With hie walis enbatailid,
Portrayed without, and well entaylid
With many full riche portreitures,
And both the' imagis and peintures
Gan I beholdin besily;
And I wol tel you redily
Of thilke imagis the semblaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce.
Amiddis sawe I Hate ystonde,
That for her wrathe, and ire, and onde,
Semid to be a minoresse,
An angry wight, a chidiresse,
And ful of gile and fell corage
By semblaunt was that ilke image,
And she was nothing wele arraide,
But like a wode woman afraide;
Yfrouncid foule was her visage,
And grinning for dispitous rage;
Her nose ysnortid up for tene,
Ful hidous was she for to sene;
Ful foule and rusty was she this;
Her hed iwrithin was iwis
Ful grimly with a grete towaile.
An image of anothre' entaile
A liste halfe was her fast yby;
Her name above her hed sawe I,
And she was callid Felony.
Anothre' image, that Villany
Yclepid was, sawe I and fonde
Upon the wall on her right honde:
This Villany was like somdele
That othre' image, and trustith wele
She semid a wickid creture;
By countenaunce in portreiture
She semid be ful dispitous,
And eke ful prounde and outragious.
Wel coude he paint, I undertake,
That such an image coude imake;
Ful foule and chorlich semid she,
And eke villeinous for to be,
And litil could of noriture
To worshippe any creature.
And nexte was paintid Covetise,
That eggith folke in many' a gise
To take and yeve right nought again,
And grete tresouris up to laine.

And that is ſhe that for uſure
Lenith to many a creture
The laſſe for the more winning,
So covitous is her brenning!
And that is ſhe for pennis ſele
That techith for to robbe and ſtele
Theſe thevis and theſe ſmale harlotes,
And that'is routhe, for by ther throtes
Ful many one hongith at laſt;
She makith folke compaſſe and caſt
To takin othir folkis thing
Through robbery' or miſcoveting;
And that is ſhe that makith trechours,
And ſhe that makith falſe pledours,
That with ther termis and ther domes
Do maidins, childrin, and eke gromes,
Ther heritage, alas! forgo;
Ful crokid were her hondis two,
For Covetiſe is evir wode
To gripin othir folkis gode;
For Covetiſe for her winning
Ful leſe hath othir mennis thing.
Another image ſet faugh I
Next unto Covetiſe faſt by,
And ſhe was clepid Avarice:
Ful foule in painting was that vice,
Ful ſad and caitiſe was ſhe eke,
And alſo grene as any leke;
So evil hewed was her coloure
Her ſemed to' have livid in langoure;
She was like thing for hungir ded,
That lad her life onely by bred
Knedin with eiſel ſtrong and egre,
And therto ſhe was lene and megre;
And ſhe was clad ful povirly
Al in an oldè torne courtpye
As ſhe were all with doggis torne,
And bothe behinde and eke beſorne
Ycloutid was ſhe beggirly.
A mantil honge her faſt by
Upon a benche both weke and ſmale;
A burnette cote honge there withal,
Yfurrid with no menivere,
But with a furrè rough of here
Of lambe ſkynnys hevy and blake;
It was full olde I undirtake,
For Avarice to clothe her wele
Ne haſtith her nevir adele,
For certainly it were her lothe
To werin of that ilkè clothe,
And if it were forwerid ſhe
Would havin full gret nicete
Of clothing er ſhe bought her newe,
Al were it bad of wol and hewe.
This Avarice helde in her hande
A purſe which that honge by a bande,
And that ſhe hid and bonde ſo ſtronge
Men muſt abidin wondir longe
Out of the purſe er there come ought,
For that ne comith in her thought;
It was not certaine her entent
That fro that purſe a peny went.
And by that image nigh inough
Was painted Envy, that nere lough,
Nor nevir wel in her hert ferde
But if ſhe either ſawe or herde
Some grete miſchaunce or grete diſeſe;
Nothing ne may ſo much her pleſe
As miſchefe and miſaventure;
Or whan ſhe ſeeth diſcomfiture
Upon any worthy man fall,
Than likith her right well withall:
She is ful glad in her corage
Yf ſhe ſe any grete linage
Be brought to naught in ſhamful wiſe;
And if a man in honour riſe
Or by his wit or his proweſſe,
Of that ſhe hath gret hevineſſe,
For truſtith wele ſhe goeth nie wode
Whan any chaunce yhapith gode.
Envy is of ſuche cruelte
That faith ne trouth ne holdith ſhe
To frende ne felawe badde or gode;
Ne ſhe hath kinne none of her blode
That ſhe n'is ful ther enemy;
She n'olde, I dare ſaine hardily,
That her own fathir farid wele:
And ſore abieth ſhe every dele
Her malice and her male talent,
For ſhe is in ſo grete turment
And hate ſuche whan that folke doth gode
That nigh ſhe meltith for pure wode:
Her hert ſo kervith and ſo breketh
That God the peple wel a wreketh.
Envy I wis ſhall nevir let
Some blame upon the folke to ſet:
I trowe that if Envy i-wis
Yknew the beſtè man that is
On this ſide or beyond the ſe,
Yet ſomwhat lackin him wold ſhe;
And if he were ſo hende and wiſe
That ſhe ne might abate his priſe,
Yet would ſhe blame his worthineſſe,
Or by her wordis make it leſſe.
I ſawe Envy in that painting
Yhad a wondirful loking,
For ſhe ne lokid but awrie
Or ovirthwarte, all baggingly;
And ſhe had a full foule uſage,
She mightin loke in no viſage
Of man ne woman forth right plaine,
But ſhette her one eye for diſdaine;
So for envie ybrennid ſhe
Whan ſhe might any man yſe
That faire or worthy were or wiſe,
Or ellis ſtode in folkis priſe.
Sorowe was paintid next Envie
Upon that wal of maſonrie;
But wel was ſene in her colour
That ſhe had livid in langour;
Her ſemid to have the jaundice;
Not halfe ſo pale was Avarice,
Ne nothing alike of leneſſe,
For ſorowe, thought, and grete diſtreſſe,
That ſhe had ſuffrid day and night,
Made her yelowe, and nothing bright:
Ful ſade, pale, and megre, alſo,
Was nevir wighte yet halfe ſo wo

'emid for to be,
ed with yre as ſhe;
o wight might her pleſe,
thing that might her eſe;
would her ſorowe ſlake,
none unto her take,
s her wo begonne,
hert in angre ronne.
hing wel ſemid ſhe;
nothing ſlowe ybe
tchin all her face,
ent in many place
and for to tere her ſwire,
was fulfilled of ire;
rne laie eke her here
ulders here and there,
had it all to rent
d for male talent.
tell you certainly
e wept full tendirly:
is wight ſo hard of herte,
ne her ſorowes ſmerte,
have had of her pite,
a thing was ſhe.
ſht her ſelf for wo,
ogidir her hondes two;
was ſhe full ententife,
rechileſſe caitife,
little of playing,
g or of kiſſing,
orowfull is in herte
not to plaie ne ſterte,
auncin ne to ſing,
herte in temper bring
e on even or morowe,
ntrary to ſorowe.
ypaintid after this,
was a ſote i-wis
s wont in her yonghede;
ſelf ſhe might yſede:
ſo olde was ſhe
was all her beaute;
was waxen her colour;
r hore was white as flour:
ualme ne were it none,
hough her life were gone.
as her body' unwelde,
d dwinid all for elde:
elkid thing was ſhe,
round and ſoft had be:
kin faſt withall,
hedde they wouldin fall;
uncid and ſorpined,
er hondis lorne fordwined:
as that ſhe ne went
were by potent.
t paſſith night and daie,
travailith aie,
rom us privily,
mith ſikirly
e poinct dwellith ever,
ne reſtith never,
faſt and paſſith aie
s man that thinkin maie

What time that now preſent is,
Aſkith at theſe grete clerkis this;
For men thinkin it redily
Thre timis ben ypaſſid by
The time that maie not ſojourne,
But goth and maie never retourne,
As watir that doune runnith aie,
But nevir droppe returne maie.
There maie nothing as time endure,
Ne metall nor yerthly creture,
For alle thing is frette and ſhall,
The time eke that ychaungith all,
And all doeth waxe and foſtrid be,
And alle thing diſtroyith he;
The time that eldith our aunceſtours
And eldith kinges and emperours,
And that us all ſhall ovircomen,
Er that deth us ſhall have nommen,
The time that hath all in welde
To elden folke had made her elde
So inly, that to my weting
She mightin helpe her ſelf nothing,
But tourned eyen unto childhede:
She had nothing her ſelf to lede,
Ne witte ne pithe within her hold,
More than a child of two yere old.
But nathèleſſe I trowe that ſhe
Was faire ſomtime and freſhe to ſe
Whan ſhe was in her rightfull age,
But ſhe was paſt all that paſſage,
And was a doted thing becomen:
A furrid cappe on had ſhe nommen;
Well had ſhe cladde her ſelf and warme,
For cold might els doin her harme:
Theſe old folke havin alwaie cold,
Ther kinde is ſoche whan thei ben old.
An othir thing was down there write
That ſemid like an ipocrite,
And it was clepid Papelardie;
That ilke is ſhe that privilie
Ne ſparith ner a wicked dede
Whan men of her takin none hede,
And makith her outward precious
With palè viſage and pitous,
And ſemith a ſimple creture,
But there n'is no miſaventure
That ſhe ne thinketh in her corage:
Full like to her was thilke image
That makid was like her ſemblaunce,
She was full ſimple' of countenaunce;
And ſhe was clothid and eke ſhod
As ſhe were for the love of God,
Yholdin to religion,
Soche ſemid her devocion.
A ſpaltir helde ſhe faſt in honde,
And buſily ſhe gan to fonde
To make many a faint praiere
To God and to his ſainctis dere:
Ne ſhe was gaie, freſhe, ne jolife,
But ſemed to be full ententife
To godè werkis and to faire,
And therto ſhe had on an haire.
Ne certis ſhe was fatte nothing,
But ſemid werie for faſting:

Of colour pale and dede was ſhe;
From her the gates aie warnid be
Of Paradiſe, that bliſsfull place,
For ſoche folke makin lene ther grace,
As Chriſt ſaieth in his Evangile,
To get 'hem priſe in toune a while,
And for a little glory veigne
Thei leiſin God and eke his reigne.
And aldir laſt of everichone
Was painted Poverte' all alone,
That not a penny had in hold,
Although that ſhe her clothis ſold,
And though ſhe ſhold an hongid be,
For nakid as a worme was ſhe,
And if the wether ſtormy were
For cold ſhe ſhold have dyid there.
She ne' had on but a ſtraite old ſacke,
And many' a cloute on it there ſtacke;
This was her cote and her mantele;
No more was there nevir a dele
To clothe her with; I undirtake
Grete leſir haddè ſhe to quake:
And ſhe was put that I of talke
Ferre fro theſe othre, up in an halke;
There lurkid and there courid ſhe,
For povir thing, where ſo it be,
Is ſhameſaſt and diſpiſid aie:
A curſid maie well be that daie
That povir man conceived is,
For God wote all to ſelde i-wis
Is any pore man well iſed,
Or well arayid or icled,
Or well belovid, in ſoche wiſe
In honour that he maie ariſe.
Allè theſe thingis well aviſed,
As I have you er this deviſed,
With gold and aſure ovir all
Depaintid were upon the wall:
Square was the wall, and high ſomdele,
Encloſid and ibarrid wele
In ſtede of hegge was that gardin,
Came nevir no ſhepherd therein;
Into that gardin well ywrought
Who ſo that me coud have ybrought
By ladders, or els by degre,
It wouldè well have likid me;
For ſoche ſolace, ſoche joie and pleſe,
I trowe that nevir man ne ſeie
As was in that place delicious:
The gardin was not daungerous
To herborowe birdes many one;
So riche a yere was nevir none
Of birdis ſong and braunch's grene,
Therin were birdis mo I wene
Than ben in all the reime of Fraunce;
Full bliſsfull was the accordaunce
Of the ſwete petous ſong thei made,
For all this worldè it ought to glade.
And I my ſelf ſo mery ſerde,
Whan I ther bliſsfull ſongis herde,
That for an hundrid pounde would I,
If that the paſſage opinly
Haddin ybe unto me ſre,
That I n'olde entrin for to ſe
Th' aſſemble (God kepe it fro care!)
Of birdis whiche that therein ware,
That ſongin through ther mery throtes
Dauncis of love and mery notes.
Whan I thus herd the foulis ſing,
I fell faſt in a waimenting
By whiche art or by what engin
I might com into that gardin;
But waie I couthe ne findin none
Into that gardin for to gone,
Ne nought wiſt I if that there were
Eithir a hole or a place where
By whiche I mightin have entre;
Ne there was none to techin me,
For I was all alone i-wis,
For wo and for anguiſhe of this,
Till at the laſte bethought I me
That by no waie ne might it be,
There n'as ladder ne waie to pace,
Or hole, into ſo faire a place;
Tho gan I go a full grete pace
Environ, evin in compas,
The cloſing of the ſquarè wall,
Till that I founde a wicket ſmall
So ſhette that I ne might in gone,
And othir entre was there none.
Upon this dore I gan to ſmite
That was ſo ſetis and ſo lite,
For othir waie coud I not ſeke.
Full long I ſhoſe and knockid eke,
And ſtode full long all herkining
If I herd any wight coming,
Till that the dore of thilke entre
A maidin curteis opened me:
Her here was as yelowe of hewe
As any baſin ſcourid newe;
Her fleſhe tendir as is a chike,
With bent browis both ſmothe and ſlike;
And thereto by meſure large were
The opening of her eyen clere;
Her noſe of gode proporcion;
Her eyen graie as is a faucon;
With ſwetè breth and wel favoured;
Her facè white and well coloured;
With little mouthe and round to ſe;
A clovin chinnè eke had ſhe;
Her necke was of gode faſhion,
In length and gretneſſe by reſon,
Withoutin bleine, or ſcabbe, or roine;
Fro Hieruſalem' to Burgoine
There n'is a fairer necke i-wis
To fele how ſmothe and ſoft it is;
Her throte alſo ſo white of hewe
As ſnowe on braunche yſnowid newe;
Of body full well wrought was ſhe,
Men nedin not in no countre
A fairer bodie for to ſeke;
And of fine orfrais had ſhe eke
A chapilet, ſo ſemely on
Ne nevir werid maide upon;
And faire above that chapilet
A roſe garlande had ſhe yſet;
She had alſo a gaie mirrour;
And with a richè golde treſour

was treſſid full queintly;
ſowed fetouſly;
kepe her hondis faire
white ſhe had a paire;
d on a cote of grene
f Gaunt withoutin wene:
l by her aparaille
t wont to grete travaile,
ſhe kempt was feteouſly,
raied and richily,
ſhe doen all her journe,
and well begon was ſhe.
a luſtie life in Maie;
thought by night ne daie
g but it were onely
her well and uncouthly.
this dore had opened me
n ſemely for to ſe,
her as I beſt might,
her how that ſhe hight,
ſhe was I aſked eke?
me was nought unmeke,
anſwere daungerous,
anſwerde, and ſayid thus:
my name is Idilneſſe,
nen me more and leſſe:
e and ful riche am I,
of one thing, namily,
nding to no thing
joie and my playing,
kembe and treſſe me:
d am I and prive
the, the lorde of this gardin,
he' londe of Alexandrian
treis hithir be ſet
s gardin ben iſet;
the trees were woxe on hight
that ſtant here in thy ſight,
e encloſin all about;
imagis all without
m bothe entaile and paint
er ben jolife ne quaint,
en full of ſorowe and wo,
aſt ſene a while ago.

mis him to ſolace
e comith into this place,
with him come his meine,
' in luſt and jolite;
is Mirthe therein, to here
how they ſingin clere,
and the nightingale,
joly birdis ſmale;
he walkith to ſolace
his folke, for ſwettir place
in he maie not finde
he ſought one in till Inde;
faireſt folk to ſe
is worlde maie founde ybe
Mirthe with him in his rout,
ven him alwaies about.
dilneſſe had tolde all this,
herkened well i-wis,

Than ſaied I to Dame Idilneſſe,
Now all ſo wiſely God me bleſſe,
Sith Mirthe, that is ſo faire and fre,
Is in this yerd with his meine,
Fro thilke aſſemble if I maie
Shall no man werne me to daie,
That I this night ne mote it ſe,
For well wene I there with him be
A faire and jolie companie
Fulfillid of all curtiſie.
And forth withoutin wordis mo
In at the wickit went I tho
That Idilneſſe had opened me
Into that gardin faire to ſe:
And whan that I was in i-wis
Mine hertè was full glad of this,
For well wende I full ſikirly
Have ben in Paradiſe yerthly,
So faire it was, that truſtith well
It ſemed a place eſpirituell;
For certis as at my deviſe
There is no place in Paradiſe
So gode in for to dwell or be
As in that gardin thoughtin me;
For there was many' a birde ſinging,
Thoroughout the yerde all thringing,
In many placis nightingales,
And alpes, and finches, and wodewales,
That in ther ſwetè ſong deliten
In thilke places as thei habiten.
There mightin men ſe many flockes
Of turtels and of laverockes,
Chalaundris fele yſawe I there,
That very nigh forſongin were,
And thruſtils, terins, and maviſe,
That ſongin for to winne 'hem priſe,
And eke to ſurmount in ther ſong
That othir birdis 'hem emong;
By note ymadin faire ſerviſe
Theſe birdis that I you deviſe;
Thei ſong their ſong as faire and wele
As angels doen eſpirituell;
And truſtith me whan I 'hem herde
Full luſtie and full well I ferde,
For nevir yet ſoche melodie
Was herd of man that mightin die,
Soche ſwete ſong as was 'hem emong,
That me thought it no bird'is ſong,
But it was wondir like to be
Song of meremaidens of the ſe,
That for her ſinging is ſo clere;
Though we Meremaidens clepe 'hem here
In Engliſhe, as is our uſance,
Men clepin 'hem Sereins in Fraunce.

Ententife werin for to ſing
Theſe birdis, that not unkonning
Were of ther craft and a prentiſe,
But of ſong ſubtill and eke wiſe;
And certis whan I herd ther ſong,
And ſawe the grene place emong,
In hert I wext ſo wondir gaie
That I was nevir er that daie

So jolife nor ſo well bigo,
Ne mery' in herte as I was tho;
And than wiſt I and ſawe full well
That Idilneſſe me ſervid well,
That me put in ſoche jolite:
Her frende well ought I for to be
Sithe ſhe the dore of that gardin
Had opinid and let me in.
From hennis-forthe how that I wrought
I ſhall you tellen as me thought.
Firſt whereof Mirthe yſervid there,
And eke what folke there with him were,
Without fable I woll diſcrive,
And alle that gardin eke as blive;
I woll you tellen aſtir this
The faire faſſion all i-wis
That well ywrought was for the nones;
I mai not tell you all at ones,
But as I mai and can I ſhall
By order tellin you it all.
Full faire ſervice, and eke full ſwete,
Theſe birdis madin as thei ſete;
Layis of love full well ſouning
Thei ſongin in ther jargoning;
Some hie and ſome eke lowe yſong
Upon the braunchis grene iſprong;
The ſweteneſſe of ther melodie
Made all mine herte in revelrie.
And whan that I had herd I trowe
Theſe birdis ſinging on a rowe,
Than might I not withholdin me
That I ne went in for to ſe
Sir Mirthe, for all my deſiring
Was him to ſene ovir all thing;
His countenaunce and his manere
That ſight was unto me full dere.

Tho wente I forthe on my right honde,
Doune by a little pathe I ſonde
Of mintis full and ſenell grene;
As faſtè by withoutin wene
Sir Mirthe I founde, and right anon
Unto Sir Mirthe gan I to gon,
Ther as he was him to ſolace;
And with him in that luſtie place
So faire folke and ſo freſhe had he
That whan I ſawe I wondrid me
Fro whennis ſoche folke mightin come,
So faire thei werin all and ſome,
For thei weren like, as to my ſight,
To angels that ben fethered bright.
Theſe folke, of whiche I tell you ſo,
Upon a karole wentin tho:
A ladie karoled 'hem that hight
Gladneſſe, the bliſsfull and the light;
Well could ſhe ſing and luſtily,
None halſe ſo well and ſemily,
And cothe make in ſong ſoche refraining
It ſate her wondir well to ſing:
Her voice full clere was and full ſwete;
She was not rude ne yet unmete,
But couthe inoughe for ſoche doing
As lengith unto karolling,
For ſhe was wonte in every place
To ſingin firſt folke to ſolace,
For ſinging moſte ſhe gave her to;
No craſte had ſhe ſo leſe to doe.

Tho mightiſt thou karollis ſene,
And folkè daunce and merie ben,
And made many a faire tourning
Upon the grenè graſſe ſpringing:
There mightiſt thou ſe theſe flutours,
Minſtrallis and eke jogèlours,
That wel to ſingin did ther paine:
Some ſongin ſongis of Loraine,
For in Loraine ther notis be
Full ſwetir than in this contre.
There was many a timbeſtere,
And ſailours, that I dare wel ſwere
Ycothe ther craft full parfitly;
The timbris up full ſubtilly
Thei caſtin, and hent them full oſt
Upon a fingir faire and ſoft,
That thei ne fallid nevir mo.
Full fetis damoſellis two,
Right yong, and full of ſemelyhede,
In kirtils and none othir wede:
And faire ytreſſid every treſſe
Had Mirthe ydoen for his nobleſſe
Amidde the carole for to daunce.
But hereof lieth no remembraunce
How that thei daunſid queintly,
That one would come all privily
Ayen that othre', and whan thei were
Togithre' almoſte thei threwe iſere
Ther mouthis ſo, that through ther plaie
It ſemid as thei kiſt alwaie:
To dauncen well couthe thei the giſe;
What ſhould I more to you deviſe?
Ne bode I nevir thennis go
Whiles that I ſawe 'hem dauncin ſo,
Upon the karoll wondir faſt
I gan beholde, till at the laſt
A ladie gan me for to' eſpie,
And ſhe was clepid Curteſie,
The worſhipfull, the debonaire;
I praie to God er fall her faire!
Full curtiſly ſhe callid me,
What do you there, Beau Sire? (quod ſhe)
Comith, and if it likith you
To dauncin, daunſith with us now.
And I withoutin tarying
Ywent into the caroling;
I was abaſhid ner a dele,
But it to me likid right wele
That Curteſie me clepid ſo,
And bade me on the daunce ygo,
For if I haddè durſt certain
I would have karollid right ſain,
As man that was to daunce right blithe:
Than gan I lokin oftè ſithe
The ſhape, the bodies, and the cheres,
The countenaunce, and the maneres,
Of all the folke that dauncid there,
And I ſhall tellin what thei were.

as Mirth, full longe and high,
I nevir ſigh:
ple was his face,
nd white in every place;
and well beſeie,
mouthe, and eyin greie;
ſure wrought full right;
here, and eke full bright;
of largè brede,
in the girdelſtede;
a purtreiture,
was of his ſtature,
lie', and ſo fetiſe,
wrought at poinct deviſe,
te, and of grete might,
nevir man ſo light;
eth had he nothing,
the firſtè ſpring;
was, and merie' of thought,
te with birdis wrought;
de bete full fetouſly
s clad full richely;
his robe in ſtraungè giſe,
ttered for queintiſe
ce, lowe and hie;
was with grete maiſtrie
ecopid, and with lace,
eke by ſolace;
in chapilet
d on his hedde it ſet.
ye who was his leſe?
ſe there was him ſo leſe,
ſo well with glad corage,
was twelve yere of age
ve graunt to him made:
r by the fingir hade
and ſhe him alſo;
ere was a twix 'hem two;
hei faire and bright of hewe;
a roſè newe
d her fleſhe ſo tender,
rerè ſmale and tender
cleve, I dare well ſain;
frouneiles all plain;
er eye-browis two;
e, and glad alſo,
n aie in her ſemblaunt
outhe by covenaunt;
f her noſe diſcrive,
no woman alive;
yelowe', and clere ſhining;
ſo liking.
freſhe was her garlande;
ſene have a thouſande,
s no garlande yet
ght of ſilke as it;
r gilt ſamite
as by grete delite,
r leſe a robe ywerde;
e in herte ferde.
ent, on her othir ſide,
ove, that can devide
him liketh it be;
erlis dauntin, he,
And many folkis pridè fallen,
And he can well theſe lordis thrallen,
And ladies put at lowe degre,
When he maie 'hem to proude yſe.
This god of Love of his faſcion
Was like no knave ne no quiſtron:
His beutie gretely was to priſe,
But of his robis to deviſe
I drede encombrid for to be,
For not icladde in ſilk was he,
But all in flouris and flourettes,
Ipainted all with amorettes,
And with loſingis and ſcochons,
With birdis, liberdes, and lions,
And othir beſtis wrought full wele;
His garment was everè dele
Ipurtraied and iwrought with floures,
By divers medeling of coloures;
Flouris there were of many giſe
Iſet by compace in a ſiſe;
There lackid no oflure to my dome,
Ne not ſo much as floure of brome,
Ne violet, ne eke pervinke,
Ne floure none that men can on thinke;
And many a roſe leſe full long
Was entermedlid there emong;
And alſo on his hedde was ſet
Of roſes redde a chapilet.
But nightingales a full grete rout,
That flien ovir his hedde about,
The levis feldin as thei flien,
And he was all with birdis wrien,
With popingaie, with nightingale,
With chalaundre and with wodewale,
With finche, with larke, and with archangel;
He ſemid as he were an angell
That doun were come fro hevin clere.
Love had with him a bachilere
That he made alwaies with him be,
And Swete Loking cleped was he.
This bachilere ſtode beholding
The daunce, and in his hondè holding
Turke bowes two, well deviſed, had he;
That one of 'hem was of a tre
That berith fruict of favour wicke;
Full crokid was that foulè ſticke,
And knottie here and there alſo,
And blacke as berie' or any ſlo.
That othir bowe was of a plant
Withoutin wemme I dare warant
Full even' and by proporcion
Trectis and long, and of gode facion,
And it was paintid well and thwitten,
And ore all diaprid and written
With ladies and with bachileres
Full lightſome and full glad of cheres.
Theſe bowis two held Swete Loking,
That ne ſemid like no gadling,
And ten brode arowes held he there,
Of whiche five in his hondè were,
But thei were ſhavin well and dight,
Nockid and fetherid a right.
And all thei were with golde begon,
And ſtrong ypoinctid everichon,

And ſharpe for to ykervin wele,
But iron was there none ne ſtele,
For all was golde, men might it ſe,
Out take the ſethers and the tre.

The ſwifteſt of theſe arowes five
Out of a bowe for to drive,
And the beſt fethered for to flie,
And faireſt eke, was cleped Beutie.
That othir arowe, that hurteth leſſe,
Was clepid (as I trowe) Simpleſſe.
The thirde yclepid was Fraunchiſe,
That fethered was in noble wiſe
With valour and with curtiſie.
The fowerth was clepid Companie,
That hevie for to ſhotin is,
But who ſo ſhotith right i-wis
Maie therwith doen grete harme and wo.
The fift of theſe, and laſte alſo,
Faire Semblaunt men that arowe call;
'Tis the leſte grevous of 'hem all,
Yet can it make a full grete wounde,
But he maie hope his ſoris ſounde
That hurte is with that arowe' i-wis;
His wo the bette beſtowid is
For he maie ſoner have gladneſſe;
His languor ought to be the leſſe.

Five arowes were of othir giſe
That ben full ſoule for to deviſe,
For ſhaft and ende, ſothe for to tell,
Were all ſo blacke as fende in hell.
The firſt of 'hem is callid Pride;
That othre' arowe next him beſide
It was yclepid Vilanie;
That arrowe was with felonie
Envenimed, and with ſpitous blame:
The third of 'hem was clepid Shame;
The fowerth Wanhope yclepid is;
The fift the Newe Thought iwis.
Theſe arowes that I ſpeke of here
Werin all five on one manere,
And all were thei reſemblable;
To them was well fitting and able
The foule crokid bowe hidous
That knottie was and all roinous:
That bowe yſemid well to ſhete
The arowes five that ben unmete
And contrary to that othir five;
But though I tellin not as blive
Of ther powir ne of ther might,
Hereaftir ſhall I tellin right
The ſothe and eke ſignifiaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce
All ſhall be ſaied I undirtake
Er of this boke an ende I make.
Now come I to my tale againe;
But aldirfirſt I woll you ſaine
The faſhion and the countenaunces
Of alle the folke that on the daunce is.
The god of Love, joliſe and light,
Ladde on his honde a ladie bright,
Of high priſe and of grete degre,
This ladie callid was Beutie;
And an arowe of whiche I tolde
Full well ythewid was ſhe holde;
Ne ſhe was derke ne broune, but bright
And clere as is the mone light,
Again whom all the ſterris ſemen
But ſmall candelis as we demen;
Her fleſhe was tendre' as dewe of floure;
Her chere was ſimple' as birde in boure,
As white as lilie' or roſe in riſe;
Her face was gentill and tretiſe;
Fetis ſhe was, and ſmale to ſe;
No wintrid browis haddè ſhe,
Ne popped here, for it nedid nought
To windir her or to paint ought;
Her treſſes yelowe, and long ſtraughten,
Unto her heles doune thei raughten;
Her noſe, her mouthe, and eye, and cheke,
Well wrought, and all the remnaunte eke;
A full grete ſavour and a ſote
Me thoughtin in mine hertè rote,
As helpe me God, whan I remember
Of the faſſion of every member:
In worlde is none ſo faire a wight,
For yong ſhe was, and hewid bright
Sore pleſaunt, and fetis with all,
And gent and in her middle ſmall.
Beſide Beute yede Richeſſe,
And hight ladie of grete nobleſſe,
And grete of price in every place;
But who ſo durſt to her treſpace,
Or till her folke, in werke or dede,
He were ful hardie out of drede,
For bothe ſhe helpe and hindir maie;
And that is not of yeſterdaie
That riche folke havin full grete might
To helpe and eke to greve a wight.
The beſt and gretiſt of valour
Diddin Richeſſe full grete honour,
And buſie werin her to ſerve,
For that thei would her love deſerve;
Thei cleped her Ladie grete and ſmall;
This widè worlde her dredith all,
This worlde is all in her daungere;
Her courte hath many' a loſingere,
And many' a traitour envious,
That ben full buſie' and curious
For to diſpreciſin and to blame
That beſt deſervin love and name;
To forne the folke 'hem to begilen
Theſe loſengeours 'hem priſe and ſmilen.
And thus the worlde with worde anointen,
Bot aftirward thei prill and poincten
The folke right to the barè bone
Behinde ther backe whan thei ben gone,
And foule abatin folkis priſe:
Full many' a worthie man and wiſe
Han hindrid and idoen to die
Theſe loſingeours with ther flatt'erie,
And makith folke full ſtraungè be
There as 'hem ought to ben prive;
Well evill mot thei thrive,
And evill arived mote thei be,

ours full of envie;
loveth ther companie.
robe of purple' on had,
that I lie or mad,
orld is none it liche,
ſande dele ſo riche,
ire, for it full wele
laied was every dele,
d in the ribaninges
es and of kinges,
bend of golde taſſiled,
fine of golde amiled:
cke of gentle' entaile
riche chevefaile,
re was full grete plente
and faire to ſe.
girdle had upon,
it was of ſton
te and mokil might,
are the ſtone ſo bright
ſt him nothing doubt
ſtone had him about;
s gretely for to love,
he mann'is behove
golde in Rome and Friſe;
nt, wrought in noble giſe,
e full precious,
ine and vertuous
man it couth ymake
of the tothe ake,
tone had ſoche a grace
likre' in every place
not blinde to ben
night that ſtone ſene;
re of gold full fine,
of ſatin;
te, and nothing light,
s a befaunt wight.
reſſis of Richeſſe
e of nobleſſe
de, that ful light yſhone,
I was nevir none:
conning for the nones
viſin all the ſtones
circle ſhewin clere;
thing to here,
ould or preiſe or geſſe
alue or richeſſe:
were, ſaphirs, ragounces,
s, more than two unces,
full ſubtilly
le ſet ſawe I,
lere was and ſo bright,
e as it was night
ſene to go for nede
in length and brede;
prang out of the ſtone
wondir bright yſhone
hedde and all her face,
her all the place.
iſſe on her houde gan lede
ul of ſemelyhede
oved of any thing;
oche in houſholding;
In clothing was he full fetiſe,
And loved well to have hors of priſe;
He wende to have reprovid be
Of theft or murder if that he
Had in his ſtable an hackenaie,
And therfore he deſirid aie
To ben aqueintid with Richeſſe,
For all his purpoſe, as I geſſe,
Was for to makin grete diſpence
Withoutin warning or defence.
And Richeſſe might it well ſuſtain,
And her diſpences wele maintain,
And him alwaie ſoche plentie ſende
Of golde and ſilvir for to ſpende
Withoutin lacking or daungere
As it were pourde in a garnere.
And aftir on the daunce went
Largeſſe, that ſet all her entent
For to ben honourable' and fre:
Of Alexander's kinne was ſhe;
Her moſte joie it was i-wis
Whan that ſhe yafe, and faied, Have this:
Not Avarice, the foule caitife,
Was halfe to gripe ſo ententife
As Largeſſe is to yeve and ſpende,
And God alwaie inowe her ſende!
So that the more ſhe yave awaie
The more i-wis ſhe had alwaie.
Grete loos hath Largeſſe, and grete priſe,
For bothe the wiſe folke and unwiſe
Were wholy to her bandon brought,
So well with yeſtis hath ſhe wrought.
And if ſhe had an enemie
I trowe that ſhe couth craftily
Make him full ſone her frende to be,
So large of yeſtes and wiſe was ſhe;
Therfore ſhe ſtode in love and grace
Of riche and pore in every place.
A full grete fole is he i-wis
That riche, and pore, and nigard is.
A lorde maie have no manir vice
That grevith more than avarice;
For nigarde ner with ſtrength of hande
Maie winne him grete lordſhipe or lande,
For frendis all to ſewe hath he
To doen his will performid be;
And whoſo woll have frendis here
He maie not bolde his treſour dere;
For by enſample tell I this,
Right as an adamant i-wis
Can drawin to him ſubtilly
The iron that is laied therby,
So drawith folkis hertes i-wis
Silvir and golde that yevin is.
Largeſſe had on a robe freſhe
Of riche purpure ſarliniſhe:
Well formid was her face and clere,
And opened had ſhe her colere,
For ſhe right there had in preſent
Unto a lady made preſent
Of a gold broche ful wel ywrought,
And certis it miſſate her nought,
For through her ſmocke ywrought with ſilke
The fleſhe was ſene as white as milke.

Largeſſe, that worthy was and wiſe,
Helde by the honde a knight of priſe
Was ſibbe to Arthour of Breteigne,
And that was he that bare the' enſeigne
Of worſhip and the gonfannoun;
And yet he is of ſuche renoun
That menne of him ſay faire thinges
Before barons, and erles, and kinges.
This knight was comin al newly
Fro tourneying there faſtè by,
Where he had done grete chivalry
Through his vertue and his maiſtrie,
And for the love of his lemman
He caſte doune many a doughty man.
And next him dauncid Dame Franchiſe,
Arayid in ful noble giſe:
She n'as not broune ne donne of hewe,
But white as ſnowe ifallin newe;
Her noſe was wrought at point deviſe,
For it was gentill and tretiſe;
With eyin glad, and browis bent;
Her here doune to her helis went;
And ſhe was ſimple' as dove on tre;
Ful debonaire of hert was ſhe.
She durſtè neither ſay ne do
But that that hir belongith to;
And if a manne were in diſtreſſe,
And for her love in hevineſſe,
Her hert would have full grete pite,
She was ſo amiable and fre;
For were a manne for her beſtadde
She wouldè ben right ſore a dradde
That ſhe did ovir gret outrage;
But ſhe him holpe his harme t'aſwage
Her thought it all a vilanie:
And ſhe had on a ſuckiny
That not of hempè herdis was,
So faire was non in all Arras;
Lorde! it was riddeled fetily;
There ne was not a point truely
That it n'as in his right aſſiſe:
Ful wel iclothid was Fraunchiſe,
For there n'is no clothe fitteth bette
On damoſell than doth rokette;
A woman wel more fetiſe is
In rokette than in cote i-wis;
The white rokette riddilid faire
Betokenith that full debonaire
And ſwete was ſhe that it ybere.
By her dauncid a bachelere,
I can not tell you what he hight,
But faire he was and of gode hight,
Al had he ben, I ſaie no more,
The lord'is ſonne of Windèſore.
And next that dauncid Curtiſy,
That preiſed was of lowe and hie,
For nethir proude ne fole was ſhe;
She for to daunce callid me;
I praie God give to her gode grace!
For whan I come firſt to the place
She n'as not nice ne outrageous,
But wiſe and ware, and vertuous,
Of faire ſpeche, and of faire anſwere;
Was nevir wight miſſaide of here;
She bare no rancour to no wight;
Clere broune ſhe was, and therto bright
Of face, and body avenaunt;
I wotte no lady ſo pleſaunt:
She werin worthy for to bene
An empèreſſe or crounid quene.
And by her went a knight dauncing
That worthy was and wel ſpeking,
And ful wel coude he don honour:
The knight was faire and ſtiffe in ſtour,
And in armure a ſemely man,
And wel beloved of his lemman.
Faire Idilneſſe than nexte ſaugh I,
That alway was me faſtè by:
Of her have I withoutin faile
Tolde you the ſhape and appareile,
For, (as I ſaid) lo! that was ſhe
That did to me ſo grete bounte;
She me the gate of that gardin
Undid, and let me paſſin in,
And aftir dauncid, as I geſſe.
And ſhe fulfilled of luſtineſſè
That n'as not yet twelve yere of age,
With hertè wilde and thought volage:
Nice ſhe ywas, but ſhe ne mente
None harme ne ſleight in her entente,
But onely luſte and jolite,
(For yongè folke, wel wetin ye,
Have litill thought but on ther play:)
Her lemman was beſide alway
In ſuche a giſe that he her kiſte
At allè timis that him liſte,
That al the dauncè might it ſe;
They make no force of privite,
For who ſpake of 'hem ill or wele
Thei were aſhamid nere a dele,
But men might ſene 'hem kiſſe there
As though it two yonge dovis were;
For yonge was thilkè bachilere,
Of beute wot I non his pere,
And he was right of ſuche an age
As youthe his leſe, and ſuche corage.
The luſty folke that dauncid there,
And alſo' othir that with 'hem were,
That werin all of ther meine,
Ful hendè folke, both wiſe and fre,
And folkè of faire porte truely,
There werin allè cominly.
Whan I had ſene the countenaunces
Of them that laddin thus theſe daunces,
Than had I will to go and ſe
The gardin that ſo likid me,
And lokin on theſe faire laureres,
On pine trees, cedres, oliveres.
The dauncis than endid ywere,
For many' of 'hem that dauncid there
Were with ther lovis went away,
Undir the trees to have ther play.

A lorde thei livid luſtily!
A grete fole were he ſikirly
That n'olde his thankes ſuche life to lede,
For this dare I ſaine out of drede,

ɔ ſo might ſo well yfare
r life durſt him not care,
n'is ſo gode paradiſe
ve a love at his deviſe.
at place went I tho,
nat gardin gan I go,
long full merily.
d of Love full haſtily
Swete Loking yclept;
would he that ſhe kept
of gold that ſhone ſo bright:
n him bent anon right,
ull ſone ſet an ende,
braide he gan it bende,
him of his arowes five
e and redy for to drive.
od that ſitteth in majeſte
woundis he kepe me
hat he had me ſhete,
vith his arowe mete
grevid ſore i-wis;
t nothing wiſt of this,
and doune ful many' a waie,
ne folowed faſt alwaie;
here would I reſtè me
l in all the gardin be.

lin was by meſuring
en' and ſquare in compaſſing;
re was as it was large;
had every tre his charge
re any hidous tre,
e there werin two or thre.
were (and that wote I full wele)
ranetts a full grete dele,
frute ful wel to like,
o folke whan thei ben ſike;
s there werin grete ſoiſon
in nuttes in ther ſeſon,
menne Nutemiggis ycall,
of ſavour ben withall,
mandris grete plente,
nd many a date tre,
erin, if that menne had nede,
the gardin in length and brede.
was eke wexing many' a ſpice,
, giloſre, and licorice,
, and grein de Paris,
nd ſetewale of pris,
y' a ſpice delitable
vhan men riſe fro table.
any homely trees there were
hes, coines, and apples, bere,
plommis, peris, cheſteinis,
of whiche many one faine is,
d aleis, and bolas,
to ſene it was ſolas,
ny high laurer and pine,
id clene all that gardine
is, and with oliveris,
that nigh no plenty here is.
erin elmis grete and ſtrong,
ſhe, oke, aſpe, planis long,
Fine ewe, popler, and lindis faire,
And othir trees full many' a paire.
What ſhould I tell you more of it?
There werin ſo many trees yet
That I ſhould al encombrid be
Er I had rekenid every tre.
Theſe trees were ſet, that I deviſe,
One from an othir in aſſiſe
Five fadome or fixe, I trowe ſo;
But they were hie and gret alſo,
And for to kepe out wel the ſunne
The croppis were ſo thicke ironne,
And every braunche in othir knitte,
And ful of grenè levis ſitte,
That ſunnè might there none diſcende
Leſt that the tendir graſſis ſhende.
There might men does and roes iſe,
And of ſquirels ful grete plente
From bow to bow alwaie leping;
Connis there were alſo playing,
That comin out of ther clapers,
Of ſondry colours and maners,
And madin many' a tourneying
Upon the freſhè graſſe ſpringing.
In placis ſawe I wellis there
In whichè there no froggis were,
And faire in ſhadowe was eche wel;
But I ne can the nombre tel
Of ſtremis ſmal that by deviſe
Mirth had done come thorough condiſe,
Of whiche the watir in renning
Gan makin a noiſe ful liking.
About the brinkis of theſe wellis,
And by the ſtremes ovir al ellis,
Sprange up the graſſe, as thicke iſet
And ſoft eke as any velvet,
On which men might his lemmen lay,
As on a fethirbed to pley,
For the erth was ful ſofte and ſwete;
Thorough the moiſture of the wel wete
Sprong up the ſotè grenè gras
As faire, as thicke, as miſter was;
But moche amended it the place
That the erth was of ſuche a grace
That it of flouris hath plente
That both in ſomre'a nd wintir be.
There ſprange the violet al newe,
And freſhe pervinke riche of hewe,
And flouris yelowe, white, and rede;
Suche plente grewe there ner in mede:
Ful gaie was al the grounde and queint,
And poudrid as men had it peint,
With many' a freſhe and ſondry floure,
That caſtin up ful gode ſavour.
I wol not longe hold you in fable
Of al this gardin dilectable;
I mote my tongè ſtinten nede,
For I ne maie withoutin drede
Naught tellin you the beutie all,
Ne halfe the bounte, there withall.
I went on right honde and on lefte
About the place; it was not lefte
Till I had all the gardin bene
In the eſtris that men might ſene.

And thus while I went in my playe
The god of Love me folowed aye,
Right as an hunter can abide
The beste till he feith his tide
To shote at godenesse to the dere,
Whan that him nedith go no nere.
And so befil I restid me
Besides a wel undir a tre,
Whiche tre in Fraunce men cal a Pine,
But since the time of King Pepine
Ne grewe there tre in mann'is sight
So faire, ne so wel woxe in hight;
In all that yarde so high was none;
And springing in a marble stone
Had nature set, the sothe to tell,
Under that pinè tre a well,
And on the bordir al without
Was written in the stone about
Letteris smal, that saidin thus,
Here whilome starfe faire Narcissus.
Narcissus was a bachilere
That Love had caught in his daungere,
And in his nette gan him so straine,
And did him so to wepe and plaine,
That nede him must his life forgo
For a fair lady hight Echo
Him loved over any creture,
And gan for him suche paine endure,
That on a timè she him tolde
That if he her ne lovin wolde
That her behovid nedis die;
There laie none othir remedie.
But nathèlesse for his beaute
So feirs and dangerous was he,
That he n'olde grauntin her asking
For weping ne for faire praying.
And when she herde him werne her so
She had in hert so gretè wo,
And toke it in so grete dispite,
That she withoutin more respite
Was dede anon; but ere she diede
Ful piteously to God she preide
That the proude hertid Narcissus,
That was in love so daungerous,
Might on a day ben hampered so
For love, and bene so hote for wo,
That ner he might to joie attaine,
Than should he fele in every vaine
What sorow true loveris maken
That ben villainously forsaken.

This prayir was but resonable,
Therfore God helde it ferme and stable,
For Narcissus, shortly to tell,
By aventure came to that well
To rest him in the shadowing
O day when he came from hunting.
This Narcissus had suffrid paines,
For renning all day in the plaines,
And was for thurst in greate distresse
Of herte, and of his werinesse,
That had his brethe almost benomen.
Whan he was to that wel icomen,
That shadowed was with braunchis grene,
He thought of thilke watir shene
To drinke, and freshe him wele withall,
And doune on knees he gan to fall,
And forth his necke and hed outstraught,
To drinkin of that well a draught;
And in the watre' anone was sene
His nose, his mouthe, his eyin, shene,
And he therof was all abashed,
His owne shadowe had him betrashed,
For wel wende he the forme to se
Of a childe of full grete beaute:
Full well couth Love him wrekè the
Of daungir and of pride also
That Narcissus somtime him bere;
He quite him well his guerdon there,
For he musid so in the well
That shortily, the sothe to tell,
He lovid his owne shadowe so
That at the last he starfe for wo;
For whan he sawe that he his will
Might in no manir way fulfill,
And that he was so fastè caught
That he him couthè comfort naught,
He lost his witte right in that place,
And deide within a litill space;
And thus his warison he toke
For the lady that he forsoke.
Ladies, I praie ensample taketh,
Ye that ayenst your love mistaketh;
If of ther deth you be to wite
Good can ful wel your wilè quite.
Whan this letter, of whiche I tell,
Had taught me that it was the well
Of Narcissus in his beaute,
I gan anon withdrawè me
When it fell in my remembraunce
That him betide sache a mischaunce;
But at the laste than thoughtin I
That scathèlesse full sickirly
I might unto the wellè go,
Wherof shull I abashin so?
Unto the welle than went I me,
And doune I loutid for to se
The clerè watir in the stone,
And eke the gravel, whiche that shone
Doune in th' botom as silvir fine,
For of the welle this is the fine,
In world is none so clere of hewe,
The watre is ever fresh and newe,
That welmith up with wavis bright
The mountenaunce of two fingir hight,
About it is the grasse springing
For moiste so thicke and weil liking
That it ne may in wintir die
No more than may the see be drie.

Doune at the botome set sawe I
Two cristal stonis crastily,
In thilkè freshe and fairè well;
But o thinge sothly dare I tell
That ye woll holde a grete mervaile
Whan it is tolde withoutin faile,

n the funnè clere in ſight
hat welle his bemis bright,
: the hete deſcendid is,
teth the criſtall ſtone i-wis
he ſunne an hundrid hewis,
elow, red, that freſh and new is,
the mervailous criſtall
ength that the place ovir all,
le and tre, and levis grene,
the yerde, in it is ſene:
to don you to' undirſtonde
enſample wol I fonde;
a mirrour opinly
al thing that ſtondeth thereby,
the colour as figure,
in any covirture,
the criſtall ſtone ſhining,
in any diſceving,
ees of the yerde accuſeth
that in the watir muſeth,
in whiche halſe ye be
wele halſe the gardine ſe,
e turne ye may right wele
remenaunt every dele,
is none ſo litil thing
clofin with ſhiting
'is ſene, as though it were
in the criſtall there.
e mirrour perillus
e the proude Narciſſus
fairè face ſo bright
de him fith to lie upright,
ſo loke in that mirrour
ay nothing ben his ſocour
ne ſhal there ſe ſomthing
him lede into laughing:
' a worthy man hath it
or folke of gretiſt wit
ycaught here and ywaited;
n reſpite ben they baited:
ith to folke of newe rage,
ungith many wight corage,
e no rede ne witte therto,
s ſonne, Dan Cupido,
in there of love the ſede,
e ne lithe there non ne rede,
h it the welle about;
s hath he ſet without,
to catche in his panters
noſels and bachilers;
none othir birdis catche
e ſet eithir nette or latche;
he ſede that here was ſowen
e is cleped, as well is knowen,
e of Love of very right,
e there heth ful many wight
bokis diverſely;
hul ner ſo verily
n of the welle here,
e ſothe of this matere,
l whan I have undo
that here belongith to.

Alway me likid for to dwell
To ſene the chriſtall in the well,
That ſhewid me ful opinly
A thouſande thingis faſtè by;
But I may ſaie in ſory houre
Stode I to lokin or to poure,
For ſithin I ſore have yſikid
That mirrour hath me now entriked;
But had I firſt knowen in my wit
The vertu and ſtrengthis of it,
I n'oldè not have muſid there;
Me had bettir ben ellis-where,
For in the ſnare I fell anone
That had bitreſhid many one.
In thilkè mirrour ſawe I tho,
Among a thouſande thingis mo,
A roſir chargid ful of roſis,
That with an hedge aboute enclofed is;
Tho had I ſuche luſt and envie,
That for Paris ne for Pavie
N'olde I have left to gone and ſe
There gretiſt hepe of roſis be.
Whan I was with this rage yhente,
That caught hath many' a man and ſhente,
Towarde the roſir gan I go,
And whan I was not ferre there fro
The ſavour of the roſis ſote
Me ſmote right to the hertè rote,
As I had all enbaumid me;
And if I n'ad endoutid me
To have ben hatid or aſſailed
My thankis wol I not have failed
To pull a Roſe of al that route
To berin in mine honde aboute,
And ſmellin to it where I went;
But er I dredde me to repent,
And leſte it grevid or forthought
The lorde that thilkè gardin wrought.
Of roſis there werin grete wone,
So faire werin nevir in Rone;
Of knoppis cloſe ſome ſawe I there,
And ſome wel bettir woxin were,
And ſome there ben of othir moiſon,
That drowè nigh to ther ſeſon,
And ſpedde 'hem faſtè for to ſpredde;
I lovè wel ſuche roſis redde,
For brode roſis and open' alſo
Ben paſſid in a daie or two,
But knoppis wollin freſhè be
Two daies at leſt or ellis thre:
The knoppis gretely likid me,
For fairir maie there no man ſe;
Who ſo might havin one of all
It ought him ben ful leſe withall:
Might I garlonde of 'hem getten
For no richeſſe I wolde it letten.
Amonges the knoppis I cheſe one
So faire, that of the remenaunt none
Ne preiſe I halſe ſo wel as it
Whan I aviſin in my wit;
It ſo wel was enluminid
With colour red, as well finid

As Nature couth it makin faire,
And it hath levis wel foure paire,
That Kind hath fet through his knowing;
Aboute the redde rofis fpringing
The ftalke ywas as rifhè right,
And theron ftode the knoppe upright,
That it ne bowed upon no fide;
The fotè fmell yfprong fo wide
That it died al the place aboute:
Whan I had fmelled the favour fote
No will had I fro thence yet go,
But fomdele nere it went I tho
To take it, but mine honde for drede
Ne durft I to the Rofè bede
For thifteles fharpe of many maners,
Netlis, thornis, and hokid briers,
For muche they diftourblid me,
For fore I dradde to harmid be.

The god of Love, with bowe ybent,
That al daie fet had his talent
To purfue and to fpyin me,
Was ftondin by a figge tre,
And whan he fawè how that I
Had chofin fo ententifely
The bothum more unto my pay
Than any othir that I fay,
He toke an arowe fharpely whette,
And in his bowe when it was fette
He ftreight up to his ere ydrough
The ftrongè bowe that was fo tough,
And fhotte at me fo wondir fmerte
That through mine eye unto mine herte
The takil fmote, and depe it wente,
And therwith al fuch colde me hente
That undir clothis warme and fofte
Sin that day I have chivered ofte.
Whan I was hurte thus in ftounde
I fell doune plat unto the grounde,
Mine herte failid and faintid aie,
And longé time in fwoune I laie;
But whan I came out of fwouning,
And hadde my witte and my feling,
I was all mate, and wende full wele
Of blode t' have lorne a full grete dele,
But certes th' arowe that in me ftode
Of me ne drewe no droppe of blode;
For why? I founde my woundes all drie.
Than toke I with mine hondis tweie
The 'arowe, and full faft it out plight,
And in the pulling fore I fight;
So at the laft the fhaft of tre
I drough out with the fethirs thre,
But yet the hokid hedde i-wis,
The whiche Beaute yeallid is,
Gan fo depe in mine hertè pace
That I it ne might not arace,
But in mine hertè ftill it ftode,
All bledde I not a droppe of blode:
I was bothe anguifhous and trouble
For the perill that I fawe double;
I ne wift what to faie or doe,
Ne get a leche my woundis to,
For neither thorough graffe ne rote
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote,
But to the bothum evir mo
Mine herte drewe, for all my wo
My thought was in none othir thing,
For had it ben in my keping
It would have brought my life again,
For certis evenly, I dare fain,
The fight onely and the favour
Aleggid moche of my languor.
Than gan I for to drawè me
Toward the bothum faire to fe,
And Love had gette him in this throwe
An othir arowe into' his bowe,
And for to fhotin gan him dreffe;
The arowes name was Simpleneffe:
And whan that Love gan nigh me nere
He drowe it up withoutin were,
And fhote at me with all his might,
So that this arowe anone right
Throughout mine eigh, as it was founde,
Into mine herte hath made a wounde:
Than I anone did all my craft
For to ydrawin out the fhaft,
And therewithall I fighid eft;
But in mine hert the hedde was left,
Whiche aie encrefid my defire;
Unto the bothum drewe I nere,
And evirmo that me was wo
The more defire had I to go
Unto the rofir, where that grewe
The frefhe bothom fo bright of hewe:
Bettir me were to' have lettin be,
But it behovid nedis me
To doen right as mine hertè badde,
For er the body muft be ladde
Aftir the herte in wele and wo,
Of force togithir thei muft go;
But nevir this archir would fine
To fhote at me with all his pine,
And for to make me to him mete.
The thirde arowe he gan to fhete,
Whan beft his time he might efpie,
The whiche was namid Curtifie,
Into mine herte he did avale:
A fwoune I fell bothe dedde and pale
Long time I laie, and ftirid nought
Till I abraied out of my thought,
And fafte than I avifid me
To drawin out the fhaft of tre;
But aye the hedde was lefte behinde
For ought I couthè pull or winde;
So fore it ticked whan I was hit
That by no crafte I might it flit,
But anguifhous and full of thought
I felt foche wo my wounde aie wrought,
That fomoned me alwaie to go
Toward the Rofe that plefed me fo;
But I ne durft in no manere,
Becaufe the archir was fo nere.
For evirmore gladly', as I rede,
Brent child of fire hath mochil drede:
And certis yet for all my pein
Though that I figh, yet arowis rein,

und quarelis, ſharpe of ſtele,
o pain that I might fele,
ht I not my ſelf with hold
ẽ roſir to behold,
e me yave ſoche hardiment
lfill his commaundement;
y fete I roſe up than
a forwounded man,
he to gon my might I ſet,
the archir n'olde I let:
the roſir faſt I drowe,
nis ſharpe mo than inow
ere, and alſo thiſtẽles thicke,
ris brimmẽ for to pricke,
e might ygettin grace
the rough thornis for to pace
the roſis freſhe of hewe;
ide though it me rewe:
ge about ſo thicke was,
ſed the roſis in compas.
thing likid me right wele,
nigh that I might fele
othom the ſote odour,
ſe the freſhe coloure,
right gretely likid me
nere mightin it ſe;
e anon thereof had I
rgate my malady;
it I had ſoche delite
nd angre' I was all quitẽ,
ny woundes that I had thore,
ing likin me might more
ellin by the roſir aie,
as nevir to paſſe awaie:
a a while I had be thare
of Love, whiche all to ſhare
rte with his arowis kene,
im to yeve me woundis grene;
at me full haſtily
e namid Companie,
chẽ takil is full able
theſe ladies merciable;
non gan chaungin hewe
aunce of my woundẽ newe,
gain fell in ſwouning,
id ſore in complaining.
complained that my ſore
an grevin more and more;
ne hope of allegiance,
I drowe to diſperaunce;
ght of deth ne of life,
that Love ywould me driſe;
nartir wold he make
his powir not forſake:
le for angir thus I woke
of Love and arowe toke
p it was and full poinaunt,
as callid Faire Semblaunt,
he in no wiſe would conſent
lover him repent
his love with herte and all
perill that maie fall:
gh this arowe was kene grounde
ſor that is founde
OL. I.

To cutte and kervin at the poinct,
The god of Love it had anoint
With a full precious ointment,
Some dele to yeve elegement
Upon the woundis that he hade
Thorough the eye in my herte made,
To helpe her ſoris and to cure,
And that thei maie the bette indure;
But yet this arowe without more
Made in mine herte a largẽ ſore,
That in full grete pain I abode,
But aie the ointment went abrode;
Throughout my woundis large and wide
It ſprede about in every ſide,
Thorough whoſe vertue and whoſe might
Mine hertẽ joifull was and light;
I had ben dedde and all to ſhent
But for the precious ointment.
The ſhaft I drowe out of the arowe,
Roking for wo right wondir narowe,
But the hedde, whiche that made me ſmerte,
I left behindẽ in mine herte
With othir ſower, I dare well ſaie,
That nevir woll be toke awaie;
But the ointment halpẽ me wele,
And yet ſoche forowe did I fele,
That allẽ daie I chaungid hewe
Of my woundis ſo freſhe and newe,
As men might ſe in my viſage:
The arowes were ſo full of rage,
So variaunt of diverſite,
That men in everiche might ſe
Both grete anoie and eke ſwetneſſe:
And joie ymeint with bittirneſſe:
Now were thei eſy and now wode;
In them I felt bothe harme and gode;
Now ſore without alleggement,
Now ſoftining with the ointment:
It ſoftenid here and prickid there;
Thus eſe and angir were yfere.

The god of Love delivirly
Came lepande to me haſtily,
And ſayid to me in grete jape,
Yelde the, for thou maie not eſcape;
Maie no defence availe the here,
Therfore I rede make no daungere:
If thou wolt yelde the haſtily
Thou ſhalt the rathir have mercie;
He is a fole in ſikerneſſe
That with daungir or with ſtoutneſſe
Rebellith there that he ſhould pleſe;
In ſoche folie is little eſe;
Be meke where thou muſt nedis bowe;
To ſtrive ayen is not thy prowe:
Come at onis, and have idoe,
For I wollẽ that it be ſo;
Than yelde the here debonairly.
And I anſwerid full humbly,
All gladly, Sir, at your bidding
I woll me yelde in allẽ thing:
To your ſervice I woll me take,
For God defende that I ſhould make

Ayen your bidding resistence;
I woll not doen so grete offence,
For if I did it were no skill;
Ye maie do with me what ye will,
Or save or spill, and also slo;
Fro you in no wise may I go;
My life, my deth, is in your honde,
I maie not laste out of your bonde;
Plaine at your liste I yeldè me,
Hoping in hert that somtime ye
Comforte and ese shuld to me sende,
Or els shortly, this is the ende,
Withoutin helth I mote aie dure
But if ye take me to your cure:
Comforte or helth how shuld I have,
Sithe ye me hurte, but ye may save?
The helth of Love mote be yfounde
Where as thei tokin first the wounde;
And if ye liste of me to make
Your prisoner, I woll it take
Of herte and will fully at gre:
Wholy and plaine I yeldè me
Withoutin feining or feintise.
To be governed by you emprise:
Of you I here so mochil prise
I wol ben whole at your devise
For to fulfill all your liking,
And to repentip for nothing,
Hoping to have yet in some tide
Mercy of that that I abide:
And with that covenaunt yelde I me,
Anon doune kneling on my kne,
Profiring for to kisse his fete,
But for nothing he would me lete;
And said, I love the both and preise,
Sens that thine answere doth me ese,
For thou answered so curtisly;
For nowe I wote well uttirly
That thou art gentil by thy speche,
For though a man ferre woulde seche,
He should not findin in certaine
No suche answere of no vilaine,
For such a worde ne mightè nought
Issue out of a vilaines thought:
Thou shalt not lesin of thy speche,
For thy helping willin I eche
And eke encresin that I maie;
But first I woll that thou obaie
Fully for thine own avauntage
Anone to do me here homage,
And sithin kisse thou shalt my mouthe,
Whiche to no vilaine was ner couthe
For to aproche it ne for to touche;
For saufe of cherlis I ne vouche
That thei shal nevir neigh it nere;
For curteis and of faire manere,
Wel taught and ful of gentilnesse,
He must yben that shall me kisse,
And also of ful highe fraunchise
That shal atteine to that emprise.
And first of o thing warne I the,
That paine and gret adversite
He mote endure, and eke travaile,
That shal me serve withoutin faile;
But there against the to comforte,
And with thy service to disporte,
Thou maist ful glad and joytull be
So gode a maister to' have as me,
And lordè of so high renoun;
I bere of Love the gonfenoun,
And of Curtisie the banere,
For I am of selfe the manere,
Gentill and curteis, meke and fre,
That who evir ententise be
Me to honour, re-doute, and serve,
And also that he him observe
Fro trespace and fro villanie,
And him governe in curtisie,
With will and with entencion;
For when he first in my prison
Is caught, than must be uttirly
Fro thennis-forth ful besily
Yeast him gentill for to be,
Yf he desire helpe of me.
Anone withoutin more delaie,
Withoutin daungir or affraie,
I become his vassal anone,
And gave him thankes many a one,
And knelid doune with hondis joint,
And made it in my porte full queint:
The joye went to my hert'is rote
Whan I had kissed his mouthe so sote;
I had suche mirth and such liking
It curid me of languishing.
He asked of me than hostages;
I have takin sele homages
Of one and othir where I have bene,
Distreinid ofte withoutin wene:
These felons ful of falsite
Have many sithes begilid me,
And through falshed ther lust achived,
Wherof I repent and am greved:
And I 'hem gettee in my daungere
Ther falsheed shul thei bie ful dere;
But for I love the' I saie the plaine
I woll of the be more certaine,
For the sore I will now ybinde
That thou away ne shalt not winde
For to denien thy covenant
Or done that is not avenaunt:
That thou were false it wer grete ruth,
Sithe thou semist so ful of truth.
Sir, if the liste to understaunde
I merveile the' asking this demaunde:
For why or wherfore shouldè ye
Hostage or borowes aske of me,
Or any othir sikirnesse,
Sithin ye wote in sothfastnesse
That ye me have surprisid so,
And whole mine herte takin me fro,
That it woll doe for me nothing
But if it be at your bidding?
Mine hert is yours, and mine right nought,
As it behoveth, in dede and thought,
Redy in all to worche your will,
Whethir so tourne to gode or ill;
So fore it lustith you to plese
No man therof maie you diseese

theron ſet ſoche juſtice
is werried in many wiſe;
ye doubt in n'olde obaie
therof do make a kaie
ld it with you for hoſtage,
certis, this is none outrage:
Love) and fully I accorde,
the body' he is full lorde
th the herte in his treſore;
it were to aſkin more:

his aumener he drough
keie fetiſe inough,
was of gold poliſhed clere,
d to me, With this keie here
erte to me now woll I ſhet,
thy joifull loke and knet
undir this little keie,
wight maie cary awaie.
keie is full of grete poſtè,
hiche anone he touchid me
he ſide full ſoftily,
mine hertè ſodainly
any doute hath ſo ſpered
t right nought it hath me dered.
he had doin his will all out,
ad put him out of dout,
ied, I have right grete will
ſt and pleſure to fulfill,
my ſervice take at gre
faith ye owe to me;
ought for recreaundiſe,
ought doubt of your ſervice.
his ſervaunt travaileth in vain
the ſervin doeth his pain
at lorde which in no wiſe
im no thanke for his ſervice.

yid tho, Diſmaie the nought;
ou for ſuccour haſt me ſought
ke thy ſervice woll I take,
gh of degre woll the mak
edneſſe ne hindir the,
I hope) it ſhall nought be;
ſhip no wight by' aventure
ome but that he pain endure.
e and ſuffre thy diſtreſſe
artith now; it ſhall be leſſe:
my ſelf what maie the ſave,
nedicine thou wouldiſt have.
if thy truth to me thou kepe
nto thine helping eke,
thy woundes and make 'hem clene,
ſo that thei be old or grene;
alt be holpen', at wordis few,
tainly thou ſhalt well ſhewe
that thou ſerviſt with gode will,
acompliſhe and fulfill
amaundementis daie and night,
I to lovirs yeve of right.

Ah Sir! for Godd'is love (ſaied I)
Er ye paſſe hens ententifely
Your commaundementes to me ſaie,
And I ſhall kepe 'hem if I maie,
For them to kepen'is all my thought;
And if ſo be I wote'hem nought
Than maie I erre unwittingly;
Wherefor I praie you entirly
With all mine herte me for to lere,
That I treſpace in no manere.
The god of Love than chargid me
Anon, as ye ſhall here and ſe
Wordè by worde, by right empriſe,
So as The Romaunt ſhall deviſe.
The maiſtir leſith time to lere
Whan the diſciple woll not here;
It is but vain on him to ſwinke
That on his lerning woll not thinke:
Who ſo luſt love let him intende,
For now The Romance gineth to' amende.
Now is gode to herin in faie,
If any be that can it ſaie,
And poinct it as the reſon is
Yſet, for othir gate i-wis
It ſhall nat well in all thing
Be brought to gode underſtanding;
For a reder that poinctith ill
A gode ſentence maie o'tin fall.
The boke is gode at the ending,
Ymade of newe and luſtie thing,
For who ſo woll the ending here
The craft of Love he ſhall now lere,
If that he woll ſo long abide
Till I this Romaunce maie unhide,
And undoe the ſignifiaunce
Of this dremè into Romaunce:
The ſothfaſtneſſe that now is hid
Without coverture ſhall be kid
Whan I undoen have this dreming,
Wherein no wordè is of leſing.

Villanie at the beginning
I woll, ſaied Love, ovir all thing
Thou leve, if that thou wolt ybe
Falſe, and treſpace ayeniſt me:
I curſe and blame generally
All them that lovin villanie,
For villanie makith villaine,
And by his dedes a chorle is ſeine.
Theſe villains arne without pite,
Frendſhip and love, and all bounte:
I n'ill receive to my ſervice
Them that ben vilains of empriſe.
But undirſtonde in thine entent
That this is not mine entendement
To clepin no wight in no age
Onely gentill for his linage,
But who ſo that is vertuous,
And in his port not outragious:
Whan ſoche one thou ſeeſt the beforne,
Though he be not gentill yborne,

Thou mayist well seine this in soth
That he is gentill, bicause he doth
As longith to a gentil man;
Of them none othir deme I can,
For certainly withouten drede
A chorle is demid by his dede
Or hie or lowe, as ye maie se,
Or of what kinrid that he be;
Ne saie nought for non evill will
Thing which that is to holdin still:
It is no worship to misseie,
Thou maiest ensample take of Keie,
That was somtime for missaying
Yhatid bothe of old and yong:
As ferre as Gawein the worthie
Was praisid for his curtisie
Kaie was hatid, for he was fell,
Of worde dispitous and cruell;
Wherefore be wise and aqueintable,
Godelie of worde, and resonable,
Bothe to lesse and eke to mare:
And whan thou comist there men are
Loke that thou have in custome aie
First to salue 'hem if thou maie;
And if it fall that of 'hem somme
Salue the first, be thou not domme,
But quite him curtisly anon,
Without abiding, er thei gon.
For nothing eke thy tong applie
To spekin wordes of ribaudrie:
To vilaine speche in no degre
Late not thy lippe unboundin be,
For I nought holde him in gode faith
Curteis that foule wordis saith
And alle women serve and preise,
And to thy power there honour reise;
And if that any missayrre
Dispise women that thou maist here,
Blame him, and bidde him holde him still;
And sette thy might and al thy will
Women and ladies for to plese,
And to do thing that may 'hem ese,
That thei evir speke gode of the,
For so thou maist best praisid be.
Loke that fro pride thou kepe the wele,
For thou maist both perceive and sele
That pride is both foly and sinne;
And he that pride hath him within
Ne may his herte in no wise
Mekin, ne souplin to service,
For pride is founde in every parte,
Contrarie unto Lov'is arte;
And he that lovith truisy
Should him conteine jolily
Withouten pride in sondry wise,
And him disguisin in queintice;
For queinte aray, withoutin drede,
Is nothin proude, who takith hede,
For Freshe aray, as men may se,
Withouten pride may oftin be.
Maintaine thy selfe aftir thy rent
Of robe and eke of garment,
For many a sithe faire clothing
A man amendith in muche thinge.
And loke alway that thei be shape
(What garment that thou shalt the make)
Of him that can the best ydo,
With al that parteinith therto,
Pointis and sleves be wel sistande
Ful right and streight upon the hande:
Of shone and botis neve and faire
Loke at the left thou have a paire,
And that thei sitte so fetously
That these rude men may uttirly
Mervaile, sith that thei sitte so plaine,
How thei come on or of againe:
Were streighte glovis, with aumere
Of silke: and alway with gode chere
Thou yeve, if that thou have richesse,
And if thou have nought spende the lesse:
Alway be mery if thou maie,
But waste not thy god alwaie;
Have hatte of flouris freshe as May,
Chapelet of rosis of Whitsondaie.
For soche araie costnith but lite;
Thine hondis washe, thy tethe make white,
And let no filthe upon the be:
Thy nails blacke if thou maiest se
Voide it awaie deliviry;
And kembe thine hedde right jolily:
Farce not thy visage in no wise,
For that of Love is mat th' emprise,
For Love doeth hatin, as I fiude,
A beautie that cometh nat of kinde:
Alwaie in herte I rede the
Ful glad and mery for to be,
And be as joyfull as thou can;
Love hath no joie of sorowfull man,
That ill is full of curtisie,
That knowith in his maladie
For evir of love the sickenesse
Is meint with swete and bittirnesse.
The sore of love is mervailous,
For now the lovir is joious,
Now can he plain, now can he grone,
Now can he singe, now makin mone;
To daie he plaineth for hevinesse,
To morue' he plaineth for jolinesse.
The life of love is full contrarie,
Whiche stoundè mele can oftin varie;
But if thou canist mirthis make
That men in gre woll gladly take
Do it godely, I commaunde the;
For men shuld, where so er thei be,
Doe thing that 'hem besitting is,
For therof cometh gode loos and pris;
Whereof that thou be vertuous
Ne be nat straunge ne daungerous;
For if that thou gode ridir be
Prickle glady that men maie the se:
In armis also if thou conne
Pursue till thou a name hast wonne:
And if thy voice be faire and clere
Thou shalt makin no grete daungere;
Whan the to sing thei godely praie
It is thy worship for to' obaie:
Also to you it longith aie
To harpe and giterne, daunce and plaie;

can well ſote and daunce
im gretely doe avaunce,
ke for thy ladie ſake
d complaintes that thou make,
woll mevin in her herte
at thei redin of thy ſmerte:
t no man for ſcarce the holde,
maie greve the manifolde;
ll that a lovir be
ſtis more large and fre
rles that ben not of loving;
therof can any thing
be lefe aie for to yeve,
lore who ſo wonld leve,
at through a ſodain ſight
kiſſing anon right,
ole his herte in will and thought,
imſelf kepith right nought,
ſwiſt gift 'tis but reaſon
his gode too in a bandon.

ll I ſhortly here reherce
have yſaied in verce
ſentence by and by
fewe compendiouſly,
u the bet maieſt on 'hem thinke
it be thou wake or winke,
wordis do little greve
kepe whan thei be breve.
o with Love woll gon or ride
be curteis, voide of pride,
nd full of jolite,
argeſſe a loſid be.
joigne the here in penaunce
r without repentaunce
thy thought in thy loving
vithoutin repenting,
k upon thy mirthis ſwete
ll folue' aſtir whan ye mete.
r thou true to Love ſhalt be
deke commaundè the
one place thou ſet all whole
rte, withoutin halfin dole,
erie and ſikirneſſe,
ed nevir doubleneſſe.
' his herte that woll depart
ſhall have but little part,
im drede I me right nought
one place ſettith his thought;
e in o place thou it ſet,
it nevir thennis flet,
ou yeveſt it in lening
but a wretchid thing;
yevith it whole and quite,
ſhalt have the more merite:
ent than aſtir ſoen
ntè and the thanke is doen;
ve a ſre yevin thing
h a grete guerdoning.
it in yeſt all quite fully,
te thy gift debonairly,
that yeſt holdin more dere
in is with gladſome chere.

That giftè nought to praiſin is
That a man gevith mal gre his.
Whan thou haſt yeven thine hert (as I
Have ſaid the here all opinly)
Than aventuris ſhull the fall
Whiche hard and hevy ben with all;
For ofte whan thou bethinkeſt the
Of thy loving, where ſo thou be,
Fro folke thou muſt depart in hie,
That none perceive thy maladie,
But hide thine harme thou muſt alone
And go forth ſole and make thy mone.
Thou ſhalt no while be in o ſtate,
But whilom colde and whilom hate,
Now red as roſe, now yelowe' and fade:
Such ſorow I trow thou ner had;
Cotidien ne the quarteine
It is not half ſo full of peine;
For oftin timis it ſhal fal
In love, among thy painis al,
That thou thy ſelfin all wholly
Foryettin ſhalt ſo uttirly
That many timis thou ſhalt be
Still as an image made of tre,
Domme as a ſtone, without ſtering
Of ſote or honde, without ſpeking.
And than ſone aſtir al thy paine
To memo'rie ſhalt thou come againe,
A man abaſhid wondir ſore,
And aftir ſighin more and more;
For wit thou wele withoutin wene
In ſuche a ſtate ful ofte have bene
That have the' evill of love affaide,
Where thorough thou art ſo diſmaide.

Aftir a thought ſhal take the ſo
That thy love is to ferre the fro,
Thou ſhalt ſa (God) what may this be
That I ne may my lady ſe?
Mine hert alone is to her go,
And I abide al ſole in wo,
Departid fro mine owne thought,
And with mine eyin ſe right nought.
Alas! mine eien ſene I ne may
My carefull herte to convay;
Mine hert'is guide but thei be
I praiſe nothing what er thei ſe;
Shul thei abidin than? why, nay,
But gone and ſe without delay
That whiche mine hert deſirith ſo,
For certainly but if thei go
I ſole my ſelfe I may well holde
Whan I ne ſe what mine hert wolde
Wherfore I wol gone her to ſene,
Or eſid ſhall I nevir bene
But that I have ſome tokining.
Than goſt thou forth without dwelling
But ofte thou faileſt of thy deſire
Er thou maieſt come her any nere,
And waiſtiſt in vaine thy paſſage;
Than faliſt thou in a newe rage;
For want of ſight thou ginniſt murne,
And homwarde penſife doſt retturne.

In grete mischefe than shalt thou be,
For than againe shal come to the
Sighis and plaintis, with newe wo,
That no itching prickith the so;
Who wote it nought he maie go lere
Of them that buyin love so dere.
No thing thine hert appesin maie,
That oft thou wolt gone and affaie
If thou maist sene by aventure
Thy liv'is joye, thine hert'is cure;
So that by grace if that thou might
A'taine of her to have a sight
Than shalt thou done non othir dede
But with that sight thine eyin fede,
That faire freshe whan thou maist se
Thine hert shal so ravishid be
That ner thou woldest thy thankis lete,
Ne remove for to se that swete:
The more thou seest, in sothfastnesse,
The more thou coviteſt that sweteneſſe;
The more thine herte brennith in fire
The more thine herte is in desire,
For who considritn every dele,
It may be likened wondir wele
The paine of love unto a fere,
For evirmore thou neighist nere
In thought, or how so that it be,
(For very sothe I tel it the)
The hotter evir shalt thou brenne,
As experience shall the kenne;
Where so comist in any coste
Who is next fire he brennith moste:
And yet forsothe for al thine hete,
Though thou for lovè swelte and swete,
Ne for no thing thou felin may,
Thou shalt not wille to passe away;
And though thou go, yet must the nede
Thinkin al day on her faire hede
Whom thou behelde with so gode will,
And holde thy selfe begilid ill
That thou ne haddest none hardiment
To shewe her aught of thine entent;
Thine hert ful sore thou wolt dispise,
And eke repreve of cowardise,
That thou so dull in every thing
Were domme for drede without speking.
Thou shalt eke thinke thou diddest foly
That thou were her so fastè bie
And durst not venture the to say
Some thing er that thou came away,
For thou haddist no morè wonne
To speke of her whan thou begonne;
But yet if she would for thy sake
In armis godely the have take,
It should have be more worthe to the
Than of tresour a grete plente.
Thus shalt thou morne and eke complaine,
And get encheson t'o gon againe
Unto thy walke or to thy place
Where thou behelde her fleshly face;
And n'ere for false suspection
Thou woldist finde occasion
For to gone in unto her house;
Thou arnè than so desirous
A sight of her but for to have,
If thou thine honour mightist save,
Or any erande mightist make,
Thidir for thy lov'is sake,
Ful faine thou woldist, but for drede
Thou goest not, lest that men take hede;
Wherfore I rede in thy going,
And also' in thine again comming,
Thou be wel ware that men ne wit;
Feinè the othir cause than it
To go that waie, or fastè bie;
To helin wel is no folie;
And if so be it happè the
That thou thy love there maistie yse,
In sikir wise thou her salewe,
Wherwith thy coloure woll transmewe,
And eke thy bloud shal al to quake,
Thy hewe eke chaungin for her sake,
But worde and wit, with chere ful pale,
Shul want for to tellin thy tale;
And if thou maist so ferforth winne
That thou to reson durst beginne,
And woldist faine thre thinges or mo,
Thou shalt ful scarsly saine the two;
Though thou bethinke the ner so wele
Thou shalt foryetin yet somdele.

But if thou dele with trechery,
For false lovirs mowe all fully
Sain what 'hem lust withoutin dred,
Thei be so double' in ther fallhed,
For thei in hert can thinke o thing
And saine an othre' in ther speking:
And whan thy speche is endid all
Right thus to the it shal befall;
If any worde than come to minde
That thou to say hast left behinde,
Than thou shalt brenne in grete martire,
For thou shalt brenne as any fire:
This is the strife and eke the' affraie,
And the batill, that lastith aie:
This bargaine ende may nevir take
But if that she thy pece wil make.
And whan the night is come anon
A thousande angres shal come on:
To bed as fast thou wolte the dight,
Where thou shalt have but smal delight,
For whan thou wenist for to slepe
So ful of painè shalt thou crepe,
Sterte in thy bed about ful wide,
And turne ful ofte on every side,
Now dounward grouse, and now upright,
And walow in wo the long night:
Thine armis shalt thou sprede a brede
As man in warre were forwerede;
Than shal the come a remembraunce
Of her shape and of her semblaunce,
Wherto none othir may be pere:
And wete thou wel withoutin were
That the shal se somtime that night
That thou hast her that is so bright
Nakid bitwene thine armis there,
Al sothfastnesse as though it were;

ıalt make castels than in Spaine,
eme of joy al but in vaine,
e delitin of right nought
hou so slombrist in that thought
so swete and delitable,
iche in sothe n'is but a fable,
ıe shall no whilè last:
ıalt thou sighe and wepè fast,
y, Dere God! what thing is this?
me is turnid al amis
was ful swete and apparent,
v I wake it is al shent;
de this mery thought away;
timis upon a day
l this thought would come againe,
legith wel my paine;
th me ful of joyfull thought;
ı me that it lastith nought:
de! whi n'il ye me socoure?
re I trowe that I langoure,
th I would me shoulde slo
l lie in her armis two:
arme is harde withoutin wene,
t unese ful ofte I mene.

uldè Love do so I might
ally joye of her so bright
ne were quitte me richily.
o gret a thing aske I;
t foly' and wrong wening
so outrageous a thing,
ho so askith folily
te be warnid hastily;
ıe wote what I may say,
ferre out of the way,
ould have ful grete liking
l grete joy of lasse thing;
uld she of her gentilnesse
tin more me onis kesse,
to me a grete guerdon,
of all my passion:
s harde to come therto;
t foly that I do;
e I have mine hertè sette
that I may no comfort gette:
wher I say well or nought,
s I wote well in my thought,
were bette of her alone
stintin my wo and mone;
on her I cast godely
or to have al uttirly
thir al whole the play.
rd! where I shal bide the day
re she shal my lady be?
al cured that may her se.
d! whan shal the dauning springe?
in thus is angry thing;
o joy thus here to lie
hat my love is not me bie;
to lien hath grete disese
maie not slepe ne rest in ese:
l it dawed and were now day,
at the night were went away,
For were it daye I would up rise:
Ah slow sonne! shewe thine enprise;
Spede the to sprede thy bemis bright,
And chace the derknesse of the night,
To put away the stoundis strong
Whiche in me lastin al so long.
The night shalt thou continue so
Withoutin rest, in paine and wo;
If er thou knew of love distresse
Thou mowe lerne it in that sikenesse;
And thus enduring shalt thou lie,
And rise on morow up erly
Out of thy bed, and harneis the
Er evir dawning thou maist se:
Al privily than shalt thou gone,
What wethre' it be, thy selfe alone,
For reine or haile, for snowe for slete,
Thidir she dwelleth that is so swete,
The whiche maie fal a slepe be,
And thinkith but lite upon the:
Than shalt thou go, ful foule aserde,
Loke if the gatè be unsperde,
And waite without in woe and paine,
Full ill a colde in winde and raine:
Than shalt thou go the dore before,
If thou maiste findin any shore,
Or hole, or refte, what ere it were;
Than shalt thou stoupe and lay to ere
If they within a slepe be,
I mene al save thy lady fre,
Whom waking if thou maist aspie
Go put thy selfe in jupardie,
To askin grace and the bimene,
That she maie wete withoutin wene
That thou all night no rest hast had,
So sore for her thou were bestad.
Women wel ought pite to take
Of them that sorowen for ther sake:
And loke for love of that relike
That thou thinkè none othir like,
For whan thou hast so gret anney
Shall kisse the er thou go awey,
And hold that in ful grete deinte;
And for that no man shal the se
Before the house ne in the way,
Loke thou be gon againe er day:
Suchè comming and suche going,
Suche hevinesse and suche walking,
Makith lovirs withoutin wene
Undir ther clothis pale and lene.
Love ne leveth coloure ne clerenesse;
Who lovith trewe hath no fatnesse.
Thou shalt wel by thy selfin se
That thou must nedes assayid be,
For men that shape 'hem othir way
Falsely ther ladies to betray
No wondir is though thei be fatte,
With false othis ther loves thei gatte,
For ofte I se suche losingeours
Fattir than abottes or priours.
Yit with o thing I wolle the charge,
That is to say, that thou be large
Unto the maide that her doth serve;
So best her thanke thou shalte deserve:

Yeve her geftis, and get her grace,
For ſo thou may thankè purchace,
That ſhe the worthy holde and fre,
The lady' and al that may the ſe:
Alſo her ſervauntes worſhip aie,
And pleſin as muche as thou maie;
Grete gode through them may come to the,
Bicauſe with her thei hen prive;
Thei ſhal her tell how thei the ſunde
Curteis and wiſe, and wel doande,
And ſhe ſhal preiſe the wel the more:
Loke out of londe thou be not fore,
And if ſuche cauſe thou have that the
Behoveth to gone out of countre,
Leave wholely thine hert in hoſtage
Til thou againe make thy paſſage:
Thinke longe to ſe the ſwetè thing
That hath thine hert in her keping.
Now have I told the in what wiſe,
A lovir ſhal do me ſervice;
Do it than if that thou wolt have
The mede that thou doſt aſtir crave.

Whan Love al this had bodin me
I ſaid him, Sir, how may it be
That lovirs may in ſuche manere
Endure the paine ye have ſaid here?
I marvaillin me wondir faſte
How any man may live or laſte
In ſuche paine and in ſuch brenning,
In forue' and thought, and ſuche ſighing,
Aie unreleſid wo to make
Wher ſo it be thei ſlepe or wake,
In ſuche anoy continuelly;
As helpe me God this mervaile I
How man, but he were made of ſtele,
Might live a monthe ſuch paines to ſele.

The god of Love than ſaid to me,
Frende, by the feith I owe to the
May no man have gode but he' it bie:
A man lovith more tendirlie
The thing that he hath bought moſt dere;
For wete thou well withoutin were
In thanke that thing is takin more
For which a man hath ſuffrid ſore:
Certis no wo ne may attaine
Unto the ſore of lov'is paine,
None evil therto may amounte,
No more than a man may counte
The droppes that of the watir be,
For drie as wel the grete ſe
Thou mightiſt as the harmis tell
Of all them that with Love ydwell
In ſervice, for peine them ſleeth,
And that eche wouldè ſle the deeth,
And trewe thei ſhould nevir eſcape,
Ne were that hope ycouth 'hem make
Glad as a man in priſon ſete
And maie not gettin for to ete
But harlie bred and watir pure,
And lieth in vermin and erdure:
With allè this yet can he live.
Gode hope ſuche comfort hath him yeve,
Whiche makith wene that he ſhal be
Releſed and come to liberte:
In Fortune is fully his truſt
Although he lie in ſtrawe or duſt;
In hope is al his ſuſtaining;
So fare lovirs in ther wenning
Whiche Love hath ſhitte in his priſoun,
Gode hope is ther ſalvacioun;
Gode hope (how forè that thei ſmerte)
Yevith 'hem bothè will and herte
T' offre ther body to martyre,
For hope ſo ſore doth 'hem deſire
To ſuffre' eche harme that men deviſe
For joye that aftirwarde ſhall riſe.

Hope in deſire catche victory,
In hope of Love' is al the glory,
For hope is all that Love maie yeve;
N'ere hope there ſhould no lengir live?
Bleſſid be hope! whiche with deſire
Avaunceth lovirs in ſuch manire.
Gode hope is curteiſe for to pleſe,
To kepe lovirs from all diſeſe:
Hope kepeth his londe, and woll abide
For any peril maie betide,
For hope to lovirs, as moſt cheſe,
Doth 'hem endurin all miſchefe;
Hope is ther helpe whan miſtir is;
And I ſhal yeve the eke i-wis
Thre othir thinges that gret ſolace
Doth to them that be in my lace.
The firſt gode that may be yfounde
To them that in my lace be bounde
Is ſwetè thought, for to recorde
Thingè wherwith thou canſt accorde
Beſt in thine herte, whethir ſhe be
Thinking in abſence gode to the.
Whan any lovir doth complaine,
And livith in diſtreſſe and paine,
Than ſwetè thought ſhal come as blive
Awaie his angre for to drive;
It makith lovirs have remembraunce
Of comforte and of highe pleſaunce
That hope hath hight him for to winne;
For thought anone than ſhall beginne,
As ferre God wote as he can finde,
To make a mirrour of his minde,
For to beholde he wol not let,
Her perſon he ſhal force him ſet,
Her laughing eyen perſaunt and clere,
Her ſhape, her forme, her godely chere,
Her mouthe, that is ſo gracious,
So ſwete, and eke ſo ſavirous,
Of al her fetirs ſhal take hede,
His eyen with all her limmis ſede.
Thus ſwete thinking ſhal aſwage
The paine of lovirs and ther rage;
Thy joye ſhal double without geſſe
Whan thou thinkiſt on her ſemelineſſe,
Or of her laughing or her chere,
That to the made thy lady dere;

ſort wol I that thou take,
e nexte thou wolt forſake,
not leſſe favirous,
uldeſt not ben to daungirous.

d ſhal be ſwete ſpeche,
to many one be leche,
'hem out of wo and were,
e many a bachilere,
y' a lady ſent ſocour,
ylovid paramoure,
ſpeking (whan thei might here)
ovirs to them ſo dere;
voidith al ther ſmerte
he is cloſid in ther herte;
maketh 'hem glad and light,
han thei mowe not havin ſight;
fore nowe it cometh to minde
awis, as I finde,
kis written that her knewe
s a lady freſhe of hewe
f her love madin a ſong,
or to remembre' among,
: ſhe ſaid, Whan that I here
him that is ſo dere
voidith allè ſmerte;
tith ſo nere myn herte,
f him at eve or morowe
me of al my ſorowe;
none ſo high pleſaunce
perſon daliaunce.
ul wele that ſwete ſpeking
th in ful mochil thing;
ſhe had full well aſſaide,
e was ful wel apaide;
of him her joye was ſet:
e I rede the that thou get
that can wel concele
: thy counſaile, and welle hele,
n go ſhewe wholly thine herte,
e and woe, and joye and ſmerte;
omforte to him thou go,
ily bitwene you two
peke of that godely thing
h thine hert in her keping,
aute and her ſemblaunce,
er godely continuance;
ſtate thou ſhalt him ſaie,
him counſaile how thow maie
ing that maie her pleſe,
the ſhal do gret eſe,
maie wete thou truſt him ſo
ay wele and of thy wo;
s herte to love be ſette
anie is moche the bette,
wol he ſhewe to the
his privite,
t ſhe is he lovith ſo
ainly he ſhal undo,
n drede of any ſhame
her renome and her name;
ll he forthir ferre and nere,
ely to thy lady dere

In ſikir wiſe ye every other
Shal helpin as his ownè brother
In trouthe withoutin doubleneſſe,
And kepin cloſe in ſikirneſſe;
For it is noble thing in fay
To have a man thou darſtè ſay
Thy privy counſaile every dele,
For that woll comforte the right wele;
And thou ſhalt holde the wel apaied
Whan ſuche a frende thou haſt aſſaied.

The thirdè gode of grete comfort,
That yevith lovirs moſt diſport,
Comith of ſight and beholding,
That is yclepid Swete Loking,
The whichè may none eſe ydo
Whan thou art ferre thy lady fro,
Wherfore thou pleſe alway to be
In placè where thou maiſt her ſe,
For it is thing moſt amirous
Moſte delitable' and favirous,
For to aſſwage a mann'is ſorow
To ſene his lady by the morow;
For it is a ful noble thing
Whan that thine eyin have meting
With that relike ſo precious
Whereof thei be ſo deſirous.
But al daie aftir ſothe it is
Thei have no drede to faren amis;
Thei dredin neither winde ne raine,
Ne non othir manir of paine;
For whan thine eyen were thus in bliſſe
Yet of ther curtiſie iwiſe
Alone thei can not have ther joye,
But to the hertè thei convoye
Parte of ther bliſſe, to him thou ſende
Of all this harme to make amende,
The eye is a gode meſſangere,
Which can to the' hert in ſuch manere
Tidingis ſende, that he hath ſene
To voide him of his painis clene,
Wherof the hert rejoyſith ſo
That a grete partie of his wo
Is voided, and put away to flight;
Right as the derkeneſſe of the night
Is chaſed with clereneſſe of the mone,
Right ſo is al his wo ful ſone
Devoidid clene whan that the ſight
Beholdin may that freſhè wight
Whiche that the hert deſirith ſo,
That al his derkeneſſe is ago,
For than the herte is all at eſe
When thei ſene that that maie 'hem pleſe.
Now have I declared the al out
Of that thou were in drede and doute,
For I have tolde the faithfully
What the may curin uttirly,
And all lovirs that wollin be
Faithful and of ſtabilite;
Gode Hope alway kepe by thy ſide,
And Swetè Thought make eke abide,
Swetè Loking and Swete Speche,
Of al thine harmes thei ſhal be leche:

Of bale thou ſhalt have grete pleſaunce
Yf thou canſt bide in ſuffiraunce,
And ſervin wele without feintiſe;
Thou ſhalt be quite of thine empriſe
With more guerdoun if that thou live,
But al this time this I the yeve.

The god of Love, whan al the day
He' had taught me as ye have herd ſay,
And enformid compendiouſly,
He vaniſhed al ſodainly,
And I alone yleſte al ſole,
So full of complaint and of dole,
For I ſawe no man there me by.
My woundes me grevid wondirfly;
Me for to cure nothing I knewe
Save the bothum ſo bright of hewe,
Wheron was ſette wholly my thought;
Of othir comforte knewe I nought,
But it were through the god of Love;
I knew nat elſe to my behove
That might me eſe or comfort gette
But if he would him entermette.
The roſir was withoutin doute
Yeloſid with an hedge without,
As ye to forne have herde me ſaine,
And faſt I beſied and would ſaine
Have paſſid the hay, if I might
Have gettin in by any ſleight,
To the bothum ſo faire to ſe,
But evir I dradde blamed to be
Yf men would have ſuſpection
That I would of entencion
Have ſtole the roſis that there were,
Therefore to entre' I was in fere;
But at the laſte, as I bethought
Whethir I ſhuldè paſſe or nought,
I ſawe come, with a gladdè chere,
To me a luſty bachilere
Of gode ſtature and of gode height,
And Bialacoil forſoth he height;
Sonnè he was to Curtiſie,
And he me grauntid ful gladlie
The paſſage of the uttir hay,
And ſaidè, Sir, how that ye may
Paſſe, if that it your wille ybe,
The freſhè roſir for to ſe,
And ye the ſwetè ſavour ſele,
Your warrant I may be right wele;
So thou the kepin fro folie
Shal no man do the vilanie;
Yf I mai helpin you in ought
I ſhall not faine, dredith right nought,
For I am bounde to your ſervice
Fully devoide of all feintiſe.
Than unto Bialacoil ſaide I,
I thank you, Sir, ful hertily,
And your beheſt I take at gre
That ye ſo godely profir me;
To you it cometh of grete fraunchiſ
That ye me profir your ſerviſe.
Than aſtir ful delivirly
Through the breris anone went I
Wherof encombrid was the haie;
I was well pleſed, the ſothe to ſaie,
To ſe the bothum faire and ſote
So freſhe yſprung oute of the rote.

And Bialacoil me ſervid wele
Whan I ſo nigh me mightin ſele
Of the bothum the ſwete odoure,
And ſo luſty hewed of coloure;
But than a chorle, foule him betide!
Beſide the roſis gan him hide,
To kepe the roſis of that roſere,
Of whom the namè was Daungere.
This chorle was hid there in the greves,
Ycovirid with graſſe and leves,
To ſpie and take whom that he fonde
Unto that roſir put an honde.
He was not ſole, for there was mo,
For with him werin othir two
Of wickid manirs and ill fame;
That one was clepid by his name
Wickid Tonge, God yeve him ſorowe!
For neither at eve ne at morowe
He can of no man gode yſpeke;
On many' a juſte man doth he wreke.
There was a woman that eke hight
Shamè, that who can rekin right
Treſpace ywas her fathir's name,
Her mothir Reſon; thus was Shame
Ybrought forth of theſe ilkè two,
And yet had Treſpace nere adoe
With Reſon, ne nere leie her by,
He was hidous and ſo ugly;
I mene this, that Treſpace hight,
But Reſon conceveth of a ſight
That Shame of which I ſpake aforne:
And whan that Shame was thus yborne
It was ordained that Chaſtite
Should of the roſir lady be,
Whiche of the bothums more and las
With ſondrie folke affailid was,
That ſhe ne wiſtè what to doe,
For Venus her affailith ſo
That night and daie fro her ſhe ſtall
Bothoms and roſis ovir all:
To Reſon than praieth Chaſtite,
Whom Venus hath flemed ore the ſe,
That ſhe her doughter would her lene
To kepe the roſir freſhe and grene.
Anon Reſon to Chaſtite
Is fully' aſſentid that it be,
And grauntid her at her requeſt
That Shame, bicauſe ſhe is honeſt,
Shall kepir of the roſir be;
And thus to kepe it there were thre,
That none ſhould hardie be ne bolde
(Were he yongè or were he olde)
Again her will awaie to bere
Bothoms ne roſis that there were,
I had well ſped had I nat ben
Awaitid with theſe thre and ſene,
For Bialacoil, that was ſo faite,
So gracious and debonaire,

him to me ful curtisly,
to plesin bidde that I
draw to the bothom nere;
to touchin the rosere
bare the rose he yase me leve;
aunt ne might but litill greve;
he sawe it likid me
igh the bothom pullid he
ll grene, and yave me that,
iche full nigh the bothom sat:
of that lese full queint,
an I felt I was aqueinte
ialacoil, and so prive,
all my will had ybe,
ext I hardie for to tell
acoil how me befell
e that toke and woundid me,
id, Sir, fo mote I the,
no joie have in no wise
o side, but it arise
è (if I shall not faine)
I have had so grete paine,
anoie, and soche affraie,
ne wotte what I shall saie;
your wrothe to deserve;
ne were that knivis kerve
lie should in pecis small
any wise it should fall
wrothid should ben with me.
boldily thy will, (quod he)
e wrothe, if that I maie,
ght that thou shalt to me saie.

aied I, Sir, not you displese
win of my grete unese,
h only Love hath me brought,
nis grete, disese, and thought,
e to daie it doeth me drie;
th not, Sir, that I lie;
ive woundis did he make,
e of whiche shall nevir slake
the bothom graunté me
is most pauffaunt of beaute,
, my deth, and my martyre,
rfour that I moste desire.
ialacoil, affrayid all,
Sir, it maie not befall
desire; it maie not rise;
would ye shende me in this wise?
ll folè than I were
frid you' awaie to bere
the bothom so faire of sight,
were neithir skill ne right
rosir ye broke the rinde,
the Rose aforne his kinde:
not curteis to aske it;
till on the rosir sit;
growe till it' amendid be,
rfitly come to beaute;
not that it pullid were
rosir that doth it bere,
it is so lese and dere.
hat anon stert out Daungere
Out of the place where he was hidde;
His malice in his chere was kidde:
Full grete he was, and blacke of hewe,
Sturdie and hidous, who so' him knewe;
Like sharpe urchons his here was growe,
His eyes red-sparcling as fire glowe;
His nose frouncid full kirkid stode;
He come criande as he were wode,
And saied, Bialacoil, tel me why
Thou bringist hidir so boldely
Him that so nigh to the rosere?
Thou worchist in a wrong manere;
He thinkith to dishonour the;
Thou art well worthy to 'have malgre
To let him of the rosere witte:
Who servith Fellone is ill quitte.
Thou woldist have doen grete bounte,
And he with shame would quite the.
Flie hens, felowe; I rede the go;
It wantith lite he wol the slo,
For Bialacoil ne knewe the nought
Whan the to serve he set his thought,
For thou wolt shame him if thou might
Bothe again reson and 'gainst right:
I woll no more in the affie
That comest so slightly for t' espie,
For it provith woundirly wele
Thy sleight and treson every dele.
I durst no more make there abode
For the chorlè, he was so wode:
So gan he threttin and manace,
And through the haie he did me chace,
For fere of him I trembled and quoke,
So chorlishely his hedde he shoke,
And saied, If est he might me take
I should nat from his hondis scape,
Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,
And I all sole disconsolate
Was left alone in pain and thought;
Fro shame to deth I was nigh brought:
Than thought I on my high folie,
How that my bodie uttirlie
Was yeve to paine and to martire,
And therto had I so grete ire,
That I ne durst the hayis passe;
There was no hope, there was no grace;
I trowe nevir man wiste of pain
But he were laced in Lov'is chain,
Ne no man wist, (and soth it is)
But if he love, what angir is.
Love holdeth his heste to me right wele;
Whan pain (he sayid) I should fele
No herte maie thinke no tongè saie
A quartir of my wo and pain;
I might not with the angir last;
Mine herte in poinct was for to brast
Whan I thought on the Rose, that so
Was thorough Daungir cast me fro.
A long while stode I in that state,
Till that me sawe so madde and mate
The ladie of the highè ward,
Whiche from her toure lokid thidirward,
Reson men clepin that lady,
Whiche from her toure delivirly

Came doune to me withoutin more;
But ſhe was neither yong ne hore,
Ne high ne lowe, ne fatte ne lene,
But beſt, as it were in a mene:
Her eyin two were clere and light
As a candill that brennith bright;
And on her hedde ſhe had a croune;
Her femid well an high perſoune,
For round environ her crounet
Was full of riche ſtonis afret;
Her godely ſemblaunt by deviſe
I trowe was made in Paradiſe,
For Nature had nevir ſoche grace
To forge a worke of ſoche compace;
For certain, but if the' lettir lie,
Grete God himſelf, that is ſo hie,
Formid her aftir his image,
And yafe her ſithe ſoche avauntage
That ſhe hath might and ſeignorie
To kepè men from all folie:
Who ſo woll trowè wele her lore
Ne maie offendin nevirmore.
And while I ſtode thus derke and pale
Reſon began to me her tale:
She ſaied, Al haile, my ſwetè frende!
Folie and childhod woll the ſhende,
Whiche the have put in grete afraie;
Thou haſt bought dere the time of Maie,
That made thin herte merie to be;
In evill time thou wenteſt to ſe
The gardin whereof Idilneſſe
Ybare the keie and was maiſtreſſe,
Whan that thou yediſt in the daunce
With her, and haddin acquaintaunce;
Her acquaintaunce is perillous,
Firſt ſoft, and aftir full noious;
She hath the traſhid without wene;
The god of Love had the nat ſene,
Ne had Idilneſſe the conveide
Within the verge where Mirthe him pleide;
If Folie have ſurpriſid the
Doe ſo that it recovered be,
And be well ware to take no more
Counſaile that grevith aftir ſore:
He' is wiſe that woll himſelf chaſtiſe.
Though a yong man in any wiſe
Treſpaſſe emong end doe folie,
Let him nat dwelle, but haſtilie
Let him amende what ſo be mis;
And eke I counſaile the i-wis
The god of Love wholly foryete,
That hath the in ſoche pain yſete,
And the in herte tourmentid ſo;
I can not ſene how thou maieſt go
Othir waies the to gariſoun,
For Daungere, that is ſo feloun,
Fellie purpoſeth the to werreie,
Whiche is fulle cruill, ſothe to ſeie.

And yet of Daungere cometh no blame;
In reward of my daughtir Shame,
Whiche hath the roſis in her warde,
As ſhe that maie be no muſarde,
And Wickid Tong is with theſe two,
That ſuffrith no man thidir go,
For er a thing be doe he ſhall,
Where that he comith ovir all,
In fourtie placis, if' it be ſought,
Saie thing that nere was don ne wrought.
So moche traiſon is in his male,
Of falſeneſſe for to faine a tale.
Thou deleſt with angrie folke i-wis,
Wherefore to the bettir is
From theſe folkis awaie to fare,
For thei woll make the live in care;
This is the ill that Love thei call,
Wherein there is but folie all,
For love is folie every dell;
Who loveth in no wiſe maie doe well,
Ne ſet his thought on no gode werke;
His ſchole he leſeth if he be clerke,
Or othir craft if that he be
He ſhall not thrive therein, for he
In love ſhal have more paſſioun
Than monke, or hermite, or chanoun.
This pain is herd out of meſure;
The joiè maie no while endure;
And eke in the poſſeſſion
Is mochil tribulacioun;
The joie it is ſo ſhort laſting,
And but in hape is the getting;
I ſe there many in travaile
That at the laſt ſhall fouly faile;
I was nothing thy counſailer,
Whan thou were made the homager
Of god of Love to haſtily,
Where was no wiſedome but folie;
Thine harte was jolie but not ſage
Whan thou were brought in ſoche a rage
To yelde the up ſo redily
To Love of his grete maiſtiry.

I rede the Love awaie to drive,
That maketh the reche not of thy live;
The folie more fro dai to daie
Shall growe but thou it put awaie;
Take with thy tethe the bridill faſte
To daunt thy herte, and eke thee aſte,
If that thou maieſt, to get defence
For to redreſſe thy firſt offence;
Who ſo his herte alwaie woll leve
Shall finde emong that ſhall him greve.
Whan I her herd thus me chaſtiſe
I anſwerde in full angrie wiſe,
I prayid her ceſſe of her ſpeche
Eithir to chaſtiſe me or teche,
To biddè me my thought refrein,
Whiche Love hath caught in his demein:
What wenin ye Love woll conſent
(That me aſſeyith with bowe bent)
To drawe mine herte out of his honde,
Whiche is ſo quickly in his bonde?
That ye counſaile maie nevir be,
For whan he firſt areſtid me
He toke mine herte ſo ſore him till
That it is nothing at my will;

ſo him for to' obeie
arrid with a keie.
t me be all ſtill,
well, if that ye will,
waſte in idilneſſe,
ithoutin geſſe,
line is but in vain;
ir die in the pain
o meward ſhould arette,
reſon on me ſette:
ttin pris or blame,
e for to ſave my name:
tiſith I him hate.
rde Reſon went her gate,
ve for no ſermoning
fro my ſolie bring:
d I leſt all ſole,
r-wandred, as a ſole,
ve no cheriſaunce:
my remembraunce
adde me to purveie
whom I might ſeie
and my privite,
ld moche availin me.
bethought I me that I
faſtè by
r, curteis and hende,
l was by name a Frende;
we was no where none.
n I went anone,
ll my wo I told,
t nought I would withold,
ll withoutin were,
compleint on Daungere,
ie he was hidous,
ird contrarious,
hrough his cruilte
t to have meimid me,
il whan he me ſeie
ardin walke and pleie
ade him for to go,
alone in wo;
gir with him ſpeke,
ſaied he would be wreke
ſawe how that I went
thom for to hent,
die to come nere
aie and the roſere.
, whan he wiſt of my thought,
tid me right nought!
lawe, be nat ſo madde,
nor beſtadde;
owe full well Daungere,
t he is fiers of chere,
ps, Love to manace;
e ben in his caſe;
though that he be,
alt him ſouple ſe:
I I knewe him wele;
ſt though men him fele
e aftre' in his bering
e and obeiſing:
what thou ſhalt doo;
e then go him to,

Of herte praie him ſpecially
Of thy treſpace to have mercie,
And hotin him well here to pleſe,
That thou ſhalt ner more him diſpleſe:
Who can beſt ſerve of flatiry
Shall pleſe Daungir moſt uttirly.
My frende hath ſaied to me ſo wele
That he me eſid hath ſomedele,
And eke allegged of my tourment,
For through him had I hardiment
Again to Daungir for to go,
To preve if I might make him ſo.

To Daungir cam I all aſhamed,
The whiche aforne me had yblamed,
Deſiring for t' apeſe my wo,
But over hedge durſt I nat go,
For he forbode me the paſſage:
I founde him cruill in his rage,
And in his honde a grete bourdoun;
To him I knelid lowe adoun,
Full meke of port and ſimple' of chere,
And ſaied, Sir, I am comin here
Only to aſk of you mercie;
It grevith me full gretily
That evir I have wrathid you,
But for to' amende I am come now,
With all my might bothe loude and ſtill
To doin right at your own will,
For Love madin me for to do
That I have treſpaſſed hidirto,
Fro whome I ne maie drawe mine herte,
Yet ſhall I nere for joie ne ſmerte
(What ſo befall me, gode or ill)
Offendin more again your will;
Levir I have endure diſeſe
Than doe that whiche ſhould you diſpleſe.

I you require and praie that ye
Of me have mercie and pite,
To ſtint your ire that grevith ſo,
That I woll ſwere for evirmo
To be redreſſed at your liking
If I treſpace in any thing,
Save that (I praie the) graunté me
A thing that maie nat warnid be,
That I maie love all onily,
None othir thing of you aſke I;
I ſhall doin all wele i-wis,
If of your grace you graunt me this,
And that ye maie nat lettin me,
For well wote ye that love is fre,
And I ſhall loven ſoche that I will,
Who evir like it well or ill,
And yet ne would I for all Fraunce
Doe thing to doe you diſpleſaunce.
Than Daungir fill in his entent
For to foryeve his male talent,
But all his wrathe yet at the laſt
He hath releſed, I praied ſo faſt.
Shortly, (he ſayid) thy requeſt
Is nat to mokill diſhoneſt,

Ne I woll nat wernin it the,
For yet nothing engrevith me;
For though thou love thus evirmore
To me is neithir soft ne sore:
Love where the list, what rechith me?
So ferre thou fro my rosis be;
Trust not on me for none assaie
In any time to passe the haie.
Thus hath he grauntid my praiere:
Than went I forthe withoutin were
Unto my frende, and told him all
Whiche was right joifull of my tale.
(He saied) Now goeth well thine affaire,
He shall to the be debonaire;
Though he aforne was dispitous
He shall hereastir be gracious;
If he were touched on some gode vein
He should yet rewin on thy pein:
Suffir, I rede, and no boste make
Till thou at gode mes maiest him take.
By suffraunce and by wordis soft
A man maie ovircomin oft
Him that aforne he had in drede,
In bokis sothly as I rede.
Thus hath my frende with grete comfort
Avauncid me with high disport,
Whiche would me gode as moche as I;
And than anon full sodainly
I toke my leve, and streight I went
Unto the haie, for grete talent
I had to sene the freshe bothom
Wherein laie my salvacion,
And Daungir toke kepe if that I
Kepe him covinaunt truily:
So sore I drede his manasing
I durst not brekin his bidding,
For lest that I were of him shent
I brake not his commaundiment,
For to purchasin his gode will
It was for to comin there till;
His mercie was to ferre behinde
Ykept, for I ne might it finde:
I complainid and sighid sore,
And languishid evir the more,
For I ne durst nat ovir go
Unto the Rose I lovid so,
Throughout my deming uttirly
That he had knowlege certainly:
Than Love me ladde in soche wise
That in me there was no feintise
Ne falshedde, ne no trecherie,
And yet he full of villanie,
And of disdaine and cruilte,
On me ne would have no pite
His cruill will for to refrain,
Tho I wept aie and me complain.

And while I was in this turment
Were come of grace, by God ysent,
Dame Fraunchise, and with her Pite,
Fulfilde the bothom of bounte:
Thei go to Daungir anon right
To ferthir me with all ther might,
And helpe me in worde and in dede;
For well thei sawe that it was nede.
First of her grace Dame Fraunchise
Ytakin hath of this emprise;
She saied Daungir, grete wrong ye doe
To worch this man so mochil woe,
Or pinin him so angirlie,
It is to you grete vilanie;
I can not se ne why ne how
That he hath trespassed again you,
Save that he loveth, wherefore ye shold
The more in charite' of him hold:
The force of Love maketh him do this;
Who would him blame he did amis:
He levith more than he maie doe;
His pain is harde ye maie se lo!
And Love in no wise would consent
That he have powir to repent,
For though that quicke ye would him slo
Fro Love his herte ne maie nat go.
Now, swet Sir, it is your ese
Him for to angir or disese.
Alas! what may it you avaunce
To doen to him so grete grevaunce?
What worship is' it again him take,
Or on your man a werre make,
Sithe he so lowlie every wise
Is redy as ye luste devise?
If Love have caught him in his lace,
You for t' obaie in every case,
And ben your subject at your will,
Should ye therfore willin him ill?
Ye should him sparin more all out
Than him that is bothe proude and stout:
Curtesie would that ye succoure
Them that ben meke undir your cure:
His herte is hard that woll not meke
Whan men of meknesse him beseke.

This is certain, sayid Pite,
We se oft that humilite
Bothe ire and also felonie
Venquish'eth, and also' melancolie,
To stondin forthe in soche duresse
This cruilte and wickednesse;
Wherefore I praie you, Sir Daungere,
For to maintein no lengir here
Soche cruill werre again your man,
As wholly your's as er he can,
Nor that ye worchin no more wo
On this caitife languishing so,
Whiche woll no more to you trespace,
But put him wholly in your grace:
And his offence ne was but lite;
The god of Love it was to wite
That he your thrall so gretely is:
If ye him harme ye doen amis,
For he hath had full hard penaunce
Sith that ye reft him th' aquaintaunce
Of Bialacoil, his most joie,
Whiche all his pains might acoie:
He was before anoyid sore,
But than ye doublid him well more,

bliſſe hath ben ful bare
coil was ſro him fare :
, to him done grete diſtreſſe,
o nede of more dureſſe :
om him your ire I rede ;
ot winnin in this dede :
ialacoil repaire again
h pite on his pain,
chiſe woll, and I Pite,
cifull to him ye be ;
that ſhe and I accorde
n him miſericorde,
praie, and eke moneſte,
refuſin our requeſte,
hard and fell of thought,
is two woll doe right nought.
e might no more endure,
him unto meſure.
n no wiſe, ſaieth Daungere,
ye have aſkid here,
grete uncurtiſie ;
have the companie
oil, as ye deviſe ;
a lettin in no wiſe.
oil than went in hie
, and ſaied full curtiſlie,
o long yben deignous
lovir and daunge'rous,
o withdrawe your preſence,
ath doe to him grete offence,
ot would upon him ſe,
a ſorowfull man is he :
to paie him and to pleſe,
ve if ye woll have eſe :
will : ſith that ye knowe
s dauntid and brought lowe
helpe of me and of Pite
no more aſerde to be.
doin right as ye will,
ialacoil, for it is ſkill,
igir woll that it ſo be ;
unchiſe hath him ſent to me.

at the beginning
in his comming ;
gèneſſe was in him ſene
than he ne' had wrathid ben ;
mblaunt than ſhewed he me,
ly, as aforne did he,
he honde withoutin doubt
ie haie right all about
e with a right gode chere,
on on the vergere
ngere had me chaſid fro.
e I leve ovre' all to go,
I raiſed at my deviſe
p unto paradiſe.
lacoil of gentilneſſe
his pain and buſineſſe
vid me onely of grace
of the ſotè place.
the Roſe, whan I was nigh,
r woxin and more high,
Freſhe and roddy, and faire of hewe,
Of colour evir illiche newe :
And whan I had it longè ſene
I ſawe that through the levis grene
The Roſe ſpred to ſpanniſhing,
To ſene it was a godely thing,
But it ne was ſo ſprede on brede
That men within might knowe the ſede,
For it covert ywas and cloſe
Bothe with the leves and with the Roſe ;
The ſtalke was even' and grene upright,
It was thereon a godely ſight,
And well the bettir without wene
For that the ſede was not yſene :
Full faire it ſprad, the god of Bleſſe,
For ſoche an othir as I geſſe
Aforne ne was, ne more vermaile ;
I was abawed for marveile,
For er the fairir that it was
The more I'am boundin in Love's laas.
Long I abode there, ſothe to ſaie,
Til Bialacoil I gan to praie,
Whan that I ſawe him in no wiſe
To me to warnin his ſervice,
That he to me would graunt a thing
Whiche to remembre' is well ſitting,
This is to ſaine, that of his grace
He would me yeve leiſar and ſpace,
To me that was ſo deſirous
To have a kiſſing precious
Of the ſo godely freſhè roſe
That ſo ſwetely ſmelleth in my noſe,
For if it you diſpleſid nought
I woll gladly, as I have ſought,
Havin a kiſſe therof frely
Of your yeſtè, for certainly
I woll none have but by your leve,
So lothe me werre you for to greve.

He ſayid, Frende, ſo God me ſpede,
Of Chaſtite I have ſoche drede,
Thou ſhouldeſt not warnid be for me ;
But I dare not for Chaſtite ;
Again her dare I not miſdoe,
For alwaie biddith ſhe me ſo
To yeve no lovir leve to kiſſe,
For who thereto may winnen, i-wiſſe
He of the ſurplus of the praie
May live in hope to get ſome daie ;
For who ſo kiſſing maie attain
Of lov'is pain hath (ſoth to ſain)
The beſt and the moſte avinaunt,
And erneſt of the reminaunt.
Of his anſwere I ſighid ſore,
I durſte aſſaie him tho no more,
I had ſuche drede to greve him aie ;
A man ſhould not to muche aſſaie
To chaſe his frende out of meſure,
Nor put his life in avinture ;
For no man at the firſt ſtroke
Ne may not fel adoune an oke,
Nor of the reiſins have the wine
Till grapes be ripe and well a-fine.

Be fore empreſſed, I you enſure,
And drawin out of the preſſure:
But I, forpeinid wondir ſtrong,
Thought that I abode right long
Aſtir the kiſſe in paine and wo,
Sith I to kiſſe deſirid ſo;
Till that rewing on my diſtreſſe
There comin Venus the goddeſſe,
(Whiche aie weryith Chaſtite)
Came of her grace to ſocour me,
Whoſe might is knowin ferre and wide,
For ſhe is mothir of Cupide,
The god of Love, as blinde as ſtone,
That helpith lovirs many one.
This lady brought in her right honde
Of brenning fire a blaſing bronde,
Whereof the flame and hote fire
Hath many' a lady in deſire
Of love ybrought, and ſore yhette,
And in her ſervice her herte ſette.
This lady was of gode entaile,
Right wondirful of apparaile;
By her atire ſo bright and ſhene
Men might perceivin well and ſene
She was not of religioun;
Nor I n'il makin mencioun
Nor of her robe nor of treſour,
Of broche ne of her riche attour,
Ne of her girdle' about her ſide,
For that I n'il not long abide;
But knowith well that certainly
She was arrayid richily;
Devoide of pride certaine ſhe was;
To Bialacoil ſhe went a paas,
And to him ſhortely in a clauſe
She ſayid, Sir, what is the cauſe
Ye ben of porte ſo daungirous
Unto this lovir and dainous,
To graunt him nothing but a kiſſe?
To warne it him ye done amiſſe,
Sithe well ye wotin how that he
Is Love's ſervaunt, as ye may ſe,
And hath beaute, wher through he is
Worthy of love to have the blis.
How he' is ſemely beholde and ſe,
How he is faire, how he is fre,
How he is ſote and debonaire,
Of agè yonge, luſty and faire:
There is no lady ſo hauteine,
Ducheſſe, counteſſe, ne chaſtèlaine,
That I n'olde her ungodely
For to refuſe him uttirly.
His brethe is alſo gode and ſwete,
And his lippes roddy; are thei mete
Only to plaine and not to kiſſe?
Graunt him a kiſſe of gentilneſſe.
His teth arne alſo white and clene;
Me thinkith wrong withoutin wene
If ye now warne him, truſtith me,
To graunte that a kiſſe have he;
The laſſe ye helpe him that ye haſte,
And the more timè ſhul ye waſte.
Whan the flame of the very bronde
That Venus brought in her right honde
Had Bialacoil with his hete ſmete
Anone he bade me without lete,
And grauntid me the Roſe to kiſſe,
Than of my paine I ganne to liſſe,
And to the Roſe anon went I,
And kiſſid it ful faithfully.
Nede no man aſke if I was blith
Whan the ſavour ſo ſofte and lith
Stroke to mine hert withoutin more,
And me alleggid of my ſore,
So was I ful of joye and bliſſe;
It is faire ſuche a floure to kiſſe;
It was ſo ſote and ſavirous
I might not be ſo anguiſhous
That I mote glad and joly be;
Whan that I do remembre me
Yet evre' among (ſothly to ſaine)
I ſuffre noie and mochil paine.

The ſe may nevir be ſo ſtill
But with a litill winde at will
May ovirwhelme and tourne alſo
As it were wode in wawis go;
Aſtir the calme the trouble ſone
Mote folow, and chaunge as the mone.
Right ſo fareth Love, that felde in one
Holdeth his ancre, for right anone
Whan thei in eſe wene beſt to live
They ben with tempeſt all fordrive.
Who ſervith Love can tell of wo
The ſtoundmele joye mote ovirgo;
Now he hurtith and now he cureth,
For ſelde in o pointe Love endureth.
Now it is right me to procede
How Shame gan medle and take hede,
Through whom fel angirs I have hade,
And how the ſtrongè wall was made,
And the caſtell of brede and length,
That god of Love wan with his ſtrength:
Al this in Romaunce will I ſet,
And for no thing ne will I let,
So that it liking to her be
That is the floure of all beaute,
For ſhe may beſt my labour quite
That I for her love ſhal endite.
Wickid Tonge, whiche that the covine
Of every lovir can devine
Worſte, and aie addith more ſomdele,
(For wickid tonge ſaith nevir wele)
To mewarde bare he right grete hate,
Eſpying me erly and late,
Til he hath ſene the gretè chere
Of Bialacoil and me ifere:
He ne might not his tonge withſtonde
Worſe to reportin than he fonde,
He was ſo ful of curſid rage:
It ſat him wele of his linage,
For him an Iriſhe woman bare:
His tonge was filid ſharpe and ſquare,
And right poignaunt, and right kerving,
And wondir bittir in ſpeking;
For whan that he me gan eſpie
He ſwore (affirming ſikirly)

: Bialacoil and me
aquaintaunce and prive :
e thereof so folilie
awakid Jelousie,
all afraied in his rising,
hat he herde the jangling,
non as he were wode
acoil there that he stode,
had levir in this cas
n at Reines or Amias
-hote in his felonie
thus saide Jelousie;
hast thou ben so negligent
pin, wham I was absent,
ergir here leste in thy warde?
thou haddist no regarde
ist (to thy confusion)
hus, to whom suspection
right grete; for it is rede,
ell shewid by the dede:
faute in the now have I founde;
d anon thou shalt be bounde,
ste lockin in a toure,
utin refuite or socoure.

ame to long hath be the fro;
one she was ago;
thou hast lost both drede and fere
id well she was not here,
e was besy in no wise
pin the and to chastice,
r to helpin Chastite
e the rosir, as thinketh me,
an this boie knave so boldly
uld nat have be hardy,
this vergir had suche game,
now me tournith to grete shame.

n is what to saie,
he would have fled awaie,
have hyid, ne'ere that he
nly toke him with me;
an I sawe that he had so
usie takin us two,
oned, and knewe no rede,
de away for very drede.
Shame came forth ful simpilly;
de have trespaced ful gretely,
of her porte, and made it simple,
a vaile in stede of wimple,
is done in ther abbey:
her hert was in affray
to speke within a throwe
sie right wondir lowe.
f his grace she him besought,
id, Sir, ne levith nought
Tonge, that false espie,
s so glad to faine and lie;
you made through flatiring
coil a false lesing;
esse is not nowe a newe,
onge that he him knewe;
e I.

This ne is not the firste daie,
For Wickid Tonge hath custome aie
The yonge folkis to bewrie,
And false lesingis on 'hem lie.
Yet nere-theleffe I se among
That the soigne it is so long
Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure
In Lov'is service for to' endure,
Ydrawing suche folke him to
That he hath nothing with to do,
But in sothnesse I trowe nought
That Bialacoil had er in thought
To do trespace or vilanie,
But for his mothir Curtisie
Hath taught him evir for to be
Gode of aqueintaunce and prive,
For he loviith none hevinesse,
But mirth and play, and all gladnesse;
He hatith eke alle trechours,
And soleine folke and envious,
For ye wele wetin how that he
Wol evir glad and joyful be
Honestly with folke to pley:
I have be negligent in fey
To chastise him, therfore now I
Of herte yerie you here mercy,
That I have ben so rechiles
To tamin him withouten lees;
Of my foly I me repent;
Now wol I whole set mine entent
To kepin bothe low and still
Bialacoil to do your will.
O Shame! o Shame! saide Jelousie,
To be bitrashed grete drede have I;
Lecherie hath yclombe so hie,
That almost blerid is mine eie:
No wondir is if drede have I,
Ovir all reignith Lechery,
Whose might ygrowith night and dey
But in cloistre and in abbey;
Chastite' is werried ovir all,
Therefore I woll with sikir wall
Close both the rosis and rosere;
I have to long in this manere
Leste 'hem unclosid wilfully,
Wherfore I am right inwardly
Sorowfull, and repente me;
But now thei shall no lengir be
Unclosid; and yet I drede sore
I shall repente ferthirmore,
For the game goith all amis;
Counsaile I muste newe i-wis:
I have to long ytrustid the,
But now it shal no lengir be,
For he may best in every coste
Decevin that men trustin moste:
I' se well that I am nigh shent
But if I set my full entent
Some remedie for to purveie,
Wherfore closin I shall the wey
From them that woll the Rose espie;
And come to waite me vilonie;
For now in gode faith and in trouth
I wol not lettin for no slouth,

To live the more in ſikerneſſe,
Do make anon a fortireſſe,
Than cloſe the roſis of gode ſavour;
In middis ſhal I make a tour
To put Bialacoil in priſon,
For evir I drede me of treſon:
I trow I ſhal him kepè ſo
That he ſhal have no might to go
About to makin companie
To them that thinke of vilanie,
Ne to no ſuche as hath ben here
Aforne, and found in him gode chere,
Whiche han aſſailid him to ſhende,
And with ther towandiſe to blende:
A folè is eith to begile;
But may I live a litil while
He ſhal forthinke his faire ſemblaunt;
And with that worde came Drede Avaunt,
Which was abaſhed, and in grete fere
Whan he wiſt Jeloufie was there;
He was for drede in ſuche affray
That not a worde durſte he ſay,
But quaking ſtode ful ſtil alone,
(Til Jeloufie his way was gone)
Save Shamè, that him not forſoke;
Both Drede and ſhe ful ſorè quoke,
That at the laſtè Drede abraide,
And to his coſin Shamè ſaide:
Shamè, (he ſaid) in ſothfaſtneſſe
To me it is gret hevineſſe
That the noiſe is ſo ferre ygo,
And eke the ſclaundir, of us two;
But ſithin that it is befall,
We maie it not againè call
Whan onis ſprongin is a fame;
For many' a yere withoutin blame
We have ben, and many a day,
For many' an Aprill, many' a May,
We han ypaſſid nothing ſhamed,
Til Jeloufie hath us yblamed
Of miſtruſt and ſuſpection
Cauſeleſſe, without encheſon:
Go we to Daungir haſtily,
And let us ſhewe him opinly
That he hath not aright ywrought
Whan that he ſettè not his thought
To kepin bettir the purpriſe;
In his doing he is not wiſe;
He hath to us do gretè wrong,
That hath ſuffirid now ſo long
Bialacoil to have his will
Allè his luſtis to fulfill:
He muſt amende it uttirly,
Or els ſhal he vilainoufly
Exilid be out of this londe;
For he the werre maie not withſtonde
Of Jeloufie, nor bere the greſe,
Sithe Bialacoile is at miſchefe.

To Daungir, Shame and Drede anon
The righte way ben both ygon;
The chorle thei foundin 'hem aforne
Ligging undir an hawethorne;
Undir his hede no pilowe was
But in the ſtede a truſſe of gras;
He ſlombrid, and a knappe he toke,
Til Shamè pitoufly him ſhoke,
And grete manace on him gan make.
Why ſlepiſt thou whan thou ſhould wake?
(Quod Shame) thou doeſt us vilanie
Who truſtith the he doth folie
To kepè roſis or bothoms
Whan thei ben faire in ther ſeſons:
Thou arte woxe to familiere
Wher thou ſhould be ſtraunge of chere
Stoute of thy porte, redy to greve:
Thou doeſt gret folie for to leve
Bialacoil here inne to call
The yongir man to ſhenden us all:
Though that thou ſlepe we mowin here
Of Jeloufie grete noiſe here:
Art thou now la e? riſe up an hie,
And ſtoppe ſone and delivirly
Allè the gappis of the hay;
Do no favour I do the pray:
It fallith nothing to thy name
To' make fayre ſemblaunt where thou mayſte bla

If Bialacoil be ſwete and fre,
Doggid and fel thou ſhouldiſt be,
Forward and outragious i-wis;
A chorle chaungith that curteis is:
This have I herde oft in ſaying,
That man ne maie for no daunting
Make a ſperhauke of a boſarde:
Al men wol hold the for muſarde
That debonaire have foundin the:
It fitteth the nought curteis to be:
To do men pleſaunce or ſerviſe
In the it is recreaundiſe:
Let thy werkis ferre and nere
Be like thy name, whiche is Daungere.
Than als abaſhid in ſhewing
Anon ſpake Drede, right thus ſaying,
And ſayid, Daungir, I drede me
That thou ne wolte beſy be
To kepin that thou haſt to kepe:
Whan thou ſhouldeſt wake thou art a-ſlepe
Thou ſhalt be grevid certainly
If the aſpyin Jeloufie,
Or if he findè the in blame;
He hath to day aſſailid Shame,
And chaſed away with grete manace
Bialacoil out of this place,
And ſwerith ſhortly that he ſhall
Encloſe him in a ſturdy wall;
And al is for thy wickidneſſe,
For that the failith ſtraungèneſſe;
Thine hert I trowe be failid all;
Thou ſhalt repent in ſpeciall,
If Jeloufie the ſothè knewe,
Thou ſhalt forthinke and ſorè rewe.
With that the chorle his clubbe gon ſhake,
Frowning his eyin gan to make,
And hidous chere, as man in rage;
For yre he brent in his viſage;

hat he herde him blamid so
, Out of my wit I go,
iscomfite I' have grete wrong;
have now lived to long
nay not this closir kepe:
ge I would de dolvin depe
nan shall more repayre
din for foule or fayre;
rt for ire goith a-fere
et any entre here:
o foly now I se,
it shal amended be:
tith fote here any more
shall repent it fore,
nan more into this place
entre shall have grace;
had with swerdis twaine
hout mine hert in every vaine,
o be with many' a wounde
outhe should in me be founde:
nnisforth by night or dey
efende it if I may
in any excepcion
manir condicion,
it any man graunte
oldith me for recreaunte.

aungir on his fete gan stondé
it a burdon in his honde;
n his ire ne left he nought,
ough the vergir he hath sought
ght findin hole or trace
hrough that me mote forth by pace,
gappe, he did it close;
man might touchin a Rose
osir allé about,
ith every man without,
day by day Daungir is wers,
ondirfull and more divers,
ir eke than evre' he was,
ful oft I finge alas!
may nought through his ire
that I moste desire;
rt, alas! wol breft a-two,
aroil I wrathid so;
ainly in every membre
whan that I me remembre
othom whiche that I wolde
day sene and beholde;
en I thinke upon the kisse,
w much joie and how much blisse,
through the favour swete,
t of it I grone and grete:
keth I fele yet in my nose
favour of the Rose,
w I wote that I mote go
the freshé flouris fro,
ul welcome were the dethe,
therof (alas! me slethe;
lom with this Rose, alas!
I nose, and mouthe, and face,
the deth I must abide:
e consent an othir tide
That onis I touche maie and kisse
I trow my paine shal nevir lisse;
Theron is all my covetise,
Whiche brent my hart in any wise;
Now shal repaire againe sighing,
Long watche on nightes, and no sleping,
Thought in wishing, turment, and wo,
With many' a tourning to and fro,
That halfe my paine I cannot tell,
For I am fallin into hell
From paradise and welthe; the more
My turment grevith, more and more
Anoyith now the bittirnesse
That I to forne have felte swetnesse:
And Wickid Tonge throughe his falshede
Ycausith all my wo and drede;
On me he lieth a pitous charge,
Bicause his tongé was to large.
Now is it time shortly that I
Tel you somthing of Jelousy,
That was in grete suspection:
About him lefte he no mason
That stone could laie, ne no querrour,
He hirid 'hem to make a tour;
And first the rosis for to kepe
About 'hem mede he a diche depe,
Right wondir large, and also brode,
Upon the whiché also stode
Of squarid stone a sturdy wall,
Whiche on a cragge was foundin all,
And right grete thicknesse eke it bare;
About it was yfoundid square
An hundrid fadome' on every side;
It was al liche both long and wide:
Left any time it were assailed
Ful wel about it was batailed,
And rounde environ eke were set
Ful many a riche and faire tournet:
At every cornir of this wall
Was set a tour full principall,
And everiche had without fable
A portcolise defensable,
To kepe of en'emies, and to greve
That there ther force would yprave.
And eke amiddé this purprise
Was made a tour of grete maistrise,
A fairir saugh no man with sight,
Large and wide, and of grate might:
Thei draddé nought nonè assaut
Of ginn or gonn, nor of skaffaut:
The tempereure of the mortere
Was made of lycoure wondir dere,
Of quicklime persaunt and egre,
Which temprid was with vinegre.
The stone was harde of adamaunt
Wherof thei made the foundémaunt;
The tour was rounde made in compas;
In al this world no richir was,
Ne bettir ordained therewithall:
About the tour was made a wall,
So that betwixt that and the toure
Rosis were set of swete savoure,
With many rosis that thei bere:
And eke within the castil were

Springoldis, gonnes, bowes, and archers,
And eke about at the corners
Men seinin ovir the wall stonde
Gret engins, which ywere nere honde,
And in the kernils here and there
Of arblastirs grete plentie were;
None armour mighte ther stroke withstonde,
It were foly to prese to honde;
Without the diche were listis made
With wal batailid large and brade,
For men and horse should not attaine
To nigh the diche ovir the plaine.
Thus Jelosie hath environ
Ysett about his garnison
With wallis rounde and dichè depe,
Onely the rosir for to kepe,
And Daungir bothe erly and late
The keys kept of the uttir gate,
The whiche opened towarde the est,
And he had with him at the lest
Thurty servauntes echone by name.
That othir gate was kept by Shame,
Whiche opinid, as it was couthe,
Towardis the parte of the southe,
Sergeauntes assignid were here to
Full many, her will for to do:
Than Dredè had in her baillie
The keping of the constable'rie
Towarde the north I understonde,
That opened upon the lefte honde,
The whiche for nothing may be sure
But if she do her besy cure
Erly on mor'we', and also late,
Strongly to shette and barre the gate,
Of every thing that she may se
Drede is aferde where so she be,
For with a puffe of litill winde
Drede is astonied in her minde,
Therfore for steling of the Rose
I rede her nat the yate unclose:
A foul'is flight would make her fle,
And eke a shadowe, if she' it se.

Than Wickid Tonge, full of envy,
With soudiers of Normandy,
As he that causith all debate,
Was kepir of the fourthè gate,
And also to the tothir thre
He went ful oftè for to se.
Whan his lotte was to walke a night
His instrumentis would be dight
For to blowin and makin soune
Oftir than he hath enchesoune,
And walkin oft upon the wall,
Cornirs and wickittes ovir all
Ful narowe serchin and espie:
Though he nought sonde yet would he lie
Discordaunt er fro armonie,
And dissonid fro melodie;
Controve he would, and soulè faile
With hornpipis of Cornewale;
In sloitis made he discordaunce,
And in his musike, with mischaunce!
He wouldè seine with notis newe
That he ne sonde no woman trewe,
Ne that he sawe nere in his life
Unto her husbonde a trewe wife,
Ne none so ful of honeste
That she n'il laugh and mery be
Whan that she hereth or may espie
A man spekin of lecherie;
Everiche of 'hem hath some vice;
One is dishoneft, t'other nice;
Yf one be ful of vilanie,
An othir hath a lico'rous eie;
If one be ful of wantonesse,
Anothir is a chidiresse.
Thus Wickid Tonge, God yeve him shame
Can put 'hem everichone in blame
Without desert, and causilesse:
He lieth though thei ben galtilesse:
I have pity to sene the sorowe
That wakith bothe evin and morowe
To innocentes doth suche grevaunce,
I pray God yeve him evil chaunce!
That he evir so besy is
Of any woman to' seine amis.
Eke Jelousie may God confounde!
That hath makid a toure so rounde,
And made about a garison,
To sette Bialacoil in prison,
The whiche is shette there in the tour,
Ful long to holdè ther sojour,
There for to livin in penaunce;
And for to do him more grevaunce,
Whiche hath ordainid Jelousie,
An olde veeke for to espie
The manir of his governaunce,
The whiche devil in her infaunce
Had lernid all of Lov'is arte,
And of his pleyis take her parte:
She was expert in his servise;
She knewe eche wrenche and every gise
Of Love, and every secret wile;
It was right harde her to begile.
Of Bialacoil she toke aie hede,
That er he liveth in wo and drede
He kepte him coye and eke prive,
Left that in him she haddè se
Any lite foly countinaunce,
For she knew all the oldè daunce.
And aftir this whan Jelousie
Had Bialacoil in his baillie,
And shette him up that was so fre,
For sure of him he would ybe,
He trustith sore in his castell,
The strongè werke him likith well;
He dradde nat that no glotons
Should stele his rosis or bothoms;
The rosis weren assurid all,
Defencid with the strongè wall;
Now Jelousie full well may be
Of drede devoide in libertè;

it he or ſlepe or wake
nay none be take.

) now morne ſhall
s without the wall:
lole and mone I made;
wiſt what wo I had
would have had pite;
lere had ſolde me;
at of his love had I
t it al queintly,
rough dubling of my paine
it fell again,
we bargain lere,
all out the more is dere
e that I have lorne
t nevir aforne:
full like in dede
caſte in yerth his ſede,
e of the newe ſpringing
nith in the ginning,
re and freſhe of floure,
e, ſote of odoure,
in ſhevis ſhere
thir that ſhall it dere,
it to fade and fall
he greine, and flouris all,
iller is fordoen,
had conceved to ſone.
ine that ſo fare I,
I travaile ſikirly
te all with a ſtorme:
'ill ſedin of my corne,
th ſo avauncid me,
n my privite
all for to tell,
ſounde froward ne fell,
e all whole my plaie;
of ſo harde aſſaie,
nes he revid me
ed beſt above to' have be.
as of Fortune,
ith oft, and n'ill contune,
om will on folke ſmile,
on 'hem an othir while;
now foe thou ſhalt her fele,
ng tournith her whele.
rithin her hedde awaie;
ncourſe of her plaie,
e that doith mourne,
doune and ovirtourne
ieſt but as her luſte:
hat woll her truſt,
it am come doune
rge and revolucioun;
il mote fro me twin,
priſon yonde within,
it mine herte I fele,
ie and all mine hele
and in the Roſe,
woll, whiche him doeth cloſe,
I maie him ſe,
t that I curid be

Of the painis that I endure,
Nor of my cruill avinture.

Ah, Bialacoil, mine own dere!
Though thou be now a priſonere,
Kepith at leſt thine herte to me;
Suffir not that it dauntid be,
Ne let not Jelouſie' in his rage
Puttin thine herte in no ſervage:
Although he chaſtice the without,
And make thy bodie to him lout,
Have herte as harde as diamaunt,
Stedfaſt and ſtout, and naught pliaunt:
In priſon though thy bodie be
At large kepe thine herte fre:
A trewe hert ne will not plie
For no manace that it maie drie:
If Jelouſie doith the pain
Quite him his wile thus again,
To vengè the at leſt in thought,
If othir waie thou mayiſt nought,
And in this wiſe full ſubtillie
Worchin and winne the maiſtiry.
But yet I am in grete affraie
Leſt thou ſholdeſt nat doe as I ſaie;
I drede thou canſt me grete maugre
That thou enpriſoned art for me,
But yet right nought for my treſpas,
For through me nere diſcovered was
Yet thing that ought to be ſecre:
Well more annoie is in me
Than is in the of this miſchaunce,
For I endure more hard penaunce
Than any man can ſaine or thinke,
That for the ſorowe' almoſte I ſinke:
Whan I remembir me' of my wo
Full nigh out of my witte I go.
Inward mine herte I fele blede,
For comfortleſſe the deth I drede:
Owe I nat well to have diſtreſſe
Whan falſe through ther wickidneſſe,
And traitours, that arne envious,
To noien me be ſo coragious?
Ah, Bialacoil! full well I ſe
That thei 'hem ſhape to deceve the,
To make the buxum to ther lawe,
And with ther corde the to drawe
Where ſo 'hem luſt, right at ther will;
I drede thei have the brought there till:
Withoutin comfort thought me flaeth;
This game would bring me to my deth,
For if that I your gode will leſe
I mote be dedde, I maie not cheſe,
And if that thou foryete me
Mine herte ſhall nere in liking be,
Nor elliſwhere findin ſolace:
If I be put out of your grace,
As it ſhall nevir ben I hope,
Than ſhuldin I fall in wanhope.
Alas, in wanhope! naie, parde,
For I woll nere diſpeirid be:
If Hope me faile, than alle am I
Ungracious and unworthy:

In Hope I woll comfortid be,
For Love, whan he betaught her me,
Sayid that Hope where so I go
Should aie be relefe to my wo.
  But what and ſhe my balis bete,
And be to me curteis and ſwete?
She is in nothing full certain;
Lovirs ſhe put in full grete pain,
And makith 'hem with wo to dele;
Her faire beheſte deceivith fele,
For ſhe woll behote ſikirly
And failin aftir uttirly.
  Ah! that is a full noious thing,
For mony' a lovir in loving
Hangeth upon her, and truſtith faſt,
Whiche leſe ther travaile at the laſt.
  Of thing to comme ſhe wote right nought,
Therefore if it be wiſely ſought
Her counſaile folie is to take;
For many times whan ſhe woll make
A full gode ſyllogiſme, I drede
That aftirwardę there ſhall in dede
Folowe an ill concluſion:
This put me in confuſion,
For many times I have it ſene
That many have begilid bene
For truſt that thei have ſet in Hope,
Whiche fell 'hem aftirward a-ſlope.

But nath'leſs yet gladly ſhe wold
That he that woll him with her hold
Had all timis her purpoſe clere
Withoutin deceipt any where;
That ſhe deſirith ſikirly;
Whan I her blamed I did foly.
But what availith her gode will
Whan ſhe ne maie ſtaunche my ſtound ill?
That helpith lite that ſhe maie doe,
Out take beheſte unto my wo,
And heſtê certain in no wiſe
Without iſete is not to preiſe.
  Whan heſte and dede a ſondir vary
Thei doin a gretê contrary:
Thus am I poſſid up and doune
With dole, thought, and confuſioune;
Of my diſeſe there is no nomber,
Daungir and Shamê me encomber,
Drede alſo and Jeloſie,
And Wickid Tong, full of envie,
Of whiche the ſharpe and cruill ire
Full oft me put in grete martire:
Thei have my joiê fully let,
Sith Bialacoil thei have beſhet
Fro me in priſon wickidly,
Whom I love ſo entierly,
That it wollin my banê be
But I the ſonir maie him ſe.
  And yet moreovir, worſt of all,
There' is ſet to kepe, foule her befall!
A rimplid veckę ferre roune in age,
Frouning and yel'wel in her vilage,
Whiche in awaite lieth daie and night,
That none of him maie have a ſight.

Now mote my ſorowe enforced be
Ful ſothe it is that Love yaſe me
Thre wondir yeſtis of his grace,
Whiche I have lorne now in this place,
Sithe thei ne maie withoutin drede
Helpin but lite who takith hede,
For here availith no Swetê Thought,
And Swetê Speche helpith right nought,
The thirde was callid Swete Loking,
That now is lorne without leſing.
  Yeſtis were faire, but nat for thy
Thei helpin me but ſimpilly
But Bialacoil loſid be
To gone at large and to be fre;
For him my life lieth all in dout
But if he come the rathir out.
  Alas! I trowe it woll nat ben,
For how ſhould I ere more him ſene?
He maie nat out, and that is wrong,
Bicauſe the tourê is ſo ſtrong:
How ſhould he' out, or by whoſe proweſſe,
Out of ſo ſtrong a fortireſſe?
  By me certain it n'ill be doe,
God wotte I have no witte therto,
But well I wote I was in rage
Whan I to Love did my homage;
Who was the cauſe (in ſothfaſtneſſe)
But her ſelf Damê Idilneſſe,
Whiche me conveide through faire praiere
To' entir into that faire vergere?
She was to blamê me to leve,
The whiche now doeth me ſorê greve:
A fol'is worde is nought to trowe,
Ne worthe an apple for to lowe;
Men ſhould him ſnibbe bittirlie
At primê temps of his folie:
I was a fole, and ſhe me leved,
Through whom I am right nought releved:
She accompliſhid all my will
That now me grevith wondir ill.

Reſon me ſayid, What ſhould fall
A fole my ſelf I maie well call,
That Love aſide I had not laied,
And trowid that Dame Reſon faied;
Reſon had bothê ſkill and right
Whan ſhe me blamed with all her might
To medle' of Love, that hath me ſhent,
But certain now I woll repent.

And ſhould I repent? naie, parde,
A falſe traitour than ſhould I be:
The devil's engins would me take
If evir I Love would forſake,
Or Bialacoil falſly betraie.
Should I at miſchief hate him? naie,

now for his curtisie
on of Jelousie;
certain did he me
it maie not yoldin be:
the haie passin me lete
the Rose faire and swete
therefore conne him maugre?
tainly, it shall nat be,
shall nevir, save gode will,
ne ne through worde or will
r complaint more or lesse
f Hope nor Idlenesse;
s it were wrong that I
m for ther curtisie.
not els but suffre' and thinke,
in whan I shouldè winke,
hope till Love through chaunce
soccour or allegaunce,
nt aie till I maie mete
mercie of that swete.
n I thinke how Love to me
t he would take at gre
ce if unpacience
ne to doen offence;
In thanke I shall it take,
maistir eke they make,
lnesse ne reve it the,
I trowe that shall nat be.
re his wordis by and by,
he lovid me truely.
there not but serve him wele
hinke his thanke to sele:
mine harme, lithe whole in me,
naie no defaute ybe,
Love ne failed nevir man;
e faute mote nedis than,
orbide, be founde in me,
it cometh I can not se.
t gone as it maie go,
ve woll soccour me or slo,
do wholly on me his will;
re ybounde him till
service I maie not flene,
nd deth withoutin wene
ande; I maie nat chese;
me doe bothe winne and lese:
so sore he doeth me greve,
lust he would acheve,
oil godely to be,
force what fell on me;
h I die, as I mote nede,
ive of his godelihede
oil doe gentilnesse,
n I live in soche distresse
ote dyin for penaunce:
withoutin repentaunce
confesse in gode entent,
e in haste my testament,
doin that felen smerte.
oil leve I mine herte
e, withoutin departing
enesse or repenting.

Coment Raison vient a L'amant.

Thus as I madin my passage
In compleint and in cruill rage,
And I n'ot where to find a leche
That couthe unto mine helping eche,
Sodainly again comin doun
Out of her toure I sawe Resoun,
Discrete and wise, and full plesaunt,
And of her porte full avenaunt:
The right waie she toke unto me,
Whiche stode in grete perplexite,
That was poshid in every side,
That I n'ist where I might abide,
Till she, demurely sadde of chere,
Sayid to me as she came nere;
Mine ownè frende, art thou agreved?
How is this quarell yet acheved
Of Lov'is side? anon me tell
Hast thou not yet of love thy fill?
Art thou nat werie' of thy service
That the hath grevid in soche wise?
What joie haste thou in thy loving?
Is it a swete or bittir thing?
Canst thou yet chesin, let me se,
What best thy succour mightin be?
Thou servist a full noble lorde,
That maketh the thrall for thy rewarde,
Whiche aie reneweth thy tourment,
With folie so he hath the blent:
Thou fell in mischief thilkè daie
Whan thou diddist, the sothe to saie,
To him obeisaunce and homage:
Thou wroughtist nothing as the sage
Whan thou became his liegè man;
Thou diddist a grete folie than:
Thou wistist nat what fell therto,
With what lorde thou haddist to doe:
If that thou haddist him well knowe
Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe,
For if that thou wiste what it were
Thou n'oldist serve him halfe a yere,
No, nat a weke nor halfe a daie,
Ne yet an houre without delaie:
Ne nevir I lovid paramours,
His lordship is so full of shours:
Knowist him ought?—
L'amant. Ye, Dame, parde.—
Raison. Naie, naie.—*L'amant.* Yes I.—
Raison. Wherefore, let se.—
L'amant. Of that he sayid I should be
Glad to have soche a lorde as he,
And maistir of soche seignorie.—
Raison. Knowist him no more?—
L'amant. Naie, certis, I,
Save that he yase me rulis there,
And went his waie I ne wist where,
And I abode bounde in balaunce:
Lo, there a noble cognisaunce!

Raison.

But I woll that thou knowe him now
Ginning and ende, sithin that thou

Art so anguishous and so mate,
Disfigurid out of astate,
There maie no wreche have more of wo,
Ne catife non endurin so;
It were to every man fitting
Of his lorde to have knowleging,
For if thou knewe him out of dout
Lightly thou shouldist scapin out
Of thy prison that marrith the.

L'amaunt.

Ye, Dame, sithin my lorde is he,
And I his man made with mine hondę
I wouldè right faine undirstonde
To knowin of what kinde he be,
If any would enformè me.

Raison.

I would (sayid Reson) the lere,
Sithe thou to lerne hast soche desire,
And shewin the withoutin fable
A thing that is not demonstrable.
Thou shalt knowe withoutin science
And withoutin experience
The thing that maie not knowin be,
Ne wist ne shewed in no degre,
Thou maiest the sothe of it not witten
Although in the it were ywritten;
Thou shalt not knowin therof more
While thou art rulid by his lore,
But unto him that Love will slie
The knottè maie unclosid be
Whiche hath to the, as it is founde,
So longe to knitte and not unbounde:
Now set well thine entencion
To here of love the descripcion.

Lovè it is an hateful pese,
A fre' acquitance without relese,
And through the fret full of falshede
A sikernesse all set in drede;
In herte is a dispering hope,
And full of hope it is wanhope;
A wise wodnesse, and void reson,
A swet perill in to droun,
And hevie burthin light to bere,
A wickid wawe awaie to were;
It is Charybdis perilous,
Disagrèable and gracious;
It' is discordaunce that can acorde,
And accordaunce unto discorde;
It is conning without science,
And wisedome without sapience,
Witte withoutin discrecion,
Havoire without possession;
It is like hele and whole sickenesse,
A trust drounid and dronkinesse,
And helth all full of maladie,
And charite full of envie,
And angre full of aboundaunce,
And a full gredie suffisaunce,
Delite right full of hevinesse,
And drerinesse full of gladnesse,
Bittir sweteneste and swete errour,
Right evill savoured gode savour,
A sin that pardone hath withinne,
And pardone spottid without sinne,
A paine also it is joious,
And felonie right pitsous,
Also a plaie that selde is stable,
And stedfastnesse right mevable,
A strength weikid to stonde upright,
And a fehlenesse full of might,
Witte unavisid, sage folie,
And joiè full of tourmentrie,
A laughtir it is weping aie,
Rest that travailith night and daie,
Also a swetè hell it is,
And a sorowfull paradis,
A plesaunt gaile and esie prisoun,
And full of frostis somir sesoun,
Primè temps full of frostis white,
And Maie devoide of all delite,
With sere braunchis blossoms ungrene,
And newe fruict filled with wintir tene;
It is a flowe maie not forbere,
Ragges ribanid with gold to were,
For all so well woll Love be sette
Undir raggis as riche rotchette,
And eke as well by amorettes
In mourning blacke as bright burnettes,
For none is of so mokill prise,
Ne no man foundin is so wise,
Ne no man so high of parage,
Ne no man founde of witte so sage,
No man so hardie ne so wight,
Ne no man of so mokill might,
None so fullfillid of bounte,
That he with love maie dauntid be;
All the worldè holdith this waie,
Love makith all to gone miswaie
But if it be thei of evill life,
Whom Genius cursid, man and wife,
That wrongly werke again Nature;
None soche I love, ne have no cure
Of soche as Lov'is servauntes ben,
And woll nat by my counsaile fleen,
For I ne preisin that loving
Where through man at the last ending
Shall call 'hem wretchis full of wo,
Love grevith 'hem and shendith so;
But if thou wolt well Love eschewe
For to escape out of his mewe,
And make all whole the sorowe slake,
No bettir counsaile maiest thou take
Than thinke to slein wel i-wis,
Maie nought helpe els, for wit thou this,
If thou slie it shall slie the,
Folowe' it and folowen shall it the.

L'amaunt.

Whan I had herid Reson sain,
Whiche had ysplit her speche in vain,
Dame, (sayid I) I dare well saie
Of this avaunt me well I maie,
That from your scole so deviaunt
I am, that nere the more avaunt
Right nought I am through your dooctine
I dulle undir your discipline;

ore than I wiste ever,
contrarie and so fer
ng that ye me lere,
can it all by partivere;
foryeteth thereof right nought;
ttin in my thought,
gravin it is so tender,
ine herte I can it render,
ovir communely,
self lewdist am I.

e love discrivin so,
and preise it bothe two,
into this letter,
thinke on it the better,
nevir defined here,
ly I would it lere.—
love be serchid well and sought,
nesse of the thought,
d knedde betwixt tweine,
and female with o cheine,
deth, that thei n'ill twinne
eof thei lese or winne:
ringith through hote brenning
inate desiring
n and to embrace,
lust them to solace;
ing Love retchith nought,
ther herte and all ther thoughe
ier delectacioun
rocreacioun
uict by engendrure,
e to God is nat plesure,
bodie fruicte to get
o force, thei are so set
to plaie in fere;
ave also this manere
em for love seke;
I prese not at a leke,
urs thei do but faine,
ely thei disdaine;
ladies traitoursly,
'hem othis uttirly,
a lesing, many' a fable,
findin disceivable.
n thei han ther lust ygetten
nes thei all foryetten;
harme byin full sore;
s thinkin evirmore,
rme is, so mote I the,
m than disceivid be,
where thei ne maie
othir mene ne waie,
well in sothfastnesse,
oeth now his businesse
roman for to dele
that he maie fele,
for engendrure
espasse I you ensure,
ld settin all his will
likely thing him till,
in, if that he might,
forth by kind'is right
His owne likènesse and semblable;
For bicause all' is corrumpable,
And failin should succession,
Ne were the generacioun,
Our sect'is strenè for to save,
Whan fadre' or mothir arne in grave
Ther childrin shulde whan they ben dede
Full diligent ben in ther stede
To use that worke on soche a wise
That one maie through an othir rise;
Therefore set kinde therein delite,
For men therein should 'hem delite,
And of that dedè be not erke,
But ofte sithis haunt that werke,
For none would drawe thereof a draught
Ne were delite whiche hath him caught;
This had subtill Dame Nature,
For none goeth right I the ensure,
Ne hath entten whole ne parfite,
For ther desire is for delite,
The whiche sortenid crese, and eke
The plaie of love, for oft thei seke
And thrall 'hem self, thei be so nice,
Unto the prince of every vice,
For of eche sinne it is the rote
Unlefull lust, though it be sote,
And of all evill the racine,
As Tullius can determine,
Whiche in his time was full sage,
In a boke whiche he made of age,
Where that more he ypraisith Elde,
Though he be crokid and unwelde,
And more of commendacioun
Than youth in his discripcioun;
For youth set bothe man and wise
In all perill of soule and life,
And perill is, but men have grace,
The perill of youth for to pace
Without any deth or distresse,
It is so full of wildènesse,
So oft it doeth shame and domage
To him or unto his linage,
It ledith man now up now doun,
In mokill dissolucioun,
And maketh him love ill companie,
And lede his life disrulilie,
And halte him paied with none estate;
Within himself is soche debate
He chaungith purpose and entent,
And yaltè into some covent,
To livin astir ther emprise,
And lesith fredome and fraunchise
That Nature in him had yset,
The whiche again he maie not get,
If there he make his mansion,
For to abide profession;
Though for a time his herte absent
It maie not faile he shall repent,
And eke abidin thilkè daie
To leve' his abite and gon his waie,
And leseth his worship and his name,
And dare not come again for shame,
But all his life he doeth so mourne,
Bicause he dare not home retourne,

Fredome of kinde ſo loſt hath he
That nevir maie recurid be,
But that if God him grauntin grace
That he maie, er he hennis pace,
Contein undir obedience,
Through the vertue of pacience;
For youth ſet man in all folie,
In unthrift and in ribaudrie,
In lecherie and in outrage,
So oft it chaungith of corage:
Youth ginnith oft ſpche a bargain
That maie not end withoutin pain:
In grete perill is Youth-hede,
Delite ſo doeth his bridill lede:
Delite this hangith, drede the nought,
Bothe mann'is bodie and his thought;
Onily through youth'is chambere,
That to doen ill is cuſtomere,
And of naught ellis takith hede
But onely folkis for to lede
Into diſport and wildèneſſe
So froward is it from ſadneſſe,
But elde ydrawith 'hem therfro;
Who wote it not he maie well go,
And mo of 'hem that now arne old,
That whilom youth yhad in hold,
Whiche yet remembre' of tendir age
How it 'hem brought in many' a rage,
And many' a folie therin wrought,
But now that elde hath 'hem through ſought
Thei repent 'hem of ther folie
That youth 'hem put in jeopardie,
In perill and in mokill woe,
And made 'hem oft amiſſe to doe,
And ſewin evill companie
And riot and advouterie.

But Eldè gan againe reſtraine
From ſuchè foly and refraine,
And ſet men by her ordinaunce
In gode rule and in governaunce;
But ill ſhe ſpendith her ſerviſe,
For no man wol her love ne preiſe;
She is hatid, this wot I wele,
Her acqueintaunce would no man ſele,
Ne han of Eldè companie,
Men hate to be of her alie,
For no man wold becomin olde,
Ne die whan he is yonge and bolde;
And Elde mervailith right gretely
Whan thei remembre 'hem inwardly
Of many' a perillous empriſe
Whiche that thei wrought in ſondry wiſe,
How evir thei might without blame
Eſcape awaie withoutin ſhame,
In youth without any domage,
Without repreſe of ther linage,
Leſſe of membre, ſheding of blode,
Perill of deth, or loſſe of gode.
Wotiſt thou nat where Youth abit,
That men ſo preiſin in ther wit?
With Delite ſhe yhalte ſojour,
For both thei dwellin in o tour:
As longe as Youthe is in ſeſon
Thei dwellin in one manſion:
Delite of Youth woll have ſervice
To do what ſo he woll deviſe,
And youth is redy evirmore
For to obey for ſmerte or ſore
Unto Delite, and him to yeve
Her ſervice while that ſhe maie live.
Where Elde abitte I wol the tell
Shortily, and no while ydwelle,
For thidir behoveth the to go,
Yf Deth in youthè the not ſlo;
Of this journey thou maiſte not faile.
With her Labour and eke Travaile
Lodgid ben, with Sorow and Wo,
That nevir out of her court go,
Paine and Diſtreſſe, Sickeneſſe and Ire,
And Melan'coly, that angry ſire,
Ben of her paleis ſenatours,
Groning and grutching her herbegeours:
The day and night her to tourment
With cruill Deth thei her preſent,
And tellin her erliche and late
That Death ſtondeth armid at her gate;
Than bring thei to her remembraunce
The foly dedes of her enfaunce,
Whiche cauſin her to mourne in wo
That youth hath her begilid ſo,
Whiche ſodainly awaie is haſted;
She weped the time that ſhe hath waſted,
Complaining of the preteritte
And the preſent, that nat abitte,
And of her oldè vanite,
That but aforne her ſhe maie ſe
In the future ſome ſmale ſocoure
To leggin her of her doloure,
To graunt her time of repentaunce,
For her ſinnis to do penaunce,
And at the laſt ſo her governe,
To winne the joye that is eterne,
Fro whiche go backwarde youth her made,
In vanite to drowne and wade;
For preſent time abidith nought,
It is more ſwifte than any thought;
So litill while it doth endure
That there is ne compte ne meſure.
But how that evir the game go,
Who liſt love joye and mirth alſo
Of love, be it he or ſhe,
Or hie or lowe, who ſo it be,
In frute thei ſhouldin 'hem delite,
Ther parte thei maie not ellis quite,
To ſave 'hem ſelf in honeſte;
And yet full many one I ſe
Of women, ſothly for to ſaine,
That deſirin and wouldin faine
The plaie of love, thei be ſo wilde,
And not coveite to go with childe;
And if with childe thei be perchaunce,
Thei wol it holde a grete miſchaunce;
But what ſo evir wo thei ſele
Thei wol not plainin, but concele,
But it be any ſole or nice,
In whome that ſhame hath no juſtice;

te echone thei drawe
t this worke, both hie and lawe,
that arne worth right nought,
noney wol be ybought;
I preisin in no wise
given for covetise;
woman, though she' is wode,
th her selfe for any gode,
ould a man ytelle
t wil her body selle,
aide or be she wise,
te wol selle her by her life,
chere that ever she make,
etche I undirtake
suche one, for swete or soure,
e him called her paramoure,
eth on him, and maketh him fest,
ly no suche best
d is nat worthy,
he name of Drury;
ld her plese, but he wer wode,
dispoile him of his gode:
lesse I wol not saie
or solace and for plaie
wil or othir thing
er lov'is fre yeving,
he aske it in no wise
of shame or covetise;
hers maie him certaine
claundir yevin againe,
ther hertes togidir so
nd take and yeve also:
t that I wollin 'hem twinne
her love there is no sinne;
thei togidir go,
al that thei han ado,
hould and debonaire,
er love berin 'hem faire,
vice, both he and she,
waie in honeste
ove to kepe 'hem clere,
nith hertis with his fere,
ther love in any wise
le of all covetise.
should engendrid be
hert, juste and feere,
of suche as set ther thought
their lust and ellis nought,
ei caught in Lov'is lace
or bodily solace;
lelite is so present
, that set al thine entent
n more, what should I glose?
ttin and have the Rose,
nakith the so mate and wode
u desireft none other gode:
art not an inche the nerre,
abideft in sorroue' and werre,
face it is ysene;
the bothe pale and lene;
ht, thy vertue, gothe awaie,
eft in gode faie
borist than in thine inne,
of Love whan thou let inne;

Wherfore I rede thou shette him oute,
Or he shal greve the out of doute,
For to thy profite it wol turne,
If he no more with the sojourne.
In grete mischefe and sorow sonken
Ben hertis that of love arne dronken,
As thou peraventure knowen shall
Whan thou haft loft thy time all,
And spent thy thought in idilnesse,
In waste, and woful lustinesse.
Yf thou maist live the time to se
Of love for to delivered be
Thy time thou shalt bewepe sore,
The whiche nevir thou maist restore,
For time yloft, as men may se,
For nothing may recovered be:
And if thou scape yet at the laste
Fro Love that hath the so faste
Yknitte and boundin in his lace,
Certaine I holde it but a grace;
For many one, as it is seine,
Have loste and spent also in veine
In his service without socour
Body and soule, gode and tresour,
And witte and strength, and eke richesse,
Of whiche thei had nevir redresse.

L'amant.

Thus taught and prechid hath Reson,
But Love yspilte hath her sermon,
That was so impid in my thought
That her doctrine I set at nought,
And yet ne saide she nevre' a dele
That I ne understode it wele
Wordè by wordè the matir all;
But unto Love I was so thrall,
Whiche callith ovir all his praie,
He chasith so my thoughtis aie,
And holdeth min herrte undir his sele
As trusty and trewe as any stele,
So that I no devocion
Ne haddè in the wise sermon
Of Dame Reson, ne of her rede
I toke no sojour in mine hede,
For allè yede out at one ere
That in that othir she did lere;
Fully on me she loft her lore;
Her speche me grevid wondir sore.

That unto her for ire I saide,
For angir as I did abraide,
Dame, and as it your will algate
That I not love but that I hate
All men, as ye me now do teche?
For if I do aftir your speche,
Sith that you seine love is not gode,
Than must I nedis say with mode,
Yf I it leve, in hatrid aie
Livin, and voidin love awaie
Ferrè from me a sinful wretche,
Yhatid of allè that tetche,
I may not go none othir gate,
For either must I love or hate,
And if I hatin men of newe
Morè than love it wol me rewe,

As by your preching ſemith me,
For Love nothing ne praiſith the:
Ye yeve gode counſaile ſikirly
That prechith me al day that I
Ne ſhould not Lov'is lore alowe;
He were a fole woulde you not trowe;
In ſpeche alſo ye han me taught
Anothir love that knowen is naught,
Whiche I have herde you not repreve:
To love eche othir, by your leve,
If ye would definin it me,
I wouldin gladly here, to ſe
At the left if I mowin lere
Of ſondry lovis the manere.

Raiſon.

Certis, frende, a grete fole art thou,
Whan that thou nothing wolt alow
Whiche that I for thy profite ſaie;
Yet wol I ſaie the more in ſaie,
For I am redy at the left
To accompliſhin thy requeſt;
But I n'ot where it wol aveile;
In vaine perav'enture I travaile.
Love there is in ſondrie wiſe,
Right as I ſhall the here deviſe.
For ſome love leful is and gode,
I mene not that whiche maketh the wode,
And bringith the in many' a fitte,
And raviſheth fro the al thy witte,
It is ſo marveilous and queint;
With ſuche love be no more aqueint.

Comment Raiſon diffiniſt Aunſete.

Love of frendſhippe alſo there is
Whiche makith no man don amis,
Of will yknitte betwixin two,
That wol not breke for wele ne wo,
Whiche longe is likely to contune,
Whan wil and godes ben in commune,
Groundid by Godd'is ordinaunce,
All whole withoutin diſcordaunce,
With them yholding commaunce,
Of al ther gode in charite,
That there be none exceptioun,
Through chaunging of ententioun,
That eche helpe othir at ther nede,
And wiſely hele both worde and dede,
Trewe of mening, devoide of ſlouthe,
For wit is nought withoutin trouthe,
So that the t' one dare all his thought
Saine to his frende, and ſparin nought,
As to him ſelfe, without dreding
To be diſcovered by wreying,
For glad is that conjunctioun
Whan there is none ſuſpectioun
Betwixin 'hem whome thei wold prove,
That trewe and parfite weren in love;
For no man may be amiable
But if he be ſo ferme and ſtable
That Fortune chaunge him not ne blinde,
But that his frende alway him finde
Bothe pore and riche in one eſtate,
For if his frende through any gate
Wol complaine of his poverte
He ſhould not bide ſo long til he
Of his helping doth him require,
For gode dede done thorough prayire
Is folde and bought to dere i-wis
To hert that of grete valure is,
For hert fulfilled of gentilneſſe
Can evil demene his diſtreſſe;
And man that worthy is of name
To aſkin oftin hath grete ſhame.
A gode man brennith in his thought
For ſhame whan that he aſkith ought;
He hath grete thought, and dredith aie
For his diſeſe whan he ſhal praie
His frende left that he warnid be
Till he preve his ſtabilite;
But whan that he hath foundin one
That truſty is and trewe as ſtone,
And hath aſſayid him at all,
And founde him ſtedfaſt as a wall,
And of his frendſhippe be certaine,
He ſhal him ſhewe bothe joie and paine,
And all that he dare thinke or ſaie,
Withoutin ſhame, as he well maie,
For how ſhould he aſhamid be
Of ſuche an one as I tolde the?
For whan he wot his ſecret thought
The third ſhall know therof right nought,
For twey in nombre' is bet than thre
In every counſaile and ſecre:
Repreve he dredith nevre' a dele
Who that beſet his wordis wele,
For every wiſe man out of drede
Can kepe his tong till he ſe nede.
And ſolis can not holde ther tonge;
A fol'is belle is ſone yronge;
Yet ſhall a trewe frende doin more
To helpe his felowe of his ſore,
And ſocour him whan he hath nede
In all that he may done in dede,
And gladdir that he him pleſith
Than his felowe that he eſith:
And if he do nat his requeſt
He ſhal as mochil him moleſt
As his felowe, bicauſe that he
Maie not fulfill his volunte
All fully as he hath required.
If both the hertis Love hath fired
Bothe joye and wo thei ſhall departe,
And take evinly eche his parte,
Halfe his anoye he ſhal have aie,
And comforte him what that he maie,
And of his bliſſe parte ſhal he,
If love wollin departid be.

And whilom of this unite
Spake Tullius in a dite,
A man ſhould makin this requeſt
Unto his frende that is honeſt,
And he godely ſhould it fulfill,
But it the more were out of ſkill,
And otherwiſe not graunt therto,
Except only in cauſis two.
Yf men his frende to deth would drive
Let him be befy to' ſave his live.

men wollen him assaile,
ship to make him faile,
in him of his renoun,
vith ful entencioun
done in eche degre,
endè ne shamid be.
two casis with his might,
kepe to skill nor right,
s love may him excuse,
t no man for to refuse.
e that I have told to the
contrarie to me;
that thou folowe wele,
he t'othir every dele;
to vertue il entendeth,
r folis blent and shendeth.
r love also there is
ntrary unto this,
ire is so constrainid
is but will fainid;
trouth it doth so varie
de love it is contrarie,
mith in many wise
with covetise;
ning and in profite
ysettith his delite:
o haungith in balaunce,
ese his hope perchaunce
nae he' is set upon
in and quench anon,
n maie be amorous,
iving vertuous,
ovin more in mode
nem selfe than for ther gode;
at profite doth abide
d bidith not to tide:
comith of Dame Fortune,
while woll contune,
chaungin wondir sone,
clips as doth the mone,
: she is from us ylet
rth, that betwixin is set
and her, as it may fall,
ttie or in all:
we makith her bemes merke,
ornis to shewin derke
where she hath lost her light
fully and the sight,
the shadowe' is ovir paste
amined ageinus faste
he brightnes of the sonne bemes,
h to' her again her lemes:
is right of such nature,
faire and now obscure,
it, now clipsy of manere,
m dimme and whilom clere,
poverte ginnith take,
til and with wedis blake
ove the light away,
night it tournith day,
: sein Richesse shine
e blacke shadowis fine,
that Richesse shinith bright
vereth ayen his light,
And whan it failith he wol flit,
And as she grevith so grevith it.
Of this love herith what I saie:
The riche men are ylovid aie,
And namely tho that sparande bene,
That wol not washe ther hertis clene
Of the filthe nor of the vice
Of gredy brenning avarice.
The riche man ful fond is i-wis
That wenith that he lovid is;
If that his hert it undirstode
It is not he; it is his gode:
He may wel wetin in his thought
His gode is loved and he right nought;
For if he be a nigarde eke
Men wol not set by him a leke,
But hatin him, this is the sothe.
Lo what profite his catil dothe!
Of every man that may him se
It getteth him nought but enmite,
But he amende him of that vice,
And know himselfe he is not wise.
Certis he should aie frendly be
To get him love, also ben fre,
Or els he is not wise ne sage,
No more than is a gote ramage.
That he not lovith his dede proveth,
Whan he his richesse so well loveth
That he wol hide it aie and spare,
His porè frendis sene forfare,
To kepin aie his ill purpose,
Till that for drede his eyin close,
And til a wickid deth him take
Him had levir a sondre shake,
And let al' his limmes a sondre rive,
Than leve his richesse in his live;
He thinketh to part it with no man;
Certain no love is in him than,
For how should love within him be
Whan in his hert is no pite?
That he trespasith well I wate,
For eche man knowith his estate,
For wel him ought to be reproved
That lovith nought ne is not loved.
But sithe we arne to Fortune comen,
And hath our sermon of her nomen,
A wondir will I tell the now,
Thou herdist nere suche one I trow;
I n'ot where thou me levin shall,
Although sothfastenesse it be all,
As it is writtin, and is sothe,
That unto men more profite dothe
The frowarde fortune and contraire
Than doth the fote and debonaire;
And if the thinke it is doutable,
It is through argument provable,
For Fortune debonaire and softe
Yfalsith and begilith ofte,
For liche a mothir she can cherishe,
And milkin as doth a norice,
And of her gode to him ydeles,
And yeveth 'hem parte of her jeweles,
With grete richis and dignite,
And 'hem she koteth stabilite

In a ſtate that is nothing ſtable,
But chaunging aie and variable,
And fedith him with glory veine,
And worldely bliſſe nothing certeine:
Whan ſhe 'hem ſettith on her whele
Than wenin thei to be right wele,
And in ſo ſtable ſtate withall
That nevir thei wene for to fall;
And whan thei ſette ſo high to be
Thei wene to have in certainte
Of hertly frendis to grete nombre,
That nothing might their ſtate encombre;
Thei truſt 'hem ſo on every ſide,
Wening with 'hem thei would abide
In every perill and miſchaunce
Withoutin chaunce or variaunce
Bothè of catil and of gode,
And alſo for to ſpende ther blode,
And al ther membris for to ſpill,
Onily to fulfill ther will:
Thei maken it whole in many wiſe,
And hotin 'hem their full ſervice,
How ſore ſo that it do 'hem ſmerte
Into ther very nakid ſherte;
Herte and hande alſo whole thei give,
For al the time that thei may live,
So that with this ther flatiry
Thei makin folis glorifie
Onely of ther wordis ſpeking,
And han chere of a rejoyſing,
And trow 'hem as the Evangile;
And it is al falſhede and gile,
As thei ſhal afterwardis ſe;
Whan thei arne fal in poverte,
And ben of gode and catil bare,
Than ſhould thei ſene who frendis ware,
For of an hundrid certainly,
Nor of a thouſande full ſcarſly,
Ne ſhall thei finde unnethis one
Whan poverte is comen upon.
For thus Fortune that I of tell,
With men whan that her luſt to dwell,
Maketh 'hem to leſe ther coniſaunce,
And noriſheth 'hem in ignoraunce.
But frowarde Fortune and perverſe,
Whan high eſtates ſhe doth reverſe,
And makith 'hem to toumble doune
Of her whele with a ſodaine tourne,
And from ther richeſſe dothe 'hem fle,
And plongith 'hem in poverte,
As a ſtepmothir envious,
And laieth a plaiſtir dolorous
Unto ther hertis woundid egre,
Whiche is not tempered with vinegre,
But with poverte' and indigence,
For to ſhewe by experience
That ſhe is Fortune verilie,
In whom no man ne ſhould affie,
Nor in her yeſtis have fiaunce,
She is ſo ful of variaunce.
Thus can ſhe makin hie and lowe,
Whan thei from richeſſe arnè throwe,
Fully to knowin without were
Frende of affecte and frende of chere,
And whiche in love weren trew and ſtable,
And whiche alſo weren variable,
Aſtir Fortunè ther goddeſſe,
In poverte', either in richeſſe,
For all that yeveth here out of drede
Unhappy yherith it in dede,
For Infortunè lette not one
Of frendis whan Fortune is gone,
I mene tho frendis that woll fle
Anone as entrith poverte;
And yet thei wol not leve 'hem ſo,
But in eche place where that thei go
Thei callin 'hem wretche, ſcorne, and blame,
And of ther miſhappe 'hem diffame,
And namely ſuche as in richeſſe
Pretendith moſte of ſtableneſſe,
Whan that they ſawe 'hem ſet on loſte,
And werin of hem ſucoured ofte,
And moſt iholpe in al ther nede,
But now thei take no maner hede,
But ſeine in voice of flatirie
That now appereth ther ſolie
Ovir al wher ſo that thei fare,
And ſinge, Go, farewel, Feldefare.
Allè ſuche frendis I beſhrewe,
For of trewe frendis ther be to fewe,
But ſothfaſt frendes, what ſo betide,
In every fortune wollen abide;
Thei han their hertes in ſuch nobleſſe
That thei n'il love for no richeſſe,
Nor for that Fortune may 'hem ſende
Thei wollen 'hem ſocour and defende,
And chaungin for ſofte ne for ſore;
For who his frende loveth evirmore,
Though men drawe ſwerdis him to ſlo,
Thei may not hewe ther love a two;
But if in caſe that I ſhall ſay,
For pride and ire leſe it he may,
And for reprove by nicete,
And diſcovering of privite
With tongè wounding, as felon,
Through venemous detraccion.
Frende in this caſe wol gon his way,
For nothing greve him more ne may,
And for nought ellis wol he fle
If he love in ſtabilite:
And certaine he is well begone
Among a thouſande that findeth one,
For there ne may be no richeſſe,
Ayenſt frendſhip of worthineſſe,
For it ne may ſo high attaine
As may the valoure, ſothe to ſaine,
Of him that lovith trewe and well;
Frendſhip is more than is catell,
For frende in courte aie bettir is
Than peny is in purſe certis,
And than is Fortune miſhaping,
Whan upon men ſhe is fabling
Thorough miſturning of her chaunce,
And caſtith 'hem out of balaunce.
She maketh through her adverſite
Men ful and clerly for to ſe
Him that is frende in exiſtence
From him that is by apparence,

tune makith anone
thy frendis fro thy fone
ience right as it is,
che is more to praise i-wis
muche richesse and tresour,
depe profite and valour
, and suche adversite
han doeth prosperite,
one yeveth conisaunce,
hir gevith ignoraunce.
hus in poverte' is in dede
declarid fro falshede,
frendis it wol declare,
ve also, what way they fare;
n he was in his richesse
endis ful of doublenesse
im in many wise
te and body, and service,
ould he then have you to 'have brought
in opinly ther thought,
now hath so clerely sene?
begiled he should have bene
ad than percevid it,
esse n'olde not let him wit;
e avauntage doeth him than,
t it makith him a wise man,
te mischese that he perceveth
eth richesse, that him deceveth:
riche ne ymakith nought
t on tresour set his thought,
esse stonte in suffisaunce,
hing stonte in haboundaunce,
saunce all onily
menne to live richily.

hat hath but mitchis tweine,
in his whole demeine,
nore at ese, and more is riche,
ith he whiche that is chiche,
his barne hath, soth to saine,
drid mavis of whete graine,
he be chapman or marchaunt,
re of golde many besaunt,
he getting he 'hath suche wo,
the keping drede also,
e ere more his besinesse
ncrese and nat to lesse,
ugment and multiply;
ugh on hepes that lie him by,
ir shall make his richesse
nto his gredinesse;
pore man that retchith nought
his livelode in his thought,
that he getteth with his travaile,
lith nought that it shall faile,
he have little world'is gode,
d drinke, and esie fode,
s travaile and living,
o suffisaunt clothing,
sickenesse that he fall,
hè mete and drinke withall,
he have not his mete to buie,
bethinke him hastily
To put him out of all daungere,
That he of mete hath no mistere,
Or that he maie with little eke
Be foundin while that he is seke,
Or that men shall him berne in haste
To live till his sicknesse be paste
Unto some maisondewe beside:
He caste nought what shall him betide;
He thinkith nought that evre' he shall
Into any sickenesse yfall.

And though it fall, as it maie be,
That all betime sparin shall he
As mokill as shall to' him suffice
While he is sicke in any wise,
He doith for that he woll be
Contentid with his poverte
Withoutein nede of any man:
So moche in little have he can
He is apaide with his fortune,
And for he n'ill be importune
Unto no wight ne onerous,
Nor of ther godesse covetous,
Therfore he spareth, it mai well ben,
His pore estate for to sustene.

Or if him luste not for to spare,
But suffrith forthe as nat yet ware,
At laste it happeneth, as it maie,
All right unto his hastè daie,
And take the worlde as it would be;
For evir in herte thinkith he
The sonir that Deth him yslo
To paradise the sonir go
He shall, there for to live in blisse
Where that he shall no godis misse:
Thidir he hopeth God shall him sende
Aftir this wretchid liv'is ende.
Pythagoras himself reherses,
In a boke that The Goldin Verses
Is cleped, for the nobilite
Of the honorable dite,
Than whan thou goest thy body fro
Fre in the ayre thou shalt up go,
And levin all humanite,
And purely live in diete.
He is a fole withoutin were
That trowith have his countrey here.
In yerth is not our countere,
That maie these clerkis seine and se
In Boece of Consolacion,
Where it is makid mencion
Of our contre plaine at the eye
By teching of philosophie,
Where leude men mightin lerin wit,
Who so that would translatin it.
If he be suche that can well live
Aftir his rentè maie him yeve,
And not desirith more to have
Than maie fro poverte him save.
A wiseman saied, as we maie sene,
Is no man wretched but he it wene,

Be he a king, knight, or ribaude:
Many' a ribaude is merie' and baude
That swinketh and berith daie and night
Many a burthin of grete might,
The whiche doith him lasse offence
For he that suffrith in patience:
Thei laugh and daunce, thei trippe and sing,
And laie nought up for ther living,
But in the taverne all dispendeth
The winning whiche that God 'hem sendeth;
Than goeth he fardils for to bere
With as gode chere as he did ere:
To swinke and travaile' he not fainith;
For to robbin he disdainith,
But right anon after his swinke
He goeth to taverne for to drinke.
All these are riche in haboundaunce
That can thus havin sufficisaunce
Well more than can an userere,
As God well knowith, without were,
For 'an usurere, so God me se,
Shall nevir for richesse riche be,
But er more pore and indigent,
Scarce, and gredy in his entent.
For sothe it is, whom it displese,
There maie no marchaunt live at ese,
His herte in soche a where is set
That it quicke brennith for to get,
Ne nevir shall though he hath getten,
Though he have golde in garnirs yeten,
For to be nedy he dredeth sore,
Wherefore to gettin more and more
He set his herte and his desire:
So hote he brennith in the fire
Of covetise, that maketh him wode
To purchace othir mennis gode.
He undirfongith a grete pain
That undertaketh to drinke up Sain,
For the more that he drinkith aie
The more he levith, sothe to saie.
Thus is the thrust of false getting,
That laste evir in coviting,
And the anguishe and the distresse,
With the fire of gredinesse;
She fightith with him aie and striveth,
So that his herte a sondir riveth:
Soche gredinesse him assailith
That whan' he moste hath moste he failith.
Phisiciens and advocates
Goin right by the same yates;
Thei sell ther science for winning,
And haunte ther crafte for grete getting:
Ther winning is of soche sweteneſse
That if a man fall in sickenesse
Thei are full glad for ther encrece,
For by ther will withoutin lese
Everiche man shouldin be seke;
Though thei die thei set not a leke;
Astir whan thei the golde have take
Full little care for him thei make:
Thei would sowertie were sicke at ones,
Ye, two hundrid, in flesshe and bones,
And yet two thousande, as I gesse,
For to encresin ther richesse.
Thei woll not worchin in no wise
But for lucre and covetise,
For physicke ginnith first by (phi)
The phisicien also sothly;
And sithen it goeth fro sie to sie
To trust on 'hem it is folie,
For thei n'il in no manir gte
Doin right nought for charite.
Eke in the same secte are set
All tho that prechin for to get
Worships, and honour, and richesse;
Ther hertis arne in grete distresse
That folke livin not holily,
But abovin all specially
Soche as yprechin veinglorie,
And towarde God have no mem'orie,
But forthe as ipocritis trace,
And to ther soulis deth purchace,
And outward shewing holinesse,
Though thei be full of cursidnesse:
Nat liche to the apostlis twelve,
Thei deceive othir and 'hem selve:
Begilid is the gilir than
For preching of a cursid man:
Though it to othir maie profite
Himself it availeth not a mite,
For oft gode predicacioun
Cometh of evill entencioun:
To him nat availeth his preching,
All helpe he othir with his teching,
For where thei gode example take
There is he with veinglorie shake.
But let us leven these prechours,
And speke of 'hem that in their tours
Hepe up ther golde and fast yshet,
And sore thereon ther hertis set:
Thei neither lovin God ne drede;
Thei kepin more than it is nede,
And in ther baggis sore it binde
Out of the sunne and of the winde;
Thei puttin up more than nede ware
Whan thei sene povir folk sorfare,
For hungre die, and for cold quake;
God can well vengeaunce thereof take;
The grete mischivis 'hem assaileth,
And thus in gadring aie travaileth;
With mochil pain thei winne richesse,
And drede 'hem holdith in distresse
To kepin that thei gathir fast:
With sorowe thei leve it at last,
With sorowe thei bothe die and live
That unto richesse ther hertes yeve.
And in defaute of love it is,
As it shewith full well i-wis,
For if these gredy, sothe to saine,
Lovidin and were loved againe,
And gode love reignid ovir all,
Soche wickidnesse ne should yfall,
But he should yeve that moste gode had
To 'hem that weren in nede bestad,
And live withoutin false usure,
For charite ful clene and pure;
If thei 'hem yeve unto godenesse,
Defending 'hem from idilnesse,

vorlde than povir none
n finde I trowe not one.
id is this worlde unſtable,
ovir all vendable:
no man lovith now
winning and for prowe;
thrallid in ſervage
ſold for avauntage;
wol ther bodies ſell:
s goith to the devill of hell.
ove had tolde 'hem his entent
ge to counſaile went.
ntencis thei fill,
ly thei ſaied ther will;
ſcorde thei accorded,
corde to Love recorded:
hei, we ben at one,
corde of everichone,
icheſſe all onily,
è hath full hauteinly
e caſtill n'ill aſſaile,
ſtroke in this battaile
ne mace, ne ſpere, ne knife,
at ſpeketh or bereth life,
h your empriſe iwis,
our hoſte departid is,
ie, as in this plite,
this man in diſpite;
th he ne loved her never,
ore ſhe woll hate him ever;
I gathir no treſore
r wrathe for evirmore;
ier nere in othir eaſe,
wholly his treſpaſe!
vell that this othir daie
r leve to gon the waie
id to moche yeving,
full faire in his praying,
e praied her poore was he,
he warned him the entre,
e not thrivin ſo
th gettin a penie or two
y' is his owne in holde:
Richeſſe us all ytolde,
Richeſſe us this recorded
her we ben acorded.
finde in our accordaunce
Semblant and Abſtinaunce,
e folke of ther battaile,
hindir gate aſſaile
id Tong hath in keping,
ormant full of jangling,
him Curteſie and Largeſſe,
n ſhewe ther hardineſſe
wife that kept ſo hard
oming within her ward,
Delite and Well-Heling
ame adoun to bring
r hoſte erly and late,
aſſailin that ilke gate;
ede ſhall Hardineſſe
alſo Sikirneſſe,
e folke of ther leding,
wiſte what was ſlaying.
l.

Fraunchiſe ſhall fight and eke Pite
With Daungir ful of cruilte,
Thus is your hoſte ordainid wele;
Doune ſhall the caſtill every dele
If everiche doe his entent,
So that Venus ybe preſent,
Your mothir, full of veſſelage,
That can inough of ſoche uſage;
Withoutin her maie no wight ſpede
This werke neither for worde ne dede,
Therefore is gode ye for her ſende,
For through her maie this worke amende.

Lordinges, my mothir the goddes,
That is my ladie and maiſtres,
Ne is nat all at my willing,
Ne doeth nat all my deſiring;
Yet can ſhe ſometime doen labour
Whan that her luſte in my ſocour,
As my nede is for to atcheve,
But now I thinke her nat to greve:
My mothir is ſhe', and of childhede
I both worſhip her and eke drede,
For who that dredeth ſire ne dame
Shall it abie in bodie' or name:
And nathèleſſe yet connè we
Sende aſtir her if nede ybe,
And were ſhe nigh ſhe commin wold;
I trowe that nothing might her hold.
My mothir is of grete proweſſe,
She hath tane many a fortreſſe
That coſt hath many' a pound er this
There I n'as not preſent iwis,
And yet men faied it was my dede:
But I come nevir in that ſtede,
Ne me ne liketh, ſo mote I the,
That ſoche tours ben ytake with me;
For why? me thinkith that in no wiſe
It maie be cleped but Marchaundiſe.

Go buie a courſir blacke or white,
And paie therefore, than art thou quite:
The marchaunt owith the right nought
Ne thou him whan thou haſt it bought.
I woll not ſelling clepe Yeving,
For ſelling aſketh no guerdoning;
Here lithe no thanke ne no merite,
That one goth from that othre' all quite;
But this ſelling is not ſemblable;
For whan his horſe is in the ſtable
He maie it ſell again parde,
And winnen on it, ſoche happe maie be,
All maie the manne nat leſe iwis,
For at the leſt the ſkinne is his;
Or ellis, if it ſo betide
That he woll kepe his horſe to ride,
Yet is he lorde aie of his horſe;
But thilkè chafare is well worſe
There Venus entremetith ought,
For who ſo ſoche chaffare hath bought
He ſhall not worchin ſo wiſely
That he ne ſhall leſe uttirly

Bothe his money and his chaffare;
But the feller of thilke ware
The prife and profite havin fhall;
Certaine the buier fhall lefe all,
For he ne can fo dere it buie
To have lordfhip and full maiftrie,
Ne havin power to make letting
Neither for yefte ne for preching,
That of his chaffare maugre his
An other fhall have as moche iwis,
If he woll yeve as moche as he,
Of what countrey fo that he be,
Or for right nought, fo happe ymaie,
If he can flattir her to' her paie.
And ben than foche marchauntis wife?
No, but folis in every wife:
Whan thei buje foche thing wilfully
There thei lefe ther gode folily;
But nathelefe this dare I faie,
My mothir is not wont to paie,
For fhe' is neither fo fole ne nice
To entremete her of foche vice;
But truftith well he fhall paie all
That repente of his bargaine fhall,
Whan Poverte' put him in diftrefe,
All were he fcholir to Richefe,
That is for me in grete yerning
Whan fhe affenteth to my willing.

But by my mothir Sainct Venus,
And by her fathir Saturnus,
That her engendrid by his life,
But nat upon his weddid wife,
Yet woll I more unto you fwere,
To makin this thing the furere.
Now by that faithe and that beaute
That I owe to' all my brethrin fre,
Of whiche ther n'is wight undir heven
That cant her fadir's namis neven,
So divers and many there be
That with my mothre' have be prive,
Yet woll I fwere for fikirnefe
The pole of helle to my witnefe,
Now drink I not this yere clarre
If that I lie or forfworne be,
For of the goddes the ufage is
That who fo him forfwerith amis
Shall that yere drinkin no clarre.
Now have I fworne inough parde;
If I forfwere than am I lorne;
But I woll nevir be forfworne,
Sithe Richefe hath me failid here
She fhall abie that trefpas dere
At lefte waie but I her harme
With fwerde, or fparth, or with gifarme.
For certis fithe fhe loveth not me,
Fro thilke time that fhe maie fe
The caftill and the toure to fhake,
In forie time fhe fhall awake;
If I maie gripe a riche man
I fhall fo pulle him if I can,
That he fhall in a few ftoundis
Lefe all his markes and his poundis.
I fhall him make his pens ont fling
But that thei in his garnir fpring;
Our maidins fhall eke plucke him fo
That him fhall nedin fethirs mo,
And make him fell his londe to fpende
But he the bet conne him defende.

Pore men han made ther lorde of me;
Although thei nat fo mightie be
That thei maie fede me in delite
I woll not have 'hem in difpite:
No gode man hateth 'hem as I geffe,
For chinche and feloun is Richeffe,
That fo can chafe 'hem and defpite,
And 'hem defoule in fondrie wife:
Thei loven full bette, fo God me fpede,
Than doith the riche chinchy grede,
And ben (in gode faith) more ftable,
And truir and more ferviable,
And therefore it fuffifith me
Ther gode hertis and ther beaute:
Thei han on me fet all their thought,
And therefore I foryete 'hem nought.
I woll 'hem bring in grete nobleffe,
If that I were god of Richeffe,
As I am god of Love fothely,
Soche ruthe upon ther plaint have I;
Therefore I muft his fuccour be
That painith him to fervin me,
For if he deied for love of this
Than femith in me no love there is.
Sir, faied thei, fothe is every dele
That ye reherce, and we wote wele
Thilke othe to holde is refonable,
For it is gode and covenable
That ye on riche men han yfworne;
For, Sir, this wote we well beforne,
If riche men doin you homage
That is as folis doen outrage;
But ye fhull not forfworne ybe,
Ne let therefore to drinke clarrie,
Or piment makid frefhe and newe:
Ladies fhull 'hem foche pepir brewe
If that thei fall into their laas
That thei for wo mowe faine Alas!
Ladies fhullen ere fo curteis be
That thei fhall quite your othe all fre;
Ne feketh nevir othir vicaire,
For thei fhall fpeke with 'hem fo faire
That ye fhall holde you paied full wele,
Though ye you medle nere a dele.
Let ladies worchin with ther thinges,
Thei fhall 'hem tell fo fele tidinges,
And move fo many requeftis,
By flatterie, that not honeft is,
And thereto yeve 'hem foche thankinges,
What with kiffing and with talkinges,
That certis if thei trowid be
Shall nevir leve 'hem londe ne fe
That it n'ill as the moeble fare,
Of whiche thei firft delivered are.
Now maie you tell us all your will,
And we your heftis fhall fulfill.

Semblant dare not for drede
ir, medle' him of this dede,
th that ye ben his fo,
ye woll worche him wo;
e we praie you all, beau Sire,
oryeve him now your ire,
he maie dwell as your man
inence his dere lemman:
ccorde and our will now.
faied Love, I graunt it you
ll holde him for my man;
iim come: and he forthe ran.
emblant, (quod Love) in this wife
here to my fervice,
our frendis helpe alwaie,
re 'hem neither night ne daie,
ry might 'hem to releve,
ur en'mies that thou greve:
this might; I graunt it the;
of Harlotes fhalt thou be:
hat thou have foche honour!
ou art a falfe traitour,
thief; fithe thou were borne
de times thou art forfworne:
leffe in our hering,
r folke out of doubting,
e teche 'hem, woft thou how?
enerall figne now,
lace thou fhalt foundin be
n had miftir of the,
men fhall the beft efpie,
knowe is grete maiftre:
hat place is thine haunting,
ave fully divers wonning
pe not reherfid be,
would refpitin me,
t I tell you the fothe
ve harme and fhame bothe?
fclawes wiftin it
fhouldin me be quit,
ne thei would hate me
ewe ther cruelte,
would ore all hold 'hem ftill
that is again ther will!
s kepin thei not here;
tfone buie it full dere
f 'hem any thing
lefith to ther hering,
word that 'hem pricketh or biteth
orde non of 'hem deliteth,
it gofpell the' Evangile,
ld reprove 'hem of ther gile,
re cruill and hautain;
thing wote I well certain,
ought to paire or loos
te fhall not fo well be cloos
ne fhall wite it at laft:
nen am I nought agaft,
woll taken on 'hem nothing
t thei knowe all my mening,
at woll it on him take
himfelf fufpecious make
is life let covirtly
d in Ypocrife,
That me' engendrid and yave foftring.
Thei made a full gode engendring,
(Quod Love) for who fo fothly tell
Thei engendrid the divell of hell.
But nedely, howfoere it be,
(Quod Love) I will and chargè the
To tell anon thy wonning place
Hering eche wight that in this place is,
And what life thou livift alfo,
Hide it no lengir now; wherto?
Thou muft difcovre' all thy worching,
How thou fervift, and of what thing,
Though that thou fhouldeft for thy foth-faw
Ben all to-betin and to-drawe,
And yet art thou not wont parde;
But natheleffe though thou betin be
Thou fhalt not be the firft that fo
Hath for fothfawe yfuffirid wo.
Sir, fithe that it maie likin you,
Though that I fhould be flain right now,
I fhall doen your commaundement,
For thereto have I grete talent.
Withoutin wordis mo, right than
Falfe Semblant his fermon began,
And faied 'hem thus in audience:
Barons, take hede of my fentence.
That wight that lift to have knowing
Of Falfe Semblant, full of flatt'ring,
He muft in worldly folke him feke,
And certis in the cloiftirs eke;
I won no where but in 'hem twaie,
But not like evin, fothe to faie:
Shortly, I woll herberowe me
There I hope beft to hulftrid be;
And certainly fikereft hiding
Is undirneth humblift clothing.
Religious folke ben full covert,
Seculer folke ben more appert;
But natheleffe I woll not blame
Religious folke, ne 'hem diffame,
In what habite that er thei go;
Religion humble' and true alfo
Woll I not blamin ne difpife,
But I n'ill love it in no wife;
I mene of falfe religious,
That ftout ben and malicious,
That wollin in an habite go
And fettin not ther herte thereto.

Religious folke ben all pitous,
Thou fhalt not fene one difpitous;
Thei lovin no pride ne no ftrife,
But humbly thei woll lede ther life,
With whiche folke woll I nevir be,
And if I dwell I faine me
I maie well their habite go;
But me were lever my necke a two
Then let a purpofe that I take,
What covenaunt that er I make.
I dwell with 'hem that proude ybe,
And full of wiles and fubtilte,
That worfhip of this worlde coveiten,
And grete nede connin expleiten,

And gon and gadrin grete pitaunces,
And purchase 'hem the acqueitaunces
Of men that mightie life maie leden,
And faine 'hem pore, and 'hem self feden
With gode morcils delicious,
And drinkin gode wine precious,
And preche us povert and distresse,
And fishin 'hem self grete richesse
With wily nettis that thei cast:
It woll come foule out at the last.
Thei ben fro clene religion went;
Thei make the worlde an argument
That hath a foul conclusion:
I have a robe of religion,
Than am I all religious:
This argument is all roignous;
It is not worth a crokid brere:
Habite ne makith monke ne frere,
But clene life and devocion
Makith gode men of religion.
Nathelesse there can none answere,
How high that er his hedde he shere
With rasour whettid nere so kene,
That gile in braunchis cutte thurtene,
There can no wight distinct it so
That he dare saie a word therto.
But what herb'row that ere I take,
Or what semblaunt that er I make,
I mene but gile, and folowe that,
For right no more than Gibbe our cat
(That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen)
Ne entende I but to begilen:
Ne no wight maie by my clothing
Wete with what folke is my dwelling,
Ne by my wordis yet parde,
So soft and so plesaunt thei be.
Beholde the dedis that I doe,
But thou be blinde thou oughtist so,
For varie ther wordes fro ther dede
Thei thinke on gile withoutin drede,
What manir clothing that thei were,
Or what estate that ere thei bere,
Lerid or leude, lorde or ladie,
Knight, squier, burgeis, or bailie.
Right thus while False Semblant sermoneth
Eft sonis Love him aresoneth,
And brake his tale in his speking
As though he had him tolde lesing,
And said, What devill is that I here?
What folke hast thou us nempnid here?
Maie men findin religioun
In worldly habitacioun?
Ye, Sir, it foloweth nat that thei
Should lede a wickid life parfei,
Ne not therefore ther soulis lese
That 'hem to worldly clothis chese,
For certis it were grete pite;
Men maie in seculer clothes se
Florishin holy religioun
Ful many' a sainct in selde and toun,
With many' a virgine glorious,
Devoute and full religious,
Han died that commin clothe aie beren,
Yet sainctis nertheleste thei weren:

I could reckin you many a ten,
Ye, welnigh all these holy women
That men in churchis herry' and seke,
Bothe maidins and these wivis eke,
That bare ful many' a faire childe here,
Werid alway clothis seculere,
And in the same clothes didin they
That saintis weren and ben alway.
The ix thousande maidinis dere,
That beren in heven ther ciergis clere,
Of whiche men rede in churche and sing,
Were take in seculer clothing,
Whan thei receivid martirdome,
And wonnin heven unto ther home.
Gode hert ymakith the gode thought,
The clothing yeveth ne revith nought:
The gode thought and the gode worching
That maketh the religion flouring;
There lieth the gode religioun
Astir the righte entencioun,
Who so ytoke a wethir's skinne,
And wrapped a gredy woulfe therinn,
For he should go with lambis white,
Wenist thou not he would 'hem bite?
Yes; nertheleste as he were wode
He would 'hem wirry', and drinke the blode
And wel the rathir 'hem disceve,
For sithin thei coude nat perceve
His tregette and his cruilte
Thei would him folow tho he flie.

If there be wolvis of suche hewe
Amongis these apostlis newe,
Thou, holy churche, thou maiste be wailed;
Sithe that thy cite is assailed
Through knightis of thine owne table
God wot thy lordship is doutable:
If thei enforcin it to win
That should defend it fro within
Who might defence ayenst 'hem make?
Withoutin stroke it mote be take
Of trepeget or mangonell,
Without displaying of pensell;
And if God n'il done it socour,
But let remain in this colour,
Thou must thy hestis lettin be;
Than is there nought but yelde the,
Or yeve 'hem tribute doutiless,
And holde it of 'hem to have pees:
But gretir harme betidith the
That thei all maistir of it be:
Wel con thei scornin the withall,
By day ystuffin thei the wall,
And al the night thei minin there:
Nay, thou plantin must ellis where
Thine impis if thou wolt frute have;
Abide not there thyself to save.

But now pece; here I turne againe;
I wol no more of this thing saine,
Yf I may passin me hereby,
For I might makin you wery;

in you alway
r frendis what I may,
a my company,
ient all uttirly;
n that I be
em and thei with me,
lemman mote thei serve,
not thy love deserve
a false traitour;
ne for a these trechour:
am, but wel nigh none
gile til it be done.
ie hath many' one deth receved
et ner aperceved,
veth, and shal receve,
nesse shal nere perceve;
oth, if he wise be,
gode beware of me;
is the perceiving,
e comith knowing,
that coude him chaunge,
pe homely and straunge,
suche gile ne tresoune
me nere in toune
ight yknowin be
me both might here and see;
my clothis chaunge,
d make an othir straunge;
ight, now chastèlaine,
, and nowe chapèlaine,
now clerke, and now fostere,
aistir, now scholere,
, now chanon, now baily;
istir manne am I.
prince, now am I page,
hert ev'ry language;
I hore and olde,
ong, and stout, and bolde,
obert, now Robin,
Minor, now Jacobin:
e foloweth my loteby
solace and comp'any,
Dame Abstinence, and raigned
ucint arraie fained;
ommeth to her liking
r desiring.
woman's clothe take I,
maide, now lady:
am religious,
ankir in an hous:
am I a prioresse,
nonne, and now abbesse,
ough all regiounes
religiounes.
at ordir that I' am sworne
awe and bete the corne:
e I enhabite
re but ther habite.
ye more? in every wise
list I me disgise.
bere me undir wede,
worde to my dede.
I into my trappes fall
rough my priv'ilegis all
That ben in Christendome a live.
I may assoile and I may shrive,
That no prelate may lettin me,
All folke where evir thei found be:
I n'ot no prelate maie don so
But it the Pope be, and no mo,
That madin thilke establishinng:
Now is not this a propre thing?
But were by slightis aperceved

. . . . . .

As I was wont, and wost thou why?
For I did 'hem a tregetry;
But therof yeve I' a litil tale,
I have the silvir and the male.
So have I prechid and ake shriven,
So have I take, so have I yeven,
Through ther foly husbonde and wife;
That I lede right a joly life:
Through simplesse of the prelacie
Thei know not all my tregettrie.

But for as moche as man and wife
Shuld shew ther parish priest ther life
Onis a yere, as saith the boke,
Er any wight his housil toke,
Then have I privilegis large
That maie of mochil thing discharge,
For he may say right thus parde:
Sir Priest, in shrift I tel it the,
That he to whom that I am shriven
Hath me assoilid, and me yeven
Penaunce sothly for alle my sin
Whiche that I founde me giltie in;
Ne I ne' have nevir entencion
To make double confession,
Ne reherce efte my shrift to the;
O shrifte is right enough to me;
This ought the to suffisin wele,
Ne be not rebell nere a dele,
For certis though thou haddest it sworne,
I wote no priest ne prelate horne
That maie to shrift eft me constraine,
And if thei done I wol me plaine,
For I wote where to plainin wele:
Thou shalt not streinin me a dele,
Ne enforce me ne not me trouble
To makin my confession double:
Ne I have none affection
To' have double absolucion;
The first is right inough to me;
This lettre' assoiling quite I the:
I am unbounde; what maist thounde
More of my sinnes me to unbinde,
For he that might hath in his houde
Of all my sinnis me unbounde?
And if thou wolt me thus constraine,
That me mote nedis on the plaine,
There shall no juge imperiall,
Ne bishop ne officiall,
Done judgement on me, for I
Shal gone and plaine, me opinly

Anon to my shriftfathir newe,
Whiche that hight Frere Wolfe untrewe,
And he shal chusin him for me,
For I trowe he can hampir the;
But Lord! he would be wrothe withall
Yf men would him Frere Wolfe ycall,
For he would have no pacience,
But done all cruill vengience;
He would his might done at the left,
Than nothing spare for Godd'is heft:
And God so wise be my socour
But thou yeve me my Saviour
At Estir, whan it likith me,
Withoutin prefing more on the,
I wol forth and to him ygone,
And he shal housil me anone,
For I am out of thy grutching;
I kepe not dele with the nothing,
Thus may he shrive him that forsaketh
His parish priest and to me taketh,
And if the priest wol him refuse
I am full redy him to' accuse,
And him punish and hampir so
That he his churchè shal forgo.
But who so hath in his feling
The consequence of suche shriving
Shal sene that priest maie nere have might,
To know the conscience aright
Of him that is undir his cure;
And this is ayenst holy' scripture,
That biddith every herde honest
Have very knowing of his best;
But povir folke, that gon by strete,
That have no golde ne summis grete,
Them would I let to ther prelates
Or let ther priestis know ther states,
For to me right nought yevin thei,
And why it is, for thei ne may.
Thei ben so bare I take no kepe,
But I woll havin the fat shepe;
Let parish priestis have the lene;
I yeve not of ther harme a bene:
And if that prelatis grutche it,
That oughtin wroth be in ther wit
To lesin ther fat bestis so,
I shal yeve 'hem a stroke or two,
So that thei shal lesin with force
Ye, both ther mitre and ther croce.
Thus jape I' hem, and have do longe,
My privilegis ben so strong.
False Semblant would have stintid here,
But Love ne made him no suche chere,
That he was wery of his sawe,
But for to make him glad and sawe
He said, Tell on more specially
How that thou serviſt untruly:
Tel forth, and shame the nere a dele,
For as thine habit shewith wele,
Thou serveſt an holy heremite.
Sothe is but I' am but an ipocrite,
Thou goest and prechist poverte.
Ye, Sir, but Richesse hath postè,
Thou prechist abstinence also.
Sir, I woll fillen, so mote I go,
My paunche of gode mete and gode wine,
As should a maistir of divine,
For how that I me povir faine
Yet al povir folke I disdaine.

I love bettir the acqueintaunce
Ten timis of the King of Fraunce
Than of a pore man of milde mode
Though that his soule be all so gode,
For whan I se beggirs quaking,
Nakid on mixins all stinking,
For hungre crie and eke for eare,
I entrement not of ther fare;
Thei ben so pore and ful of pine,
Thei might not ones yeve me a dine,
For thei have nothing but ther life;
What should he yeve that licketh his knife?
It is but foly to' entremete
To seke in hounde'is nest fat mete:
Let bere him to the spittle' anone,
But for me comfort get thei none:
But a full riche sicke usurere
Would I visitin and drawe nere;
Him would I comforte and rehete,
For I hope of his golde to gete;
And if that wickid Deth him have,
I woll go with him in his grave:
And if there any reprove me
Why that I let the povir be,
Wost thou how I know how to' ascape?
I say and swerin him full rape
That richè men han more tetchis
Of sinne than han these pore wretchis,
And han of counsaile more mistere,
And therfore I would drawe 'hem nere:
But as gret hurt, it maie so be,
Hath soule in right grete poverte,
As soule in grete richesse forsothe,
Al be it that thei hurtin bothe,
For richesse and mendicitees
Bene clepid two extremitees,
The mene is clepid Suffisaunce,
There lieth of vertue the' aboundaunce.
For Salomon, ful wel I wote,
In his wise Parablis us wrote,
As it is knowen of many' a wight,
In his thirtieth chapitir right,
God thou me kepe for thy postè
Fro richesse and mendicite,
For if a richè man him dresse
To thinkin to moche on richesse
His hert on that so ferre is sette
That he' his Creatour doth foryette,
And him that beggith woll aie greve;
How should I by his worde him leve
Unneth that he n'is a micher
Forsworne, or els Godd'is lier?
Thus sayith Salomon'is sawes.
Ne we find writtin in no lawes,
And namely in our Christin laie,
Who so saith ye I dare say naie,
That Christ ne his apostils dere
While that thei walkid in erth here,

ir ſene herbrid begging,
n'olde beggin for nothing.
ght thus were men wont to teche.
is wife wouldin it preche
tirs of divinite
in Paris the cite.

en would there gaine appoſe
d texte and let the gloſe,
ſone aſſoilid be,
may wel the ſothe yſe,
lie thei might aſke a thing
rth withoutin begging,
weren Godd'is herdis dere,
of ſoulis haddin here,
volde nothing begge ther ſode,
Chriſt was done on rode
propir hondis thei wrought,
traveile, and ellis nought,
min al their ſuſtinaunce,
in forth in ther penaunce,
emenaunt yaf awaie
ore folkis alwaie.
ithir bildin toure ne hall,
n houſis ſmal with alle.
ty man, that can and maie,
ith his honde and body' alwaie,
n his ſode in labouring,
have rent or ſuche a thing:
he be religious,
to ſervin curious,
e he done or do treſpas,
e in certaine caas,
n telle if miſtir be
I whan that the time I ſe.
e boke of Saincte Auguſtine,
apir or perchemene,
he writte of theſe worchinges,
t ſene that none excuſinges
man ne ſhould yſeke
ne by dedis eke,
he be religious
to ſervin curious,
ne ſhal ſo mote I go,
pir hondes and body' alſo
ſode in laboring,
have properte of thing,
d he ſel all his ſubſtaunce,
his ſwinke have ſuſtinaunce,
arfite in bounte;
the bokis toldé me:
at wol gone idilly,
it aie beſily
in othir menn'is table,
echour full of fable,
maie by gode reſon
m by his oriſon,
behovith in ſome giſe
ime out of God's ſerviſe,
d purchaſin ther nede.
ote etin, that is no drede,
, and eke do othir thing,
ng may thei leve praying.

So may they eke ther praiere blinne
While that thei werke ther mete to winne;
Seint Auſtin wol therto accorde
In thilké boke that I recorde.
Juſtinian eke, that made lawes,
Hath thus forbodin by olde ſawes.
No man, up paine for to be ded,
Mighty' of body, to begge his bred
Yf he may ſwinke it for to gete;
Men ſhould him rathir maime or bete,
Or done of him aperte juſtice,
Than ſuffrin him in ſuche malice.
Thei done not wel, ſo mote I go,
Whiche that takin ſuche almeſſe ſo,
But if thei have ſome privilege
That of the paine 'hem woll alege.
But how that is can I not ſe
But if the prince diſcevid be;
Ne I ne wene not ſikirly
That thei maie have it rightfully.
But yet I wol not determine
Of princis powir ne define,
Ne by my worde compre'hende iwis,
Yf it ſo ferre may ſtretche in this;
I wol nat entremete a dele
But I trowe that the boke ſaith wele,
Who that taketh almeſſis that be
Dewe to folke that men may yſe
Lame and feble, wery and bare,
Povir, or in ſuche manir care,
That con winnin 'hem nevir mo,
For thei havin no power therto,
He etith his ownè dampning,
But if he lie that made al thing;
And if ye ſuche a truaunt finde,
Chaſtiſe him wel if ye be kinde;
But thei would hatin you parcaas
If that ye fillin in ther laas.
Thei would eftſonis do you ſcathe,
If that thei mightin, late or rathe,
For thei be not ſul pacient
That han the worlde thus foule yblent:
And wetith wel that God ybad
The gode man ſell al that he had
And folowe' him, and to pore it yeve:
He would not therſore that he live
To ſervin him in mendience,
For it was nevir his ſentence,
But he bad werke whan that nede is,
And folowe him in gode dedis.
Saint Poule, that loved al holy church,
He bade th' apoſtils for to wurch,
And winne ther livelode in that wiſe,
And 'hem defendid truandiſe,
And ſayid, Werkith with your honden;
Thus ſhould the thing be underſtonden.
He n'olde iwis have bid 'hem begging,
Ne ſellin goſpell ne preching,
Leſt thei berafte with ther aſking
Folke of ther cattle or of ther thing.
For in this world is many' a man
That yeveth his gode, for he ne can
Werne it for ſhame, or ellis he
Would of the' aſkir delivered be,

And for he him encombrith ſo
He yeveth him gode to let him go:
But it can him nothing profite;
Thei leſe the yefte and the merite.
The gode folke that St. Poule to preched
Profrid him ofte, whan he 'hem teched,
Some of ther gode in charite,
But therof right nothing toke he,
But of his hondis would he gette
Clothis to wrine him, and his mete.

Tel me than how a man may liven
That al his gode to pore hath yeven,
And wol but onely bidde his bedes,
And ner with hondes labour his nedes.
May he do ſo? Ye, Sir. And howe?
Sir, I woll gladly tellin you.
Saint Auſtin ſaith, A man may be
In houſis that han properte,
As Templers and Hoſpitèlers,
And as theſe Chanons Regulers,
Or theſe White Monkis, or theſe Blake,
I wol no mo enſamplis make,
And take thereof his ſuſteining,
For therin lyith no begging,
But othirwayis not iwis,
Yet Auſtin gabbith not of this;
And yet ful'many' a monke laboureth
That God in holy churche honoureth,
For whan ther ſwinking is agon
Thei rede and ſing in church anone.
And for there hath ben grete diſcorde
As many' a wight may bere recorde,
Upon the' eſtate of mendicience,
I wol ſhortely in your preſence
Tel how a man maie begge at nede,
That hath not wherwith him to fede,
Maugre his ſelowis janglinges,
For ſothfaſtnes wol none hidinges,
And yet perceſe I may obey,
That I to you ſothly thus ſey.

Lo, here the caſe eſpeciall:
If a man be ſo beſtiall
That he of no crafte hath ſcience,
And nought deſirith ignorence,
Than may he go a begging yerne
Till he ſome othir crafte can lerne,
Through whiche withoutin truanding
He may in trouthe have his living:
Or if he may done no labour
For elde, or ſickeneſſe, or langour,
Or for his tendir age alſo,
Than may he yet a begging go:
Or if he have peravinture
Through uſage of his noriture
Livid ovir deliciouſly,
Than oughtin gode folke cominly
Han of his miſcheſe ſome pite,
And ſuffrin him alſo that he
May gon about and begge his bred
That he be not for hongir ded:
Or if he have of crafte conning,
And ſtrength alſo and deſiring
For to worchin, as he had what,
But he finde neithir this ne that,
Than may he beggin til that he
Have gettin his neceſſite:
Or if his winning be ſo lite
That his labour will not quite
Sufficiauntly al his living,
Yet may he go his brede begging,
Fro dore to dore he may go trace
Till he the remnaunt may purchaſe:
Or if a man would undirtake
Any emprise for to ymake
In the reſcous of our lay,
And it defendin as he may,
Be it with armis or lettrure,
Or othir convenable cure,
If it be ſo that he pore be,
Than may he beggin til that he
Maie findin in trouth for to ſwinke,
And get him clothis, mete, and drinke,
Swinke he with his hondes corporel,
And not with hondes eſpirituel.

In all this caſe, and in ſemblables,
If that there ben mo reſonables,
He maie begge as I tell you here,
And ellis not in no manere,
As William Saint Amour would preche,
And oftin would diſpute and teche
Of this matir al opinly
At Paris fully' and ſolemply;
And all ſo God my ſoule bleſſe
As he had in this ſtedfaſtneſſe
The' acorde of the' Univerſite,
And of the peple', as ſemith me.
No gode man ought it to refuſe,
Ne ought him thereof to excuſe,
Be wrothe or blithe, who ſo thou be,
For I wol ſpeke and tell it the
All ſhould I die and be put doun,
As was Saint Poule, in derke priſoun,
Or be exilid in this caas
With wrong, as Maiſtir William was,
That my mothir Hypocriſie
Baniſhed for her gret envie.
My mothir flemed him Saint Amour:
This noble man did ſuche labour
To ſuſteine er the loialte,
That he to muche agiltè me;
He made a boke and let it write,
Wherin his life he did all dite,
And would that eche renied begging,
And livin by my traveiling,
If I ne' had rent ne othir gode;
What! wenith he that I were wode?
For labour might me nevir pleſe,
I have more will to ben at eſe,
And have well levir, ſothe to ſaie,
Before the peple pattre' and praie,
And wrie me in my foxerie
Undir a cope of papelardie

e) What divel is this I here?
tellist thou me here?
hy Falsenesse that apert is.
thou not God? No, certis;
rete thing shal he spede
that God wol ydrede,
t 'hem to vertue yeven,
ther owne liven,
godenesse aie contente,
il thrifte isente:
drinkin grete misese;
nay me nevir plese.
t golde han userers,
, in ther garners!
d these moniours,
ls, provostes, contours,
ell nigh by ravine;
ple 'hem mote encline,
volvis wol 'hem eten;
ir folke thei geten
that thei spende or kepe;
'hem that thei n'il strepe,
em selvin well at full;
alding thei 'hem pull:
e feble ovirgothe,
re my simple clothe
the robbid and robbours,
gilid and gilours;
I gathre' and threste
four into my cheste,
th me so faste ybounde;
h paleis do I founde,
elitis I fulfill
festis at my will,
ll of extremees:
but ese and pees,
golde to spende also,
grete bagge is ago
l right with my japes,
vel tomble mine apes?
alwaie mine entent;
' is bettir than my rent;
hat I should betin be
remet me:
e maie no wight dure;
is for to cure:
orld the cure have I
eke in length; boldly
preche and eke counsailen:
wol I not travailen,
ope I have the bull;
t my wittis dull:
ntin in my live
ouris for to shrive,
kes, and lordis grete,
ike al quite I lete:
he shriving parde
ir cause ybe;
f these povir men;
s not worthe an hen.
est thou' a swinkir of labour
be his confessoure?
s and duchessis,
and eke countessis,
These abbessis and eke bigins,
And these grete ladies palasins,
These joly knightis and bailives,
These nonnis and these burgeis wives,
That riche yben and eke plesing,
And these maidinis welfaring,
Where so thei clad or nakid be,
Uncounsailed goeth there none fro me;
And for ther soulis savite
At lorde and lady', and ther meine,
I aske, whan thei 'hem to me shrive,
The propertie of al ther live,
And make 'hem trowe, both moste and lest,
Ther parish priest is but a best
Ayens me and my company,
That shrewis ben as gret as I,
Fro whiche I wol not hide in holde
No privite that me is tolde,
That I by worde or signe iwis
Ne wol make 'hem know what it is,
And thei wollen also tellin me
Thei hele fro me no privite;
And for to make you them perceiven
That usin folke thus to deceiven,
I wol you saine withoutin drede
What men maie in the Gospell rede
Of Sainct Mathewe the gospellere,
That saieth as I shall you saie here.

Upon the chairè of Moses
Thus it is glosid doutiless,
(That is, The Oldè Testament,
For thereby is the chairè ment)
Sittin Scribis and Pharisen,
That is to saine, the cursid men,
Whiche that we Ipocritis call;
Doeth that thei preche I rede you all;
But doeth not as thei doen a dele
That ben not werie to saie wele,
But thei doe well no will have thei,
And thei would binde on folke alwaie,
That ben to be begilid able,
Burdons that ben importable;
On folkis shouldirs thinges thei couchen,
That thei n'ill with ther fingirs touchen;
And why woll thei not touch it? why!
For them ne liste nat sikirly,
For the sadde burdons that men taken
Ymakin folkis shouldirs aken.
And if thei doe ought that gode be
That is for folke it shouldin se;
Ther burdons largir makin thei,
And makin ther hemmes wide alwaie,
And lovin setis at the table
The first and the moste honourable;
And for to han the first chairis
In sinagogges to 'hem full dere is,
And willen that folke 'hem loute and grete
Whan that thei passin through the strete,
And wollen be cleped Maistir also;
But thei ne should not willin so,
The Gospell' is there ayenst I gesse,
That shewith well ther wickidnesse.

An othir cuſtome uſin we;
Of 'hem that woll ayenſt us be
We hate him dedly everychone,
And we woll werrey him as one;
Him that one hatith hate we all,
And conjecte how to doen him fall;
And if we ſene him winne honour,
Richeſſe or preiſe, through his valour,
Provende or rent, or dignite,
Full faſte, iwis compaſſin we
By what laddre' he is clombin ſo;
And for to make him doune to go
With traiſon we woll him defame,
And doen him leſin his gode name.
Thus from his laddir we him take,
And thus his frendis foes we make,
But worde ne wetin ſhall he tone
Till al his frendis ben his fone;
For if we did it opinly
We mightin have blame redily,
For had he wiſte of our malice
He had him kept but he were nice.
An othir' is this, that if ſo fall
That there be one emong us all
That doeth a gode tourne, out of drede
We ſaine it is our aldir dede,
Ye, ſikirly though he it fained,
Or that him liſte or that him dained
A man through him avauncid be,
Thereof all partineres be we,
And tellin folke where ſo we go
That man through us is ſprongin ſo.
And for to have of men praiſing
We purchace through our flattering
Of riche men of grete poſte
Lettirs to witneſſe our bounte,
So that man weneth that maie us ſe
That alle vertue in us be.
And alwaie povir we us fain,
But how ſo that we begge or plain
We ben the folke without leſing,
That all thing have without having.
Thus be dradde of the peple' iwis,
And gladly my purpoſe is this:
I delin with no wight but he
Have golde and treſour grete plente;
Ther acquaintaunce well lovin I:
This moche is my deſire ſhortly;
I entremete me of brocages,
I makin pece and mariages,
I am gladly executour,
And many times a procuratour,
I am ſometime a meſſagere,
That fallith not to my miſtere.
And many timis I make enqueſt,
For me that office is nat honeſt;
To dele with othir mennis thing
That is to me a grete liking;
And if that ye have ought to doe
In place that I repairin to,
I ſhall it ſpedin through my witte
As ſone as ye have told me it:
So that ye ſervin me to paie
My ſervice ſhal be yours alwaie.

But who ſo wol chaſtiſe me
Anone my love yloſte hath he,
For I love no man in no giſe
That woll me reprove or chaſtiſe,
But I woll all folke undirtake,
And of no wight no teching take;
For I that othir folke chaſtie
Woll not be taught fro my folie.

I ne love none hermitage more;
Al deſertis and holtis hore.
And grete wodis everichone
I let 'hem to the Baptiſt John;
I queth him quite, and him releſſe,
Of Egypt all the wildirneſſe:
To ferre were all my manſiouns
Fro allè citees and gode touns.
My paleis and mine houſe make I
There men maie renne in opinly
And ſaie that I the worlde forſake;
But all amidde I builde and make
My houſe, and ſwimme and plaie therein
Bette than a fiſhe doth with his finne.

Of Antichriſt'is men am I
Of whiche that Chriſt ſaieth opinly
Thei have habite of holineſſe,
And livin ſoche wickidneſſe.
Al' outward lambin ſemin we,
Full of godeneſſe and of pite,
And inwarde we withoutin fable
Ben gredy wolvis raviſable.
We environ bothe londe and ſe;
With all the worlde werryin we:
We woll ordain of allè thing,
Of folkis gode and ther living.
If there be caſtill or cite
Within that any bougerons be,
Although that thei of Millaine were,
For therof ben thei blamid there;
Or if a wight out of meſure
Would lene ther gold and take uſure,
For that he is ſo covetous,
Or if he be to lechirous,
Or theſe that hauntin ſimonie,
Or provoſt full of trechirie,
Or prelate living jolilie,
Or prieſt that halt his quein him by,
Or oldè whoris hoſtilers,
Or othir baudes or bordillers,
Or ellis blamed of any vice,
Of whiche men ſhouldin doen juſtice;
By all the ſainctis that we preie,
But thei defende them with lampreie,
With luce, with elis, with ſamons,
With tendir gees and with capons,
With tartis or with cheffis fat,
With deinte ſlaunis brode and flat,
With caleweis or with pullaile,
With coninges or with fine vitaile,
That we undir our clothis wide
Ymakin through our golet glide,

woll doe come in haſte
n ybake in paſte,
that he loure or groine
ve of a corde a lougne,
he men ſhall him binde and lede
him for his ſinfull dede,
ſhull here him crie and rore
aie about and more,
hall in priſon die
woll his frendſhip buie,
that that he hath doe
his gilt amountith to.
he couthe thorough his ſleight
up a toure of height,
ught I wher of ſtone or tree,
r turvis, though it be,
were of no vounde ſtone
with ſquare and ſcantilone,
e toure were ſtuffid well
richis temporell;
n that he would him up dreſſe
the more and leſſe,
t us by every ſide,
is gode name wide.
eightis I ſhullin you yeven,
wine by ſixe or ſeven,
n ſackis grete plente,
though ſone delivered be;
have no ſuche pitences
udie' in equipolences,
lies and fallaces,
would deſerve our graces,
l bere him ſoche witneſſe
nd of his wretchidneſſe,
his loſe ſo wide renne,
uicke we ſhouldin him brenne,
ve hem ſoche penaunce
ll worſe than the pitaunce.
ſhalt nevir for nothing
en aright by ther clothing
urs full of trechérie
her werkis can eſpie.
had the gode keping be
f the' Univerſite,
th the kei of Chriſtendome,
en tourmentid all and ſome.
en the ſtinking Prophetis;
of 'hem that gode prophete is,
rough wickid entencion,
of the' incarnacion
de and two hundrid yere
iſte, ferther ne nere,
a boke with ſorie grace,
enſample in common place,
l thus, though it were fable,
Goſpell pardurable
he Holie Ghoſt is ſent:
it worthy to be ybrent.
as in ſoche manere
of whiche I tell here,
no wight in al Paris
r Ladie at parvis
ne might the bokè by;
ce pleſed 'hem well truely.

To' the copie if him talent toke
Of the Evangeliſt'is boke,
There might he ſe by grete traiſoun
Full many' a falſe compariſoun.
As moche as thorough his grete might,
Be it of hete be it of light;
The ſunne yſurmountith the mone,
That troublir is, and chaungith ſone,
And the nutte kerneill dothe the ſhell,
I ſkorne nat that I you it tell,
Right ſo withoutin any gile
Surmountith this noble' Evangile
The worde of any' evangeliſt,
And to ther title thei toke Chriſt.
And many ſoche compariſoun,
Of whiche I make no mencioun,
Mightin men in that bokè finde,
Who ſo coud of 'hem havin minde.
The' Uni'verſite, that was a ſlepe,
Gan for to braied, and takin kepe,
And at the noiſe the hedde up caſt,
Ne nevir ſithen ſlept it faſt,
But up it ſtert, and armis toke
Ayenſt this falſe horrible boke,
All redy battaile for to make,
And to the judge the boke thei take.
But thei that broughtin the boke there
Hent it anone awaie for fere;
Thei n'old ſhewe it no more a dele,
But than it kept, and kepin wele,
Till ſoche a time that thei maie ſe
That thei ſo ſtrong ywoxin be
That no wight maie 'hem well withſtonde,
For by that boke thei durſt not ſtonde:
Awaie thei gonne it for to bere,
For thei ne durſtin not anſwere
By expoſicion ne gloſe
To that that clerkis woll oppoſe
Ayenſt the curſidneſſe iwis
That in that boke ywrittin is.
Now wotte I nat ne can nat ſe
What manir ende that there ſhall be
Of all this whiche that thei yhide,
But yet algate thei ſhall abide
Till that thei maie it bette defende;
This trowe I beſt woll be ther ende.
This Antichriſt abidin we.
For we ben all of his meine,
And what man that woll not be ſo
Right ſone he ſhall his life forgo:
We woll a peple' on him areiſe,
And through our gile doin him ceiſe,
And him on ſherpè ſperis rive,
Or othir waies bring him fro live,
But if that he woll folowe' iwis
That in our boke ywrittin is.

Thus moche woll our boke ſignifie,
That while Peter had maiſtrie
Maie nevir John ſhewe well his might.
Now have I you declarid right
The mening of the barke and rinde
That makith the entencions blinde;

But now at erſt I woll begin
To expoune you the pithe within,
And the ſeculers comprehende
That Chriſt'is lawe wollin defende,
And ſhould it kepen and maintenen
Ayeniſt them that all ſuſtenen,
And falſly to the peple techen
That John betokeneth 'hem to prechen
'That there n'is lawe cóvenable
But thilke Goſpell pardurable
That fro the Holy Ghoſt was ſent
To tournin folke that ben miſwent.
The ſtrength of John thei undirſtonde
'The grace in whiche thei ſaie thei ſtonde,
That doeth the ſinfull folke convert,
And 'hem to Jeſu Chriſt revert:
Full many' an othre' horriblete
Mowin men in that boké ſe,
That ben commaundid doutileſs
Ayenſt the lawe of Rome expreſſe,
And all with Antichriſt thei holden,
As men maie in the boke beholden.
And than commaundin thei to ſleen
All tho that with Peter yben;
But thei ſhall nevir have that might,
And God to forme, for ſtrief to fight,
'That thei ne ſhall ynough yfinde
'That Peter's lawe ſhall have in minde,
And evir holde and ſo maintene,
'That at the laſt it ſhall be ſene
'That thei ſhall all comin therto
For aught that thei can ſpeke or do.
And thilké lawe ne ſhall not ſtonde
'That thei by John have undirſtonde,
But maugre them it ſhall adoun,
And ben brought to confuſion.
But I woll ſtint of this matere,
For it is wondir long to here;
But had that ilké boke endured
Of bettre' eſtate I were enſured,
And frendis have I yet parde
'That han me ſet in grete degre.

Of all this worlde is emperour
Gile my fathir, the falſe trechour,
And empereſſe my mothir is,
Maugre the Holie Ghoſte iwis.
Our mightie linage and our rout
Reignith in every reigne about,
And well' is worthy we mini'ſters be,
For all this worldè governe we,
And can the folke ſo well deceve
That none our gilis can perceive,
And though thei doen thei dare not ſaie;
'The ſothe dare no wight bewraie.
But he in Chriſt'is wrathe him ledeth
'That more than Chriſt my brethrin dredeth;
He n'is no full gode champion
'That dredeth ſoche ſimilacion,
Nor that for pain woll refuſin
Us to correcte and accuſin
He woll not entremete by right,
Ne havin God in his eyen ſight,
And therefore God ſhall him punice:
But me ne rekith of no vice
Sithen men us loven communablie,
And holdin us for ſo worthie,
That we maie folke repreve echone,
And we n'ill have repreſe of none:
Whom ſhouldin folke worſhipin ſo
But us that ſtintin nevir mo
To patrin while that folke maie' us ſe
Though it not ſo behinde 'hem be?

And where is there more wode folie
Than to enhauncin chivalrie,
And lovin noble men and gaie,
That jolie clothis weren alwaie?
If thei be ſoche folke as thei ſemen,
So clene as men ther clothis demen,
And that ther wordes ſolowe ther dede,
It is grete pite out of drede
For thei woll be none hypocritis;
Of 'hem me thinkith gretè ſpite is:
I can not love 'hem on no ſide:
But beggirs with theſe hodis wide,
With ſleigh and palè ſacis lene,
And with graie clothis nat full clene,
But frettid full of tatar wagges,
And high ſhewis knoppid with dagges,
That frouncin like a qualè pipe,
Or botis riveling as a gipe;
To ſoche folke, as I you deviſe,
Should princis and theſe lordis wiſe
Takè all ther landis and ther thinges,
Bothe warre and pece in govirninges,
To ſoche folke ſhould a prince him yeve
That would his life in honour live.
And if thei be nat as the ſeme,
That ſervin thus the worlde to queme,
There would I dwèllin to deceive
The folke, for thei ſhall nat perceve.
But I ne ſpeke in no ſoche wiſe
That men ſhould humble' habite diſpiſe;
So that no pride there undir be
No man ſhould hate, as thinkith me,
The povir man in ſoche clothing;
But God ne preſith him nothing
That ſaieth he hath the worlde forſake,
And hath to worldly glory 'him take,
And woll of ſoche delicis uſe;
Who maie that beggir well excuſe?
That papelarde that him yeldith ſo,
And woll to worldly eſe ygo,
And ſaieth that he the worlde hath left,
And gredily it gripith eft,
He is the hounde, ſhame is to ſain,
That to his caſting goeth again.

But unto you dare I not lie,
But might I felin or eſpie
That ye perceived it nothing
Ye ſhouldin have a ſtarke leſing:
Right in your honde thus to beginne,
I ne wolde it let for no ſinne.

gh at the wondir tho,
right gan laugh alſo,
Lo, here a man right'
ſtie to' every wight!

mt, (quod Love) ſaie to me,
ave avauncid the,
court is thy dwelling,
audes ſhalt be my king,
vell holdin my forwardes?
quod he, 'rom hens forwardes
ir fathir here beſorne
true ſithe be was borne.
iſt all nature.
ou in that avinture,
ye borowes take of me
ſhall ye nevir be
ne ſikirneſſe
or to bere witneſſe:
elf to recorde here
e maie in no manere
olſe out of his hide
ain bothe backe and ſide,
a him bete and all defile:
e ye that I woll begile?
clothid mekily,
' is all my trechiry;
chaungith nevir the mo
bite in which I go:
ave chere of ſimpleneſſe,
rie of ſtreudneſſe:
, ſtrainid Abſtenaunce,
of my purveiaunce,
long ago be dedde
y counſaile and my redde:
e, and you and me.
anſwerid, I truſt the
rowe, for I woll none.
Semblant the theſe anone
at ikê ſamê place,
f treſon all his face
e within and white without,
im gan on his knees lout.
ther nought but every man
ute that ſailin can,
) and that full hardily:
thei hem comiinly
mour as to 'hem fell.
were armid ſiers and fell,
hem forthe all in a rout
caſtill all about;
t awaie for no drede
that thei ben dede,
have the caſtill take.
ttellis gan thei make,
hem in foure anone,
ere waie, and forthe thei gone
atis for to aſſaile,
the kepirs woll not faile,
neithir ſteke ne dede,
olke, and ſtrong in dede.
I I ſaine the countenance
mblant and Abſtinaunce,

That ben to Wickid Tong ywent;
But firſt thei helde ther parliment
Whethir it to be doin were
To makin 'hem be knowin there
Or ellis walkin forthe diſgiſed;
But at the laſtê thei deviſed
That thei would gone in tapinage,
As it were in a pilgrimage,
Like gode and holie folke unfeined;
And anon Dame Abſtinence ſtreined
Toke on a robe of cameline
And gan her gratche as a bigine.
A largê coverchief of threde
She wrappid all about her hede;
But ſhe forgate not her pſaltere.
A paire of bedis eke ſhe bere
Upon a lace all of white threde,
On whiche that ſhe her bedis bede;
But ſhe ne bought 'hem nevre' a dele,
For thei were given her, I wote wele,
God wote of a full holie frere,
That ſaied he was her fathir dere,
To whom ſhe had oftiner went
Than any frere of his covent;
And he viſitid her alſo,
And many' a ſermone ſaied her to;
He n'olde let for no man on live
That he ne would her oftin ſhrive,
And with ſo grete devocion
Thei madin her confeſſion
That thei had oftin for the nones
Two heddis in one hode at ones.
Of faire ſhape I deviſed her the,
But pale of face ſometime was ſhe;
That falſê traitoureſſe untrewe
Was like that ſalowe horſe of hewe
That in the' Apocalypis is ſhewed,
That ſignifieth tho folke beſhrewed
That ben all full of trecherie,
And pale thorough hypocriſie;
For on that horſe no colour is
But onely dedde and pale iwis;
Of ſoche a colour enlangoured
Was Abſtinence iwis coloured;
Of her eſtate ſhe her repented
Right as her viſage repreſented.
She had a burdoune all of theft
That Gile had yeve her of his yeft,
And a ſkrippê of faint diſtreſſe,
That full was of elengêneſſe,
And forthe ſhe walkid ſobirlie.
And Falſe Semblant ſaint, *Je vous dis*,
And as it were for ſoche miſtere
Doin on the cope of a frere,
With chere ſimple and full pitous
His loking was not diſdeinous
Ne proude, but meke and ful peſible.
About his necke he bare a Bible,
And ſquyirly forthe gan he gon,
And for to reſt his limmes upon
He had of treſon a potent;
As he were feble' his waie he went,
But in his ſleve he gan to thring
A raſour ſharpe and well biting,

That was yforgid in a forge
Whiche that men clepin Coupè Gorge.
So long forth ther-waie thei nomin
Till thei to Wickid Tong comin,
That at his gate ywas ſitting,
And ſawe folke in the waie paſſing.
The pilgrimis ſawe he faſt by
That berin 'hem full mekily,
And humbly thei with him ymette;
Dame Abſtinence firſt him ygrette,
And ſithe him Falſe Semblant ſalved,
And he 'hem, but lie not remeved,
For he ne drede him not a dele,
For whan he ſawe ther facis wele
Alwaie in hertè him thought ſo
He ſhould knowin 'hem bothe two,
For well he knewe Dame Abſtinaunce,
But he knewe not Conſtreinaunce;
He knewe nat that ſhe was conſtrained,
Ne of her thev'is life yfained,
But wende ſhe come of will all fre,
But ſhe come in othir degree,
And if of gode will ſhe began
That will ywas failid her than.

And Falſe Semblant had he ſaine alſe,
But he knewe nat that he was falſe;
Yet falſe was he, but his falſneſſe
Ne coud he nat eſpie nor geſſe,
For Semblant was ſo ſlie ywrought
That falſeneſſe he ne eſpied nought;
But haddeſt thou knowin him beforne
Thou woldiſt on a boke have ſworne,
Whan thou him ſawe in thilke araie,
That he that whilom was ſo gaie,
And of the daunce Jolie Robin,
Was tho become a Jacobin:
But ſothly what ſo men him call
Frere prechouris ben gode men all;
Ther odir wickidly thei beren
Soche minſtrellis if that thei weren.
So ben Auguſtins and Cordileres,
And Carmis, and eke ſackid freres,
And all the freris ſhode and bare,
Though ſome of 'hem ben grete and ſquare,
Full holy men as I 'hem deme;
Everiche of hem would gode man ſeme;
But ſhalt thou nevir of apparence
Sein conclude gode conſequence
In any argument iwis,
If exiſtens all failid is;
For men maie finde alwaie ſopheme
The conſequence to enveneme,
Who ſo hath had the ſubtilte
The double ſentence for to ſe.
Whan the pilgrimis comin were
To Wickid Tong that dwellid there,
Ther harnies nigh 'hem was algate;
By Wickid Tong adoune thei ſate,
That badde 'hem nere him for to come,
And of tidingis tell him ſome,
And ſaied 'hem, What caſe makith you
To comin into this place now?
Sir, ſayid Strainid Abſtinaunce,
We for to dryin our penaunce
With hertis pitous and devout
Are commen as pilgrimes gon about;
Well nigh on fote alwaie we go;
Full doughtie ben our helis two,
And thus bothe we ben yſent
Throughout the worlde that is miſwent
To yeve enſample' and preche alſo;
To fiſhin ſinfull men we go,
For othir fiſhing ne fiſhe we:
And, leve Sir, for that charite,
As we be wont, erbo'rowe we crave;
Your life to amenne Chriſt it ſave,
And ſo it ſhould you not diſpleſe
We wouldin, if it were your eſe,
A ſhort ſermon unto you ſain.
And Wickid Tong anſwered again,
The houſe (quod he) ſoche as ye ſe
Shall nat be warnid you for me:
Saie what you liſt and I woll here.
Graunt mercie! tho ſwete Sir dere,
Quod aldirfirſt Dame Abſtinence,
And thus began ſhe her ſentence:
Sir, the firſt vertne for certaine,
The gretiſt and moſt ſoveraine
That maie be founde in any man
For having or for wit he can
That is his tong for to reſtrain;
Therto ought every wight him pain,
For it is bettir ſtill to be
Than for to ſpekin harme parde,
And he that harkeneth it gladly
He is no gode man ſikirly.
And, Sir, abovin all othir ſinne
In that art thou moſt giltie inne;
Thou ſpake a jape not long a go,
And, Sir, that was right evill doe.
Of a yong man that here repaired,
And nevir yet this place apaired,
Thou ſaideſt he awaitid nothing
But to diſceve Faire Welcoming:
Ye ſaidin nothing ſothe of that,
But, Sir, ye lie, I tell you plat:
He cometh no more ne goeth parde;
I trowe ye ſhal him nevir ſe;
Faire Welcoming in priſon is
That ofte hath plaied with you er this
The fairiſt gamis that he coude
Withoutin filth, or ſtil or londe;
Now dare he not himſelfe ſolace;
Ye han alſo the man do chace,
That he dare neither come ne go:
What mevith you to hate him ſo
But propirly your wickid thought,
That many a falſe leſing hath thought,
That mevith your foule eloquence,
That janglith evre' in audience,
And on the folke ariſith blame,
And doeth 'hem diſhonour and ſhame
For thing that maie have no preving
But likelineſſe and contriving?
For I dare ſaine that Reſon demeth
It is not al ſoth thing that ſemeth;

is ſinne for to controve
ng that is to reprove;
te ye wele, and Sir, therefore
to blame mochil the more;
hèleſſe he reckith lite
th not now thereof a mite,
thoughtin harme, parfaie
ld ycome and gone all daie;
oude not himſelf abſtene;
meth he not, and that is ſene,
e taketh of it no cure,
be through avinture,
e than othir folke algate,
ugh here watchiſt at the gate
ere in thine areſt alwaie,
uſe muſarde all the longe daie;
akiſt night and daie for thought;
raveile is for nought,
uſie withoutin faile
vir quite the thy traveile;
the is that Faire Welcoming,
in any treſpaſſing,
ngfully in priſon be,
epith and languiſhith he;
ugh thou nevir yet iwis
man no more but this
a grefe, it were worthy
he out of this baily,
rwarde in priſon lie,
rid the till that thou die;
ſhalt for this ſinnè dwelle
the devil's arſe of helle
at thou repentè the.
thou lieſt falſely (quod he.)
welcome with miſchaunce now!
herefore herberid you
ne ſhame and eke reprove,
ie happe to your behove?
day your herbegere?
r you els where than here
a lier callid me.
getours arte thou and he,
mine hous do me this ſhame,
my ſotheſawe ye me blame.
e ſermon that ye me make?
e divils I me take,
God thou me confounde,
en diddin this caſtill founde
not ten daies or twelve
as tolde right to my ſelve,
hei ſaide right ſo tolde I;
the Roſe privily;
le I now, and have ſaid yore
ere he did any more:
uld men ſaie me ſuche a thing
had yben gabbing?
ſaide I, and woll ſaie yet,
lyid not of it;
h my bemis I woll blowe
eighbours arowe
hath bothe comin and gone.
ake Falſe Semblant right anone,
goſpell out of doute
faine in the toune aboute:
Lay no deſe ere to my ſpeking,
I ſwere you, Sir, it is gabbing
I trow ye wote well certainly
That no man lovith him tendirly
That faith him harme, if he wote it,
All be he ner ſo pore of wit;
And ſothe is alſo ſikirly,
This know ye, Sir, as well as I,
That lovirs gladly wol viſiten
The placis there ther loavs habiten:
This man you loveth and eke honoureth,
This man to ſervin you laboureth,
And clepith you his frende ſo dere,
And this man makith you gode chere,
And every where that he you meteth
He you ſaleweth and he you greteth;
He preſith not ſo ofte that ye
Oughte of his coming encombrid be;
There preſin othir folke on you
Ful oftir than he doith now;
And if his hert him ſtrainid ſo
Unto the Roſè for to go,
Ye ſhould him ſene ſo oftin nede
That ye ſhould take him with the dede;
He coude his comming not forbere,
Though ye him thrillid with a ſpere;
It n'ere not than as it is now;
But truſtith well, I ſwere it you,
That it is clene out of his thought.
Sir, certis he ne thinkith it nought,
No more ne doth Faire Welcoming,
That ſore abyith al this thing.
And if thei were of one aſſent,
Full ſone ywere the Roſe ybent,
Tho the malgre your's would ybe.
And, Sir, of o thing herkeneth me;
Sithe ye this man that loveth you
Han ſaide ſuch harme and ſhamè now,
Wittith well if he geſſid it
Ye maie well demin in your wit
He ne wolde nothing love you ſo,
Ne callin you his frende alſo,
But night and daie he wollin wake
The caſtill to diſtroie and take,
Yf it were ſothe as ye deviſe;
Or ſome man in ſome manir wiſe
Might it warnin him every dele,
Or by himſelfe percevin wele,
For ſithe he might not come and gone,
As he was whilom wonte to done,
He might it ſonè wite and ſe,
But now all othirwiſe wote he.
Than have we, Sir, all uttirly
Deſervid hell, and jolily
The deth of hellè doutileſſe,
That thrallin folke ſo giltileſſe.
Falſe Semblant ſo provith this thing
That he ne can none anſwering,
And ſeeth alwaie ſoche apparaunce
That nigh he fel in repentaunce,
And ſaid him; Sir, it maie well be;
Semblant, a gode man ſemin ye,
And Abſtinence, ſul wiſe ye ſeme;
Of o talent you bothe I deme:

What counſaile wol ye to me yeven?
  Right here anon thou ſhalt be ſhriven,
And ſay thy ſinne withoutin more;
Of this ſhalt thou repent the ſore,
For I am prieſt, and have poſte
To ſhrive folk of moſt dignite
That ben as wide as world maie dure;
Of al this world I have the cure,
And that had nevir yet perſoun
Ne vicarie' of no manir toun.
  And God it wot I have of the
A thouſande timis more pite
Than hath thy prieſt parochiall,
Though he thy frende be ſpeciall.
  I have avantage in o wiſe,
That your prelates ben not ſo wiſe
Ne halfe ſo lettrid as am I;
I am licenſid boldily
In divinite for to rede,
And to confeſſion out of drede
  Yf that ye wol you now confeſſe,
And leve your ſinnis more and leſſe,
Without abode knele doune anon
And you ſhal have abſolucion.

TROILUS & CRESEIDE*.

IN FIVE BOKES.

BOKE I.

: forow of Troilus to telle,
e King Priamus sonne of Troy,
w his aventuris felle
wele, and aftir out of joy,
is er that I partè froly,
hone! thou helpe me t'endite
erse, that wepin as I write.
:lepe, thou goddesse of tourment,
vight, forowing ay in paine!
it am the wofull instrument
lovirs as I can complaine;
:, the sothè for to saine,
ht to have a drery fere,
owfull tale a fory chere.
; god of Lov'is servauntes serve,
ove for mine unlikelinesse,
ede, al should I therfore sterve,
I fro his helpe in derkenesse;
se if this may done gladnesse
, and his cause aveile,
thanke and mine be the traveile.

ke is shewed the fervent love of Troilus to
n he enjoyed for a time, and her grete un-
igaine in giving her self to Diomedes, who
o cast her off that she came to grete misery.
ourse Chaucer liberally treteth of the divine
rry.

But ye lovirs that bathin in gladnesse,
Yf any drope of pite in you be,
Remembrith you of passid hevinesse
That ye have felte, and on the' adversite
Of othir folke, and thinkith how that ye
Han felte that Love durst you to displese
Or ye han won him with to gret an ese.
And prayith for 'hem that ben in the case
Of Troilus, as ye may aftir here
That Love 'hem bring in hevin to solace;
And eke for me prayith to God so dere,
That I have might to shew in some manere
Suche paine and wo as Lov'is folke endure
In Troilus unsely avinture.
And biddith eke for them that ben dispeirs
In love, that nevir will recovered be,
And eke for them that falsely ben apeired
Through wickid tongis, be it he or she,
And biddith God for his benignite
So graunt 'hem sone out of this world to pace
That ben dispairid out of Lov'is grace.
And biddith eke for them that ben at ese
That God 'hem graunt in love perseveraunce,
And sende 'hem grace ther lovis for to plese,
That it to love be worship and plesaunce;
For so hope I my selfe best to avaunce
To pray for them that Lov'is servauntes be,
And write ther wo, and live in charite;

And for to have of them compaſſioun,
As though I were ther ownè brothir dere.
Now herkenith with a gode entencioun,
For now wol I go ſtreight to my matere,
In whiche ye may the double ſorowes here
Of Troilus in loving of Creſeide,
And how ſhe forſoke him er that ſhe deide.

It is wel wiſt how that the Grekis ſtrong
In armis with a thouſand ſhippis went
To Troiè wardis, and the cite long
Beſiegedin, nigh ten yeres ere thei ſtent,
And how in divers wiſe and one entent,
The raviſhing to wreke of Queine Heleine,
By Paris don, thei wroughtin all their peine.

Now fell it ſo that in the toune there was
Dwelling a lord of gret authorite,
A gret divine, that clepid was Calcas,
That in that ſcience ſo experte was that he
Knew wel that Troiè ſhould deſtroyid be,
By anſwere of his god, that hight was thus
Dan Phebus, or Apollo Delphicus.

So whan this Calcas knew by calculing,
And eke by the' anſwere of this god Apollo,
That Grekis ſhouldin ſuche a peple bring
Thorow the whiche that Troy muſt be fordo,
He caſte anone out of the toune to go,
For wel he wiſt by ſorte that Troiè ſholde
Diſtroyid be, ye, would who ſo or n'olde;

Wherfore for to departin ſoftily
Toke purpoſe ful this wight, forknowing, wiſe,
And to the Grekis hoſt ful privily
He ſtale anone, and thei in curteis wiſe
Didin to him both worſhip and ſervice,
In truſt that he hath conning 'hem to rede
In every peril which that was to drede.

Grete rumour roſe whan it was firſt eſpied
In al the toune, and opinly was ſpoken
That Calcas traitour fled was, and alied
To them of Greece; and caſte was to be wroken
On him that falſly hath his faith to broken,
And ſaid that he and al his kinne atones
Were worthy to be brent both fell and bones.

Now had this Calcas lefte in this miſchaunce,
Unknowing of this falſe and wicked dede,
A doughtir whiche that was in grete penaunce,
And of her life ſhe was full ſore in drede,
And ne wiſt nevir what beſt was to rede;
And as a widowe was ſhe and alone,
And n'iſt to whom ſhe might ymake her mone.

Creſeide ywas this ladies name aright;
As to my dome in al Troy'is cite
Moſt fairiſt lady, paſſing every wight;
So angelike ſhone her natife beaute
That like a thing immortal ſemid ſhe,
And therwith was ſhe ſo parfite a creture
As ſhe had be made in ſcorning of Nature.

This lady, whiche that al day herde at ere
Her fathir's ſhame, his falſhed, and traiſoun,
Ful nigh out of her wit for ſorow' and fere,
In widowe's habit large of ſamite broun,
Before Hector on knees ſhe fill adoun,
His mercy bad, her ſelfin excuſing
With pitous voice, and tendirly weping.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,
And ſaw that ſhe was ſorowful begone,
And that ſhe was ſo faire a creture,
Of his godeneſſe he gladid her anone,
And ſaidè, Let your fathir's traiſon gone
Forth with miſchaunce, and ye your ſelf in joye
Dwellith with us whilis you liſt in Troye,

And al the honour men may do you have,
As ferforth as though your fathir dwelt here,
Ye ſhul have, and your body ſhul men ſave,
As fer as I may ought enquire and here.
And ſhe him thankid with ful humble chere,
And oftir wolde and it had been his will,
And toke her leve, went home, and helde her ſtill.

And in her houſe ſhe' abode with ſuch meine
As til her honour nede was for to holde;
And while ſhe was dwelling in that cite
She kepte her eſtate, and of yong and olde
Ful wel beloved, and wel men of her tolde;
But whethir that ſhe childrin had or none
I rede it nat, therfore I let it gone.

The thingis ſellin as thei done of werre
Betwixin 'hem of Troie and Grekis ofte,
For ſome day boughtin thei of Troie it derre,
And eft the Grekis foundin nothing ſoft
The folk of Troie: and thus fortune aloft
And undir efte gan 'hem to whelmin bothe,
Aftir her courſe, aie while that thei wer wrothe.

But how this toune came to diſtruccion
Ne fallith not to purpoſe me to tel;
For why? it were a long digreſſion
Fro my matir, and you to long to dwel;
But the Troyan jeſtis, all as thei fel
In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite,
Who ſo that can may rede 'hem as thei write.

But though the Grekis them of Troie in ſhetten
And ther cite beſegid al aboute,
Ther olde uſagis n'oldin thei not letten,
As to honouren ther goddis ful devoute,
But aldirmoſt in honour out of doute
Thei had a relicke hight Palladion,
That was ther truſt abovin everichon.

And ſo befel, whan comin was the time
Of Apprilis, whan clothid is the mede
With newè grene, of luſty Ver the prime,
And with ſwete ſmelling flouris white and rede
In ſondrie wiſe ſhewid, as I you rede,
The folke of Troie ther obſervances olde,
Palladion 'is feſt, went for to holde.

Unto the temple in all ther beſt wiſe
In general went every manir wight
To herkin of Palladion's ſervice,
And namily many a luſty knight,
And many' a lady freſh and maidin bright
Ful well beſeyn the moſt meynè and leſt
Both for the feſon and for the hie feſt.

Among theſe othir folke was Creſeida,
In widdowe's habite blake; but nathèles
Right as our firſt lettir is now an A,
In beaute firſt ſo ſtode ſhe makèles;
Her godely loking gladdid all the pres;
N'as nevir ſene thing to be praiſed ſo derre
Nor undir cloudè blake ſo bright a ſterre

is Creſeide, thei ſaidin everichone
beheldin in her blakē wede;
ſhe ſtode ful lowe and ſtil alone,
all othir folke, in litil brede,
the dore, aye undir ſham'is drede,
f atire, aud debonaire of chere,
l affurid loking and manere.
'roilus, as he was wont to gide
gē knightis, ledde 'hem up and doune
large temple on every ſide,
g aie the ladies of the toune
e now there, for no devocioune
o none to revin him his reſt,
to praiſe and lackin whom he leſt.
n his walk ful faſte he gan to waiten
t or ſquyir of his company
to ſike, or let his eyin baiten
woman that he could eſpie,
would ſmile, and hold it a folie,
him thus; O Lord! ſhe ſlepith ſofte.
of the, whan thou turniſt ful ofte.
herde tel pardieux of your living,
s, and of your leude obſervaunce,
iche a labour folke have in winning
and in the keping whiche doutaunce,
an your pray is loſt wo and penaunce.
folis! blinde and nice be ye,
not one can ware by othir be.
with that worde he gan caſt up his browe
e, lo! is this not wiſely iſpoken?
he the god of Love gan lokin rowe
r diſpite, and ſhope him to be wroken;
e anon his bowe was not to broken,
inly he hitte him at the full,
as proude a pecocke can be pul.
ndē worlde! o blinde entencioun!
tin falliith al th' effecte contraire
iedrie and foule preſumpcion?
ght is proude and caught is debonaire;
oilus is clombin on the ſtaire,
wenith that he mote diſcende;
ay failith thing that folis wende.
oude Bayard beginnith for to ſkippe
he way (ſo prickith him his cerne)
laſhe have of the longē whippe,
inkith he though I praunce all beforne
the traiſe, full fatte and newe iſhorne,
l but an horſe, and hors 'is lawe
ndure, and with my ſeris drawe:
ed it by this fiers and proudē knight;
he a worthy king'is ſonnē were,
nid that nothing had had ſuch might
is wil that ſhould his hertē ſtere,
h a loke his hert ywoxe on fire,
that now was moſt in pride above
dainly moſte ſubject unto love.
y enſample takith of this man
, proude, and worthy folkis all,
nin Love, whiche that ſo ſonē can
dome of your hertis to him thral;
was and evir ſhall befal
ove is he that al thingis may binde,
man maie ſordo the law of kinde

That this be ſothe hath previd and doth yet,
For this (trowe I) ye knowin al and ſome,
Men redin nat that folke han gretir wit
Than thei that han ben moſt with love inome,
And ſtrengiſt folke ben therwith ovircome,
The worthyiſt and gretiſt of degre;
This was and is, and yet man ſhal it ſe.
And truiliche it ſitte well to be ſo,
For aldirwiſiſt han therwith ben pleſed,
And thei that han ben aldirmoſte in wo
With love han ben comfortid moſt and eſed,
And oft it hath the cruill herte apeſed,
And worthy folke made worthyir of name,
And cauſith moſt to dredin vice and ſhame.
Now ſith it may nat godely be withſtonde,
And is a thing ſo vertuous in kinde,
Ne grudgith nought to Love for to ben bonde,
Sithe as him ſelvin liſt he may you binde;
The yerde is bette that bowin wol and winde
Than that that breſt; and therfore I you rede
Folowith him that ſo well can you lede.
But for to tellin forth in ſpeciall
As of this king 'is ſonne of whiche I tolde,
And levin othir thing collaterall,
Of him thinke I my tale forth to holde,
Bothe of his joye and of his caris colde,
And all his werke as touching this matere,
For I it gan, I wol therto refere.
Within the temple wente him forth playing
This Troilus with every wight about,
On this lady and now on that loking,
Wherefo ſhe were of toune or of without;
And upon caſe befil that through a rout
His eye ypercid, and ſo depe it went
Til on Creſeide it ſmote, and there it ſtent,
And ſodainly for wondir wext aſtoned,
And gan her bet beholde in thrifty wiſe;
O mercy, God! thought he, where haſt thou wonned,
That arte ſo faire and godely to deviſe?
Therwith his hert began to ſprede and riſe,
And ſofte he ſighid, leſt men might him here,
And caught ayen his formir playing chere.
She n'as nat with the leſte of her ſtature,
But al her limmis ſo wel anſwering
Werin to womanhode, that creature
Was nevir laſſe manniſhe in ſeming,
And eke the purē wiſe of her mening
She ſhewid wel, that men might in her geſſe
Honour, eſtate, and womanly nobleſſe.
Tho Troilus right wondir wel withall
Gan for to like her menin and her chere,
Whiche ſomdele deignous was, for ſhe let fal
Her lokē a lite a ſide, in ſuche manere
Aſcauncis, what may I nat ſtondin here?
And aftir that her loking gan ſhe light.
That never thought him ſene ſo gode a ſight
And of her loke in him there gan to quicken
So grete deſire aud ſuche affectioun,
That in his hert 'is bottom gan to ſticken
Of her his fixe and depe impreſſioun;
And though he erſt had porid up and doun
Than was he glade his hornis in to ſhrinke,
Unnethis wiſt he how to loke or winke.

Lo! he that lete him selvin so conning,
And scornid 'hem that lov's painis drien,
Was ful unware that Love had his dwelling
Within the subtil stremis of her eyen,
That sodainly him thought that he felte dien
Right with her loke the spirite in his herte;
Blessid be Love, that thus can folke converte!
She thus in blake loking to Troilus
Ovir al thing he stode for to beholde,
But his desire, ne wherefore he stode thus,
He neithir chere made ne worde thereof tolde,
But from aferre, his manir for to holde,
On othir thing somtime his loke he cast,
And este on her, while that the service last.
And aftir this, not sully all awhaped,
Out of the temple esiliche he wente,
Repenting him that evir he had japed
Of Lov'is folke, left sully the discente
Of scorne fil on him self; but what he mente
Leste it were wiste on any manir side
His wo he gan dissimulin and hide.
Whan he was fro this temple thus departed
He streight anone unto his palais turneth;
Right with her loke therough shottin and darted,
Al frainith he in luste that he sojourneth,
And all his chere and speche also he abnormeth.
And aie of Lov'is servauntes every while,
Himselfe to wrie, at 'hem he gan to smile,
And sayd, Ah, Lord! so ye live all in lust,
Ye lovirs, for the conningist of you,
That servith most ententiseliche and best,
Him tite as oftin harme therof as prowe;
Your hire is quite ayen, ye, God wote howe,
Not wel for wele, but skorne for gode servise;
In saithe your ordir is ruled in gode wise.
In no certaine ben your observaunces,
But it in a few sely pointis be,
Ne nothing asketh so gret attendaunces
As doth your laie, and that knowin al ye;
But that is not the worst, as mote I the,
But tolde I which were the worst point, I leve,
Al saide I sothe, ye woldin at me greve.
But take this; that ye lovirs ofte eschewe,
Or ellis done of gode etencion,
Ful ofte thy lady wol it misseconstrewe,
And deme it harme in her opinion,
And yet if she for othir enchefon
Be wroth, then shalt thou have a groin anone:
Lorde! wel is him that may bene of you one!
But for al this, whan that he seeth his time,
He held his pees, non othir bote him gained,
For Love began his fethirs so to lime,
That wel unneth unto his folke he fained
That othir besy nedis him distrained:
So wo was him that what to done he n'ist,
But bad his folke to gone where as 'hem list.
And whan that he in chambre was alone
He doune upon his bedd'is fete him sette,
And first he gan to sike and este to grone,
And thought aie on her so withoutin lette,
That as he satte and woke his spirite mette
That he her saugh and temple', and all the wise
Right of her loke, and gan it newe avise.

Thus gan he make a mirrour of his minde,
In whiche he saugh all wholly her figure,
And that he wel coude in his hert yfinde
It was to him a right gode avinture
To love suche one, and if he did his cure
To servin her yet might he sal in grace,
Or els for one of her servauntes pace:
Imagining that ne travaile nor grame
Ne might for so godely an one be lorne,
As she ne him for his desire no shame,
Al were it wiste, but in prise and upborne
Of alle lovirs, wel more than beforne.
Thus argumentid he in his ginning,
Ful unavisid of his wo comming.
Thus toke he purpose Lov'is crafte to sewe,
And thought that he would workin privily,
First for to hide all his desire in mewe,
From every wight iborne all uttirly,
But he might ought recovered ben therby,
Remembring him that *Love to wide iblowe*
Yelt bittir frute, although swete sede be sowe.
And ore al this ful mokil more he thought
What for to speke and what to holdin inne,
And what to artin her to love he sought,
And on a songe anone right to beginne,
And gan loude on his sorowe for to winne;
For with gode hope he gan fully assente
Creseida for to love, and nought repente.
And of his songe not onely his sentence,
(As write mine auctour, callid Lolius)
But plainely, save our tong'is difference,
I dare wel say in al that Troilus
Saied in his songe, lo! every word right thus
As I shal saine, and who so list it here
Lo! next this verse he may it findin here.

The songe of Troilus out of Petrarche.

If no love is, o God, what fele I so!
And if love is, what thing and whiche is he!
If love be gode from whence comith my wo!
If it be wicke a wondir thinkith me,
Whan every turment and adversite
That cometh of him may to me savery thinke,
For aye more thurst I the more that I drinke.
And if that at mine owne lust I brenne,
From whence comith my wailing and my pleinte
If harme agre me wherto plaine I thenne?
I n'ot nere why unwery that I feinte.
O quicke deth! o swete harme so queinte!
How may I se in me soche quantite
But if that I consente that it so be?
And if that I consente I wrongfully
Complaine iwis. Thus possid to and fro,
As sterelefs wight is in a bote, am I,
Amidde the se atwixin windis two
That in contrarie stondin evirmo.
Alas! what is this wondir maladie?
For hete of colde, for colde of hete, I die.
And to the god of Love thus sayid he
With pitous voice; O Lorde! now your'is is
My spirite, whiche that oughtin your'is be;
You thonke I, Lord, that han me brought to this
But whethir goddesse or woman iwis
She be I n'ot whiche, that ye do me serve,
But as her man I wol aie live and serve.

ondin in her eyin mightily,
place unto your vertue digne,
re o Lord! if my service or I
in you, so bethe me to ben,
e estate royal here I resigne
: honde, and with ful humble chere
her man, as to my lady dere.

Endeth the song.

n ne deigned to sparin blode royall
: of love, wherefro may God me blesse!
forbare in no degre for all
ue or his excellent prowesse,
le him as his thrall lowe in distresse,
ende him so in sondrie wise aie newe,
ty times a day he loste his hewe.
ichill daie fro daie his ownè thought
: to her gan quickin and encrese,
eriche othir charge he sette at nought:
ful oftin, his hote fire to cese,
her godely loke he gan to prese,
by to ben elid wel he wende,
the nere he was the more he brende;
ie the nere the fire the hottir is,
awe I) knowith al this company;
e he ferre or nere I dare saie this,
t or daie, for wisedome or folie,
è, whiche that is his brest'is eye,
on her, that fairir was to sene
ir was Helein or Polyxene.
f the daie there passid nat an houre
imself a thousande times he saide,
dely, to whom I serve and laboure
I can, now would to God, Creseide,
sdin on me rue er that I diede;
e herte, alas! mine hele, and my hewe,
, is loste but ye woll on me rewe.
thir dredis werin from him fledde
' th' assiege and his salvacion,
is desire non othir fancy bredde
mentes to this conclusion,
: on him would han compassion,
to ben her man while he maie dure;
his life, and from his deth his cure.
harpè shouris fell of armis preve
ector or his othir brethrin didden
: him onely therefore onis meve,
was he, wher so men went or ridden,
ne the best, and lengist time abiden
eril was, and eke did suche travail
: that to thinke it was mervaile.
or none hate he to the Grekis had,
for the rescous of the toun,
e him thus in armis for to mad,
ly lo! for this conclusion,
her the bet for his renoun:
: to daie in armis so he spedde
the Grekis as the deth him dredde.
ro this forthe tho reft him love his slepe,
de his mete his foe, and eke his sorow
ltiplie, that who so tokè kepe
d in his hewe both even' and morow
e a title he gan him to borowe
sickencsse, lest men of him wende
: hottefire of cruill love him brende;

And saied he by a fevir fared amis:
But how it was certain I cannot say,
If that his ladie understode nat this,
Or fainid her she n'ist, one of the tweie;
But well rede I that by no manir weie
Ne semid it as if she on him rought,
Or of his paine, what so evir he thought.

But than yfelt this Troilus soche wo
That he was wel nigh wode; for aie his drede
Was this, that she some wight had lovid so
That ner of him she would han takin hede,
For whiche him thought he felt his hertè blede;
Ne of his wo ne durst he nought begin
To tellin her for all this worlde to win.

But whan he had a space left from his care,
Thus to himself full oft he gan to plain;
He saied, O sole! now art thou in the snare
That whilom japedist at lov'is pain;
Now art thou hent, now gnaw thin ownè chain:
Thou wert aie woned eche lovir reprehende
Of thing fro which thou canst nat the defende.

What woll now every lovir saine of the
If this be wist? but er in thine absence
Laughin in scorne, and sain, Lo! there goth he;
That is the man of so grete sapience,
That helde us lovirs leste in reverence:
Now thanked be God he maie gon on the daunce
Of 'hem that Love liste febly to avaunce:

But o thou woful Troilus! God would
(Sithe thou must lovin through thy destine)
That thou beset wer of soche one that should
Know all thy wo, all lackid her pite!
But all so colde in love towardis the
Thy ladie is as frost in wintir mone,
And thou fordon as snowe in fire is sone.

God would I were arivid in the port
Of deth, to which my sorowe woll me lede!
Ah, Lorde! to me it were a grete comfort,
Than were I quite of languishing in drede,
For by my hidde sorowe ihlowe in brede
I shall bejapid ben a thousande time
More than that fole of whose foly men rime.

But now helpe God, and yemy swete, for whom
I plaine; icought ye nevir wight so fast:
O mercie, my dere herte! and helpe me from
The deth, for I while that my life maie last
More than my life woll love you to my last;
And with some frendly loke gladith me, swete!
Though nevir nothing more ye me behete.

These wordis and full many' an othir mo
He spake, and callid evir in his pleinte
Her name, to tellin unto her his wo,
Till nigh that he in falte teris was dreinte:
All was for nought; she herd nat his compleinte;
And whan that he bethought on that folie
A thousand folde his wo gan muliplie.

Bewailing in his chambir thus alone
A frende of his, that callid was Pandare,
Came onis in unware, and herd him grone,
And saw his frend in soche distresse and care;
Alas! (quod he) who caufith all this fare?
O mercie God! what unhap maie this mene?
Han now thus sone the Grekis made you lene?

Or haſt thou ſome remorce of conſcience ?
And art now fall in ſome devocioun,
And wailiſt for thy ſinne and thine offence,
And haſt for ferde ycought contricioun ?
God ſave 'hem that beſiegid han our toun,
That ſo can laie our jolite on preſſe,
And bring our luſtie folke to holineſſe !
Theſe wordis ſaied he for the nonis all,
That with ſuche thing he might him angry maken,
And with his angre doen his ſorowe fall
As for a time, and his corage awaken ;
But well wiſt he, as ferre as tongis ſpeken,
There n'as a man of gretir hardineſſe
Than he, ne more deſirid worthineſſe.
What cas (quod Troilus) or what avinture
Hath gidid the to ſene me languiſhing,
That am refuſe of every creture ?
But for the love of God, at my praying,
Go hence awaie, for certis my dying
Woll the diſeſe, and I mote nedis deie,
Therfore go waie ; there n'is no more to ſeie.
But if thou wene I be thus ſicke for drede,
It is nat ſo, and therefore ſcorne me nought;
There is an othir thing I take of hede
Wel more than ought the Grekis han yet wrought,
Which cauſe is of my deth for ſorow and thought,
But though that I now tell it the ne leſte
Be thou nat wrothe ; I hide it for the beſte.
This Pandare, that nigh malt for wo and routh
Ful oftin ſaied, Alas ! what maie this be ?
Now frende, (quod he) if evir love or trouth
Hath ben er this betwixin the and me
Ne do thou nevir ſoche a cruilte
To hidin fro thy frende ſo grete a care;
Woſt thou not well that it am I Pandare ?
I woll partake with the of all thy paine;
If it ſo be I doe the no comfort,
As it is frend'is right, ſo the for to ſaine,
To enterpartin wo as glad diſport
I have and ſhall; for true or falſe report,
In wrong and right, iloved the all my live;
Hide not thy wo from me, but tell it blive.
Than gan this ſorowfull Troilus to ſike,
And ſaied him thus; God leve it be my beſt
To tellin the, for ſithe it maie the like
Yet woll I tell it the though my herte breſt,
And well wote I thou maieſt do me no reſt,
But leſt thou deme that I truſt nat to the :
Now herkin frende, for thus it ſtant with me.
Love, ayenſt the whiche who ſo defendith
Him ſelvin moſte him aldirleſt availeth,
With diſpeire ſo ſorely me offendith
That ſtreight unto the deth mine hert yfaileth,
Therto deſire ſo brenningly me' aſſaileth
That to ben ſlain it were a gretir joie
To me than king of Grece to be and Troie.
Suffiſith this, my fully frende Pandare,
That I have ſaied, for now woteſt thou my wo,
And for the love of God my coldè care
So hide it well, I tolde it ner to mo,
For harmis mightin folowen mo than two
If it were wiſt ; but be thou in gladneſſe,
And let me ſterve unknowe of my diſtreſſe.

How haſt thou thus unkindely and long
Hid this fro me, thou fole ? (quod Pandarus)
Paraventure thou maieſt for ſoche one long
That mine aviſe anone maie helpin us.
This were a wondir thing, (quod Troilus)
Thou couldiſt ner in love thy ſelfin wiſſe,
How devill maieſt thou bringin me to bliſſe ?
Ye, Troilus, now herkin, (quod Pandare.)
Though I be nice, it happith oftin ſo,
That one that of axis doeth full ill fare
By gode counſaile can kepe his frend therfro;
I have my ſelf yſeine a blinde man go
There as he fell which that could lokin wide:
A fole maie eke a wiſe man oftin gide.
A whetſtone is no kerving inſtrument,
But yet it makith ſharpe kerving tolis;
And if thou woſt that I have aught miſwent
Eſchue thou that, for ſoche thing to ſchole is,
Thus oftin wiſe men ben warin by folis :
If thou ſo do thy wit is well bewared;
By his contrary' is every thing declared.
For how might evir ſwetneſſe have be know
To him that nevir taſtid bittirneſſe ?
No man ne wot what gladneſſe is I trowe
That nevir was in ſorowe or ſome diſtreſſe;
Eke white by black, by ſhame eke worthines;
Eche ſet by othir more for othir ſemeth,
As men maie ſene, and ſo the wiſe it demeth.
Sithe thus of two contraries is o lore,
I that in love ſo oftin have aſſayed
Grevauncis ought to connin well the more
Counſailin the of that thou art diſmaied,
And eke the ne ought not ben ill apaied,
Though I deſirin with the for to bere
Thine hevie charge ; it ſhall the laſſe the dere.
I wote well that it farid thus by me
As to my brothir Paris an heirdeſſe
Whiche that yclepid was Oenone
Wrote in a complaint of her hevineſſe;
Ye ſaw the lettir that ſhe wrote I geſſe.
Naie, nevir yet iwis (quod Troilus.)
Now (quod Pandare) herkinith, it was thus.
Phœbus, that firſt found art of medicine,
(Quod ſhe) and coud in every wight'is care
Remedy' and rede by herbis he knew fine,
Yet to himſelf his conning was full bare,
For love had him ſo bonndin in a ſnare,
All for the doughter of the King Admete,
That all his craft ne coud his ſorowe bete.
Right ſo fare I; unhappily for me
I love one beſt, and that me ſmertith ſore,
And yet paravinture I can rede the
And nat my ſelf; repreve thou me no more,
I have no cauſe I wote well for to ſore
As doeth an hauke that liſtith for to plaie,
But to thine helpe yet ſomwhat can I ſaie.
And of o thing right ſikir maieſt thou be,
That certain for to dyin in the pain
That I ſhall nevir mo diſcovir the,
Ne by my trouth I kepe nat to reſtrain
The fro thy love, although it were Helein,
That is thy brothir's wife, if I it wiſt,
Be what ſhe be, and love her as the liſt.

efore as frendfulliche in me assure,
I me platte what is thine encheson
all cause of wo that ye endure,
btith nothing mine entencion
t to you of reprehension
e as now, for no wight maie bireve
to love till that him list to leve.
therefore wetith wel that both ben vicis,
in all or ellis all beleve;
l I wote the mene of it no vice is,
o trustin some wight is a preve
th, and forthy woulfl I fain remeve
ong conceipt, and do the some wight trust
to tell, and tell me if the lust.
wise saieth, Wo is him that is alone;
he fall he hath none helpe to rise;
e thou hast a felowe tell thy mone;
ne is nought certain the next wise
nin love, as techin us the wise,
e and wepe as Niobe the quene,
teris yet in marble ben isene.
e thy weping and thy drerinesse,
us lessin wo with othir speche,
thy wofull time semin the lesse;
nought in wo thy wo to seche,
these folis that ther sorowes eche
rowe whan thei han misavinture,
tin nought to sechin othir cure.
saine, *To wretche is consolacion*
an otbir felowe in his paine;
ght well to ben our opinion,
bothe thou and I of love do plain;
of sorowe am I, sothe to saine,
rtainly as now no more hard grace
t on me; for why? there is no space.
od wol thou art nought agast of me
would of thy lady the begile;
oft thy self whom that I love parde;
st can, gon sithin longe while,
e thou wost I do it for no wile,
he I am he that thou trustith most,
somwhat, sens al my wo thou woste.
Troilus for al this no worde saide,
g he laie as still as he ded were,
tir this with siking he abraide,
Pandarus voice he lent his ere,
his eien cast he; and than in fere
ndarus leste that in a frenseye
ld ysal, or ellis sone deye;
said, Awake, full wonderliche and sharpe
ombrist thou as in a lethargy?
thou like an asse unto the harpe,
rith soun, whan men the stringis ply,
his mind of that no melodie
nkin him to gladin, for that he
is in his bestialite?
with this Pandare of his wordis stent,
oilus to him no thing answerde;
y? to tellin was nought his entent
no man for whom that he so ferde,
s said, *Men makin ofte a yerde*
hich the makir is himselfe ibetin
ric manir, as these wise men treten.

And namèliche in his counsaile telling
That touchith love, that ought to ben secre,
For of himselfe it woll inough out spring,
But if that it the bet governid be;
Eke somtime it is crafte to seme to fle
Fro thing which in effecte men huntin faste:
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste.
But nathèlesse whan he had herde him crie
Awake, he gan to sikè wondir sore,
And sayd, My frende; although that still I lie
I n'am not dese; now pece, and crie no more,
For I have herde thy wordis and thy lore,
But suffir me my fortune to bewailen,
For thy proverbis may nought me availen;
Nor othir cure ne canst thou none for me,
Eke I n'il not ben curid; I woll die:
What knowin I of the Quene Niobe?
Let be thine olde ensamplis, I the prey.
No, frende, (quod Pandarus) therfore I sey
Suche is delite of folis to bewepe
Ther wo, but to sekin bote thei ne kepe.
Now know I that there reson in the faileth;
But tellith me, if I wiste what she were
For whome that the al misavinture aileth
Durste thou trust that I tolde it in her ere
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy selfe for fere,
And her besought on the to han some routhe?
Why nay, (quod he) by God and by my trouthe!
What! not as besily (quod Pandarus)
As though mine ownè life lay in this nede?
Why no, parde, Sir, (quod this Troilus.)
And why? For that thou shouldist nevir spede.
Wost thou that well? Ye, that is out of drede,
(Quod Troilus) for all that er ye conne
She wol to no suche wretche as I be wonne.
(Quod Pandarus) Alas! what may this be
That thou dispairid art thus causilesse?
What! liveth nat thy lady? *Benedicite!*
How wost thou so that thou art gracilesse?
Suche evil is not alwaie botèlesse;
Why put not thus impossible thy cure,
Sithe thing to come is ofte in avinture?
I grauntin well that thou endurist wo
As sharpe as doth he Tityus in hell,
Whose stomake foulis tirin evir mo
That hightin Vulturis, as bokis tell;
But I may not endurin that thou dwell
In so unskilful an opinion
That of thy wo n'is no curacion;
But onis n'ilt thou for thy cowarde herte,
And for thine ire and folish wilfulnesse,
For wantrust tellin of thy sorowe' smerte,
Ne to thine ownè helpe do besinesse
As moche as speke a worde ye more or lesse,
But liest as he that of life nothing retche:
What woman living coude love suche a wretche?
What may she demin othir of thy dethe,
Yf thou thus die, and she n'ot why it is,
But that for fere is yoldin up thy brethe
For Grekis han besiegid us iwis?
Lord! which a thanke shalt thou have than of this
Thus wol she saine, and al the toune atones,
The wretch is ded, the divel have his bones.

Thou maiste alone her wepe, and crie, and knele,
And love a woman that she wote it nought,
And she wol quite it that thou shalt not fele,
Unknow unkist, and lost that is unsought.
What! many a man hath love ful dere abought
Twenty wintir that his lady ne wiste,
That never yet his ladie's mouthe he kiste.

What! should he therfore sallin in dispaire,
Or be recreaunte for his owne tene,
Or slain himself, all be his ladie faire?
Naie, naie; but er in one be fresh and grene,
To serve and love ay his dere hert'is quene,
And thinke it is a guerdone her to serve
A thousande folde more than he can deserve.

And of that wordé toke hede Troilus,
And thought anone what folie he was in,
And how that sothe him sayid Pandarus,
That for to slaen himself might he not win,
But bothe to doen unmanhode and a sinne,
And of his deth his ladie nought to wite,
For of his wo God wot she knewe full lite.

And with that thought he gan ful sore to sike,
And saied, Alas! what is me best to doe?
To whom Pandare answerid, If the like
The best is that thou tell me all thy wo,
And have my trouth but if thou find it so
I be thy bote or that it ben full long
To pecis doe me drawe and sithin hong.

Ye, so saiest thou, (quod Troilus) alas!
But God wot it is naught, the rathir so
Full harde it were to helpin in this caas,
For well finde I that Fortune is my fo,
Ne all the men that ridin con or go
Maie of her cruill whele the harme withstond,
For as her list she plaieth with fre and bond.

(Quod Pandarus) Than blamist thou Fortune
For thou art wroth ye now at erst I se;
Wost thou not wel that Fortune is commune
To every manir wight in some degre?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo! parde,
That as her joyis motin ovirgone
So mote her sorowes passin everichone.

For if her whele stint any thing to tourne
Than cessith she Fortune anone to be;
Now sith her whele by no waie maie sojourn
What wost thou of her mutabilite?
Right as thy self lust she woll done by the,
Or that she be nought ferre fro thine helping,
Paravinture thou hast cause for to sing.

And therfore wost thou what I the beseche?
Let be thy wo and tourning to the grounde,
For who so liste have heling of his leche
To him bihovith first unwrie his wounde;
To Cerberus in hell aie be I bound,
Were it eke for my sustir all thy sorowe,
By my gode will she should be thine to morowe.

Loke up I saie, and tell me what she is
Anone, that I maie gone about thy nede.
Know I her aught? for my love tell me this,
Than would I hope the rathir for to spede.
Tho gan the veine of Troilus to blede,
For he was hit, and woxe all redde for shame.
Aha! (quod Pandare) here beginnith game.

And with that worde he gan him for to shake,
And saied him thus; These, thou shalt her nametelli
But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake,
As though men should han had him into hel,
And saied, Alas! of all my wo the well
Than is my swetè foe callid Creseide;
And well nigh with that word for fere he deide.

And whan that Pandare herd her namé neven,
Lorde! he was glad, and sayid, Frend so dere,
Now fare a right, for Jov'is name in heven
Love hath beset the well: be of gode chere,
For of gode name, and wisdom, and manere,
She hath inough, and eke of gentillnesse:
If she be faire thou wost thy self I gesse.

Ne nevir seie I a more bounteous
Of her estate, ne gladdir, ne of speche
A frendlier, ne none more gracious
For to doe well, ne lasse had nede to seche
What for to doen, and all this bet to eche
In honour to as ferre as she may stretche:
A king'is herte semith by her's a wretche.

And forthy loke of gode comforte thou be,
For certainly the firstè pointe is this
Of noble corage, and wele ordaine the
A man to have pece with himselfe iwis;
So oughtist thou, for nought but gode it is
To lovin wel and in a worthy place;
The ought not to clepin it happe but grace.

And also thinke, and therwith gladdin the,
That sith thy lady vertuous is all,
So followeth it that there is some pite
Amongis all these othir in generall,
And for thei se that thou in speciall
Requirist nought that is ayen her name,
For Vertue stretchith not himselfe to shame.

But wel is me that evir I was borne
That thou beset art in so gode a place,
For by my trouth in love I durst have sworne
The should nevir have tidde so faire a grace;
And wost you why? for thou were woot to chace
At Love in scorne, and for dispite him call
Saint Idiote, lord of these folis all.

How oftin hast thou madin thy nice japes?
And saied that Lov'is servauntes everichone
Of nicete ben very godd'is apes,
And some of them would monche ther mete alone
Ligging a bedde, and make 'hem for to grone,
And some thou saidist had a blaunche fevere,
And praidist God thei should nevir kevere:

And some of 'hem toke on 'hem for the cold
More than inough; so saidist thou full oft,
And some ban sainid oftin time, and tolde
How that thei wakin whan thei slepin soft,
And thus thei would have set 'hem self aloft,
And natheleffe were undir at the laste:
Thus saidist thou, and japidist full faste.

Yet saidist thou that for the more part
These lovirs wouldin speke in generall,
And thoughtin that it was a sikir art
For failing for to' assayin ovir all:
Now maie I jape of the if that I shall;
But natheleffe although that I should die
Thou art none of tho I dare well scie.

bete thy breſt, and ſaie to god of Love,
ice, o Lord! for now I me repent
pake, for now my ſelf I love;
ie with all thine hert in gode entent.
(Troilus) Ah, Lorde! I me conſent,
ie to the my japis thou foryeve,
o more will jape while that I live.
ſaieſt well, (quod Pandare) and now I hope
ou the godd'is wrath haſt al apeſed;
in thou haſt weptin many' a drope,
d ſuch thing wherwith thy god is pleſed,
ould God nevir but that thou were eſed,
nke well ſhe of whom reſt all thy wo
ir maie thy comfort ben alſo.
hilke ground that berith the wedis wicke
eke theſe wholſome herbis as full oft,
tte to the foule nettle rough and thicke
e ywexith ſote, and ſmothe, and ſoft,
t the valey is the hill aloft,
tt the derke night is the glad morowe,
joie is next the fine of ſorowe.
loke that well attempre be thy bridell,
the beſt aie ſuffre to the tide,
all our labour is on idell:
b well that wiſely can abide.
ent and true, and aie well hide:
, fre: perſever in ſerviſe,
is well if thou werke in this wiſe:
e that partid is in every place
ere whole, as writin clerkis wiſe;
ondir is if ſoche one have no grace?
t thou how it fareth of ſome ſerviſe?
t a tre or herbe in ſondrie wiſe,
the morowe pull it up as blive,
dir is though it maie nevir thrive.
ith the god of Love hath the beſtowed
digne unto thy worthineſſe,
aſt, for to a gode port haſt thou rowed,
thy ſelf for any hevineſſe
waie well; for but if drerineſſe
aſt doe our bothe labour ſhende
f this to makin a gode ende.
woſt thou why? I am the laſſe aſered
natter with my nece for to trete,
have I herd ſaie of wiſe and lered,
ir man or woman yet beyete
s unapt to ſuffre lov'is hete
l, or ellis love of kinde;
ome grace I hope in her to finde.
or to ſpeke of her in ſpeciall,
ute to bethinkin and her youthe,
nought to ben celeſtiall
hough that her bothê liſt and kouthe;
ly it ſit her well right nouthe
ie knight to lovin and cherice,
ſhe doe I holde it for a vice.
fore I am and woll be aie redy
in me to do you this ſervice,
e of you to pleſin; this hope I
rwardis, for ye ben bothe wiſe,
nin counſaile kepe in ſoche a wiſe
man ſhall the wiſir of it be;
we maie ben gladdid allê thre.

And by my trouth I have right now of the
A gode conceit in my wit as I geſſe.
And what it is I woll now that thou ſe;
I think that ſithin Love of his godeneſſe
Hath the convertid out of wickidneſſe
That thou ſhalt ben the beſtê poſt I leve
Of all his laie, and moſte his ſoin greve.
Enſample why, ſe now theſe gretê clerkes,
That errin aldirmoſte ayen all lawe,
And hên convertid from ther wickid werkes
Through grace of God, that leſt 'hem to him drawe,
Than arne thei folk that han moſt God in awe,
And ſtrengiſt faithid ben I undirſtonde,
And con an errour aldirbeſt withſtonde.
Whan Troilus had herde Pandare aſſented
To ben his helpe in loving of Creſeide
He wext of wo, as who faith unturmented,
But hottir wext his love; and than he ſaide
With ſobre chere, as though his berte yplaide,
Now blisfull Venus! helpe er that I ſterve.
Of the, Pandare, I now ſome thanke deſerve.
But, derê frende, how ſhal my wo be leſſe
Till this be done? and, gode now, tell me this,
How wolt thou ſaine of me and my diſtreſſe,
Leſt ſhe be wroth? this drede I moſt iwis,
Or wol not herin al how that it is:
Al this drede I, and eke for the manere
Of the her eme ſhe n'il no ſuche thing here.
(Quod Pandarus) Thou haſt a ful grete care
Leſt that the chorle may fal out of the mone.
Why, Lorde! I hate of the the nicê fare;
Why entremete of that thou haſt to done?
For Godd'is love I bidê the a bone;
So let me' alone, and it ſhal be thy beſt.
Why, frende, (quod he) than done right as the leſt:
But herke, Pandare, o worde, for I ne wolde
That thon in me wendiſt ſo grete folie
That to my lady I deſirin ſholde
That touchith harme or any vilanie,
For dredileſſe me were levir to die
Than ſhe of me aught ellis underſtode
But that might yſownin into gode.
Tho lough Pandare, and anon anſwerde,
And I thy borow'? fie! no wight doth but ſo;
I ne raught not although ſhe ſtode and herde
How that thou ſaieſt: but farewel, I wol go:
Adieu; be glad: God ſpede us bothê two!
Yeve me this labour and this buſineſſe
And of my ſpede be thine al the ſwetnes.
Tho Troilus on knees gan doune to fall,
(And Pandare in his armis hente him faſt)
And ſaide, Nowe fie upon the Grekis all!
Yet parde God ſhal helpin at the laſt,
And dredileſſe if that my life may laſt,
And God toforne, lo! ſome of 'hem ſhal ſmerte;
And yet me athinketh that this avaunt m'aſterte.
And now, Pandare, I can no morê ſay,
But thou wiſe, thou woſt thou maiſt: thou art al;
My life, my deth, hole in thine honde I lay,
Helpe me (quod he.) Yes, by my trouth I ſhal.
God yelde the, frende, and this in ſpecial,
(Quod Troilus that thou me recommaunde
To her that may me to the deth commaunde.

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
His ful frendè, tho saide in this manere;
Farwel, and thinke I wol thy thanke deserve,
Have here my trouth, and that thou shalt well here:
And went his way thinking on this matere,
And how he best might her beseche of grace,
And find a lesure therto and a place.

For every wight that hath a house to found
He rennith nat the werke for to beginne
With rakil honde, but he wol bide a stound,
And sende his hert'is line out fro within,
Thus aldirfirst his purpose for to winne,
As this Pandarus in his hert'is thought
Did cast his werke full wisely er he wrought.

But Troilus lay tho no lengir doun,
But up anon gat upon his stede baie,
And in the felde he playid the lioun;
Wo was that Greke that with him met that daie:
And in the toune his manir tho forthe aie
So godely was, and gat him so in grace,
That eche him loved that lokid in his face.

For he becamin the most frendly wight,
The gentilist, and eke the mostè fre,
The trustyist, and one the bestè knight,
That in his time was or ellis might be:
Ded were his japis and his cruilte,
Ded his high porte and all his manir straunge,
And eche of 'hem gan for a vertue chaunge.

Now let us stint of Troilus a stounde,
That ferith like a man that hurt is sore,
And is somdele of aking of his wounde
Yleffid wel, but helid no dele more,
And as an esy pacient the lore
Abite of him that goth about his cure,
And thus he drivith forth his avinture.

TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

PROŒMIUM LIBRI SECUNDI.

[thefe blackè wawis let us faile,
, o winde! the wedir ginnith clere,
e fe the bote hath fuche travaile
onning that unneth I it ftere:
lepe I the tempeftous matere
difpaire that Troilus was in;
of hope the kalendis begin.
mine, that callid art Clio!
my fpede fro this forthe, and my Mufe,
wel this Boke til I have do;
th here none othir art to ufe;
? to every lovir I me' excufe
no fentiment I this endite,
of Latin in my tonge it write.
fore I n'il have neithir thanke ne blame
is Worke, but praie you mekily
th me if any worde be lame,
ine auctour fayid fo fay I;
gh I fpeke of love unfelingly
lir is, for it nothinge of newe is:
man can not judgin wel in bewis.
eke that in forme of fpeche is chaunge
thoufande yere, and wordis tho
ldin prife now wondir nice and ftraunge
ith 'hem, and yet thei fpake 'hem fo,
lde as wel in love as men now do;
Eke for to winnin love in fondry ages
In fondry londis fondry ben ufages.
And forthy if it happe in any wife
That here be any lovir in this place
That herkeneth, as the ftory wol devife,
How Troilus came to his ladie's grace,
And thinkith fo n'olde I not love purchace,
Or wondrith on his fpeche or his doyng,
I n'ot, but it is to me no wondring:
For every wight whiche that to Rome ywent
Halt nat o pathe ne alway o manere;
Eke in fome londe were al the game yfhent
Yf that men farde in love as men don here,
As thus, in opin doyng or in chere,
In vifiting, in forme, or faid our fawes;
For thus men faine, *Eche countre hath his lawes.*
Eke fcarcely ben there in this placè thre
That have in love faid like and don in al,
For to this purpofe this maie likin the,
And the right nought, yet al is done or fhal;
Eke fome men grave in tre, fome in ftone wal,
As it betide: but fithe I have begonne,
Mine authour fhall I folow as I konne.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

In May, that mothir is of monethis glade,
That the freshe flouris all, blew, white, and rede,
Ben quicke ayen that wintir ded had made,
And full of baume is fleting every mede,
Whan that Phœbus doth his bright bennis spred
Right in the white Bole, right so it betidde,
As I shal singe, on May is day the thridde,
That Pandarus, for all his wise speche,
Felte eke his parte of Lov'is shottis kene,
That coude he ner so well of loving preche
It made his hewe al daie ful oftin grene;
So shope it that him fill that day a tene
In love for whiche in wo to bedde he went,
And made er it were day full many' a went.
The swalow Progne with a sorowful lay,
Whan morow come, gan make her waimenting
Why she forshapin was; and ever lay
Pandare abed halfe in a slombering,
Til she so nigh him made her waimenting,
How Tereus gan forth her sustir take,
That with the noise of her he gan awake,
And to call, and dressin him up to rise,
Remembring him his arande was to done
From Troilus, and eke his grete emprise,
And cast, and knew in gode plite was the mone
To done voiage, and toke his way full sone
Unto his nec'is palcis there beside:
Now Janus, god of Entre, thou him gide!
Whan he was come unto his nec'is place,
Where is my lady, to her folke (quod he?)
And founde two othir ladies sit and she
Within a pavid parlour, and thei thre
Herdin a maidin 'hem redin the geste
Of the siege of Thebis whilis 'hem leste.
Madame, quod Pandare, God you save and se,
With al your boke and al the companie!
Eighe! uncle mine, welcome iwis, (quod she)
And up she rose, and by the honde in hie
She toke him fast, and sayid, This night thrye,
To gode mote it yturne, of you I mette;
And with that word she doun on bench him set.
Ye, nece, ye shullin farin wel the bet,
If God wol, al this yere, (quod Pandarus)
But I am sory that I have you let
To herkin of your boke ye praisin thus:
For Godd'is love what saith it? tell it us:
Is it of love? some gode ye may me lere.
Uncle, (quod she) your maistresse is nat here.
With that thei gonnin laugh, and tho she seide,
This romaunce is of Thebis that we rede,
And we have herd how that King Lauis deide
Through Oedipus his sonne, and all the dede;
And here we stintin at these letters rede
How the bishop, as the boke can ytell,
Amphiorax, fill through the grounde to hell.
(Quod Pandarus) All this know I my selve,
And al th' assiege of Thebis and the care,
For herof ben there makid bokis twelve:
But let be this, and tell me how ye fare:
Do' way your barbe, and shew your face bare;
Do' way your boke: rise up and let us daunce,
And let us done to May some observaunce.
Eighe! God forbid! (quod she) What! be ye mad?
Is that a widowe's life, so God you save?
Parde you makin me right sore adrad;
Ye bene so wilde it semith as ye rave:
It sat me wel bettir aie in a cave
To bide, and rede on holy saintis lives:
Let maidins gon to daunce and yonge wives.
As evir thrive I (quod this Pandarus)
Yet coulde I tel a thing to don you play.
Now uncle dere (quod she) tellith it us
For Godd'is love; is than th' assiege aweie?
I am of Grekis ferde so that I deie.
Nay, nay, (quod he) as evir mote I thrive
It is a thing wel bettir than suche five.
Ye, holy God! (quod she) what thing is that?
What! bettir than suche five? Eighe! nay iwis
For al this world ne can I redin what
It should yben: some jape I trowe it is;
And but your selvin tell us what it is
My wit is for to' arede it al to lene:
As helpe me God I n'ot what that ye mene.
And I your borow; ne ner shal (quod he)
This thing be tolde to you, as mote I thrive.
And why so, uncle mine, why so? (quod she)
By God (quod he) that wol I tel as blive,
For proudir woman is there none on live,

wiſte, in al the toune of Troie:
at, ſo evir have I joie.
n ſhe to wondrin more than before
de folde, and doune her eyin caſt,
ſithe the time that ſhe was bore
n thing deſirid ſhe ſo faſt,
a ſike ſhe ſaid him at the laſt,
de mine, I n'il you not diſpleſe,
that that may do you diſeſe.
this with many wordis glade
ly talis, and with mery chere,
d that thei ſpeke, and gonnon wade
n unkouth, glad, and depe, matere,
done whan thei ben met ifere,
n aſkin him how Hector ferde,
the toun'is wall and Grekis yerde.
, I thanke it God, ſaide Pandarus,
s arme he hath a litle wounde;
is freſhe brothir Troilus,
ſe worthy Hector the ſecounde,
that every vertue liſte habounde,
outhe and alle gentilneſſe,
, honour, fredome, and worthineſſe.
faith, eme, (quod ſhe) that likith me
wel; God ſave 'hem bothe two!
che I holde it a grete deinte
ſonne in armis wel to do,
gode condicions therto,
powir and moral vertue here
ne in one perſone ifere.
faith that is ſothe, (quod Pandarus)
trouth the king hath ſonnis twey,
mene Hector and Troilus,
inly though that I ſhould ydey
is voide of vicis, dare I ſcy,
n that livin undir ſonne;
it is wide iknow and what thei conne.
tor neſtith nething for to tel;
world there n'is a bettir knight
that is of worthineſſe the wel,
el more of vertue hath than might,
ith many' a wife and worthy knight:
ime priſe of Troilus I ſcy:
me ſo I knowe not ſuche twey.
quod ſhe) of Hector that is ſothe,
roilus the ſame thing trowe I,
eſſe men tellith that he dothe
ty by day ſo worthily,
a him here at home gently
wight, that al priſe hath he
hat me were lewiſt praiſid be.
ight ſothe iwis, (quod Pandarus)
lay who ſo had with him ben
ave wondrid upon Troilus,
yet ſo thicke a ſwarme of been
s Grekis from him gannin fleen,
gh the folde in every wight'is ere
no crie but Troilus is there!
re now there he huntid 'hem ſo faſt
but Grekis blode and Troilus;
he hurt, and him al doun he caſt;
he went it was arrayid thus:
er deth, and ſhelde and life for us,
That as that day ther durſt him none withſtonde
While that he helde his blody ſwerde in honde.
Therto he is the frendilyiſt man
Of gret eſtate that er I ſawe my live,
And where him liſte the beſt felowſhip can
To ſuche as him thinkith able to thrive.
And with that word tho Pandarus as blive
He toke his leve, and ſaid I wol gon hen.
Nay, blame have I, myne uncle, (quod ſhe) then.
What ellith you to be thus wery ſone,
And namiliche of women wol ye ſo?
Naie, ſittith doune; parde I have to done
With you to ſpeke of wiſdome er ye go;
And every wight that was about 'hem tho
That herde that gan ferre awaie to ſtonde.
While thei two had al that 'hem liſte on honde.
Whan that her tale al brought was to an ende
Of her eſtate and of her governaunce,
(Quod Pandarus) Now time is that I wende,
But yet I ſay Ariſith, let us daunce
And caſte your widowe's habite to miſchaunce;
What liſte you thus your ſelfe to diſfigure,
Sithe you is tidde ſo glad an uvinture?
But wel bethought; for love of God (quod ſhe)
Shal I nat wetin what ye mene of this?
No, this thing aſkith leſir tho quod he)
And eke it me would full muche greve iwis
If I it tolde and ye it toke amis:
Yet were it bette my tonge to holdin ſtil
Than ſay a ſothe that were ayeiſt your wil.
For, nece myne, by the goddeſſe Minerve,
And Jupiter, that makith the thonde'ring,
And by the bliſsful Venus that I ſerve,
Ye ben the woman in this world living,
Withoutin paramours, to my weting,
That I beſt love, and lothiſt am to greve,
And that ye wetin wel your ſelfe I leve.
Iwis, mine uncle, (quod ſhe) graunt mercy!
Your frendſhip have I foundin evir yet;
I am to no man beholdin trewly
So muche as you, and have ſo litil quit;
And with the grace of God emforth my wit
As in my gilte I ſhal you ner offende
And if I have er this I wol amende,
But for the love of God I you beſeche,
As ye be he that I love moſt and triſte,
Let be to me your fremid manir ſpeche,
And ſaie to me your nece what ſo you liſt.
And with that worde her uncle' anon her kiſt,
And ſayid, Gladly, my leve nece ſo dere!
Take it for gode that I ſhal ſay you here.
With that ſhe gan her eyin doune to caſte,
And Pandarus to coughe began a lite,
And ſayid, Nece, alway, lo! to the laſte,
How ſo it be that ſome 'men hem delite
With ſubtil art ther talis for t' endite,
Yet for al that in ther entencion
Ther tale is all for ſome concluſion.
And ſithe the end is every tal'is ſtrength,
And this matir is ſo behovily,
What ſhould I paint or drawin it on length
To you that ben my frende ſo faithfully?
And with that worde he gan right inwardly

Beholdin her, and lokin in her face,
And saide, On suche a mirrour muche gode grace!
Than thought he thus, if I my tale endite
Ought harde or make a processe any while,
She shal no savour have therin but lite,
And trowe I would her in my wil begile,
For tendir wittis wenin al be wile
Wher as thei con nat plainliche undirstond;
Forthy her wit to sounin wol I fonde;
And lokid on hir in a besy wise,
And she was ware that he behelde her so:
Ah, Lorde! (quod she) so faste ye me avise,
Sawe ye me ner er now? what, say ye no?
Yes, yes, (quod he) and bet wol er I go;
But by my trouth I thoughtin nowe if ye
Be fortunate, for now men shall it se.
For every wight some godely avinture
Somtime is shape, if he it can receive,
But if that he n'il take of it no cure
When that it cometh, but wilfully it weive,
Lo, neither case nor Fortune him deceive,
But right his ownè slouth and wretchidnesse;
And suche a wight is for to blame I gesse.
Gode avinture, o bellè nece! have ye
Full lightly foundin, and ye conne it take;
And for the love of God and eke of me
Catche it anone, lest avinture yslake:
What should I lengir processe of it make?
Yeve me your hond, for in this world is none,
If that you list, a wight so well begon.
And sithe I speke of gode entencioun,
As I to you have tolde wel here beforne,
And love as wel your honour and renoun
As any creture in the worlde iborne,
By al the othis that I have you sworne
And ye be wrothe therfore, or wene I lie,
Ne shal I never sene you este with eie.
Beth nat agaste, ne quakith nat; wherto?
Ne chaungith nat for ferè so your hewe,
For hardily the worst of this is do;
And though my tale as now be to you newe,
Yet trust alwaie ye shal me findin trewe;
And were it thing that me thought unfitting
To you ne would I no such talis bring.
Nowe, my gode eme, for Godd'is love I pray
(Quod she) come of and tel me what it is,
For bothe I am agast what ye wol say,
And eke me longith it to wit iwis,
For whethir it be wel or be amis
Say on; let me not in this fere ydwel.
So wol I done: now herkenith I shal tel.
Now necè mine, the king'is owne dere sonne,
The gode, the wise, the worthy, fresh and fre,
Whiche alway for to done wel is his wonne,
The noble Troilus, so lovith the
That but ye helpe it wol his bane ybe.
Lo! here is al: what shouldin I more sey?
Doth what you list to make him live or dey.
But if ye let him dye I wol stervin,
Have here my trouthè, nece, I n'il not lien,
Al should I with this knife my throte kervin:
With that the teris burst out of his eyen,
And saide, If that ye done us both to dien
Thus giltilesse, than have ye fishid faire;
What mendeth it you though that we both apaire?
Alas! he whiche that is my lorde so dere
That trewè man, that noble gentle knight,
That naught desirith but your frendly chere,
I se him dyin, there he goth upright,
And hastith him with al his fullè might
For to ben slaine, if his fortune assente:
Alas that God you suche a beaute sente!
If it be so that ye so cruil be
That of his deth you listith nought to retch,
That is so trewe and worthy as we se,
No more than of a japir or a wretch,
If ye be suche, your beaute may nat stretch
To make amendes of so cruill a dede:
Avisement is gode before the nede.
Wo worthe the faire gemme that is vertuelesse!
Wo worthe that herbe also that dothe no bote!
Wo worth the beaute that is routhèlesse!
Wo worth that wight that trede eche undir fote!
And ye that ben of beaute croppe and rote,
If therwithal in you ne be no routhe,
Than is it harme ye livin, by my trouthe.
And also thinke wel that this is no gaude,
For me were levir thou, and I, and he,
Were hongid than that I should ben his baude,
As high as men might on us al ise:
I am thine eme; the shame were unto me
As wel as the if that I should assent
Through mine abet that he thine honour shent.
Now undirstonde, for I you nought require
To binde you to him thorough no behest
Save one, that ye makin him bettir chere
Than ye han don er this and more feste,
So that his life be savid at the leste
This al and some is plainly our entente:
God helpe me so I nevir othir mente.
Lo! this request is nought but skil iwis,
Ne doute of reson parde is there none:
I set the worst that ye dredin; this is,
Men would wondir to sene him come and gone:
Ther ayenist answere I thus anone,
That every wight, but he be sole of kinde,
Wol deme it love of frendship in his minde.
What! who wol demin though he se a man
To temple gon that he th' imagis eteth?
Thinke eke howe wel and wisely that he can
Governe himselfe that he nothing foryeteth,
That wher he cometh he pris and thonk him [geteth;
And eke therto he shal come here so selde
What force were it though all the toun behelde?
Suche love of frendes reignith in al this toun:
And wrie you in that mantil evirmo;
And God so wis be my salvacioun
As I have saide your best is to do so.
But, gode nece, alway for to stint his wo
So let your daungir sugrid ben alite.
That of his deth ye be not al to wite.
Creseidè, which that herde him in this wise,
Thought I shal sele what he menith iwis.
Now eme, (quod she) what wouldin ye devise?
What is youre rede that I should don of this?
That is wel said, quod he: certaine best is

n love aien for his loving,
· love is ſkilful guerdoning.
eke how elde waſtith every hour
you a part of your beaute,
re er that age doth the devour
or olde there woll no wight love the.
'overbe a lore' unto you be,
ire, quod Beaute, whan it paſſe,
untith daungir at the laſſe.
g'is ſole is wont to crie aloude,
he thinketh a woman bereth her hie,
note ye livin, and all proude,
ſete growin undir your eie,
you than a mirrour in to prie
hat ye may ſe your face a morrowe:
d him wiſhin you no more ſorowe.
is he ſtinte, and caſt adoune the hed,
egan to breſt and wepe anone,
Alas for wo! why n'ere I ded?
world the faith is al agone:
at ſhuldin ſtraunge unto me done
hat for my beſtè frende I wende
love who ſhulde it me deſende?
would have truſtid doutiles
at I through my diſavinture
eithir him or Achilles,
any othir manir creture,
ave had no mercy ne meſure
it alwaie had me in repreve:
worlde, alas! who may it leve?
is this al the joy and al the feſt?
ir rede? is this my bliſsful cas?
very mede of your beheſt?
aintid proceſſe ſaid (alas!)
this fine? O lady mine Pallas,
his dredeful caſe for me purvey,
nied am I that I dey.
at ſhe gan ful ſorowfully to ſike:
it be no bet? (Quod Pandarus)
ſhall no more come here this weke,
to-forne, that am miſtruſtid thus;
ow ye ſettin lite of us
deth, alas! I, woful wretche,
yet live of me were nought to retche.
god of Deth, diſpitous Marte!
thre of hel! on you I crie,
ner out of this houſe departe
ment or harme or vilanie;
I ſe my lorde mote nedis die,
th him, here I me ſhrive, and ſey,
tidly ye done us bothe to dey.
e it likith you that I be ded,
nus, that god is of the Se,
orthe ſhal I nevir etin bred
mine own hert'is blode maie ſe,
ne I wol die as ſone as he:
e ſterte, and on his way he raught,
aine him by the lappe ycaught.
è, which that wel nigh ſtarſe for fere,
was aye the moſt ferefull wight
htin be, and herde eke with her ere,
the ſorowful erneſt of the knight,
s prayir ſawe eke non unright,
And for the harme eke that might fallin more,
She gan to rewe, and dredde her wondir ſore:
And thus ſhe thought; unhappis fallin thicke
Al day for love, and in ſuche manir caas
As men ben cruill in 'hem ſelfe and wicke;
And if this man ſle here hemſelfe, alas!
In my preſence, it n'il be no ſolas:
What men would of it deme I can nat ſay;
It nedith me full ſlighly for to play.
And with a ſorowful ſighe ſhe ſaide thrie,
Ah, Lorde! me is betidde a ſory chaunce,
For mine eſtate lieth in a jeopardie,
And eke mine em'is life lieth in balaunce;
But nathèleſſe with Godd'is govirnaunce
I ſhal ſo done mine honour ſhal I kepe,
And eke his life, and ſtintin for to wepe.
Of harmis two the leſſe is for to cheſe;
Yet had I levir makin him gode chere
In honour than mine em'is life to leſe;
Ye ſaine ye nothing ellis me requere.
No, wis, (quod he) mine owne nece ſo dere!
Now wel, (quod ſhe) and I wol don my paine;
I ſhal mine herte ayen my luſt conſtraine.
But that I n'il nat holdin him honde,
Ne love a man, that can I naught ne may,
Ayenſt my wil, but ellis wol I fonde,
Mine honour ſave, pleſe him fro day to day;
Therto n'olde I not onis have ſaide nay
But that I dredde as in my fantaſie;
But *Ceſſe cauſe and aie ceſſith maladie.*
But here I make a proteſtacion
That in this proceſſe if ye depir go
That certainly for no ſalvacion
Of you, though that ye ſtervin bothè two,
Though al the worlde on o day be my fo,
Ne ſhal I ner on him have othir routhe.
I graunt it wel (quod Pandare) by my trouthe.
But maie I truſtin well to you (quod he)
That of this thing that ye han hight me here
Ye woll it holdin truely unto me?
Ye, doubtileſs, quod ſhe, myne uncle dere!
Ne that I ſhall have cauſe in this matere
(Quod he) to plain or aftir you to prèche?
Why no, parde; what nedith more ſpeche?
Tho ſellin thei in othir talis glade,
Till at the laſt, O gode eme! (quod ſhe tho)
For love of God, whiche that us bothe ymade,
Tell me how firſt ye wiſtin of his wo;
Wot non of it but ye? He ſayid No.
Can he well ſpeke of love, (quod ſhe) I preie?
Tell me, for I the bet ſhall me purveie.
Tho Pandarus a litil gan to ſmile,
And ſayid, By my trouth I ſhall now tell:
This othir daie, nat gon full longè while,
Within the paleis gardin by a well
Gan he and I well halfe a daie to dwell,
Right for to ſpekin of an ordinaunce
How we the Grekis mightin diſavaunce:
Sone after that begone we for to lepe
And caſtin with our dartis to and fro,
Till at the laſt he ſayid he would ſlepe,
And on the graſſe adoune he laied him tho;
And I aftir gan romin to and fro,

Till that I herd, as I walkid alone,
How he began ful wofully to grone.
Tho gan I ſtalke him full ſoftly behinde,
And ſikirly, the ſothè for to ſaine,
As I can clepe ayen now to my minde,
Right thus to Love he gan him for to plain:
He ſayid, Lorde, have routh upon my pain;
All have I ben rebell in mine entent,
Now *(mea culpa)* Lorde, I me repent.
O God! that at thy diſpoſicion
Lediſt forth the ſine by juſt purveiaunce
Of every wight, my lowe confeſſion
Accept in gre, and ſende me ſoche penaunce
As likith the; put from me diſperaunce,
That maie my ghoſt departe alwaie fro the:
Thou be my ſhilde for thy benignite.
For certis, Lorde, ſo ſore hath ſhe me wounded
That ſtode in blacke with loking of her eyen,
That to mine hert'is botome it is founded,
Through which I wot that I maſt nedis dien;
This is the worſt, I dare me nought bewrien,
And well the hotir ben the gledis rede
That men 'hem wrien with aſhin pale and ded.
With that he ſmote his hedde adoune anone,
And gan to muttre I nat what truely,
And I with that gan ſtill awaie to gone,
And lete thereof as nothing wiſt had I,
And come again anon and ſtode him by,
And ſaied, Awake, ye ſlepin all to long;
It ſemith me nought that Love doth you wrong
That ſlepin ſo that no man maie you wake;
Who ſeie evir er this ſo dull a man?
Ye, frende, (quod he) doe ye your hedd'is ake
For love, and let me livin as I can:
But though that he for wo was pale and wan
Yet made he tho as freſhe a countenaunce
As though he ſhould have led the newè daunce.
This paſſid forth till now this othir daie
It fell that I come roming all alone
Into his chambre, and founde how that he laie
Upon his bedde; but man ſo ſorè grone
Ne herd I nevir; and what was his mone
Ne wiſt I nought, for as I was comming
All ſodainly he left his complaining,
Of whiche I take ſomewhat ſuſpection,
And nere I come, and founde him wepè ſore;
And God ſo wiſe be my ſalvacion
As I had nevir routhe of nothing more,
For neithir with engine ne with no lore
Unnethis might I fro the deth him kepe,
That yet ſele I mine hertè for him wepe.
And God wot nevir ſith that I was borne
Was I ſo buſie no man for to preche,
Ne nevir was to wight ſo depe yſworne,
Er he me told who might yben his leche;
But not to you reherſin al his ſpeche,
Or all his wofull wordis for to ſowne,
Ne bid me nought, but ye woll ſe me ſwone;
But for to ſave his life, and ellis nought,
And to non harm of you, thus am I driven;
And for the love of God that us hath wrought
Soche chere him doth that he and I maie liven.
Now have I plat to you mine herte yſhriven,
And ſith ye wote that mine entent is clene
Take hede thereof, for none evill I mene.
And right gode thrift I pray to God have ye
That han ſoche one icaught withoutin net;
And be ye wiſe, as ye be faire to ſe;
Well in the ring than is the rubie ſet:
There werin nevir two ſo well imet
Whan ye ben his all whole as he is your:
The mighty God us grant to ſe that hour!
Naie, thereof ſpake I nat. A ha! (quod ſhe)
As helpe me God ye ſhendin every dele,
A, mercie, derè nece! anon (quod he)
What ſo I ſpake I ment it nought but wele,
By Mars the god that helmid is of ſtele:
Now beth not wroth, my blode, my necè dere!
Now well (quod ſhe) foryevin be it here.
With this he toke his leve, and home he went:
Ye, Lorde, how he was glad and well bigon!
Creſeide aroſe, no lengir ſhe ne ſtent,
But ſtreight into her cloſet went anon,
And ſet her doune as ſtill as any ſtone,
And every worde gan up and doune to winde
That he had ſaied as it came her to minde.
And woxe ſomedele aſtonied in her thought
Right for the newè caſe; but whan that ſhe
Was full aviſid, tho found ſhe right nought
Of perill why that ſhe oughte aferde be,
For man maie love of poſſibilite
A woman ſo that his herte maie to breſt
And ſhe nat love ayen but if her leſt.
But as ſhe ſat alone and thoughtè thus,
In field aroſe a ſkirmiſh all without,
And men cried in the ſtrete, Se! Troilus
Hath right now put to flight the Grekis rout:
With that gonne all her meine for to ſhout
A! go we ſe; caſt up the gatis wide,
For through this ſtrete he mote to paleis ride,
For othir waie is fro the yatis none
Of Dardanus, there opin is the cheine:
With that come he and all his folke anone
And efie pace riding in routis tweine,
Right as his happie daie was (ſothe to ſeine)
For whiche men ſaith maie not diſtourbid be
That ſhal betidin of neceſſite.
This Troilus ſat on his baiè ſtede
All armid ſave his hedde full richily,
And woundid was his horſe, and gan to blede,
On whiche he rode a pace full ſofily;
But ſoche a knightly ſight, lo! truily
As was on him was nat withoutin faile
To loke on Mars, that god is of Battaile.
So like a man of armis and a knight
He was to ſene, fulfilled of high proweſſe,
For bothe he had a bodie and a might
To doen that thing as well as hardineſſe,
And eke to ſene him in his gerè dreſſe,
So freſhe, ſo yong, ſo weldy, ſemid he,
It was an hevin on him for to ſe
His helme to hewin was in twentie places,
That by a tiſſue hong his backe behinde,
His ſhelde to daſhed with ſwerdis and with maces,
In whiche men might many an arowe finde
That thirlid had both horne, and nerfe, and rinde;

: the peple cried, Here cometh our joie,
xt his brothir holdir up of Troie!
which he wext a little redde for shame
he so herd the peple on him crien,
beholde it was a noble game
birliche ne cast adoune his eyen.
e anon gan all his chere espien,
it in her herte so softly sinke
her self she sayed, Ho! give me drinke.
of her owne she woxe al redde,
bring her right thus, lo! this is he
that mine uncle swereth he mote be dedde
n him have mercie and pite:
th that ilke thought for pure shame she
her hedde to pull, and that as fast,
e and all the peple forth by past:
gan to cast and rollin up and doun
her thought his excellent prowesse,
estate, and also his renoun,
te, his shape, and eke his gentilnesse;
ste her favour was, for his distresse
for her, and thought it were a routh
n soche one, if that he mente trouth.
might some envious wight janglin thus,
s a sodain love; how might it be
e so lightly lovid Troilus,
t the first sight of him? Yea, parde.
hoso saied so mote he nevir the,
ry thing a ginning hath it nede
e wrought withoutin any drede.
saie nat that she so sodenly
m her love, but that she gan encline
n' him tho, and let you why;
tir that his manhode and his pine
ove within her herte for to mine,
iche by processe and by gode service
nne her love, and in no sodain wise.
also blisful Venus wele arayed
her sevinth house of hevin tho
d wele, and with aspectis payed,
oin sely Troylus of his wo;
othe to sayne, she n'as nat all a foe
ylus in hys natyvyte,
ote that wele the sonir spedin he.
let us stinte of Troilus a throwe,
dith forth, and let us tourne fast
Creseide, that heng her hedde full lowe
s she satte alone, and gan to cast
u she would apoinct her at the last,
were her eme ne would yceesse
oilus upon her for to presse.
, Lorde! so she gan in her thought argue
matter of whiche I have you told,
hat to doen best were, and what eschue,
latid she ful oft in many fold;
as her herte warme, now was it cold;
hat she thought of somwhat shal I write
e anethour listith to me t' endite.
thought wele first that Troilus person
ewe by sight, and eke his gentilnesse,
us she said, All were it nought to doen
unt him love, yet for his worthinesse
honor with plaie and with gladnesse

In honeste with such a lorde to dele
For mine estate and also for his hele.
Eke well wote I my king's sonne is he,
And sith he hath to se me soche delite,
If I would utterliche his sight yflie,
Par'aventure he might have me in dispite,
Thorough whiche I might stondin in worse plite;
Now were I not wise me hate to purchace,
Withoutin nede, there I maie stand in grace.
In every thing I wot there lieth mesure;
For though a man forbidith dronkinesse,
He nought forbiddith that every creture
Be drinkilesse for alwaie, as I gesse;
Eke sithe I wot for me is his distresse
I ne ought not for that thing him dispise,
Sith it is so he menith in gode wise.
And eke I knowe of longe time agone
His thewis gode, and that he n'is not nice,
No vauntour saine men certain he is none,
To wise is he to doen so grete a vice,
Ne als I n'ill him nevir so cherice
That he shall make a vaunt by juste cause;
He shall me nevir binde in soche a clause.
Now set a case, the hardist is iwis,
Men mightin demin that he lovith me;
What dishonour were it unto me this?
Maie I him let of that? why naie, parde;
I knowe also, and alwaie here and se,
Men lovin women al this toune about;
Be thei the wers? why naie, withoutin doubt.
I thinke eke how he worthy is to have
Of all this noble toune the thriftyist
That woman is, if she her honour save,
For out and out he is the worthyist
Save only Hector, whiche that is the best;
And yet his life lieth all now in my cure:
But soche is love, and eke mine avinture.
Ne me to love a wondir is it nought,
For well wote I my self, so God me spede,
All woll I that no man wist of this thought,
I am one of the fairist out of drede,
And godelyist, who so that takith hede,
And so men saine, in all the toune of Troie;
What wondir is though he of me have joie?
I am mine owne woman, well at ese,
I thanke it God, as aftir mine estate,
Right yong, and stond untied in lustie lese,
Withoutin jelousie, and soche debate;
Shall no husbonde saine unto me Checke mate,
For either thei ben full of jelousie,
Or maistirfull, or lovin novelrie.
What shall I doen? to what fine live I thus?
Shall I not love in case if that me lest?
What? pardieux I am not religious;
And though that I mine herte set at rest
Upon this knight, that is the worthiest,
And kepe alwaie mine honor and my name,
By all right it maie doe to me no shame.
But right as whan the sunne shinith bright
In March, that chaungith oftintime his face,
And that a cloud is put with winde to flight
Whiche ovirsprat the sunne as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan through her soule pace

That ovirspradde her brightè thoughtis all,
So that for fere a moste she gan to fall.
That thought was this; Alas! sith I am fre
Should I now love and put in jeopardie
My sikirnesse, and thrallin liberte?
Alas! how durst I thinkin that folie?
Maie I not well in othir folke aspie
Ther dredfull joie, ther constreint and ther pain?
Ther lovith non that ne hath why to plain?
For love is yet the mostè stormie life
Right of himself that evir was begonne,
For ever some mistrust or some nice strife
There is in love, some cloud ovir the sunne;
Thereto we wretchid women nothing conne
Whan us is wo but wepe, and sit, and thinke:
Our wretche is this, our ownè wo to drinke.
Also these wickid tonguis ben so prest
To speke us harme, eke men ben so untrue,
That right anon as cessid is ther lest
So cessith love, and forth to love anewe:
But *Harme adoe is doen, who so it rue;*
For though these men for love 'hem first to rende,
Full sharp beginning breckith ofte at ende.
How oftin time hath it yknowin ben
The treson that to women hath be doe!
To what fine is soche love I can not sene,
Or where becomith it whan it is go
There is no wight that wote I trowè so;
Wher it becometh lo no wight on it sporneth;
That erst was nothing into nothing turneth.
How busie (if I love) eke must I be
To plesin 'hem that jangle' of love and deme,
And coyen 'hem that thei saie no harm of me!
For though there be no cause yet 'hem may seme
Al be for harme that folke ther frendis queme;
And who maie stoppin every wickid tong
Or soune of bellis while that thei ben rong?
And after that her thought gan for to clere,
And saied, *He whiche that nothing undirtaketh*
Nothing atwewith, be him loth or dere;
And with an othir thought her hert yquaketh;
Than slepith hope, and aftir drede awaketh;
Now hote now cold: but thus betwixin twey
She rist her up and went her for to pley.
Adoune the staire anon right tho she went
Into her gardine, with her necis thre,
And up and doun thei madin many' a went
Flexippe' and she, Tarbe' and Antigone,
To playin, that it joie was to se,
And othir of her women a grete rout
Her folowed in the gardine all about.
This yerde was large, and railed al the aleyes,
And shadowed wel with blos'omy bowis grene,
And benchid newe, and sondid all the weyes,
In whiche she walkith arme in arme betwene,
Till at the last Antigone the shene
Gan on a Trojan song to singin clere,
That it an hevin was her voice to here.
She saied, O Love! to whom I have and shal
Ben humble subject, true in mine entent,
As I best can to you, Lorde, yeve I all
For evirmore mine hert'is love to rent,
For nevir yet thy grace to no wight sent
So blissfull cause as me, my life to lede
In allè joie and suretie out of drede.
The blissful God hath me so well beset
In love iwis, that all that berith life
Imaginin ne could how to be bet;
For, Lorde, withoutin jelousie or strife
I love one whiche that moste is ententife
To servin well, unwerily' or unfained,
That evir was, and left with harme distained,
As he that is the well of worthinesse,
Of trouth the ground, mirrour of godelihedde,
Of wit Apollo, stone of sikirnesse,
Of virtue rote, of luste findir and hedde,
Thorough whiche is all sorowe fro me dedde:
Iwis I love him best, so doeth he me;
Now gode thrift have he where so er he be;
Whom should I thankin but you, god of Love,
Of all this blisse in whiche to bathe I ginne?
And thankid be ye, Lorde, for that I love:
This is the righte life that I am inne,
To flemin all manir of vice and sinne;
This doeth me so to vertue for to' entende
That daie by daie I in my will amende.
And who that saieth that for to love is vice
Or thraldome, though he sele in it distresse,
He either is envious or right nice,
Or is unmightie for his shreudènesse
To lovin; for soche manir folke I gesse
Diffamin Love as nothing of him knowe;
They speke of Love, but nevir bent his bowe.
What is the sunnè worse of his kinde right
Though that a man for feblesse of his eyen
Maie not endure on it to se for bright?
Or love the worse that wretchis on it crien?
No wele is worth that maie no sorowe drien;
And forthy, *Who that hath an hodde of verre*
Fro cast of stenis ware him in the werre.
But I with al mine herte and all my might,
As I have saied, woll love unto my last
My owne dere herte, and all mine ownè knight,
In whiche mine herte ygrowin is so fast,
And his in me, that it shall evir last:
All did I dred at first to love begin
Now wote I well there is no pain therein.
And of her song right with that wordè she stere,
And therewithall, Now necè (quod Creseide)
Who made this song now with so gode entent?
Antigone answerde anon, and saide,
Madame, iwis it was the godelyist maide,
Of grete estate, in all the toune of Troie,
Who led her life in moste honour and joie.
Forsothe so it ysemith by her song,
Quod tho Creseide, and gan therwith to sike,
And sayid, Lorde! is there soche blisse emong
These lovirs, as thei can so faire endite?
Ye, wisse, quod freshe Antigone the white,
For all the folke that have or ben on live
Ne couldin well the blisse of love discrive.
But wenin ye that every wretche wote
The parfite blisse of love? why naie, iwis;
Thei wenin all be love if one be hote;
Do' waie, do' waie! thei wote nothing of this:
Men mote askin of sainctis if it is

e in heven? and why? for thei can tell;
fendus if it be foule in hell?
e unto the purpose nought answerde,
Iwis it woll be night as faste;
worde whiche that she of her herde
printin in her hertè faste,
an love her lasse for to agaste
lid erst; and sinkin in her herte,
vax somwhat able to converte.
y'is honour and the heven'is eye,
'is foe, all this clepe I the sonne,
in fast, and dounward for to wrie,
had his day'is course ironne,
thingis woxin all dimme and donne
of light, and sterris for to apere,
nd all her folke in went ifere.
n it likid her to gon to reste,
d werin thei that voidin ought,
that to slepin well her leste;
n sone unto her bedde her brought:
as hush't, than laie she stil and thought
thing the manir and the wise;
nedith not, for ye ben wise.
ingale upon a cedre grene
chambir wall there as she laie
ysong ayen the monè shene,
re in his bird'is wife a laie
at made her herte freshe and gaie;
enid she so long in gode entent
last the deddè slepe her hent.
She slept anon right tho her met
an egle, fethered white as bone,
breit his longè clawis set,
er herte he rent, and that anon,
is herte into her breft to gon,
She nought agrose ne nothing smert,
he flyith with herte left for hert.
her slepe, and we our talis holde
, that is to paleis ridden
ermisthe of the whiche I have tolde,
chambir sate and hath abidden
thre of his messangirs yeden
rus, and soughtin him full fast
n found, and brought him at the last.
ndarus came leping in at ones,
thus, Who hath ben well ibete
ith swerdis and with slongè stones
s, that hath caught him an hete?
japc, and saied, Lorde how ye swete!
d let us soupe and go to reste:
werde him, Doe we as the leste.
the hast godèly as thei might
hem fro the soupir and to bedde,
wight out at the dore him dight,
him lift upon his waie he sped,
thought that his hertè bledde
that he herde some tiding,
Frende, shall I now wepe or sing?
'andarus) Be still and let me slepe,
n thy hode, thine nedis spedde ybe,
if thou wolt sing, or daunce, or lepe:
ordis, thou shalt trowe all by me,
y nece woll doin well by the,
And love the best, by God and by my trothe,
But lacke of pursute marre it in thy slothe.
For thus ferforth I have thy werke begon
Fro daie to daie, till this daie by the morowe
Her love of frendship have I to the won,
And therto hath she laid her faith to borow;
Algate o sote is hameled of thy sorowe:
What should I lengir sermon of it holde?
As ye have herd before all he him tolde.
But right as flouris through the cold of night
Iclosid stoupin in ther stalkis lowe,
Redressin 'hem ayen the sunnè bright,
And spredin in ther kindè course by rowe,
Right so gan tho his eyin up to throwe
This Troilus, and saied, O Venus dere!
Thy might, thy grace, iheried be it here.
And to Pandare he held up both his hondes,
And sayid, Lorde, all thine be that I have,
For I am whole, and brostin ben my bondes:
A thousande Troyis who so that me yave
Eche aftir othir, God so wis me save,
Ne might not me so gladin: lo! mine hert
It spredith so for joie it woll to sterte.
But, Lorde, how shall I doen? how shall I liven?
Whan shall I next my own dere herte yse?
How shall this longè time awaie be driven
Til that thou be ayen at her fro me?
Thou maiest answere, Abide, abide; but *He*
That bangith by the neke, the sothe to saine,
In greete disese abidith for the paine.
All esily now, for the love of Marte,
(Quod Pandarus) for every thing hath time,
So long abide till that the night departe,
For all so sikir as thou liest here by' me,
And God toforne, I woll be there at prime,
And for thy werke somwhat as I shall saie,
Or on some othir wight this chargè laie.
For parde God wot I have evir yet
Ben redy the to serve, and to this night
Have I not sainid, but emforthe my wit
Doen all thy lust, and shal with al my might;
Doe now as I shall saine, and fare aright;
And if thou n'ilte, wite all thy selfe the care:
On me is nought along thine evill fare.
I wote well that thou wisir art than I
A thousande folde; but if I were as thou,
God helpe me so, as I would uttirly
Right of mine ownè honde write to her now
A lettir, in whiche I would telle her how
I farde amisse, and her beseche of routh:
Now helpe thy self, and leve it for no slouth.
And I my self shall therwith to her gon,
And whan thou wost that I am with her there
Worthe thou up on a coursir right anon,
Ye hardily, and that in thy best gere,
And ride forth by the place as naught ne were,
And thou shalt finde us (if I maie) sitting
At some windowe into the strete loking.
And if the lift than maiest thou us salue,
And upon me make thou thy countenaunce,
But by thy life beware, and fast eschue
To tarien ought; God shild us fro mischaunce!
Ride forth thy waie and hold thy govirnaunce;

She shal nat pul it out this nexte wike;
God sende her mo such thornis on to pike!
Pandarus, whiche that stode her faste by,
Felte iron hotte, and he began to smite,
And seidè, Nece, I praye you hertilie
Tel me that I shal askin you alite;
A woman that were of his deth to wite,
Withouten' his gilt, but for her lacke of routh,
Were it wel done? (quod sie) Naie, by my trouth.
God help me so, (quod he) ye say me sothe,
Ye selin wel your selfe that I nought lie.
Lo! yonde he rideth, (quod she) ye, so he dothe.
Wel, quod Pandare, as I have tolde you thrie,
Let be your nicete and your folie,
And speke with him in esing of his herte;
Let nicete nat do you bothe smerte.
But theron was to hevin and to done,
Considiring al thing it maie nat be,
And why? for shame; and it were eke to sone
To grauntin him so gret a liberte,
For plainly her entent (as sayid she)
Was for to love him unwist if she might,
And guerdon him with nothing but with sight.
But Pandarus thought it shal nat be so;
If that I maie this nice opinion
Shal nat ben holdin sully yeris two;
What should I make of this a longe sermon?
He must assent on that conclusion
As for the time, and whan that it was eve,
And al was wel, he rose and toke his leve.
And on his way full fast homewarde he spedde,
And right for joy he felte his hert to daunce,
And Troilus he founde alone abedde,
That laie as done these lovirs, in a traunce,
Betwixin hope and derke diseseperaunce;
But Pandarus right at his in comming
He song, as who saith, Lo! somwhat I bring;
And saidè, Who is in his bedde so sone
Yburied thus? It am I, frende, (quod he.)
Who? Troilus! naie, helpe me so the inone,
(Quod Pandarus.) Thou shalt up rise and se
A charme that was ysent right now to the,
The whiche can helin the of thine axesse,
If thou do forthwith al thy besinesse.
Ye, through the might of God (quod Troilus.)
And Pandarus gan him the lettir take,
And saide, Parde God hath yholpin us:
Have here a light, and loke on al these blake.
But oftin gan the hert to glad and quake
Of Troilus while he it gan to rede,
So as the wordis yave him hope or drede.
But, finally, he toke al for the beste
That she him wrote, for somwhat he beheldè
On which he thought he might his hertè rest,
Al covired she the wordis undir shelde;
Thus to the more worthy part he him helde,
That what for hope and Pandarus beheste
His gretè wo foryede he at the leste.
But as we maie al daie ourselvin se
Through more wode or cole kindlith the more fire,
Right so encrese of hope, of what it be,
Therwith ful oft encreslith eke desire,
Or as an oke comith of a litil spire,
So through this lettir which that she him sent
Encresin gan desire, of whiche he brent.
Wherfore I say alway that day and night
This Troilus gan to desirin more
Then he did erst through hope, and did his might
To presin on, as by Pandarus lore,
And writin to her of his sorowes sore
Fro day to day: he let it nought resceide
That by Pandare he somwhat wrot or seide;
And did also his othir observaunces
That till a lovir longith in this caas,
And astir that his dice turnid on chaunces
So was he eithir glad, or saide Alas!
And held astir his gestis aie his pans,
And after suche answeris as he hadde
So werin his daies sory othir gladde.
But to Pandarè alway was his recours,
And pitously gan aie to him to plaine,
And him besought of rede and some socours;
And Pandarus, that sawe his wodè paine,
Wext well nigh ded for routh, sothe for to saine,
And besely with al his hert gan caste
Some of his wo to sleen, and that as faste;
And saidè, Lorde, and frende, and brothir dere!
God wot that thy disese ydothe me wo,
But wolt thou stintin al this woful chere,
And by my trouth er it be dayis two,
And God toforne, yet shal I shape it so
That thou shalt come into a certaine place
There as thou maiest thy selfe praien her of grace.
And certainly I n'ot if thou it woste,
But thei that ben experte in love it say,
It is one of these thingis fortherith most
A man to have a leisir for to praie,
And sikir place his wo for to bewraie,
For in gode hert it mote some routh impresse
To here and se the giltlesse in distresse.
Par'aventure thinkist thou though it be so
That Kinde would her ydone for to beginne
To have a manir routh upon my wo,
Saith Daungir Nay, thou shalt me nevir win;
So rulith she her hert'is goste within
That though she bendin yet she stonte on rote;
What in effect is this unto my bote?
Thinke here ayen whan that the sturdy eke,
On which men hackith oftin for the nones,
Recevid hath the happy falling stroke,
The grete sweight makith it fall all at ones,
As done these grete rockis or these milnestones;
For swiftir course cometh thing that is of wight,
Whan it discendith, than done thingis light.
But rede that bowith doune for every blast
Ful lightly ceffith winde it wol arise,
But so n'il not an oke whan it is cast,
It nedith me nought longe the for to' vise;
Men shall rejoysin of a grete emprise
Atchevid wel, and stout withoutin dout,
Al have men ben the lengir there about.
But, Troilus, now tel me if the left
A thing whiche that I shal askin of the;
Whiche is thy brothir that thou loviist best
As in thy very hert'is privite?
Iwis my brothir Deiphobus, (quod he.)

Pandare) er hour'is twise twelve
se unwist of it himselve.
e' alone, and workin as I may,
d to Deiphobus went he tho,
s lord and gretè frend ben aie;
no man he lovid so:
te, withoutin wordis mo,
rus) I pray you that ye be
ause whiche that ytouchith me.
, (quod Deiphobus) wel thou wost
may, and God tofore,
t for the man I love most,
'roilus; but say wherfore
the day that I was bore
ir more to ben I thinke,
g that mightin the forthinke.
an him thanke, and to him seide,
ve a lady in this toune
ece, and callid is Creseide,
me men would done oppressioun,
ally have her possessioun,
f your lordship you beseche
rende withoutin morè speche.
him answerde, O! is nat this
ckist of to me thus straungely
frende? Pandarus said him Yes.
(quod Deiphobus) hardily
his, for trustith wel that I
champion with spere and yerde;
at though all her foes it herde.
ne, thou that wost all this matere,
I best availin now? let se.
arus) If ye, my lorde so dere,
ow do this honour to me
r to morowe, lo, that she
ou her plaintis to devise
ries would of it agrise.
nore durst prayin you as now,
you to have so grete travaile,
e of your brethrin here with you,
n to her cause bettir availe;
wel she mightin nevir faile
olpin, what at your instaunce,
her othir frendis govirnaunce.
s, whiche that comin was of kinde
r and bounte to consente,
t shal be done; and I can finde
helpe to this in mine entente:
est thou saine if for Helen I sent
this? I trowe it be the best,
ledin Paris as her lest.
r, which that is my lord my brother,
t to praien him frende to be,
herde him, o time and eke other,
reseide suche honour that he
o bet: such hap to him hath she
t his helpis more to crave;
suche right as we wol him have.
u thy selfe also to Troilus
alse, and praie him with us dine.
hal be done, (quod Pandarus)
is leve, and nevir gan to fine,
ec'is house as streight as line
He came, and found her fro the mete arise,
And set him doun, and spake right in this wise;
He saide, O very God so have I ronne,
Lo! necè mine, se ye nat how I swete?
I n'ot whethir ye the more thanke me conne;
Be ye not ware how that false Poliphete
Is now about estsonis for to plete,
And bringin on you advocacies newe?
I? no, (quod she) and chaungid al her hewe.
What! is he more about me for to dretche,
And done me wrong? what shal I don? alas!
Yet of him selfin nothing would I retche,
N'ere it for Antenor and Æneas,
That ben his frendis in such manir caas;
But for the love of God, mine uncle dere!
No force of that, let him have al isere,
Withoutin that I have inough for us.
Nay, (quod Pandare) it shall nothing be so,
For I have ben right now at Deiphobus,
At Hector, and mine othir lordis mo,
And shortly makid eche of 'hem his so,
That by my thrifte he shal it nevir winne
For aught he can, whan so that he beginne.
And as thei castin what was best to done
Deiphobus, of his owne curtisie,
Came her to praye in his propir persone
To holde him on the morowe companie
At dinir, whiche she ne wolde not denie,
But godely gan to his prayere obeye:
He thonkid her, and went upon his wey.
Whan this was don this Pandarus anone,
(To tellin in shorte) forth he gan to wende
To Troilus as stil as any stone,
And al this thing he tolde him orde and ende,
And how that he Deiphobus gan to blende,
And saide him, Now is time of that ye conne
To bere the belle to morow', and all is wonne.
Now speke, now pray, now pitously complaine,
Let nat for nicè shame, for drede or slouth;
Somtime a man mote tel his ownè paine;
Beleve it, and she wol have on the routh;
Thou shalt ben savid by thy faith and trouth:
But well wot I thou now art in a drede,
And what it is I lay I can arede:
Thou thinkist now how should I don al this
For by my cheris mostin folke espie
That for her love is that I fare amis,
Yet had I levre' unwist for sorow die:
Nowe thinke nat so, for thou dost gret folie,
For I right now have foundin a manere
Of sleight for to coverin al thy chere.
Thou shalt gon ovirnight, and that as blive,
Unto Deiphobus house as the to plaie,
Thy malady awaie the bette to drive;
For why? thou semist sike, the sothe to saie;
Sone after that doune in thy bedde the laie,
And saie thou maist no lengir up endure,
And lie right there and bide thine avinture.
Say that the fevir is wont the to take
The same time, and lastin till a morowe;
And let se now how well thou canst it make,
For parde sike is he that is in sorowe:
Go now, farewel, and Venus here to borowe

I hope and thou this purpose holdè ferme
Thy grace shal the fully there confermè.
(Quod Troilus) Iwis thou alle nedelesse
Confailist me that sikeliche I me faine,
For I am sike in ernest doutelèlesse,
So that wel nigh I stervin for the paine.
(Quod Pandarus) Thou shalt the better plaine,
And hast the lesse nede for to counterfete,
For *Him men demin bote that men se swete.*
Lo! holde the at thy tristè close, and I
Shal wel the deere unto thy bowe ydrive:
Therwith he took his leve all softily,
And Troilus to his paleis went blive,
So glad ne was he ner in all his live,
And to Pandarus rede gan al assent,
And to Deiphobus house at night he went.
What nedith it to tellin all the chere
That Deiphobus unto his brothir made,
Or his axis, or his sikeliche manere
How men gon him with clothis for to lade
When he was laid, and how men would him glade?
But all for nought; he helde forth aie the wise
That ye han herde Pandare ere this devise.
But certaine is er Troilus him leide,
Deiphobus had praied him ovirnight
To ben a frende and helping to Creseide;
God wot that he grauntid anon right
To ben her fullè frend with all his might:
But such a nede was it to praien him thenne
As for to biddin a wode man to renne.
The morowe came, and nighin gan the time
Of mealtide, whan that the faire Quene Helen
Shope her to ben an hour aftir the prime
With Deiphobus, to whom she n'olde faine,
But as his sustir homely, sothe to saine,
She came to dinir in her plaine entent,
But God and Pandare wist al what this ment.
Came eke Creseide all innocent of this,
Antigone her nece and Tarbe' also:
But flie we now prolixite best is,
For love of God, and let us fast ygo
Right to the' effecte withoutin talis mo,
Why al this folke assemblid in this place,
And let us of ther saluingis pace.
Gret honour did 'hem Deiphobus certaine,
And fedde him wel with all that might 'hem like,
But evirmo, alas! was his refraine,
My godè brothir, Troilus the sike,
Lithe yet; and therwithal he gan to sike,
And after that he painid him to glade
Hem as he might, and cherè gode he made.
Complainid eke Helen of his sikenesse
So faithfully, that pity was to here,
And every wight gan wexin for axes
A leche anon, and saide, In this manere
Men curin folke, this charme I wol the lere:
But there sat one, al list her nat to teche,
That thought, yet best couldin I ben his leche.
Aftir complaint him gonnin thei to preise,
As folke don yet whan some wight hath begon
To preise a man, and up with preise him reise
A thousande folde yet higher than the son;
He is, he can, that fewe othir lordes kon;
And Pandarus of that thei would affirme
He nought forgate ther praising to conferme.
Herde all this thing feire Creseide wel inough,
And every worde gan for to notifie,
For whiche with sobre chere her hertè lough,
For who is that ne would her glorifie
To mowin suche a knight done live or die?
But al passe I, lest ye to longe ydwell;
But for o sine is al that er I tell.
The time came fro dinir for to rise,
And as 'hem ought arisin everichone,
And gon a while of this and that devise;
But Pandarus brake al this speche anon,
And said to Deiphobus, Wol ye gon,
If it your will be, as I erst you prayde,
To spekin of the nedis of Creseide?
Helen, which that by the hondè her helde,
Toke first the tale, and saidè, Go we blive;
And godely on Creseidè she behelde,
And sayid, Jovis, let him nevir thrive
That doth you harm, and reve him sone of live,
And yeve me sorowe but he shal it rue
If that I may, and allè folke be true.
Tel thou thy nec'is case, (quod Deiphobus
To Pandarus) for thou canst best it tell.
My Lordis and my, Ladies, it stant thus;
What should I lengir (quod he) do you dwell?
He ronge 'hem out a proces like a bell
Upon her foe, that hight was Polyphete,
So heinous that men mightin on it spete.
Answerde of this eche worse of 'hem than other,
And Polyphete thei gonnin thus to warien,
And honged be suche one were he my brother,
And so he shal, for it ne maie nought varien:
What should I lengir in this talè tarien?
Plainliche al at onis thei her highten
To ben her frende in all that er thei mighten.
Spake than Helen, and said to Pandarus,
Wot aught my lord my brothir of this matere,
I mene Hector, or wote it Troilus?
He saide her Ye; but wol ye me now here?
Me thinketh thus, sith that Troilus is here,
It were gode if that ye wouldin assent
She tolde him her selfe al this er she went;
For he wol have the more her grese at herte,
Bicause lo, she a worthy lady is,
And by your wil I wol but in right sterte,
And do you wete, and that anon iwis,
If that he slepe or wol aught here of this:
And in he lept, and said him in his ere,
God have thy soule! for brought have I thy bere.
To smilin of this gan tho Troilus;
And Pandarus withoutin rekining
Out went to Helen and Deiphobus,
And said 'hem, So there be no tarying,
Ne more prese, he wol well that ye bring
Creseide my lady that is now here
And as he maie enduren he wol her here.
But wel ye wote the chambre is but lite,
And fewè folke may lightly make it warme;
Now lokith ye, for I wol have no wite.
To bring in prese that might I ydon him harme,
Or him diseasin for my bettir arme;

e bet ſhe abide till eftſonis
ı ye, that knowin what to don is.
me beſt is, as I can knowe,
ight in ne wendè but ye twey,
: I, for I can in a throwe
r caſe unlike that ſhe can ſey,
his ſhe may onis him prey
de lorde in ſhort, and take her leve;
not mokill of his eſe him reve.
for ſhe is ſtraunge he woll forbere
hiche that him darin nat for you;
hing that touchith nat to her
tel, I wote it well right now,
e is, and for the town'is prow:
that knew nothing of his entente,
ore to Troilus in thei wente.
in all her godely ſoftly wiſe
lue and womanly to plaie,
Iwis ye mote algate ariſe;
brothir, be all whole I praie;
me right over' his ſhuldir laie,
ith all her wit to recomfort;
could ſhe gan him to diſport.
this (quod ſhe) We you beſeke,
rothir! Delphobus and I,
God, and ſo doeth Pandare eke,
le lorde and frende right hertily
ide, whiche that certainly
rong, as wot well here Pandare,
er caſe well bet than I declare.
ıdarus gan newe his tong affile,
r caſe reherce, and that anone:
as ſaied, ſone aftir in a while
ilus) As ſone as I maie gone
: fain with all my might ben one,
my trouth, her cauſe for to ſuſteine:
thrift have ye (quod Helen the Quene.)
andarus) And it your will ybe
aie take her leve er that ſhe go.
d forbid it! (tho quod he)
vouchſafin for to doe ſo.
hat worde (quod Troilus) Ye two,
and my ſuſter leſe and dere,
e I to ſpeke of a matere,
viſid by your rede the better;
(as hap was) at his bedd'is hedde
of a tretiſe and a letter
r had him ſent to aſkin redde
nan was worthy to ben dedde?
ght who, but in a griſly wiſe
hem anone on it aviſe.
ıs gan this letter for to' unfolde
ete, ſo did Helen the Quene,
g outwarde faſt it gonne beholde,
Dounward a ſteire, into an herber grene;
This ilkè thing thei reddin 'hem betwene,
And largily the mountenaunce of an houre
Thei gonne on it to redin and to poure.
Now let 'hem rede, and tournè we anone
To Pandarus, that gan full faſtè prie
That all was well, and out he gan to gone
Into the grete chambir, and that in hie,
And ſayid, God ſave all this companie!
Come, necè mine, my ladie Quene Helen,
Abidith you, and eke my lordis twene.
Riſe, take with you your nece Antigone,
Or whom you liſt, or no force hardily;
The laſſe preſſe the bettir: come forth with me,
And lokith that ye thonkin humbily
Them all thre, and whan ye maie godily
Your time iſee takith of them your leve,
Leſt we to long his reſtis him bireve.
All innocent of Pandarus entent,
Quod tho Creſeide, Go we, uncle dere!
And arme in arme inward with him ſhe went,
Aviſing well her wordis and her chere;
And Pandarus in erneſtfull manere
Sayid, All folkè, for Godd'is lovè I praie,
Stintith right here, and ſoftily you plaie.
Aviſith you what folke ben here within,
And in what plite one is, God him amende!
And inward thus full ſoftily begin;
Nece, I conjure and highly you defende,
On his behalfe whiche that ſoule us all ſende,
And in the vertue of corounis twaine,
Slea nat this man that hath for you this paine.
Fie on the devill! thinke whiche one he is,
And in what plite he lieth; come of anone;
Thinke all ſoche taried tide but loſt it n'is,
That woll ye bothè ſaine whan ye ben one;
And ſecondly, there yet devinith none
Upon you two, come of now if ye conne
While folke is blent, lo! all the time is wonne.
In titiring, and purſute, and delaies,
The folke devine at wegging of a ſtre,
And though ye would han aftir merie daies
Than dare ye nat; and why? for ſhe and ſhe
Spake ſoche a worde; thus lokid he and he:
Leſt time be loſte I dare nat with you dele,
Come of therfore, and bringith him to hele.
But now to you, ye lovirs that ben here,
Was Troilus nat in a cankèdort,
That laie and might the whiſpring of 'hem here,
And thought, o Lorde! right now rennith my ſort
Fully to die or have anone comfort,
And was the firſt time that he ſhould her praie
Of love; o mightie God! what ſhall he ſaie?

TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

PROŒMIUM LIBRI TERTII.

O Blissfull light! of whiche the bemis clere
Adornith alle the third hevin faire,
O somn'is life! o Jov'is doughtir dere!
Plesaunce of love! o godely debonaire!
In gentle hertes aie redy to repaire,
O very cause of hele and of gladnesse,
Iheried be thy might and thy godenesse!
In heven and hell, in yerth and the salt se,
Is felt thy might, if that I well discerne,
As man, brid, beste, fishe, herbe, and grene tre,
Thei sele in timis with vapour eterne:
God lovith, and to love he woll naught werne;
And in this worlde no liv'is creture
Withoutin love is wroucht or maie endure.
Ye, Jovis, first to thilke affectis glade,
Through whiche that thingis livin all and be,
Commendidin and amorous him made
On mortall thing, and as ye list aie ye
Yeve him in love ese or adversite,
And in a thousande formis doune him sent
For love in yerth, and whom you list he hent.
Ye fiers Mars, apesin of his ire,
And as you list ye makin hertes digne,
Algatis them that ye woll set a fire
Thei dredin shame, and vicis thei resigne;
Ye doen 'hem curteis be, freshe, and benigne,
And hie or lowe aftir a wight entendeth
The joyis that he hath your might it sendeth.
Ye holdin reigne and house in unite,
Ye sothfast cause of frendship ben also;
Ye knowin all thilke covered qualite
Of thingis whiche that folke on wondrin so
Whan thei can nat construe how it maie go
She loveth him, or why he lovith here,
As why this fishe nat that comith to were.
Ye folke a lawe have set in universe,
And this knowe I by them that lovirs be,
That who'so strivith with you hath the werse:
Now ladie bright, for thy benignite,
At reverence of them that servin the,
Whose clerke I am, so techith me divise
Some joie of that is felt in thy service:
Ye in my nakid hert'is sentiment
Inhilde, and doe me shewe of thy sweteness,
Caliope! thy voice be now present,
For now is nede; seest thou nat my distresse
How I mote tell anon right the gladnesse
Of Troilus to Venus herying?
To whiche gladnesse who nede hath God him brin

INCIPIT LIBER TERTIUS.

mene while this ſad Troilus
s leſſon in this manere,
ght he, thus woll I ſaie and thus,
plain unto my ladie dere,
s gode, and this ſhall be my chere,
it foryetin in no wiſe:
werkin as he can deviſe,
e! ſo that his herte began to quappe
ome, and ſhort gan for to ſike;
us, that led her by the lappe,
nd gan in at the curtein pike,
od doe bote on all that are ſike!
e you comin to viſite;
e that is your deth to wite.
t ſemid as he wept almoſte.
roilus, ſo routhfully,
wo o mightie God! thou woſte:
ere I ſe nat truily.
eſeide) it is Pandare and I.
te, alas! I maie nat riſe
do your honour in ſome wiſe,
him upward; and ſhe right tho
hondis ſoft upon him leie.
e of God doe ye not ſo
d ſhe.) Ey, what is this to ſei!
n I to you for cauſis tweie,
onke, and of your lordſhipe eke
I wouldè you beſeke.
s, that herd his ladie praie
im wox neithir quick ne dedde,
orde for ſhame unto it ſaie,
n ſhouldin ſmitin of his hedde,
o he woxe ſodainliche alle redde;
eſſon that he wendè conne
is through his wit ironne.
this eſpyid well inough,
iſe, and loved him ner the leſſe,
n all aparte, or made it tough,
de to ſing a ſol'is maſſe;
ſhame began ſomwhat to paſſe
I maie my rimis holde,
as techin bokis olde.
voice, right for his very drede,
eke quoke, and therto his manere
t, and now his hewis rede
o Creſeide his ladie dere,
ne caſt and humble yoldin chere,
ſt worde that him aſterte
ercie, mercie, my dere herte!

And ſtint a while, and whan he might out bring
The nextè word, was, God wote for I have
As faithfully as I have had konning
Ben your'is all, God ſo my ſoulè ſave,
And ſhall, till that I wofull wight be grave,
And though I dare ne can unto you plain
Iwis I ſuffir not the laſſè pain.

Thus moche, as now, ah womanlichè wiſe!
I maie out bring, and if this you diſpleſe
That ſhall I wreke upon mine ownè life
Right ſone I trowe, and doe your herte an eſe,
If with my deth your hert I maie apeſe,
But ſens that ye han herd me ſomwhat ſey
Now retche I nevir how ſone that I deie.

Therwith his manly ſorowe to beholde
It might have made an herte of ſtone to rew,
And Pandare wept as he to watir would,
And pokid evir his nece newe and newe,
And ſayid, Wo begon ben hertis true;
For love of God make of this thing an ende,
Or ſlea us bothe at ones er that ye wende.

I, what? (quod ſhe,) By God and by my trouth
I n'ot nevir what ye wilne that I ſeie.
Ele! what? (quod he) that ye have on him routh
For Godd'is love, and doeth him nat to deie.
Now than thus, (quod ſhe) I wollin him preie
To tellin me the fine of his entente;
Yet wiſt I nevir well what that he mente.

What that I mene, o my ſwete hertè dere!
(Quod Troilus) o godely freſhe and fre!
That with the ſtremis of your eyin clere
Ye wouldin ſomtime frendly on me ſe,
And than agrein that I maie ben he
Withoutin braunche of vice on any wiſe
In trouthe alwaie to do you my ſerviſe,

As to my ladie right, and cheſe reſort,
With all my witte and all my diligence,
And I to have right as you liſt comfort,
Under your yerde egall to mine offence,
As deth, if that I brekin your defence,
And that ye digne me ſo moehil honour
Me to commaundin aught in any hour,

And I to ben your very humble, true,
Secrete, and in my painis pacient,
And evir to deſirin freſhly newe
To ſervin, and ben aie like diligent,
And with gode herte all wholly your talent
Recevin, in gre, how ſore that me ſmerte:
Lo, this mene I, o mine owne ſwetè herte!

(Quod Pandarus) Lo! here an hard requeſt,
And reſo'nable a ladie for to werne;
Now necè mine, by Natall Jov'is feſt,
Were I a god ye ſhouldin ſterve as yerne,
That herin well this man wol nothing yerne
But your honor, and ſene him almoſte ſterve,
And ben ſo lothe to ſuffre' him you to ſerve.

With that ſhe gan her eyin on him caſt
Full eſily and full debonairly,
Aviſing her, and hied her not to faſt
With ner a worde, but ſaied him ſoftily,
Mine honour ſafe I woll well truily,
And in ſoche forme as ye can now deviſe,
Recevin him ſully to my ſerviſe;

Beſeching him, for Godd'is love, that he
Would in honour of trouth and gentillneſſe,
As I well mene, eke menie well to me.
And mine honour with wit and buſineſſe
Aie kepe; and if I maie doen him gladneſſe
From hennisforthe iwis I n'ill not faine:
Now bethe all whole, no lengir ye ne plain.

But nathêleſſe this warne I you, (quod ſhe)
A king'is ſonne although ye be iwis,
Yet ye ſhall no more have ſovèrainte
Of me in love than right in that caſe is,
Ne n'ill I ſorbere if ye doen amis
To wrathin you, and while that ye me ſerve
Cheriſhe you right aftir that ye deſerve.

And ſhortily, dere herte, and all my knight!
Beth glad, and drawith you to luſtineſſe,
And I ſhall truely, with all my full might,
Your bittir tourin all to ſwetineſſe,
If I be ſhe that maie do you gladneſſe
For every wo ye ſhall recovir bliſſe.
And him in armis toke, and gan him kiſſe.

Fill Pandarus on knees, and up his eyen
To hevin threwe, and helde his hondis hie;
Immortall god! (quod he) that maieſt not dien
Cupide, of this thou maiſt the glorifie,
And Venus, thou maiſt makin melodie;
Withoutin honde me ſemith that in toune
For this miracle I here eche bell ſoune.

But ho! no more now of this ilke matere;
For why? this folke woll comin up anone
That have the lettir redde: lo! I'hem here;
But I conjure the Creſeidè anone,
And thou to Troilus, whan thou maiſt gone,
That at mine houſe ye ben at my warning,
For I full well ſhall ſhapin your comming;

And eſith there your hertis right inough,
And let ſe whiche of you ſhall bere the bell
To ſpeke of love, and right therwith he lough,
For there have ye a leiſir for to tell.
(Quod Troilus) How long ſhall I here dwell
Er this be doen? Quod he, Whan thou maieſt riſe
This thing ſhall be right as you liſt deviſe.

With that Helen and alſo Deiphobus
Tho comin upward, right at the ſtaire's ende,
And, Lorde! ſo tho gan gronin Troilus,
His brothir and his ſuſtir for to blende.
(Quod Pandarus) It time is that we wende;
Take, necè mine, your leve at them all thre,
And let 'hem ſpeke, and comith forth with me.

She toke her leve at 'hem full thriftily,
As ſhe well could, and thei her reverence
Unto the full ydiddin hertily,
And wondir well ſpekin in her abſence
Of her, in praiſing of her excellence,
Her govirnaunce, her wit, and her manere
Commendidin, that it joie was to here.

Now let her wende unto her ownè place,
And tournin we to Troilus againe,
That gan full lightly of the lettir pace
That Deiphobus had in the gardine faine,
And of Helen and of him he would feine
Delivirid ben, and ſaied that him leſt
To ſlepe, and aftir talis have a reſt.

Helen him kiſt, and toke her leve as blive,
Deiphobus eke, and home went every wight,
And Pandarus as faſte as he maie drive
To Troilus tho came as linè right,
And on a paillet all that gladè night,
By Troilus he laie with merie chere,
And well was them that thei werein yſere.

Whan every wight was voided but thei two,
And all the doris werin faſt ilhet,
To tell in ſhort, withoutin wordis mo,
This Pandarus withoutin any let
Up roſe, and on his bedd'is ſide him ſet,
And gan to ſpekin in a ſobir wiſe
To Troilus as I ſhall you deviſe.

Mine aldirleviſt Lorde, and brothir dere!
God wot and thou that it ſate me ſo ſore
Whan I the ſawe ſo languiſhing to yere
For love, of whiche thy wo woxe alwaie more,
That I with all my might and all my lore
Have ever ſithin doen my buſineſſe
To bringin the to joie out of diſtreſſe;

And have it brought to ſoche plite as thou wot,
So that through me thou ſtondiſt now in waie
To farin well, I faie it for no boſt;
And woſt thou why? but ſhame it is to faie,
For the have I begon a game to plaie
Whiche that I nevir doen ſhall eft for other,
Altho he were a thouſande ſold my brother;

That is to ſaie, for the am I become,
Betwixin game and erneſt, ſoche a mene
As makin women unto men to come,
All ſaie I nat, thou woſt well what I mene,
For the have I my nece, of vicis clene,
So fully made thy gentillneſſe to triſt
That all ſhall ben right as thy ſelfin liſt.

But God, that all wotteth, take I to witneſſe
That never this for covetiſe I wrought,
But onely for to abredge that diſtreſſe
For whiche well nie thou deydiſt, as me thought;
But, gode brothir, doith now as the ought
For Godd'is love, and kepe her out of blame,
Sins thou art wiſe, and ſave alwaie her name:

For wel thou woſte the name as yet of her
Emonges the peple' as (who ſaieth) halowed is,
For that man is unbore, I dare well ſwere,
That ever wiſt that ſhe yet did amis:
But wo is me that I that cauſe all this
Maie thinkin that ſhe is my necè dere,
And I her cine, and traitour eke ifere,

it wist that I through mine engine
nece iput this fantasie
luft, and wholly to be thine,
e worlde wouldin upon it crie,
hat I the worst trecherie
case that evir was begon,
don, and thou right nought iwon.
er I woll ferthir gone or paas
e beseche and fully saie
go with us in this caas,
aine, that thou us never wraie;
wrothe though I the oftin praie
ecre soche an high matter,
is, thou woste well, my praier,
ke what wo there hath betid er this
of avauntis, as men rede,
nischaunce in this worlde yet there is
daie right for that wickid dede,
these wise clerkis that ben dede
his proverbid to us young,
ll vertue is to kepe the toung.
it that I wilne as now abredge
speche, I could almoste
oldè stories the aledge
oste through false and fol'is boste;
nst thy self inow, and woste
vice for to ben a blabbe
n sothe, as often as thei gabbe.
, alas! so oftin here before
iade many a ladie bright of hewe
waie the daie that I was bore!
a maidins sorrowe for to newe;
more parte all is but untrue
yelpe and it wer brought to preve;
ne avauntour is to leve.
r and a lier all is one,
suppose a woman graunt me
d saieth that othir woll she none,
vorne to holdin it secre,
goe tell it two or thre;
vauntour at the lest,
e, for I breke my beheft.
th than if thei be not to blame
folk, what shal I clepe 'hem, what?
vaunt of women, and by name,
hight 'hem nevir this ne that,
'hem no more than mine olde hat:
is, so God me sendin hele,
men dredin with us men to dele.
this for no mistrust of you,
ise men, but for folis nice,
harme that in the worlde is now
folie oft as for malice,
te I that in wise folk that vice
drat, if she be well avised,
n ben by folis harme chastised.
to purpose, levè brothir dere!
thing that I have saied in minde,
he close, and be now of gode chere,
aies thou shalt me true yfinde;
rocesse set in soche a kinde,
forne, that it shall the sufficse,
e right as thou wolt devise.

For well I wote thou menist well parde,
Therefore I dare this fully undirtake;
Thou wost eke what thy ladie graunted the,
And daie is set the charteris to make:
Have now gode night, I maie no lengir wake,
And bid for me, sith thou art now in blisse,
That God me sendè deth or sonè lisse.

Who might ytellin halfe the joie or feste
Whiche that the soule of Troilus tho selte!
Hering the' effect of Pandarus beheste
His oldè wo, that made his herte to swelt,
Gan tho for joie to wastin and to melt,
And all the reheting of his sikes sore
At onis fled, he felt of 'hem no more;

But right so as these holtes and these hayis
That han in wintir dedde yben and drie
Revestin 'hem in grene whan that Maie is,
Whan every lustie beste listith to pleie,
Right in that selfin wise, sothe for to seie,
Woxe sodainly his hertè full of joie,
That gladdir was there nevir man in Troie;

And gan his loke on Pandarus up cast
Full sobirly, and frendly on to se,
And sayid, Frende, in Aprilis the last,
As well thou wost, if it remembir the,
How nigh the deth for wo thou foundè me,
And how thou diddist all thy businesse
To knowe of me the cause of my distresse;

Thou wost how long I it forbare to saie
To the that art the man that I best trist,
And perill none was to the to bewraie,
That wist I well; but tell me if the list,
Sith I so lothe was that thy self it wist,
How durst I mo tellin of this matere
That quake now tho no wight maie us here?

But nathèlesse, by that God I the swere,
That as him list maie all this world governe,
And if I lie Achillis with his spere
Mine hertè cleve, all were my life eterne,
As I am mortall, if I late or yerne
Would it bewraie, or durst, or should, or conne,
For all the gode that God made undir sonne;

That rathir die I would and determine,
As thinkith me now, stockid in prisoun,
In wretchidnesse, in filthe, and in vermine,
Captife to cruill King Agamemnoun;
And this in all the templis of this toun,
Upon the goddis all, I woll the swere,
To morowe daie, if that the likith here.

And that thou hast so moche idoen for me
That I ne maie it nevirmore deserve
This knowe I well, all might I now for the
A thousande timis on a morowe sterve;
I can no more but that I woll the serve
Right as thine own slave, whithir so thou wende,
For evirmore unto my liv'is ende.

But here with al mine herte I the beseche
That nevir in me thou deme soche folie,
As I shall sainè, me thought by thy speche,
That this whiche thou me doest for companie
I should wenin it were a bauderie;
I am not wode all if I leude yhe:
It is nat so, that wote I well parde.

But he that goeth for gold or for richesse
On soche messagis, call him what ye list,
And this that thou doest, call it gentilnesse,
Compassion, and felowship, and trist,
Departin it so, for widewhere is wist
How that there is diversite requered
Betwixin thingis like, as I have lered.

And that thou knowe I ne thinke not ne wene
That this service a shame be or a jape,
I have my fairè sustir Polyxene,
Cassandra', Helen, or any of the frape,
Be she never so faire or well ishape,
Tell me whiche thou wilt of everichone
To have for thine, and let me than alone.

But sith that thou hast doen me this service
My life to save, and for non hope of mede,
So for the love of God this grete emprise
Performe it out, for now is the moste nede;
For high and lowe, withoutin any drede,
I woll alwaie thine hestis allè kepe:
Have now gode night, and let us bothè slepe.

Thus held 'hem eche of othir well apaied,
That all the worlde ne might it bet amende,
And on the morowe, whan thei were araied
Eche to his ownè nedis gan entende;
But Troilus, though as the fire he brende
For sharpe desire of hope and of plesaunce,
He not forgate his gode wise govirnaunce;

But in himself with manhode gan restrain
Eche rakill dede and eche unbridlid chere,
That all tho that livin, sothe for to saine,
Ne should have wiste by worde or by manere
What that he ment as touching this matere,
From every wight as ferre as is the cloud,
He was so wise, and well dissimu'len coud.

And all the while whiche that I now devise
This was his life, with all his fullè might,
By daie he was in Mart'is high service,
That is to sain, in armis as a knight,
And fore the more part all the longè night
He lay and thought how that he might yserve
His ladie beste, her thanke for to deserve.

N'ill I not swerin, although he laie soft,
That in his thought he n'as somwhat disesed,
Ne that he tournid on his pillowes oft,
And would of that him missid have ben esed;
But in soche case men be nat alwaie plesed
For aught I wotè, no more than was he,
That can I deme of possibilite.

But certain is, to purpose for to go,
That in this while, as written is in geste,
He sawe his ladie somtime, and also
She with him spake when that she durst and leste,
And by ther both avise, as was the beste,
Appoinctidin full warely in this nede,
So as thei durst, how they wouldin procede.

But it was spokin in so short a wise,
In soche awaite alwaie, and in soche fere,
Lest any wight divinin or divise
Would of 'hem two, or to it laie an ere,
That all this worlde so lese to 'hem ne were
As that Cupido would 'hem his gracesende
To makin of ther purpose right an ende.

But thilkè little that thei spake or wrought
His wise ghoste toke aie of all soche hede,
It semid her he wistè what she thought
Withoutin worde, so that it was no nede
To bid him aught to doen or aught forbede,
For which she thought that love, al come it late,
Of allè joie had openid her the yate.

And shortly to this processe for to pace,
So well his werke and wordis he beset
That he so full stode in his ladie's grace
That twentie thousande timis er she let
She thonkid God she evir with him met;
So could he him governe in soche service
That all the worlde ne might it bet devise:

For why? she founde him so discrete in all,
So secrete, and eke of such obeisaunce,
That well she felt he was to her a wall
Of steele, and shelde from every displesaunce,
That to yben in his gode govirnaunce,
So wise he was, she was no more afered,
I mene as fere as it ought ben requered.

And Pandarus to quicke alwaie the fire
Was evir ilike prest and diligent;
To ese his frende was set al his desire;
He shove aie on; he to and fro was sent,
He lettirs bare whan Troilus was absent,
That nevir man as in his frend'is nede
Ne bare him bet than he withoutin drede.

But now para'venture some man waitin wold
That every worde or fonde, or loke or chere,
Of Troilus that I rehercin shold,
In al this while unto his lady dere,
I trowe it were a long thing for to here,
Or of what wight that stonte in suche distointe
His wordis al or every loke to pointe.

Forsothe I have not herde it done er this
In storie none, ne no man here I wene,
And though I would yet I could not iwis,
For there was some epistel 'hem betwene
That would (as saith min auctor) wel contene
Nie halfe this boke, of which him list not write;
How should I than a line of it endite?

But to the gret effecte than saie I thus,
That stonding in concorde and in quiete
This ilkè two, Creseide and Troilus,
As I have tolde, and in this timè swete,
Save onely ofte mightin thei not mete,
Ne leisir have ther spechis to fulfell,
That it besil right as I shal you tell,

That Pandarus, that evir did his might
Right for the fine that I shal speke of here,
As for to bringin to his house some night
His fairè nece and Troilus isere,
Where as at leisir al this high matere
Touching her love were at the ful up bounde,
Had out of doute a time to it yfounde;

For he with grete deliberacion,
Had every thing that therto might availe
Forne cast, and put in execution,
And neithir lefte for coste ne for travaile;
Come if 'hem liste 'hem shouldè nothing faile
And for to ben in aught espyid there
That wiste he wel an impossible were.

dredèlesse it clere was in the winde
pie and every letgame,
is wel, for al the world is blinde
natir bothè fremid and tame;
aber is al redy up to frame;
ith naught but that we wetin wold
ne houre in whiche ſhe comin ſheld,
Troilus, that al this purveiaunce
t the ful, and waited on it aie,
eupon eke made gret ordinaunce,
nde his cauſe and therwith his aray,
he were ymiſſid night or day,
hile he was aboutin this ſervice,
was gon to don his ſacrifice,
muſte at ſuche a temple alone wake,
id of Apollo for to be,
t to ſene the holy laurir quake
Apollo ſpake out of the tre,
him whan Grekis next ſhould fle;
thy let him no man, God forbede!
e Apollo helpin in this nede.
is there litill more for to be done
dare up, and, ſhortly for to ſaine,
ne upon the chaunging of the mone,
ghtleſſe is the world a night or twaine,
t the welkin ſhope him for to raine,
ght amorowe unto his nece went,
wel herde the fine of his entente.
he was comen' he gan anon to plaie,
as wont, and of himſelfe to jape,
ally he ſwore, and gan her ſaie
and that, ſhe ſhould him not eſcape,
ir done him aftir her to cape,
ainly that ſhe muſt, by her leve,
upin in his houſe with him at eve.
hich ſhe lough, and gan her firſt excuſe,
I, It rainith, lo! how ſhould I gone?
(quod he) ne ſtonde not thus to muſe;
te be don, ye ſhal come there anone,
e laſt herof thei fel at one,
ſoft he ſwore her in her ere
le nevir comin there ſte were.
ftir this ſhe unto him gan rowne,
id him if Troilus were there?
e her Nay, for he was out of towne,
I, What, nece, I poſe that he were there,
ſt nevir thereof have the more fere?
ir than men might him there aſpie
were a thouſande folde to die.
t liſt mine auctour fully to declare
at ſhe thought whan that he ſaid her ſo,
oilus was out of toune ifare,
e ſaidè therof ſoth or no,
without awaite with him to go
ntid him, ſithe he her that beſought,
is nece obeyid as her ought.
athèleſſe yet gan ſhe him beſeche,
h with him to gone it was no fere,
ware of goſiſhe peplis ſpeche;
min thingis whiche that nevir were,
l aviſin him whom he brought there;
him, Eme, ſens I muſt on you triſt
be wel; I do now as you liſt.

He ſwore her this by ſtockis and by ſtones,
And by the goddis that in hevin dwell,
Or ellis were him levir ſoule and bones
With Pluto King as depè ben in hell
As Tantalus: what ſhouldin I more tell?
Whan al was wel he roſe and toke his leve,
And ſhe to ſoupir came whan it was eve,
With a certaine numbre of her owne men,
And with her fayir nece Antigone,
And othir of her women nine or ten;
But who was glad nowe, who, as trowyin ye?
But Troilus, that ſtode and might it ſe
Throughout a litil window in a ſtewe,
Ther he beſhet till midnight was in mewe,
Unwiſt of every wight but of Pandare.
But to the point. Now whan that ſhe was come
With al joie, and all her frendis in fare,
Her eme anone in armis hath her nome,
And aftir to the ſoupir al and ſome,
Whan as time was, ful ſofte thei 'hem yſet,
God wot there was no deinte ferre to fet.
And aftir ſoupir gonnin thei to riſe,
At eſe wel, with hertis full freſh and glade,
And wel was him that coudè beſt deviſe
To likin her, or that her laughin made:
He ſonge, ſhe plaide; he tolde a tale of Wade;
But at the laſt, as every thing hath ende,
She toke her leve, and nedis would thens wende.
But, o Fortune! executrice of wierdes,
O influencis of theſe hevins hie!
Soth is that undir God ye ben our hierdes,
Though to us beſtis ben the cauſis wrie;
This mene I now, for ſhe gan homward hie;
But execute was al beſide her leve
The goddis wil, for whiche ſhe muſt bileve.
The bentè mone with her hornis all pale,
Saturn and Jove, in Cancro joynid were,
That ſuche a raine from hevin gan availe
That every manir woman that was there
Had of that ſmoky raine a very fere,
At the which Pandare tho lough, and ſaid thenne,
Now were it time a lady to gone henne?
But, gode nece, if that I might evir pleſe
You any thing, than pray I you (quod he)
To don mine hert as now ſo gret an eſe
As for to dwell here al this night with me;
For why? this is your ownè houſe parde,
For by my trouthe, I ſay it nat in game,
To wende as nowe it were to me a ſhame.
Creſeidè, which that could as mokil gode
As halfe a world, toke hede of his prayere,
And ſens it rained, and al was in a flode,
She thought as gode chepe may I dwellin here,
And graunt it gladly with a frend'is chere,
And have a thonke, as grutche and than abide,
For home to gon it may nat well betide.
I wel, (quod ſhe) mine uncle leſe and dere!
Sens that you liſt; it ſkil is to be ſo;
I am right glad with you to dwellin here;
I ſeidè but in game that I wolde goe.
Iwis graunt mercy! necé, (quod he) tho;
Were it a game or no, the ſothe to tell,
Now am I glad ſens that you liſt to dwell.

Thus al is wel; but tho began aright
The newè joy, and al the feſt againe;
But Pandarus, if godely had he might,
He would have hyid her to bedde full faine,
And ſaid, O Lorde! this is an hugè raine,
This were a wethir for to ſlepin in,
And that I rede us ſoné to begin:
And, necè, wot ye where I wol you laie?
For that we ſhul nat liggin ferre afonder,
And for ye neithir ſhullin, dare I ſaie,
Herin the noiſe of rainis ne of thonder,
By God right in my litil cloſet yonder,
And I wol in that uttir houſe alone
Ben wardain of your women everichone;
And in this middle chambre that ye ſe
Shal all your women ſlepin wel and ſofte,
And there I fayid ſhal your ſelvin be.
And if ye liggin wel to night come ofte,
And carith not what wethir is aloſte.
Goth in anone, and whan ſo that ye left
Go we to ſlepe, I trowe it be the beſt.
There n'is no morè, but here aftir ſone
Thei drank, voidid, and curtins drew anone;
Gan evèry wight that hadde nought to done
More in the place out of the chambre gone;
And evir more ſo ſternèliche it rone,
And blewe therwith ſo wonderlichè loude,
That wel nigh no man herin othir coude.
Tho Pandarus her eme, right as him ought,
With women ſuche as were her moſt aboute,
Ful glad unto her bedd'is ſide her brought,
And toke his leve, and gan ful lowe to loute,
And ſaid, Here at this cloſet dore withoute
Right ovirthwart your women liggin all,
That whom ye liſt of 'hem ye maie ſone call.
So whan that ſhe was in the cloſet laide,
And al her women forth by ordinaunce
A bedde werin, there as I have yſaide,
There n'as no more to ſkippin nor to praunce
But bodin go to beddè with miſchaunce,
If any wight ſtering were any where,
And let 'hem ſlepin that abedde ywere.
But Pandarus, that wel couthe eche adele
The olde daunce, and evèry point therin,
Whan that he wiſtè that all thing was wele,
He thought he wolde upon his werke begin,
And gan the ſtewè dore all ſoft unpin
As ſtil as ſtone, withoutin lengir lette;
By Troilus adoun right he him ſette.
And, ſhortly to the pointe right for to gone,
Of al this werke he told him orde and ende,
And ſayid, Make the redy right anone,
For thou ſhalt into hevin bliſſe ywende.
Now bliſsful Venus! thou me grace yſende,
(Quod Troilus) for nevir yet no nede
Had I er now, ne halfindele the drede.
(Quod Pandarus) Ne drede the ner a dele,
For it ſhal be right as thou wolt deſire;
So thrive I this night ſhal I make it wele,
Or caſtin all the gruil in the fire.
Yet, bliſsful Venus! this night thou me' enſpire,
(Quod Troilus) as wis as I the ſerve,
And evir bet and bet ſhal til I ſterve,
And if I had, o Venus ful of mirthe!
Aſpectis badde of Mars or of Saturne,
Or thou Combuſte, or let were in my birth,
Thy father pray I al thilke harme diſturne
Of grace, and that I glad aien maie turne,
For love of him thou lovideſt in the ſhawe,
I mene Adon, that with the bore was ſlawe:
O Jove! eke for the love of faire Europe,
The which in form of bulle awaie thou ſet:
Now helpe, o Mars! that with thy blody cope,
For love of Cypria, thou me nought ne let;
O Phœbus! thinke when Daphne her ſelve ſhet
Undir the barke, and laurir woxe for drede,
Yet for her love o helpe me at this nede!
O Mercurie! for the love of her eke
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wrothe
Now helpe; and eke Diane! I the beſeke
That this viage ne be nat to the lothe;
O Fatall Suſtrin! whiche or any clothe
Me ſhapin was my deſtine me ſponne,
So helpith to this werke that is begonne!
(Quod Pandarus) Thou wretchid mouc'is hert,
Art thou agaſt ſo that ſhe wol the bite?
Why, do on this furred cloke upon thy ſherte,
And folowe me, for I wol have the wite,
But bide, and let me gon before alite;
And with that worde he gan undone a trappe,
And Troilus he brought in by the lappe.
The ſternè winde ſo loude began to route
That no wight other'is noiſe might yhere,
And thei that layin at the dore without
Full ſikirly thei ſleptin all ifere;
And Pandarus with a ful ſobre chere
Goth to the dore anon withoutin lette
There as thei lay, and ſoftily it ſhette;
And as he came ayenwarde privily
His nece awoke, and aſkith, Who goeth there?
Mine owne dere nece! (quod he) it am I,
Ne wondrith not, ne have of it no fere;
And nere he came, and ſaid her in her ere,
No worde for love of God I you beſeche,
Let no wight riſe and herin of our ſpeche.
What! whiche waie be ye comen? *Benedicite!*
(Quod ſhe) and how thus unwiſte of 'hem all?
Here at this ſecret trappè dore (quod he.)
(Quod tho Creſeide) Let me ſome wight call.
Eigh! God forbid that it ſhould ſo befall
(Quod Pandarus) that ye ſuche foly wrought!
Thei might demin thing that thei nevir thought.
It is nat gode a ſleping hounde to wake.
Ne yeve a wight a cauſe for to divine;
Your women ſlepin al I undirtake,
So that for them the houſe men mightin mine,
And ſlepin wollen till the ſunnè ſhine,
And when my tale ybrought is to an ende
Unwiſt right as I came ſo wol I wende.
Now, nece mine, ye ſhul well undirſtonde,
(Quod he) ſo as ye women demin all,
That for to holde in love a man in honde,
And him her leſe and her dere hert to call,
And makin him an how above a call,
I mene, as love an othir in mene while,
She doth her ſelfe a ſhame and him a gile.

rby that I tellin you al this
ıt felfe as wel as any wight,
our love al fully grauntid is
that is the worthieft wight
world, and therto trouth iplight,
were on him alonge ye n'olde
alfin while ye levin fholde.
te it thus, that fith I fro you went
, right platly for to feine,
guttir by a privy went
mbre come in al this reine,
ery manir wight certaine
elfe, as wifely have I joie,
faith I owe Priam of Troie:
come in fuche paine and diftreffe
be all fully wode by this
mote fall into wodeneffe
elpe: and the caufe why is this,
a told is of a frende of his
fhould love one that hight Horaft,
which this night fhal be his laft.
whiche that al this wondir herde,
aboute her hert to colde,
figh fhe forowfully anfwerd,
de whofoere talis tolde,
t, certis, eme, would me nat holde
ulfe: alas! conceitis wrong
thei done! for now live I to long.
las! and falfin Troilus
not, God helpe me fo! (quod fhe.)
wickid fpirite tolde him thus?
eme, to morow' and I him fe
as full excufin me
woman, if that him like,
at worde fhe gan full fore to fike.
quod fhe) fo worldly felineffe,
tis callin falfe felicite,
vith many' a bitterneffe
us, that is, God wote, (quod fhe)
veine profperite,
yis comin nat ifere,
ight hath 'hem alwaie here.
ele of mann'is joie unftable!
vight fo thou be, or how thou playe,
te that thou joie art mutable,
ate, it mote been one of twaie:
ote it nat how maie he faie
very joie and filineffe
noraunce aie in darkeneffe?
wote that joy is tranfitory,
ie of worldly thing mote flie)
time he that hath in memory
lefing makith him that he
arfite fikerneffe ybe,
e his joie he fet a mite
it that joy is worth ful lite.
I wol define in this matere,
or aught I can efpie
very wele in this world here;
vickid ferpent Jealoufie!
evid, envious folie,
ou Troilus made me to untrift,
et agilte him that I wifte?

(Quod Pandarus) Thus fallin is this caas.
Why, uncle mine, (quod fhe) who tolde him this?
And why doth my dere herte thus alas!
Ye wote, ye, nece min, (quod he) what it is;
I hope al fhal be wel that is amis,
For ye maie quenche al this if that you left;
And doeth right fo; I holde it for the beft.
So fhal I do to morow', iwis, (quod fhe)
And God toforne, fo that it fhal fuffice.
To morow, alas! that were faire (quod he.)
Nay, nay, it maie nat ftondin in this wife,
For, necè mine, thus writin clerkis wife,
That *Peril is with dretching in ydrawe;*
Nay, fuche abodis ben nat worthe an hawe.
Nece, allè thing hath time, I dare avowe,
For whan a chambre' a fire is or an hall,
Wel more nede is it fodainly refcowe
Than to difpute and afke amongis all
How is this candil in the ftrawe yfall?
Ah, *benedicite!* for al among that fare
The harme is done, and farwel feldèfare.
And, necè mine, ne take it nat agrefe
If that ye fuffre' him al night in this wo;
God helpe me fo ye had him nevir lefe;
What dare I fain, now there is but we two,
But wel I wote that ye wol nat fo do,
Ye ben to wife to don fo gret folie,
To put his life al night in jeopardie.
Had I him nevir lefe? by God I wene
Ye ne had nevir thing fo lefe, (quod fhe.)
Now by my thrifte (quod he) that fhall be fene,
For fithe ye make this enfample of me,
If I al night would him in forowe fe
For al the trefour in the tonne of Troie,
I bidde God that I nevir mote have joie.
Now loké than if ye that ben his love
Should put his life all night in jeopardy
For thing of nought: now by that God above
Nat onely this delaie cometh of folie
But of malice, if that I fhould nat lie:
What! platly and ye fuffre' him in diftreffe
Ye neithir bounte done ne gentilneffe.
(Quod tho Crefeide) Wol ye done o thing,
And ye therwith fhal ftinte al his difefe,
Have here and berith him this blewè ring,
For there is nothing might him bettir plefe
Save I myfelfe, ne more his hert apefe;
And faie, my derè herte! that his forowe
Is caufèleffe, that fhal he fene to morowe.
A ringe! (quod he) ye hafilwodis fhaken!
Ye, necè mine, that ring muft have a ftone,
A ftone which that might ded men alive maken,
And fuche a ring trowe I that ye have none:
Difcrecion out of your hed is gone,
That fele I now, (quod he) and that is routhe:
O time iloft, wel maift thou curfin flouthe!
Wote ye not wel that noble and hie corage
Ne foroweth nat, ne ftintith eke for lite,
But if a fole were in a jelous rage
I n'olde fettin at his forowe a mite,
But fefte him with a few wordis white
An othir deie, whan that I might him finde;
But this thing ftant al in anothir kinde;

This is so gentle' and so tendir of herte
That with his deth he wol his sorowes wreke,
For trust it wel how sore so that him smerte
He wol to you no jelous wordis speke;
And forthy, nece, er that his hert to breke,
So speke your selfe to him of this matere,
For with a worde ye maie his hertè stere.

Now have I tolde what peril he is in,
And his coming unwist to every wight,
Ne parde harme maie there be none ne sin,
I wol my self be with you al this night;
Ye know eke how it is your ownè knight,
And by that right ye must upon him triste,
And I al prest to fetche him when you liste.

This accident so pitous was to here,
And eke so like a sothe, at primè face,
And Troilus her knight, to her so dere,
His prive comming, and the sikir place,
That though she thought she did him than a grace,
Considirid all thingis as they stode,
No wondir is, sens he did al for gode.

Creseide answerde, As wisely God at rest
My soulè bring as me is for him wo,
And, eme, iwis faine would I don the best,
If that I a grace had for to do so;
But whethir that ye dwel or for him go
I am, til God me bettir mindè sende,
At Dulcarnon, right at my witt'is ende.

(Quod Pandarus) Ye, necè, wol ye here,
Dulcarnon clepid is fleming of wretches,
It semith hard, for wretchis wol nought lere
For very slouthe, or othir wilfull tetches,
This said is by them that ben't worth two fetches;
But ye ben wise, and that ye han on honde
N'is neithir harde ne skilful to withstonde.

Than, eme, (quod she) doeth hereof as you list,
But er he come I wol up first arise,
And for the love of God, sens al my trist
Is on you two, and ye beth bothè wise,
So werkith now, in so discrete a wise,
That I honour maie have and he plesaunce,
For I am here al in your govirnaunce.

That is wel said, (quod he) my necè dere!
There gode thrifte on that wise gentill herte;
But liggith still, and takith him right here,
It nedith nat no ferthir for him sterte;
And eche of you ese othir sorowes smert,
For love of God and Venus I the herie,
For sone hope I that we shullin ben merie.

This Troilus full sone on knees him fette
Ful sobrely right by her bedd'is hed,
And in his bestè wise his lady grette;
But Lord! so she woxe sodainliche all red,
And thought anone how that she shulde be dedde;
She couldè nat o worde aright out bringe,
So sodainly for his sodaine comingè.

But Pandarus, that so wel could sele
In every thing, to plaie anon began,
And sayid, Nece, se how this lord gan knele,
Now for your trouthè se this gentil man;
And with that worde he for a quishin ran,
And said, Knelith now whilis that thou leste,
There God your hertis bring sonè to reste.

Can I naught sain, for she bad him nat rise,
If sorowe' it put out of her remembraunce,
Or ellis that she toke it in the wise
Of duètie as for his observaunce;
But well finde I she did him this plesaunce,
That she him kist, although she sikid sore,
And bad him sit adoun withoutin more.

(Quod Pandarus) Now wol ye well begin,
Now doth him sittin doune, gode necè dere!
Upon your bedd'is side, al there within,
That eche of you the bet maie othir here;
And with that worde he drew him to the fere,
And toke a light, and found his countinaunce
As for to loke upon an old romaunce.

Creseide, that was Troilus lady right,
And clere stode in a grounde of sikirnesse,
All thought she that her servaunt and her knight
Ne shulde of trouthe none unright of her gesse,
Yet nathèlesse, considrid his distresse,
And that love is in cause of suche folie,
Thus to him spake she of his jelousie:

Lo, hertè mine! as would the excellence
Of love, aienst the whiche that no man maie,
Ne ought eke godely makin resistence,
And eke bicause I feltè wel and saie
Your grete trouth and service every daie,
And that your hert al mine was, soth to saine,
This drove me for to rewe upon your paine;

And your godenes have I founden alway yet
Of whiche my dere hert, and al my knight!
I thanke it you, as ferre as I have wit,
Al can I nat as much as it were right;
And I emforth my conning and my might
Have, and aie shal, how sore so that me smert,
Ben to you trewe and whole with all mine hert;

And dredilesse that shal be founde at preve;
But, hertè mine! what al this is to saine
Shal well be told, so that ye nought you grev,
Though I to you right on your self comphine,
For therewith mene I finally the paine
That halt your hert and mine in hevinesse
Fully to slaine, and every wrong redresse.

My gode hert mine! n'ot I for why ne how
That Jelousy, alas! that wicked wivere,
Thus causèlesse is cropin into you,
The harme of whiche I would fain delivere:
Alas! that he all whole or of him slivere
Should have his refute in so digne a place!
Than Jove him sone out of your herte erace!

But o thou Jove! o auctour of nature!
Is this an honour to thy dignite
That folke ungilty suffrin here injure,
And who that gilty is al quite goeth he?
O were it lefull for to plaine of the,
That undeservid suffrist jelousie,
Of that I would upon the plaine and crie.

Eke al my wo is this, that folke now usen
To saine right thus; Ye, jelousie is love,
And would a bushil of venim excusen,
For that a grane of love is on it shove,
But that wote high Jove that sittin above
If it be likir love, or hate, or grame,
And aftir that it ought to bere his name.

taine is some manir jelousie
le more than some iwis,
cause is and some suche fantasie,
that so wel expressid is
nethis doeth or saith amis,
y drinkith up al his distresse,
excuse I for the gentilnesse.
me so ful of fury'is and dispite
rmountith his repression;
mine! ye be nat in that plite,
ike I God, for whiche your passion
cal it but illusion
ıdaunce of love and besy cure,
ı your hertè this disese endure;
:h I am right sory but nat wrothe,
r devoir and your hert'is reste.
you list, by ordal or by othe,
or in what wise so that you leste,
f God let preve it for the beste,
ıt I be gilty do me die;
at might I more or done or seie?
ɔ with that a fewe bright teris newe
eyin fel, and thus she seide;
thou wost in thought ne dede untrewe
was nevir yet Creseide;
Her hed doun in the bed she leide,
the shete it wrie, and sighid sore,
her pece; nat a word spake she more.
helpe God to quench al this sorow,
that he shal, for he beste may,
sene of a ful misty morow
oft a mery somir's day,
wintir foloweth grene May;
all day, and redin eke in stories,
sharpe flouris ben victories.
oilus, when he her wordis herde,
o care him lifte nat to stepe,
ıght him no strokis of a yerde
r se Creseide his lady wepe,
felte about his hertè crepe,
tere whiche that Creseide asterte,
e of deth to straine him by the herte.
his minde he gan the time accurse
ıme there, and that he was yborne,
is wicke ytournid into worse,
at labour he hath doen beforne
it lost, he thought it n'as but lorne:
ıs! thought he, alas! thy wile
nought, so welawaie the while!
rwith all he hing adoune his hedde,
n knees, and sorowfully sight:
ıt he fain? he felt he n'as but dedde,
was she that should his sorowes light;
esse whan that he spekin might,
he thus; God wote that of this game
s wist than am I nat to blame.
h the sorowe in hert so shet
his eyin fell there nat a tere,
spirite his vigour in knet,
onied and oppressid were;
of his sorowe or his fere,
ıt ellis, fledde were out of toune;
fell all sodainly in swoune.

This was no little sorowe for to se,
But all was hush't, and Pandare up as fast;
O necè! pece, or we be lost (quod he;)
Bethe nat agast; but certain at the last
For this or that he into bedde him cast,
And saide, O thefe! is this a mann'is herte?
And of he rent all to his barè sherte,
And sayid, Nece, but and ye helpe us now,
Alas! your ownè Troilus is lorne.
Iwis so would I, and I wistè how,
Full fain, (quod she,) Alas that I was borne!
Ye, necè, woll ye pullin out the thorne
That stiketh in his hertè (quod Pandare?)
Saie all foryeve, and stint is all this fare.
Ye, that to me (quod she) full levir were
Than all the gode the sunne about ygoeth;
And therewithall she swore him in his ere,
Iwis, my derè herte! I am not wrothe,
Have here my trouth, and many' an othir othe.
Now speke to me, for it am I Creseide:
But all for naught; yet might he not abreide.
Therwith his poulce and paumis of his hondes
Thei gan to frote, and wete his templis twain,
And to delivir him fro bittir bondes
She oft him kist; and, shortly for to sain,
Him to rewakin she did all her pain;
And at the last he gan his breth to drawe,
And of his swough sone aftir that adawe,
And gan bet minde and reson to him take;
But wondir sore he was abashed iwis,
And with a sigh whan he gan bet awake
He saied, O mercie, God: what thing is this?
Why doe ye with your selvin thus amis?
(Quod tho Creseide) is this a mann'is game?
What, Troilus! woll ye do thus for shame?
And therwithall her arme ovre' him she laide,
And all foryave, and oftin time him kest:
He thonkid her, and to her spake and saied
As fill to purpose for his hert'is rest;
And she to that answerde him as her lest,
And with her godelie wordis him disport
She gan, and oft his sorowes to comfort.
(Quod Pandarus) For aught I can aspien
This light nor I ne serving here of naught,
Light is nat gode for sikè folkis eyen;
But for the love of God, sens ye ben brought
In this gode plite, let now non hevy thought
Ben hangid in the hertis of you twey;
And bare the candle towardes the chimney.
Sone after this, though it no nede ywere,
Whan she soche othis as her list devise
Had of him takin, her thought tho no fere
Ne cause eke none to bid him thennis rise:
Yet lesse thing than othis maie suffice
In many' a case, for every wight I gesse
That lovith well menith but gentilnesse.
But in effect she would ywete anon
Of what man, and eke where, and also why,
He jelous was, sens there was causè non,
And eke the signe whiche that he toke it by,
She bade him that to tell her busily,
Or ellis certain she bare him on honde
That this was doen of malice, her to sonde;

Withoutin more, ſhortly for to ſain,
He muſt obeie unto his ladie's heſt,
And for the laſſe harme he muſt ſomwhat ſain;
He ſaied her, Whan ſhe was at ſoche a feſt
She might on him have lokid at the leſt;
N'ot I nat what (all dere inough a riſhe)
As he that nedis muſt a cauſe out ſiſhe.

And ſhe anſwerde, Swete hert! all were it ſo,
What harme was that, ſince I non evill mene?
For by that God that wrought us bothè two
In all manir thing is mine entent clene;
Soche argumentes ne be nat worthe a bene:
Woll ye the childiſh jelous counterfete?
Now were it worthy that ye were ibete.

Tho Troilus gan ſorowfully ſike,
Leſt ſhe be wrothe him thought his hertè deide,
And ſaied, Alas! upon my ſorowe's ſike
Have mercie, o ſwete hertè mine, Creſeide!
And if that in tho wordis that I ſeide
Be any wrong, I woll no more treſpace;
Doeth what you liſt; I am all in your grace.

And ſhe anſwerde, Of gilt miſericorde,
That is to ſaine, that I foryeve all this,
And evirmore on this night you recorde,
And bethe well ware ye doe no more amis.
Naie, dere hert mine! no more (quod he) iwis.
And now (quod ſhe) that I have you doe ſmerte
Foryeve it to me, mine owne ſwetè herte!

This Troilus with bliſſe of that ſupprised
Put all in Godd'is hande, as he that ment
Nothing but well, and ſodainly aviſed
He her in his armis faſt to him hent;
And Pandarus with a full gode entent
Laied him to ſlepe, and ſaied, If ye be wiſe
Sownith not now, leſt more folke ariſe.

What might or maie the ſely larkè ſaie
When that the ſparhauke hath him in his fote?
I can no more but of theſe ilkè twaie,
(To whom this tale ſugre be or ſote)
Though I tary a yere, ſomtime I mote
After mine auĉthour tellin ther gladneſſe,
As well as I have tolde ther hevineſſe.

Creſeidè, whiche that ſelt her thus itake,
(As writin clerkis in ther bokis old)
Right as an aſpin leſe ſhe gan to quake
Whan ſhe him ſelt her in his armis fold;
But Troilus all whole of caris cold
Gan thankin tho the blisfull goddis ſeven.
Thus *Sondry painis bringin folk to heven.*

This Troilus in armis gan her ſtraine,
And ſayid, Swete! as evir mote I gone
Now be ye caught; now here is but we twaine;
Now yeldith you, for othir bote is none.
To that Creſeide anſwerid thus anone,
Ne had I er now, my ſwete hertè dere!
Ben yoldin, iwis I were now not here.

O ſoth is ſaied, that helid for to be
Of a fevir or othir grete ſikneſſe
Men muſt drinkin, as we may oftin ſe,
Full bittir drinke, and for to have gladneſſe
Men drinkin oft in pain and in diſtreſſe;
I mene it here, as for this avinture,
That through a pain hath foundin al his cure.

And now ſwetneſſe yſemith ferre more ſwete
That bittirneſſe aſſayid was biſorne,
For out of wo in bliſſe now thei flete;
Non ſoche thei ſeltin ſithins thei were borne;
Now is this bettir than bothe two be lorne:
For love of God take every woman hede
To werkin thus if it come to the nede.

Creſeide all quite from every drede and tene,
As ſhe that juſtè cauſe had him to triſt,
Made him ſoche feſt it joie was for to ſene,
Whan ſhe his trouth and clene entent ywiſt;
And as about a tre with many' a twiſt
Bitrent and writhin is the ſwete wodbinde
Gan eche of 'hem in armis othir winde.

And as the newe abaſhid nightingale,
That ſtintith firſt, whan ſhe beginnith ſing,
Whan that ſhe herith any herd is tale,
Or in the hedgis any wight ſtering,
And aftir ſikir doeth her voice out ring,
Right ſo Creſeide, whan that her drede ſtent,
Opened her hert, and told him her entent.

And right as he that ſeeth his deth iſhapen,
And dyin mote, in aught that he maie geſſe,
And ſodainly reſcous doeth him eſcapen,
And from his deth is brought in ſikirneſſe,
For al this worlde in ſoche preſent gladneſſe
Was Troilus and hath his lady ſwete;
With no worſe hap God let us nevir mete!

Her armis ſmall, her back both ſtreight and ſoft,
Her ſidis long, and fleſhy, ſmothe, and white,
He gan to ſtroke, and gode thrift bad full oft,
Her ſnow-white throte, her breſtis round and lite;
Thus in this heven' he gan him to delite,
And therwithall a thouſande times her kiſt,
That what to doen for joie unneth he wiſt.

Than ſaied he thus, O Love! o Charite!
Thy mothir eke, Citherea the ſwete!
Aftir thy ſelf next heryid be ſhe,
Venus I mene, the wellwilly planete,
And next that Hymenæus! I the grete,
For nevir man was to you goddis hold
As I, whiche ye have brought fro caris cold.

Benignè Love! thou holy bond of thinges,
Who ſo woll grace, and liſt the not honoure,
Lo! his deſire woll flie withoutin winges.
For n'oldiſt thou of bountie 'hem ſocoure
That ſervin beſt, and moſte alwaie laboure,
Yet were all loſt, that dare I well ſain certes,
But if thy grace ypaſſid our deſertes.

And for thou me, that leſt thonke coud deſerve
Of them that nombred ben unto thy grace,
Haſt holpin there I likely was to ſterve,
And me beſtowid in ſo high a place
That thilkè boundis maie no bliſſe ſurpace,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thy bounte and thine excellence.

And therwithall Creſeide anon he kiſt,
Of whiche certain ſhe ne felt no diſeſe,
And thus ſaied he, Now wold to God I wiſt,
Mine hertè ſwete! how I you beſt might pleſe.
What man (quod he) was evir thus at eſe
As I, on whiche the fairiſt and the beſt
That er I ſeie deinith her hert to reſt?

e maie ye sene that mercie passith right,
experience of that is felt in me,
m unworthy to so swete a wight;
rte mine! of your benignite
nkith, that though I unworthy be
ote I nede amendin in some wise
through the vertue of your hie service.
l for the love of God, my lady dere!
e hath wrought me for I shal you serve,
s I mene, that ye woll be my fere
me live, if that you list, or sterve;
hith me how that I maie deserve
honke, so that I through min ignorauncc
nothing that you be displesaunce:
certis, freshe and womanliche wise!
are I saie, that trouth and diligence,
hall ye findin in me all my life,
voll not certain breke your defence,
I doe, present or in absence,
ve of God let slea me with the dede,
it like unto your womanhede.
, (quod she) mine ownè herte'is lust!
round of ese, and al mine hertè dere!
t mercie! for on that is all my trust:
t us fall awaie fro this mattere,
suffisith this that said is here,
t o worde, withoutin repentaunce,
me my knight, my pece, my suffisaunce!
ther delite or joies one of the lest
impossible to my wit to saie,
dgith ye that have ben at the fest
he gladnesse, if that him list to plaie,
no more but thus, these ilké twaie
night, betwixin drede and sikirnesse,
in love the gretist worthinesse.
lisfull night! of them so long isought,
blithe unto 'hem bothe two thou were!
ne' had I soche fest with my soule ibought,
but the lest joie which that was there?
e thou soulè daungir and thou fere!
et 'hem in this hevin blisse ydwell,
is so high that all ne can I tell.
fothe is, though I can not tellin all,
n mine auctbour of his excellence,
ave I saied, and God toforne shall,
ery thing all wholly his sentence,
f that I et Lov'is reverence
any worde in echid for the best,
therwithall right as your selvin lest;
all my wordis here, and every part,
e 'hem all undir correction
u that seling have in lov'is art,
ut it all in your discrecion,
crese or make diminicion
y langage, and that I you beseche:
ow to purpose of my rathir speche.
ese ilké two, that ben in armis last,
he to 'hem asondir gon it were,
eche from othir wendin ben biraft,
lis, lo! this was ther mostè fere,
al this thing but nicè dremis were,
hiche full oft eche of 'hem said, O swete!
e I you thus, or els doe I it mete?

And, Lorde! so he gan godelie on her se,
That nevir his loke ne blent from her face,
And saied, O my dere hertè! maie it be
That it be sothe that ye ben in this place?
Ye, hertè mine! God thanke I of his grace,
(Quod tho Creseide) and therwithall him kist,
That where here spirite was for joie she n'isl.

This Troilus full oft her eyin two
Gan for to kisse, and saied, O eyin clere!
It werin ye that wrought me soche wo,
Ye humble nettis of my lady dere,
Though there be mercie writtin in your chere,
God wote the text full harde is for to finde;
How couldin ye withoutin bonde me binde?

Therwith he gan her fast in armis take,
And well an hundrid timis gan he sike,
Not soche sorowfull sighis as men make
For wo, or ellis whan that folke be sike,
But esie sighis, soche as ben to like,
That shewid his affection within;
Of soche manir sighis could he not blin.

Sone aftir this thei spake of sondrie things,
As fill to purpose of this avinture,
And playin enterchaungidin ther ringes,
Of whiche I can not tellin no scripture,
But well wot a broche of gold and azure,
In whiche a rubie set was like an hert,
Creseide him yave, and stacke it on his sherte.

Lorde! trowè ye that a coveitous wretche,
That blamith love, and halte of it dispite,
That of tho pens that he can muckre' and ketche
Was evir yet yeve to him soche delite,
As is in love in o poinct in some plite?
Naie, doubtilesse, for all so God me save
So parfite joie ne maie no nigard have.

Thei woll saie Yes, but Lorde that so thei lie!
Tho busie wretchis full of wo and drede
That callin love a wodenesse or folie;
But it shall fall 'hem as I shall you rede,
Thei shall forgon the white and eke the rede,
And live in wo, there God yeve 'hem mischaunce,
And every lovir in his trouthe avaunce.

As would to God tho wretchis that dispise
Service of love had eris all so long
As had Midas, all full of covetise,
And therto dronkin had as hotte and strong
As Cyrus did for his affectis wrong,
To techin 'hem that thei ben in the vice,
And lovirs not, although thei hold 'hem nice.

These ilkè two of whom that I you saie,
Whan that ther hertis well assurid were,
Tho gonnin thei to spekin and to plaie,
And eke rehercin how, and whan, and where,
Thei knewin first, and every wo or fere
That passid was; but all soche hevinesse,
Ithonkid God, was tournid to gladnesse.

And evirmore whan that 'hem sell to speke
Of any thing of soche a time agone
With kissing all that talè should ybreke,
And fallin into a newe joie anone,
And diddin all ther might, sens thei were one,
For to recoveren blisse and ben at ese,
And paisid wo with joyis counterpaise,

Reſon woll not that I ſpekin of ſlepe,
For it accordith not to my mattere;
God wote thei toke of it full little kepe,
But leſt this night that was to 'hem ſo dere
Ne ſhould in vaine eſcape in no manere
It was biſet in joie and buſineſſe
Of all that ſounith into gentilneſſe.

But whan the cocke, commune aſtrologer,
Gan on his breſt to bete and aftir crowe,
And Lucifer, the day'is meſſanger,
Gan for to riſe, and out his bemis throwe,
And eſtward roſe, to him that could it know,
Fortuna Major, than anone Creſeide
With herte ſore to Troilus thus ſeide:

Mine hert'is life, my truſt, al my pleſaunce!
That I was borne, alas! that me is wo,
That daie of us mote make diſceveraunce,
For time it is to riſe and hennis go,
Or ellis I am loſt for evirmo.
O Night! alas! why n'ilt thou ore us hove
As long as whan Alcmena laie by Jove?

O blacke Night! as folke in bokis rede,
That ſhapin art by God this worlde to hide
At certain timis with thy derke wede,
That undir that men might in reſt abide,
Wel oughtin beſtes to plain and folke to chide,
That thereas daie with labor would us breſt,
That thou us flieſt and deiniſt us not reſt.

Thou doeſt, alas! ſo ſhortly thine office,
Thou rakle Night, that God makir of kinde
The for thine haſt, and thine unkinde vice
So faſt aie to our hemiſphere binde,
That nevirmore undir the ground thou winde,
For through thy rakle hying out of Troie
Have I forgone thus haſtily my joie.

This Troilus, that with tho wordis felt,
As thought him tho, for piteous diſtreſſe
The blodie teris from his herte melt,
As he that yet nevir ſoche hevineſſe
Aſſayid had out of ſo grete gladneſſe,
Gan therewithall Creſeide his lady dere
In armis ſtrain, and ſaid in this manere:

O cruill Daie! accuſer of the joie
That Night and Love hath ſtole and faſt iwrie,
Accurſid be thy comming into Troie!
For every bowre hath one of thy bright eyen:
Envious Daie! what liſt the ſo to ſpien?
What haſt thou loſt? why ſekiſt thou this place?
There God thy light ſo quenche for his grace!

Alas! what have thefe lovirs the agilt?
Diſpitous Daie! thine be the paine of hell,
For many' a lovir haſt thou ſlain and wilt;
Thy poring in woll no where let 'hem dwell:
What! profriſt thou thy light here for to ſel?
Go, ſell it them that ſmale felis grave;
We woll the not; us nedith no daie have.

And eke the ſonne Titan gan he chide,
And ſaid, O ſole! well maie men the diſpiſe,
That haſt all night the Dauning by thy ſide,
And ſuffriſt her ſo ſone up fro the riſe,
For to diſeſe us lovirs in this wiſe;
What! hold your bed there thou and thy Morow;
I bidde God ſo yeve you both ſorowe.

Therwith full ſore he ſighed, and thus he ſeide
My lady bright and of my wele or wo
The well and rote! o godely mine, Creſeide!
And ſhall I riſe, alas! and ſhall I goe?
Now fele I that mine herte mote a two;
And how ſhould I my life an houre ſave
Sens that with you is all the life I have?

What ſhall I doen? for certis I n'ot how,
Ne whan, alas! I ſhal the time ſe
That in this plite I maie ben eft with you,
And of my life God wote how ſhall that be,
Sens that deſire right now ſo bitith me
That I am dede anon but I retourne:
How ſhould I long, alas! fro you ſojourne:

But natheleſſe, mine owne ladie bright!
Yet were it ſo that I wiſt utterly
That I your humble ſervaunt and your knight
Were in your herte iſet ſo fermily
As ye in mine, the whiche thing truily
Me levir were than have thefe worldis twain,
Yet ſhould I bet endurin all my pain.

To that Creſeide anſwerid right anon,
And with a ſigh ſhe ſaied, O herte dere!
The game iwis ſo ferforth now is gon
That firſt ſhall Phœbus fallin from the ſphere,
And everiche egle ben the dov'is fere,
And every rocke out of his place afterte,
Er Troilus go out of Creſeide's herte.

Ye ben ſo depe within mine herte ygrave,
That tho I would it turne out of my thought,
As wiſely very God my ſoule ſave,
To dyin in the pain I couldè nought;
And for the love of God, that us hath wrought,
Let in your brain none othir fantaſie
So crepin, that it cauſe me to die.

And that ye me would have as faſt in minde
As I have you, that would I you beſeche,
And if I wiſt ſothily that to finde,
God might not o point of my joyis eche.
But, herte mine! withoutin more ſpeche,
Bethe to me true, or ellis were it routhe:
For I am thine, by God and by my trouthe.

Bethe glad forthy, and live in ſikirneſſe,
Thus ſaied I ner er this, ne ſhall to mo;
And if to you it were a grete gladneſſe
To tourne ayen ſone aftir that ye go,
As ſaine would I as ye that it were ſo,
As wiſely God mine herte bring to reſte,
And him in armis toke, and ofte keſte.

Ayenſt his will, ſithe it mote nedis be,
This Troilus up roſe, and faſt him cled,
And in his armis toke his lady fre
An hundrid times, and on his waie him ſped,
And with ſoche wordis as his herte ybled
He ſeide, Farith wel, my dere herte ſwete!
That God us graunte ſound and ſone to mete.

To whiche no worde for ſorowe ſhe anſwerd,
So ſore gan his parting her to diſtrain,
And Troilus unto his palais ferd,
As wo bigon as ſhe was, ſothe to ſaine,
So harde him wrong of ſharpe deſire the pain;
For to ben efte there he was in pleſaunce,
That it may nere out of his remembraunce.

rnid to his roiall paleis fone
unto his bedde gan for to ſhrinke,
long, as he was wont to doen;
for naught; he maie wel ligge and winke,
e maie there none in his hertè ſinke,
g how ſhe, for whom deſire him brende,
lde was worth more than he wende.
n his thought gan up and doune to wende
rdis all, and every continaunce,
mily impreſſin in his minde
è poincte that to him was pleſaunce,
ily of thilkè remembraunce
newe him brende, and luſt to brede
re than erſt, and yet toke he non hede.
de alſo right in the ſamè wiſe
us gan in her hertè ſhet,
thineſſe, his luſt, his dedis wiſe,
tilneſſe, and how ſhe with him met,
g Love that he ſo well her beſet,
oft to have her hertè dere
a place as ſhe durſt make him chere.
re a morowe which that commin was
s necè gan her faire to grete,
d, All this night ſo rained it alas!
my drede is that ye, necè ſwete!
tle leiſir had to ſlepe and mete:
t (quod he) hath rain ſo do me wake
ne of us I trowe ther heddis ake.
here he came, and ſaid, How ſtant it now,
rie morowe? nece, how can ye fare?
anſwerde, Nevir the bet for you,
t ye ben, God yeve your hertè care;
pe me ſo ye cauſid all this fare,
, (quod ſhe) for all your wordis white;
o ſeeth you knowith you full lite!
that ſhe began her face for to wrie
e ſhetè, and woxe for ſhame all redde,
ndarus gan undir for to prie,
id, Nece, if that I ſhall ben dedde
re a ſwerde and ſmitith of my hedde:
at his arme all ſodainly he thriſte
er necke, and at the laſt her kiſte.
e al that, which chargith naught to ſay:
God foryave his deth, and ſhe alſo
; and with her uncle gan to plaie,
r cauſe ne was there none than ſo:
his thing right to th' effect to go,
ime ywas home to her houſe ſhe went,
ndarus hath fully his entent.
tournè we ayen to Troilus,
ſtèleſſe full long a bedde ylaie,
vily ſent aſtir Pandarus,
to come in all the haſt he maie:
e anon, not onis ſaied he naie,
oilus full ſobirly he grete,
ine upon the bedd'is ſide him ſete.
Troilus with all th' affection
ſly love that hertè maie deviſe
darus on kneis fill adoune,
that he would of the place ariſe
him thankin on his beſtè wiſe;
drid time he gan the time bleſſe
was borne, to bring him fro diſtreſſe.

He ſaid, O frend of frendes! the aldirbeſt
That evir was, the ſothe for to tell,
Thou haſt in heven ibrought my ſoule at reſt
Fro Plegethon, the firie flode of hell,
That though I might a thouſande timis ſel
Upon a daie my life in thy ſervice,
It ne might not a mote in that ſuffice.
The ſonnè, whiche that al the worlde maie ſe,
Sawe nevir yet (my life that dare I leie)
So joily, faire, and godely, as is ſhe
Whoſe I am all, and ſhall till that I deie;
And that I thus am her's, dare I wel ſeie,
That thankid be the highè worthineſſe
Of Love, and eke thy kindè buſineſſe.
Thus haſt thou me no little thing iyeve;
For why? to the obligid be for aie
My life; and why? for through thine helpe I live,
Or els dedde had I ben many a daie:
And with that worde doun in his bed he laie,
And Pandarus full ſobirly him herde
Till all was ſaid, and than he him anſwerde:
My derè frende! if I have doen for the
In any caſe, God wote it is me leſe,
And am as glad as man maie of it be,
God helpe me ſo; but take now not agrefè
That I ſhall ſaine; beware of this miſchefe,
That there as now thou brought art to thy bliſſe
That thou thy ſelf ne cauſe it not to miſſe:
For of Fortun'is ſharpe adverſite
The worſtè kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in proſperite,
And it remembir whan it paſſid is:
Thou' art wiſe inough, forthy doe nat amis;
But not to rakill though thou ſittè warme,
For if thou be certain it woll the harme.
Thou art at eſe, and hold the well therin,
For all ſo ſure as redde is every fire
At grete a crafte is to kepe well as winne:
Bridle alwaie thy ſpech and thy deſire,
For *Worldly joie holdeth not but by a wire,*
That previth well, it breſt al daie ſo ofte,
Forthy nede is to werkin with it ſofte.
(Quod Troilus) I hope, and God toforne,
My derè frende! that I ſhall ſo me bere
That in my gilt there ſhall nothing ben lorne,
Ne I n'ill rakle for to grevin her;
It nedeth not this mattir oft to tere,
For wiſtiſt thou mine hertè wel, Pandare,
God wote of this thou wouldiſt litil care.
Tho gan he tell him of his gladè night,
And whereof firſt his hert ydradde and how,
And ſayid, Frende, as I am a true knight,
And by that faithe I owe to God and you,
I had it nevir half ſo hot as now,
And evir the more that deſire me biteth
To love her beſt the more it me deliteth.
I n'ot my ſelf not wiſely what it is,
But now I felin a new qualite,
Ye, all anothir than I did er this.
Pandare anſwerid and ſaied thus, that he
That onis maie in hevin bliſſe ybe
He ſelith othir wayis, dare I ſaie,
Than thiſkè time he firſt herd of it ſaie.

This is a worde for al, that Troilus
Was nevir ful to speke of this matere,
And for to praisin unto Pandarus
The bounte of his bright lady so dere,
And Pandarus to thanke and makin chere:
This tale was aie span newe to beginne
Till that the night departid 'hem atwinne.
Sone astir this, for that Fortune it would,
Icomin was the blissful time swete
That Troilus was warnid that he should
There he was erst Creseide his lady mete,
For whiche he felte his herte in joie flete,
And faithfully gan all the goddis hery;
And let se now if that he can be mery.
And holdin was the forme and al the gise
Of her comming, and eke of his also,
As it was erst, whiche nedith nought devise;
But plainly to th' effecte right for to go,
In joie and surete Pandarus 'hem two
A bedde ybrought whan that 'hem bothe lest,
And thus thei ben in quiete and in rest.
Naught nedith it to you, sithe thei ben met,
To aske at me if that thei blithe ywere?
For if it erst was well tho was it bet
A thousande folde, this nedith not enquere;
Ago was every sorow, and every fere,
And bothe iwis thei had, and so thei wende,
As mochil joie as herte maie comprehende.
This n'is no litil thing of for to sey,
This passith every wit for to devise,
For eche of 'hem gan ottir's lust obey;
Felicite, whiche that these clerkis wise
Commendin so, ne may not here suffise;
This joye ne maie not writtin be with inke;
This passith al that any hert maie thinke.
But cruil day, so welaway the stounde!
Gan for to' aproche, as thei by signis knewe,
For whiche 'hem thought thei selin deth'is wounde:
So wo was 'hem that chaungin gan ther hewe,
And day thei gonnin to dispise al newe,
Calling it traitour, envious, and worse,
And bittirly the day'is light thei corse.
(Quod Troilus) Alas! now am I ware
That Pyrois, and tho swifte stedis thre
Whiche that ydrawin forth the Sunn'is chare
Han gon some bypathe in dispite of me,
And makith it so sone day to be,
And for the Sunne him hastith thus to rise
Ne shall I nevir don him sacrifise.
But nedis daie departin 'hem must sone;
And whan ther speche don was and ther chere
Thei twin anon, as thei were wont to done,
And settin time of meting este isere,
And many' a night thei wrought in this manere:
And thus Fortune a time yladde in joie
Creseide and eke this king'is son of Troie.
In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singinges,
This Troilus gan al his life to lede;
He spendith, jusliith, and makith festinges;
He gevith frely oste, and chaungith wede;
He helde about him alwaie out of drede
A worlde of folke, as come him well of kinde,
The freshist and the best that he could finde.

That suche a voice was of him and a steven
Throughout the world of honour and largesse
That it up ronge unto the yate of heven;
And as in love he was in suche gladnesse
That in his hert he demid as I gesse
That there n'is lovir in this world at ese
So wel as he, and thus gan love him plese.
The godelihede or beaute whiche that Kinde
In any othir lady had isette
Can not the mountenaunce of a gnat unbinde
About his hert of al Creseid'is nette;
He was so narowe imaskid and iknette
That is undon in any manir side
That n'il nat ben for aught that maie betide.
And by the honde ful oftin he would take
This Pindarus, and into gardin lede,
And suche a fest and suche a processe make
Him of Creseide, and of her womanhede,
And of her beaute, that withoutin drede
It was an heven his wordis for to here,
And than he wouldè sing in this manere:
Love, that of erthe and se hath governaunce,
Love, that his hestis hath in hevin hie,
Love, that with a right wholsome alliaunce
Halte peple joynid as him liste 'hem gie,
Love, that yknittith lawe and companie,
And couplis doth in vertue for to dwel,
Binde this accorde that I have tolde and tel.
That that the world with faith, whiche that is stable,
Diversith so his stoundis according,
That elementis that bethe discordable
Holdin a bonde perpetually during,
That Phœbus mote his rosy day forth bring,
And that the mone hath lordship ore the nightes
Al this doeth Love; aie heried be his mightes!
That that the se, that gredy is to flowen,
Constrainith to a certaine endè so
His flodis, that so fierslly thei ne growen
To drenchin erthe and al for evirmo,
And if that Love aught let his bridil go
Al that now lovith afondir should lepè,
And lost were al that Love halt now to hepe.
So would to God, that author is of kinde,
That with his bonde Love of his vertue list
To serchin hertis al, and fast to binde,
That from his bonde no wight the wey out wist,
And hertis colde them wold I that he twist
To make 'hem love, and that list him ne rewe
On hertis sore, and kepe hem that ben trewe.
In allè nedis for the toun'is werre
He was, and aie the first in armis dight,
And certainly, but if that bokis erre,
Save Hector most idradde of any wight;
And this encrese of hardinesse and might
Come him of love, his ladies thanke to win,
That altirid his spirite so within.
In time of truce on hauking would he ride,
Or ellis hunt the bore, beare, or lioun,
The smalè bestis let he gon beside;
And whan that he come riding into' the toun
Ful oft his lady from her window doun,
As fresh as faucon comin out of mue,
Ful redy was him godely to salue.

moſt of love and vertue was his ſpeche,
diſpite had he al wretchidneſſe;
utleſſé no nede was him to beſeche
ourin them that had worthineſſe,
n 'hem that werin in diſtreſſe;
ad was he if any wight wel ferde
vir was whan he it wiſt or herde.
ſoth to ſaine, he loſt helde every wight
he were in Lov'is high ſervice,
folke that aught it ben of right;
s al this ſo wel coulde he deviſe
iment, and in ſo uncouthe wiſe
array, that every lovir thought
l was well what ſo he ſaid or wrought.
though that he become of blode royal,
ſt of pride at no wight for to chace;
e he was to eche in general,
ich he gate him thanke in every place;
ould Love, iheried be his grace!
That pride and ire, envie and avarice,
He gan to flie, and every othir vice.
Thou lady bright, the doughtir of Dione!
Thy blinde and wingid ſonne eke, Dan Cupide!
Ye Suſtrin Nine eke! that by Helicone
In hil Parnaſſo liſtin for to' abide,
That ye thus ferre han deinid me to gide
I can no more, but ſens that ye wol wende
Ye beried ben for aie withoutin ende!
Through you have I ſaid fully in my ſong
Th' effecte and joie of Troilus ſervice,
Al be that there was ſome diſeſe among,
As mine auctour to liſtith to deviſe:
My Thirdè Boke now ende I in this wiſe,
And Troilus in luſte and in quiete
Is with Creſeidè, his owne ladie ſwete.

TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

PROŒMIUM LIBRI QUARTI.

But all to litill, welaway the while!
Laſtith ſuche joie, ithonkid be Fortune,
That ſemith trewiſt whan ſhe woll begile,
And can to folis ſo her ſonge entune
That ſhe 'hem hent and blent, traitour commune,
And whan a wight is from her whele ithrowe
Than laughith ſhe, and makith him the mowe.

From Troilus ſhe gan her brightè face
Away to writhe, and toke of him non hede,
And caſte him clene out of his ladie's grace,
And on her whele ſhe ſet up Diomede,
For which min hert right now ginnith to blede;
And now my pen, alas! with which I write,
Quakith for drede of that I muſt endite:

For how Creſeidè Troilus forſoke,
Or at the leſt how that ſhe was unkinde,
Mote hennisforth ben matir of my Boke,
As writin folke through which it is in minde:
Alas! that thei ſhould evir cauſè finde
To ſpeke her harme! and if thei on her lie
Iwis them ſelfe ſhould have the vilanie.

O ye Erinnyes! Night'is doughtirs thre,
That endèleſſe complaine evir in paine,
Megæra, Alecto, and Tyſiphone,
Thou cruil Mars eke! fathir of Quirine,
This ilke Fourth Boke helpith me for to fine,
So that the loos of love and life iſere
Of Troilus be fully ſhewid here.

INCIPIT LIBER QUARTUS.

in hoſt, as I have ſaide er this,
is ſtrong aboutin Troie toune,
whan that Phœbus ſhining is
breſte of Hercules Lioun
or with many a bold boroun
daie with Grekis for to fight,
wont, to greve 'hem what he might.
ow long or ſhort it was bitwene
oſe and that day thei fightin mente;
aie wel armid bright and ſhene
d many' a worthy knight out wente
in honde, and with bigge bowis bente,
berde, withoutin lengir lette,
n in the felde anon 'hem mette.
ge day with ſperis ſharpe ſgrounde,
ves, dartis, ſwerdes, and macis fel,
, and bringin horſe and man to grounde,
ther axis out the brainis quel;
laſt ſhoure, the ſothe for to tel,
of Troie 'hem ſelvin ſo miſleden
the worſe at night homeward thei fleden.
che day was takin Antenor,
, and alſo Meneſtes,
Sarpedon, Polyſtenor,
the Trojan, Dan Ruphes,
leſſe folk, as Phebuſes,
harme that daie the folke of Troie
leſe a grete parte of ther joie.
mus was yeve, at Grekes requeſt,
truce, and tho thei gonnin trete
ners to chaungin moſt and leſt,
e ſurplus yevin ſommis grete;
anon was couthe in every ſtrete,
h' aſſege, in toun, and every where,
the firſt it came to Calchas ere.
Calchas knew this tretiſe ſhould yholde,
rie' amonge the Grekis ſone,
thringe forthe with the lordis olde,
m there as he was wont to done,
a chaungid face 'hem bade a bone,
f God, to done that reverence
noiſe, and yeve him audience.
id he thus, Lo! Lordis mine, I was
s it is knowin out of drede,
at you remembre' I am Calchas,
firſt yave comfort to your nede,
wel howe that you ſhildin ſpede,
For dredeleſſe through you ſhal in a ſtounde
Ben Troie ibrent, and betin doun to grounde.
And in what forme or in what manir wiſe
This toun to ſhende, and al your luſt atcheve,
Ye have er this wel herde me you deviſe;
This knowin ye, my Lordis, as I leve,
And for the Grekis werin me ſo leve,
I came my ſelfe in my propir perſone
To teche in this how you was beſt to done.
Having unto my treſour ne my rent
Right no regarde in reſpecte of your eſe,
Thus al my gode I leſte and to you went,
Wening in this you, Lordis, for to pleſe;
But al that loſſe ne doth me no diſeſe;
I vouchſafe do, as wiſely have I joi,
For you to leſe al that I have in Troie,
Save of a doughtir that I leſte, alas!
Sleping at home when out of Troie I ſtert:
O ſterne, o cruil fathir that I was!
Howe might I have in that ſo hard'an hert?
Alas that I ne' had brought her my ſhert!
For ſorow' of which I wol nat live to morow
But if ye, Lordis, rewe upon my ſorow.
For bicauſe that I ſawe no time er now
Her to delivre' I holdin have my pees,
But now or nevir, if that it like you,
I may her have right ſone nowe doubtlees:
O helpe and grace amongis al this prees!
Rewe on this olde caitife in diſtreſſe,
Sith I through you have all this hevineſſe.
Ye have now caught and fettrid in priſon
Troyans inowe, and if your willis be
My childe with one may have redemption;
Now for the love of God and of bounte
One of ſo fele, alas! ſo yeſe him me:
What nede were it this prayir for to werne,
Sith ye ſhul have both folke and toun as yern?
On peril of my life I ſhal nat lie,
Apollo hath me tolde ſul faithfully;
I have eke foundin by aſtronomy,
By ſort, end eke by augury, trewely,
And dare wel ſaie the time is faſte by
That fire and flambe on al the toun ſhal ſprede,
And thus ſhal Troie yturne to aſhin dede.
For certaine Phœbus and Neptunus bothe,
That makidin the wallis of the toun,
Ben with the folke of Troie alwaie ſo wroth

That thei wol bring it to confusioun;
Right in dispite of King Laomedoun,
Bicause he n'olde payin 'hem ther hire,
The toun of Troie shal ben set on fire.
Telling his tale alway this olde grey,
Humble in speche and in his loking eke,
The saltè terris from his eyin twey
Ful fast yronnin doun by eithir cheke;
So long he gan of socour 'hem beseke
That for to hele him of his sorowes sore
Thei gave him Antenor withoutin more.
But who was glad inough but Calchas tho?
And of this thing ful sone his nedis leide
On them that shouldin for the tretise go,
And them for Antenor ful ofte preide
To bringin home King Thoas and Creseide;
And whan Priam his safe conduct sent,
Th' embassadours to Troie streight they went.
The cause i-tolde of ther comming, the olde
Priam the King ful sone in generall
Gan hereupon his parliment to holde,
Of whiche th' effecte rehercin you I shall:
Th' embassadours ben answerde for finall
The eschaunge of prisoners and al this nede
'Hem likith wel, and forth in thei procede.
This Troilus was present in the place
Whan askid was for Antenor Creseide,
For whiche ful sone to chaungin gan his face,
As he that with tho wordis wel nigh deide;
But nathèlesse he no worde to it seide,
Left men should his affection espie;
With mann'is hert he gan his sorowes drie.
And ful of anguish and of grefly drede
Abode what othir lordes would to it sey,
And if that thei would graunt, as God forbede!
'Th' eschaunge of her; then thought he thinges
First how to save her honor, and what wey [twey
He mightè best th' eschaunge of her withstonde;
Ful fast he cast how allè this might stonde.
Love him made allè prest to done her bide,
And rathir dyin than that she should go,
But Reason said him on that othir side
Withoutin assent of her do nat so,
Left for thy werkè she would be thy foe,
And sain, that through thy meddling is iblowe
Your bothè love ther it was erst not knowe.
For whiche he gan deliberen for the beste,
And though the lordis wouldin that she went
He wouldè suffir them graunt what 'hem left,
And tel his lady first what that thei ment;
And when that she had said him her entent,
Theraftir would he werkin all so blive
Tho al the world ayen it would ystrive.
Hector with that full wel the Grekis herde
For Antenor how thei would have Creseide,
Gan it withstonde, and sobirly answerde;
Sirs, she ne is no prisoner (he seide;)
I n'ot en you who that this chargè leide,
But on my parte ye maie estsones 'hem tell
We usi n hereno women for to sell.
The noise of peple upstert then atones
As brimme as blase of strawe iset on fire,
For infortune it wouldè for the nones
Thei shouldin ther confusion desire.
Hector, (quod thei) what gost may you enspire
This woman thus to shilde, and done us lese
Dan Antenor? a wrong waie now ye chese
That is so wise, and eke so bolde baroun,
And we have nede of folke, as men may se;
He is one of the gretist of this toun:
O Hector! lette suche thy fantasies be;
O King Priam! (quod thei) thus seggè we,
That all our voice is to forgone Creseide,
And to delivir Antenor thei preide.
O Juvenal, Lorde! trewe is thy sentence,
That litil wenin folke what is to yerne,
That thei ne findin' in ther desire offence,
For cloude of errour ne lette 'hem discerne
What best is; and lo! here ensample' as yerne;
These folke desirin now deliviraunce
Of Antenor, that brought 'hen. to mischaunce:
For he was aftir traitour to the toune
Of Troy, alas! thei quitte him out to rathe:
O nicè world, lo thy discrecion!
Creseidè, which that nevir did 'hem scathe,
Shal nowe no lengir in her blisse bathe,
But Antenor he shal come home to toune,
And she shal out: thus said both heere and boune.
For which delibered was by parliment
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,
And it pronouncid by the President,
Although that Hector nay ful oftè praide;
And finally, what wight that it withstaide
It was for naughe; it must yben and should,
For substaunce of the parliment it would.
Departid out o' th' parliment echone,
This Troilus, withoutin wordis mo,
Unto his chambre spedde him fast alone,
But if it were a man of his or two,
The whiche he bad out fastè for to go,
Bicause that he would slepin, as he seide,
And hastily upon his bedde him laide.
And as in wintir levis ben birafte
Eche aftir othir til the trees be bare,
So that there n'is but barke and braunche ilafte,
Lithe Troilus biraft of eche welfare,
Shoundin in the blackè barke of care,
Disposid wodè out of his witte to breide,
So sore him fate the chaunging of Creseide.
He rift him up and every dore he shette
And window eke, and tho this wofull man
Upon his bedd'is side adoune him sette,
Ful like a ded image, both pale and wan,
And in his breft the hepid wo began
Out brust, and he to workin in this wise,
In his wodenesse, as I shal you devise.
Right as the wildè bulle beginnith spring
Now here now there, idartid to the herte,
And of his deth rorith in complaining,
Right so gan he about the chambre sterte,
Smiting his breft aie with his fistis smerte;
His hed to the' wall, his body to the grounde,
Ful ofte he swapte, him selvin to confounde.
His eyin two for pite of his herte
Out stremidin as swifte as wellis twey;
The highè sobbis of his sorowes smerte

e him rese; unnethis might he sey
alas! why n'ilt thou do me dey?
e that day which that Nature
e to ben a liv'is creture!
ir, whan the fury' and al the rage
hat his hertè twist and fastè threst
of timè somewhat gan aswage,
bedde he laide him doun to rest;
egon his teres more out to brest,
ndir is the body maie suffise
this wo which that I you devise.
aide he thus; Fortune, alas the while!
e I done? what have I the agilt?
htist thou for routhe thus me begile?
o grace? and shal I thus be spilt?
Creseide away for that thou wilt?
w mightist thou in thine hert finde
o me thus cruil and unkinde?
I the nat honourid al my live,
well wotest, above the goddis all?
t thou then of this joie me deprive?
s! what may men now the call
che of wretchis, out of honour fal
'ry? in whiche I wol bewaile
alas! til that the brethe me faile.
Fortune! if that my life in joie
had unto thy foule envie,
haddist thou my fathir King of Troy
e life, or done my brethrin die,
my selfe, that thus complaine and crie?
world that maie of nothing serve,
die and never fully sterve.
t Creseide alone werin me laste
raught I whidir thou woldist me stere,
, alas! than hast thou me birafte:
nore, lo! this is thy manere,
a wight that moste is to him dere,
in that thy gierfull violence;
I lost, there helpith no defence.
y Lorde!, o Love, o god! alas!
owist best min hert and al my thought,
al my soroufull life done in this caas
o that I so dere have bought?
Creseide and me have fully brought
r grace, and both our hertis seled,
ie ye suffre', alas! it be repeled?
I may done I shal, while I may dure
in turment and in cruill paine;
rtune and this disavinture
I was borne I wol complaine,
wol I sene it shine or raine,
I wol as Edippe in derknesse
ull life, and dying in distresse.
y ghost! that errist to and fro,
t thou flien out of the wofullest
t evir might on grounde ygo?
lurking in this woful neste,
h anon, and do mine herte to breste,
we Creseidè thy lady dere;
t place is no lengir to ben here.
ul eyin two! sens your disporte
o sene Creseid's eyin bright,
al ye done, but for my discomforte
Stondin for naught and wepin out your sight,
Sens she is queint that wont was you to light?
In veine from this forth have I eyin twey
Iformid, sens your vertue is awey.
O my Creseide! o lady sovèraine!
Of this sorowfull soulè that thus crieth
Who shall now yevin comfort to thy paine?
Alas! no wight; but whan mine hert ydieth
My spirite, whiche that so unto you hieth,
Receve in gre, for that shall aie you serve;
Forthy no force is tho the body sterve.
O ye lovirs! that high upon the whele
Ben sette of Fortune, in gode avinture
God lene that ye aie findin love of stele,
And longè mote your life in joy endure,
But when ye comin by my sepulture
Remembrith that your felowe restith there,
For I lovid eke, though I unworthy were.
O olde unwholsome and misliviid man,
Calchas I mene! alas! what eilid the
To ben a Greke sens thou art borne Trojan?
O Calchas! whiche that wolt my banè be,
In cursid timè was thou borne for me;
As wouldè blissfull Jovè for his joye
That I the had where that I would in Troie!
A thousande sighis hottir than the glede
Out of his brest eche aftir othir wente,
Medlid with plaintis newe, his wo to fede,
For whiche his woful teris nevir stente;
And, shortly, so his sorowes him to rente,
He woxe so mate that ne joy nor penaunce
He felith none, but lyith in a traunce.
Pandarus, whiche that in the parliment
Had herde what every lord and burgeis seid,
And how ful graunti was by one assent
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,
Gan wel nigh wode out of his wit to breide,
So that for wo he ne wist what he mente,
But in a rage to Troilus he wente.
A certaine knight that for the timè kepte
The chambre dore undid it him anone,
And Pandarus, that ful tendirly wepte,
Into the derke chambre as stil as stone
Towarde the bedde gan softly for to gone,
So confuse that he ne wist what to say;
For very wo his witte was nigh away.
And with his chere and loking al to torne
For wo of this, and with his armis folden,
He stode this woful Troilus beforne,
And on his pitous face he gan beholden;
But Lord! so oftin gan his hert to colden,
Seying his frende in wo, whose hevinesse
His hertè slough, as thought him, for distresse.
This woful wight, this Troilus, that selte
His frende Pandare icomin him to se,
Gan as the snow ayenst the sunne to melte,
For whiche this woful Pandare of pite
Gan for to wepe as tendirly as he;
And spechèlesse thus ben these ilkè twey,
That neithir might for sorow o worde sey.
But at the last this wofull Troilus,
Nigh did for smert, gan brestin out to rore,
And with a sorowful noise he said thus,

Amonges his sobbis and his sighis sore;
Lo! Pandare, I am ded, withoutin more;
Hast thou nat herde at parliment, he seide,
For Antenor how loste is my Creseide?
This Pandarus, ful ded and pale of hewe,
Ful pitously answerid, and saide Yes,
As wisely were it false as it is trewe
That I have herde, and wote all how it is!
O mercy, God! who would have trowid this?
Who would have wende that in so lite a throw
Fortune our joye would havin ovirthrow?
For o! in this world there is no creture,
As to my dome, that evir sawe ruine
Straungir then this through case or avinture;
But who may al eschue or al devine?
Suche is this world. Forthy I thus define,
Ne trustith no wight to finde in Fortune
Aie propertie; her yeftis ben commune.
But tel me this, why thou art now so mad,
To sorowen thus why liste thou in this wise;
Sens thy desire al wholly hast thou had,
So that by right it ought inough suffice?
But I, that nevir felte in my service
A frendly chere or loking of an eye,
Let me thus wepe and wailin til I dye.
And ore al this, as thou wel wost thy selve,
This toune is ful of ladies al aboute,
And to my dome fairir than suchè twelve
As er she was shall I finde in a route,
Ye, one or twey, withoutin any doute:
Forthy be glade, mine ownè derè brother!
If she be lost we shal recovre' an other.
What! God forbid alway that eche plesaunce
In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
If this be godely she is glad and light,
And this is faire and that can gode aright;
Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere
Bothe heroner and faucon for rivere.
And eke, as writ Zansis, that was full wise,
The newè love out chasith oft the old,
And upon newe case lyith newe avise;
Thinke eke thy self to savin thou art hold;
Soche fire by processe shall of kindè cold,
For sens it is but casuell plesaunce
Some case shal put it out of remembraunce.
For all so sure as daie cometh aftir night
The newè love, labour, or othir wo,
Or ellis seldè seing of a wight,
Doen old affections all ovir go;
And for thy part thou shalt have one of tho
To abredge with thy bittir painis smerte;
Absence of her shall drive her out of herte.
These wordis saied, he for the nonis all
To helpe his frende, lest he for sorowe deide,
For doubtèlesse to doen his wo to fall
He ne raught nat what unthrift that he seide;
But Troilus, that nigh for sorowe deide,
Toke little hede of all that ere he ment;
One ere it herd, at the' othir out it went.
But at the last he answerde, and said, Frend,
This lecheraft, or yhelid thus to be,
Were well sitting if that I were a fend,
To traisin her that true is unto me;
I praie God let this counsail nevir the,
But doe me rathir sterve anon right here
Er I thus doen as thou me wouldist lere.
She that I serve iwis, what so thou seie,
To whom mine herte enhabite is by right,
Shall have me wholly her's till that I deie;
For, Pandarus, sens I have trouth her hight,
I woll nat ben untrue for any wight,
But as her man I woll aie live and sterve,
And nevir wolle non othir creture serve.
And there thou saiest thou shalt as faire yfind
As she, let be; make no comparison
To a creture iformid here by Kinde;
O leve, Pandarus! thy conclusion;
I woll nat ben of thine opinion
Touching all this, for whiche I the beseche
So holde thy pece; thou slaest me with thy speche.
Thou biddist me that I should love another
All freshly newe, and let Creseidè go;
It lithe nat in my powir, levè brother,
And though I might yet would I nat doe so:
But canst thou playin raket to and fro,
Nettle' in Docke out; now this now that, Pandare!
Now soulè fall her for thy wo that care!
Thou farist eke by me, thou Pandarus,
As he that whan a wight is wo higon
He cometh to him apace and saith right thus,
Thinke not on smert and thou shalt fele none.
Thou maiest nie first transmewin in a stone,
And reve me of my passionis all,
Or thou so lightly do my wo to fall.
The deth maie well out of my brest depart
The life, so long maie last this sorowe mine,
But fro my soulè shall Creseid'is dart
Out nevirmore, but doune with Proserpine,
Whan I am dedde, I woll go won in pine,
And there I woll eternally complain
My wo, and how that twinnid be we twain.
Thou hast here made an argument full fine,
How that it shouldin lassè pain ybe
Creseidè to forgon, for she was mine,
And lived in ese and in felicite:
Why gabbist thou, that saidist erst to me
That him is wors that is fro wele ithrowe
Than he had erst none of that wele iknowe?
But tel me now, sens that the thinketh so light
To chaungin so in love aie to and fro,
Why hast thou nat doen busily thy might
To chaungin her that doeth the al thy wo?
Why n'ilt thou let her fro thine herte go?
Why n'ilt thou love anothir lady swete,
That maie thine herte settin in quiete?
If thou hast had in love aie yet mischaunce,
And canst it not out of thine hertè drive,
I that have lived in lust and in plesaunce
With her, as moche as any wight on live,
How should I that foryet, and that so blive?
O! where hast thou ben hid so long in mewe
That canst so well and formèliche argewe?
Naie, Pandarus, naught worth is all thy rede,
But doutèless for ought that may befall,
Withoutin wordis mo, I woll ben dede.

: that endir art of ſorowes all,
ow, ſens I ſo oft aftir the call,
is that deth, ſoth for to ſain,
: iclepid cometh and endith pain.
wote I, while my life was in quiete,
me ſlue I would have yevin hire,
thy comming is to me ſo ſwete
this worlde I nothing ſo deſire:
ſens with this ſorowe I' am afire,
thir doe me' anon in teris drenche
thy coldè ſtroke mine hertè quenche.
hat thou ſlaeſt ſo ſele in ſondry wiſe
her will, unprayid, daie and night,
at my requeſtè this ſervice,
now the worlde, ſo doeſt thou right,
hat am the ſorowfulliſt wight
ir was, for time is that I ſterve
his world of right naught do I ſerve.
Troilus in teris gan diſtill,
out of a limbeck full faſt,
ndarus gan holde his tongè ſtill,
the ground his eyin doune he caſt,
nèleſſe thus thought he at the laſt;
parde rathir than my ſelowe deie
I ſomwhat more unto him ſeie.
ayid, Frend, ſens thou haſt ſoche diſtreſſe,
the liſt mine argumentis blame,
lt thou thy ſelvin helpe doen redreſſe,
h thy manhode lettin all this game?
he her, ne canſt thou not for ſhame?
ir let her out of tounè fare
her ſtill, and leve thy nicè fare.
hou in Troie and haſt non hardiment
a woman whiche that lovith the,
uld her ſelvin ben of thine aſſent?
nat this a nicè vanite?
anon and let this weping be,
h thou art a man, for in this hour
n dedde or ſhe ſhall bein our.
is anſwerde him Troilus full ſoft,
d, Iwis, my leve brothir dere!
have I my ſelf yet thought full oft,
re thingis than thou deviſiſt here,
this thing is laſt thou ſhalt well here,
an thou haſt me yevin audience
r maieſt thou tell all thy ſentence.
ſin thou woſt this toun hath all this werre
ſhing of women ſo by might,
I not ben yſuffrid me to erre,
nt now, ne doen ſo grete unright;
have alſo blame of every wight
ir's graunt if that I ſo withſtode,
is chaungid for the toun'is gode.
eke thought, ſo it were her aſſent,
her of my fathir of his grace,
inke I this were her accuſement,
ll I wot I maie her not purchace;
my fathir in ſo high a place
ment hath her eſchaunge enſeled
for me his lettir be repeled.
rede I moſte her hertè to perturbe
olence, if I doe ſoche a game,
would it opinly diſturbe
It muſt be diſclaundre unto her name,
And me were levir die than her diffame,
As n'oldè God, but if that I ſhould have
Her honour levir than my life to ſave.
Thus am I loſt, for aught that I can ſe,
For certain is that ſith I am her knight
I muſt her honour levir have than me
In every caſe, as lovir ought of right:
Thus am I with deſire and reſon twight,
Deſire for to diſtourbin her me redeth,
And reſon n'ill not, ſo mine hertè dredeth.
Thus weping, that he ne could nevir ceſe,
He ſaid, Alas! how ſhall I wretchè fare?
For well fele I alwaie my love encreſe,
And hope is laſſe and laſſe alway, Pandare;
Encreſin eke the cauſis of my care;
So welawaie! why n'ill mine hertè breſt?
For why? in love there is but little reſt.
Pandare anſwerid, Frend, thou maieſt for me
Doen as the liſt, but had I it ſo hote,
And thine eſtate, ſhe ſhould ygo with me;
Tho all this toun cried on this thing by note,
I n'oldè ſet all that noiſe at a grote,
For whan men have well cried than woll thei roun
Eke wondir laſt but ix daies nere in toun.
Devinith not in reſon aie ſo depe,
Ne curtiſly, but helpe thy ſelf anon;
Bet is that othir than thy ſelvin wepe,
And namily ſens ye two ben all one:
Riſe up, for by mine hedde ſhe ſhall not gone,
And rathir ben in blame a little found
Than ſterve here as a gnat withoutin wound.
It is no ſhame unto you ne no vice
Her to witholdin that the lovith moſte:
Paravinture ſhe might holde the for nice
To lette her go thus to the Grekis hoſte:
Thinke eke *Fortune*, as well thy ſelvin woſte,
Helpith the hardie man to his empriſe,
And weivith wretchis for ther cowardiſe.
And though thy lady would alite her greve,
Thou ſhalt thy ſelf thy pece hereaftir make;
But as to me certain I can not leve
That ſhe would it as now for evill take,
Why ſhouldè than for fere thine hertè quake?
Thinke how that Paris hath, that is thy brother,
A love, and why ſhal thou not have another?
And, Troilus, o thing I dare the ſwere,
That if Creſeidè, whiche that is thy lefe,
Now lovith the as well as thou doeſt here,
God helpe me ſo, ſhe n'ill not take agrefe
Though thou do bote anon in this miſchefe;
And if ſhe wilnith fro the for to paſſe
Than is ſhe falſe, ſo love her well the laſſe.
Forthy take hert, and thinke right as a knight,
Through love is brokin al daie every lawe;
Kith now ſomwhat thy corage and thy might;
Have mercie on thy ſelf; for any awe
Let not this wretchid wo thine hert ygnawe,
But manly ſet the worlde on ſixe and ſeven,
And if thou die a martyr go to heven.
I woll my ſelf ben with the at this dede,
Though I and all my kin upon a ſtound
Should in a ſtrete as doggis liggin dede,

Through-girt with many a wide blodie wound;
In every case I woll a frend be found;
And if the liste here stervin as a wretche
Adieu, the devill spedè him that retche!
This Troilus gan with tho wordis quicke,
And sayid, Frend, graunt mercie! I assent,
But certainly thou maiest nat so me pricke,
Ne paine none ne maie me so tourment,
That for no case, it is not mine entent,
At short wordis, though that I dyin should,
To ravish her but if her self it would.
Why, so mene I (quod Pandare) al this day;
But tell me than, hast thou her well assaied
That sorowest thus? and he answerde him Naie.
Whereof art thou (quod Pandare) than dismaied,
That n'oste not that she wol ben il apaied
To ravishe her, sens thou hast not ben there,
But if that Jove the tolde it in thine ere?
Forthy rise up, as naught ne were, anon,
And washe thy face, and to the king thou wend,
Or he maie wondrin whidir thou art gon;
Thou must with wisedome him and othir blend,
Or upon case he maie aftir the send
Or thou be ware: and, shortly, brothir dere!
Be glad, and let me werke in this mattere;
For I shall shape it so that sikirly
Thou shalt this night somtime in some manere
Come spekin with thy ladie privily,
And by her wordis, eke as by her chere,
Thou shalt full sone aperceve and well here
Of her entent, and in this case the best;
And fare now well, for in this poinct I rest.
The swiftè Famè, whiche that fals thingis
Equall reportith like the thingis true,
Was throughout Troie isled with prest wingis
Fro man to man, and made his tale all newe,
How Calchas doughtir with her brightè hewe
At parliment, withoutin wordis more,
Igrauntid was in chaunge of Antenore.
The whichè tale anon right as Creseide
Had herd, she, whiche that of her fathir rought
(As in this case) right naught, ne whan he deide,
Full busily to Jupiter besought
Yeve him mischauncè that this tretis brought:
But, shortly, lest these talis sothè were
She durst at no wight askin it for fere.
As she that had her hert and all her minde
On Troilus iset so wondir fast
That all this world ne might her love unbind,
Ne Troilus out of her hertè cast,
She would ben his while that her life maie last;
And she thus brennith bothe in love and drede
So that she ne wist what was best to rede.
But as men sene in toune and all about,
That women use ther frendis to visite,
So to Creseide of women came a rout
For pitous joie, and wendin her delite,
And with ther talis, dere inough a mite,
These women, whiche that in the cite dwell,
Thei set 'hem doune, and saied as I shall tell.
(Quod first that one) I am glad truily
Bicause of you, that shall your fathir se.
Anothir saied, Iwis so am not I,
For all to little hath she with us be.
(Quod tho the thirde) I hope iwis that she
Shall bringin us the pece on every side,
That whan she goth Almightie God her gide!
Tho wordis and tho womannishe things
She herd 'hem right as though she thennis were,
For God it wote her herte on othir thing is;
Although the body sat emong 'hem there
Her advertence is alwaie ellis where;
For Troilus full fast her soulè sought;
Withoutin worde on him alwaie she thought.
These women that thus wendin her to plese
Aboutin naught gon all ther talis spende;
Soche vanite ne can doen her none ese,
As she that all this menè whilè brende
Of othir passion than thei ywende,
So that she felte almoste her hertè die
For wo, and werie of that companie.
For whichè might she no lengir restrain
Her teris, thei ganin so up to well,
That gavin signis of her bittir pain
In whiche her spirite was and must ydwell,
Remembring her from heven unto which hel
She fallin was sens she forgo the sight
Of Troilus, and sorowfully she sight.
And thilkè folis sitting her about
Wendin that she had wept and sighid sore,
Bicause that she shouldin out of the rout
Departin, and nevir plaie with 'hem more;
And thei that haddin knowin her of yore
Se her so wepe, and thought it was kindnesse,
And eche of 'hem wept eke for her distresse.
And busilie thei gonnin her comforte
On thing God wot on which she little thought,
And with ther talis wendin her disporte,
And to be glad thei oftin her besought;
But soche an ese therwith thei in her wrought
Right as a man is esid for to sele
For ache of hedde to clawen' him on his hele.
But aftir all this nicè vanite
Thei toke ther leve, and home thei wentin all;
Creseidè, full of sorowful pite,
Into her chambre' up went out of the hall,
And on her bedde she gan for dedde to fall,
In purpose nevir thennis for to rise,
And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.
Her owndid heer, that sonnishe was of hewe,
She rent, and eke her fingirs long and smale
She wrong ful oft, and bade God on her rue,
And with the death to doe bote on her bale;
Her hewè, whilom bright, that tho was pale,
Bare witnesse of her wo and her constreint,
And thus she spake, sobbing in her compleint:
Alas! (quod she) out of this regioun
I, wofull wretche and infortunid wight,
And borne in cursid constellacioun,
Mote gon, and thus departin fro my knight!
Wo worthe, alas! that ilkè day'is light
On which I sawe him first with eyin twain
That causith me and I him all this pain!
Therwith the teris from her eyin two
Doune fell as showris full in Aprill swithe,
Her whitè brest she bet, and ser the wo

deth ſhe cried a thouſande ſithe,
at wont her wo was for to lith
forgon, for whiche diſavinture
her ſelfin a forloſt creture.
d, How ſhall he doen and I alſo!
ld I live if that I from him twin!
rte eke, that I love ſo,
that ſorowe ſlaen that ye ben in!
, fathir! thine be all this ſin!
mine, that clepid were Argive,
that daie that thou me bare on live!
t ſine ſhould I live and ſorowen thus?
ld a fiſhe withoutin watir dure?
reſeidè worth from Troilus?
ld a plant or' any othir creture
oute his kindly noriture?
e full oft a byword here I ſeie,
ſleſs mote grene medis ſone deye.
oen thus, ſens neither ſwerd ne dart
ne handle for the cruilte,
daie that I fro you depart,
of that n'ill nat my bane be,
no mete ne drinke ycome in me
ſoule out of my breſt unſheth,
my ſelvin woll I doen to deth.
roilus, my clothis everichone
è ben, in tokining, herte ſwete!
as out of this worlde agone,
ywas you to ſet in quiete,
ine ordir aie, till deth me mete,
vaunce evir in your abſence
ve ben, complaint and abſtinence.
erte, and eke the wofull ghoſt therein,
with your ſpirite to complain
for thei ſhall nevir twin;
in yerth ytwinnid be we twain,
felde of pite, out of pain,
t Elyſium, we ſhall ben yfere,
s and Eurydice his fere.
ertè mine! for Antenor, alas!
be ychaungid, as I wene;
hull ye doen in this wofull caas?
your tendir hertè thus ſuſtein?
è mine! foryet this ſorowe, and tene,
ſo; for, ſothly for to ſeie,
fare I retche not for to deie.
ight it evir redde ben or iſong
is that ſhe made in her diſtreſſe?
as for me, my little tong,
in would her hevineſſe,
make her ſorowe ſemè leſſe
it was, and childiſhly deface
mplaint, and therfore I it pace.
s, whiche that ſent from Troilus
eſeide, as ye have herd deviſe,
ne beſt it was accordid thus,
ll glad to doen him that ſervice
ide in a full ſecrete wiſe,
ne laie in tourment and in rage,
to tell all wholly his meſſage;
de that ſhe her ſelvin gan to trete
ly, for with her ſaltè teres
and face ibathid was full wete,

Her mightie treſſis of her ſonniſhe heres
Unbroidin hangin all about her eres,
Whiche yavin him very ſignall mattire
Of deth, whiche that her hertè gan deſire.
Whan ſhe him ſawe ſhe gan for ſorowe' anon
Her tery face atwixt her armis hide,
For whiche this Pandare is ſo wo bigon
That in the hous he might unneth abide;
As he that felt ſorowe on every ſide,
For if Creſeide had erſt complainid ſore
Tho gan ſhe plain a thouſande timis more,
And in her aſpre plaintè thus ſhe ſeide;
Pandare, my eme, of joyis mo than two
Was cauſe, cauſing firſt to me Creſeide,
That now tranſmutid bin in cruill wo,
Wher' ſhall I faie to you welcome or no,
That aldirfirſt me brought unto ſerviſe
Of love, alas! that endith in ſoche wiſe?
Endith than love in wo? ye, or men lieth,
And every worldly bliſſe, as thinkith me;
The ende of bliſſe aie ſorowe occupieth;
And who ſo trowith not that it ſo be
Let him upon me wofull wretchè ſe,
That my ſelf hate, and aie my birthè curſe,
Feling alwaie fro wicke I go to worſe.
Whoſo me ſeeth ſeeth ſorowe all atonis,
Paine, turment, wo, and plaint, and eke diſtreſs
Out of my wofull bodie harme there none is,
As langour, anguiſhe, cruill bittirneſſe,
Annoie, ſmarte, drede, furie, and eke ſikneſſe:
I trowe iwis from hevin teris rain
For pite of my aſpre' and cruill pain.
O thou my ſuſtir! full of diſcomfort,
(Quod Pandarus) what thinkiſt thou to doe?
Why ne' haſt thou to thy ſelvin ſome reſport?
Why wilt thou thus thy ſelf, alas! ſordo?
Leve all this werke, and take now hede to
That I ſhall ſain, and herken' of gode entent
This that by me thy Troilus the ſent.
Tournid her tho Creſeide a wo making
So grete, that it a deth was for to ſe:
Alas! (quod ſhe) what wordis maie ye bring,
What woll my dere herte ſendin unto me,
Whiche that I dredè nevir more to ſe?
Woll he have plaint or teris ere I wende?
I have inough if he theraftir ſende.
She was right ſoche to ſene in her viſage
As is that wight that men on bere ybinde,
Her face, like of paradis the image
Was all ichaungid in anothir kinde;
The plaie, the laughtir, men wer wont to find
In her, and eke her joyis evrichone,
Ben fledde; and thus lieth Creſeidè alone.
About her eyin two a purpre ring
Bitrent, in ſothfaſt tokening of her pain,
That to behold it was a dedly thing,
For whiche Pandarus ne might nat reſtrain
The teris from his eyin for to rain;
But natheleſſe as he beſt might he ſeide
From Troilus theſe wordis to Creſeide:
Lo! nece, I trowe well ye han herd all how
The King, with othir lordis, for the beſt
Hath made eſchaunge of Antenor and you,

That cause is of this sorowe and unrest
But how this case doth Troilus moleſt
This maie none yerthly mann'is tong ysaie;
For very wo his wit is all awaie:
For whiche we have so sorowed he and I,
That into little it had bothe us slawe,
But through my counsaile this daie, finally,
He somwhat hath fro weping him withdrawe,
And semith me that he desirith sawe
With you to ben all night, for to devise
Remedie' of this, if there were any wise.
This, short and plain, th' effect of my message,
As ferforthe as any wit can comprehende,
For ye that ben of tourment in soche rage
Maie to no long prologue as now entende,
And hereupon ye maie answere him sende;
And for the love of God, my nece dere!
So leve this wo or Troilus be here.
Grete is my wo, (quod she) and sighid sore,
As she that selith dedly sharpe distresse,
But yet to me his sorowe' is mokill more,
That love him bet than he himself I gesse.
Alas! for me hath he soche bevinesse?
Can he for me so pitously complain?
Iwis this sorowe doublith all my pain.
Grevous to me, God wot, it is to twin,
(Quod she) but yet it hardir is to me
To sene that sorowe which that he is in,
For well wot I it woll my bane be,
And die I woll in certain tho (quod she:)
But bid him come er Deth that thus me threteth
Drive out that ghost which in min hert ybeteth.
These wordis saied, she on her armis two
Fill gruffe, and gan to wepin pitously.
(Quod Pandarus) Alas! why doe ye so,
Sens ye well wote the time is faste by
That he shall come? arise up hastily,
That he you nat biwopin thus yfinde,
But ye wol have him wode out of his minde:
For wist he that ye farde in this manere
He would himselfin slea; and if I wende
To have this fare he should not comin here
For all the gode that Priam maie dispende,
For to what fine he would anon pretende,
That know I well; and forthy yet I seie
So leve this sorowe', or plainly, he woll deie:
And shapith you his sorowe for to' abredge
And nat encresin, lese nece swete!
Bethe rathir to him cause of plat than edge,
And with some wisedom ye his sorowes bete:
What helpith it to wepin full a strete,
Or though ye bothe in salte teris dreint?
Bet is a tiint of cure aie than of pleint.
I mene thus, whan I ham hithir bring,
Sens ye be wise, and bothe of one assent,
So shapith how to distourbe your going,
Or come ayen sone astir ye be went:
Women ben wise in short avisement;
And let sene how your wit shall now availe,
And what that I maie help it shall nat faile.
Go, (quod Creseide) and, uncle, truily
I shall doen all my might me to restrain
From weping in his sight, and busily
Him for to glad I shall doen all my pain,
And in my herte sekin every vain:
If to this sore there maie ben foundin salve
It shall not lacke certaine on mine behalve.
Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he sought,
Till in a temple' he found him all alone,
As he that of his life no lengir rought,
But to the pitous goddis everichone
Full tendirly he praied and made his mone,
To doen him sone out of this worlde to pace,
For wel he thought there was non othir grace.
And, shortly, all the soth for to seie,
He was so fallin in dispaire that daie
That uttirly he shope him for to deie;
For right thus was his argument alwaie,
He saied he n'as but lorne, welawaie!
For all that cometh cometh by necessite,
Thus to ben lorne it is my destine:
For certainly this wote I well, he saide
That foresight of the divine purveiaunce
Had sene alwaie me to forgon Creseide,
Sens God seeth every thing out of doutaunce,
And them disposith through his ordinaunce
In his meritis sothly for to be
As thei shull comin by predestine.
But nathelesse, alas! whom shall I leve?
For there ben grete clerkis many one
That destine through argumentis preve,
And some ysain that nedely there is none,
But that fre choice is yeven' us everichone.
O welawaie! so sligh arne clerkis old
That I n'ot whose opinion I maie hold.
For some men sain that God seeth al biforne,
Ne God maie nat deceivid ben parde;
Than mote it fallin, though men had it sworne,
That purveiaunce hath sene beforne to be;
Wherefore I saie that from eterne if he
Hath wist beforn our thought eke as our dede
We have no fre choice, as these clerkis rede.
For othir thought nor othir dede also
Might nevir ben but soche as purveiaunce,
Whiche maie not ben discevid nevir mo,
Hath seled biforne withoutin ignoraunce;
For if there might yben a variaunce
To writhin out fro Godd'is purveying
There n'ere no prescience of thing comming;
But it were rathir an opinion
Uncertain, and no stedfast foreseing;
And certis that were an abusion
That God should have no perfect clere weting
More than we men, that have doubtous wening:
But soche an errour upon God to gesse
Were false and foule, and wickid cursidenesse.
Eke this is an opinion of some
That have ther top ful high and smothe shore,
Thei sain right thus, that thing is nat to come
For that the prescience hath sene before
That it shall come, but thei sain that therfore
That it shal come, therfore the purveiaunce
Wote it beforne withoutin ignoraunce.
And in this manir this necessite
Retournith in his place contrary' againe,
For nedefully behovith it nat be

thilkè thingis fallin in certaine
ben purveyed, but nedefully', as thei faine,
ith it that thingis which that fall
thei in certaine ben purveyid all:
ene as though I laboured me in this
quire which thing cause of which thing be,
nethir that the prescience of God is
ertaine cause of the necessite
ingis that to comin be parde,
necessite of thing coming
cause certaine of the purveying.
nowe ne' enforce I me not in shewing
the' ordir of the causis stant, but wot I
it behovith that the befalling
ingis wistè before certainly
cessarie, al seme it not therby
prescience put falling necessayre
ing to come, al fal it foule or faire:
if there sit a man yonde on a se,
by necessite behovith it
certis thine opinion sothe be
wenist or conjectist that he sit;
urthirovir now ayenwarde hit,
ight so is it on the part contrarie,
is; now herkin, for I wol nat tarie:
y that if the opinion of the
he for that he sit, than say I this,
he mote sittin by necessite,
hus necessite in eithir is;
him nede of sitting is iwis,
the nede of sothe; and thus forsothe
mote necessite ben in you bothe.
thou maist saine, the man sit nat therfore
thine opinion of his sitting soth is,
thir for the man sate there before,
ore is thine opinion sothe iwis:
say, though the cause of sothe is this
h of his sitting, yet necessite
rchaungid bothe in him and the,
is in the samè wise out of doutance
wel makin, as it semith me,
soning of Godd'is purveyaunce,
f the thingis that to comin be,
hichè reson men maie wel ise
thilkè thingis that in erthe befall
y necessite thei comin all:
although that this thing shall come iwis,
ore is it purveyid certainly,
at it cometh for it purveyid is;
thelesse behoveth it nedefully
hing to come be purveyid trewely
is thingis that purveyid be
hei betidin by necessite.
I thus suffisith right inough certaine
distroie our fre choise everydell;
w is this abusin to saine
alling of the thingis temporell
e of Godd'is prescience eternell;
rewily that is a false sentence
hing to come should cause his prescience.
at might I wene and I had suche a thought,
at God purveieth thing that is to come
at it is to come, and ellis nought?
So might I wene that thingis all and some
That whilom ben bifall and ovircome
Ben cause of thilkè soveraine purveiaunce
That forwote al withoutin ignoraunce.
And ore al this yet say I more therto,
That right as whan I wote there is a thing
Iwis that thing mote nedefully be so,
Eke right so whan I wote a thing coming,
So mote it come; and thus the befalling
Of thingis that ben wiste before the tide
Thei mote not ben eschewid on no side.
Than said he thus, Almighty Jove in trone!
That wottest of all this thing the sothfastnesse,
Rewe on my sorowe, and do me dien sone,
Or bring Creseide and me fro this distresse.
And while he was in all this hevinesse,
Disputing with himselfe in this matere,
Came Pandare in, and seide as ye maie here:
O mighty God (quod Pandarus) in trone!
Eigh! who saw er a wise man sarin so?
Why, Troilus! what thinkist thou to done?
Hast thou such lust to ben thine ownè foe?
What! parde yet is not Creseide ago?
Why list the so thy selfe sordon for drede
That in thine hed thine eyin semin dede.
Hast thou nat livid many' a yere beforne
Withoutin her, and farde ful wel at ese?
Art thou for her and for none othir borne?
Hath Kinde the wrought al only her to plese?
Let be, and thinke right thus in thy disese,
That in the dice right as there fallin chaunces,
Right so in love there come and gon plesaunces.
And yet this is a wondir most of al
Why thou thus sorowest, seth thou wost nat yit
Touching her goyng how that it shal sal,
Ne if she can her selfe distourbin it;
Thou hast not yet assayid al her wit:
A man maie al betime his neckè bede
Whan it shal of, and sorowen at the nede.
Forthy take hede of al that I shal say:
I have with her ispoke and longe ibe,
So as accordid was betwixe us twey,
And evirmore me thinkith thus, that she
Hath somwhat in her hert'is privite
Wherwith she can, if I shal aright rede,
Disturbe al this of whiche thou art in drede.
For which my counsel is, whan it is night
Thou to her go, and make of this an ende,
And blisful Juno, through her gretè might,
Shal (as I hope) her grace unto us sende;
Mine hert seith certaine that she shal nat wende:
And forthy put thine hert a while in rest,
And holde thy purpose, for it is the best.
This Troilus answerde, and sighid sore,
Thou saist right wel, and I wil do right so,
And what him list he said unto him more:
And whan that it was timè for to go
Ful privily himselfe withoutin mo
Unto her came, as he was wont to done,
And how thei wrought I shal you tellin sone.
Soth is, that when thei gonnin first to mete
So gan the paine ther hertis for to twiste
That neithir of 'hem othir mightè grete,

But 'hem in armis toke and aftir kiste;
The lasse wofull of 'hem bothe ne wiste
Wher that he was, ne might o word out bring,
As I said erst, for wo and for sobbing.
The woful teris that thei letin fal
As bittir werin, out of teris kinde,
For paine, as is ligne aloes or gal;
So bittir teris wept nat, as I finde,
The wofull Myrrha through the barke and rinde,
That in this world ther n'is so hard an hert
That n'old have rewid on ther painis smert.
But whan ther wofull wery gostis twaine
Returnid ben there as 'hem ought to dwell,
And that somwhat to wekin gan the paine
By length of plainte, and ebbin gan the wel
Of ther salt teris, and the hert unswel,
With broken voice, all horse for shright, Creseide
To Troilus these ilkè wordis seide:
O Jove! I die, and mercy the beseche;
Helpe, Troilus: and therwithal her face
Upon his brest she laid, and lost her speche,
Her wofull spirite from his propir place
Right with the worde away in point to pace:
And thus she lith with hewis pale and grene
That whilom fresh and fairist was to sene.
This Troilus that on her gan beholde,
Cleping her name, and she lay as for ded,
Withoutin answere, and felte her limmes colde,
Her eyin throwin upwarde to her hed,
This sorouful man can now non othir rede,
But oftin time her coldè mouthe he kiste:
Where him was wo God and himself it wiste.
He risith up, and long straite he her leide,
For signe of life for aught he can or may
Can he none finde in nothing of Creseide,
For whiche his songe ful oft is Welaway!
But whan he sawe that spechèlesse she lay,
With sorouful voice, and hert of blisse all bare,
He said how she was fro this world ifare.
So aftir that he long had her complained,
His hondis wronge, and said that was to sey,
And with his teris salt her brest berained,
He gan tho teris wipin of full drey,
And pitously gan for the soulè prey,
And said, O Lord! that set armin thy trone,
Rewe eke on me, for I shal folow' her sone.
She colde was, and withoutin sentèment,
For ought he wote, for brethe yet felte he none,
And this was him a preignant argument
That she was forth out of this worlde agone;
And when he saw there was non othir wonne
He gan her limmis dresse in suche manere
As men don them that shall ben laide on bere.
And aftir this with sterne and cruill herte
His swerd anon out of his sheth he twight,
Himselfe to sleen, how sore so that him smerte,
So that his soule her soule folowin might
Ther as the dome of Minos would it dight,
Sith Love and cruil Fortune it ne would
That in this world he lengir livin should.
Than said he thus, fulfilde of high disdaine;
O cruil Jove! and thou Fortune adverse!
This al and some is, falsely have ye slaine
Creseide, and sith ye may do me no werse,
Fie on your might and werkis so diverse!
Thus cowardely ye shul me nevir winne;
There shal no deth me fro my lady twinne.
For I this world, sith ye have slain her thus,
Wol let, and solow' her spirit lowe or hie;
Shal nevir lovir saine that Troilus
Dare nat for serè with his lady die,
For certaine I wol bere her companie;
But sithe ye wol nat suffre' us livin here,
Yet suffrith that our soulis ben ifere.
And thou, Cite! in whiche I live in wo,
And thou, Priam! and brethrin al ifere!
And thou, my mothir! farwel, for I go,
And Atropos! make redy thou my bere,
And thou, Creseidè! o swete hertè dere!
Receive thou now my spirite, would he sey,
With swerde at hert, al redy for to dey.
But as God would of swough she tho abraide,
And gan to sighe, and Troilus! she cride;
And he answerid, Lady mine, Creseide!
Livin ye yet? and let his swerde doune glide.
Ye, hertè mine! that thankid be Cupide,
(Quod she) and therwithal she sorè sight,
And he began to glade her as he might;
Toke her in armis two, and kiste her ofte,
And her to glad he did al his entent,
For whiche her gost, that flickered aie aloste,
Into her wofull hert aien it went;
But at the laste, as that her eyin glent
Aside, anon she gan his swerde aspie
As it lay bare, and gan for fere to crie,
And askid him why he had it out drawe?
And Troilus anon the cause her tolde,
And how himself therwith he would have slawe;
For whiche Creseide upon him gan beholde,
And gan him in her armis fast to folde,
And saide, O mercy, God! lo whiche a dede!
Alas! how nighe we werin bothè dede!
Than if I ne hadde spokin, as grace was,
Ye would have slaine your selfe anon? quod she.
Ye, doutilesse. And she answerde, Alas!
For by that ilkè Lorde that madè me
I n'olde a forlong waie on live have be,
Aftir your deth, to have ben crounid quene
Of al the londe the sunne on shinith shene;
But with this selvè swerde which that here is
My selfin I would have slaine (quod she) tho.
But ho! for we have right inough of this,
And let us rise and straite to beddè go,
And there let us yspekin of our wo,
For by that morter whiche that I se brenne
Know I ful well that day is nat far henne.
Whan thei wer in ther bedde in armis folde
Naught was it like tho nightis here beforne,
For petously eche othir gan beholde,
As thei that haddin al ther blisse ilorne,
Bewailing al the daie that thei were borne,
Till at the last this wofull wight Creseide
To Troilus these ilkè wordis seide:
La, hertè mine! wel wot ye this, (quod she)
That if a wight alwaie his wo complaine,
And sekith nat how holpin for to be,

it folie and encrece of paine;
that here assemblid be we twaine
a bote of wo that we ben in,
ll time right sone for to begin.
woman, as ful wel ye wotte,
am avisid sodainly,
tel it you while it is hotte:
tith thus, that neithir ye nor I
lse this wo to makin skilfully,
is art inough for to redresse
is misse, and sleen this hevinesse.
is, the wo the whiche that we ben inne,
t I wote, for nothing ellis is
he cause that we should ytwinne;
al there n'is no more amis;
t is than a remedy' unto this
we shape us sone for to mete?
nd some is, my dere herte swete!
hat I shal wel bringin it aboute
a' ayen sone aftir that I go
n I no manir thing in doute,
lesse within a weke or two
here; and that it may be so
ght, and that in wordis few,
wel an hepe of wayis shewe;
iche I woll nat makin longe sermon,
iloste may not recovered be,
go to my conclusion,
e beste in aught that I can se;
he love of God forgive it me
aught aienst your hert'is reste,
ly I speke it for the beste;
g alway a protestacion,
ffect this thing that I shall say
o shew in you my mocion
nto our helpe the beste way,
h it none othirwise I pray;
y, what so ye me commaunde
I done, for that is no demaunde.
rkenith this; Ye have well understond
g grauntid is by parliment,
n that it may not ben withstond
s world, as by my jugement;
there helpith none avisement
it, lette it passe out of mind,
shape a bettir waie to finde,
he is this; the twinning of us twaine
sese and cruilly anoie,
chovith somtime havin paine
th Love, if that he wol have joie;
shal no farthir out of Troie
aie ride aien on halfe a morowe
he lasse causin us for to sorowe;
shal nat now ben hid in mewe,
by day, min owne herte dere!
ye wote that it is nowe a trewe,
l wel al mine estate yhere,
at truce is done I shal ben here;
have ye both Antenor iwonne
lso. Bethe glad now if ye conne.
mke it right thus, Creseide is now agen,
? she shal come hastily ayen:
n? alas! by God, lo, right anon,
Er dayis ten, this dare I safely saine,
And than as erste shall we be bothe faine,
So as we shall togithers evir dwell,
That al this worlde ne might our blisse tell.
I se that oft time, there as we ben nowe,
That for the beste, our counsaile for to hide,
Ye spekè nat with me nor I with you
In fourtènight, ne se you go ne ride;
And may ye nat ten dayis than abide,
For mine honour, in suche an avinture?
Iwis ye mowe, or ellis lite endure.
Ye knowe eke howe that all my kin is here
But if that onely it my fathir be,
And eke mine othir thingis al isere,
And namily my derè hertè ye,
Whom that I n'olde levin for to se
For al this worlde, as wide as it hath space,
Or ellis se I nevir Jov'is face.
Why trowin ye my fathir in this wise
Covetith so to se me, but for drede
Leste in this toune that folkis me dispise
Bicause of him for his unhappy dede?
What wote my fathir what life that I lede?
For if he wist in Troie how wel I fare
Us nedid for my wending nat to care.
Ye sene that every day eke more and more
Men trete of pece, and it supposid is
That men the Quene Helena shall restore,
And Grekis us restore that is amis;
So though there ne were comfort none but this,
That men purposin pece on every side,
Ye may the bett at ese of herte abide:
For if that it be pece, mine herte dere!
The nature of the pece mote nedis drive
That men must entrecommunin isere,
And to and fro eke ride and gone as blive
Al day as thicke as been flien from an hive,
And every wight have liberty to bleve
Where as him list the bet withoutin leve.
And though so be that pece ther maie be none,
Yet hither, though ther nevir pece ne were,
I must ycome, for whidir should I gone,
Or how, mischaunce I should I dwellin there
Among tho men of armis evre' in fere?
For whiche, as wisely God my soule rede,
I can nat sene wherof ye shouldin drede.
Have here anothir way, if it so be
That al this thing ne maie you not suffice;
My fathir, as ye knowin wele parde,
Is holdin olde and ful of covitise,
And I right nowe have foundin al the gise
Withoutin nette wherwith I shal him hent,
And herkenith now if that ye wol assent.
Lo! Troilus, men saine full harde it is
The wolfe ful and the wedir whole to have;
This is to saine, that men full oft iwis
Mote spendin parte the remnant for to save;
For aie with golde men maie the hert ygrave
Of him that is set upon covitise;
And how I mene I shal it you devise.
The movable whiche I have in this toune
Unto my fathir shal I take, and saie,
That right for trust and for salvacioun

It sent is from a frende of his or twaie,
The which frendis do fervently him praie
To sendin aftir more, and that in hie,
While that this toun stant thus in jeopardie;
And that shal be of golde huge quantite;
Thus shal I sain, but lest folke it aspide
This maie be sent by no wight but by me;
I shal eke shewin him, if pece betide,
What frendis that I have on every side
To doe the wrathe of Priamus to pace
Towardis him, and don him stand in grace.
So what for o thing and for othir, swete!
I shal him so enchauntin with my sawes
That right in hevin his soule shal he mete;
For al Apollo or his clerkis lawes,
Or calculing, availith nat thre hawes;
Desire of golde shal so his soule blende
That as me liste I shall wel make an ende.
And if he would aught by his sort it preve
If that I lie, in certaine I shal fonde
Disturbin him, and plucke him by the sleve,
Makin his sorte, and berin him on honde,
He hath nat wel the goddis undirstonde,
For goddis speke in amphibologies,
And for o sothe thei tellin twenty lies:
Eke dredè fond first goddis, I suppose,
Thus shal I saine, and that his cowarde herte
Made him amis the goddis text to glose
Whan he for ferdè out of Troie sterte;
And but I makin him sone to converte,
And done my rede within a day or twey,
I wol to you obligè me to dey.
And trewily, as writtin wel I finde,
That al this thing was said of gode entent,
And that her hertè trewè was and kinde
Towardis him, and spake right as she ment,
And that she starfe for wo nigh when she went,
And was in purpose evir to be trewe,
This writin thei that of her werkis knewe.
This Troilus, with hert and eris sprad,
Herde al this thing devisid to and fro,
And verily it semid that he had
The selvin witte, but yet to let her go
His hertè misforyave him evirmo;
But finally he gan his hertè wrest
To trustin her, and toke it for the best;
For which the grete fury of his penaunce
Was quent with hope, and therwith 'hem bitwene
Began for joye the amorous daunce;
And as the birdis when the sunnè shene
Delitin in ther songe in levis grene,
Right so the wordis that thei spake ifere
Delitin them, and made ther hertis chere.
But natheleffe, the wendin of Creseide
For al this world may nat out of his minde,
For whiche ful oft he petously her preide
That of her haste he might her trewe ysinde,
And saide her, Certis if ye be unkinde,
And but ye come at daie set into Troie,
Ne shal I nere have hele, honor, ne joie:
For all so sothe a sunne uprist to morow,
And God so wisely thou me wofull wretche
To rest ybring out of this cruil sorow,
I wol my selvin sle if that ye dretche,
But of my deth though litil be to retche,
Yet er that ye me causin so to smerte
Dwel rathir here mine ownè dere swete herte!
For trewily, mine ownè lady dere!
The sleightis yet that I have herd you stere
Ful shapely ben to fallin al ifere,
For thus men saith, *That one thinkith the bere,*
But al anothir thinkith the ledere:
Your fire is wise, and said is out of drede
Men may the wise outrenne and nat outrede.
It is full harde to haltin unespied
Before a crepil, for he can the crafte;
Your fathir is in sleight as Argus eyed,
For albe' it that his movble' is him birafte
His oldè sleight is yet so with him lafte
Ye shal not blende him for your womanhede,
Ne saine aright, and that is al my drede.
I n'ot if pece shall evirmo betide,
But pece or no, for ernest ne for game,
I wote sith Calchas on the Grekis side
Hath onis ben, and lost so soule his name,
He dare no more come here ayen for shame,
For whiche that we, for ought I can espy,
To trustin on n'is but a fantasie.
Ye shal eke sene your fathir shall you glese
To ben a wife, and, as he can wel preche,
He shal some Greke so prese and wel alose,
That ravishin he shal you with his speche,
Or do you done by force, as he shal teche,
And Troilus, on whom you n'il have routh,
Shal causelesse so stervin in this trouth.
And ore al this your fathir shal dispise
Us al, and saine this cite is but lorne,
And that th' assegè nevir shal arise;
For why? the Grekis have it alle sworne,
Til we ben slaine and doun our wallis torne;
And thus he shal you with his wordis fere,
That aie drede I that ye wol blevin there.
Ye shall eke sene so many' a lusty knight
Among the Grekis, ful of worthinesse,
And eche of 'hem with hertè, wit, and mighe,
To plesin you done al his businesse,
That ye shull dullin of the rudinesse
Of us the sely Trojans, but if routhe
Romordin you or vertue of your trouthe.
And this to me so grevouse is to thinke
That fro my brest it wol my soule rende,
Ne dredelesse in me there may nat sinke
O gode opinion if that ye wende;
For why? your fathir's sleightis wol us shende;
And if ye gone, as I have tolde you yore,
So thinke I n'am but ded withoutin more;
For which with humble, true, and pitous, hert
A thousande timis mercie I you praie,
So rewith on mine aspre painis smert,
And doth somwhat as that I shal you saie,
And let us stele away betwixt us twaie,
And thinke that soly' is whan a man maie chese
For accident his substaunce for to lese.
I menè thus, that sens we mowe or daie
Well stele awaie, and ben togither so,
What wit were it to puttin in assaie

ye ſhouldin to your fathir go)
e mightin come aien or no?
ne I, that it were a grete folie
hat ſikirneſſe in jeopardie.
vulgarly to ſpekin of ſubſtaunce,
ur may we bothè with us lede
to live in honour and pleſaunce
e timè that we ſhall ben dede,
s we may eſchewin all this drede;
y othir waie ye can recòrde
rt iwis maie therwith nat acorde.
ardily ne dredith no poverte,
ve kin and frendis ellis where
ugh we comin in our bare ſherte
nevir lacke ne golde ne gere,
honourid while we dweltin there;
we' anone, for as in mine entent
he beſt, if that ye wol aſſent.
dè with a ſighe right in this wiſe
d him; Iwis, my dere hert trewe!
well ſtele away as ye deviſe,
in ſuche unthrifty wayis newe,
warde ful ſore it wol us rewe;
pe me God ſo at my moſtè nede
leſſe ye ſuffrin al this drede:
ilkè day that I for cheriſhing
of fathir, or for othir wight,
ſtate, delite, or for weding,
to you, my Troilus, my knight!
doughtir Juno, through her might,
as Atalanta do me dwell
y in Styx, the pit of hell.
his on every god celeſtiall
it you, and eke on eche goddeſſe,
y nymph and deite infernall,
rys and Faunys more and leſſe,
lvè goddis ben of wildirneſſe;
ropos my thred of life to breſt
alſe. Now trowe me if you leſt.
thou, Simois, that as an arowe clere
Troie renniſt aie downward to the ſe,
eſſe of this worde that ſaid is here,
lkè day that I untrewe be
lus, mine ownè hertè fre!
ou returne backewarde unto thy well,
vith body and ſoule ſinke to hell.
at ye ſpeke awaie thus for to go,
in al your frendis, God forbede
woman that ye ſhouldin ſo!
nily ſens Troie hath now ſuch nede
; and eke of o thing takith hede,
ere wiſte, my life laie in balaunce
ir honor, God ſhilde us fro miſchaunce!
f ſo be that pece hereaſtir take,
ie happith aftir angre game,
orde! the ſorow' and wo ye woldin make
ne durſt comin ayen for ſhame!
that ye jeopardin ſo your name
to haſty in this hottè fare,
y man ne wantith nevir care.
trowe ye the peple eke all aboute
of it ſay? it is ful light to' arede;
ldin ſay, and ſwere it out of doute,
That love ne drave you nat to don this dede,
But luſte voluptuous and cowarde drede:
Thus were al loſte iwis, mine hertè dere!
Your honour, whiche that now ſo ſhinith clere.
And alſo thinkith on mine honeſte,
That flourith yet, how foule I ſhould it ſhende,
And with what filth it ſpottid ſhouldè be
If in this forme I ſhouldè with you wende:
Ne though I lived unto the worldis ende
My name ſhould I nevir ayenward winne:
Thus were I loſt, and that were routh and ſinne.
And forthy ſle with reſon al this hete;
Men ſaine, *The ſuffraunt overcometh parde,*
Eke *Who ſo wol have life mote lete:*
Thus makith vertue of neceſſite
By pacience, and thinke that lorde is he
Of Fortune aie that naught woll of her retch,
And ſhe ne dauntith no wight but a wretch.
And truſtith this, that certis, hertè ſwete!
Or Phœbus ſuſtir, Lucina the ſhene,
The Lion paſſith out of this Arite
I woll ben here withoutin any wene;
I mene, as helpe me Juno, hevin's quene,
The tenth daie, but if that deth me aſſaile,
I woll you ſene withoutin any faile.
And now, ſo this be ſothe (quod Troilus)
I ſhall well ſuffre unto the tenth daie,
Sens that I ſe that nede it mote ben thus;
But for the love of God, if it be maie,
So let us ſtelin privily awaie,
For evre' in one as for to live in reſt,
Mine hertè ſaieth that it woll be the beſt.
O mercie, God! what life is this? (quod ſhe)
Alas! ye ſlea me thus for very tene;
I ſe well now that ye miſtruſtin me,
For by your wordis it is well iſene:
Now for the love of Cynthia the ſhene
Miſtruſt me nat thus cauſeleſſe for routh,
Sens to be true I have you plight my trouth.
And thinkith wel that ſomtime it is wit
To ſpendin a time a time for to win;
Ne parde lorne am I nat fro you yet,
Though that we ben a daie or two atwin:
Drive out tho fantaſies you have within,
And truſtith me, and levith eke your ſorow,
Or here my trouth, I wol nat live til morow:
For if ye wiſt how ſore it doeth me ſmerte
Ye wouldè ceſſe of this: for God thou woſt
The pure ſpirite ywepith in mine herte
To ſene you wepin whiche that I love moſt,
And that I mote gon to the Grekis hoſte;
Ye, n'ere it that I wiſt a remedie
To come ayen right here I wouldè die.
But certis I am not ſo nice a wight
That I ne can imaginin a waie
To come ayen that daie that I have hight,
For who maie holden' a thing that wol awaie
My fathir naught for all his queinte plaie;
And by my thrift my wending out of Troie
Anothir daie ſhall tourne us all to joie.
Forthy with all mine herte I you beſeke,
If that you liſt doen ought for my praiere,
And for the love whiche that I love you eke

That er that I departin fro you here
That of so gode a comfort and a chere
I maie you sene that ye maie bring at rest
Mine hertè, whiche is at the poinct to brest,
And ore al this I praie you, quod she tho,
Mine ownè hert'is sothfast suffisaunce!
Sith I am thine all whole withoutin mo,
That while that I am absent no plesaunce
Of othir doe me fro your remembraunce,
For I am er agast; for why? men rede
That love is thing aie full of busie drede.
For in this worlde there livith ladie none,
If that ye were untre, as God defende!
That so betrayid were or wo begon
As I, that allè trouthe in you entende;
And doutelès if that othir wende
I n'ere but dedde, and er ye cause yfinde
For Godd'is love so beth me naught unkinde.
To this answerid Troilus, and seide,
Now God, to whom there n'is no cause iwrie,
Me glad, as wis I nevir to Creseide,
Sithe thilke daie I saw her first with eye,
Was false, ne nevir shall till that I die:
At short wordis, well ye maie me bileve;
I can no more; it shall be founde at preve.
Graunt mercy, gode hert mine! iwis, (quod she)
And, blissful Venus! let me nevir sterve
Er I maie stonde of plesaunce in degre
To quite him well that so well can deserve,
And while that God my wit will me conserve
I shall so doen, so true I have you found,
That aie honour to me ward shall rebounde:
For trustith well that your estate roiall,
Ne yeine delite, nor onely worthinesse
Of you in werre or turnaie marciall,
Ne pompe, arraie, nobley, or eke richesse,
Ne madin me to rue on your distresse,
But morall vertue, groundid upon trouth,
That was the cause I first had on you routh:
Eke gentle hert, and manhode that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in dispite
Evèry thing that sownid into bad,
As rudènesse, and peplishe appetite,
And that your reson bridlid your delite;
This madè abovin evèry creture
That I was yours, and shall while I maie dure.
And this may length of yeris nat fordoe,
Ne remuable Fortunè deface,
But Jupiter, that of his might maie doe
The sorowfull be glad, so yeve us grace
Er nightis tenne to metin in this place,
So that it maie your herte and mine suffise:
And fare now well, for time is that ye rise.
And aftir that thei long iplanid had,
And oft ikist, and straite in armis folde,
The daie gan rise, and Troilus him clad,
And rufully his ladie gan behold,
As he that felt of deth'is caris cold,
And to her grace he gan him recommaunde;
Where he was wo this holde I no demaunde:
For mann'is hedde imaginin ne can,
Ne' entendèment confidir, ne tongue tell,
The cruill painis of this wofull man,
That passin every tourment doune in hell;
For whan he sawe that she ne might ydwell,
Whiche that his soule out of his body rent,
Withoutin more out of the chambre' he went.

TROILUS & CRESEIDE.

INCIPIT LIBER QUINTUS.

THIN gan the fatall destine
ovis hath in disposicioun,
you angrie Parcæ, sustrin thre,
ittith to doen execucioun,
iche Creseidè must out of the toun,
roilus shall dwellin forth in pine
ichesis his threde no lengir twine.
goldin tressid Phœbus high on loft
had allè with his bemis clere
owis molte, and Zephirus as oft
ht ayen the tendir levis grene,
at the sonne of Hecuba the Quene
to love her first, for whom his sorowe
l that she departin should amorowe.
redy was at primè Diomede
e unto the Grekis hoste to lede,
owe' of whiche she felt her hertè blede,
that ne wist what was best to rede:
uily, as men in bokis rede,
istè nevir woman have the care,
s so lothe out of a toune to fare,
Troilus withoutin rede or lore,
n that hath his joyis eke forlore,
aiting on his ladie evirmore,
that was the sothfast croppe and more
his lust or joyis heretofore;
roilus, now farewell all thy joie!
alt thou nevir sene her est in Troie.

Soth is, that while he bode in this manere
He gan his wo full manly for to hide,
That well unneth it sene was in his chere,
But at the yatè there she should out ride
With certain folke he hovid her to' abide,
So wo bigon, all would he not him plain,
That on his hors unneth he sate for pain.
For ire he quoke, so gan his hertè gnawe,
Whan Diomede on hors gan him to dresse,
And saied unto himself this ilkè sawe;
Alas! (quod he) this soule o wretchidnesse
Why suffre' I it? why n'ill I it redresse?
Were it nat bet at onis for to die
Than evirmore in langour thus to drie?
Why n'ill I make at onis riche and pore
To have inough to doen er that shè go?
Why n ill I bring all Troie upon a rore?
Why n'ill I slaen this Diomede also?
Why n'ill I rathir with a man or two
Stele her awaie? Why woll I this endure?
Why n'ill I helpin to mine ownè cure?
But why he n'oldè doen so fell a dede
That shall I sain, and why him list it spare?
He had in herte alwaie a manir drede
Lest that Creseide, in rumour of this fare,
Should have ben slain: lo! this was al his care
And ellis certain, as I sayid yore,
He had it doen withoutin wordis more.

Creseidè, whan ſhe redy was to ride,
Full ſorowfully ſighed, and ſaied Alas!
But forthe ſhe mote for aught that maie betide,
And forthe ſhe ritte a full ſobirly paſe;
There is none othir remedy' in this caſe:
What wondir is though that her ſore ſmert
Whan ſhe forgoith her owne ſwetè herte?
This Troilus in giſe of curtiſie,
With hauke on hond, and with an hugè rout
Of knightis, rode and did her companie,
Ypaſſing all the valey ferre without,
And ferthir would have riddin out of doubt
Full ſaine, and wo was him to gone ſo ſone,
But tourne he muſt, and it was eke ſo doen.
And right with that was Antenor icome
Out of the Grekis hoſte, and every wight
Was of him glad, and ſaied he was welcome;
And Troilus, all n'ere his hertè light,
He pained him with all his fullè might
Him to withholde of weping at the left,
And Antenor he kiſt, and made grete feſt.
And therwithall he muſt his leve ytake,
And caſt his eye upon her pitouſly,
And nere he rode, his cauſe for to make,
To take her by the honde all ſobirlie;
And Lorde, ſo ſhe gan wepin tendirlie,
And he full ſoft and ſlighly gan her ſeie,
Now holde your daie, and doe me not to deie.
With that his courſir tournid he about
With face full pale, and unto Diomede
No werde he ſpake, ne none of all his rout,
Of whiche the ſonne of Tydeus toke hede,
As he that kouthè more than the crede
In ſoche a craft, and by the rain her hent,
And Troilus to Troie homwardis went.
This Diomede, that lad her by the bridell,
Whan that he ſawe the folke of Troie awaie,
Thought all my labor ſhall not ben on idell,
If that I maie, for ſomwhat ſhall I faie,
For at the worſt it ſhortin maie our waie,
I have herd ſaie eke timis twiſè twelve
He is a fole that woll foryete him ſelve.
But nath leſſe this thought he well inough,
That certainly I am aboutin naught
If that I ſpeke of love or make it tought,
For doutileſs if ſhe have in her thought
Him that I geſſe he maie not ben ibrought
So ſone awaie; but I ſhall finde a mene
That ſhe nat yet wete ſhall what that I mene.
This Diomede, as he that could his gode,
Whan this was doen gan fallin forth in ſpeche
Of this and that, and aſkin why ſhe ſtode
In ſoche diſeſe? and gan her eke beſeche,
That if that he encreſin might or eche
With any thing her eſe that ſhe ſhould
Commaunde it him, and ſaid he doen it would:
For truily he ſwore her as a knight [pleſe
That ther n'as thing with which he might her
That he n'olde doen his pain and al his might
To doen it, for to doen her herte an eſe,
And prayid her ſhe would her ſorowe' apeſe,
And ſaied, Iwis we Grekis can have joie
To honoure you as well as folke of Troie,
He ſaide eke thus, I wot you thinkith ſtraunge,
No wondir is, for it is to you newe,
Th' acqueintaunce of theſe Trojans for to chaunge
For folke of Grece, which that ye nevir knewe;
But wouldè nevir God but if as true
A Greke ye ſhould emong us all yfinde
As any Trojan is, and eke as kinde.
And by the cauſe I ſwore you, lo! right now
To ben your frende, and help you to my might,
And for that more acqueintaunce eke of you
Have I had than anothir ſtraungir wight,
So fro this forth I praie you daie and night
Commaundith me, how ſore ſo that me ſmerte,
To doen all that maie like unto your herte:
And that ye me wold as your brothir trete,
And takith not my frendſhip in diſpite;
And though your ſorowes ben for thingis grete,
N'ot I nat why, but out of more reſpite
Mine hert hath for to' amende it grete delite,
And if I maie your harmis nat redreſſe
I am right ſorie for your hevineſſe:
For though ye Trojans with us Grekis wroth
Have many' a daie ben, alwaie yet parde
O god of Love in ſothe we ſervin bothe:
And for the love of God, my ladie fre,
Whom ſo ye hate as beth not wroth with me,
For truily there can no wight you ſerve
That halfe ſo loth your wrathe would deſerve.
And n'ere it that we ben ſo nere the tent
Of Calchas, whiche that ſene us bothè maie,
I would of this you tell all mine entent;
But this enſelid till anothir daie:
Yeve me your honde; I am and ſhall be aie,
God help me ſo, while that my life maie dure,
Your owne abovin every creture.
Thus ſaid I nere er now to woman borne,
For God mine herte as wiſely gladè ſo
I lovid nevir woman here beforne
As paramours, ne nevir ſhall no mo;
And for the love of God be not my fo,
All can I not to you, my ladie dere!
Complain aright, for I am yet to lere.
And wondrith nought, min owne lady bright!
Though that I ſpeke of love to you thus blive
For I have herd or this of many' a wight
That lovid thing he nere ſaw in his live;
Eke I am not of power for to ſtrive
Ayenſt the god of Love, but him obaie
I woll alwaie, and mercie I you praie.
Ther beth ſo worthy knightis in this place,
And ye ſo faire, that everiche of 'hem all
Woll painin him to ſtondin in your grace;
But might to me ſo faire a grace befall
That ye me for your ſervaunt wouldè call,
So lowly ne ſo truily you ſerve
N'ill none of 'hem as I ſhall till I ſterve.
Creſeide unto that purpoſe lite anſwerde,
As ſhe that was with ſorowe' oppreſſid ſo
That in effect ſhe naught his talis herde,
But here and there now here a worde or two;
Her thought her ſorowfull herte bruſt atwo;
For whan ſhe gan her fathir ferre eſpie
Well nigh doune of her hors ſhe gan to ſie.

thèlesse ſhe thonkith Diomede
travaile and his godè chere,
him liſt his frendſhip to her bede,
acceptith it in gode manere.
do ſain that is him lefe and dere,
in him ſhe would, and well ſhe might,
ſhe, and from her hors ſhe' alight.
hir hath her in his armis nome,
ntie times he kiſt his doughtir ſwete,
, O der, doughtir mine! welcome.
eke ſhe was ſain with him to mete,
forth ſtill, mild, muet, and manſuete.
I leve her with her fathir dwell,
ie I woll of Troilus you tell.
oie is come this woſull Troilus
abovin all ſorowes ſmert,
n loke and with face diſpitous,
inly doune from his hors he ſtert,
ugh his paleyſe with a ſwollin hert
bir went; of nothing toke he hede,
to him dare ſpeke o worde for drede.
ere his ſorowes that he ſparid had
an iſſue large, and Deth he cride,
is throwis frenetike and mad
h Jove, Apollo, and Cupide,
h Bachus, Ceres, and Cypride,
e, himſelf, his fate, and eke Nature,
his ladie evèry creture.
d he goth, and wellith there and turneth
is doeth Ixion in hell,
his wiſe he nigh till daie ſojourneth,
began his herte alite unſwell
teris which that gonnin up to wel,
uſly he cried upon Creſeide,
imſelf right thus he ſpake and ſeide:
is mine ownè ladie lefe and dere?
her whitè breſt? where is it? where?
en her armis and her eyin clere
terdaie this timè with me were?
ie I wepe alone many a tere,
pe about I maie, but in this place
lowe I find naught to embrace.
hall I doen? whan ſhall ſhe come again?
as! Why let I her ſo go?
dè God I had as tho be ſlain!
mine, Creſeidè! o ſwetè ſo!
nine! that I love and no mo,
n for evirmo mine herte I vowe,
die; ye n'ill me not reſcowe!
eith you now, my right lodèſterre?
ith now or ſtant in your preſence?
comfortin now your hert'is werre,
n gon whom ye yeve audience?
kith for me now in my abſence?
wight, and that is all my care,
wote I as ill as I ye fare.
hould I thus ten dayis full endure
he firſt night havin all this tene?
ſhall ſhe eke, ſorowfull creture,
rneſſe how ſhall ſhe this ſuſtene
for me? o! pitous, pale, and grene,
in ben her freſhe womanly face
ur er ſhe tourne unto this place.

And whan he ſill in any ſtombringis
Anon begin he ſhouldè for to grene,
And dremin of the dredfulliſt thingis
That might yben, as mete he were alone
In place horrible, making aie his mone,
Or metin that he was emongis all
His enemies, and in their hondis fall.
And therewithall his bodię ſhouldè ſterte,
And with the ſtarte all ſodainly awake,
And ſoche a tremour fele about his herte,
That of the fere his bodie ſhouldè quake,
And therewithall he ſhould a noiſe ymake,
And ſemin as though he ſhould fallin depe,
From high aloft, and than he wouldè wepe;
And rewin on himſelf ſo pitouſly
That wondir was to here his fantaſie;
Anothir time he ſhouldè mightily
Comfort himſelf, and ſain it was folie
So cauſelesse ſoche drede and wo to drie,
And eſt begin his aſpre ſorowes newe,
That every man might on his painis rewe.
Who could tell all aright, or full diſcrive
His wo, his plaint, his langour, and his pine?
Nat all the men that han or ben on live:
Thou, Redir, maieſt thy ſelf full well devine
That ſoche a wo my wit can not define;
On idell for to write it ſhould I ſwinke
Whan that my wit is werie it to thinke.
On hevin yet the ſteris werin ſene,
Although full pale iwoxin was the mone,
And whitin began the horizon ſhene
All eſtwardis, as it is wont to doen,
And Phœbus with his roſie cartè ſone
Gan aftir that to dreſſe him up to fare
Whan Troilus hath ſent aftir Pandare.
This Pandare, that of all the daie beſorne
Ne might have comin Troilus to ſe,
Although that he on his hedde it had ſworne,
For with the King Priam al daie was he,
So that it laie nat in his liberte
No where to gon, but on the morowe' he went
To Troilus, whan that he for him ſent;
For in his herte he couldè well devine
That Troilus all night for ſorowe woke,
And that he wouldè tell him of his pine;
This knewe he well inough withoutin boke;
For which to chambir ſtreight the way he toke,
And Troilus tho ſobirly he grette,
And on the bedde full ſone he gan him ſette.
My Pandarus! (quod Troilus) the ſorowe
Whiche that I drie I maie not long endure;
I trowe I ſhall not livin till to morowe;
For whiche I would alwaies on avinture
To the deviſin of my ſepoulture
The forme, and of my movble thou diſpone
Right as the ſemith beſt is for to doen:
But of the fire and flambè funèrall
In whiche my body brennin ſhall to glede,
And of the feſt and playis Paleſtrall
At my vigile I praie the take gode hede
That that be well, and offir Mars my ſtede,
My ſwerde, mine helme, and, levè brothir dere!
My ſhelde to Pallas yeve that ſhinith clere

The poudre' in which mine hert ibrend shall
That praie I the thou take, and it conserve [turn
In a vessell that men clepith an Urne,
Of golde, and to my lady that I serve,
For love of whom thus pitously I sterve,
So yeve it her, and doe me this plesaunce
To praie her kepe it for a remembraunce:
For well I felin by my maladie,
And by my dremis now and yore ago,
All certainly that I mote nedis die;
The oule eke whiche that hight Ascalapho
Hath astir me shright all these nightis two:
And god Merc'urie, now of me woful wretch
The soulè guide, and whan the list it fetche.
Pandare answerid and saied, Troilus,
My derè frende! as I have told the yore
That it is folie for to sorowen thus,
And causèlesse, for whiche I can no more,
But who so woll not trowin rede ne lore
I can not sene in him no remedie,
But let him worchin with his fantasie.
But, Troilus, I praie the tell me now
If that thou trowe er this that any wight
Hath lovid paramours as well as thou?
Ye, God wot, and fro many' a worthie knight
Hath his ladie forgon a fourtènight
And he nat yet made halvindele the fare;
What nede is the to makin all this care?
Sens daie by daie thou maiest thy selvin se,
That from his love or ellis from his wife
A man mote twinnin of necessite,
Ye, though he love her as his owne life,
Yet n'ill he with himself thus makin strife;
For well thou wost, my levè brothir dere!
That alwaie frendis maie not ben ifere.
How doen this folke that sene ther lovis wedded
By frendis might, as it bitidith oft,
And sene 'hem in ther spousis bedde ibedded?
God wote thei take it wisely faire and soft;
For why? gode hope halt up ther herte aloft,
And for thei can a time of sorowe' endure;
As time 'hem hurtith a time doeth 'hem cure.
So shouldist thou endure, and lettin slide
The time, and fondè to ben glad and light;
Tenne dayis n'is not so long to abide;
And sens she to comin the hath behight
She n'ill her hest brekin for any wight,
For drede the nat that she n'ill finde a waie
To come ayen, my life that durst I laie.
Thy sweyines eke, and all soche fantasie,
Drive out, and let 'hem farin to mischaunce,
For thei procede of thy melancolie,
That doeth the sele in slepe all this penaunce:
A strawe for all swevenis signifiaunce!
God helpe me so! I coumpt 'hem not a bene;
There wot no man aright what dremis mene.
For prestis of the temple tellin this,
That dremis ben the revelacions
Of goddis, and als well thei tell iwis
That thei ben infernalle illusions,
And lechis saine that of complections
Procedin thei, of fast or glotonie:
Who wot in sothe thus what thei signifie?
Eke othir sain that through impressions,
As if a wight hath fast a thing in minde,
That thereof comith soche avisions;
And othir sain, as thei in bokis finde,
That aftir timis of the yere by kinde
Men dreme, and that th' effect goth by the mone:
But leve no dreme, for it is nat to doen.
Well worth of dremis aie these oldè wives;
And truly eke augurie of these foulis,
For fere of which men wenin lese ther lives,
As ravin's qualm, or schriching of these oulis,
To trowin on it bothè false and foule is:
Alas! alas! that so noble' a creture
As is a man should dredin soche ordure!
For whiche with all mine hert I the besèche
Unto thy self that all this thou foryeve;
And rise now up, withoutin morè speche,
And let us cast how forth maie best be drive
The time, and eke how freshly we maie live
Whan she comith, the which shall be right sone;
God helpe me so the best is thus to doen.
Rise, let us speke of lustie life in Troie
That we have lad, and forth the timè drive,
And eke of timè coming us rejoie,
That bringin shall our blissè now so blive,
And langour of these twisè dayis five
We shall therwith so foryet or oppresse
That well unneth it doen shall us duresse.
This toune is full of lordis all about,
And truis lastith all this mene while;
Go we playin us in some lustie rout,
To Sarpedon, not hennis but a mile,
And thus thou shalt the timè well begile,
And drive it forth unto that blissfull morowe
That thou her se that cause is of thy sorowe.
Now rise, my derè brothir Troilus!
For certis it non honour is to the
To wepe, and in thy bedde to roukin thus,
For truily of o thing trust to me,
If thou thus ligge a daie, or two, or thre,
The folke wol wene that thou for cowardise
The fainist sick, and that thou darst not rise.
This Troilus answerde, O brothir dere!
This knowin folke that have isuffrid pain,
That though he wepe and make sorowfull chere
That felith harme and smerte in every vain
No wondir is; and though I evir plain
Or alwaie wepe I am nothing to blame,
Sens I have lost the cause of al my game.
But sithins of fine force I mote arise
I shal arise as sone as er I maie,
And God, to whom mine herte I sacrifice,
So sende us hastily the tennith daie,
For was there nevir soule so faine of Maie
As I shall ben whan she comith in Troie
That cause is of my tourment and my joie.
But whidir is thy rede, (quod Troilus)
That we maie plaie us best in all this toun?
By God my counsaile is (quod Pandarus)
To ride and plaie us with King Sarpedoun,
So long of this thei spekin up and doun
Till Troilus gan at the last assent
To rise, and forth to Sarpedon thei went.

Sarpedon, as he that honourable
his live, and full of hie proweſſe,
that might iſervid ben on table
nte was, all coſte it grete richeſſe,
: 'hem daie by daie, that ſoche nobleſſe,
n bothe the moſte and eke the leſt,
e er that daie wiſte at any feſt:
n this worlde there is none inſtrument
s through winde or touch on corde,
as any wight hath er iwent,
ıgè tell or hertè maie recorde
at feſt it was well herd acorde,
dies eke ſo faire a companie
ce er tho was never ſene with eye.
hat availith this to Troilus,
his ſorowe nothing of it rought,
in one his hertè pitous
ly Creſeide his ladie ſought?
was evir all that his herte thought,
now that ſo faſt imagining
din iwis can him no feſting.
ladies eke that at this feſtè bene,
: he ſawe his ladie was awaie,
s ſorowe on 'hem for to ſene,
here on inſtrumentis plaie;
hat of his hert berith the kaie
nt, lo! this was his fantaſie,
wight ſhouldè makin melodie:
here n'as hour in all the daie or night,
: was there as no man might him here,
ne ſaied, O loveſome ladie bright!
e ye ſarin ſins that ye were there?
: iwis, mine ownè ladie dere!
waie! all this n'as but a maſe;
his love entendid but to glaſe.
ttirs eke that ſhe of oldè time
iſent he would alone irede
rid ſithe atwixtin none and prime,
ıg her ſhape and womanhede
is hert, and every worde and dede
id was; and thus he drove to' an ende
hè day, and theunis wolde he wende;
iidè, Levè brothir Pindarus!
thou that we ſhall here byleve
don wol forth conveyin us?
it fairir that we toke our leve;
t'is love let us now ſone at eve
take, and homwarde let us tourne,
ely I n'il nat thus ſojourne.
re anſwerid, Be we comin hither
in fire and rennin home again?
e me ſo I can nat tellin whither
tin gone, if I ſhall ſothly ſaine,
y wight is of us morè ſaine
rpedon; and if we hennis hie
ainly I holde it vilanie;
at we ſeydin we wouldin byleve
n a weke, and now thus ſodainly
hè day to take of him our leve,
dè wondrin on it trewèly:
lde forth our purpoſe fermèly,
that ye behightin him to' abide
rwarde now, and aftir let us ride.

This Pandarus with mochil pine and wo
Made him to dwel; and at the wek'is ende
Of Sarpedon thei toke ther leve to go,
And on ther way they ſpedin hem to wende.
(Quod Troilus) Now, Lorde, me gracè ſende
That I maie findin at mine home-comming
Creſeide comin, and therwith gan he ſing.
Ye halif wodè thought ywis Pandare,
And to him ſelfe ful ſoftily he ſeide,
God wote refroidin may this hottè fare
Er Calcas ſendè Troilus Creſeide:
But nethèleſſe he japid thus, and ſeide,
And ſwore iwis, his hert him wel behight
She wouldin come as ſone as er ſhe might.
Whan thei unto the paleis were icomen
Of Troilus thei doun of horſe alight,
And to the chambre ther waie have thei nommen,
And unto timè that it gan to night
Thei ſpekin of Creſeide the lady bright,
And aftir this, whan that 'hem bothe leſte,
Thei ſpede 'hem fro the ſuppir unto reſt.
On morow' as ſone as day began to clere
This Troilus gan of his ſlepe to' abreide,
And to Pandarus his owne brothir dere,
For love of God, ful pitouſly he ſeide,
As go we ſene the paleis of Creſeide,
For ſens we yet maie have none othir feſt
So let us ſene her paleis at the leſt!
And therwithal his meinè for to blende
A cauſe he fonde into the toun to go,
And to Creſeid'is paleis they gone wende;
But Lorde! this ſely Troilus was wo,
Him thought his ſorouful hert braſt atwo,
For when he ſaw her doris ſperrid all
Wel nigh for ſorow' adoun he gan to fall.
Therwith when he was ware, and gan behold
How ſhet was every window of the place,
As froſt him thought his hert began to cold,
For whiche with chaungid dedly palè face
Withoutin worde he forth by gan to pace,
And as God would he gan ſo faſt to ride
That no wight of his countinaunce aſpide.
Than ſaide he thus; O paleis deſolate!
O houſe of houſis whilom beſt ydight!
O paleis empty and diſconſolate!
O thou lanterne, of which queint is the light!
O paleis whilom day, that now art night!
Wel oughtiſt thou to fal and I to die
Sens ſhe is went that wont was us to gie.
O paleis whilom croune of houſis al!
Enluminid with ſunne of allè bliſſe,
O ring, of whiche the rubie is out fall!
O cauſe of wo that cauſe haſt ben of bliſſe!
Yet ſens I may no bet ſaine would I kiſſe
Thy coldè doris, durſt I for this route;
And farwel ſhrine of whiche the ſaint is out!
Therwith he caſt on Pandarus his eie
With chaungid face, and pitous to beholde,
And whan he might his time aright aſpie
Aie as he rode to Pandarus he tolde
His newe ſorow, and eke his joyis olde,
So pitouſly, and with ſo ded an hewe,
That every wight might on his ſorow rewe.

Fro thinnis forth he ridith up and doune,
And every thing came him to remembraunce
As he rode forth by placis of the toune
In whiche he whilom had all his plesaunce;
Lo! yondir saw I mine owne lady daunce,
And in that temple with her eyin clere
Me captive caught first my right lady dere:
And yondir have I herde ful lustily
My dere hert Creseide laugh, and yondir plaie
Sawe I her onis eke ful blisfully,
And yondir onis to me gan she saie,
Now, gode swete! lovith me wel I you praye;
And yonde so godely gan she me beholde
That to the deth mine hert is to her holde:
And at the cornir in the yondir house
Herde I mine aldirleviſt lady dere
So womanly with voice melodiouse
Singin so wel, so godely and so clere,
That in my soule yet me thinkith I here
The blisful sowne, and in that yondir place
My lady first me toke unto her grace.
Than thought he thus, O blisfull Lorde Cupide!
Whan I the processe have in memorie
How thou me hast weried on every side
Men might a boke make of it like a storie;
What nede is the to seke on me victorie
Sens I am thine and wholly at thy will?
What joy hast thou thine owne folke to spill?
Wel hast thou, Lorde, iwroke on me thine ire,
Thou mighty God, and dredful for to greve;
Now mercy, Lorde! thou wost wel I desire
Thy grace moste of alle lustis leve,
And live and die I wol in thy beleve,
For whiche I ne' aske in guerdon but a bone,
That thou Creseide aien me sende sone.
Distrainin her hert as fast to returne
As thou doest mine to longin her to se,
Than wote I wel that she n'il nat sojourne:
Now blisful Lorde! so cruil thou ne be
Unto the blode of Troie, I praie the,
As Juno was unto the blode Thebane,
For whiche the folke of Thebis caught ther bane.
And aftir this he to the yatis wente
Ther as Creseide out rode a full gode paas,
And up and doun there made he many' a wente,
And to him selfe ful oft he said, Alas!
Fro hennis rode my blisse and my solas:
As wouldè blisful God now for his joie
I might her sene ayen comin to Troie!
And to the yondir hil I gan her gide,
Alas! and there I toke of her my leve,
And yonde I saw her to her fathir ride,
For sorow of whiche mine hert shal to cleve,
And hithir home I came whan it was eve,
And here I dwel, out cast from alle joie,
And shal, til I maie sene her efte in Troie.
And of him selfe imaginid he ofte
To ben defaitid, pale, and woxin lesse
Than he was wonte, and that men saidin softe
What may it be? who can the sothe gesse
Why Troilus hath al this hevinesse?
And al this n'as but his melancolie,
That he had of him selfe suche fantasie.

Anothir time imaginin he would
That every wight that went by the wey
Had of him routhe, and that thei saine should
I am right sory Troilus wol dey:
And thus he drove a daie yet forth or twey,
As ye have herde: suche life gan he to lede
As he that stode betwixin hope and drede:
For which him likid in his songis shewe
Th' enchesoun of his wo as he best might,
And made a songe of wordis but a fewe,
Somwhat his wofull herte for to light,
And whan he was from every mann'is sight
With softe voice he of his lady dere,
That absent was, gan sing as ye maie here:
O sterre! of which I lost have all the light,
With herte sore wel ought I to bewaile
That evir derke in turment, night by night,
Towarde my deth with winde I stere and saile,
For whiche the tennith night if that I faile
The giding of thy bemis bright an houre
My ship and me Carybdis woll devoure.
This songe when he thus songin had sone
He fil aien into his sighis olde,
And every night, as was his wont to done,
He stode the bright mone to beholde,
And al his sorowe he to the mone tolde,
And said, Iwis whan thou art hornid newe
I shal be glad if al the world be trewe.
I saw thine hornis olde eke by that morow
Whan hennis rode my bright lady dere,
That cause is of my turment and my sorow,
For whiche, o bright Lucina the clere!
For love of God ren fast about thy sphere,
For whan thine hornis newe ginnin to spring
Than shal she come that maie my blisse bring.
The daie is more and lengir every night
Than thei ben wont to be, thim thoughte tho,
And that the sunne went his course unright
By lengir waie than it was wonte to go,
And said, Iwis I drede me evirmo
The sunn'is sonne Phaeton be on live,
And that his fathir's carre amisse he drive.
Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,
And on the Grekis host he would yse,
And to him selfe right thus he would ytalke;
Lo! yondir is mine owne lady fre,
Or ellis yondir there the tentis be,
And thence comith this ayre that is so sote,
That in my soule I fele it doth me bote.
And hardily this winde that more and more
Thus stoundemele encresith in my face
Is of my ladies depe sighis sore;
I preve it thus, for in none othir space
Of al this toun, save onely in this place,
Fele I no winde that sounith so like paine,
It saith Alas! why twinid be we twaine?
This longe time he drivith forth right thus,
Til fully passid was the ninthe night,
And aie beside him was this Pandarus,
That besily did alle his full might
Him to comfort and make his herte light,
Yeving him hope alway the tenthe morow
That she shal comen and stintin al his sorow.

that othir ſide eke was Creſeide
omen ſewe among the Grekis ſtrong,
iche ſul oft a day Alas! ſhe ſeide,
was borne! wel maie mine hertè long
y deth, for now live I to long;
nd I ne may it not amende,
is worſe than evir yet I wende.
ather n'il for nothing do me grace
ayen for aught I can him queme,
ſo be that I my terme pace
oilus, alas! ſhal in his hert deme
am falſe, and ſo it maie wel ſeme;
al I have unthonke on every ſide:
was borne ſo welaway the tide!
if that I me put in jeopardie
awaie by night, and it befal
be caught I ſhal be holde a ſpie,
lo! this drede I moſt of al,
hondis of ſome wretche I ſal
but loſt, al be mine hertè trewe:
ighty God thou on my ſorow rewe!
ale iwoxin was her brightè face,
mis lene, as ſhe that al the daie
han ſhe durſt, and lokid on the place
he was borne, and ſhe had dwellid aye;
the night weping, alas! ſhe laie;
s diſpeirid out of allè cure
her life this ſorouſull creture.
ſt a daie ſhe ſighed eke for diſtreſſe,
her ſelfe ſhe went aie purtraying
ilus the gretè worthineſſe,
his godely wordis recording
ſt that daie her love began to ſpring;
us ſhe ſette her wofull hert afire
h remembraunce of that ſhe gan deſire.
this world there n'is ſo cruil hert
er had herd complainin in her ſorow
'old have wepin for her painis ſmert;
irly ſhe wept both eve and morow
did not no teres for to borow;
is was yet the worſt of all her paine,
as no wight to whom ſhe durſt complaine.
rewſully ſhe lokid upon Troie,
the touris high and eke the hallis;
(quod ſhe) the pleſaunce and the joie,
hiche that now al turned into gal is,
had oftin within yondir wallis!
lus: what doeſt thou now? ſhe ſeide;
whethir thou yet think upon Creſeide!
! that I ne had trowed on your lote,
ent with you, as ye me redde er this,
had I now not ſighid halſe ſo ſore:
night have ſaid that I had don amis
e awaie with ſuche one as he is?
to late comith the lectuarie
men the corſe unto the gravè carie.
ate is now to ſpeke of that matere;
nce, alas! one of thine eyin thre
kid alway er that I came here,
time paſſid wel remembrid me,
reſent time eke could I wel yſe,
ture time, er I was in the ſnare,
I not ſene, that cauſith now my care.

But nathèleſſe, betide what may betide,
I ſhal to morow' at night, by eſt or weſt,
Out of this hoſte ſtele on ſome manir ſide,
And gon with Troilus where as him leſt;
This purpoſe wol I holde, and this is beſt;
No force of wickid tongis jonglerie,
For er on love have wretchis had envie:
For who ſo wol of every worde take hede,
Or rulin him by every wight'is wit,
Ne ſhal he nevir thrivin out of drede,
For that that ſome men blamin ever yet
Lo othir manir folke commendin it;
And as for me, for al ſuche variaunce
Felicite clepe I my ſuffiſaunce.
For whiche, withoutin any wordis mo,
To Troie I wol, as for conclufioun.
But God it wote er ſully monthis two
She was ful ferre fro that entencioun,
For bothè Troilus and Troi toun
Shall knotèleſſe throughout her hertè ſlide,
For ſhe wol take a purpoſe for to' abide.
This Diomede of whom I you tel gan,
Goth now within himſelfe aie arguing,
With al the ſleight and al that er he can,
How he maie beſt with ſhortiſt tarying
Into his nette Creſeid'is hertè bring;
To this entente he couthè nevir fine;
To fiſhin her he laide out hoke and line.
But nathèleſſe wel in his hert he thought
That ſhe n'as nat without a love in Troie,
For nevir ſithin he her thennis brought
Ne couthe he ſene her laugh or makin joie;
He n'iſt how beſt her hert for to acoie,
But for t' aſſey he ſaid nought it ne greveth,
For *He that naught aſſayith naught atchieveth.*
Yet ſaid he to him ſelfe upon a night,
Now am I nat a fole that wote wel howe
Her woe is for love of anothir wight
And herupon to gon aſſaie her nowe?
I maie well wete it n'il nat ben my prowe,
For wiſe folke in bokis it expreſſe,
Men ſhal nat wowe a wight in bevineſſe.
But who ſo might ywinnin ſuche a floure
Fro him for whom ſhe mournith night and daie
He might wel ſaine he were a conqueroure;
And right anone, as he that bold was aie,
Thought in his hert, happin what happin may,
Al ſhould I die I wol her hertè ſeche,
I ſhal no more leſin but my ſpeche.
This Diomede, as bokis us declare,
Was in his nedis preſt and corageous,
With ſternè voice, and mighty limmis ſquare,
Hardy and teſtife, ſtrong and chevalrous,
Of dedis like his fathir Tydeus;
And ſome men ſaine he was of tongè large,
And heire he was of Caledon and Arge.
Creſeidè mene ywas of her ſtature,
Therto of ſhape, of face, and eke of chere,
There ne mightin ben no fairir creture;
And oftin timis this was her manere
To gone itreſſid with her heris clere
Doun by her colere, at her backe behinde,
Which with a threde of gold ſhe would binde.

And fave her bowis joynedin iferer
There n'as no lacke in aught I can efpien;
But for to fpekin of her eyin clere,
Lo! truily thei writtin that her feien
That paradis ftode formed in her eien,
And with her richè beauty evirmore
Strove love in her aie which of 'hem was more.
She fobre was, fimple, and wift withall,
The beft inorifhid eke that might be,
And godely of her fpeche in generall,
Charitable, eftately, lufty', and fre,
Ne nevirmore ne lackid her pite,
Tendrehertid, and fliding of corage,
But truily I can nat tel her age.
And Troilus wel woxin was in hight,
And complete, formid by proporcioun
So wel, that Kinde it naught amendin might,
Yong, fresh, and ftrong, and hardy as lioun,
And trewe as ftele in eche condicioun,
One of the beft entetchid creature
That is or fhal while that the world maie dure.
And certainly in ftory it is fonde
That Troilus was nevir to no wight,
As in his time, in no degre feconde
In daring do that longith to a knight;
Al might a giaunt paffin him of might
His hert aie with the firft and with the beft
Stode peregall to dare done what him left.
But for to tellin forthe of Diomede
It fil, that aftir on the tennith daie
Sens that Crefeide out of the cite yede
This Diomede, as fresh as braunche in Maie,
Came to the tentè there as Calchas laie,
And fainid him with Calchas have to done,
But what he mente I fhal you tellin fone.
Crefeidè, at fhorte wordis for to tel,
Welcomid him, and doun him by her fette,
And he was ethe inough to makin dwel;
And aftir this, withoutin longè lette,
The fpicis and the wine men forth 'hem fette,
And forthe thei fpeke of this and that ifere,
As frendis done, of whiche fome fhall ye here.
He gan firft fallin of the warre in fpeche
Betwixin them and the folke of Troie toun,
And of th' affiege he gan eke her befeche
To tellin him what was her opinioun;
Fro that demaunde he fo difcendith doun
To afkin her if that her ftraungè thought
The Grekis gife and werkis that thei wrought,
And why her fathir taryith fo long
To weddin her unto fome worthy wight?
Crefeidè, that was in her painis ftrong
For love of Troilus her ownè knight,
So ferforth as fhe conning had or might
Anfwerde him tho, but as of his entente
It femid that fhe ne wift what he mente.
But nathèleffe this ilkè Diomede
Gan on him felfe affure, and thus he feide;
If I aright have taken on you hede
Me thinkith thus, o lady mine Crefeide!
That fens I firft hond on your bridil leide,
When I out came of Troie by the morow,
Ne might I nevir fene you but in forow.

I can nat fain what maie the caufè be,
But if for love of fome Trojan it were,
The whiche right fore woul lin athinkin me,
That ye for any wight that dwellith there
Shulden yfpil a quartir of a tere,
Or pitoufly your felvin fo begile,
For dredèleffe it is nat worthe the while.
The folke of Troie, as who faith al and fome,
In prifon ben, as you your felvin fe,
Fro thennis fhal nat one on livè come
For al the golde atwixin funne and fe;
Truftith wel this, and undirftondith me,
There fhal nat one to mercy gone on live,
Al were he lord of worldis twifè five.
Such wrech on them for fetching of Heleine
There fhal be take, er that we hennis wende,
That Manes, whiche that goddis ben of Peine,
Shal ben agaft that Grekis wol 'hem fhende;
And men fhal drede unto the world'is ende
From hennis forthe to ravifhe any quene,
So cruil fhal our wreche on them be fene.
And but if Calchas led us with *ambages*,
That is to faine, with double wordis flie,
Suche as men clepen a word with two *visages*,
Ye fhal wel knowin that I do nat lie,
And al this thing right fene it with your ie,
And that anon, ye n'il nat trowe how fone;
Now takith hede, for it is for to done.
What! wenin ye that your wife fathir would
Have yevin Antenor for you anon
If he ne wiftè that the cite fhould
Diftroyid ben? Why, nay: fo mote I gone
He knew ful wel there fhal nat fcapin one
That Trojan is, and for the gretè fere
He durft nat that ye dwellid lengir there.
What wol ye more, o lovefome lady dere!
Let Troie and Trojans fro your hertè paffe;
Drive out the bittir hope, and make gode chere
And clepe ayen the beaute of your face,
That ye with faltè teris fo deface,
For Troie is brought in fuche a jeopardie
That it to fave is now no remedie.
And thinkith wel ye fhal in Grekis finde
A love more parfite, er that it be night,
Than any Trojan is, and morè kinde,
And bet to fervin you wol don his might;
And if that ye vouchfafe, my lady bright!
I wol ben he to fervin you my felve,
Ye, levir than be lorde of Grecis twelve.
And with that word he gan to waxin red,
And in his fpeche a litil while he quoke,
And caft afide a litil with his hed,
And ftinte a while, and aftirwarde he woke,
And fobrely on her he threwe his loke,
And faid, I am, al be' it to you no joie,
As gentle' a man as any wight in Troie?
For if my fathir Tydeus, he feide,
Ilivid had, tho I had ben er this
Of Calidony' and Arge a king, Crefeide,
And fo hope I that I fhal yet iwis,
But he was flaine, alas! the more harm is,
Unhappily at Thebis al to rathe,
Polynices and many' a man to feathe.

té mine! ſithe that I am your man,
n the firſt of whom I ſeche grace,
you as hertely as I can,
al while I to live have ſpace,
I depart out of this place
grauntin that I may to morow
ifir tell you of my ſorow.
ould I tell his wordis that he ſeide?
ough for o daie at the meſt;
wel he ſpake ſo that Creſeide
n the morow at his requeſt
ſpekin with him at the leſte,
n'olde ſpekin of ſuche matere,
e to him ſaid, as ye mowe here,
hat had her hert on Troilus
that none might it arace,
gèly ſhe ſpake, and ſeidè thus:
! I love that ilké place
s borne, and Jovis of thy grace
ſone of al that doth it care;
might ſo leve it wel to fare!
ekis wold ther wrath on Troyè wreke,
might, I know it wel iwis;
naught befallin as ye ſpeke,
oforne; and farthir ovir this
fathir wife and redy is,
e me hath bought, as ye me tolde,
m to him the more yholde.
ekis ben of high condicioun
well, but certaine men ſhall finde
folkè within Troiè toun,
, as parfite, and eke as kinde,
wixin Orcades and Inde;
e couldin wel your lady ſerve
wel, her thonke for to deſerve.
ſpeke of love, iwis, ſhe ſeide,
e to whom I weddid was,
mine hert was al til that he deide,
ove, as helpe me now Pallas,
ine hert ne is ne nevir was;
ben of noble' and high kinrede
herde it tellin out of drede.
doth me to have ſo grete a wonder
l ſcornin any woman ſo;
ote love and I ben fer aſonder;
d bet, ſo mote I go,
eth to plaine and makin wo;
aftir done I can nat ſaie,
s yet me liſte nat plaie.
t is now in tribulacioun,
rmis beſy daie by daie;
hen ye wonnin have the toun
than ſo it happin maie
I ſe that I nevir ere ſaie
werke that I nevir ere wrought;
to you inough ſuffiſin ought.
w eke wol I ſpeke with you faine,
ouchin nought of this matere,
you liſt ye maie come here againe;
on thus muche I ſaie you here,
Pallas with her heris clere,
ould of any Greke have routhe
e your ſelvin by my trouthe.

I ſaie nat therfore that I wol you love,
Ne ſaie nat naie, but, in concluſioun,
I mene wel, by God that ſit above:
And therwithal ſhe caſt her eyin doun,
And gan to ſigh, and ſaide, O Troyè toune!
Yet bidde I God in quiet and in reſt
I maie the ſene, or do mine hertè breſt.
But in effecte, and ſhortely for to ſaie,
This Diomede al freſhly newe againe
Gan preaſin on, and faſt her mercy praie;
And aftir this, the ſothè for to ſaine,
Her glove he toke, of which he was ful faine,
And, finally, whan it was woxin eve,
And al was well, he roſe and toke his leve.
The bright Venus folowid and aie taught
The waie there brodè Phœbus doune alight
And Cytherea her chare-horſe o'r raught
To whirle into the Lioun if ſhe might,
And Signifer his candils ſhewith bright,
Whan that Creſeide unto her bed wente
Within her fathir'is faire brightè tente,
Retourning in her ſoule aie up and doun
The wordis of this ſodaine Diomede,
His gret eſtate, and peril of the toun,
And that ſhe was alone, and haddè nede
Of frendis heipe, and thus began to drede
The cauſis why, the ſothe for to tell,
That ſhe toke fully purpoſe for to dwell.
The morow came, and, goſtly for to ſpeke,
This Diomedè is come unto Creſeide;
And, ſhortly, leſt that ye my talè breke,
So wel he for himſelfin ſpake and ſeide
That al her ſighis ſore adoun he leide;
And, finally, the ſothè for to ſaine,
He reft her of the grete of alle her pain.
And aftir this the ſtory tellith us
That ſhe unto him yave the faire baie ſtede
The whiche ſhe onis wan of Troilus,
And eke a broche (and that was litil nede)
That Troilus was, ſhe yave this Diomede,
And eke the bet from ſorowe' him to releve
She made him were a pencell of her ſleve.
I finde eke in the ſtory ellis where,
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede,
Of Troilus tho wepte ſhe many' a tere,
Whan that ſhe ſaw his wide woundis blede,
And that ſhe toke to kepin him gode hede,
And for to helin him of his woundis ſmerte:
Men ſaine, I n'ot, that ſhe yeve him her herte.
But truily the ſtory tellith us
There madin nevir woman morè wo
Than ſhe whan that ſhe falſid Troilus;
She ſaide Alas! for now is clene ago
My name in trouthe of love for evirmo,
For I have falſid one the gentilleſt
That ever was, and one the worthieſt.
Alas! of me unto the world'is ende
Shall neithir ben iwrittin or iſong
No gode worde, for theſe bokis woll me ſhende;
Irollid ſhall I ben on many' a tong,
Throughout the world my bell ſhall be yrong,
And women moſte woll hatin me of all;
Alas that ſoche a caas me ſhould befall!

Thei woll fain, in as moche as in me is
I have 'hem doen dishonour, welawaie!
All be I not the first that did amis,
What helpith that to doen my blame awaie?
But sens I se there is no bettir waie,
And that to late is now for me to rue,
To Diomede I woll algate be true.
But, Troilus, sens I no bettir maie,
And sens that thus departin ye and I,
Yet praie I God so yeve you right gode daie,
As for the gentillist knight truily
That er I sawe to servin faithfully,
And best can aie his ladie's honour kepe,
(And with that worde she brast anon to wepe.)
And certis you ne hatin shall I never,
And frend'is love that shall ye have of me,
And my gode worde, all should I livin ever;
And truily I would right sorie be
For to sein you in adversite;
And giltilesse I wot well I you leve;
And all shall passe, and thus take I my leve;
But truily how long it was bitwene
That she forsoke him for this Diomede
There is none auĉthour tellith it I wene,
Take every man now to his bokis hede
He shall no terme findin out of drede,
For though that he began to wowe her sone,
Er he her wan yet was there more to done.
Ne me ne list this selie woman chide
Ferthir than that the storie woll devise;
Her name, alas! is publishid so wide
That for her gilt it ought inough suffise;
And if I might excuse her in some wise,
For she so sorie was for her untrouthe,
Iwis I would excuse her yet for routhe.
This Troilus, as I before have told,
Thus drivith forth as wel as he hath might,
But oftin was his hertē hote and cold,
And namily that ilke ninithe night
Whiche on the morowe she had him behight
To come ayen; God wote full little rest
Had he that night; nothing to slepe him lest.
The lauril-crounid Phœbus with his hete
Gan in his course aie upward as he went
To warme of the est se the wavis wete,
And Circe'is doughtir song with freshe entent,
Whan Troilus his Pandare aftir sent,
And on the wallis of the toune thei pleide,
To loke if thei cate sene aught of Creseide;
Till it was none thei stodin for to se
Who that there came, and every manir wight
That came fro ferre thei faidin it was she,
Till that thei couldin knowin him aright;
Now was his herte dull, now was it light;
And thus bejapid stodin for to stare
About naught this Troilus and Pandare.
To Pandarus this Troilus tho seide;
For aught I wot before none sikirly
Into this toune ne comith not Creseide,
She hath inough to doin hardily
To twinnin from her fathir, so trowe I;
Her oldē fathir woll yet make her dine
Er that she go; God yeve his hertē pine!

Pandare answerd, it may wel ben certain
And forthy let us dine, I the beseche,
And aftir none than maist thou come again:
And home thei go withoutin more speche,
And comin ayen; but long maie thei seche
Er that thei findin that thei aftir gape;
Fortune 'hem bothe ythankith for to jape.
(Quod Troilus) I se well now that she
Is taryid with her old fathir so
That er she come it woll nigh evin be;
Come forthe, I woll unto the yate go,
These portirs ben unkonning, evirmo,
And I woll doen 'hem holdin up the yete
As naught ne were, although she comin late.
The daie goth fast, and after that came ever,
And yet came not to Troilus Creseide:
He lokith forth by hedge, by tre, by greve,
And ferre his hedde ovir the wall he leide,
And at the last he tournid him, and seide,
By God I wote her mening now, Pandare;
Almoste iwis all newe was all my care.
Now doutilesse this ladie can her gode;
I wote she comith riding privily;
I commendin her wisedome by mine hode;
She woll nat makin peple nicily
Gaure on her whan she cometh, but softily
By night into the toune she thinkith ride,
And, dere brothir! thinke nat long to abide.
We have naught ellis for to doen iwis;
And Pandarus, now wilt thou trowin me,
Have here my trouth I se her; yond she is:
Heve up thine eyin man; maiest thou nat se?
Pandare answerid, Naie, so mote I the;
All wrong by God; what saist thou man? where art?
That I se yonde a farre n'is but a carte.
Alas! thou saiest righte sothe, (quod Troilus)
But hardily it is not all for nought
That in mine herte I now rejoice thus;
It is ayenst some gode: I have a thought,
N'ot I nat how, but sens that I was wrought
Ne felt I soche a comfort dare I saie:
She cometh to night, my life that dunst I lay.
Pandare answerde, It maie be well inough;
And helde with him of all that er he saied,
But in his herte he thought, and soft he lough,
And to himself full sobirly he saied,
From hasilwodde, there Joly Robin plaied,
Shall come all that that thou abidist here;
Ye, farwell all the snowe of ferne yere.
The wardein of the yatis gan to call
The folke which that without the yatis were;
And badde 'hem drivin in their bestis all,
Or all the night thei must bylevin there;
And ferre within the night, with many a tere,
This Troilus gan homward for to ride,
For well he seeth it helpith nat to abide.
But nathelesse he gladdid him in this,
He thought he misaccomptid had his daie,
And saied, I understande have all amis,
For thilke night I last Creseide saie
She saied I shall ben here, if that I maie,
Er that the mone, o my dere hertē swete!
The Lion passe out of this Ariete:

hiche ſhe maie yet hold all her beheſt;
the morowe to the yate he went,
and doune, by weſt and eke by eſt,
wallis made he many' a went;
r naught; his hope alway him blent,
h at night in ſorow and ſighes ſore
him home withoutin any more.
ope all clene out of his hertè fledde,
ath wheron now lengir for to hong,
he pain him thought his hertè bledd,
is throwis ſharp, and wondir ſtrong,
he ſawe that ſhe abode ſo long
iſt what he judgin of it might,
hath brokin that ſhe him behight.
irde, the fourth, the fifte, and the ſixt, daie
dayis tenne of whiche I told,
hope and drede his hertè laie,
what truſting on her heſtis old;
n he ſawe ſhe n'olde her termis hold
ow ſene none othir remedie
ſhapin him ſone for to die.
rith the wickid ſpirit, God us bleſſe!
hat men clepin the wode Jalouſie,
im crepe in all this hevineſſe,
he bicauſe he wouldin ſonè die
ne dronke for his melancolie,
from every companie he fledde;
the life that all this time he ledde.
defaite was that no manir man
him might knowin there he went,
e lene and therto pale and wan,
e, that he walkith by potent,
h his ire he thus himſelfin ſhent;
ſo aſkid him wherof him ſmerte,
his harme was all about his herte.
full oft, and eke his mothir dere,
erne and his ſuſtrin, gan him frain
ſo wofull was in all his chere,
t thing was the cauſe of al his pain?
r naught; he n'olde his cauſe plain,
he felt a grevous maladie
s herte, and fain he wouldè die.
daie he laie him doune to ſlepe,
ifell it that in ſlepe him thought
foreſt faſt he walked to wepe
of her that him theſe painis wrought,
nd doune as he that foreſt ſought
e ſawe a bore with tuſkis grete
t ayeniſt the bright ſunn'is hete;
y this bore, faſt in her armis fold,
ng aie his ladie bright Creſeide,
we' of whiche, whan he it gan behold,
diſpite, out of his ſlepe he breide,
le he cried on Pandarus, and ſeide,
rus! now knowe I crop and rote
ut dedde; there n'is none othir bote.
die bright, Creſeide, hath me betraide,
I truſtid moſte of any wight;
where hath now her hert apaied;
full goddis thorough ther grete might
my dreme iſhewid it full right;
my dreme Creſeide have I beholde,
this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

O my Creſeide! alas! what ſubtilte,
What newè luſt, what beaute, what ſcience,
What wrathe of juſte cauſe have ye unto me?
What gilt of me, what fell experience,
Hath fro me rafte, alas! thine advertence?
O truſt! o faithe! quod he', o depe aſſuraunce!
Who hath me rafte Creſeide, all my pleſaunce?
Alas! why let I her from hennis go?
For whiche well nigh out of my wit I breide;
Who ſhall now trowe on any othis mo?
God wote I wende, o ladie bright Creſeide!
That every worde was goſpell that ye ſeide:
But who maie bet begile if that him liſt,
Than he on whom men wenin beſt to triſt?
What ſhall I doen, my Pandarus? alas!
I felin now ſo ſharpe a newè pain,
Sens that there is no remedy' in this caas,
That bet were it I with mine hondis twain
My ſelvin ſlowe than alwaie thus to plain,
For through the deth my wo ſhuld have an ende,
There every daie with life my ſelf I ſhende.
Pandare anſwerde and ſaid, Alas the while
That I was borne! Have I nat faied er this
That dremis many' a manir man begile?
And why? for folke expoundin 'hem amis:
How darſt thou ſain that falſe thy ladie is
For any dreme? right for thine ownè drede
Let be this thought; thou canſt no dremis rede.
Paravinture there thou dremeſt of this bore
It maie ſo be that it maie ſignifie
Her fathir, whiche that old is and eke hore,
Ayen the ſunne lyith on poinct to die,
And ſhe for ſorowe ginnith wepe and crie,
And kiſſith him, there he lieth on the ground;
Thus ſhuldiſt thou thy dreme aright expound.
How might I than doin (quod Troilus)
To knowe of this, yea, were nevir ſo lite?
Now ſaieſt thou wiſely, (quod this Pandarus)
My redy is this, ſens thou canſt well endite,
That haſtily a lettir thou her write,
Thorough which thou ſhalt wel bringin about
To knowe a ſoth of that thou art in dout.
And ſe now why; for this I dare well ſain,
That if ſo is that ſhe untrue ybe
I can not trowe that ſhe woll write again;
And if ſhe write thou ſhalt full ſone iſe
As whethir ſhe hath any liberte
To come ayen, or ellis in ſome clauſe
If ſhe be let ſhe wol aſſigne a cauſe.
Thou haſt not writtin to her ſens ſhe went,
Nor ſhe to the; and this I durſt wele laie,
There maie ſoche cauſè ben in her entent
That hardily thou wolt thy ſelvin ſaie
That her abode the beſt is for you twaie:
Now write her than, and thou ſhalt ſelè ſone
A ſoth of all; there is no more to done.
Acordid ben to this concluſioun,
And that anon, theſe ilke lordis two,
And haſtily ſat Troilus adoun,
And rollith in his hertè to and fro
How he maie beſt diſcrivin her his wo,
And to Creſeidè his owne ladie dere
He wrote right thus, and ſaid as ye maie here,

The copie of the letter.

Right fresh flour, whose I have aye ben and shall,
Withoutin part of ellifwhere servise,
With herte and bodie, life, lust, thought, and all,
I wofull wight, in every humble wise
That tong can tell or hertè maie devise,
As oft as mattir occupyith place,
Me recommaunde unto your noble grace.
Likith it you to wetin, swetè herte!
As ye well knowin, how long time agon
That ye me left in aspre painis smerte,
Whan that ye wentin, of whiche yet bote non
Have I non had, but evir worse bigon
Fro daie to daie am I, and so mote dwell
While it you list, of wele and wo my well.
For whiche to you with dredefull herte true
I write, as he that sorowe driveth to write,
My wo, that every houre encresith newe,
Complaining as I dare or can endite;
And that defacid is that maie ye wite
The teris which that from mine eyin rain,
That wuldin speke if that thei durst and plain.
You first besèche I that your eyin clere
To loke on this defoulid ye nat hold,
And ore all this that ye my ladie dere
Woll vouchsafin this lettir to behold,
And by the cause eke of my caris cold,
That slaeth my wit, if aught amis me sterte
Foryevith it me, mine owne swetè herte!
If any servaunt durst or ought of right
Upon his ladie pitously complain,
Than wene I that I ought to be that wight,
Considrid this, that ye these monthis twain
Have taried there ye saidin, sothe to sain,
But tenne dayis ye n'olde in hoste sojourne,
But in two monethis yet ye not retourne.
But for as moche as me mote nedis like
All that you list I dare nat planin more,
But humbly with sorowfull sighis sike
You write I mine unrestie sorowes sore,
Fro daie to daie desiring evirmore
To knowin fully, if your will it were,
How ye have fared and don while ye be there;
The whose welfare and hele eke God encrese
In honour soche, that upward in degre
It growe alwaie, so that it nevir cese;
Right as your herte aie can, my ladie fre,
Devise, I praie to God so mote it be,
And graunt it that ye sone upon me rewe,
As wisely as in all I'am to you true.
And if you likith knewin of the fare
Of me, whose wo there maie no wight discrive,
I can no more, but cheft of every care,
At writing of this lettir I'am on live,
All redy out of my wofull ghost to drive,
Whiche I delaie and holde him yet in honde
Upon the sight of mattir of your sonde.
Mine eyin two, in vain with whiche I se,
Of sorowfull teres salt arn woxin wellis,
My song in plaint of mine adversite,
My gode in harme, mine ese eke woxin hel is,
My joie in wo: I can sey now nought ellis
But tournid is, for whiche my life I warie,
Every joie or ese in his contrarie:
Which with your coming home ayen to Troy
Ye maie redresse, and more a thousande sithe
Than er I had encressin in me joie,
For was there nevir hertè yet so blythe
To have his life as I shall ben as swithe
As I you se, and though no manir routhe
Can mevin you, yet thinkith on your trouthe.
And if so be my gilt hath deth deserved,
Or if you list no more upon me se,
In guerdon yet of that I have you served
Besèche I you, mine ownè ladie fre
That hereupon you wouldin write to me
For love of Jovis, my right lodè sterre,
That deth maie make an end of al my werre.
If othir cause aught doeth you for to dwel,
That with your lettir ye me recomfort,
For though to me your absence is an hell,
With pacience I woll my wo comfort,
And with your letter' of hope I woll disport:
Now writith, swete! and let me thus nat plain;
With hope or deth delivereth me fro pain.
Iwis, mine ownè derè hertè true!
I wot that whan ye next upon me se,
So lost have I mine hele and eke mine hewe,
Cresèidè shall not conne tho knowin me;
Iwis, mine hert'is daie, my ladie fre!
So thurstith aie mine hertè to behold
Your beaute that unneth my life I hold.
I saie no more, all have I for to sey
To you well more than that I tellin maie;
But whethir that ye doe me live or dey
Yet praie I God so yeve you right gode daie:
And farith well, thou godely faire freshe Maie!
As ye that life or deth me maie commaunde,
And to your trouth aie I me recommaunde,
With helè soche, that but ye yevin me
The famin hele I shall non hele yhave:
In you lieth, whan you list that it so be,
The daie in whiche me clothin shall my grave,
And in you my life, in you might to save
Me fro disese of all my painis smerte:
And farith now wele, myne own dere swete herte!

Le vostre, T.

This lettir forthe was sent unto Cresèide,
Of whiche her answere in effect was this;
Full pitously she wrote ayen, and seide,
That all so sonè as she might iwis
She would come, and amende that was amis;
And, finally, she wrote and sayid then
She would ycome, ye, but she n'ist not when.
But in her lettir madin she soche festes
That wondir was, and swore she loved him best,
Of whiche he found but botomles bihestes.
But, Troilus, thou maiest now east and west
Pipe in an ivie lese if that the lest:
Thus goth the world; God shild us fro mischaunce,
And every wight that menith trouth avaunce!
Encresin gan the wo fro daie to night
Of Troilus for tarying of Cresèide,

an his hope and ek his might,
al doun he in his bedde him leide;
lronke, ne slept, ne wordè seide,
ie that she was unkinde,
well nigh he wext out of his mind.
ne of whiche I told have eke beforne
come out of his remembraunce;
aie well he had his ladie lorn,
vis of his hie purveiaunce
had in slepe the signifiaunce
outh and his difavinture,
e bore was shewed him in figure;
he he for Sibylle his sustir sent,
was Cassandre' eke all about,
dreme he told her er he stent,
ought assoilin him the doubt
g bore with all his tuskis stout;
within a litil stounde
m gan thus his dreme expound.
rst smile, and said, O brothir dere!
he of this desirest to knowe
a fewe of oldè stories here,
how that Fortune ovirthrowe
old, through which within a throw
his bore well know, and of what kinde
, as men in bokis finde.
hiche that wrothe was and in ire,
a'olde doin her sacrifice,
n her altar set on fire,
Grekis gon her so dispise
in a wondir cruill wise,
bore as grete as oxe in stall
p frete ther corne and vinis all.
e bore was all the countrie reised,
hiche there came this borè to se
of this worlde the best ipraised;
ger, lorde of that countre,
this freshè maidin fre,
is manhode er he wouldè stent
slough, and her the hed he sent.
, as oldè bokis tellin us,
conteke and a grete envie;
orde disendid Tydeus
ellis oldè bokis lie;
s Meleager gan to die,
is mothir, woll I you not tell,
ng it werin for to dwell.
eke how Tydeus, er she stent,
ongè cite of Thebes
kingdome of the cite) went
wè Dan Polynices,
he brothir Dan Eteocles
ully of Thebis held the strength;
he by processe all by length.
eke how Hemonides afterte
us slough fiftie knightis stoute;
e all the prophesies by herte,
at sevin kingis with ther rout
he cite all aboute,
olie serpent, and the well,
Furies all, she gan him tell.
ofugus Tydeus primo Polynicem,
tum docet, insidiasque secundus,
emonides canit, & vatem latitantem,
Quartus habet Reges ineuntes prælia septem,
Lemniadum Furiæ quinto narrantur, & angues,
Archemori busta sexto, ludique leguntur,
Dat Thebis vatem Graiorum septimus umbris,
Octavo cecidit Tydeus, spes, vita Pelasgum,
Hippomedon nono moritur cum Parthenopæo,
Fulmine percussus decimo Capaneus superatur,
Undecimo sese perimunt per vulnera fratres,
Argivum flentem murrat duodenus, & ignem.

Of Archinorie's burying and the plaies,
And how Amphiaraus fill through the grounde,
How Tydeus was slain, Lord of Argeies,
And how Hipome'don in a litil stounde
Was dreint, and dedde Parthenope of wound,
And also how Capanëus the proude
With thonder dint was slain, that cryd loude.
She gan eke tell him how that eithir brother,
Eteocles and Polynice also,
At a scarmishe eche of 'hem slough the other,
And of Argivis weping and ther mo,
And how the toun was brent she told eke tho;
And tho discendid doune from jestis old
To Diomede, and thus she spake and told:
This ilkè bore betokenith Diomede,
Tydeus sonne, that doune discendid is
Fro Mele'ager, that made the bore to blede,
And thy ladie, where so she be iwis,
This Diomede her herte hath and she his:
Wepe if thou wolt or leve, for out of dout
This Diomede is in and thou art out.
Thou saiest nat sothe, (quod he) thou sorceresse,
With all thy falsè ghost of prophecie;
Thou wenist ben a grete devineresse,
Now seest thou nat this fole of fantasie
Pinin her upon ladies for to lie:
Awaie, (quod he) there Jovis yeve the sorowe!
Thou shalt be fals para'venture er to morow.
As well thou mightist lien on gode Alceste,
That was of all creturis (but men lie)
Thât evir werin kindist and the beste,
For whan her husbonde was in jeopardie
To die himself, but if she wouldè die,
She chese for him to die and gon to hell,
And starse anon, as us the bokis tell.
Cassandre goeth; and he with cruill herte
Foryate his wo for angre of her speche,
And fro his bedde all sodainly he sterte,
As though all whole him had imade a leche,
And daie by daie he gan enquire and seche
A sothe of this with all his besy cure;
And thus he drivith forthe his avinture.
Fortune, whiche that the permutacion
Of all thinges hath, as it is her committed
Through purveiaunce and disposicion
Of high Jove, as reignis shall ben yflitted
Fro folk to folk, or whan thei shal ben finitted,
Gan pull awaie the sethirs bright of Troie
Fro daie to daie, till thei ben bare of joie.
Emong all this the fine of the' jeopardie
Of Hector gan approchin wondir blive,
The Fatis would his soule should unbodie,
And shapin had a mene it out to drive,
Ayenst whiche fate him helpith not to strive,

But on a daie to fightin gan he wende,
At whiche, alas! he caught his liv'is ende:
For whiche me thinkith every manir wight
That hauntith armis oughtin to bewaile
The deth of him that was so noble' a knight,
For as he drough a king by th' aventaile,
Unware of this Achilles through the maile
And through the bodie gan him for to rive,
And thus the worthy knight was reft of live;
For whom, as olde bokis tellin us,
Was made soch wo that tong it maie nat tel,
And namily the sorowe' of Troilus,
That next him was of worthinesse the well,
And in this wo gan Troilus to dwell,
That what for sorowe, love, and for unrest,
Full oft a daie he had his hertè brest.
But nathèlesse though he gon him dispaire,
And drede aie that his ladie was untrue,
Yet aie on her his hertè gan repaire,
And, as these lovirs doen, he sought aie newe
To get ayen Creseide bright of hewe,
And in his herte he went her excusing,
That Calchas causid all her tarying.
And oftin time he was in purpose grete
Him selvin like a pilgrim to disgise
To sene her; but he maie not counterfete
To ben unknowen of folke that werin wise,
Ne finde excuse aright that maie suffice,
If he among the Grekis knowin were,
For whiche he wept full oft many a tere.
To her he wrote yet oftin time all newe
Full pitously, he left it nat for slouthe,
Beseching her, sithins that he was true,
That she would come ayen and hold her trouth:
For whiche Creseide upon a daie for routh,
I take it so, touching all this mattere
Wrote him ayen, and saied as ye maie here:
Cupid'is sonne, ensample' of godelihede,
O swerde of knighthode, sours of gentilnesse!
How might a wight in turment and in drede,
And heleleste, you sendin as yet gladnesse?
I hertilesse, I sicke, I in distresse,
Sens ye with me nor I with you maie dele,
You neithir sende I maie ne herte ne hele.
Your lettirs full the papir all iplainted
Connnevid havin myne hert'is pite;
I have eke sene with teris all depainted
Your lettir, and how ye requirin me
To come ayen, whiche yet ne maie not be,
But why, lest that this lettir foundin were,
No mencioun ne make I now for fere.
Grevous to me (God wote) is your unrest,
Your hast, and that the goddis ordinaunce
It semith nat ye take it for the best,
Nor othir thing n'is in your remembraunce
As thinkith me, but onely your plesaunce;
But beth nat wroth, and that I you beseche,
For that I tarie' is all for wickid speche:
For I have herd well more than I wend
Touching us two how thingis have istond,
Whiche I shall with dissimuling amende;
And beth not wroth, I have eke undirstond
How ye ne doe but holdin me in honde;
But now no force; I can nat in you gesse
But allè trouthe and allè gentilnesse.
Comin I woll, but yet in soche disjointe
I stond as now, that what yere or what daie
That this shall be that can I nat apointe;
But in effect I praie you as I maie
Of your gode worde and of your frendship aie,
For truily while that my life maie dure
As for a frende ye maie in me assure.
Yet praie I you on evill ye na take
That it is short whiche that I to you write;
I dare nat there I am well lettirs make,
Ne nevir yet ne could I well endite;
Eke grete effect men writin in place lite;
Th' entent is all, and nat the lettirs space:
And farith well; God have you in his grace!

Le contre, C.

This Troilus thought this lettir al straunge
Whan he it sawe, and sorowfully he sight;
Him thought it like a kalendes of eschaunge;
But, finally, he ful ne trowin might
That she ne would him holdin that she hight,
For with ful evill wil liste him to leve
That lovith wel, in such case, though him greve.
But nathèlesse men sain that at the last
For any thing men shal the sothè se,
And suche a case betide, and that as fast,
That Troilus wel understonde that she
N'as nat so kinde as that her ought to be;
And, finally, he wote now out of dout
That al is lost that he hath ben about.
Stode on a daie in his melancolie
This Troilus, and in suspectioun
Of her for whom he wenid for to die,
And so befil that throughout Troiè toun,
As was the gise, iborne was up and doun
A manir cote armoure, as saithe the storie,
Beforn Deiphobe, in signe of his victorie;
The whiche cote, as tellith Lollius,
Deiphobe it had yrente fro Diomede
The same daie; and when this Troilus
It sawe he gan to takin of it hede,
Avising of the length and of the brede,
And al the werke, but as he gan beholde
Ful sodainly his herte began to colde,
As he that on the coler sonde within
A broche that he Creseide yave at morow
That she from Troiè toune must nedis twin,
In remembraunce of him and of his sorow,
And she him laide ayen her faith to borow
To kepè it aie; but now ful wel he wist
His lady n'as no longir on to trist.
He goeth him home, and gan ful sone sende
For Pandarus, and al this newè chaunce,
And of this broch he tolde him orde and ende,
Complaining of her hert'is variaunce,
His longè love, his trouth, and his penaunce;
And aftir Deth, withoutin wordis more,
Ful fast he cried, his reft him to restore.
Than spake he thus; O lady mine, Creseide!
Where is your faith, and where is your beheste?
Where is your love? where is your trouth? be-
seide;

ede have ye now al his ſeſt?
ould have trowid at the leſt
ye n'olde in trouthe to me ſtonde
hus n'olde have holdin me in honde.
al now trowen on any othis mo?
evir would have wende er this
Creſeide, coulde have chaungid ſo,
ad agilte and don amis;
ende I nat your herte iwis
thus; alas! your name of trouthe.
rdone, and that is al my routhe.
ere none othir broche you liſt to lete
ith your newe love, (quod he)
broche that I with teris wete
as for a remembraunce of me?
er cauſe, alas! ne haddin ye
ſpite, and eke for that ye mente
to ſhewin your entente:
h which I ſe that clene out of your
ne caſt, and I ne can nor maie [minde
is world within mine herte finde
in you a quartir of a daie;
ime I borne was, welawaie!
that done me all this wo endure
the beſt of any creture.
od (quod he) me ſendin yet the grace
tie metin with this Diomede,
y if I have might and ſpace
I make I hope his fidis blede:
(quod he) that aughtiſt takin hede
in trouthe, and wrongis to punice,
thou don a vengeaunce of this vice?
darus! that in dremes for to triſte,
id haſt, and wonte art oft upbreide,
ſt thou ſene thy ſelfe, if that the liſt,
ve is now thy nece bright Creſeide:
formis, (God it wote) he ſeide,
lis ſhewin bothe joie and tene
nd by my dreme it is now ſene.
rtainly, withoutin more ſpeche,
nis forthe, as ferforthe as I maie,
ne deth in armis wol I ſeche,
e nat how ſone be the daie;
lly, Creſeide, ſwete Maie!
have ay with al my might iſerved,
hus done I have it nat deſerved.
andarus, that al theſe thingis herde,
e wel that he ſaid a ſothe of this,
worde ayen to him anſwerde,
of his frend'is ſorow' he is,
aid for his nece hath done amis,
te aſtonied of theſe cauſis twaie
ſtone; o worde ne coulde he ſaie.
the laſt thus he yſpake and ſeide:
hir dere! I may do the no more;
ould I ſaine? I hate iwis Creſeide,
it wote I wol hate her er-more;
thou me beſoughtiſt don of yore,
nto mine honour ne my reſte
regarde, I did al that the leſte.
id aught which that might likin the
leſe, and of this treſon now
e that it a ſorow is to me,
And dredeleſſe, for hert'is eſe of you,
Right ſaine I would amende it wiſt I how,
And fro this world Almighty God I praie,
Delivir her ſone! I can no more ſaie.
Great was the woe and plaint of Troilus,
But forthe her courſe Fortune aie gan to holde,
Creſeide lovith the ſonne of Tydeus,
And Troilus mote wepe in caris colde:
Such is this worlde, who ſo it can beholde;
In eche eſtate is litill hert'is reſte;
God leve us to takin it for the beſte!
In many cruil bataile, out of drede,
Of Troilus this ilke noble knight
(As men maie in theſe olde bokis rede)
Was ſene his knighthod and his grete might,
And dredeleſſe his ire daie and night
Ful cruilly the Grekis aie abought,
And alwaie moſt this Diomede he ſought.
And oftin timis I finde that thei mette
With blody ſtrokis and with wordis grete,
Aſſaying how ther ſperis werin whette;
And God it wote with many a cruil hete
Gan Troilus upon his helme to bete:
But nath leſſe Fortune it naught ne would
Of eithir's honde that eithir dyin ſhould.
And if I had itakin for to write
The armis of this ilke worthy man,
Than would I of his battailis endite;
But for that I to writin firſt began
Of his love, I have ſaidin as I can
His worthy dedis, who ſo liſte 'hem here,
Rede Dares, he can tel 'hem al iſere.
Beſeching every lady bright of hewe,
And every gentil woman, what ſhe be,
Al be it that Creſeide was untrewe,
That for that gilt ye be nat wroth with me,
Ye maie her gilte in othir bokis ſe;
And gladdir I would writin if you leſte
Of Penelope's trouth and gode Alceſte.
Ne ſaie I nat this all only for men,
But moſt for women that betrayid be
Through fals folke, God yeve 'hem ſorrow, *Amen!*
That with ther grete witte and ſubtilte
Betrayin you, and this commevith me
To ſpeke; and in effecte you al I praie
Beth ware of men, and herkenith what I ſaie:
Go, litil boke, go litill tragedie,
There God my makir yet er that I die
So ſende me might to make ſome comedie;
But, litill boke, make thou the none envie,
But ſubject ben unto al poeſie,
And kiſſe the ſteppes wher as thou ſeiſt pace
Of Virgil, Ovide, Homer, Lucan, Stace.
And for there is ſo grete diverſite
In Engliſh, and in writing of our tonge,
So praie I to God that none miſwrite the,
Ne the miſſe-metre for defaute of tonge;
And redde where ſo thou be or ellis ſonge
That thou be undirſtonde God I beſeche;
But yet to purpoſe of my rathir ſpeche.
The wrathe, as I began you for to ſeie,
Of Troilus the Grekis boughtin dere,
For thouſandis his hondis madin deye,

As he that was withoutin any pere,
Save in his time Hector, as I can here;
But welawaie! (save onely Godd'is wil)
Dispitoufly him flough the fierfe Achil.
And whan that he was flain in this manere,
His lightè gofte ful blisfully is went
Up to the' holownefte of the feventh fphere,
In his place leting everiche element,
And there he fawe, with ful avifêment,
The erratike fterres, herkening harmonie,
With fownis full of hevins melodie.
And doun from thennis faft he gan avife
This litil fpotte of erth that with the fe
Embracid is, and fully gan difpife
This wretchid world, and helde al vanite
In refpecte of the plaine felicite
That is in heven above, and at the laft
There he was flaine his loking doun he caft.
And in him felfe he lough right at the wo
Of them that weptin for his dethe fo faft,
And dampnid all our werkes, that foloweth fo
The blindè luft whiche that ne may nat laft,
And fhuldin al our herte on hevin caft;
And forthe he went, fhortily for to tell,
There as Mercury fortid him to dwel.
Suche fine hath, lo! this Troilus for love,
Suche fine hath all his gretè worthinefte,
Suche fine hath his eftate royal above,
Suche fine his luft, fuche fine hath his noblefte,
Suche fine hath this falfe world'is brotilnefte!
And thus began his loving of Crefeide
As I have tolde, and in this wife he deide.
O yonge and frefhè folkis, he or fhe!
In whiche that love up growith with your age,
Repairith home from worldely vanite,
And of your hertes up caftith the vifage
To thilkè God that aftir his image
You made, and thinkith al n'is but a faire,
This world that paffith fone, as flouris faire:
And lovith him the whiche that right for
Upon a crofte, our foulis for to bey,
Firft ftarfe and rofe, and fit in heven above,
For he n'il falfin no wight, dare I fey,
That wol his hert al wholly on him ley;
And fens he beft to love is and moft meke
What nedith fainid lovis for to feke?
Lo! here of Painims curfid oldè rites!
Lo! here what al ther goddis maie availe!
Lo! here this wretchid world'is appetites!
Lo! here the fine and guerdon for travaile
Of Jove, Apollo, Mars, and fuch rafkaile!
Lo! here the forme of oldè clerkis fpeche
In poetrie, if ye ther bokis feche!
O, moral Gower! this Boke I dirofte
To the and to the philofophicall Strode,
To vouchfafe there nede is for to correcte
Of your benignities and zelis gode;
And to the fothfaft Chrift, that ftarfe on rode,
With al mine hert of mercy er I praie,
And to the Lorde right thus I fpeke and faie:
Thou One, and Two, and Thre! eterne on live
That raignift aie in Thre, and Two, and One!
Uncircumfcript, and all maift circumfcrive,
From vifible and invifible fone
Defende us in thy mercy everichone!
So make us, Jefus, to thy mercy digne,
For love of maide and mothir thine benigne!

TESTAMENT OF FAIRE CRESEIDE*.

y ſeſon till a careſull dite
correſponde and be equivalent;
o it was whan I began to write
agedy, the weder right fervent,
Aries in middis of the Lent
s of haile gan fro the north diſcende,
antly fro the cold I might me deſende.
nertheleſſe within mine orature
whan Titan had his bemis bright
awin doun, and ſcylid undir cure,
re Venus the beaute of the night,
, and ſette unto the weſte ful right
din face, in oppoſitioun
Phœbus, directe diſcending doun.
ughout the glaſſe her bemis braſt ſo faire
might ſe on every ſide me by,
thrin winde hath purified the aire,
dde his miſty cloudis fro the ſkie,
he freſid, the blaſtis bittirly
Artike came whiſking loud and ſhill,
ſid me remove ayenſt my will:
truſtid that Venus, Lov'is quene,
n ſomtime I hight obedience,
d hert of love ſhe would make grene,
reupon with humble reverence
t to praie her hie magnificence,
grete colde as than I lettid was,
my chambre to the fire gan pas.
gh love be hote, yet in a man of age
th nat ſo ſone as in youthed,
Of whom the blode is flowing in a rage,
And in the olde the corage dul and ded,
Of whiche the fire outwarde is beſt remed:
To helpe by phiſike wher that nature failed:
I am experte, for bothe I have affailed.
I made the fire and bekid me aboute,
Than toke I drinke my ſpirites to comforte,
And armid me wel fro the colde theroute:
To cutte the wintir night and make it ſhorte
I toke a quere, and leſte al othir ſporte,
Writin by worthy Chaucer glorious
Of faire Creſeide and luſty Troilus:
And there I founde aftir that Diomede
Receivid had that lady bright of hewe
How Troilus nere out of his witte abrede,
And wept full ſore, with viſage pale of hewe
For which wanhope his teris gan renewe
While Eſperus rejoyſid him againe;
Thus while in joie he lived and while in paine.
Of her beheſt he had grete comforting,
Truſting to Troie that ſhe wold make retour,
Whiche he deſired moſt of al erthly thing,
For why ſhe was his onely paramour;
But whan he ſawe paſſid both day and hour
Of her gaincome, in ſorowe gan oppreſſe
His woful herte in care and hevineſſe.
Of his diſtreſſe me nedith nat reherſe,
For worthy Chaucer in that ſame boke
In godely termis and in joly verſe
Compilid hath his caris, who will loke:
To break my ſlepe anothir quere I toke,
In which I founde the fatal deſtiny
Of faire Creſeide, which endid wretchidly.
Who wote if all that Chaucer wrate was trewe?
Nor I wote nat if this narracion
Be authoriſed, or forgid of the newe
Of ſome poete by his invencion,
Made to reporte the lamentacion
And wofull ende of this luſty Creſeide,
And what diſtreſſe ſhe was in or ſhe deide.

Author of The Teſtament of Creſeide, which is for the ſixth book of this ſtory. I have been by Sir James Kriſkin late Earl of Kelly, and diſcholars of the Scottiſh nation, was one Mr. enderſon, chief ſchoolmaſter of Dumferlin, a before Chaucer was firſt printed, and dedicated nry VIII. by Mr. Thynne, which was near the reign. Mr. Henderſon wittily obſerving that s his fifth book had related the death of Troade no mention what became of Creſeide, he akes upon him, in a fine poetical way, to exuniſhment and end due to a falſe unconſtant ich commonly terminates in extreme miſery.

Whan Diomede had al his appetite
And more fulfilled of this faire lady
Upon anothir sette was his delite,
And sende to her a libel repudy,
And her excluded fro his company;
Than desolate she walkid up and doun,
As some men saine in the courte as commune.

O faire Creseide! the floure and a per se
Of Troie and Grece, how were thou fortunate
To chaunge in filthe al thy feminite,
And be with fleshly lust so maculate,
And go among the Grekes erly and late
So giglotlike, taking thy foule plesaunce!
I have pite the should fall suche mischaunce.

Yet nerthèlesse, what er men deme or say
In scornfull langage of thy brutilnesse,
I shall excuse as ferforth as I may
Thy womanhed, thy wisedome, and fairnesse,
The which Fortune hath put to suche distresse,
As her plesid, and nothing throughe the gilte
Of the through wickid langage to be spilte

This faire lady, on this wise destitute
Of al comforte and consolatioun,
Right prively, without selo'wship or refute,
Disheyelid, passid out of the toun
A mile or two unto a mansioun
Bildid ful gaie, where her fathir Calchas
Which than among the Grekis dwelling was.

Whan her he saw the cause he gan enquire
Of her coming: she said, sighing ful sore,
For Diomede had gottin his desire
He woxe wery, and would of me no more.
Quod Calchas, Doughtir wepe thou nat therfore,
Paravinture al comith for the best:
Welcome; to me thou art ful dere a gest.

This olde Calchas, aftir the lawe was tho,
Was kepir of the temple as a preste
In whiche Venus and her sonne Cupido
Were honourid, and his chambre was nest,
To which Creseide with bale enewed in brest
Usid to passe, her prayirs for to saie,
While at the last upon a solempne daie,

As custome was, the peple ferre and nere
Before the none unto the temple went
With sacrifice devout in ther manere;
But stil Creseide, hevy in her intent,
Into the church would nat herself present,
For giving of the peple' any deming
Of her expulse fro Diomede the King,

But passid into a secrete oratore,
Where she might wepe her wofull destiny;
Behinde her backe she closid fast the dore,
And on her kneis bare sel doun in hie;
Upon Venus and Cupide angirly
She cryid out, and sayid in this wise,
Alas that er I made you sacrifise!

Ye gave me ones a divine responsaile
That I should be the floure of love in Troie;
Now am I made an unworthy outwaile,
And al in care translatid is my joie:
Who shal me gide? who shal me now convoie,
Sithe I fro Diomede and noble Troilus
Am clene excluded, abject, odious?

O false Cupide! none is to wite but thou,
And the mothir of Love, that blinde goddace;
Ye caused me undirstande alwaie and trow
The sede of love was sowin on my face,
And aie grewe grene thorough your sople grace;
But now, alas! that sede with frost is slaine,
And I fro lovirs lefte and all forlaine.

Whan this was said, doun in an extasy,
Ravished in spirite, in a dreme she sel,
And by apparaunce herde where she did lie
Cupide the King tinging a silvir bel,
Which men might here fro hevin into hel,
At whose founde before Cupido aperes
The seven planets discending fro the spheres,

Whiche hath powir of al thing gene'rable,
To rule and stere by their gret influence
Wedir and winde, and course variable;
And first of al Saturne gave his sentence,
Whiche gave to Cupide litil reverence,
But as a boistous chorle in his manere
Came crabbidly with austrine loke and chere.

His face frounsid, his lere was like the lede,
His tethe chattrid, and shivered with the chin,
His eyin droupid, whole sonkin in his hede,
Out at his nose the mildrop fast gan rin,
With lippis blew, and chekis lene and thin,
The iseickils that fro his heer doune honge
Was wondir grete, and as a spere as longe;

Attour his belte his lart lockis laie
Feltrid unfaire, or fret with frostis hore,
His garment and his gite ful gay of graie,
His widrid wede fro him the winde out wore,
A boustous bowe within his honde he bore,
Undir his girdle' a fasche of felone flains
Fedrid with ise and hedid with holtzains.

Than Jupiter right faire and amiable,
God of the sterris in the firmament,
And norice to al thing generable,
Fro his fathir Saturne farre different,
With burly face, and browis bright and brent,
Upon his hed a garlonde wondris gaie
Of floures faire, as it had ben in Maie;

His voice was clere, as cristal was his eien,
As goldin wier so glittring was his here,
His garment and his gite ful gaie of grene,
With goldin listis gilte on every gere,
A burly brandy about his middle' he bere,
And in' his right hand he had a groundin spere,
Of his fathir the wrothe fro us to bere.

Next aftir him came Mars, the god of ire,
Of strife, debate, and all discencioun,
To chide and fight as fierse as any fire,
In harde harnesse hewmonde and habergoun,
And on his haunch a rousty sel fauchoun,
And in his hande he had a rousty swordes,
Writhing his face, with many angry words;

Shaking his brande before Cupide he come,
With red visage and grisly glowing eien,
And at his mouth a blubbir stode of fome,
Like to a bore whetting his tuskis kene,
Right tulsurelike, but temperaunce in tene,
An horne he blewe with many boustous brage,
Whiche al this world with warre hath made tow[illegible]

n faire Phœbus, lanterne and lampe of light,
n and best both frute and florishing,
norice, and banishir of night,
f the worlde causing by his moving
fluence life in al erthly thing,
ut comforte of whom of force to nought
go dyin all that this world hath wrought.
king royall he rode upon a chare,
hiche Phaeton somtime gided unright.
rightnesse of his face whan it was bare
night beholde for persing of his sight,
oldin carte with firy bemis bright
yokid stedis ful different of hewe
ite or tiring through the spheris drew.
first was sorde, with mane as red as rose,
Eoye in the orient;
conde stede to name hight Ethiose,
ly and pale, and somdele ascendent;
ird Pyrois, right hote and fervent;
urth was blak, and callid Phlegone;
rollith Phœbus doun into the se.
us was there present, that goddes gay,
nn is quarrel to defende, and make
wne complaint, cladde in a nice aray,
ne halfe grene, th' othir halfe sable blake,
heer as gold, kembit and shede abake,
her face semid grete variaunce,
s parfite truth and whilis inconstaunce.
lir smiling she was dissimulate,
cative with blinkis amorous,
odainly chaungid and alterate,
as any serpent venomous,
pungitive with wordis odious;
variaunt she was who list take kepe,
one eye laugh and with the othir wepe,
okening that al fleshely paramour,
Venus hath in rule and govirnaunce,
etime swete, sometime bittir and sour,
unstable, and ful of variaunce,
lid with careful joye and false plesaunce,
hotte, now colde, now blith, now ful of wo,
grene as lese, now widrid and ago.
th boke in hand than come Mercurious,
eloquent and ful of rethorie,
polite termis and delicious,
penne and inke to reporte al redie,
g songis and singing merily,
ode was red heclid attour his croun,
il a poete of the olde fasioun.
is he bare with fine electuares
agrid siropes for digestion,
belonging to the potiquares,
many wholsome swete confection,
r in phisike cledde in scarlet goun,
urrid wel, as suche one ought to be,
ft and gode, and nat a worde couth lie.
xt after him come Lady Cynthia
ste of al, and swiftist in her sphere,
lour blake, buskid with hornis twa,
n the night she listith best t' apere,
as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
the light she borroweth at her brother
, for of her selfe she hath non other.

Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake,
And on her brest a chorle paintid ful even,
Bering a bushe of thornis on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heven.
Thus when thei gadrid were the goddis seven
Mercurius thei chosed with one assent
To be fore-spekir in the parliment.
Who had ben there and liking for to here
His faconde tonge and termis exquisite,
Of rethorike the practike he might lere,
In brefe sermon a preignant sentence write,
Before Cupide, valing his cappe a lite,
Speris the cause of that vocacioun,
And he anon shewde his entencioun.
Lo, quod Cupide, who wol blaspheme the name
Of his owne god either in worde or dede
To al goddis he doeth bothe losse and shame,
And should have bittir painis to his mede;
I saie this by yondir wretche Creseide,
The whiche through me was somtime flour of love;
Me' and my mothir she stately can reprove,
Saying of her gret infelicite
I was the cause, and my mothir Venus
She called a blinde goddes and might nat se,
With sclaundir and defame injurious;
Thus her living unclene and lechirous
She would retorte on me and my mother,
To whom I shewde my grace above al other.
And sithe ye are al sevin deficate
Participant of divine sapience,
This gret injury done to' our high estate
Me thinke with paine we should make recompence;
Was ner to goddis done suche violence;
As wel for you as for my selfe I saie,
Therfore go help to revenge I you praie.
Mercurius to Cupide gave answere,
And said, Sir King, my counsaile is that ye
Referre you to the hyist planet here,
And take to him the lowist of degre,
The paine of Creseide for to modifie,
As God Saturne with him take Cynthia.
I am content (quod he) to take thei twa.
Than thus procedid Saturne and the Mone,
Whan thei the matir ripely had digest,
For the dispite to Cupide that she' had done,
And to Venus opin and manifest,
In al her life with pain to be oprest,
And turment sore, with sikenesse incurable,
And to al lovirs be abhominable.
This doleful sentence Saturne toke in hande,
And passid doun where careful Creseide laie,
And on her hed he laide a frosty wande,
Than laufully on this wise gan he saie;
Thy grete fairnesse and al thy beauty gaie,
Thy wanton blode, and eke thy goldin here,
Here I exclude fro the for evirmere:
I chaunge thy mirthe into melancoly,
Whiche is the mothir of al pensivenesse,
Thy moistir and thy hete to colde and dry,
Thine insolence, thy plaie and wantonnesse,
To grete disese, thy pompe and thy richesse
Into mortal nede and grete penurie;
Thou suffre shalt, and as a beggir die.

O cruil Saturne! froward and angrie,
Harde is thy dome and to malicious,
Of faire Creseide why hast thou no mercie,
Whiche was so swete, gentill, and amorous?
Withdrawe thy sentence and be gracious,
As you were ner, so shewith through thy dede
A wrekeful sentence givin on Creseide.

Than Cynthia, whan Saturne past awaie,
Out of her sete discendid dounè blive,
And red a bill on Creseidè where she laie,
Containing this sentence diffinitive,
Fro hele of body here I the deprive,
And to thy sikenesse shal be no recure,
But in dolour thy dayis to endure;

Thy cristal eyen mengid with blode I make,
Thy voice so clere unplesaunt here and hace,
Thy lustie lere orspred with spottis blake,
And lumpis hawe appering in thy face,
Where thou comist eche man shall flie the place;
Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous
With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous.

This dolie dreme, this ugly visioun,
Brought till an ende, Creseide fro it awoke,
And all that courte and convocacioun
Vanished awaie; than rose she up and toke
A polished glasse, and her shadowe couth loke,
And whan she sawe' her visage so deformate
If she in herte were wo I n'ote, God wate.

Weping ful sore, Lo! what it is (quod she)
With froward langage for to move and stere
Our crabbid goddes! and so' is sene on me;
My blaspheming now have I bought ful dere,
All yerthly joie and mirthe I set arere;
Alas this daie, alas this woful tide,
Whan I began with my goddis to chide!

By this was saied a childe came fro the hal
To warne Creseide the suppir was redie,
First knockid at the dore, and eft couth call,
Madame, your fathir biddith you cum in hie,
He hath marveile so long on grose ye lie,
And saith your bedis beth to long somdele,
The goddis wote all your entent full wele.

Quod she, Faire child, go to my fathir dere,
And praie him come to speke with me anon;
And so he did, and saied, Doughtir, what chere?
Alas! (quod she) fathir, my mirthe is gone.
How so? (quod he) and she gan all expone
As I have told, the vengeaunce and the wrake
For her trespas Cupide on her couth take.

He lokid on her ugly lepir's face,
The whiche before was white as lily flour,
Wringing his handes oftimis saied Alace
That he had lived to se that wofull hour!
For he knewe well that there was no socour
To her sikneste, and that doublid his pain:
Thus was there care inow betwixt 'hem twain.

Whan thei togidir mournid had full lang,
Quod Creseide, Fathir, I would nat be kende,
Therfore in secrete wise ye let me gange
To yon hospitall at the toun'is ende,
And thidir some mete for charite me sende
To live upon, for all mirth in this yerth
Is fro me gone, soche is my wickid werth.

Whan in a mantill and a bevir hat,
With cuppe and clappir, wondir privily
He' opened a secrete gate, and out therat
Conveyid her that no man should espie,
There to a village halfe a mile therebie
Delivered her in at the spittill hous,
And daily sente her part of his almous.

Sum knew her well, and sum had no knowlege
Of her, bicause she was so deformate,
With bilis blake orspred in her visage,
And her faire colour fadid and alt'erate;
Yet thei presumid for her hie regrate
And still mourning she was of noble kin,
With bittir will there thei tokin her in.

The daie passid, and Phœbus went to rest,
The cloudis blake orwhelid all the skie,
God wote if Creseide were a sorowfull gest,
Seing that uncouth fare and herborie;
But mete or drinke she dressid her to lie
In a darke cornir of the hous alone,
And on this wise weping she made her mone.

Here followeth the complaint of Creseide.

O soppe of sorowe sonkin into care!
O caitife Creseide now and evirmare!
Gon is thy joie and al thy mirthe in yerth;
Of all blithnesse now art thou blake and bare;
There is no salve that helpin maie thy sare;
Fell is thy fortune, wickid is thy werthe,
Thy blisse is banished, and thy bale unberde;
Undir the grete God if I gravin ware
Wher men of Grece ne yet of Troie might here!

Where is thy chambir wantonly besene,
With burly bed and blankits broudid bene,
Spicis and wine to thy colatioun,
The cuppis all of gold and silver shene,
Thy swete metis servid in platis clene,
With savere sauce of a gode fashioun,
Thy gaie garmentes with many godely goun,
Thy plesaunt laune pinnid with goldin pene?
All is arere thy grete roiall renoun.

Where is thy gardein with thy Grecis gaie,
And freshè flouris, which the quene Floraie
Had paintid plesauntly in every paine,
Where thou were wont full merily in Maie
To walke, and take the dewe by it was daie,
And here the merle and mavise many one,
With ladies faire in carolling to gone,
And se ther roiall renkis in ther raie?

This lepir loge take for thy godely boure,
And for thy bed take now a bounche of stro,
For wailid wine and metis thou had tho
Take moulid bred, pirate and sidir soure,
But cuppe and clappir is all now ago.

My clere voice and my courtly carolling
Is ranke as roke, fall hidous here and bace,
Deformid is the figure of my face,
To loke on it no peple hath liking,
So sped in fight, I saie with sore sighing
Lying emong the lepir folke, Alas!

O ladies faire of Troie and Grece! attende
My freile fortune, mine infelicite,
My grete mischefe which no man can amend,
And in your minde a mirrour make of me,

now paravinture that ye,
ur might, may come to the ſame ende
worſe, if any worſe maie be;
therefore, approchith nere your ende.
it is your fairneſſe but a fading floure,
is your famous laude and hie honour
de inflate in othir mennis eres,
ing redde to roting ſhall retoure,
make of me in your memoure,
f ſoche thingis wofull witnes beres,
in yerth as wind awaie it weres;
herfore, approchith nere your hour.
chiding with her drerie deſtine
ſhe woke the night fro ende to ende:
vain; her dole, her careſull crie,
ot remede, ne yet her mourning mend;
adie roſe and to her wende,
d, Why ſpurniſt thou again the wall
y ſelf, and mende nothing at all?
at thy weping but doubliſh thy wo,
le the make vertue of a nede,
to clappe thy clappir to and fro,
e aftir the lawe of lepers lede.
is no bote, but forthwith than ſhe yede
to place, while cold and hungir ſore
d her to be a ranke beggore.
amè time of Troie the garniſoun,
ad the cheftain worthy Troilus
jeoperdy of warre had ſtrikin doun
of Grece in nombir marveilous,
tte triumphe and laude victorious
Troie right roially thei rode
wher Creſeide with the lepir ſtode.
hat companie come with o ſteven
a crie, and ſhoke cuppis, Gode ſpede,
lordis! for Godd'is love of heven
irs part of your almoſe dede!
er crie noble Troilus toke hede,
ite, nere by the place gan pas
reſeide ſat, nat weting what ſhe was.
pon him ſhe keſt up bothe her eyen,
a blinke it come intill his thought
mtime her face before had ſein,
as in ſoche plight he knew her nought,
her loke into his minde he brought,
viſage and amorous blenking
reſeide, ſomtime his own derling.
adir was ſuppoſe in mind that he
figure ſo ſone; and lo! now why
of a thing in caſe maie be
printid in the fantaſie
ludith the wittes outwardly,
pereth in forme and like eſtate
e minde as it was figurate.
e of love than til his hert couth ſpring,
lid his body in a fire
ſevir, in ſwette, and trembiling
while he was redie to exſpire;
is ſhilde his breſt begon to tire,
while he chaungid many' a hewe,
êles nat one anothir knewe.
ghtly pite and memoriell
reſeide a girdill gan he take,
golde, and many' a gaie jewell,

And in the ſkirte of Creſeide doun gan ſhake,
Than rode awaie, and nat a worde he ſpake,
Penſife in herte, while he came to the toune,
And for grete care oft ſith almoſte fell doune.
The lepre folke to Creſeide then couth draw,
To ſe the equall diſtribucioun
Of the almoſe; but whan the golde they ſawe
Eche one to othir privily gan roun,
And ſaied, Yon lorde hath more affectioun,
Hower it be, unto yon Lazarous
Than to us all, we knewe by his almous.
What lorde is yon, (quod ſhe) have ye no ſele,
That doeth to us ſo grete humanite?
Yes, quod a lepre man, I knowe him wele,
Troilus it is, a knight gentle and fre.
Whan Creſeide undirſtode that it was he
Stiffir than ſtele there ſterte a bittir ſtound
Throughout her hert, and fill doune to the ground.
Whan ſhe, orcome with ſighing ſore and ſad,
With many' a careſull crie and cold atone,
Now is my breſt with ſtormie ſtoundis ſtad,
Wrappid in wo, oh wretchfull will of one!
Than fell in ſwoun ful oft or ſhe would ſone,
And evir in her ſwouning cried ſhe thus,
O falſe Creſeide, and true knight Troilus!
Thy love, thy laude, and all thy gentilneſſe,
I comptid ſmall in my proſperite,
So efflatid I was in wantonneſſe,
And clambe upon the fickle whele ſo hie,
All faithe and love I promittid to the
Was in thy ſelf ſikill and furious;
O falſe Creſeide, and true knight Troilus!
For love of me thou kept thy countinaunce
Honeſt and chaſt in converſacion;
Of all women protectour and defence
Thou were, and helpid ther opinion:
My minde on fleſhly foule affection
Was enclinid to luſtis lecherous;
Fie, falſe Creſeide! o true knight Troilus!
Lovirs, beware, and take gode hede about
Whom that ye love, for whan ye ſuffre pain
I let you wit there is right fewe throughout
Whom ye maie truſt to have true love again;
Prove whan you woll, your labour is in vain;
Therfore I rede ye take them as ye finde,
For thei are ſad as wedircocke in winde
Bicauſe I knowe the grete unſtableneſſe,
Brittle as glaſſe, unto my ſelfe I ſaie,
Truſting in othir as grete brutilneſſe,
As inconſtaunt, and as untrue of ſaie;
Though ſome be true I wot right few ar thei:
Who findith truthe let him his lady ruſe;
None but my ſelf as now I woll accuſe.
Whan this was ſaid, with papir ſhe ſat doun,
And in this manir made her Teſtament;
Here I bequeth my corſe and carioun
With wormis and with todis to be rent,
My cuppe, my clappir, and mine ornament,
And all my gold, theſe lepre folke ſhall have,
Whan I am dedde to burie me in grave.
This roiall ring, ſet with this rubie redde,
Whiche Troilus in dowrie to me ſende,
To him again I leve it whan I am dedde,

To make my careful deth unto him kende:
Thus I conclude ſhortly and make an ende;
My ſp'rit I leve to Diane, where ſhe dwelles,
To walke with her in waſt wodis and welles.
O Diomede! thou haſt bothe broche and belte
Whiche Troilus gave me in tokining
Of his true love; and with that worde ſhe ſwelt.
And ſone a lepirman toke off the ring,
Than buried her withoutin tarying;
To Troilus forthwith the ring he bare,
And of Creſeide the deth he gan declare.
Whan he had herd her grete infirmite,
Her legacie, and lamentacioun,
And how ſhe endid in ſuch poverte,
He ſwelte for wo, and fell doune in a ſwoun,
For ſorowe his herte to braſt was boun,
Sighing full ſadly ſaied I can no more,
She was untrue, and wo is me therfore.
Some ſaith he made a tombe of marble grate,
And wrote her name and ſuperſcripcioun,
And laid it on her grave whereas ſhe laie,
In golden lettirs, conteining this reſoun;
Lo! faire ladies, Creſeide of Troie toun,
Somtime comptid the floure of womanhed,
Undir this ſtone, late lepir, lyith dedde!
Now worthy women, in this balade ſhort,
Made for your worſhip and inſtruction,
Of charite I moniſhe and exhorte,
Minge nat your love with falſe diſcepcion,
Bere in your minde this fore concluſion
Of faire Creſeide as I have ſaied before;
Sith ſhe is dedde I ſpeke of her no more.

Read 4th Aug. 1848
N.T.

THE LEGENDE OF GOOD WOMEN*.

AND timis I have herd men tell
e is joie in heven and pain in hell,
rd it wele that it is so,
lesse yet wot I wele also
e n'is non dwelling in this countre
ir hath in heven or hell ibe,
of it none othir waies wittin
herd saied or found it writtin,
faie there maie no man it preve.
d forbede but that men shuldin leve
e thing than thei han seen with eye!
I nat wenin every thing a lie
nself it seeth or els it doeth,
wote thing is nevir the lesse soth
very wight ne maie it not ise.
de the monke ne saugh not all parde,
tè we to bokis that we finde,
which the oldè thingis ben in minde)
e doctrine of these oldè wise,
lence in every skilfull wise,
in of these old apprevid stories
s, of reignis, of victories,
of hate, and othir sondrie thinges,
e I maie not makin reherfinges;
at oldè bokis were awaie
ere of all remembraunce the kaie.
ught us than honourin and beleve
kis there we han none othir preve.
for me, though that I can but lite,
for to rede I me delite,
em yeve I faithe and ful credence,
ine herte have 'hem in reverence
, that there is gamè none
my bokis makith me to gone,
seldome, on the holie daie,
ainly whan that the month of Maie
and I here the foulis sing,
the flouris ginnin for to spring,
Farewell my boke and my devocion.
Now have I than eke this condicion,
That above all the flouris in the mede
Than love I most these flouris white and redè,
Soche that men callin Daisies in our toun;
To them have I so grete affectioun,
As I saied erst, whan comin is the Maie,
That in my bedde there dawith me no daie
That I n'am up and walking in the mede
To sene this floure ayenst the sunnè sprede
Whan it uprisith erly by the morowe;
That blisfull sight softinith all my sorowe;
So glad am I when that I have presence
Of it to doin it all reverence,
As she that is of all flouris the floure,
Fulfillid of all vertue and honoure,
And evir ilike faire and freshe of hewe
As wel in wintir as in summir newe;
This love I evre', and shall until I die,
All swere I not of this, I woll nat lie.
There lovid no wight hottir in his life;
And whan that it is eve I rennè blithe,
As sone as evir the sunne ginnith west,
To sene this floure how it woll go to rest;
For fere of night, so hatith she derknesse,
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse
Of the sunnè, for there it woll unclose:
Alas that I ne' had Englishe, rime, or prose,
Suffisaunt this floure to praise aright!
But helpith ye that han conning and might,
Ye lovirs, that can make of sentiment;
In this case ought ye to be diligent
To forthrin me somwhat in my labour,
Whether ye ben with the Lefe or the Flour,
For well I wote that ye han here beforne
Of making ropen and lad awaie the corne,
And I come aftir glening here and there,
And am full glad if I maie finde an ere
Of any godely worde that ye han lefte;
And though it happe me to reherfin eft
That ye han in your freshè songis saied
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the' honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the flour,

ladies in the court took offence at Chaucer's
hes against the untruth of women, therefore the
ained him to compile this book in the com-
of sundry maidens and wives who shewed
faithful to faithless men. This seems to have
n after The Flower and the Leaf.

Whom that I ſerve as I have wit or might;
She is the clereneſſe and the very light
That in this derke world me windith and ledeth;
The hert within my wofull breſt you dredeth
And loveth ſo ſore, that ye ben verily
The maiſtris of my wit and nothing I;
My worde, my workes, is knit ſo in your bonde,
That as an harpe obeyith to the honde,
And makith ſoune aftir his fingiring,
Right ſo mowe ye out of mine hertè bring
Soch voice right as you liſt to laugh or pain;
Be ye my guide and ladie ſovèrain:
As to mine yerthly god to you I call
Bothe in this werke and my ſorowis all.
But wherfore that I ſpake to yeve credence
To old ſtories, and doen 'hem revèrence,
And that men muſtin morè thing bileve
Than men may ſene at eye or ellis preve,
That ſhall I ſein whan that I ſe my time;
I maie not all at onis ſpeke in rime;
My buſie ghoſt, that thurſtith alwaie newe
To ſene this flour ſo yong, ſo freſhe of hewe,
Conſtrainid me with ſo gredie deſire
That in mine herte I felin yet the fire
That madè me to riſe er it were daie,
And this was now the firſt morowe of Maie,
With dredfull herte and glad devocion
For to ben at the reſurrection
Of this flourè, whan that it ſhould unclofe
Again the ſunne, that roſe as redde as roſe,
That in the breſt was of the beſt that daie
That Agenor'is doughtir ladde awaie;
And doune on knees anon right I me ſette,
And as I could this freſhè floure I grette,
Kneling alwaie till it unclofid was
Upon the ſmall, and ſoft, and ſwetè gras,
That was with flouris ſwete embroudid al,
Of ſoche ſwetneſſe and ſoche odour ocr all
That for to ſpekin of gomme, herbe, or tre,
Comparifon maie none imakid be,
For it ſurmountith plainly all odoures,
And of riche beaute the moſt gaye of floures.
Forgottin had the yerth his pore eſtate
Of wintir, that him nakid made and mate,
And with his ſworde of colde ſo ſore greved;
Now hath the' atempre ſonne al that releved
That nakid was, and clad it newe again;
The ſmallè foulis, of the ſeſon fain,
That of the panter and the net ben ſcaped,
Upon the foulir that 'hem made awhaped
In wintir, and deſtroyid had ther brode,
In his diſpite them thought it did 'hem gode
To ſing of him, and in ther ſong diſpiſe
The foulè chorle that for his covitiſe
Had 'hem betrayid with his ſophiſtrie:
This was ther ſong; The foulir we defie,
And all his craſte: and ſome yſongin clere
Layis of love, that joie it was to here,
In worſhipping and praiſing of her make,
And for the newè bliſsfull ſomir's ſake;
Upon the braunchis full of bloſmis ſoft
In ther delite thei tournid 'hem full oft,
And ſongin, Bliſſid be Sainct Valentine!
For on his daie I cheſe you to be mine,
Withoutin repenting, mine hertè ſwete!
And therwithall their beckis gonnin mete,
Yelding honour and humble obeiſaunce
To Love, and didden ther othir obſervaunce
That longith unto love and to nature;
Conſtrewe that as you liſt; I doe no cure:
And tho that had doin unkindèneſſe,
As doeth the tidiſe for newefangelneſſe,
Beſoughtin mercie of ther treſpaſing,
And humilly ſongin ther repenting,
And ſworin on the bloſmis to be true,
So that ther makis would upon 'hem rue:
And at the laſt thei madin ther acorde,
All ſound thei Daungir for the time a lorde,
Yet Pite thorough his ſtrong gentill might
Foryave, and madè mercy paſſin right
Through Innocence and rulid Curteſie;
But I ne clepe nat innocence folie,
Ne falſe pite, for vertue is the mene,
As Ethicke ſaieth, in ſoche manir I mene:
And thus theſe foulis, voide of all malice,
Accordidin to love, and laſtin vice
Of hate, and ſongin all of one acorde,
Welcome Sommir, our governour and lorde!
And Zephyrus and Flora gentilly
Yave to the flouris ſoft and tendirly
Ther ſotè breth, and made 'hem for to ſprede,
As god and goddeſſe of the flourie mede,
In whiche me thought I might daie by daie
Dwellin alwaie the joly monthe of Maie
Withoutin ſlepe, withoutin mete or drinke:
Adoune full ſoftily I gan to ſinke,
And lening on my elbowe and my ſide
The longè daie I ſhope me for to' abide,
For nothing ellis, and I ſhall nat lie,
But for to lokin upon the Daiſie,
That well by reſon men it callè maie
The Daiſie, or els the eye of the daie,
The emprife, and the floure of flouris all:
I praie to God that fairè mote ſhe fall,
And all that lovin flouris for her ſake!
But nathèleſſe ne wene nat that I make
In praiſin of the Floure again the Lefe
No more than of the corne again the ſheſe,
For as to me n'is levir none ne lother;
I n'am witholdin yet with neithir nother,
Ne' I n'ot who ſervith Lefe ne who the Floure;
Well broukin thei ther ſervice or laboure;
For this thing is all of anothir tonne,
Of old ſtorie, er ſoche thing was begonne.
Whan that the ſunne out of the ſouth gan weſt,
And that this floure gan cloſe and gon to reſt,
For derknes of the night the whiche ſhe dredè,
Home to mine houſe full ſwiftly I me ſpede
To gone to reſt, and erly for to riſe
To ſene this floure to ſprede as I deviſe;
And in a little herbir that I have,
That benchid was of turvis freſh igrave,
I bad men ſhouldin me my couchè make;
For deinte of the newè ſommir's ſake
I bad 'hem ſtrawin flouris on my bedde:
Whan I was laied and had mine eyin hedde
I fell aſlepe, and ſlept an houre or two,
Me met how I laie in the midowe tho

is floure that I love so and drede,
aferre came walking in the mede
f Love, and in his hande a quene,
as clad in roiall habite grene,
oldè she had next her here,
that a white coroune she bere
ounis small, and, I shall nat lie,
worldè right as a Daisie
, with whitè levis lite,
e florouns of her crounè white,
rlè fine orientall
coroune was imakid all,
the white coroune above the grene
like a Daisie for to sene,
ke her fret of gold above;
is this mightie god of Love
broidid, full of grenè greves,
there was a fret of red rose leves,
t sens the worlde was first bigon;
re was ycrounid with a son
gold, for hevinesse and weight,
ne thought his face shone so bright
innethis might I him behold,
hand methought I sawe him hold
lartis as the gledis rede,
ke his wingis sawe I sprede;
that men sain that blinde is he
thought that he might wele se,
on me he gan behold,
loking doeth min hertè cold;
hande he helde this noble quene,
th white, and clothid al in grene,
y, so benigne, and so meke,
worlde though that men woldin seke
eaute ne shouldin thei nat finde
that yformid is by Kinde,
re maie I sain, as thinkith me,
n praising of this ladie fre:
Isolon, thy giltè tressis clere,
thou thy mekenesse all adoun,
thas, all thy frendly manere,
nd Marcia Catoun,
our wifehode no comparisoun,
ur beauties Isoude and Helein,
ometh, that all this maie distain.
bodie ne let it not appere
I thou Lucrece of Romè toun,
ene, that boughtin love so dere,
atra, with all thy passioun,
ur trouthe of love and your renoun,
Thisbe, that hast of love soche pain,
ometh, that all this maie distain.
do, Laodomia', isere,
, hanging for Demophoon,
e, espyid by thy chere,
betrayid by Jason,
your trouth neithir boste ne soun,
nnestra' or Ariadne, ye twaine,
ometh, that all this maie distain.
ade maie full well isongin be,
aid erst, by my ladie fre,
ly all these mowe not suffice
a with my ladie in no wise,

For as the sunnè woll the fire distain,
So passith all my ladie soverain,
That is so gode, so faire, so debonaire,
I praie to God that evir fall her faire!
For ne had comfort ben of her presence
I had ben dedde without any defence
For drede of Lov'is wordis and his chere,
As whan time is hereaftir ye shall here.
Behinde this god of Love upon the grene
I sawe coming of ladyis ninetene,
In roial habit, a full esie pace,
And aftir them of women soche a trace
That sens that God Adam had made of yerth
The thirdè part of mankinde, or the ferth,
Ne wende I nat by possibilite
Had evir in this widè worlde ibe,
And true of love these women were echon:
Now whether was that a wondir thing or non,
That right anon as that thei gonne espie
This floure whiche that I clepe the Daisie,
Full sodainly thei stintin all at ones,
And knelid doune as it were for the nones,
And songin with o voice, *Hele and honour*
To trouth of womanhede, and to this flour,
That berith our aldir prise in figuring,
Her white coroune berith the witnessing!
And with that worde a compas environn
Thei sittin 'hem full softily adoun:
First sat the god of Love, and sith his quene,
With the white coroune, yclad all in grene,
And sithin all the remnaunt by and by,
As thei were of estate, full curtisly;
Ne nat a worde was spokin in the place
The mountenance of a furlong waie of space.
I kneling by this floure in gode entent
Abode to knowin what this peple ment
As still as any stone, till at the last
This god of Love on me his eyin cast,
And said, Who knelith there? and I answerd
Unto his asking whan that I it herde,
And saied, Sir, It am I, and come him nere,
And salued him. (Quod he) What doest thou here
So nigh mine owne floure so boldily?
It werin bettir worthy truily
A worme to nighin nere my flour than thou.
And why, Sir, (quod I) and it likith you?
For thou (quod he) art therto nothing able;
It is my relike digne and delitable,
And thou my fo, and all my folke werriest,
And of mine old servauntis thou missaiest,
And hindrist 'hem with thy translacion,
And lettist folke from ther devocion
To servin me, and holdist it folie
To servin Love; thou maiest it nat denie,
For in plain text, withoutin nede of glose,
Thou' hast translatid The Romaunt of the Rose,
That is an heresie ayenst my lawe,
And makist wise folke fro me to withdrawe;
And of Cresside thou hast saide as the list,
That makith men to women lesse to triste,
That ben as trewe as er was any stele:
Of thine answere avisin the right wele,
For though that thou renyid hast my lawe
As othir wretchis have done many' a daie,

By Seint Venus, which that my mothir is,
If that thou live thou shalt repentin this
So cruilly that it shal wel be sene.
Tho spake this lady, clothid all in grene,
And sayid, God, right of your curtisie
Ye mote herkin if that he can replie
Ayenst al this that ye have to him meved;
A God ne shouldè nat be thus agreved,
But of his deite he shall be stable,
And therto gracious and merciable,
And if ye n'ere a god that knowin all
Than might it be, as I you tellin shall,
This man to you maie falsely ben accused,
That as by right him oughtin ben excused,
For in your court is many' a lofingeour,
And many a queint totoler accusour
That tabouren in your eris many' a soun
Right after ther imaginacioun
To have your daliaunce, and for envy;
These ben the causis, and, I shal nat lie,
Envie is lave'ndir of the court alwaie,
For she ne partith neithir night ne daie
Out of the house of Cæsar, thus saith Dant,
Who so that goeth algate she wol nat want.
And eke peraunter for this man is nice
He mightin done it, gessing no malice,
But for he usith thingis for to make
Him reckith nought of what matir he take,
Or him was bodin makin thilkè twey
Of some persone, and durst it nat withsey,
Or him repentith uttirly of this,
He ne' hath nat done so grevously amis
To translatin that oldè clerkis writen,
As though that he of malice would enditen
Dispite of Love, and had himselfe it wrought;
This should a rightwise lorde have in his thought,
And nat be like tirauntes of Lombardie,
That han no rewarde but at tirannie;
For he that king or lorde is naturel,
Him ought not be a tiraunt ne cruel
As a fermour, to done the harme he can,
He must thinkin it is his liegè man,
As is his tresour, and his golde in cofer,
This is the sentence of the philosopher;
A kinge to kepe his liegis in justice,
Withoutin doutè that is his office,
Al wol he kepe his lordes in ther degre,
As it is right and skil that thei shoulde be
Enhaunsid and honourid, and most dere,
For thei ben halfegoddis in this world here,
Yetmote he done both right to pore and riche,
Al be that ther estate be nath both liche,
And have of povir folke compassion;
For lo the gentil kinde of the lion!
For whan a flie offendith him or biteth
He with his taile awaie the flie ysmiteth
Al esily, for of his gentèrie
Him deinith nat to wreke him on a flie,
As doeth a curre or els anothir best;
In noble corage ought to ben arest,
And wayin every thinge by equite,
And have regarde unto his owne degre;
For, Sir, it is no maistrie for a lorde
To dampne a man without answere of word
And for a lorde that is ful foule to use;
And it so be he maie him nat excuse,
But askith mercy with a dredeful herte,
And profirith him right in his bare sherte
To ben right at your owne jugement,
Than ought a god by short avisement
Considre' his owne honour and his trespace,
For sith no cause of deth lieth in this case
You ought to ben the lightlier merciable:
Lettith your ire, and beth somwhat tretable;
The man hath servid you of his conninges,
And forthrid well your law in his makinges;
Al be it that he can nat wel endite,
Yet hath he madin leudè folke delite
To servin you, in preising of your name;
He made the boke that hight The House of Fa
And eke The Deth of Blaunchè the Duchesse,
And The' Parliament of Foulis, as I gesse,
And al The Love of Palamon and Arcite
Of Thebis, though the storie is knowen lite,
And many an hymne for your holy daies,
That hightin Balades, Rondils, Virelaies;
And for to speke of othir holinesse,
He hath in prose translatid Boece,
And made The Life also of Saint Cecile,
He madin also, gon is a greate while,
Origines upon the Maudelaine,
Him oughtin now to have the lesè paine;
He hath made many' a ley and many' a thing.
Now as ye be a god and eke a king,
I your Alceste, whilom Quene of Thrace,
I askè you this man right of your grace
That ye him nevir hurte in al his live,
And he shal swerin to you, and that blive,
He shal ner more agiltin in this wise,
But shal makin as ye wol him devise
Of women trewe in loving al their life,
Where so ye wol of maidin or of wife,
And forthrin you as muche as he misseide
Or in The Rose, or ellis in Crefeide.
The god of Love answerde her thus anon;
Madame, (quod he) it is so longe agon
That I you knew so charitable' and trewe,
That nevir yet sithin the worlde was newe
To me ne founde I hersir none than ye;
If that I wol yfavin my degre
I may nor wol nat werne your request;
Al lieth in you; doth with him as you lest.
I al foryeve withoutin lengir space,
For who so yeveth a yeste or doth a grace
Do it betime, his thanke shal be the more,
And demith ye what he shal do therefore.
Go, thankith now my lady here (quod he)
I rose, and down I set me on my kne,
And sayid thus; Madame, the God above
For yeldè you that ye the god of Love
Have makid me his wrath to foryeve,
And give me grace so longè for to live
That I maie know sothily what ye be
That have me holpen and put in this degre!
But trewily I wende as in this case
Nought have agilte ne done to Love trespas;
For why? a trewè man withoutin drede
Hath nat to partin with a ther'is dede;

rewe lovir ought me not to blame
hat I speke a false lovir some shame,
htin rather with me for to holde
l of Creseidè wrote or tolde,
Rose; what so mine author ment
Sod wote it was mine entent
in trouth in love, and it cherice,
n ware fro falseneſſe and fro vice,
e ensample this was my mening.
e answerde, Let be thine arguing,
ne wol not countirpletid be
e wrong, and lerne that of me:
t thy grace, and holde the right therto;
I I saine what penaunce thou shalt do
respace: Understandith it here
lt while that thou livist yere by yere
è partie of thy timè spende
g of a glorious Legende
Women, both maidinis and wives,
in trewe in loving all ther lives,
n of false men that 'hem betraien,
her life ne do nat but assaien
y women thei maie done a shame,
ur world that is nat holde a game;
gh that the like nat a lovir be
l of love, this penaunce yeve I the,
e god of Love I shal so praie
hal charge his servantes by' any waie
in the, and wel thy labour quite;
hy waie, this penaunce is but lite:
this boke is made yeve it the Quene
halfe, at Eltham or at Shene.
f Love gan smile, and than he seide;
(quod he) wher this be wife or maide,
or countesse, or of what degre,
so litill penaunce yevin the,
deservid sorely for to smerte?
ennith sone in gentle herte,
t thou sene; she kithith what she is.
nswerde, Naie, Sir, so have I blis,
but that I se wel she is gode.
a trewè talè by mine hode
ve) and that thou knowist wel parde,
that thou avisè the:
nat in a bokè in thy cheste
godenesse of the Quene Alceste,
id was into a Dāisie,
or her husbondè chese to die,
o gone to hell rathir than he,
tules rescuid her parde,
ght her out of hel againe to blis?
nswerde againe, and sayid, Yes;
w I her; and is this gode Alceste,
sie, and mine owne hert'is reste?
I wel the godenesse of this wife,
aftir her deth and in her life
bounte doublith her renoun,
she quit me mine affectioun
That I have to her floure the Dāiesie;
No wondir is though Jove her stellifie,
As tellith Agaton, for her godenesse,
Her white corowne berith of it witnesse,
For all so many virtuis had she
As smal florounis in her crowne be;
In remembraunce of her and in honour
Cybilla made the Dāiesie, and the flour
Icrownid all with white, as men maie se,
And Mars yave her a corown red parde,
In stede of rubies set among the white;
Therwith this quene woxe red for shame alite
Whan she was praisid so in her presence.
Than sayid Love, A ful grete negligence
Was it to the, that ilkè time thou made
(Hide, Absalon, thy tresse) in balade,
That thou forgette her in thy songe to sette,
Sith that thou art so gretly in her dette,
And wotist wel that kalender is she
To any woman that wol lovir be,
For she taught all the crafte of trewe loving,
And namily of wifehode the living,
And all the bondis that she ought to kepe;
Thy litil witte was thilkè time aslepe;
But now I chargè the upon thy life
That in thy Legende thou make of this wife,
Whan thou hast othir smale imade before;
And fare now wel, I chargè the no more,
But er I go this muche I wol the tel,
Ne shal no trewè lovir come in hel.
These othir ladies sitting here arowe
Ben in my balade, if thou const 'hem knowe,
And in thy bokis al thou shalt 'hem finde,
Have 'hem now in thy Legende al in minde,
I mene of them that ben in thy knowing,
For here ben twenty thousande mo sitting
Than that thou knowist, and gode women al,
And trewe of love, for ought that maie befal;
Makith the metris of 'hem as the leste,
I mote gone home, the sunnè drawith weste,
To Paradis, with al this companie,
And servin alwaie the fresh Dāisie:
At Cleopatra' I wol that thou beginne,
And so forthe, and my love so shalt thou winne;
For let se now what man that lovir be
Wol done so strong a paine for love as she.
I wote wel that thou maiest not al it rime
That suche loviris diddin in ther time;
It were to longe to redin and to here;
Suffisith me thou make in this manere,
That thou reherce of al ther life the grete,
Aftir these olde authors liste for to trete;
For who so shal so many' a storie tel
Sey shortily, or he shal to longe dwell.
And with that worde my bokis gan I take,
And right thus on my Legende gan I make.

HERE BEGINNETH

THE LEGENDE OF CLEOPATRA,

Read 4 Aug. 1/48 W. T.

QUENE OF EGYPTE.

After the dethe of Ptolemy the King,
That all Egypt had in his governing,
Reignid his sustir Quene Cleopatras,
'Til on a time bifel there suche a caas
That out of Rome was sent a senatour
To conquerin relmis, and bring honour
Unto the toune of Rome, as was usaunce,
To have the worlde at her obëisaunce,
And, sothe to saie, Antonius was his name.
So fil it, as Fortune him ought a shame,
Whan he was fallin in prosperite
Rebel unto the toune of Rome is he,
And or al this the sustir of Cæsare
He left her falsely, er that she was ware,
And would algatis han anothir wise,
For whiche he toke with Rome and Cæsar strife.
Natheleſſe, for sothe this ilkè senatour
Was a ful worthy gentil werriour,
And of his deth it was ful grete damage;
But Love had brought this man in such a rage,
And him so narow boundin in his laas,
And al for the love of Cleopatras,
That al the world he set at no value;
Him thought there was nothing to him so due
As Cleopatras for to love and serve;
Him roughtè nat in armis for to sterve
In the defence of her and of her right.
This noble Quene eke lovid so this knight
Through his deserte and for his chivalrie,
As certainlie, but if that bokis lie,
He was of person and of gentilnesse,
And of discretion and of hardinesse,
Worthy to any wight that livin maie,
And she was faire as is the rose in Maie;
And, for to makin shorte is the best,
She woxe his wife, and had him as her lest.
The wedding and the festè to devise,
To me that have itakin suche emprise
Of so many a storie for to make,
It were to longe, lest that I shouldè slake
Of thing that berith more effecte and charge,
For men maie ovirlade a shippe or barge;
And fortiy to effecte than wol I skippe,
And al the remnaunt I wol let it slippe.
Octavian, that wode was of this dede,
Shope him an hoste on Antony to lede,
Al uttirly for his distruction,
With stoute Romainis, cruil as lion:
To ship thei went; and thus I let 'hem saile.
Antonius was ware, and wol not faile
To metin with these Romaines if he maie,
Toke eke his rede, and both upon a daie
His wife and he, and al his host, forth went
To ship anone, no lengir thei ne stent,
And in the se it happid 'hem to mete;
Up goeth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
And painin 'hem to set on with the sunne;
With grisly soune out goith the grete gonne,
And hertily thei hurtlin al at ones,
And fro the top doune comith the grete stones,
In goth the grapinel so ful of crokes
Among the ropis ran the shering hokes,
In with the polaxe presith he and he,
Behinde the maste beginnith he to fle,
And out againe, and drivith him or borde,
He stickith him upon his sper'is orde,
He rent the saile with hokis like a sithe,
He bringeth the cuppe, and biddith 'hem be blithe,
He pourith presen upon the hatchis sider,
With pottis ful of lime thei gon togider.
And thus the longe daie in fight thei spende,
Til at the last, as every thing hath ende,
Antonius is shent and put to slight,
And al his folke to go that best go might,
Fleeth eke the Quene, with al her purple saile,
For strokis whiche that went as thicke as haile;
No wondir was, she might it nat endure:
And whan Antony sawe that avinture,
Alas (quod he) the daie that I was borne!
My worship in this daie thus have I lorne,

aire out of his witte he sterte,
mselfe anon throughout the herte
erthir went out of the place:
at could of Cæsar have no grace,
ed for drede and for distresse;
th, ye that spekin of kindenesse.
hat falsely swerin many' an othe
l die if that your love be wrothe,
e sene of women such a trouth
Cleopatre' had made suche routh
r'is tongè none that maie it tel,
morowe she wol no lengir dwel,
er subtil werkmen make a shrine
ies and the stonis fine
which that she coulde espie,
ful the shrine of spicèrie,
e corse enbaume, and forth she sette
se, and she in the shrine is shette;
e shrine a pit than doth she grave,
erpentis that she might have
n in that grave. and thus she seide;
o whom my sorowful hert obeide
, that fro that blisful hour
were to ben al frely your,
I mene you, Antonius, my knight,
That nevir waking in the daie or night
Ye n'ere out of mine hert'is remembraunce,
For wele or wo, for carole or for daunce,
And in my selfe this covenant made I tho,
That right suche as ye feltin, wele or wo,
As ferforth as it in my power laie,
Unreprovable' unto my wifehode aie,
The same would I felin in life or dethe,
And thilke covenaunt while me lastith brethe
I wol fulfil, and that shal wel be sene,
Was ner unto her love a trewir quene;
And with that word nakid, with ful gode hert,
Among the serpentes in the pitte she stert,
And there she chese to have her burying:
Anone the nedirs gonne her for to sting,
And she her deth recevith with god chere,
For love of Antony that was her dere;
And this is storial sothe, it is no fable.
Now er I finde a man thus trewe and stable,
And wol for love his deth so frely take,
I praie God let our hedis nevir ake!

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF THISBE

OF BABYLONE.

A r Babylonè whilom fil it thus,
The whiche toun the Quene Simiramus
Let dichin al about, and wallis make
Full hie of hardè tilis wel ibake:
There werin dwelling in this noble toun
Two lordis which that were of grete renoun,
And wonidin so nigh upon a grene
That there n'as but a stone wal 'hem bitwene,
As oftin in grete tounis is the wonne,
And, sothe to saine, that one man had a sonne
Of al that londe one of the lustyist,
That othir had a doughtir the fairist
That eftward in the world was tho dwelling;
The name of everiche gan to othir spring,
Fy women that were neighbouris aboute,
For in that countre yet withoutin doute
Maidinis ben ikepte for jelousie
Ful straitely, lest thei diddin some folie.
This youngè man was clepid Pyramus,
And Thisbe hight the maide (Naso saith thus)
And thus by reporte was ther name ishove,
That as thei woxe in age so woxe ther love;
And certaine, as by reson of ther age,
Ther might have ben betwixt 'hem mariage,
But that ther fathirs n'olde it nat assent;
And thei in love ylike fore bothè brent
That none of al ther frendis might it lette,
But privily sometimis yet thei mette
By sleight, and spakin seme of ther desire,
As wrie the glede and hettir is the fire;
Forbid a love and it' is ten times so wode.
This wal which that betwixt 'hem both ystode
Was cloven atwo right fro the top adoun
Of oldè time of his foundacioun,
But yet this clifte was so narow and lite
It was nat senè, (dere inough a mite)
But what is that that love can not espie?
Ye lovirs two, if that I shal nat lie,
Ye foundin first this litle narowe clifte,
And with a founde as softe as any shrifte
Thei let ther wordis through the cliftè pass,
And toldin, while that thei stoden in the place
Al ther complaint of love and al ther wo,
At every time whan thei durstin so.
Upon that one side of the wal stode he,
And on that other sidè stode Thisbe,
The swete soune of othir to receve,
And thus ther wardeins wouldin thei discreve
And every daie this wal thei wouldin threte,
And wish to God that it were doun ibete;
Thus would thei saine, Alas! thou wicked wal
Thorough thine envie thou us lettist al;
Why n'ilt thou cleve or fallin al atwo?
Or at the lestè, but thou wouldist so,
Yet wouldist thou but onis let us mete,
Or onis that we mightin kissin swete,
Than were we curid of our caris colde;
But nathèlesse yet be we to the holde,
In as much as thou suffrist for to gone
Our wordis through thy lime and eke thy stone
Yet oughtin we with the ben wel apaide.
And whan these idil wordis werin saide
The coldè wal thei woldin kisse of stone,
And take ther leve, and forth thei wouldin gone
And this was gladly in the evintide,
Or wondir erly, lest men it espide:
And longè time thei wrought in this manere,
Til on a daie, whan Phœbus gan to clere,
Aurora with the stremis of her hete
Had dryid up the dewe of herbis wete,
Unto this clifte, as it was wonte to be,
Come Pyramus, and aftir come Thisbe,

trouth right fully in ther faie,
è night to ſtele awaie,
ther wardeins everichone,
of the cite for to gone;
ldis ben ſo brode and wide
n o place at o tide
rkes ther metingis ſhould be
linus was graven undir a tre,
ims, that idollis heried,
ſeldis to ben beried;
is grave was a wel,
f this tale for to tel,
t was affirmid wondir faſt,
m thoughtin that the ſonnè laſt,
gone undir the ſe adoun.
hath ſo grete affectioun,
liking Pyramus to ſe,
e ſawe her timè might ybe
tale awaie ful privily,
iwimplid full ſubtilly,
ndis (for to ſave her trouthe)
ke, alas! and that is routhe,
nan would ybe ſo trewe
n but ſhe the bet him knewe;
ſhe goeth a ful gode pace,
e her ſo hardy in this caſe,
elle adoun ſhe gan her dreſſe.
mith a wilde lioneſſe
de, withoutin more areſt,
outhe of ſtrangling of a beſt,
the wel there as ſhe ſat;
at Thiſbe had eſpyid that
p with a ful drery herte,
with dredful fote ſhe ſterte,
ne ſhe ſawe it wel withall,
n her wimple let ſhe fall,
e hede, ſo ſore ſhe was awhaped,
ad for that ſhe was eſcaped;
ſat and lurkith wondir ſtill.
is lioneſſe hath dronke her fill
vell gan ſhe for to winde,
on the wimple gan ſhe finde,
blody mouthe it al to rente;
is done no lengir ſhe ne ſtente,
ode her way than hath ſhe nome.
laſt this Pyramus is come,
e, alas! at home was he;
ne, men mightin wel iſe;
aie, as that he come ful faſt,
e grounde adoun he caſt,
nde, as he behelde adoun,
eppis brode of a lioun,
rt he ſodainly agroſe,
wexte, therwith his hert aroſe,
came, and founde the wimple torne;
) the daie that I was borne!
wol both us loviris ſle;
I aſkin mercy of Thiſbe
e that have you ſlaine? alas!
th you ſlainè in this caas:
le a woman gone by night
as perill fallin might,
e: alas! I ne had be
place a furlonge waie er ye.

Now what lioun that is in this foreſt
My body mote he rentin, or what beſt
That wilde is, gnawin mote he now mine herte,
And with that worde he to the wimple ſterte,
And kiſte it oſte, and wepte on it ful ſore,
And ſaid, Wimple, alas! there n'is no more,
But thou ſhalt fele as well the blode of me
As thou haſt felte the bleding of Thiſbe:
And with that worde he ſmote him to the herte,
The blode out of the woundè as brode aſterte
As watir, whan the conduite brokin is.
Now Thiſbe, which that ne wiſt not of this,
But ſitting in her drede ſhe thoughtè thus,
Yf it ſo fallin that my Pyramus
Be comen hithir, and may me nat iſinde,
He maie me holdin falſe and eke unkinde.
And out ſhe cometh, and aftir him gan ſpien
Both with her hertè and eke with her eien,
And thought I wol him tellin of my drede
Both of the lioneſſe and of my dede;
And at the laſt her love than hath ſhe founde
Ybeting with his helis on the grounde
Al blody', and therwithal abacke ſhe ſterte,
And like the wawis quappe began her herte,
And pale as boxe ſhe woxe, and in a throwe
Aviſid her, and gan him wel to knowe,
That it was Pyramus, her hertè dere:
O! who could writin whiche a dedly chere
Hath Thiſbe now! and how her here ſhe rent,
And how ſhe gan her ſelfin to turment,
And how ſhe lieth and ſwounith on the ground,
And how ſhe wept of teris ful his woundè,
How medlith ſhe his blode with her complaint,
How with her blod her ſelvin gan ſhe paint,
How clippith ſhe the red ded corſe, alas!
How doth this woful Thiſbe in this caas,
How kiſſith ſhe his froſty mouthe ſo colde!
Who hath don this? and who hath ben ſo bolde
To ſleen my life? o! ſpeke my Pyramus,
I am thy Thiſbe that the callith thus;
And therwithal ſhe liftith up his hed.
This wofull man, that was nat fully ded,
Whan that he herde the name of Thiſbe crien,
On her he caſt his hevy dedly eyen,
And doun againe, and yeldith up the goſt.
Thiſbe riſt up withoutin noiſe or boſt,
And ſaw her wimple and his empty ſheth,
And eke his ſwerde, that him hath don to deth,
Than ſpake ſhe thus; My woful hande (quod ſhe)
Is ſtronge inough in ſuche a werke to me,
For love ſhal yeve me ſtrength and hardineſſe
To make my woundè large inough I geſſe;
I wol the folowen ded, and I wol be
Felawe and cauſe eke of thy deth, (quod ſhe)
And though that nothing ſave the deth only
Might the fro me departin trewily,
Thou ſhalt no more departin now fro me
Than fro the deth, for I wol go with the.
And now, ye wretchid jelouſe fathirs our,
We that ywerin whilom childrin your,
We prayin you withoutin more envie
That in o gravè we both motin lie,
Sens love hath brought us tō this pitous ende:
And rightwiſe God to every lovir ſende,

That lovith trewly, more prosperite
Than evir had Pyramus and Thisbe,
And let no gentil woman her assure
To puttin her in suche an avinture:
But God forbid but that a woman can
Ben as true and as loving as a man,
And for my part I shal anon it kith;
And with that word his swerd she tokè swith,
That warme was of her lov'is blode and hote,
And to the hertè she her selvin smote.

And thus are Thisbe' and Pyramus ago:
Of trewè men I findin but fewe mo
In al my bokis save this Pyramus,
And therfore have I spokin of him thus,
For it is deinte to us men to finde
A man that can in love be trewe and kinde.
Here maie ye sene, what luvir so he be,
A woman dare and can as wel as he.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF DIDO

QUENE OF CARTHAGE.

nd honour, Virgile Mantuan,
name, and I ſhal as I can
y lanterne as thou goeſt beforne,
as to Dido was forſworne
Eneide, and Naſo wol I take
r and the gret effectis make.
ee ybrought was to diſtruction
ſleight, and namely by Sinon
horſe offrid unto Minerve,
hich that many a Trojan muſt ſterve,
or had aftir his deth apered,
wode that it might nat ben ſtered,
oble toure of Illion,
cite was the cheſe dongeon,
countre was ſo lowe ibrought,
ius the king fordone and nought,
s was chargid by Venus
vaie, he toke Aſcanius,
is ſon, in his right hande and fledde,
backe he bare and with him ledde
thir clepid Anchiſes,
waie his wife Creuſa he leſe;
ſorow had he in his minde
could his felawſhip yfinde,
laſt, whan he had 'hem yfounde,
hem redy in a certaine ſtounde,
ſe ful faſt he gan him hie,
forth with al his companie
aile, as wold Deſtine:
venturis in the ſe
purpoſe for to ſpeke of here,
dith nat to my matere;
d, of him and of Dido
talè til that I have do.
e ſailid in the ſaltè ſe
e unneth arrivid he.

With ſhippis ſevin, and no more navie,
And glad he was to londè for to hie,
So was he with the tempeſt al to ſhake;
And whan that he the havin had itake
He had a knight was callid Achates,
And him of all his felowſhip he cheſe
To gon with him the countre for t'eſpie,
He ne toke with him no more companie.
But forthe thei gon, and left his ſhippis ride,
His fere and he, withoutin any guide.
So long he walkith in this wildirneſſe;
Till at the laſt he met an huntireſſe;
A bowe in honde and arowis had ſhe,
Her clothis cuttid were unto the kne,
But ſhe was yet the fairiſt creäture
That evir was iformid by Nature,
And Æneas and Achates ſhe grette,
And thus ſhe to 'hem ſpake whan ſhe 'hem met:
Saw ye, (quod ſhe) as ye han walkid wide,
Any of my ſuſtrin walke you beſide
With any wildè bore or othir beſt,
That thei have huntid to in this foreſt,
Ituckid up, with arowes in ther caas?
Naie, ſothly, ladie, (quod this Æneas)
But by thy beaute, as it thinkith me,
Thou mightiſt nevir yerthly woman be,
But Phœbus ſuſtir art thou as I geſſe,
And if ſo be that thou be a goddeſſe
Have mercie on our labour and our wo.
I n'am no goddeſſe ſothly, quod ſhe tho,
For maidins walkin in this countre here
With arowes and with bow in this manere;
This is the relme of Libye there ye ben,
Of whiche that Dido ladie is and quene;
And ſhortly tolde all the occaſion
Why Dido came into that region,

Of whiche as now me listith nat to rhime;
It nedith nat; it n'ere but losse of time;
For this is all and some, it was Venus,
His owne mothir, that spake with him thus:
And to Carthage she bade he should him dight,
And vanishid anon out of his sight.
I could folowin worde for worde Virgile,
But it would lastin all to longe while.
This noble Quene, that clepid was Dido,
That whilom was the wife of Sichæo,
That fairir was by ferr than the bright sonne,
This noble toune of Carthage hath begonne,
In whiche she reignith in so grete honour
That she was holdin of all quenis flour
Of gentillesse, of fredome, and beaute,
That well was him that might her onis se,
Of kingis and of lordis so desired,
That all the worlde her beautie had isired,
She stode so well in every wight'is grace.
Whan Æneas was come unto the place,
Unto the maistirtemple' of all the toun,
There Dido was in her devocioun,
Full privily his waie than hath he nome:
Whan he was into the large temple come
I can not saine if that it be possible,
But Venus had him makid invisible,
Thus saith the boke, withoutin any lese.
And whan this Æneas and Achates
Haddin in this temple ben ovir all,
Than foundin thei depaintid on a wall
How Troie and all the lande destroyid was;
Alas that I was borne! (quod Æneas)
Thorough the world our shame is kid so wide,
Now it is paintid upon every side:
All we that werin in prosperite
Ben now disclaundrid, and in soche degre,
No lengir for to livin I ne kepe;
And with that word he brast out for to wepe
So tendirly that routh it was to sene.
This freshe ladie, of the citie Quene,
Stode in the temple in her estate roiall,
So richily and eke so faire withall,
So yong, so lustie, with her eyin glade,
That if that God that hevin and yerth made
Would have a love, for beaute and godenesse,
And womanhede, and trouth and semelinesse,
Whom should he lovin but this ladie swete?
There n'is no woman to him half so mete.
Fortune, that hath the world in govirnaunce,
Hath sodainly brought in so newe a chaunce
That nevir was there yet so frenedl a caas,
For all the companie of Æneas,
Which that we wenid have lorne in the se,
Arivid is nought ferre fro that cite,
For whiche the gretis of his lordis some
By avinture ben to the cite come,
Unto that same temple for to seke
The Quene, and of her socour beseke,
Soche renome was ther sprong of her godenes.
And whan that thei had tolde all ther distress,
And all ther tempest and all ther hard case,
Unto the Quene apperid Æneas,
And opinly beknewe that it was he;
Who haddin joie than but his meine,
That haddin found ther lorde, ther govirnour?
The Quene saw that thei did him soche honour,
And had herd oft of Æneas er tho,
And in her herte she had routhe and wo
That evir soche a noble man as he
Shall ben disheritid in soche degre,
And sawe the man that he was like a knight,
And sufficiaunt of persone and of might,
And like to ben a very gentilman,
And well his wordis he besettin can,
And had a noble visage for the nones,
And formid well of brawne and eke of bones,
And aftir Venus had soche faireneste
That no man might be halfe so faire I gesse,
And well a lorde him semid for to be;
And for he was a straungir, somwhat she
Ylikid him the bet, as God doe bote,
To some falt oftin newe thing is sote;
Anon her herte hath pitie of his wo,
And with that pite love yeame also;
And thus for pite and for gentilnesse
Refreshid must he ben of his distresse.
She sayid certis that she sorie was
That he hath had soche perill and soch caas,
And in her frendly speche in this manere
She to him spake, and saied as ye maie here:
Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises?
In gode faith all the worship and encrese
That I maie godely doen you ye shall have;
Your shippis and your meine shall I save;
And many' a gentill worde she spake him to,
And commaundid her messangirs to go
The same daie withoutin any faile
His shippis for to seke and 'hem vitaile:
Full many' a best she to the shippis sent,
And with the wine she gan 'hem to present,
And to her roiall paleis she her spedde,
And Æneas alwaie with her she ledde.
What nedith you the festis to discrive?
He nevir bet at ese was in his live;
Full was the fest of deinties and richesse,
Of instrumentes, of song, and of gladnesse,
And many' an amo'rous loking and devise.
This Æneas is coune to paradise
Out of the swolowe' of hell, and thus in joie
Remembrith him of his estate in Troie.
To daunsing chambris full of paramentes,
Of riche beddis and of ornamentes,
This Æneas is ledde aftir the mete;
And with the Quene whan that he had yete,
And spicis partid, and the wine agon,
Unto his chambir was he lad anon
To take his ese and for to have his rest,
With all his folke to doen what so him lest.
There ne was coursir well shridlid gete,
Ne stede for the justing well to gone,
Ne large paulfrey esie for the nones,
Ne jewill yfret full of riche stones,
Ne sackis full of gold, of large wight,
Ne rubie none that shinith bright by night,
Ne gentill hautin faukon heronere,
Ne hounde for harte, or wilde bore, or dere,
Ne cuppe of gold, with floreins newe ibette,
That in the londe of Libye maie ben gette

ne' hath Æneas it isent,
ayid what that he hath spent.
is worthy Quene her gestis call,
can in fredome passin all.
thely eke, withoutin lese,
his shippis by Achates
ane, and aftir riche thinges,
e, clothis, brochis, and eke ringes,
were, and some for to present
all these noble things him sent,
sonne how that he should ymake
ing, and to the Quene it take.
is this Achates again,
full blisfull is and fain
yonge sonne Ascanius,
m it was reportid thus,
o, that is the god of Love,
f his mothir hie above,
kenesse of the childe itake,
Quene enamoured for to make
but as to that scripture,
ie, I make of it no cure;
this, the Quene hath made soch chere
hilde that wondir was to here,
present that his fathir sent
him sell oft in gode entent.
Quene in plesaunce and in joie
ese newe lustie folke of Troie,
dedis hath she more enquered
and all the storie lered
nd all the longe daie thei twaie
for to speke and to plaie,
here gan to bredin soche a fire,
Dido hath now soche desire
s her newe gest to dele
ith lost her hewe and eke her hele.
the' effect, now to the fruite, of all
told this storie' and tellin shall.
ginne. It sell upon a night,
the mone upreisid had her light,
Quene unto her rest ywent,
ore, and gone her self tourment,
, waloweth, and made many braied,
se lovirs, as I have herd saied,
laste unto her sustir Anne
er mone, and right thus spake she than:
re sustir mine! what maie it be
astith in my dreme? (quod she)
ewe Trojan is so in my thought,
thinketh he it so well iwrought,
likely for to ben a man,
ithall so milkill gode he can,
love and life lieth in his cure;
t herd him tell his avinture?
tis, Anne, if that ye rede me,
n to him iweddid be:
effect; what should I more feine?
all to doe me live or deine.
r Anne, as she that coud her gode,
thought, and somdele it withstode;
was so long a sermoning
ong to makin rehersing;
it maie not be withstonde,
ylove, for no wight woll it wonde;
The dawning uprist out of the salte se,
This amorous Quene chargith her meine
The nettis dresse, and speris brode and kene,
An hunting woll this lustie freshe Quene,
So prikith her this newe jolie wo;
To horse is all her lustie folke go,
Unto the court the houndis ben ibrought,
And upon coarsir swift as any thought
Her yonge knightis hevin all about,
And of her women eke an huge rout:
Upon a thicke palfraie, papir white,
With sadill redde, enbroudid with delite,
Of golde the barris, up enbossid high,
Sate Dido, all in golde and perreywrigh,
And she is faire as is the brighte morowe
That helith sick folkis of night'is forowe,
Upon a coursir startlin as the fire,
Men mightin tourne him with a little wire.
But Æneas, like Phœbus to devise,
So was he fresh arayid in his wise,
The somie bridill, with the bitte of gold,
Govirnith he right as himself hath would;
And forthe this noble Quene, this ladie, ride
On hunting, with this Trojan by her side.
The herde of hartis foundin is anon,
With Hey go bet, pricke thou, let gon, let gon!
Why n'il the lion comin or the bere,
That I might him ones metin with this spere?
Thus sain this yonge folke, and up thei kill
The wilde hartis, and have 'hem at ther will.
Emong all this to romblin gan the heven,
The thondir rorid with a grisly steven,
Doun come the rain, with haile and slet so fast,
With hevin's fire, that made so sore agast
This noble Quene and also her maine,
That eche of 'hem, was glade awaie to fle;
And, shortly, fro the tempest her to save
She fled her self into a little cave,
And with her went this Æneas also,
I n'ot with 'hem if ther went any mo,
The auctour makith ofit no mencion;
And here began the depe affection
Betwixt 'hem two; this was the firste morowe
Of her gladnesse and ginning of her sorowe,
For there hath Æneas iknelid so,
And tolde her all his hert and all his wo,
And sworne so depe to her to be true
For well or wo, and chaungin for no newe,
And as a false lovir so well can plain,
That selie Dido rewid on his pain,
Toke him for husbond, and became his wife
For evirmore, while that 'hem last shulde life;
And aftir this, when that the tempest stente,
With mirth out as thei came homward thei went;
The wickid fame uprose, and that anon,
How Æneas hath with the Quene igon
Into the cave, and demid as 'hem list;
And whan the King (that Yarbas hight) it wist,
As he that had her loved evir his life,
And wowid her to havin to his wife,
Soche sorow' as he hath makid and soche chere
It is a routhe and pity for to here;
But as in love all daie it happith so
That one shall laughin at an othir's wo,

Now laughith Æneas, and is in joie
And more richeſſe than evir was in Troie.
O ſelie woman, full of innocence,
Full of pite, of truthe, and continence!
What makid you to men to truſtin ſo?
Have ye ſoche routhe upon ther ſainid wo
And have ſoche old enſamplis you beforne?
Se ye nat all how that thei ben forſworne?
Where ſe ye one that he ne' hath laſte his lefe,
Or ben unkinde, or doen her ſome miſcheſe,
Or pillid her, or boſtid of his dede?
Ye maie as well it ſene as ye maie rede.
Takith hede now of this grete gentilman,
This Trojan, that ſo well her pleſin can,
That ſainith him ſo true and obeiſing,
So gentill and ſo privie' of his doing,
And can ſo well doen all his obeiſaunce,
And waitith her at feſtis and at daunce,
And whan ſhe goeth to temple' and home again,
And faſtin till he hath his ladie ſein,
And berin in his deviſis for her ſake
N'ot I nat what, and ſongis would he make,
Juſtin, and doen of armis many thinges,
Sende her lettirs, tokins, brochis, and ringes.
Now herkenith how he ſhal his lady ſerve:
There as he was in perill for to ſterve
For hungir and for miſcheſe in the ſe,
And deſolate, and fledde fro his countre,
And all his folke with tempeſt all to driven,
She hath her body and eke her relme yeven
Into his honde, there as ſhe might have ben
Of othir land than of Carthage a quene,
And lived in joy inough; what would ye more?
This Æneas, that hath thus depe iſwore,
Is werie of his craft within a throwe,
And the hote erneſt is all ovirblowe,
And privily he doeth his ſhippis dight,
And ſhapith him to ſtele awaie by night.
This Dido hath ſuſpection of this,
And thoughtin well that it was all amis,
For in his bedde he lieth anight and ſiketh:
She aſkith him anon, What the milliketh,
My derè herte! whiche that I lovin moſte?
Certis (quod he) this night my fathir's ghoſte
Hath in my ſlepe me ſo ſorely tourmented,
And eke Mercurie's his meſſage hath preſented,
That nedis to the conqueſt of Itaile
My deſtinie is ſonè for to ſaile,
For which me thinkith broſtin is mine hert;
Therwith his falſè teris out thei ſtert,
And takith her within his armis two.
Is that in erneſt? (quod ſhe) woll ye ſo?
Have ye no ſworne to wife me for to take?
Alas! what woman woll ye of me make?
I am a gentill woman and a quene,
Ye woll not fro your wife thus foul yflene?
That I was borne alas! what ſhall I do?
To telle in ſhort, this noble Quene Dido
She ſekith halowes and doeth ſacrifice,
She knelith, crieth, that routh is to deviſe,
Conjurith him, and profe'rith him to be
His thrall, his ſervaunt, in the beſt degre,
She fallith him to fote, and ſownith there,
Diſchevilid with her bright gildid here,
And ſaieth, Have mercy! let me with you ride,
Theſe lordis whiche that wonnin me beſide
Woll me deſtroyin only for your ſake;
And if ye wolie me now to wife ytake
As ye have ſworne, than woll I yeve you leve
Te ſlaen me with your ſwerde now ſon at eve,
For than yet ſhall I dyin as your wife;
I am with childe, and yeve my childe his life:
O mercie, Lorde! have pite in your thought.
But all this thing availith her right nought,
For on a night he ſleping let her lie,
And ſtole awaye into his company,
And as a traitour forthe he gan to ſaile
Towardis the large countre of Itaile:
And thus hath he left Dido' in wo and pine,
And weddid there a ladie hight Lavine.
A clothe he laft, and eke his ſworde ſtanding,
Whan he fro Dido ſtale in her ſleping,
Right at her bedd'is hedde, ſo gan he hie
Whan that he ſtale awaie to his navie.
Which cloth whan ſelie Dido gan awake
She hath it kiſte ful oftin for his ſake,
And ſaid, Swete cloth! while Jupiter it left
Take my ſoule, unbinde me of this unreſt,
I have fulfilled of Fortune all the courſe:
And thus, alas! withoutin his ſocourſe
Twentie timis iſwounid heth ſhe than.
And whan that ſhe unto her ſuſtir Anne
Complainid had of which I maie not write,
So grete routh I have it for to endite,
And bad her norice and her ſuſtrin gon
To fetchin fire and othir thinges anon,
And ſayid that ſhe wouldè ſacrifie;
And whan ſhe might her timè well aſpie
Upon the fire of ſacrifice ſhe ſterte,
And with his ſworde ſhe roſe her to the herte:
But as mine auctour ſaith yet this ſhe ſeide,
Or ſhe was hurtin, beforne or ſhe deide,
She wrote a lettre' anon, and thus began;
Right ſo (quod ſhe) as the milkwhitè ſwan
Ayenſt his deth beginnith for to ſing,
Right ſo to you I make my complaining,
Not that I trowe to gettin you again,
For well I wote that it is al in vain,
Sens that the goddes ben contrarious to me,
But ſin my name is loſt through you (quod ſhe)
I maie well leſe a worde on you or letter,
All be it I ſhall be nevir the better,
For thilkè wind that blewe your ſhip awaie
The ſamè winde hath blowe awaie your faie:
But who ſo wol al this lettre' have in minde
Rede Ovide, and in him he ſhall it finde.

HERE FOLOWETH

'HE LEGENDE OF HYPSIPYLE AND MEDEA.

ote of falſe loviris, Duke Jaſon,
er, devourir, and confuſion,
ll women, gentil creätures,
adiſt thy reclaiming and thy lures
s of thy ſcathliche aparaunce,
hy wordis farſid with pleſaunce,
hy ſainid trouth and thy manere,
ine obeiſaunce and humble chere,
h thine counterfeitid pain and wo,
hir falſin one thou falſid two.
ſwore thou that thou woldiſt die
whan thou ne feltiſt maladie
le delite, whiche that thou calliſt love:
live thy name ſhall be yſhove
ſhe, that thy deceipt ſhall be knowe:
the, Jaſon; now thin horn is blow.
is it is bothè routh and wo
ve with fa ſe lovirs werkith ſo,
ſhal have well bettir love and chere
that hath aboughtin love full dere,
n armis many' a bloodie boxe,
s tendre' a capon eteth the fox,
he be fals, and hath the foule betraied,
the gode man that therefore hath paied;
h he have to the' capon ſkill and right
è foxe woll have his part at night:
n this enſample' is well iſene
ſipyle' and Medea the quene.
eſſalie, as Ovide tellith us,
as a knight that hightin Pelus,
d a brothir whiche that hight Æſon;
an for age he might unnethis gon
to Peleus the govirning
is reigne, and made him lorde and king;
he Æſon this Jaſon gettin was,
his time in all that land there n'as
e a famous knight of gentilleſſe,
me, of ſtrengthe, and of luſtineſſe.

Aſtir his fathir's deth be bare him ſo
That there n'as none that liſt to ben his foe,
But did him all honour and companie,
Of whiche this Peleus hath grete envie,
Imagining that Jaſon might ybe
Enhaunſid ſo, and put in ſoche degre,
With love of lordis of his regioun,
That from his reigne he maie be put adoun,
And in his wit anight compaſſid he
How this Jaſon might beſt diſtroyid be,
Withoutin ſclaundir of his compaſment;
And at the laſt he toke aviſement
That to ſende him into ſome ſerre countre,
Theras this Jaſon maie diſtroyid be:
This was his wit, all made he to Jaſon
Grete chere of loke and of affection,
For drede leſt that his lordis it eſpide.
And ſo bifell it, as fame ronnith wide,
There was ſoche tiding or all, and ſoche loos,
That in an iſle that callid was Colchos,
That ſtonte beyonde Troie eſtward in the ſe,
There was a Ram which that men mightin ſe
That had a Flees of Golde that ſhone ſo bright
That no where was there ſoche an othir ſight;
But it was kept alwaie with a dragoun,
And many othir marvailes up and doun,
And with two bullis makid all of bras,
That ſpittin fire, and mochil thing ther was;
But this was eke the tal nathèles,
That who ſo would ywinnin thilkè Flees
He muſt bothe, or that he it winnin might,
With the bullis and with the dragon fight.
And King Oëtus lorde was of that ile.
This Peleus bethought upon this while
That he his nevewe Jaſon would exhort
To ſailin to that londe him to diſport,
And ſayid, Nevewe, if it might ybe
That ſoche a worſhip might befallin the

That thou this famous trefure mightift win,
And bringin it my region within,
It were to me grete plefaunce and honour,
Than were I holdin to quite thy labour,
And all thy coftis I woll my felf make,
And chefith what folke thou wolt with the take:
Let fe now, darfte thou takin this voiage?
Jafon was young, and luftie of corage,
And undirtoke to doen this ilke emprife;
Anon Argus his fhippis gan devife.
With Jafon went the ftrong ftout Hercules,
And many' an othir that he with him ches;
But who fo afkith who is with him gon
Let him rede the boke Argonauticon,
For he wol tel a tale long inough.
Philocretes anon the faile up drough,
Whan that the winde was gode, and gan him hie
Out of his countre callid Theffalie.
So long thei failid in the falte fe
Till in the ile of Lemnos arived he,
All be this nat reherfid of Guido,
Yet faieth Ovide in his Epiftlis fo;
And of this ileland ladie was and quene
The faire and yonge Hypfipyle the fhene,
That whilom Thoas doughter was, the king.
Hypfipyle was gon in her playing,
And roming on the clevis by the fe;
Undir a banke anone efpyid fhe
Where laie the fhippe that Jafon gon arive;
Of her godeneffe adoune fhe fendith blive
To wetin if that any ftraunge wight
With tempeft thidir were iblowe anight,
To doen 'hem focour, as was her ufaunce
To furth'rin every wight, and don plefaunce
Of very bounte and of curtifie.
This meffangir adoune him gan to hie,
And founde Jafon and Hercules alfo,
That in a cogge to londe werin igo
'Hem to refrefhin and to take the aire,
The morowning attempre was and faire,
And in ther waie this meffangir 'hem mette;
Full conningly thefe lordis two he grette,
And did his meffage, afking 'hem anon
If thei wer brokin or ought wo bigon,
Or had nede of lodefmen or of vitaile?
For of fuccour they fhouldin nothing faile,
For it was uttirly the Quen'is will.
Jafon anfwerid mekely and ftill,
My ladie (quod he) thanke I hertily
Of her godeneffe: us nedith truily
Nothing as now, but that we werie be,
And comin for to plaie out of the fe
Till that the winde be bettir in our waie.
This ladie romith by the cliffe to plaie,
With her meinè, endlong upon the ftronde,
And findith Jafon and this othir ftonde
In fpeking of this thing, as I you told.
This Hercules and Jafon gan behold
How that the Quene it was, and faire her grete,
Anon right as thei with this ladie mete,
And fhe toke hede, and knewe by ther manere,
By ther araie, by wordis, and by chere,
That it were gentillmen of grete degre,
And to the caftle with her ledith fhe
Thefe ftraungè folke, and doith 'hem gret hon
And afkith 'hem of travaile and of labor
That thei have fuffrid in the faltè fe;
So that within a daie, or two or thre,
She knewe by the' folke that in his fhippis be
That it was Jafon, full of renomè,
And Hercules, that had the gretè loos,
That foughtin the aventures of Colchos,
And did 'hem honour more than before,
And with 'hem deled evir longir the more,
For thei ben worthy folke withoutin lefe,
And namely mofte fhe fpake with Hercules,
To him her herte fhe bare, an he fhould be
Sadde, wife, and true, of wordis avifè,
Withoutin any othir affection
Of love, or othir imaginacion.
This Hercules hath this Jafon fo preifed,
That to the funnè he hath him up reifed,
That halfe fo true a man there n'as of love
Undir the cope of heven that is above,
And he was wife, hardie, fecrete, and riche,
Of thefe iii pointis there n'as non him liche,
Of fredome paffid he and luftie hedde
All tho that livin and all tho ben dedde,
Thereto fo grete a gentillman was he,
And of Theffalie likely king to be;
There n'as no lacke but that he was agaft
To love, and for to fpekin fhamefaft;
Him had levir himfelf murdir and die
Than that men fhould a lovir him efpie,
As woldè God above that I had give
My blode and fleffe, fo that I might live
With the bones, that he had aught where a wife
For his eftate, for foche a luftie life
She fhouldin ledin with this luftie knight:
And all this was compaffid on the night
Betwixin Jafon and this Hercules:
Of both thefe two here was a fireudè lefe,
To come to houfe upon an innocent,
For to bedote this Quene was ther entent.
And Jafon is as coie as is a maide;
He lokith pitoufly, but naught he faied;
But frely yave he to her counfailers
Yeftis full grete and to her officers,
As would God that I lefir had and time
By proceffe all his woeing for to rime;
But in this houfe if a falfe lovir be,
Right as himfelf now doeth right fo did he
With faining and with every fubtill dede:
Ye get no more of me but ye woll rede
Th' originall, that tellith all the caas.
The fothe is this, that Jafon weddid was
Unto this Quene, and toke of her fubftaunce
What fo him lift unto his purveiaunce;
And upon her begate he childrin two,
And drough his faile, and fawe her nevir ma
A lettir fent fhe unto him certain,
Which were to long to writtin and to fain,
And him reprovith of his grete untrouth,
And prayith him on her to have fome routh,
And on his childrin two: fhe faid him this,
That thei be like of allè thing iwis
To Jafon, fave that thei couth nat begile;
And prayid God or it were longè while

hat had his herte ireſt her fro
lin him untrue and falſe alſo,
ſhe muſtè both her childrin ſpill,
ho that ſuffrith him his will.
to Jaſon was ſhe all her life,
kept her chaſte as for his wife,
had ſhe joiè at her herte,
for his love of ſorowes ſmerte.
chis comin is this Duke Jaſon,
love devourir and dragon,
appetitith ſorme alwaie,
forme into forme it paſſin maie,
ellè that were botomles;
an falſe Jaſon have no pees
irin through his appetite
with gentillwoman his delite;
luſte and his felicite.
mid forthe to the cite
om clepid was Jaſonicos,
the maiſtirtoune of all Colchos,
itolde the cauſe of his coming
ta, of that countre king,
im that he muſt doen his affaie
he Flece of Golde if that he maie,
the King aſſentith to his bone,
him honour as it is to done,
that his doughtir and his heire
hiche that was ſo wiſe and faire,
ſawe there nevir man with eye,
er doen to Jaſon companie
nd ſittin by him in the hall.
as Jaſon a ſemely man withall,
lorde, and had a grete renoun,
loke roiall as a lioun,
ie of his ſpeche and familiere,
of love the craft and art plenere
boke, with everiche obſervaunce;
rtune her ought a ſoule miſchaunce
enamorid upon this man.
quod ſhe) for ought I ſe or can
thing the whiche ye ben about,
ur ſelf ye put in mochil doubt,
o woll this avinture atcheve
at wele aſtertin as I leve
deth, but I his helpè be;
les it is my will (quod ſhe)
n you ſo that ye ſhall nat die,
ſounde home to your Theſſalie.
t fair lady! (quod this Jaſon tho)
ave of my deth or of my wo
de, and doèn me this honour,
that my might ne my labour
eſervin it my liv'is daie;
tè you there I ne can ne maie;
Your man am I, and lowely you beſeche
To ben my helpe withoutin more ſpeche;
But certis for my deth ſhal I not ſpare.
Tho gan this Medea to him declare
The peril of this caſe fro point to point,
Of his batyle, and eke in what disjoynt
He mote ſtondin, of wniche no creture
Save onley ſhè ne might his lyfe aſſure:
And ſhortly, right to the poynt for to go,
They ben accordid full betwyxe 'hem two
That Jaſon ſhall her wedde as her true knight,
And terme yſet to comin ſone at night
Unto her chambre, and make there his othe
Upon the goddes, that he for leſe or lothe
Ne ſhulde her nevir falſin nyght ne daye
To ben her huſbonde whyle he lyvin maye,
As ſhe that from his deth him ſavid here;
And hereupon at night they mete yfere,
And doth his othe, and goth with her to bedde;
And on the morewe upwarde he him ſpedde,
For ſhe hath taught him how he ſhal nat fayle
The Flees to wynne and ſtintin his bataile,
And ſavid hym his life and his honour,
And gate him a name as a conquerour,
Right through the ſleight of her enchantèment.
Now hath Jaſon the Fleſe, and home is went
With Medea, and treſours full grete wonne:
But unwyſte of her fathir ſhe is gonne
To Theſſalye with Duke Jaſon her leſe,
That aftirwarde hath brought her to miſchefe,
For as a traytour he is from her go,
And with her leftè yongè childrin two,
And falſely hath betrayid her, alas!
And er in love a chefe traytour he was,
And weddid yet the thirdè wyfe anon,
That was the doughtir of the Kyng Creon.
This is the mede of lovyng and guerdon
That Medea receved of Duke Jaſon
Right for her truth and for her kyndineſſe,
That loved him bettir than her ſelf I geſſe,
And leſte her fathir and her herytage:
And of Jaſon this is the vaſſalage,
That in his dayes n'as nevir non yſounde
So falſe a lovir goyng on the grounde;
And therefore in her lettir thus ſhe ſayd,
Firſt whan ſhe of his falſneſſe him upbrayd,
Why lykid me thy yelowe here to ſe
More than the boundis of myn honeſte?
Why lykid me thy youth and thy fayrneſſe,
And of thy tonge the' infynite gracyouſneſſe?
O! haddeſt thou in thy conqueſt ded ybe
Ful mikil untrouth had ther dyed with the.
Wel can Ovide her lettre' in verſe endyte,
Which were as now to longè for to write.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF LUCRECE OF ROME.

Nowe mote I fain th' exilyng of kyngis
Of Rome for ther horible doyngis,
Of the laſte kynge Sextus Tarquinius,
As ſaith Ovid and Titus Lyvius;
But for that cauſe tel I nat this ſtorye,
But for to prayſe and drawe in memorye
The ver wyfe, the very true Lucreſſe,
That for her wifehode and her ſtedfaſtneſſe
Nat onely that theſe Panymes her commende,
But that yclepid is in our Legende
The gret Auſtyn, that hath compaſſioun
Of this Lucrece that ſtarſe in Romè toun,
And in what wiſe I woll but ſhortly trete,
And of this thing I touch not but the grete.
Whan Ardea beſiegid was aboute
With Romayns that ful ſterne werin and ſtout,
Ful longè lay the ſiege, and litil wroughten,
So that they wer halfe ydil as 'hem thoughten,
And in his play Tarquinius the yonge
Gan for to jape, for he was lyght of tonge,
And ſayid that it was an ydle lyfe,
No man d d there no more than did his wife,
And let us ſpeke of wivis, that is beſt,
Praiſe everie man his own as him leſt,
And with our ſpechis let us eſe our herte.
A knight (yclepid Colatin) up ſterte,
And ſayid thus Nay, Sir, it is no nede
To trowin on the worde but on the dede;
I have a wife (quod he) that as I trowe
Is holdin gode of al that er her knowe,
Go we to Rome to nyght and we ſhul ſe.
Tarquinius anſwerde, That lykith me.
To Rome they be comin, and faſt 'hem dighte
To Colatyn'is houſe, and downe they light,
Tarquinius and eke this Colatine;
The huſbonde knewe the eſtirs wel and ſyne,
And ful prively into the houſe thei gone:
Nor at the gate ne portir was there none,
And at the chambre dorè they abyde
This noble wife ſate by her bedd'is ſyde
Diſcheveled, for no malyce ſhe ne thought,
And ſoft wol, ſaith Livy, that ſhe wrought
To kepin her from ſlouth and ydilneſſe,
And bad her ſervauntes done ther beſineſſe,
And aſkith 'hem, What tidinges herin ye?
How ſaieth men of the ſiege, howe ſhal it be?
God wolde the wallis were fallin adowne!
Myn huſbond is to long out of this towne,
For whiche drede doth me ſorely to ſmerte,
Right as a ſworde it ſtyngith to mine hert
Whan I thinkin on this or of that place;
God ſave my lorde, I pray him for his grace!
And therwithal ſo tendirly gan wepe,
And of her werke ſhe toke no morè kepe,
But mekily ſhe let her eyin fal,
And thilkè ſemblant ſate her wel withal,
And eke her teris, ful of honeſtè
Embeliſſid her wiſely chaſtitè;
Her countinaunce is to her hertè digne,
For thei accordidin in dede and ſigne.
And with that worde her huſbonde Colatin,
Or ſhe of him was ware, came ſterteling in,
And ſayid, Drede the nat for I am here:
And ſhe anone up roſe with bliſsful chere,
And kyſſed him, as of wivis is the wonnt.
Tarquinius, this proudè king'is ſonne,
Concevid hath her beautie and her chere,
Her yelowe here, her bountie', and her manere,
Her hewe, her wordis, that ſhe hath complained,
And by no craft her beautie was nat fained,
And caught unto this lady ſoche deſire
That in his hert he brent as any fire,
So wodely, that his witte was all forgotten,
For wel thought he ſhe ſhuldè nat be goten;
And aye the more that he was in diſpaire
The more he covetith and thought her faire;
His blindè luſte was al his coveting.
On morowe, whan the birde began to ſyng,
Unto the ſiege he cometh ful privily,
And by himſelfe he walkith ſobirly,

of her recording alway newe,
here, and thus fresh was her hew,
e, thus she spake, this was her chere,
e was, and this was her manere:
ite his herte hath newe ytake,
e with tempest al to shake,
han the storme is al ago
watir quappe a daie or two,
ough that her formè were absent
ce of her formè was present;
e nat plesaunce but delite,
tful talent with dispite,
her she shal my lemman be,
ardy man alway, (quod he;)
hat I make it shal be so,
im with his sworde and gan to go:
ritt til he to Rome is come,
his way that he hath nome
ise of Colatin ful right;
e sunne, and day hath lost his lyght;
me unto a privie halke,
ight ful thesely gan he stalke,
wight was to his rest ybrought,
had of treson soche a thought,
windowe or by othir gin:
ydrawe shortly he comith in
lay, this noble wife Lucrece,
roke her bedde she feltin presse:
that (quod she) that wayith thus?
ing'is sonne Tarquinius,
ut and thou crie or noise ymake,
y creature awake,
d that formid man of lyve
through thyne hertè shal I ryve;
hal unto her throte he sterte,
werde al sharpe upon her herte.
spake; she hath no might therto;
e saine? her witte is al ago,
olse findith a lambe alone;
al she complaine or make her mone?
he fightin with an hardie knight?
en that a woman hath no might;
e crie, or how shal she asterte,
r by the throte with swerde at herte?
ace, and said al that she can.
hou nat tho? (quod this cruil man)
piter my soulè save
hy stable sle thy knave,
in thy bedde, and loudè crie
ndin in soche avoutrie;
ou shalt be ded, and also lese
or that thou shalt none othir chese.
is wives lovidin so ther name
ne, and dredidin so the shame,
or fere of slaundre' and dred of deth
is both her wit and breth,
ough she lay, and woxe so ded
smitin of her arme or hed,
thing neithir soule ne feyre.
s, that art a king'is heyre,
as by linage and by right
de and as a very knight,
ou done dispite to chivalrye?
ou done thy lady vilanie?

Alas! of the this was a vila'inous dede.
But nowe to the' purpose. In the story' I rede
Whan he was gonne, and this mischaunce is fal,
This lady sent aftir her frendis al,
Fathir, mothir, and husbonde, al yfere,
And dischevilid with her herè clere,
In habyt soche as women usid tho
Unto the buryeng of ther frendis go,
She sate in hal with a sorowful syght:
Her frendis askin what her aylin myght,
And who was ded? and she sate aye wepyng,
A worde for shame ne may she forth out bring,
Ne upon them she durstè nat behold;
But at the laste of Tarquin she 'hem tolde
This ruful case, and al this thyng horible:
The wo to tellin were impossible
That she and all her frendis make at ones;
Al haddin folkis hertis ben of stones
It might have makid 'hem upon her rewe,
Her hert ywas so wifely and so trewe.
She said that for her gilte ne for her blame
Her husbonde shulde nat have the foulè name;
That woldè she nat suffrin by no waye.
And they answerid al unto her faye
That they foryave it her, for it was right,
It was no gylte, it lay nat in her myght,
And saydin her ensamplis many one:
But al for naught, for thus she said anone,
Be as be may (quod she) of forgivyng,
I will nat have no forgifte for nothing:
But privily she coughtin forth a knife,
And therwithal she raste her selfe her life,
And as she fel adowne she cast her loke,
And of her clothis yet gode hede she toke,
For in her fallyng yet she had a care
Leste that her fete or soche thingis lay bare,
So wel she lovid clennesse and eke trouthe.
Of her had all the towne of Romè routhe,
And Brutus hath by her chaste blode yswore
That Tarquin shulde ybanished be therfore
And al his kinne, and let the peple cal,
And opinly the tale he tolde 'hem al,
And opinly let cary' her on a bere
Through al the towne, that men may se and here
The' horible dede of her oppressioun;
Ne nevir was there kyng in Romè toun
Sens thylkè day: and she was holdin there
A saynt, and evre' her day yhalowed dere
As in ther lawe. And thus endith Lucresse
The noble wyfe, Titus berith witnesse.
I tel it for she was of love so trewe,
Ne in her wil she chaungid for no newe,
And in her stable hertè sadde and kinde,
That in these women men may al day finde
There as they cast ther hert there it dwellith;
For wel I wote that Christ himselfe tellith
That in Israel, as wide as is the londe,
He so grete faith in al the londe ne fonde
As in a woman, and this is no lie:
And as for men, loke ye soche tyrannie
Thei done al daie, assay 'hem who so liste,
The trewist is ful brotil for to triste.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF ARIADNE.

OF ATHENS.

Minos, Infernal Judge, of Crete the Kyng,
Now cometh thy lotte; thou comiſt on the ryng:
Nat for thy ſake alone writen is this ſtorye,
But for to clepe ayen unto memorie
Of Theſeus the gret untrouthe of love,
For whiche the goddis of hevin above
Ben wroth, and wrath have takin for thy ſynne:
Be red for ſhame, nowe I thy lyfe beginne.
Minos, that was the mighty King of Crete,
That had an hundrid cities ſtrong and grete,
To ſchole hath ſent his ſonne Androgeus
To Athenes, of the whiche it happid thus,
That he was ſlayne, lerning philoſophie
Right in that cyte, nat but for envie.
The grete Minos, of the whiche that I ſpeke,
His ſonnis deth is comin for to wreke.
Alcathoe' he beſiegid harde and longe,
But nathèles the wallis be ſo ſtronge,
And Niſus that was kyng of that cite
So chivalrous, that litil dredith he;
Of Minos or his hoſte toke he no cure
Tyl on a daie befil an avinture
That Niſus doughtir ſtode upon the wal,
And of the ſiege behelde the manir al;
So happid it that at a ſcarmiſhing
She caſte her hert upon Minos the king,
For his beautie and for his chivalrye,
So ſorely that ſhe wenid for to die;
And ſhortly of this proceſſe for to pace,
She made Minos to winnin thilkè place,
So that the cite was al at his wyl
To ſavin whom him liſte or ellis ſpill;
But wickidly he quit her kyndèneſſe,
And let her drenche in ſorowe and diſtreſſe,
N'ere that the goddis had of her pite:
But that tale were to longe as nowe for me.
Athenis was this King Minos alſo,
As Alcathoe' and othir townis mo,
And this th' effect, that Minos hath ſo driven
Them of Athenis that thei mote him yeven
Fro yere to yere ther ownè childrin dere
For to be ſlaine, as ye ſhal aftir here.
This Minos hath a monſtre', a wickid beſt,
That was ſo cruil, that without areſt
Whan that a man was brought into' his preſence
He wolde him ete; there helpith no defence:
And evèry thirde yere withoutin doute
Thei caſtidin lotte as it came aboute
On riche and pore, he muſt his ſonnè take,
And of his childe he muſt a preſente make
To Minos, for to ſave him or to ſpill,
Or let his beſt devour him at his will:
And this hath Minos don right in diſpite;
To wreke his ſonne was ſet al his delyte,
And makin 'hem of Athenis hys thral,
Fro yere to yere while that he livin ſhal;
And hom he failith whan this toun is won:
This wickid cuſtome is ſo long yron
Till that the King of Athenes, Ægæus,
Mote ſendin his owne ſonnè Theſeus,
Sens that the lotte is fallin him upon,
To ben devourid, for grace is there non:
And forth is ladde this woful yongè knight
Unto the countre' of Minos ful of night,
And in a priſon fettrid faſt is he
Tyl that ilke time he ſhulde yfretin be.
Wel maiſt thou wepe, o woful Theſeus!
That art a king'is ſonne and damnid thus;
Me thinkith this, that thou art depe yholde
To whom that ſavid the fro caris colde,
And nowe yf any woman helpè the
Wel oughtiſt thou her ſervaunt for to be,

r trewe lovir yere by yere.
come aien to my matere.
there this Theſeus is throwe
e bottom derke and wondir lowe,
to the wal of a foreine
g was unto the doughtrin tweine
hiche that in ther chambris grete
ve toward the maiſtirſtrete
wne in joy and in ſolas:
owe, it happened per cas,
complainid him by night,
doughtir that Ariadne hight,
ſuſtir Phœdra, herdin al
ite as thei ſtodin on the wall
p upon the brightè mone,
hat to go to bedde ſo ſone,
o thei had compaſſion;
ine to be in ſoche priſon,
oured, thought 'hem grete pite:
e ſpake to' her ſuſtir fre,
hœdra, my leſe ſuſtir dere!
ord'is ſonne maie ye nat here
ly he complainith his kinne,
pore eſtate that he is inne,
? certis nowe it is routhe,
l aſſentin, by my trouthe
holpin, howe ſo that we do.
ſwerde, Ywis me is as wo
r I was for any man,
elpe the beſt rede that I can
one the gailir privily
I ſpekin with us haſtily,
is woful man with him to come,
ie this monſtir ovircome
e quite, there is non other bote:
ſte him at his hert'is rote,
that he a wepon have,
e dare, his life to kepe and ſave,
this ſende, and himſelf defende,
iſon there he ſhal diſcende:
that the beſt is in a place
erke, and hath roume and eke ſpace
axe, or ſwerde, a ſtaffe, or knife,
inkith he ſhulde ſave his life;
a man he ſhal do ſo:
make him ballis eke alſo
towe, that whan he gapith faſt
is throte he ſhal 'hem caſte
ongir and encombre his tethe,
on whan that Theſeus ſethe
ekid he ſhal on him lepe
or they comin more to hepe;
ſhal the gailir or that tyde
ithin the priſon hyde:
ouſe is crenclid to and fro,
queintè wayis for to go,
in as the maſe is wrought,
I a remedy' in my thought,
ewe of twyne as he hath gon
y he may returne anon,
way the threde as he hath come:
at he this beſt hath ovircome
flien away out of this ſtede,
gailir may he with him lede,
And him avaunce at home in his countre,
Sens that ſo gret a lord'is ſonne is he.
This is my rede, if that ye dare it take.
What ſhulde I lengir ſermon of it make?
The gailir cometh, and with him Theſeus;
And whan theſe thingis ben accordid thus,
Adowne fate Theſeus upon his kne;
O the right lady of my life! (quod he)
I ſorowfull man, ydamnid to the dethe,
Fro you whilis that me ylaſtith brethe
I wol nat twinne aftir this avinture,
But in your ſervice thus I wol endure,
That as a wretch unknow I wol you ſerve
For evirmore tyl that min hertè ſterve;
Forſake I wol at home min heritage,
And as I faied ben of your courte a page,
If that ye vouchſafin that in this place
Ye grauntin me to havin ſoche a grace
That I may have nat but my mete and drinke;
And for my ſuſtinaunce yet wol I ſwinke
Right as you liſt, that Minôs ne no wight
Sens that he ſaw me nevir with eyenſight,
Ne no man ellis, ſhal me nat eſpye,
So ſlily and ſo wel I ſhal me gye,
And me ſo wel disfigure and ſo lowe,
That in this world there ſhal no man me knowe,
To have my lyfe and to have the preſence
Of you that done to me this excellence;
And to my fathir ſhal I ſendin here
This worthy man, which that is your gaylere,
And him ſo guerdon that he ſhal wel be
One of the gretiſt men of my countre:
And if I durſtè ſayne, my lady bright!
I am a king'is ſonne and eke a knight,
As woldè God if that it mighte ybe
Ye werin in my countre allè thre,
And I with you to bere you companye,
Than ſhuld you ſene if that I therof lye,
And if I profir you in lowe manere
To ben your page, and ſervin you right here,
But I you ſerve as lowly in that place
Ypray to Mars to yeve me ſochè grace
That ſham'is deth on me there motè fall,
And deth and poverte to my frendis all,
And that my ſpritè by night motè go
Aftir my deth and walkin to and fro,
That I mote of foule traitour have a name,
For whiche my ſprit mote go, to do me ſhame,
And if I clayme evir othir degre,
But ye vouchſafin to grauntin it me,
As I have ſaid, of ſham'is deth I dey,
And mercy, lady! I can naught els ſey.
A ſemely knight was this Theſeus to ſe,
And yongè, but of twenty yere and thre,
But who ſo had yſene his countinaunce
He would have wept for routh of his penaunce,
For which this Ariadne' in this manere
Anſwerde to his profre and to his chere:
A kyng'is ſonne and eke a knight (quod ſhe)
To ben my ſervaunt in ſo low degre
God ſhuld it! for the ſhame of women al,
And lene me nevir ſoche a caſe befal,
And ſende you grace and ſleight of hert alſo
You to defende and knightly ſleen your foe,

And lene here aftir that I may you finde
To me and to my fuftir here fo kynde
That I ne repent nat to yeve you lyfe;
Yet were it bettir that I were your wife,
Sithe that ye ben as gentil borne as I,
And have a relme nat ferre but faftê by,
Than I fuffrid your gentilleffe to fterve,
Or that I let you as a page to ferve;
It is no profite unto your kinrede,
But what is that that men n'ill do for dred?
And to my fuftir, fyth that it is fo
That fhe mote gone with me if that I go,
Or ellis fuffre deth as wel as I,
That ye unto your fonne as trewily
Done her be weddid at your home comming;
This is the fynal ende of al this thing,
Ye fwere it here on all that may be fworne.
Ye, lady myn, (quod he) or-els to torne
Mote I be with the Minotaure to morowe,
And havith here of min hert blod to borowe,
If that ye wol, if I had knife or fpere
I wolde it lettin out and thereon fwere,
For than at erfte I wot ye would me leve,
By Mars, that is the chiefe of my beleve,
So that I mightin lyvin and nat faile
To morowe for to takin my bataile
I ne wolde nevir fro this placê flye
Tyl that ye fhulde the very profe yfe;
For now, if that the foth I fhall you fay,
I have lovid you ful many a daie,
Though ye ne wift it nat, in my countre,
And aldirmofte defyrid you to fe
Of any earthly living creature;
Upon my trouthe I fwere and you affure,
This fevin yere I have your fervaunt be;
Nowe have I you, and alfo have ye me,
My dere hert of Athenis Ducheffe.
This lady fmilith at his ftedfaftneffe,
And at his hertely wordes, and at his chere,
And to her fuftir fayd in this manere:
And fothely, leve all fuftir myn, (quod fhe)
Nowe be we ducheffis both I and ye,
And fikerde to the regals of Athenes,
And bothe hereaftir likely to be quenes,
And favid fro his deth a king'is fonne,
As er of gentilwomen is the wonne
To fave a gentilman enforth ther might,
In honeft caufe, and namely in his right,
Me thinkith no wight ought us hereof blame,
Ne berin us therfore an evil name.
And fhortly of this matir for to make,
This Thefeus of her hath leve ytake,
And every point was performed in dede
As ye have in this covenaunt herde me rede;
His wepen, his clewe, his thing, that I have faid,
Was by the gailir in the houfe ylaid,
There as the Mynotaure hath his dwellyng,
Right faftê by the dore at his entring,
And Thefeus is lad unto his dethe;
And forth unto this Minotaure he gethe,
And by the teching of this Adriane
He ovircame this beft and was his bane;
And out he comith by the clewe againe
Ful privily whan he this beft hath flaine,
And by the gailir gottin hath a barge,
And of his wiv'is trefure gan it charge,
And toke his wife and eke her fuftir fre,
And eke the gailir, and with 'hem al thre
Is ftole away out of the londe by night,
And to the countre' of Enupie him dight,
Thereas he had a frende of his knowing;
There feftin thei, there dauncin thei and fing,
And in his armis hath this Adriane,
That of the beft hath kept him fro his bane,
And get him there a noble barge anone,
And of his countre folke a ful gret wone,
And taketh his leve, and homwarde failith he;
And in an yle amiddis the wilde fe,
Thereas there dwellid nevir creture none
Save wild beftis, and that ful many one,
He made his fhippe alondê for to fette,
And in that yle halfe a daie he lette,
And fayd, that on the londe he muft him refte;
His mariners have donê right as him lefte:
And for to tellin fhortly in this cafe,
Whan Ariadne his wife aflepe was,
For that her fuftir fayrir was than fhe,
He taketh her in his honde, and forth goth he
To fhyppe, and as a traitour ftale away
While that this Ariadne aflepe lay,
And to his countre warde be failith blive,
A twenty dyvil way the winde him drive,
And found his fathir drenchid in the fe.
Me lyfte no more to fpeke of him parde;
Thefe falfê lovirs poifon be ther bane!
But I wol turne againe to Adriane,
That is with flepe for werineffe ytoke,
Ful forowfully her hert may awake.
Alas! for the myne herte hath grete pite.
Right in the dawning awakith fhe,
And gropith in the bed, and fond right nought.
Alas, (quod fhe) that evir I was wrought!
I am betrayid, and her here to reute,
And to the ftronde all barefote faft fhe wente,
And cryid, Thefeus, myn hertê fwete!
Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete,
And might thus with the beftis ben yflaine?
The halowe rockis anfwerde her againe;
No man fhe fawe, and yet yfhone the mone;
And hye upon a rocke fhe wentin fone,
And fawê his barge yfailing in the fe;
Colde woxe her hert, and right thus fayid fhe:
Mekir than ye finde I the beftis wylde.
Hath he nat fynne that he her thus begylde?
She cried, O turne againe for routhe and finne!
Thy barge ne hath nat al his meinê inne.
Her couverchefe on a pole ftyked fhe
Afcauncê that he fhulde it wele yfe,
And him remembre that fhe was behinde,
And turne againe, and on the ftronde her finde.
But all for naught; his way he is ygone;
And downe fhe fel a fwowne upon a ftone,
And up fhe rifte, and kiffed in all her care
The fteppis of his fete there he hath fare,
And to her bed right thus fhe fpekith tho:
Thou bed, (quod fhe) that hafl receivid two,
Thou fhalt anfwere of two and not of one;
Where is the greter perte away gone?

as! wher ſhal I wretched wight become?
hough ſo be that bote none here come
e to my countre dare I nat for drede;
my ſelfin in this caſe nat rede.
hat ſhould I tellin more here complaining?
o long it were an hevy thing;
r epiſtle Naſo tellith all.
hortly to the ende tellin I ſhall,
The goddis have her holpin for pyte,
And in the fygne of Taurus men may ſe
The ſtonis of her corowne ſhyne clere.
I will no more ſpekin of this matere,
But thus this falſe lovir can begile
His trew love; the devil quit him his while!

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF PHILOMELA.

Thou yevir of the formis that haſt wrought
The fayrê world, and bare it in thy thought
Eternally er thou thy werke began,
Why madiſt thou to the ſlaundir of man?
Or allbe that it was not thy doyng,
As for that ende to making ſoche a thing,
Why ſuffredeſt thou that Tereus was bore,
That is in love ſo falſe and ſo forſwore,
That fro this world up to the firſt hevin
Corrumpith whan that folke his name nevin?
And as to me, ſo griſly was his dede,
That whan that I this foulê ſtorie rede
Myne eyin wexin foule and ſore alſo,
Yet laſteth the venyme of ſo long ago
That it enfectith him that wolde beholde
The ſtorie of Tereus of which I tolde.
Of Thrace was he the lorde, and kyn to Marte,
The cruil god that ſtante with blody darte;
And weddid had he with full bliſsful chere
King Pandion'is fairê doughtir dere
That hight Progne, the floure of her countre,
Though Juno liſte not at the feſt to be
Ne Hymen, that the god of Weddyng is,
But at the feſtê redy ben iwis
The Furis three, with all ther mortall bronde.
The oule all night above the balkis wonde,
That prophete is of wo and of miſchaunce.
This revill, full of ſong and full of daunce,
Laſted a fourtênight or little laſſe:
But ſhortlie of this ſtorie for to paſſe,
(For I am werie of hym for to tell)
Five yere his wife and he togithir dwell,
Till on a daie ſhe gan ſo ſore to long
To ſene her ſuſtir, that ſhe ſawe not long,
That for deſire ſhe ne wiſt what to ſaie,
But to her huſbonde gan ſhe for to praie,
For Godd'is love, that ſhe mote onis gone
To ſene her ſuſtre', and come ayen anon,
Or ellis but ſhe motê to her wende
She praied him that he would aftir her ſende;
And this was daie by daie all her praiere,
With all humbleſſe of wifehode, worde, and ch
This Tereus let make his ſhippis yare,
And into Grece hymſelf is forthe ifare:
Unto his fathir in lawe gan he praie
To vouchefafin that for a moneth or twaie
That Philomela his wive's ſuſtir might
On Progne' his wife but onis have a ſight,
And ſhe ſhall come to you again anon,
My ſelf with her I will bothe come and gon,
And as my hert's life I will her kepe.
This olde Pandion, this kyng, gan to wepe
For tendirneſſe of hertê for to leve
His doughtir gon, and for to yeve her leve;
Of all this worlde he lovid nothyng ſo;
But at the laſtê leve hath ſhe to go,
For Philomela with ſalt teris eke
Gan of her fathir his grace to beſeke
To ſene her ſuſtir, that her longith ſo,
And hym enbracith with her armis two:
And therewithal ſo yonge and faire was ſhe,
That when that Tereus ſawe her beaute,
And of arraie that there was none her liche,
And yet of beaute was ſhe to ſo riche,
He caſt his fierie herte upon her ſo
That he woll have her how ſo that it go,
And with his wilis knelid and ſo praied
Till at the laſt Pandion thus yſaied:
Now ſonne, (quod he) that art to me ſo dere,
I the betake my yonge doughtir here,
That bereth the keie of all myne hert'is life,
And grete me well my doughtir and thy wife,

r levè ſomtyme for to pleie,
ie ſe me onis or I deie.
e hath made hym richè feſt,
lke the moſte and eke the leſt
im came, and yave him yeftis grete,
weyith through the maſtirſtrete
nd to the ſe hym brought,
home, no malice he ne thought.
lith forth the veſſil faſt,
race arrivith at the laſt,
a foreſt he her led,
e full privily hym ſped,
larkè cave, if that her leſt
ght, he bad her for to reſt,
er herte agroſe, and ſayid thus:
ny ſuſtir, brothir Tereus?
ithall ſhe wept full tendirlie,
or fere all pale and pituouſlie,
lambe that of the wolfe is bitten,
ver that of the' egle is ſmitten,
f his clawis forthe eſcaped,
aferde and ſore awhaped,
nt eftſonis; ſo ſate ſhe:
t maie none othir be,
this traitour ydoen a dede
reſt her of her maidinhede
hed, by ſtrength and by his might.
dede of men, and that aright!
ſtir with full loudè ſteven,
lere! o helpe me God in heven!
ot: and yet this falſè theſe
is lady yet a more miſcheſe,
that ſhe ſhould his ſhamè crie,
n opinlie a vilanie,
s ſwerd her tong of kerfith he,
ill made her for to be
n priſone evirmore,
r to his uſage and his ſtore,
e might nevir more afterte.
lomela! wo' is thine herte,
y ſorowis, and wondir ſmerte;
he, and ſendè the thy bone!
ne I make an endè ſone.
us is to his wife icome,
rmis hath his wife inome,
he wept, and ſhoke his hedde,
er that he found her ſuſtir dedde,
this ſelie Progne hath ſoche wo
er ſorowfull herte brake atwo:

And thus in teris let I Progne dwell,
And of her ſuſtir forthe I woll you tel.
This wofull ladie lernid had in youth
So that ſhe workin and enbraudin couth,
And wevin in her ſtole the radèvore,
As it of women hath ben wovid yore;
And, ſothly for to ſaine, ſhe hath her fill
Of mete and drinke, of clothing at her will,
And couth eke rede well inough and endite,
But with a pennè ſhe ne could not write,
But lettirs can ſhe wevin to and fro,
So that by that the yere was all ago
She had ywovin in a ſtamen large
How ſhe was brought fro Athens in a barge,
And in a cave how that ſhe was ybrought,
And all the thyng that Tereus ywrought
She wave it wel, and wrote the ſtorie' above
How ſhe was ſervid for her ſuſtir's love;
And to a knave a ring ſhe yave anon,
And prayid him by ſignis for to gon
Unto the Quene, and berin her that clothe,
And by ſignis ſwore him many an othe
She ſhould him yevin what ſhe gettin might.
This knave anon unto the Quene him dight,
And toke it her, and all the manir tolde:
And when that Progne hath this thing behold
No worde ſhe ſpake for ſorowe and for rage,
But fainid her to gon on pilgrimage
To Bacchus temple'; and in a little ſtounde
Her dombe ſuſtir yſittyng hath ſhe founde,
Weping in the caſtill her ſelf alone;
Alas the wo, the conſtraint, and the mone,
That Progne upon her dombe ſuſtir maketh!
In armis everiche of 'hem othir taketh:
And thus I let 'hem in ther ſorowe dwell,
The remènaunt is no charge for to tell,
For this is all and ſome, thus was ſhe ſerved
That nevir ought agiltid ne deſerved
Unto this cruill man that ſhe of wiſte.
Ye maie beware of men if that you liſte,
For all be that he woll not for his ſhame
Doin as Tereus to leſe his name,
Ne ſerve you as a murtherer or a knave,
Full little while ſhullin ye trewe him have,
That woll I ſain, al wer he now my brother,
But it ſo be that he maie have none other.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF PHYLLIS.

By prove as well as by auĉthorite
That wickid fruiĉte commeth of a wicked tre
That maie ye find if that it likith you;
But for this ende I speke this as now,
To tellin you of false Demophoon;
In love a falsir herd I nevir non
But it werin his fathir Theseus;
God for his grace fro soche one kepin us!
Thus these women yprayin that it here;
Now the' effeĉte tourne I of my matere.
Destroyid is of Troiè the cite;
This Demophon came sailyng in the se
Toward Athenis, to his paleis large;
With him came many a ship and many' a barge
All full of folke, of whiche full many one
Is wounded sore, and sike, and wo begone,
And thei have at the siegè long ikaine;
Behind him came a winde and eke a raine
That shofe so fore his saile ne might not stonde,
Hym were levir then all the wonde a londe;
So hurtith hym the tempest to and fro,
So dark it was he could no where ago,
And with a wave to brustin was his stere;
His ship was rent so lowe in soche manere
That carpenter ne coulde it not amende;
The se by night as any torche brende
For wodè, and possith him up and doun,
Till Neptune hath of hym compassioun,
And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and thei all,
And madin him opon a londe to fall
Whereof that Phyllis lady was and quene,
Lycurgus doughtir, fairir unto sene
Then is the floure again the brightè sonne:
Unneth is Demphon to londe iwonne,
Weke and eke werie, and his folke forpined
Of werinesse, and also enfamined,
And to the deth he was almoste idriven:
His wisè folke counsaile have him yeven
To sekin helpe and succour of the Quene,
And lokin what his gracè mightin bene,
And makin in that lande some chevesaunce,
And kepin him fro wo and fro mischaunce,
For sike he was and almoste at the deth,
Unnethis might he speke or drawin breth,
And lieth in Rhodopeia hym to reste.
When he may walkin him thought it was beste
Unto the courte to sekin for succour;
Men knewe him wele, and diddin hym honour,
For at Athenis duke and lorde was he,
As Theseus his fathir hath ibe,
That in his tyme was of grete renoun,
No man so grete in all his regioun,
And like his fathre' of face and stature,
And false of love, it came hym of nature,
As doeth the foxe Renarde, the fox'is sonne,
Of kinde he could his oldè fathir wonne
Withoutin lore, as can a drakè swimme
When it is caught and caried to the brimme.
This honourable Phyllis doth him chere;
Her likith well his porte and his manere;
But I am all agrotid here beforne
To write of 'hem that in love ben forfworne,
And eke to hastin me in my Legende,
Whiche to performè God me grace ysende,
Therefore I passin shortly in this wise.
Ye have well herd of Theseus the gise
In the betraying of faire Adriane,
That of her pite kept him fro his bane;
At short wordis, right so Demophoon
The samè waie and the same pathe hath gon
That did his falsè fathir Theseus,
For unto Phyllis hath he swornè thus,
To weddin her, and her his trouth yplight,
And pikid of her all the gode he might,
Whan he was whole and founde, and had his rede,
And doeth with Phillis what so that him lede,

I could, if that me liſtè ſo,
of all his doying to and fro.
aled that to his countre mote hym ſaile,
re he would her weddyng apparaile
o her honour and his alſo:
inly he toke his levè tho,
her ſwore that he would not ſojourne,
moneth again he would retourne,
that londe let make his ordinaunce
lorde, and toke the obeiſaunce
d humbly, and his ſhippis ydight,
me he goith the next waie he might,
o Phyllis again came he nought,
at hath ſhe ſo harde and ſore ibought,
s the ſtorie doeth us recorde,
e was her owne deth right with a corde,
that ſhe ſaw that Demophon her traied;
t wrote ſhe to him, and faſt him praid
uld come and delivir her of pain,
erſin ſhall a worde or twain;
e not to vouchſafe on him to ſwinke,
lin ou him a penne full of ynke,
e in love was he, right as his ſire,
vil ſet ther ſoulis both on fire!
the lettre' of Phyllis woll I write
le or twain, although it be but lite.
e hoſteſſe, (quod ſhe) o Demophoon!
yllis, which that is ſo wo begon,
dopeie upon you mote complain,
e terme ſet betwixt us twain
e ne holdin forwarde as ye ſaied;
acre, whiche ye in our havin laied,
s that ye would comin out of doubt
the mone onis went about,
is fower the mone hath hid her face
ilke daie ye wentin fro this place
wir timis light the worlde again;
all that yet ſhall I ſothly ſain
h the ſtreme of Scython not ybrought
thenis the ſhip, yet came it nought;
that ye the termè rekin would
othir true lovirs doe ſhould,
n not (God wot) before my daie.
her lettir writin I ne maie
r, for it were to me a charge;
tir was right long, and thereto large,
But here and there in rhime I have it laied
There as me thought that ſhe hath wel yſaied.
She ſaied, The ſailis comith not again,
Ne to the worde there n'is no ſey certain;
But I wot why ye comin not, (quod ſhe)
For I was of my love to you ſo fre;
And of the goddis that ye have yſwore
If that ther vengeaunce fall on you therefore
Ye be not ſuffiſaunt to bere the pain;
To mochil truſtid I, well maie I ſain,
Upon your linage and your ſairè tong,
And on your teris faſly out ywrong:
How coud ye wepin ſo by craft? (quod ſhe)
Maie there ſoch teris evir ſainid be?
Now certis if ye would have in memorie
It oughtin be to you but little glorie
To have a ſelie maidin thus betraied:
To God (quod ſhe) praie I, and oft have praied,
That it be now the gretiſt price of all
And moſte honour that er you ſhall befall;
And when thine old auncetirs paintid be,
In whiche men maie ther worthineſſe yſe,
Then praie I God thou paintid be alſo,
That folke maie redin fortheby as thei go,
Lo! this is he that with his flattiry
Betrayid hath and doen her villany
That was his truè love in thought and dede!
But ſothly of o poinct yet maie thei rede,
That ye ben like your fathir as in this,
For he begilid Ariadne' iwis
With ſuche an arte and ſoche a ſubtilte
As thou thy ſelvin haſt beguilid me;
As in that poinct, although it be not feire,
Thou folowiſt certain, and art his heire:
But ſens thus ſinfully ye me begile
My bodis mote ye ſene within a while
Right in the haven of Athenis fletyng
Withoutin ſepulture and burying,
Though ye ben hardir then is any ſtone.
And when this lettir was forth ſent anone,
And knewe how brotill and how fals he was,
She for diſpaire forbid her ſelf, alas!
Suche ſorowe' hath ſhe for ſhe beſet her ſo.
Beware ye women of your ſubtill ſo,
Sens yet this daie men maie enſample ſe,
And truſtith now in love no man but me.

HERE FOLOWETH

THE LEGENDE OF HYPERMNESTRA.

In Grece whilom were dwelling brethrene two,
Of whiche that one was callid Danao,
That many' a sonne hath of his bodie wonne,
As soche false loviris oftimis conne.
Emongis his sonnis all there was one
That aldirmoste he loved of everychone,
And when this child was borne this Danao
Shope him a name, and callid hym Lino;
That othir brothir callid was Egiste,
That was of love as false as er him liste;
And many' a daughtir gate he in his life,
Of whiche he gate upon his rightē wife
A doughtir dere, and did her for to call
Hypermnestra, the youngist of 'hem all,
The whichē childe of her nativite
To alle gode thewis yborne was she,
As likid to the goddes or she was borne
That of the shefe she should be the corne:
The werdis that we clepin Destine
Hath shapin her that she must nedis be
Pitous, and sad, and wise, and true as stele;
And to this woman it accordith wele,
For though that Venus yave her grete beute
With Jupiter compownid so was she
That conscience and trouthe, and drede of shame,
And of her wifehode for to kepe her name,
This thought her was felicite as here:
And Red Mars was at that tyme of the yere
So feble that his malice is him raste,
Repressid hath Venus his cruill crafte,
And what with Venus and othir oppression
Of housis Mars his venime is adon,
That Hypermnestra dare not handle' a knife
In malice, though she shouldin lese her life;
But nathēlesse as hevin gan tho turne,
Two bad aspectis hath she of Saturne,
That made her for to dyin in prison;
And I shall aftir makin mencion
Of Danao and Egistis also,
And though so be that thei were brethrin two,
For thilke tyme n'as sparid no linage,
It likid 'hem to makin mariage
Betwixt Hypermnestra and him Lino,
And castin in soche a daie it shall be so,
And full accordid was it uttirly,
The' araie is wrought, the tyme is fastē by;
And thus Lino hath of his fathir's brother
The doughtir wedded, and ech of 'hem hath other.
The torchis brennin and the lampis bright,
The sacrificis ben full redy dight,
Th' ensence out of the fire out rekith sote,
The floure the lese, is rent up by the rote
To makin garlandis and crounis hie;
Full is the place of sound of minstralcie,
Of songis amourous of mariage,
As thilkē tymē was the plain usage;
And this was in the paleis of Egiste,
That in his hous was lord right as him liste;
And thus that daie thei drivin to an ende,
The frendis takin leve, and home thei wend:
The night is come, the bride shall go to bed,
Egistis to his chamber fast him sped,
And privily he let his doughtir call
When that the hous voidid was of 'hem all;
He lokith on his doughtir with glade chere,
And to her spake as ye shall aftir here:
My right doughtir, the tresour of mine herte!
Sens first that daie that shapin was my sherte,
Or by the Fatall Sustir had my dome,
So nye myne hertē nevir thing ne come,
As thou my Hypermnestra, doughtir dere!
Take hede what thy fathir sayith the here,
And werke aftir thy wisir evirmo,
For aldirfirst doughtir I love the so
That all the worlde to me n'is halfe so lese,
Ne I n'olde redē the to thy mischese

e gode undir the colde mone;
I mene it ſhal be ſaid right ſone,
eſtacion, as ſaine theſe wiſe,
thou doe as I ſhall the deviſe
t be ded, by him that al hath wrought:
wordis, thou ne ſcapiſt nought
paleis or that thou be dede
conſent and werke aftir my rede;
to the for full concluſioun.
ermneſtra caſt her eyin doun,
e as doeth the leſe of aſpis grene,
her hew, and like aſhin to ſene,
; Lorde and fathir, all your will,
might, God wote I ſhall fulfill,
o me no confuſion.
quod he) have non exception,
e caught a knife as raſour kene;
(quod he) that it be nat iſene,
thine huſbonde is to bed ygo,
t he ſlepith cut his throte atwo,
dreme it is ywarnid me
my nevewe ſhall my bane ybe,
e I n'ot, wherefore I woll be ſiker;
e naie we two ſhall have a biker,
ſaied, by him that I have ſworne.
ermneſtra' hath nigh her wit forlorn,
paſſe harmeleſſe out of that place
id him, there was non othir grace.
withall a coſtrill takith he,
, Hereof a draught or two, or thre,
to drinke when he goith to reſte,
all ſlepe as long as er the leſte,
tikes and apies ben ſo ſtrong,
y waie, leſt that him thinke to long.
h the bride, and with full ſobre chere,
aidins oftin the manere,
ir brought with revil and with ſong:
lie, leſte this talê be to long,
and ſhe beth bin brought to bed,
wight out at the dore him ſped.
is waſtid, and he fell aſlepe;
ly beginnith ſhe to wepe;
r up, and dredefully ſhe quaketh,
the braunch that Zephyrus yſhaketh;
And huſht were all in Aragone that cite:
As colde as any froſte now wexith ſhe,
For pite by the herte ſtrainid her ſo,
And drede of deth doith her ſo moche wo,
That thryis doune ſhe fill; in ſoche a were
She riſte her up, and ſtekereth here and there,
And on her handis faſtê lokith ſhe;
Alas! quod ſhe, ſhall myne handes blodie be!
I am a maidin, and by my nature,
And by my ſemblaunt, and by my veſture,
Myne haundis ben not ſhapin for a knife,
As for to revin no man fro his life:
What devill have I with the knife to do?
And ſhall I have my throte ycorve atwo?
Then ſhall I blede, alas! and be yſhende:
And nedis of this thing mote have an ende;
Or he or I mote nedis leſe our life:
Now certis (quod ſhe) ſens I am his wife,
And hath my feithe, yet is it bette for me
For to be dedde in wifely honeſte
Then be a traitour living in my ſhame:
Be as be maie, for erneſt or for game,
He ſhall awake, and riſe and go his waie
Out at this guttir er that it be daie;
And wept full tendirlie upon his face,
And in her armis gan him to embrace,
And him ſhe roggith and awakith ſoft;
And at the windowe lepe he fro the loft
When ſhe hath warnid him and doen him bote.
This Lino ſwift ywas and light of fote,
And from his wife he ran a full gode pace:
This felie woman is ſo weke, alas!
And helpleſſe, ſo that er ſhe ferrê went
Her cruill fathir did her for to hent.
Alas, Lino! why art thou ſo unkinde?
Why ne haſt thou remembrid in thy minde
And takin her and led her forthe with the?
For when ſhe ſawe that gone awaie was he,
And that ſhe ne might not ſo faſt ygo,
Ne folowin him, ſhe ſate doune right tho
Til ſhe was caught and fettrid in priſon;
This Tale is ſaied for this concluſion.

A PRAISE OF WOMEN.

Al tho that lyſte of women ill to ſpeke,
And ſayin of 'hem worſe than they deſerve,
I pray to God that ther neckis to breke,
Or on ſome yll dethe mote tho janglirs ſterve,
For every man were holdin 'hem to ſerve,
And do 'hem worſhip, honour, and ſerviſe,
In every manir they beſt coude deviſe.

For we ought firſt to think on what manere
Thei bring us forth, and what pain thei endure
Firſt in our byrth, and ſith fro yere to yere
How buſily they done ther buſy cure
To kepe us fro every myſavinture
In our youthhed, whan that we have no might
Our ſelfe to kepe neythir by day nor night.

Alas! howe may we ſay on 'hem but wele
Of whom we were yſoſtred and ybore,
And ben all our ſocoure, and trewe as ſtele,
And for our ſake ful ofte they ſuffre ſore?
Without women were al our joye ylore,
Wherfore we ought al women to obey
In al godeneſſe; I can no more yſay.

This is wel knowin, and hath ben or this,
That women ben the cauſe of al lightneſſe,
Knighthode, norture, eſchewing al malis,
Encreſe of worſhip and of worthineſſe,
Therto curteys meke, grounde of alle godeneſſe,
Glad and mery, and trewe in every wiſe
That any gentle' hert can thinke or deviſe.

And though any would truſt to your untruth,
And to your faire wordis would aught aſſent,
In gode faith methinkith it wer grete ruth
That othre' women ſhould for ther gilt be ſhent
That ner knew ne wiſt nought of ther entent,
Ne liſt not to here the faire wordes ye write,
Whiche ye you paine fro daie to daie t' endite.

But who maie beware of your tales untrue
That ye ſo buſilie painte and endite?
For ye will ſwerin that ye nevir knewe
Ne ſawe the woman neither moche ne lite,
Save only her to whom ye had delite
As for to ſerve of all that er ye ſey,
And for her lovè muſt ye nedis dey.

Then wil ye ſwere that ye knew ner before
What Love was, ne his dredful obſervaunce,
But now ye felin that he can wounde ſore,
Wherefore ye put you' into her govirnaunce
Whom Love hath ordeined you to ſerve and doghe-
ſaunce
With al your might your lityl liv'is ſpace,
Whiche endith ſone but if ſhe doe you grace;

And then to bedde will ye you ſone ydrawe,
And ſone your ſelvis ſicke ye will then fain,
And ſwerin faſt your ladie hath you ſlawe,
And brought you ſodainly in ſo high pain
That fro your deth maie no man you reſtrain,
With a danngerous loke of her eyin two,
That to your dethè muſt ye nedis go.

Thus will ye morne, thus will ye ſighin ſore,
As though your hert anon in two wold breſt,
And ſwerin faſt that ye maie live no more,
Myne ownè ladie, that might if ye leſt
Bryngin myne hertè ſomedele into reſt,
As if you liſt mercie on me to have,
Thus your untrouth will evir mercie crave.

Thus woll ye plainin tho you nothing ſmerte
Theſe innocent cretures for to begile,
And ſwere to 'hem ſo woundid is your herte
For love of them that ye maie live no while,
Scarſlie ſo long as one might go a mile;
So hyith Deth to bryng you to an ende
But if your ſoverain lady liſt you' amende.

And if ſhe comfort you in any wiſe
For routhe for pite' of your falſe othis ſere,
So that ſhe weneth it be as you deviſe,
And wenith your herte be as ſhe maie here,
Thus to comfort and ſomwhat do you chere,
Then woll theſe janglirs deme of her full ill,
And ſaine ye have her fully at your will.

Lo, how redie ther tongis ben and preſt
To ſpekin harme of women cauſileſſe!
Alas! why might ye not as well ſaie the beſt
As for to demin 'hem thus giltileſſe?
In your herte iwis there' is no gentlineſſe
That of your own gilt liſte thus women fame;
Now by my trouth me thinke ye be to blame,

For of women comith this worldly wele,
Wherefore we ought worſhip 'hem evirmore,
And though it miſhap one we ought to hele,
For it is all thorough our falſè lore,
That daie and night we pain us evirmore
With many' an othe theſe women to begile
With falſe talis and many' a wickid wile.

falſhede ſhould be reckened and told
n women iwis full trouth were
men is by a thouſande ſold,
icis iwis thei ſtandin clere,
ing that er I could of here,
tiſyng of theſe men it make,
m to flatteren connin nevir ſlake.
d fain wete where evir ye coud here
mens tiſing women did amis;
get 'hem ye lie fro yere to yere,
ay' a gabbyng ye make to' 'hem iwis,
ld nevir here ne knowen er this
vir ye coude finde in any place
r women beſought you of grace.
ye you painin with al your full might,
your herte and all your buſineſſe,
'hem aye both by daie and night,
'hem of ther grace and gentilneſſe
pite upon your grete diſtreſſe,
thei woldin on your pain have routh,
ou not, ſithin ye mene but trouth.
maie ſein that thei ben fautleſſe,
ocent to all your werkis ſlie;
your craftis that touchin falſneſſe
owe 'hem not, ne maie 'hem not eſpie;
n ye that ye muſt nedis die
ei wouldin of ther womanhedde
ur trouth rewe er that ye be dedde.
hen your lady and your hert'is quene
'hem, and therewith ye ſigh ſore,
, My ladie', I trowe that it be ſene
plite that I have livid full yore,
I hope that ye wollin no more
pains ſuffre me for to dwell,
ll godeneſſe iwis ye be the' well.
hiche a paintid proceſſe can ye make
rmleſſe creturis for to begile!
en thei ſlepe ye painin you to wake,
bethinke you' on many' a wickid wile;
hal ſe the daie that ye ſhall curſe the while
ſo buſily did your entent
begile that falſhed nevir ment.

For this ye know wel, though I wouldin lie,
In women is all trouth and ſtedfaſtneſſe,
For in gode faithe I nevir of 'hem ſie
But moche worſhip, bounte, and gentilneſſe,
Right commyng, faire, and full of mekèneſſe,
Gode and glad, and lowlie I you enſure,
Is this godelie and angelike creture.

And if it happe a man be in diſeſe
She doeth her buſineſſe and her full paine
With al her might him to comfort and pleſe,
If fro his diſeſe ſhe might hym reſtrain:
In worde ne dede iwis ſhe woll not faine;
With al her might ſhe doth her buſineſſe
To bryngin hym out of his hevineſſe.

Lo, here what gentilleſſe theſe women have!
If we could knowe it for our rudèneſſe
How buſie thei be us to kepe and ſave
Bothe in hele and alſo in ſickèneſſe,
And alwaie right ſorie for our diſtreſſe;
In evèry manir thus ſhewe thei routhe,
That in 'hem is all godeneſſe and all trouthe.

And ſith we find in 'hem gentilneſſe, trouth,
Worſhip, bounte, and kindneſſe, evirmore,
Let nevir this gentilleſſe through your ſlouth
In ther kinde trouth be evir aught forlore
That in women is and hath ben full yore,
For in revèrence of heven'is quene
We ought to worſhip all women that bene;

For of all cretures that were get and borne
This wote ye well a woman was the beſt;
By her was recovered the blis we' had lorne,
And through that woman ſhall we come to reſt
And ben iſavid, if that our ſelf leſt;
Wherefore me thinkith if that we had grace
We oughten honour women in every place.

Therefore I rede that to our liv'is ende,
Fro this time forth while that we havin ſpace,
That we have treſpaced purſue to amende,
Praying our Ladie, the welle of all grace,
To bryngin us unto that blisfull place
There as ſhe' and all gode women ſhall be' in fere,
In hevin above, emong the angils clere.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY.

M. Aleyn, Secretary to the King of France, formed this dialogue between a gentleman, and a gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand, dyeth for sorrow.

HALFE in a dreme, not fully well awaked,
The goldin Slepe me wrapped undir his wyng,
Yet not forthy I rose, and well nigh naked,
Al sodainly my self remembèryng
Of a mattir, levyng all othir thyng,
Which I must doe withoutin more delaie
For them whiche I ne durst not disobaie.
My charge was this, to translate by and by,
(All thyng forgive) as parte of my penaunce,
A boke callid *La bel Dame sans Mercy*,
Whiche Maistir Aleine made of remembraunce,
Chief Secretarie with the Kyng of Fraunce;
And hereupon a while I stode musyng,
And in my self greatly imaginyng
What wise I should perform the said processe
Considiryng by gode advisement
My unconnyng and my grete simplenesse,
And ayenward the straite commaundement
Whiche that I had; and thus in myne entent
I was vexid and tournid up and doune,
And yet at last, as in conclusioun,
I cast my clothis on, and went my waie,
This foresaid charge having in remembraunce,
Till I came to a lustie grene valaie
Full of flouris, to se a grete plesaunce,
And so boldly, with ther benigne suffraunce
Which redin this boke, touching this matere
Thus I began, if it plese you to here.

Not long ago, ridyng an esie paas,
I fell in thought of joyful desperate,
With grete disese and pain, so that I was
Of all lovirs the most unfortunate,
Sith by his darte moste cruill full of hate
The Deth hath take my ladie and maistresse,
And left me sole, thus discomfite and mate,
Sore languishyng and in waie of distresse.

Then said I thus, It fallith me to cesse
Eithir to rime or ditees for to make,
And surely to makin a full promesse
To laugh no more, but wepe in clothis blake
My joyfull tyme (alas!) now doeth it flake,
For in my self I sele no manir ese,
Let it be written, soche fortune (as I take)
Which neithir me nor non othir doth plese.
If it were so my wyll or myne entent
Constrainid were a joyfull thing to write,
My penne coud nevir knowin what it ment,
To speke thereof my tongue hath no delite;
Tho with my mouthe I laugh mochil or lite
Mine eyin should make a countenance untrue,
My herte also would have therof despite,
The wepyng teris have so large issue.
These sicke lovirs I leve that to 'hem longes,
Which lede ther life in hope of elegeaunce,
This is to saie, to make balades and songes
Every of 'hem as thei sele ther grevaunce,
For she that was my joye and my plesaunce,
Whose soule I praie God of his mercie save!
She hath my will, myne hert'is ordinaunce,
Which lyith here within this tombe igrave.
For this tyme forthe tyme is to hold my pees;
It werieth me this mattir for to trete;
Let othir lovirs put 'hem selfe in prees,
Their seson is, my tyme is now forgete;
Fortune by strength the forcir hath unshete
Wherein was sperde all my worldly richesse,
And all the godis which that I have gete
In my best tyme of youth and lustinesse.
Love hath me kept undir his govirnaunce;
If I misdid God graunt me forgivenesse!
If I did well yet felt I no plesaunce,
It causid neithir joye nor hevinesse,

ſhe dyid that was my maiſtres
re then ymade the ſame purchaſe;
hath ſhette my bondis of witneſſe,
r nothing myne hert ſhal nevir paſe.
grete thought ſore troublid in my mind,
s rode I all the morrow tide,
e laſt it happid me to finde
wherein I caſt me to abide
at I had no furthir for to ride,
went my lodgyng to purvaie
e I herd a little me beſide,
in, where minſtrels gan to plaie:
hat anone I went me backir more,
nd I, me thought we were inow,
ne that wer my frendis here before
eſpied, and yet I wote not how
e for me; awaiewarde I me drowe,
by force, ſomwhat by ther requeſt,
o wiſe I coud my ſelf reſcowe,
I muſt come in and ſe the feſt.
commyng the ladies everichone
velcome, God wote ſo gentillie,
e me chere every one by one
lele bettir than I was worthie,
her grace ſhewed me grete curtiſie
le diſport, bicauſe I ſhould not mourne:
I bode ſtill in ther companie,
vas to me a gracious ſojourne.
rdis were ſpred in right lityl ſpace,
s ſat eche as ſhe ſemid beſt;
re no dedly ſervauntes in the place,
n men, right of the godelyeſt,
e there wer, peraventure moſt freſheſt,
in ther judgis right full demure,
n ſemblaunt eithir to moſte or leſt,
handyng thei had 'hem undir cure.
all othir one I gan eſpie
grete thought ſul oftin came and went,
at had ben raviſhed uttirly,
guage not gretly diligent;
inaunce he kept with grete turment,
eſire farre paſſid his reſon,
eye went aftir his entent
y' a tyme when it was no ſeſon.
kin chere ſorely hymſelf he pained,
vardly he ſainid grete gladneſſe;
lſo by force he was conſtrained,
eſaunce but verie ſhamefaſtneſſe,
omplainte of his moſte hevineſſe
his voice alwaie without requeſt,
e ſoune of birdis doeth expreſſe
ſing loude in frithe or in foreſt.
here were that ſervid in the hall,
like hym, as aftir myne adviſe,
as pale, and ſomwhat lene withall,
e alſo tremblid in ſerfull wiſe,
lone but when he did ſerviſe;
he were, and no deviſe but plain;
ght by him, as my witte coud ſuffiſe,
was nothyng in his owne demain.
'hem all he did his diligence,
he coud, right as it ſemid me,
nore when he was in preſence
was doen, it n'olde none othir be;
His ſcholemaiſtir had ſoche authorite
That all the while he bode ſtill in that place
Speke cou'd he not, but upon her beaute
He lokid ſtill with a right pitous face.
With that his hedde he tournid at the laſt
For to beholde the ladies everichone,
But er in one he ſet his eye ſtedfaſt
On her whiche that his thought was moſte upon,
For of his eyen the ſhot I knewe anone,
Which ſerfull was, with right humble requeſtes;
Then to my ſelf I ſaied, by God alone
Soche one was I or that I ſawe theſe jeſtes.
Out of the preſe he went full eſily
To make ſtable his hevie countinaunce,
And wote ye well he ſighid wondirly
For his ſorowes and wofull remembrance,
Then in hymſelf he made his ordinance,
And forthwithall came to bryng in the meſſe,
But for to judge his moſte wofull penance
God wote it was a pitous entremeſſe.
Aftir dinir anone thei 'hem avaunced
To daunce above the folk everychone,
And forthwithal this hevie man he daunced
Somtime with twaine and ſomtimis with one;
Unto 'hem all his chere was aftir one,
Now here, now there, as fell by avinture,
Bur er emong he drewe to her alone
Whiche that he moſte drede of livyng creture.
To mine adviſe gode was his purveiaunce
When he her choſe to his maiſtreſſe alone,
If that her herte were ſet to his pleſaunce
As moche as was her beautēous perſone,
For who ſo evir ſetteth his truſt upon
The report of the eyen withoutin more
He might be dedde and gravin undir ſtone
Or he ſhould his hert'is eſe reſtore.
In her failid nothyng that I coud geſſe
One wiſe nor othir, privie nor aperte;
A gariſon ſhe was of godelineſſe,
To make a frontier for a lovirs herte;
Right yong and freſhe, a woman full coverte,
Aſſurid wele of porte and eke of chere,
Wel at her eſe, withoutin wo or ſmerte,
All underneth the ſtanderde of Dangere.
To ſe the feſt it weried me full ſore,
For hevie joye doeth ſore the herte travaile,
Out of the preſe I me withdrawe therfore,
And ſet me doune alone behinde a traile
Full of levis, to ſe a grete mervaile,
With grene wrethis iboundin wondirly,
The levis were ſo thicke withoutin faile
That thoroughout no man might me eſpie.
To this ladie he came full curtiſly
When he thought time to daunce with her a trace,
Set in an herbir made full pleſantly,
Thei reſtid 'hem fro thens but lityl ſpace,
Nigh 'hem were none of a certain compace,
But onely thei, as farre as I coud ſe;
Save the traile there I had ychoſe my place
Ther was no more betwene 'hem two and me.
I herd the lovir ſighyng wondir ſore,
For aie the more the ſorir it hym ſought,
His inward paine he coud not kepe in ſtore,
Nor for to ſpeke ſo hardie was he nought;

His leche was nere, the gretir was his thought:
He musid fore to conquere his desire,
For no man maie to more penaunce be brought
Then in his hete to bryng hym to the fire.
The herte began to swell within his chest,
So fore strainid for anguishe and for pain,
That all to pecis almoste it to brest,
When both at ones so fore it did constrain.
Desire was bolde, but shame it gan refrain,
That one was large, the othir was full close;
No little charge was laied on hym certain
To kepe soche werre and have so many fose.
Full oftin times to speke himself he pained,
But shamefastnesse and drede saied evir naie,
Yet at the last so fore he was constrained,
When he full long had put it in delaie,
To this ladie right thus then gan he saie,
With dredefull voice, wepyng, halfe in a rage;
For me was purveied an unhappie daie
When I first had a sight of your visage:
I suffre pain, God wote, full hote brenning,
To cause my deth, all for my true service,
And I se well ye recke thereof nothing,
Nor take no hede of it in no kinde wise,
But when I speke aftir my best advise
Ye reke it nought, but make thereof a game,
And though I sewe so grete an entirprise
Yet peirith not your worship nor your fame.
Alas! what should it be to' you prejudice
If that a man doe love you faithfully?
To your worship eschewyng every vice,
So I am yours, and will be verily;
I chalenge nought of right, and reson why,
For I am whole submit to your service;
Right as you list it be right so will I,
To binde my self where I was in fraunchise.

L'amant.

Though it be so that I can not deserve
To have your grace, but alwaie live in drede,
Yet suffre me you for to love and serve
Without maugre of your moste godelihede;
Both faith and trouth I give your womanhede
And my service without any callyng;
Love hath me bound withoutin wage or mede
To be your man and leve all othir thyng.

La Dame.

When this ladie had herd al this language
She gave answere full soft and demurely,
Without chaungyng of colour or corage,
Nothyng in hast, but full mesurably;
Me thinkith, Sir, your thought is grete foly;
Purpose ye nought your labour for to cese,
For thinkith not whilis ye live and I
In this mattir to set your herte in pese.

L'amant.

Ther maie none make the pece but onely ye,
Which are the ground and cause of all this war,
For with your eyen the lettirs writtin be
By whiche I am defied and put afarre;
Your plesaunt loke, my very lodestarre,
Was made heraude of thilke same defiaunce
Whiche uttirly behight me for to barre
My faithfull trust and all myne affyaunce.

La Dame.

To live in wo he hath grete fantasie,
And of his hert also but slipper holde,
That onely for beholdyng of an eye
Can not abide in pece, as reson wolde;
Other or me if ye list ye maie beholde;
Our eyen are made to loke, why should we spare?
I take no kepe neithir of yong ne olde;
Who felith smart I counsaile hym beware.

L'amant.

If it be so one hurte on othir fore
In his defaute that felith the grevaunce,
Of very right a man may do no more,
Yet reson would it were in remembraunce,
And sith Fortune onily by her chaunce
Hath causid me to suffre all this pain
By your beautie, with all the circumstaunce,
Why list ye have me in so grete disdain?

La Dame.

To your persone ne have I no disdain,
Nor nevir had truelie, ne nought will have,
Nor right grete love nor hatred in certain,
Nor your counsaile to knowe so God me save;
If that soche love be in your minde igrave,
That lityl thyng maie doe you displesaunce,
You to begile or make you for to rave,
I will not causin no soche encombraunce.

L'amant.

What er it be that me hath thus purchased
Wenyng hath not decevid me certain,
But fervent love so fore hath me ichased
That I unware am castin in your chaine;
And sith so is, as Fortune list ordaine,
All my welfare is in your handis fall,
In eschewyng of more mischevous paine
Who sonist dieth his care is left of all.

La Dame.

This sicknesse is right esie to endure,
But sewe peple it causith for to die,
But what thei mene I knowe it very sure,
Of more comfort to drawe the remedie;
Soche be there now plainyng full pitouslie
That fele, God wote, not althir gretist pain;
And if so be love hurte so grevouslie,
Lesse harme it wer one sorowful then twain.

L'amant.

Alas! Madame, if that it might you plese,
Moche bet it were by waie of gentilnesse
Of one sorie to make twain well at ese
Then hym to destroie that liveth in distresse,
For my desire is neithir more nor lesse
But my service to doe for your plesaunce,
In eschewyng all manir doubleneesse
To make two joies in stede of one grevaunce.

La Dame.

Of love I seke neithir plesaunce nor ese,
Nor have I therein no grete affiaunce;
Though ye be sick it doeth me nothing plese,
Also I take no hede of your plesaunce;
Chese who so will ther hertis to avaunce,
Free am I now and fre will I endure;
To be rulid by mann'is govirnaunce
For yerthly gode naie, that I you ensure.

L'amant.

ich that joy and forow doth depart,
e ladies out of all fervage,
doeth graunt 'hem for ther part
d rule of every maner of age;
rvaunt nought hath of avantage
maie get onely by purchesse,
t ones to Love doeth his homage
mes dere bought is the richesse.

La Dame.

e not so simple, thus I mene,
ritte, so sottid in folie,
rdis which said be of the splene,
guage paintid full plesauntlie,
and mo holde scholis of dailie,
em all grete wondirs to suppose,
i can awaie their heddis wrie,
e speche lightly ther eris close.

L'amant.

no man that janglith busilie,
his herte and al his minde therfore,
on maie plain so pitouslie
hath moche hevinesse in store;
le is whole and saieth that it is sore
here is harde to kepe in mewe,
, whiche is unfainid evirmore,
previth as the wordis shewe.

La Dame.

abtill, and hath a grete awaite,
rking, in gabbing grete plesaunce,
m venge of soche as by disceite
and knowe his secrete govirnaunce,
'hem to' obeie his ordinaunce
l waies, as in 'hem is supposed,
hei fallin into repentaunce
age ther counsaile is disclosed.

L'amant.

s moche as God and eke Nature
icid love to so hie degre,
pe is the poinct, thus am I right sure,
more the faute, where er it be;
colde of hete hath no deinte;
r that othir askid is expresse;
aunce knowith none certainte
e in thought and hevinesse.

La Dame.

esaunce, it is not alwaie one,
ink swete I think it bittir pain;
t me constrain, nor yet right none,
luste to love; that is but vain;
e love by right was nevir sein,
ssent, before bonde and promise,
h and force ne maie not er attain
standeth enseffid in franchise.

L'amant.

ire laide! God mote I nevir plese
ke othir right in this case
shewe you plainly my disese,
mercie to' abide and eke your grace;
If I purpose your honour to deface,
Or evir did, God and Fortune me shende,
And that I ner unrightfully purchace
One onelie joye unto my liv'is ende.

La Dame.

Ye and othir that swere soche oth'is faste,
And so condempne and cursin to and fro,
Full sikirly ye wene your othis laste
No lengir then the wordis ben ago,
And God and eke his sainctis laugh also;
In soche sweryng there is no stedfastnesse,
And these wretchis that have ful trust thereto
Aftir thei wepe and wailin in distresse.

L'amant.

He hath no courage of a man truelie
That sechith plesaunce worship to dispise,
Nor to be callid, for he' is not worthie
The yerth to touch, the aire in no kind wise,
A trustie herte, a mouthe without feintise,
Thus by the strength of every manir name,
And who that laieth his faith for little prise
He lesith both his worship and his fame.

La Dame.

A cursid herte, a mouthe that is curteise,
Full well ye wote thei be not accordyng,
Yet fainid chere right sone maie 'hem apeise,
Where of malice is set all ther workyng,
Full false seniblaunt thei bere and true semyng,
Ther name, ther fame, ther tonguis ben but fained,
Worship in 'hem is put in forgettyng,
Nought repentid, nor in no wise complained.

L'amant.

Who thinkith ill no gode maie him befall,
God of his grace graunt eche man his desert!
But for his love emong your thoughtis all
As thinke upon my wofull sorowes smert,
For of my paine whethir your tendir hert
Of swete pitie be not therewith agreved,
And of your grace to me were discovert,
That by your mene sone should I be releved.

La Dame.

A lightsome herte, a folie of plesaunce,
Are moche bettir the lesse while thei abide,
Thei make you think and bring you in a traunce,
But that sikenesse will sone be remedide;
Respite your thought, and put all this aside;
Full gode disporte ywerieth me all daie;
To helpe nor hurte my will is not aplide;
Who troweth me not I let hym passe awaie.

L'amant.

Who hath a birde, a faucon, or a hounde,
That foloweth hym for love in every place,
He cherisheth him and kepith him ful sound,
Out of his sight he will not hym enchace,
And I, that set my wittis in this case
On you alone, withoutin any chaunge,
Am put undir, moche farthir out of grace,
And lesse set by, then othir that be straunge.

La Dame.

Though I make chere to every man about
For my worſhip and for myne own franchiſe,
To you I n'ill doe ſo withoutin doubt,
In eſchewyng all manir prejudiſe,
For wote ye well Love is ſo little wiſe,
And in bileve ſo lighſly will be brought,
That he takith all at his owne deviſe
Of thing God wote that ſervith him of nought.

L'amant

If I by love and by my true ſerviſe
Leſe the gode chere that ſtraungirs have alwaie
Whereof ſhall ſerve my trouthe in any wiſe
Leſſe then to him that cometh and goeth al daie,
Whiche holdeth of you nothyng, that is no naie?
Alſo in you is loſt, as to' my ſemyng,
All curtiſie, whiche of reſon will ſaie
That *Look for love* were lawfull deſiryng.

La Dame.

Curtiſie is alyid wondir nere
To worſhip, whiche hym lovith tendirly,
And he will not be bounde for no praiere,
Nor for no giftes, I ſaie you verily,
But his gode chere depart full largily
Where hym lykith, as his conceipt will fall;
Guerdon conſtrained, a gift doen thankfully,
Theſe twain can ner accord, nor nevir ſhal.

L'amant.

As for guerdon, I ſeke none in this cace,
For that deſerte to me it is to hie,
Wherfore I aſke your pardon and your grace,
Sith me behovith deth or your mercie;
To give the gode where it wantith truly
That were reſon and a curtiſe manere,
And to your own moche bettir were worthy
Then to ſtraungirs to ſhew 'hem lovely chere.

La Dame.

What cal ye gode? fain would I that I wiſt;
That pleſith one an othir ſmertith ſore,
But of his owne to large is he that liſt
Give moche and leſin his gode name therfore;
One ſhould not make a graunt, little ne more,
But the requeſt were right well accordyng:
If worſhip be not kept and ſet before
All that is leſte is but a little thyng.

L'amant.

Into this worlde was foundin nevir none,
Nor undir hevin creäture ibore,
Nor nevir ſhall, ſave onely your perſone,
To whom your worſhip touchith halfe ſo fore
But me, whiche have no ſeſon leſſe ne more
Of youth ne age but ſtill in your ſervice;
I have no eyen, no wit, nor mouthe, in ſtore,
But all be givin to the ſame office.

La Dame.

A ful grete charge hath he withoutin faile
That his worſhip kepith in ſikirneſſe,
But in danngir he ſettith his travail
That feſſith it with othirs buſineſſe;
To hym that longith honour and nobleſſe
Upon none othir ſhould not be awaite,
For of his owne ſo moche hath he the leſſe
That of othir moche foloweth the conceite.

L'amant.

Your eyen hath ſet the print which that I fole
Within my herte, that where ſo er I go
If I doe thyng that founith unto wele
Nedes muſt it cum from you and fro no mo;
Fortune will this, that I for wele or wo
My life endure, your mercy abidyng,
And verie right will that I thinke alſo
Of your worſhip above all othir thyng.

La Dame.

To your worſhip ſe well, for that is nede,
That ye ſpende not your ſeſon all in vain;
As touchyng myne I rede you take no hede,
By your follie to put your ſelfe in pain;
To overcome is gode and to reſtrain
An herte which is decevid follilie,
For *Worſe it is to breke then bowe certain;*
Bettir to bowe then to fall ſodainly.

L'amant.

Now, faire ladie! thinke ſith it firſt began
That Love hath ſet mine herte undir his cure
It nevir might, ne truelie I ne can,
None othir ſerve while I ſhall here endure,
In moſt ſre wiſe thereof I make you ſure,
Which maie not be withdraw, this is no naie;
I muſt abide all manir advinture,
For I ne maie put to nor take awaie.

La Dame.

I holde it for no gift in ſothfaſtneſſe
That one offirith where it is forſake,
For ſoche a gifte' is abandonyng expreſſe,
That with worſhip ayen maie not be take;
He hath an herte full fell that liſt to make
A gift lightlie that put is to refuſe,
But he is wiſe that ſoche conceipt will ſlake,
So that hym nede neithir ſtudie ne muſe.

L'amant.

He ſhould not muſe that hath his ſervice ſpent
On her whiche is a ladie honourable,
And if I ſpende my time to that entent
Yet at the leſt I am not reprovable
Of ſainid harte, to thinke I am unable,
Or I miſtoke when I made this requeſt,
By whiche Love hath of enterpriſe notable
So many hertis gottin by conqueſt.

La Dame.

If that ye liſte doe aftir my counſaile
Seche a fairir and of more highir fame,
Whiche in ſervice of love will you prevaile,
Aftir your thought, accordyng to the ſame;
He hurtith bothe his worſhip and his name
That follily for twain himſelf will trouble,
And he alſo leſith his aftir game
That ſurely can not ſet his poinctis double.

L'amant.

ur counſaile, by ought that I can ſe,
lid than doen, to myne adviſe,
beleve it not forgive it me:
e is ſoche, ſo whole without feintiſe,
maie give credence in no wiſe
whiche is not ſounyng unto truth:
ſaile I ſe' is but fantaſiſe
ur grace to ſhewe pitie and ruth.

La Dame.

hym wiſe that workith no folie,
hym liſt can leve and part therfro,
nyng he is to lerne truelie
d himſelf conduite and can not ſo;
at will not aftir counſaile doe
e puttith into diſperaunce,
e gode that ſhould yfall hym to
dedde clene out of remembraunce.

L'amant.

I I ſhewe this mattir faithfullie
ive, what evir be my chaunce,
ap that in my truthe I die
ſhall doe to me no diſpleſaunce,
that I by your hard ſufferaunce
o true, and with ſo grete a pain,
t doe me moche the leſſe grevaunce
o live a falſe lovir certain.

La Dame.

et ye right noght, this is no ſable,
ou be neithir hard nor ſtraite,
will not no man cuſtomable
ye ſhould be ſure of my conceite;
ſorowe bis be the receite;
ſaile can I not ſele nor ſe,
lerne I caſt me not to' awaite,
hereof let him aſſaie for me.

L'amant.

ſt it be aſſaied, that is no naie,
e as be of reputacion,
e love the right honour to paie
is gottin by due raunſome,
holdith this opinion,
grete dureſſe ond diſcomforte
herte in ſo ſtraite a priſon
but one bodie for his diſporte.

La Dame.

ſo many cauſis marveilous
ſt nede of reſon thinke certain
ure is wondir perilous,
ell more the coming backe again,
orſhip thereof is ſeldome ſene,
e will make any ſoche araie,
inde a pleſaunce but baraine
all coſt ſo dere the firſt aſſaie.

L'amant.

no cauſe to doubt of this matter,
meve with no ſoche fantaſiſe,
e farre all out as a ſtraunger,
odeneſſe can thinke and well adviſe
That I have made apriſe in every wiſe,
By whiche my truthe ſheweth opin evidence;
My long abidyng and my true ſervice
Maie well be knowen by plain experience.

La Dame.

Of verie right he maie be callid true,
And ſo muſt he be take in every place,
That can diſcerne and let as he ne knewe,
And kepe the gode if he it maie purchaſe;
For who that praieth or ſwereth in any caſe
Right well ye wote in that no trouth is preved;
Soch hath there ben and are that gettin grace,
And leſe it ſone when thei have it acheved.

L'amant.

If truthe me cauſe, by vertue ſoverain,
To ſhewe gode love and alwaie find contrarie,
And cheriſhe the whiche fleeth me with the pain,
This is to me a lovely adverſarie,
When that Pitie, whiche long on ſlepe doth tarie,
Hath ſet the fine of all my bevineſſe,
Yet her comfort, to me moſte neceſſarie,
Shall ſet my will more ſure in ſtableneſſe.

La Dame.

The woful wight what maie he think or ſay,
The contrarie of all joye and gladneſſe,
A ſicke bodie, his thought is ſerre alwaie
From 'hem that felin no ſore nor ſickeneſſe;
Thus hurtis ben of divers buſineſſe,
Whiche love hath putt unto grete hinderaunce,
And truthe alſo put in forgetfulneſſe,
When thei full ſore begin to ſigh aſkaunce.

L'amant.

Now God defende but he be harmeleſſe
Of all worſhip or gode that maie befall
That to werſt tournith by his leudneſſe
A gift of grace or any thyng at all
That his ladie vouchſafe upon hym call,
Or cheriſh hym in honourable wiſe;
In that defaute what er he be that fall
Deſervith more than deth to ſuffre twiſe.

La Dame.

There is no judge iſet on ſoche treſpace,
By whiche of right love maie recovered be,
One curſith faſt, an othir doth manace,
Yet dyith none, as farre as I can ſe,
But kepe ther courſe alwaie in one degre,
And evirmore ther labour doeth entreſe
To bryng ladies, by ther grete ſubtilte,
For othirs gilte, in ſorowe and diſeſe.

L'amant.

All be it ſo one doeth ſo grete offence
And is not dedde nor put to no juſtice,
Right well I wote hym gainith no defence,
But he muſt ende in full miſchevous wiſe,
And all ever ſaied God will hym diſpiſe,
For falſhed is all full of curſidneſſe,
That his worſhip may ner have entirpriſe
Where it reigniith and hath the wilfulneſſe.

La Dame.

Of that have thei no grete fere now a daiſe,
Soche as will ſaie and maintain it thereto,
That ſtedfaſt truthe nothyng for to praiſe
In 'hem that kepe it long in wele or wo,
Their buſie hertis paſſin to and fro,
Thei be ſo well reclaimid to the lure,
So well lernid 'hem to withholde alſo,
And al to chaunge when love ſhould beſt endure.

L'amant.

When one hath ſet his herte in ſtable wiſe
In ſoche a place as is bothe gode and true
He ſhould not ſlit, but doe forthe his ſervice
Alwaie withoutin chaunge of any newe:
As ſone as love beginnith to remewe
All pleſaunce goeth anone in lityl ſpace;
As for my partie that ſhall I eſchue
While that the ſoule abidith in his place.

La Dame.

To love trnely there as it ought of right
Ye maie not be miſtakin doubtileſſe,
But ye be ſoule diſceevid in your ſight
By your light underſtandyng as I geſſe,
Yet maie we well repele your buſineſſe,
And unto reſon have ſome attendaunce,
Moche bettir than to' abide by ſimplenes
The feble ſoccouris of diſperaunce.

L'amant.

Reſon, counſaile, wiſedome, and gode adviſe,
Ben undir love arreſtid everichone,
To whiche I can accorde in every wiſe,
For thei ben not rebell but ſtill as ſtone;
Ther will and myne be medlid all in one,
And therwith boundin with ſo ſtrong a chain,
That as in 'hem departyng ſhall be none,
But pitie breke the mightie bonde atwain.

La Dame.

Ye love not your ſelf, what evir ye be,
That in love ſtande ſubject in every place,
And of your wo if ye have no pite
Othirs pite bileve not to purchace,
But be fullie aſſured, as in this cace,
I am alwaie undir one ordinaunce;
To havin bettir truſt not aftir grace,
And all that levith take to your pleſaunce.

L'amant.

I have my hope ſo ſure and ſo ſtedfaſt
That ſoche a ladie ſhould not lacke pitie,
But now, alas! it is ſhit up ſo faſt
That Daungir ſheweth on me his crueltie,
And if ſhe ſe the virtue faile in me
Of true ſervice, though ſhe doe faile alſo
No wondir were; but this is my ſurete,
I muſt ſuffre whiche waie that er it go.

La Dame.

Leve this purpoſe, I rede you for the beſt,
For the lengir ye kepe it is in vain,
The leſſe ye get as of your hert'is reſt,
And to rejoyee it ſhall you nor attain;
When ye abide gode hope to make you ſain
Ye ſhall be founde aſottid in dotage,
And in the ende ye ſhall knowe for certain
That hope ſhall paie the wretchis for ther wage.

L'amant.

Ye ſaie as fallith moſte for your pleſaunce,
And your powir is grete, all this I ſe,
But hope ſhall ner out of my remembraunce,
By whiche I fele ſo grete adverſite,
For when Nature hath ſet in you plente
Of all godeneſſe, by vertue and by grace,
He ner aſſemblid 'hem, as ſemid me,
To put Pitie out of his dwellyng place.

La Dame.

Pitie of right ought to be reſonable,
And to no wight do grete diſavauntage,
There as is nede it ſhould be profitable,
And to the pitous ſhewyng no dontage:
If a ladie will doe ſo grete outrage
To ſhewe pitie and cauſe her owne debate,
Of ſoche pitie comith diſpitous rage,
And of ſoche love alſo right dedly hate.

L'amant.

To comfort 'hem that live all comfortleſſe
That is no harme, but comfort to your name,
But ye that have a herte of ſoche dureſſe,
And a faire ladie', I muſt affirme the ſame,
If I durſt ſaie, ye winne all this deſame
By cruiltie, whiche ſittith you full ill,
But if pitie, whiche maie all this attain,
In your high herte maie reſt and tary ſtill.

La Dame.

What er he be that ſaieth he lovith me,
And paraventure I leve well it be ſo,
Ought he be wrothe, or ſhould I blamid be,
Though I did not as he would have me doe?
If I medlid with ſoche or othir moe
It might be callid pitie mercileſſe,
And aftirward if I ſhould live in wo
Then to repent it were to late I geſſe.

L'amant.

O marble herte! and yet more harde parde,
Whiche mercie maie not perce for no labour,
More ſtrong to bowe then is a mighty tre,
What availeth you to ſhewe ſo grete rigour!
Pleſeth it you more to ſe me die this hour
Before your eyen, for your diſport and phie,
Then for to ſhewe ſome comfort and ſoccour
To reſpite deth, whiche chaſith me alwaie?

La Dame.

Of your diſeaſe ye may have allegeaunce,
And as for myne I let it ovir ſlake,
Alſo ye ſhall not die for my pleſaunce,
Nor for your hele I can no ſuretie make;
I will not hurte my ſelf for othirs ſake;
Wepe thei, laugh thei, or ſing thei, I warrant
For this mattir ſo will I undirtake
That none of 'hem ſhall make therof avant.

L'amant.

ot ſkill of love by God alone,
ore cauſe to wepe in your preſence,
ye wote avauntour am I none,
nly I love bettir ſilence:
d not love by his hert'is credence,
ere ſure to kepe it ſecretlie,
atour is of no revèrence
t his tongue is his moſte enemie.

La Dame.

ueh in court hath grete commaundèment,
ſtudieth to ſaie the worſt he maie,
lovirs in this tyme now preſent
n beſt to jangle as a jaie;
ſecrete iwis yet ſome men ſaie
niſtruſtid is in ſome partiſe,
to ladies when men ſpeke or ſaie
not be bilevid in no wiſe.

L'amant.

and ill ſhall be and is alwaie,
is ſoche; *The yerth is not al plain;*
be gode the proſe ſheweth every daie,
wiſe grete villonie certain;
eſon though one his tongue diſtain
d ſpeche to doe hymſelf a ſhame
refuce ſhould wrongfully remain
gode renomid in ther fame.

La Dame.

be nought, when thei here tidinges new
treſpas ſhall lightly have pardon,
urſuin to be gode and true
t by none ill diſpoſicion,
e' in every gode condicion
e firſt that fallin in domage,
ely the hertis habandon
the with ſoft and faire language.

L'amant.

owe I well of verie certainte
ruelie yet ſhall he be ſhente,
nir of juſtice and pite
out of a ladies entente;
but all is at one ſtente,
he ill, the vice, and eke the virtue;
gode ſoche have the paniſhmente
pace of 'hem that live untrue.

La Dame.

powir you to do grevaunce,
ſhe none othir creature,
ewin the more encombraunce,
rom you all I hold it ſure,
mblaunce hath a face full demure,
catche theſe ladies in a waite,
we muſt, if we will here endure,
gode watch: lo! this is my conceite.

L'amant.

of grace a godely worde not one
e had, but alwaie kept in ſtore,
God, for he maie here my mone,
ſe which grevith me ſo ſore,
And of pite I complaine furthirmore,
Whiche he forgate in all his ordinaunce,
Or els my life to have endid before,
Whiche ſo ſone am put out of remembraunce.

La Dame.

My herte nor I have doen you no forfeite
By whiche ye ſhould complaine in any kinde;
Nothyng hurtith you but your own conceite;
Be judge your ſelf, for ſo ye ſhall it finde:
Thus alwaie let this ſinke into your minde
That your deſire ſhall ner recovered be;
Ye noye me ſore in waſtyng all this winde,
For I have ſaied inough, as ſemith me.

This wofull man roſe up in all his paine,
And departid with wepyng countinaunce,
His wofull herte almoſte to braſte in twaine,
Full like to die, walkyng forthe in a traunce,
And ſayid, Deth, come forthe, thy ſelf avaunce,
Or that myne herte forget his propertie,
And make ſhortir all this wofull penaunce
Of my pore life, full of adverſitie.

Fro thens he went, but whithir wiſt I nought,
Nor to what part he drewe in ſothfaſtneſſe,
But he no more was in his ladie's thought,
For to the dannce anone ſhe gan her dreſſe;
And aftirward one tolde me thus expreſſe,
He rent his heer for anguiſhe and for pain,
And in hymſelf toke ſo grete hevineſſe
That he was dedde within a daie or twain.

L'ENVOY.

The true lovirs thus I beſeche you all
Soche adventures flie 'hem in every wiſe,
And as peple defamid ye 'hem call,
For thei truelie do you grete prejudice
His caſtelles ſtrong ſtuffid with ordinaunce,
For thei have had long tyme by their office
The whole countrey of Love in obeiſaunce.

And ye ladies, or what eſtate ye be,
Of whom Worſhip hath choiſe his dwellyng place,
For Godd'is love doe no ſoche cruilsie,
Nor in no wiſe ne folowe not the trace
Of her that here is namid right wiſely,
Whiche by reſon me ſemith in this cace
Maie be caltid *La belle Dame ſans Mercy.*

Go, lityl Boke, God ſende the gode paſſage!
Cheſe well thy waie, be ſimple of manere,
Loke thy clothyng be like thy pilgrimage,
And ſpecially let this be thy praiere
Unto 'hem all that the will rede or here,
Where thou art wrong after ther helpe to call
The to correcte in any parte or all.

Praie 'hem alſo with thine humble ſervife
Thy boldèneſſe to pardon in this cace,
For els thou art not able in no wiſe
To make thy ſelf appere in any place;
And furthirmore beſeche 'hem of ther grace
By ther favour and ſupportacion,
To take in gre this rude Tranſlacion,

The which God wote ſtandith full deſtitute
Of eloquence, of metre, and colours,
Like as a beſt nakid without refute

Upon a plain to abide all manir showers:
I can no more but aske of 'hem socours
At whose request thou wer made in this wise,
Commanndyng me with body and service.
Right thus I make an ende of this prosses,
Beseechyng hym that all hath in balaunce
That no true man be vexid causelesse
As this man was, whiche is of remembrance;
And all that doen ther faithfull observaunce,
And in ther trouth purpose 'hem to endure
I praie God sende 'hem bettir avinture.

THE ASSEMBLE OF LADIES.

ıan dreameth that ſhe ſeeth a greate number of Ladies put up their billet of nplaint before a judge, who promiſeth to relieve their grievances.

', at the fallinge of the leſe,
ɔn was altogidir done,
rne was gathirid the ſhefe,
boute twayne aftir none,
dies walking, as was ther wone,
ɔre, as to my minde doth fall,
ıe, the ſimpliſt of 'hem al.
men faire there were alſo
m everiche aftir her giſe,
walking by two and two,
ıe, aftir ther fantaſies;
we were in diverſe wiſe,
ɔuthe we were nat al alone,
nighes and ſquiris many one.
ſerved? one of 'hem aſkid me:
it fel in my thought,
ute the maſe in certainte,
woman that nothing rought.
ıyen whom that I ſought,
our why I was ſo pale?
d I) and therby lithe a tale.
me wete, (quod he) and that anone;
and make no tarying,
I) ye ben a haſtie one;
it is no lityl thing,
e ye have a grete longing
this proceſſe for to here
the plaine of this matere.
ıus' that in an aftirnone
and I by one aſſent,
r beſineſſis were done,
time into this maſe we went,
waies eche aftir our entent,
ıward and went they had gon out,
ın the mid and loked all about.

And, ſoth to ſay, ſome were ful ferre behinde,
And right anon as ferforthe as the beſt,
Othir ther were ſo maſid in ther minde
Al waies were gode for 'hem both eſt and weſt;
Thus went they forth and had but lityl reſt,
And ſome ther courage dyd 'hem ſore aſſaile,
For very wrathe they dyd ſtep o'er the raile;
And as they ſought 'hem ſelvin to and fro,
I gate my ſelf a lityl avauntage,
Al forweried I might no furthir go,
Though I had won right grete for my viage,
So came I forthe into a ſtraite paſſage,
Which brought me to an herbir faire and grene,
Ymade with benchis ful crafty and clene;
That as me thoughtin there might no creture
Deviſe a bette by dewe proporcioun,
Safe it was cloſid wel I you enſure,
With maſonrye of compace environn,
Ful ſecretly with ſtairis goyng down
In myddes the place with turning whele certain,
And upon that a potte of margelaine,
With margerettes growinge in ordinaunce
To ſhewe 'hem ſelfe as folke went to and fro,
That to beholde it was a grete pleſaunce,
And how they were accompainid with mo,
Ne momblifneſſe and ſoneneſſe alſo,
The poure penſis were not diſlogid there,
Ne, God wote ther place was every where.
The flore and bench was pavid faire and ſmothe
With ſtonis ſquare of many divers hewe,
So wel joynid that for to ſay the ſoth
Al ſemid one, that no one othir knewe,
And undirnith the ſtremis newe and newe,
As ſilvir bright, ſpringing in ſoche a wiſe,
That whence it came ye coude it not deviſe.

A lityl while ywas I al alone
Beholding wel this delectable place,
My felawſhip were coming everichone,
So muſte we nedis abyde for a ſpace,
Remembiring of many divers cace
Of tyme ypaſſid yore with ſighis depe,
I ſet me downe, and there I fel aſlepe.

And as I ſlept me thought there came to me
A gentylwoman metely of ſtature,
Of grete worſhip ſhe ſemid for to be,
Atyrid wel. not high, but by meſure,
Her countinaunce full ſad was and demure,
Her colours blewe al that ſhe had upon;
Ther ne came no mo but her ſelfe alone.

Her gowne wel was embraudrid certainly
With ſtonis ſette aftir her owne deviſe
In her purfillis, her worde by and by
Bien & Loyalement, as I coude deviſe;
Than praide I her in any manir wiſe
That of her name I might have remembraunce;
She ſaid ſhe was callid Perſeveraunce.

So furthirmore to ſpekin was I bolde,
Where ſhe dwellid I prayed her for to ſay?
And ſhe againe ful curtiſly me tolde,
My dwelling is and hath be many' a day
With a lady. What lady? I you pray.
Of gret eſtate, thus warne I you (quod ſhe,)
What cal ye her? Her name is Loyalte.

In what office ſtonde ye or what degre?
(Quod I to her) that would I wete right faine.
I am, (quod ſhe) unworthy though I be,
Of her chambre her uſhir in certaine,
This rodde I bere as for a tokin plaine,
Lyke as ye knowe the rule in ſoche ſervice
Apertaining is to the ſame office.

She chargid me by her commaundement
To warne you and your felawes everichone
That ye ſhulde come there as ſhe is preſent
For a counſaile whiche ſhall be nowe anone,
Or ſevin dayis be comin and gone;
And furthirmore, ſhe bad that I ſhulde ſay
Excuſis there might be none nor delay.

Anothir thing was not forget behinde,
Whiche in no wiſe I wolde but that ye knewe;
Remembre wel and bere it in your minde
Al your felawes and ye muſt come in blewe
Everlyche, your matirs for to ſewe,
With more, whiche I pray you to thinke upon,
Your wordis on your ſelvis everychon.

And be not abaſhed in no manir wiſe,
As many ben, in ſoche an high preſence;
Make your requeſt as ye can beſt deviſe,
And ſhe gladly wol yeve you audience:
Ther is no grefe nor no manir offence
Wherin ye fele that your herte is diſpiſed
But with her help right ſone ye ſhal be eſed.

I am right glad (quod I) ye tel me this,
But ther is non of us that knoweth the waie,
As of your way (quod ſhe) ye ſhal not mis,
Ye ſhal haye one to gyde you day by day
Of my felawes, I can not bettir ſay,
Soche one as ſhal tel you the way ful right,
And Diligence this gentilwoman hight,

A woman of right famous govirnaunce,
And wel cherifhed, I tel you in certaine,
Her felauſhip ſhal do you grete pleſaunce;
Her porte is ſoch, her manirs trewe and plaine,
She with glad chere wold do her beſy paine
To bring you there. Now farewel; I have done.
Abyde, ſaid I, ye may not go ſo ſone.

Why ſo? (quod ſhe) and I have ferre to go,
To yeve warning in many divers place
To your felawes and ſo to othir mo,
And well ye wote I have but lytil ſpace,
Now yet, (quod I) ye muſt tel me this cace,
If ye ſhal any men unto us cal.
Not one (quod ſhe) may come amonges you all.

Not one, than? ſaid I; eigh, *Benedicite!*
What have I done? I pray you tel me that.
Nowe by my lyfe I trowe but wel, (quod ſhe)
But er I can byleve there is ſomwhat,
And for to ſaye you trouthe more can I nat;
In queſtions I may nothing be to large;
I meddle muſt no furthir then my charge.

Than thus, (quod I) do me to undirſtande
What place is there this lady is dwelling?
Forſothe (quod ſhe) and one ſought al this lande
Fairir is none, though it were for a king,
Deviſid wel, and that in every thing,
The touris hie ful pleſaunt ſhal ye finde,
With phanis freſh turning with every wynde;

The chambris and the parlirs of a ſorte,
With bay windowes godely as may be thought,
As for daunſing and othir wiſe diſporte
The galeries be all right well ywrought,
That wel I wote if ye were thydir brought,
And take gode hede therof in every wiſe,
Ye wol it thinke a very paradiſe.

What hight the place? (quod I) now ſay me that
Pleſaunt Regarde, (quod ſhe) to tell you plaine.
Of very trouth, (quod I) and wote ye what?
It may right wel be callid ſo certaine;
But furthirmore this wold I wit right fain,
What I ſhulde do as ſone as I come there,
And aftir whom that I may beſt enquere?

A gentilwoman portir of the yate
There ſhal ye finde, her name is Countinaunce,
If ye ſo hap ye come erly or late
Of her wer gode to have ſome acquaintaunce,
She can you tel howe ye ſhal you avaunce,
And howe to come to her ladye's preſence;
To her wordis I rede ye geve credence.

Now it is time that I ſhulde parte you fro,
For in gode faithe I have grete buſineſſe.
I wote right wel (quod I) that it is ſo,
And I thanke you of your grete gentilneſſe,
Your comforte hath yevin me hardineſſe,
That nowe I ſhal be bolde withoutin faile
To do' aftir your advice and gode counſaile.

Thus partid ſhe, and I lefte all alone;
With that I ſawe (as I behelde aſide)
A woman come, a verie godely one,
And forth withal as I had her aſpide
Me thought anone it ſhoulde be the gide,
And of her name anone I did enquere;
Ful womanly ſhe yave me this anſwere;

quod ſhe) but a ſimple creture,
the courte, my name is Diligence;
s I myght come, I you enſure,
ot aftir I had licence:
e that I am come to your preſence,
at ſervice I can you do or may
ıdith me; I can no furthir ſay.
id her, and prayed her to come nere,
woulde ſe how ſhe was araide;
was blew, dreſſid in gode manere,
deviſe, her worde alſo, that ſaide
puis, and I was wel apaide;
wiſt I, withoutin any more,
trewe that I had herde before.
we toke nowe before a litil ſpace
l gode (quod ſhe) as I coude geſſe.
re (quod I) have we unto the place?
journey, (quod ſhe) but litil leſſe;
I rede that now we outwarde dreſſe
poſe our felawſhip is paſt,
othinge I wolde not we were the' laſt.
epartid we' at ſpringing of the daye,
e we wente a ſofte and ely pace,
laſt we were on our journey
twarde that we might ſe the place;
us reſt (quod I) a litil ſpace,
e as devoutly as we can
oſter for Saint Julian.
l my herte; I aſſent with gode wil;
tir ſhal we ſpede whan we have done.
ed we and ſaid it every dyl;
the day was paſt farre aftir none
a place, and thidir came we ſone,
ounde aboute was cloſid with a wal,
o me full like an hoſpitall.
found I one had brought all min aray,
woman of mine acquaintaunce)
rvaile (quod I) what manir way
owlege of al this ordinaunce.
(quod ſhe) I herde Perſeveraunce
warnid her felawes everichone,
t aray ye ſhouldin have upon.
or my love (quod I) this I you praye,
ve take upon you all the paine,
wolde helpe me on with mine araye,
e wel I wolde be gone right faine.
ayir us nedith not certaine,
e againe;) come of, and hye you ſone,
al ſe anone it ſhall be done.
s I doute me gretly, wote ye what?
felawes be paſſid by and gone.
ou (quod ſhe) that are they nat,
they ſhall aſſemble everichone,
tandinge I counſaile you anone
redy, and tary you no more,
rme though ye be there before.
I dreſſid me in mine araye,
l her whethir it were wel or no?
well (quod ſhe) unto my pay,
ot care to what place er ye go:
ies that ſhe and I debatid ſo
igence and ſawe me al in blewe;
od ſhe) right wel broke ye your newe!

Diſcrecion Purveiour.

Than wente we forth and met an avinture
A yonge woman, an officir ſeminge;
What is your name? (quod I) tell, gode creture.
Diſcrecion, (quod ſhe) without leſinge.
And where (quod I) is your moſt abidinge?
I have (quod ſhe) this office of purchace,
Chefe Purveyour that longith to this place.

Acquayntaunce Herbyger.

Fair love! (quod I) in all your ordinaunce
What is her name that is the herbigere?
Forſothe (quod ſhe) her name is Acquaintaunce,
A woman of right gracious manere.
Then thus, (quod I) what ſtraungirs have ye here?
But fewe (quod ſhe) of high degre ne lowe,
Ye be the firſt, as ferforth as I knowe.

Countinaunce Porter.

Thus with talis we came ſtreight to the yate,
This yonge woman departid was and gone,
Came Diligence, and knockid faſt thereat,
Who is without? (quod Countinaunce anone.)
Truly, (quod I) fayre ſiſtir, here is one.
Which one? (quod ſhe) and therewithal ſhe lough,
I Diligence; ye knowe me wel ynoughe.
Than opened ſhe the gate, and in we go;
With wordis faire ſhe ſaide full gentilly,
Ye are welcome ywis; are ye no mo?
Nat one (quod ſhe) ſave this woman and I.
Now than (quod ſhe) I pray you hertily
Takith my chaumbre for a while to reſt
Til your felawis come; I holde it beſt.
I thanked her, and forth we go everichone
Til her chambre withoutin wordis mo,
Came Diligence and toke her leve anone.
Where er ye lyſt (quod I) nowe may ye go,
And I thanke you right hertily alſo
Of your labour, for whiche God do you mede;
I can no more, but Jeſu be your ſpede!
Than Countinaunce thus aſkid me anone,
Your felauſhip where be they all? (quod ſhe.)
For ſothe (quod I) they' are cominge everichone,
But where they are I knowe no certainte,
Without I may 'hem at his windowe ſe;
Here wil I ſtande a waitinge here amonge,
For wel I wote they wil not hence be longe.
Thus as I ſtode muſing ful buſily,
I thought to take gode hede of her aray;
Her gowne was blewe, this wote I verily,
Of gode facyon, and furrid wel with gray,
Upon her ſleve her worde, this is no nay,
Whiche ſaid thus, as my penne can endite,
A moy, qui voy, writin with lettirs white.
Then forth withal ſhe came ſtreight unto me,
Your wordes (quod ſhe) fain wold I that I knewe.
Forſothe (quod I) ye ſhal wel knowe and ſe,
And for my worde I have none, this is trew;
It is ynough that my clothing be blewe,
As here before I had commaundement,
And ſo to do I am right well content.

Largeſſe Stewarde.

But tell me this I pray you hertilye,
The ſteward here, ſay me what is her name?
She hight Largeſſe, I ſay you ſurily,
A faire lady, and of right noble fame,

Whan ye her se ye wil reporte the same,
And undir her to byd you welcomè al
There is Belchier, marshal of the hal.
Now al this while that ye here tary still
Your own matirs ye may wel have in mind;
But tel me this, have ye brought any bill?
Ye, ye, (quod I) and els I were behinde;
Where is there one, tel me, that I may finde
To whom that I may shewe my matirs plaine?
Surely (quod she) unto the chambirlaine.

Remembraunce Chambirlaine.

The chambirlaine, (quod I) and say ye trewe?
Ye, verily, (said she;) by myne advise
Ben nat aferde; unto her lowlye sewe.
It shal be done (quod I) as ye devyse,
But I must knowe her name in any wise.
Trewly (quod she) to shewe you in substaunce,
Withouten fainyng, her name is Remembraunce.
The secretarye may not be forget,
For she dothe right moche in every thinge,
Wherfore I rede when ye have with her mete
Your matere whole tel her without faininge;
Ye shal her fynde ful gode and ful lovinge.
Tel me her name (quod I), of gentilnesse.
By my gode fothe (quod she) Avisènesse.
That name (quod I) for her is passing gode,
For every byl and schedule she must se.
Nowe gode, (quod I) come stande there as I stode,
My felawes be cominge; yondir they be.
Is it in jape, or say ye fothe? (quod she)
In jape! nay, nay, I say you for certayne;
Se how thei come togithir twain and twaine.
Ye say ful sothe, (quod she) that is no nay,
I se coming a godely company.
They ben soch folke, (quod I) dare I to say,
That lyst to love, thinkith it verily,
And for my love I pray you faythfully
At any tyme whan they upon you call
That ye woll be gode frende unto 'hem all.
Of my frendship (quod she) they shal not misse,
And for their ese to put thorto my paine.
God yelde it you! (quod I) but take you this,
Howe shal we know who is the chambirlayne?
That shal ye wel know by her word certaine.
What is her worde, systir? I pray you say.
Plus ne purroye, thus writith she alwaye.
Thus as we stole togydir she and I,
Even at the yate my felawes were echone,
So met I 'hem (as me thought was godely)
And bade 'hem welcome al by one and one;
Then came forth Countinaunce to us anone,
Ful hertily, Fair sistirs al, (quod she)
Ye be right welcome into this countre.
I counsayle you to take a litil rest
In my chambre, if it be your plesaunce;
Whan ye be there me thinke it for the best
That I go in and cal Perseveraunce,
Bycause she is one of your acquaintaunce,
And she also wil tel you every thinge
Howe ye shal be rulir of your cominge.
My felawes al and I, by one advise,
Were wel agreed to do lyke as she sayde;
Than we began to dresse us in our gise,
That folke shoulde say we were not unpurveide,
And gode wagirs among us there we laide
Which of us was atirid moste godelest,
And of us al whiche shulde be praisid best.
The portir came and brought Perseveraunce,
She welcomid us in curteis manere;
Thinke not long (quod she) of your attendance,
I wil go speke unto the herbigere,
That she may purvey for your lodging here,
Than wil I go unto the chambirlaine
To speke for you, and come anone againe.
And whan that she departid was and gone,
We sawe folkis coming without the wal,
So gret peple, that nombre coude we none,
Ladies they were, and gentil women al,
Clothid in blewe, echone her worde withal,
But for to knowe her worde or her devise
They came so thicke I ne might in no wise.
With that anone came in Perseveraunce,
And where I stode she came streight unto me;
Ye ben (quod she) of min olde acquaintaunce,
You to enquere the boldir wolde I be
What worde they bere eche aftir her degre;
I you pray tel it me in secret wise,
And I shall kepe it close on warrantise.
We ben five ladies (quod I) al in fere,
And gentil women four in company,
When they begin to opin ther matere
Than shal ye knowe ther wordis by and by;
But as for me I have none verily,
And so I tolde Countinaunce here before;
Al min aray is blewe, what nedith more?
Nowe then (quod she) I wol go backe againe
That ye may have knowlege what ye shuld do,
In soth (quod I) if ye wolde take the paine,
Ye dyd right moche for us if ye dyd so,
The rathir spede the sonir may we go;
Grete coste alway there is in taryinge,
And longe to sewe it is a wery thinge.
Then partid she and came againe anone;
Ye must (quod she) come to the chambirlaine.
We be nowe redy (quod I) everychone
To folowe you whan er ye list certaine;
We have none eloquence, to tel you plaine,
Beseeching you we may be so excused
Our trewe meaning that it be not refused.
Then went we forth aftir Perseveraunce;
To se the prees it was a wondir cace,
There for to passe it was a grete combraunce,
The peple stode so thicke in every place:
Nowe stande ye stil (quod she) a litil space,
And for your ese somwhat I shal assay
Yf I can make you any bettir way.
And forth she gothe among 'hem everychone,
Making a way that we might thorongh passe
More at our ese, and whan she had so done
She beckende us to come where as she was,
So aftir her we folowed more and las;
She brought us streight unto the chambirlayne,
There leste she us, and than she went againe.
We salued her, as reson woulde it so,
Ful humble beseeching her gret godenesse
In our mattirs that we had for to do
That she wolde be gode lady and maistresse.
Ye be welcome, (quod she) in sothfastenesse,
And se, what I can do you for to plese
I am redy, that may be to your ese.

lowed her unto the chambir dore;
quod ſhe) come ye in aſtir me:
ye wel there was a pavid flore
lyiſt that any wight might ſe;
hirmore about than lokid we
cornir and upon every wal,
was ymade of burel and cryſtal.
in was graven of ſtories many one
w Phyllis, of womanly pite,
eouſly for love of Demophone,
r was the ſtory of Thiſbe,
at ſhe ſlewe her ſelfe undir a tre;
I more, howe in right pitous caas
ny was ſlaine Cleopatras;
the othir ſide was Hawes the ſhene,
ewly diſcevid in her baine;
s alſo Annelida the Quene,
cite howe fore ſhe did complaine!
ſtories were gravid there certaine,
y mo than I reherſe you here;
o longe to tel you al in fere.
icauſe that the wallis ſhone ſo bright
e umple they were al ovir ſprad,
ntent folke ſhulde not hurte ther ſight,
ough it the ſtories might be radde;
thirmore I went as I was lad,
e I ſawe withoutin any faile
yſet with ful riche aparaile;
ve ſtagis it was ſet fro the grounde,
ny ful curiouſly wrought,
re pomelles of golde, and very rounde,
ſaphirs as gode as coude be thought,
ye what? if it wer thorough ſought
oſe fro this countre to Inde
oche it were right harde to finde:
te ye wel I was right nere to that,
irſt, beholding by and by,
ere was a riche clothe of eſtate
t with the nedle ful ſtraungely,
le thereon, and thus it ſaid truely,
β, to tel you in wordis fewe,
te lettirs, the bettir I 'hem knewe.
s we ſtode a dore opened anone,
roman ſemely of ſtature,
mace, came out her ſelfe alone,
he thought her a godely creture;
nothinge to lowde, I you enſure,
ly, but with godely warninge
ne, (quod ſhe) my lady is cominge.
hat anone I ſawe Perſeveraunce
helde up the tapet in her hande,
o in godely ordinaunce
lady within the tapet ſtande,
outwarde I wol ye undirſtande,
her a noble company,
t tel the nombre ſikirly.
namis I wolde nothing enquere,
an ſoche as we wolde ſewe unto,
ly whiche was the chauncellere,
aunce, ſothely her name was ſo,
dith with her have moche to do
ttirs, and alway more and more;
rthe to tellin you furthirmore

Of this lady, her beaute to diſcrive
My couninge is to ſimple verily,
For nevir yet the dayis of my live
So inly faire I have ſene none trewly,
In her eſtate aſſurid uttirly;
There wantid nought, I dare you well aſſure,
That longid to a moſt godely creture.
And furthirmore, to ſpeke of her araye,
I ſhal tel you the manir of her gowne;
Of clothe of golde ful riche, it is no nay,
The colour blewe, of right godely facyoun,
In taberde wiſe, the ſleves hanging adown,
And what purfil there was, and in what wiſe,
So as I can I ſhal it you deviſe:
Aſtir a ſorte the collir and the vente,
Lyke as armine is made in purfilinge,
With grete perlis ful fine and orient,
They were couchid all aſtir one worching,
With diamondes in ſtede of powdiring,
The ſlevis and the purfill of a ſiſe,
They werin made alike in every wiſe.
Aboute her necke a ſorte of faire rubyes,
In white flouris of right fine enamaile,
Upon her hed ſet in the faireſt wiſe
A circle of grete balais of entaile,
That in erneſt, to ſpeke withoutin faile,
For yonge and olde and every manir age
It was a worlde to loken on her viſage.
Thus coming forth to ſit in her eſtate,
In her preſence we kneled down everychone,
Preſenting our byllis; and note ye what?
Ful humbly ſhe toke 'hem by one and one:
Whan we had done than came they al anone
And did the ſame eche aſtir her manere,
Kneling at ones and riſing al in fere.
Whan this was don, and ſhe ſet in her place,
The chambirlaine ſhe did unto her cal,
And ſhe godely coming to her apace,
Of her entent knowing nothing at al,
Voyde backe the preſe (quod ſhe) up to the wall,
Make large rome, but loke that ye do not tary,
And take theſe byllis to the ſecretary.
The chambirlaine did her commaundement,
And came againe as ſhe was byd to do,
The ſecretary there beyng preſent
The byllis were delivered her alſo,
Not onely ours but many othir mo,
Than the lady with gode adviſe againe
Anone with al callid her chambirlaine.
We wol (quod ſhe) the firſt thing that ye do
The ſecretary ye make come anone
With ther bilis, and thus we wil alſo
In our preſence ſhe rede 'hem everychon,
That we may takin gode adviſe theron
Of the ladies that ben of our counſaile;
Loke this be done withoutin any faile.
Whan the chambirlaine wiſte of her entent
Anone ſhe did the ſecretarye call;
Let your billis (quod ſhe) be here preſent,
My lady' it wil. Madame (quod ſhe) I ſhal.
And in preſence ſhe wil that ye 'hem call.
With right gode wil I am redy (quod ſhe)
At her pleſure, whan ſhe commaundith me.

And upon that was made an ordinaunce
They that came firſt ther byllis ſhulde be red,
Ful gentilly than ſaid Perſeveraunce,
Reſon it wil that they were ſoniſt ſpedde;
Anone withal, upon a tapet ſpredde,
The ſecretarye layde 'hem downe echone;
Our byllis firſt ſhe redde tho one by one.

The firſt lady bering in her deviſe
Sans que jamays, thus wrote ſhe on her byl,
Complaining ſore, and in ful pitous wiſe,
Of promiſſe made with faithful hert and wyll,
And ſo brokin ayenſt al manir ſkil,
Without deſerte alwaies on her partie,
In this matir deſiring remedye.

Her next fol'owing her word was in this wiſe,
Un ſans changer, and thus ſhe did complaine,
Though ſhe had be guerdoned for her ſervice
Yet nothing like as ſhe that toke the paine,
Wherfore ſhe coude in no wiſe her reſtraine,
But in this caſe ſewe until her preſence,
As reſon wolde, to havin recompence.

So furthirmore, to ſpeke of othir twaine,
One of 'hem wrote aftir her fantaſy
Onques puis lever, and for to tel yon plaine,
Her complaint was ful pitous verily,
For, as ſhe ſaid, there was grete reſon why;
As I can remembre in this matere
I ſhal you tell the proceſſe al in fere.

Her byl was made complaining in her giſe,
That of her joye, her comforte, and gladneſſe,
Was no ſuretie, for in no manir wiſe
She ſaid therin no point of ſtableneſſe;
Now yl, now wele, out of al ſikirneſſe,
Ful humbly deſiring of her high grace
Sone to ſhewe her remedy in this caſe.

Her felawe made her bil, and thus ſhe ſaid,
In plaining wiſe, There as ſhe lovid beſt,
Whethir that ſhe were wrothe or weie apaide,
She might not ſe whan that ſhe wole faineſt,
And fulle wrothe ſhe was in very erneſt;
To tel her worde, as ferforth as I wote,
Entierement voſtre, right thus ſhe wrote.

And upon that ſhe made a grete requeſt
With hert and wil, and al that might be done,
As until her that might redreſſe it beſt,
For in her minde there might ſhe finde it ſone
The remedy of that whiche was her bone,
Reherſing that that ſhe had ſaide before,
Beſechinge her it might be ſo no more.

And in like wiſe as they had done before
The gentylwomen of our company
Put ther byllis; and for to tell yon more,
One of 'hem wrote *C'eſt ſans dire* verily,
And her matere wholy to ſpecify
Within her byl ſhe put it in writinge,
And what it ſaid ye ſhall yhave knowinge.

It ſaid, God wote, and that ful pitouſly,
Lyke as ſhe was diſpoſid in her herte,
No misfortune that ſhe toke grevouſly,
Al one to her was the joy and the ſmerte,
Sometime no thanke for al her gode deſerte,
Othir comforte ſhe wantid none coming,
And ſo afid it grevid her nothing;

Deſiring her and lowly beſeching,
That ſhe wolde for her ſeke a bettir way,
As ſhe that had yben her daies lyving
Stedfaſt and trewe, and wil be ſo alway:
Of her felawe ſomwhat I ſhal you ſay,
Whoſe byl was red the nextê forthe withal,
And what it ment reherſin you I ſhal.

Ex Dieu eſt ſhe wrote in her deviſe,
And thus ſhe ſaid withoutin any faile,
Her trouthe ne might be takin in no wiſe,
Like as ſhe thought, wherfor ſhe had mervaile,
For trouth ſomtyme was wont to take availe
In every mattere, but al that' is ago,
The more pyte that it is ſuffrid ſo.

Moche more there was, wherof ſhe ſhuld complain,
But ſhe thought it to gret an encombraunce
So moche to write, and therfore in certain
In God and her ſhe put all her affiaunce,
As in her worde is made a remembraunce,
Beſeching her that ſhe wolde in this cace
Shewe unto her the favour of her grace.

The thirde ſhe wrote reherſing her grevaunce,
Ye, wote ye what a pitous thing to here?
For as me thought ſhe felt grete diſpleſaunce,
One might ryght wel perceve it by her chere;
And no wondir, it ſate her paſſyng nere,
Yet lothe ſhe was to put it in writinge,
But *Nede wel havin courſe in every thinge.*

Soyes aſſuré, this was her word certain,
And thus ſhe wrote within a litil ſpace;
There ſhe lovid her labor was in vaine,
For he was ſet al in anothir place,
Ful humilly deſiring in that cace
Some gode conforte her ſorowe to appeſe,
That ſhe might livin more at hert'is eſe.

The fourth ſurely me thought ſhe likid weir,
As in her porte and in her behavinge,
And *Bien moneſte*, as ferre as I coude ſele,
That was her worde, tyl her belonging,
Wherfore to her ſhe praied above al thing
Ful hertily, to ay you in ſuſtance,
That ſhe wold ſendin her gode Countinaunce.

Ye have reherſid me theſe byllis all,
But nowe let ſe ſomwhat of your entent;
It may ſo hap paravinture ye ſhal;
Nowe I pray you while I am here preſent
Ye ſhal have knowlege parde what I ment,
But thus I ſay in trouth, and make no fable,
The cace it ſelfe is inly lamentable;

And wel I wote that ye wol thynke the ſame,
Lyke as I ſay, whan ye have herde my byl;
Now gode, tel on; I hate you by Saint Jame;
Abyde a while, it is not yet my wil,
Yet muſt ye wete by reſon and by ſkil,
Sith ye' have knowlege of that was don before,
And thus it is ſaid, without wordis more:

Nothing ſo leſe as deth to come to me,
For final ende of my ſorowes and paine;
What ſhuld I more deſire as ſemith ye?
And ye knewe al aforne it for certaine
I wote ye wolde, and for to tel you plaine,
Without her helpe that hath al thinge in cure
I can nat thinke that it may long endure.

or my trouth it hath be provid wele,
the sothe, and I can say no more,
onge tyme, and suffrid every dele
ence, and kepe it all in store,
godenesse beseching her therfore
might have my thanke in soche a wise
deserte yservith of justise.
n these billis were rad everychone
lie toke a godè advisement,
em to answerin by one and one
ought it was to moche in her entent,
ere she yave to 'hem commaundement
presence to come both one and al
e 'hem her answere in generall.
t dyd she than suppose ye verily?
ke her selfe, and said in this manere:
ve wel sene your byllis by and by,
me of 'hem be pitous for to here,
l therefore ye knowe al this in fere,
shorte tyme our court of parliment
al be holde in our palays presente,
in al this wherin you find you greved
hall ye finde an opin remedy,
e a wise as ye shal be releved
hat ye reherfin here thoroughly;
the date, ye shal knowe verily
e may have a space in your coming,
ligence shal tel you by writing.

We thankid her in our most humble wise
Our felawship eche one by one assent,
Submittinge us lowly til her service,
For as we thought we had our travaile spent
In soche wise as we heldin us content;
Than eche of us toke othir by the sleve,
And forth withal as we shulde take our leve.
Al sodainly the watir sprange anone
In my visage, and therwithal I woke:
Where am I now? thought I; al this is gone,
Al amasid; and up I began to loke:
With that anon I went and mode this Boke,
Thus simpilly reherfing the substaunce,
Bicause it shulde not be' out of remembraunce.
Now verily your dreme is passing gode,
And worthy to be had in remembraunce,
For though I stand here as longe as I stode
It shulde not to me be none encombraunce,
I toke therin so inly grete plesaunce;
But tel me nowe what ye the boke do cal,
For I muste wete. Wyth right gode wyl ye shal.
As for this boke, to say you very right,
And of the name to tel you' in certainte,
L'assemble de Dames, thus it hight.
How thinkin ye? That name is gode parde.
Nowe go; farewel; for they cal aftir me
My felawes al, and I must aftir sone:
Rede wel my dreme, for now my tale is done.

CHAUCER'S DREAME*.

Never before the year 1597 printed: that which heretofore hath gone under the name of his Dreame, is The Book of the Duchesse, or The Death of Blanch, Duchesse of Lancaster.

When Flora, the quene of Plesaunce,
Had whole achievid th' obeysaunce
Of the fresh and the new sesون
Thorow out every region,
And with her mantle whole covert
That wintir made had discovert,
Of avinture withoutin light
In May I lay upon a night
Alone, and on my lady thought,
And how the Lord that her ywrought
Couth well entayle in imagery,
And shewid had grete maistiry,
When he in so litil a space
Made such a body and a face,
So grete beautie with swich fetures,
More than in othir creatures;
And in my thoughtis as I lay
Within a lodge out of the way,
Beside a well in a forest,
Where aftir hunting I toke rest,
Nature and kind so in me wrought
That halfe on slepe they me ybrought,
And gan to dreme to my thinking
With mind of knowliche like making,
For what I dremid, as me thought,
I saw it, and I sleptin nought,
Wherefore is yet my full beleve
That some gode spirit that ilke eve,
By mene of some curious port,
Bare me where I saw payne and sport;
But whether it were I woke or slept
Well wot I oft I lough and wept;
Wherefore I woll in remembraunce
Put whole the payne and the plesaunce,
Which was to me axin and hele;
Would God ye wist it everydele,
Or at the left ye might o night
Of such anothir have a sight
Although it were to you a payne,
Yet on the mo'row ye would be fayne,
And wish that it might long endure,
Then might ye say ye had gode cure,
For he that dremes and wenes he se
Mochil the bettir yet maie he
Ywit what, and of whom, and where.
And eke the lasse it woll hindere
To thinke I se this with mine eene,
Iwis this may not dremè kene,
But signe or a signifiaunce
Of hasty thing sounin plesaunce;
For on this wise upon a night,
As ye have herd, withoutin light,
Not all wakyng ne full on slepe,
About such hour as lovirs wepe
And crie aftir ther ladies grace,
Befell me tho this wondir cace,
Which ye shall here, and all the wise,
So wholly as I can devise:

* This Dreame, devised by Chaucer, semeth to be a covert report of the marriage of John of Gaunt, the king's sonne, with Blanch, the daughtir of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, who after long love (during the time wherof the poet faineth them to be dead) were in the end by consent of friends happily maried, figured by a bird bringing in her bill an hearbe which restored them to lyfe againe. Here also is shewed Chaucer's match with a certain gentlewoman, who although she was a stranger, was notwithstanding so well liked and loved of the Lady Blanch and her lord, as Chaucer himselfe also was, that gladly they concluded a marriage between them. *Urry.*

English evill writtin,
writir, well ye wittin,
though he do mis
one whiche that waking is,
e here of your gentilnesse
yre my boistousnesse
passe as thingè rude,
h what I woll conclude,
e' endityng taketh no hede,
termes, so God you spede,
I passe as nothing were,
befell, as you shall here.
an yle methought I was
all and yate was all of glasse,
as closid round about
lesse none come in ne out,
and straungè to behold,
yate of fine gold
d fanis aie turning
nd, and briddes singing
d on eche fane a paire
n mouth again the aire;
sute were all the toures,
rvin aftir floures,
h colours during aye,
ir ben none sene in May,
y a small turret hie;
n live could I non sie,
is, save ladies play,
erin such of ther array
re thought of godelished
seden all and womanhed,
hold them daunce and sing
ike none erthly thing,
ther uncouth countinaunce
lay of right usaunce,
e age everichone
id all save onely one,
d of yeris suffisaunce,
ight neythir sing ne daunce,
er countenaunce was so glad,
o fewe yeris had had
die that was there,
til it did her dere
s to laugh and tale
d full stuffid a male
tis and new playis;
she ben in her dayis,
tresse semid well to be
t lusty companie,
e might, I you ensure,
he conningist creture
and so said everichone,
ner knew, there failid none,
was sober, and well avised,
every fault disguised,
ing used but faith and truth;
n'as young it was grete ruth,
where and in ech place
nid her, that in grace
alway with pore and riche,
ord was none her liche,
so' able maistress to be
lusty companie.

Befell me so, when I avised
Yhad the yle that me suffised,
And whole th' estate everry where
That in the lusty yle was there,
Which was more wondir to devise
Than is the joyous paradise,
I dare well say, for floure ne tre,
Ne thing wherein plesaunce might be,
There faylid none, for every wight,
Had they desirid day and night
Richis and hele, beauty and ese,
With every thing that them might plese,
But thinke and have, it cost no more;
In such a country there before
Had I not ben ne herdin tell
That livis creature might dwell.
And when I had thus all about
The yle avisid thoroughout
The state, and how they were arayed,
In my hert I wexe well appayed,
And in my selfe I me assured
That in my body' I was well ured,
Sithin I might have such a grace
To se the ladies and the place,
Which were so faire, I you ensure,
That to my dome though that Nature
Would evir strive and do her paine
She should not con ne mow attraine
The lest feture for to amend,
Though she would all her conning spende,
That unto beautie might availe,
It were but paine and lost travaile,
Such part in ther nativitie
Was then alargid of beautie;
And eke they had a thing notable
Unto ther deth ay durable,
And was, that ther beauty should dure,
Which was nevir sene in creture,
Save onily there (as I trow)
It ne hath not be wist ne know,
Wherefore I praise with ther conning
That during beautie, riche thing,
Had they ben of ther lives certaine
They had ben quite of every paine.
And when I wend thus all have sene
The state, the riches, that might bene,
That me thought impossible were
To se one thing more than was there
That to beautie or glad conning
Serve or availe might any thing,
All sodainly as I there stode
This lady, that couth so much gode,
Unto me came with smiling chere,
And said, *Benedicite!* this yere
Saw I nevir man here but you;
Tell me how ye come hidir now,
And your name, and where that ye dwell,
And whom ye seke eke mote ye tell,
And how ye come be to this place;
The soth well told my cause you grace,
And ellis ye mote prisoner be
Unto the ladies here and me,
That have the governaunce of this yle;
And with that word she gan to smile,

And ſo did all the luſty rout
Of ladies that ſtode her about.
Madame, (quod I) this night ypaſt
Lodgid I was and ſleptè faſt
In a foreſt beſide a well,
And now am here, how ſhould I tell?
Wot I not by whoſe ordinance,
But onely Fortune's purveiance,
Which puttith many, as I geſſe,
To travaile, paine, and buſineſſe,
And lettith nothing for ther truth,
But ſome ſleeth eke, and that is ruth,
Wherefore I doubt her brittilnes,
Her variance and unſtedfaſtnes,
So that I am as yet afraid,
And of my beyng here amaid,
For wondir thing it ſemith me
Thus many freſh ladies to ſe
So faire, ſo cunning, and ſo yong,
And no man dwelling them among;
N'ot I not how I hidir come,
Madame, (quod I) this all and ſome:
What ſhould I faine a long proceſſe
To you, that ſeme ſuch a princeſſe?
What pleſith you commaund or ſay,
Here I am redy to obay
To my powir, and all fulfill,
And priſonir bide at your will,
Till you duly enformid be
Of every thing ye aſke me.
This lady there right well apaid
Me by the hande ytoke, and ſaid,
Welcome, priſoner adventurus,
Right glad am I ye have ſaid thus,
And for ye doubt me to diſpleſe
I will aſſay to do you eſe:
And with that word, ye, right anon,
She and the ladies everichon
Aſſemblid, and to counſaile went,
And aftir that ſone for me ſent,
And to me ſaid on this manere,
All word for word, as ye ſhall here:
To ſe you here us thinke marvaile,
And how withoutin bote or ſaile,
By any ſubtilty or wyle,
Ye get have entre in this yle,
But not for that yet ſhall ye ſe
That we gentill women ybe,
Loth to diſpleſin any wight,
Notwithſtanding our gretè right;
And for ye ſhall well undirſtond
The oldè cuſtome of this lond,
Which hath continued many yere,
Ye ſhall well wete that with us here
Ye may not bide, for cauſis twaine
Which we be purpoſed you to ſaine.
The one is this; our ordinance,
Which is of long continuance,
Ne woll not, ſothly we you tell,
That no man here among us dwell,
Wherefore ye mote nedis retourne;
In no wiſe may you here ſojourne.
The othir is eke, that our quene
Out of the relme, as ye maie ſene,
Is, and may be to us a charge
If we let goe you here at large,
For whichè cauſe the more we doubt
To doe a fault while ſhe is out,
Or ſuffir that may be noyſance
Againe our old accuſtomance.
And when I had theſe cauſis twaine
Yherd, o God! what mochil paine
All ſodainly about mine hert
There came at onis, and how ſmert!
In creping ſoft as who ſhould ſtele
Or doe me robbe of all mine hele,
And made me in my thought ſo afraid
That in courage I ſtode diſmaid;
And ſtanding thus, as was my grace,
A lady came more than apace,
With a huge preiſè her about,
And told how that the quene without
Was arivid, and would come in;
Well were they that hidir might twin;
They hied ſo they would not abide
The bridiling ther horſe to ride,
By five, by ſixe, by two, by thre;
There was not one abode with me;
The quene to mete everichone
They went, and bode with me not one;
And I went aftir a ſoft paſe,
Imagining how to purchaſe
Grace of the quene there to abide
Till gode fortune ſome happy guide
Me ſendin might, that would me bring
Where I was borne, to my wonning,
For way ne fote ne knew I none,
Ne whithirward I n'iſt to gone,
For all was ſe about the yle;
No wondir though me liſt not ſmile,
Seing the caſe uncouth and ſtraunge;
And ſo in like a perilous chaunge,
Imagi'ning thus walking alone
I ſaw the ladies everichone,
So that I might ſomwhat offer,
Sone aftir that I drew me nere,
And tho I was ware of the quene,
And how the ladies on ther knene
With joyous words gladly adviſed
Her welcomed ſo that it ſuffiſed
Though ſhe the princes whole had be
Of all environed is with ſe;
And thus aviſing with chere ſad
All ſodainly I was right glad,
That gretir joy, as mote I thrive,
I trow had nevir man on live
Than I tho, ne an hert more light,
When of my lady I had ſight,
Which with the quene ycome was there,
And in one clothing both they were;
A knight alſo there well beſene
I ſaw that come was with the quene,
Of whom the ladies of that yle
Had hug wondir a long while,
Till at the laſt right ſobirly
The quene her ſelf full cunningly,
With ſoftè wordis in gode wiſe,
Said to the ladies yong and niſe,

s, how it hath befall
e know it one and all
long time here have I bene
his yle biding as quene,
t ese, that nevir wight
rfit joy havin ne might,
ou ben of governance
ou found in whole plesance,
thing as ye know
custome and our low,
ow they first yfoundin were
wote all the manere;
the quene is of this yle,
e ben this longe while,
yeres mote of usage
hevenly armitage
n a rock so high ystonds,
e se out from all londs,
makin the pilgrimage
a long peri'lous viage,
wind be not gode frend
ney duris to the end
yhiche that it undirtakes;
y thousand one not scapes;
ich rock growith a tre
aine yeres heres applis thre,
re applis who so may have
all displesaunce ysave
he sevin yere may fall,
e ye well bothe one and all,
irst apple and the hext
growith unto you next
re vertues notable,
ith youth aie durable,
nd loke evir in one,
e best in everichone.
cond apple red and grene,
th lokis of your yene
ishis in grete plesaunce
n partridge or fesaunce,
every liv'is wight
onely with the sight.
e third apple of the thre,
owith lowist on the tre,
eris ne may not faile
is plesaunce may availe,
lesure and beauty rich
ing youth evir yliche,
h, your cunning, and your wele,
flourid, and your gode hele,
sicknes or displesaunce,
that to you was noysaunce,
u have as goddesses
ve all princesses:
efall, as ye may se,
these said applis thre,
failed againe the day
ardis to take the way,
o spede as I had oft;
I come I find aloft
which that here ystands,
ose applis in her hands,
em, and nothing said,
as she were well paid;

And as I stode her to behold,
Thinking how my joyis were cold
Sith I those applis have ne might,
Evin with that so came this knight,
And in his armes of me aware
Me toke, and to his ship me bare,
And said, though him I ner had sene
Yet had I long his lady ben,
Wherefore I should with him ywend,
And he would to his liv'is end
My servant be, and gan to sing
As one that had wonne a rich thing:
Tho were my spirits fro me gone
So sodainly everichone
That in me apperid but deth,
For I felt neithir life ne breth,
Ne gode ne harme none I knewe;
The sodaine paine me was so new,
That had not the hasty grace be
Of this lady, that fro the tre
Of her gentilnesse so hyid
Me to comfort I had dyid,
And of her thre applis she one
Into mine hand there put anone,
Which brought againe my mind and breth,
And me recovered from the deth;
Wherefore to her so am I hold
That for her all things do I wold,
For she was lech of all my smert,
And from grete paine so quite mine hert,
And, as God wote, right as ye here
Me to comfort with frendly chere
She did her prowesse and her might;
And truly eke so did this knight
In that he couth, and oftin said
That of my wo he was ill paid,
And cursed the ship that them there brought,
The mast, the mastir that it wrought:
And as ech thing mote have an end,
My sistir here, your brothir frend,
Con with her words so womanly
This knight entrete and conningly,
For mine honour and his also,
And said that with her we should go
Both in her ship, where she was brought,
Which was so wondirfully wrought,
So clene, so rich, and so araid,
That we were both content and paid;
And me to comfort and to plese,
And mine hert for to put at ese,
She toke grete paine in litil while,
And thus hath brought us to this yle,
As ye may se; wherfore echone
I pray you thanke her one and one
As hertly as ye can devise
Or imagine in any wise.
At once there tho men mightin seen
A world of ladies fall on kneen
'Fore my lady, that there about
Was left none standing in the rout,
But altogither they went at ones
To knele; they spared not for the stones,
Ne for estate, ne for ther blode;
Well shewid there they couth much gode;

To my lady they made ſuch feſt,
And with ſuch wordis, that the leſt
So frendly and ſo faithfully
Yſaid was and ſo cunningly,
That wondir was, ſeing ther youth,
To here the language that they couth,
And wholly how they governed were
In thanking of my lady there,
And ſaid by will and maundement
They were at her commaundement,
Which was to me as grete a joy
As winning of the toune of Troy
Was to the hardy Grekis ſtrong
When they it wan with ſiege long,
To ſe my lady in ſuch a place,
And ſo recevid as ſhe was.
And when they talkid had a while
Of this and that, and of the yle,
My lady and the ladies there,
Altogithir as they ywere,
The quene her ſelf began to play,
And to the agid lady ſay,
Now ſemith you not gode it were,
Sith we be altogithir here,
To ordaine and deviſe the beſt
To ſet this knight and me at reſt,
For *Woman is a feble wight*
To rere a warre againſt a knight;
And ſith he here is in this place,
At my leſt in dangir or grace,
It were to me grete villany
To do him any tiranny;
But faine I would, now will ye here,
In his owne country that he were,
And I in pece and he at eſe;
This were a way us both to pleſe;
If it might be I you beſeche
With him hereof you fall in ſpeche.
This lady tho began to ſmile,
Aviſing her a litil while,
And with glad chere ſhe ſaid anone,
Madam, I will unto him gone,
And with him ſpeke, and oftin ſele
What he deſiris every dele:
And ſobirly this lady tho
Her ſelfe, and othir ladies two
She toke with her, and with ſad chere
Said to the knight on this manere;
Sir, the grete princes of this yle,
Whom for your pleſance many a mile
Ye ſought have, as I undirſtond,
Till at the laſt ye have her fond
Me ſent hath here, and ladies twaine,
To herin all thing that ye faine;
And for what cauſe ye have her ſought
Faine would ſhe wote, and whole your thought,
And why you do her all this wo,
And for what cauſe you be her ſo,
And why of every wight unware
By force ye to your ſhip her bare,
That ſhe ſo nigh ywas agone
That mind ne ſpeech ne had ſhe none,
But as a painfull creature
Dying abode her adventure,
That her to ſe indure that paine
Here we all ſay unto you plaine
Right on your ſelfe ye did amiſſe,
Seing how ſhe a princes is.
This knight, the which ycowth his gode,
Right of his truth mevid his blode,
That pale he woxe as any led,
And lok't as tho he wold be ded;
Blode was there none in nothir cheke,
Wordleſſe he was, and ſemid ſicke;
And ſo it provid well he was,
For without moving any paas,
All ſodainly as thing dying,
He fell at onis downe ſowning;
That for his wo this lady fraid
Unto the quene her hyed, and ſaid,
Cometh on anon, as have you bliſſe,
But ye be wiſe; thing is amiſſe;
This knight is ded or will be ſone,
Lo! where he lyith in a ſwone
Withoutin word or anſwiring
To that I have ſaid any thing;
Wherefore I doubt moche that the blame
Might be hindiring to your name,
Which flourid hath ſo many yere,
So longe that for nothing here
I would in no wiſe that he dyed,
Wherefore it gode were that ye hyed,
His life to ſavin at the leſt;
And aftir that his wo be ceſt
Commaundith him to voide or dwell,
For in no wiſe dare I more mell
Of thing wherein ſuch perill is
As like is now to fall of this.
This quene right tho, full of grete fere,
With all the ladies preſent there,
Unto the knight came where he lay,
And made a lady to him ſay,
Lo! here the quene; awake, for ſhame!
What will you doe? is this gode game?
Why lye you here? what is your mind?
Now is well ſene your wit is blind,
To ſe ſo many ladies here
And ye to make none othir chere;
But as ye ſet them all at nought
Ariſe for his love that you boughe.
But what ſhe ſaid a word not one
He ſpake, ne anſwere gave her none.
The quene of very pitty tho,
Her worſhip and his life alſo
To ſavin, there ſhe did her paine,
And quoke for fere, and gan to faine,
For woe, alas! what ſhall I doe!
What ſhall I ſay this man unto?
If he die here loſt is my name:
How ſhal I play this perillous game?
If any thing be here amiſſe
It ſhall be ſaid it rigour is,
Whereby my name impayrin might;
And like to die eke is this knight;
And with that word her hand ſhe laid
Upon his breſt, and to him ſaid,
Awake, my knight! lo! it am I
That to you ſpeke: now tell me why

nd this paine endure,
n country ſure,
rends that would you hele,
e eke and your wele?
hat you might eſe,
thing that you might pleſe,
ſhould not faile
iele you might availe;
th all my hert I pray
t us talke and play:
iany ladies here
o make gode chere!
ight, for ſtill as ſtone
ord ne ſpoke he none;
as or he might braid;
: the quene had ſaid
ord; but at the laſt
ſe he cryid faſt,
s his voice to here,
is painefull chere,
t feined was well to ſein
age and his eyn,
quene at once he caſt,
he would to braſt,
eke he ſhright ſo
was to ſe his wo,
payne was firſt named
wofull payne attained,
e did he gan to plaine,
ſe theſe wordis ſaine;
t full of malure,
in ded, and yet I dure,
iny paine or deth
ill I ſele my breth:
ed, ſith I ne ſerve,
ady will me ſterve?
u, Deth? art thou agaſt?
mete yet at the laſt
the hide it is for nought,
u dwelſt thou ſhalt be ſought:
ibtill double face
e right in this place.
our and thyn eſe
no wight to pleſe:
e, ſith I the ſeche,
my paine to eche?
thou I will not live
e all this world here give,
th my cowardiſe
hele, and my ſerviſe,
ſoveraigne lady ſo
e lives I trow my ſo
ir to her end;
either joy ne frend.
nethir haſt or ſloth
is now by my troth,
mitage full hie,
w firſt with myne eye,
s aloft,
pacē ſmall and ſoft,
mes I had her faſt,
p bare at the laſt,
is diſpleſid ſo
ere ſemid her wo,

And I thereof had ſo grete fere
That me repent that I come there,
Which haſt I trow gan her diſpleſe,
And is the cauſe of my diſeſe.
And with that word he gan to cry;
Now Deth, Deth, come, twyis or thry,
And motrid I n'ot what of ſlouth:
And even with that the quene of routh
Him in her armis toke, and ſayd,
Now, mine owne knight! be' not ill apayd
That I a lady to you ſent
To have knowledge of your entent,
For in gode faith I men't but well,
And would ye wiſt it every dele;
Not will not do to you ywis;
And with that word ſhe gan him kiſſe,
And prayed him riſe, and ſaid ſhe would
His welfare by her truth, and told
Him how ſhe was for his diſeſe
Right ſory, and faine would him pleſe,
His lyfe to ſave. Theſe wordis tho
She ſaid to him, and many mo,
In comforting, for from the paine
She would he were delivered faine.
The knight tho up ycaſt his een,
And when he ſaw it was the quene
That to him had theſe wordis ſaid,
Right in his wo he gan to braid,
And him up dreſſis for to knele,
The quene aviſing wondir wele;
But as he roſe he ovirthrew,
Wherefore the quene yet eſt anew
Him in her armis anone toke,
And pitouſly gan on him loke;
But for all that nothyng ſhe ſayd,
Ne ſpake not like ſhe were well payd;
Ne no chere made nor ſad ne light,
But all in one to every wight
There was ſene conning with eſtate
In her without noyſe or debate,
For ſave onely a loke piteous
Of womenhed undiſpiteous,
That ſhe ſhowid in continance,
Far ſemed her hert from obeiſance;
And not for that ſhe did her reine
Him to recovir from the peine,
And his hert for to put at large,
For her entent was to his barge
Him for to bryng agaynſt the eve,
With certeine ladies, and take leve,
And pray him of his gentilneſſe
To ſuffir her thenceforth in pece,
As othir princis had before,
And from thenceforth for evirmore
She would him worſhip in all wiſe
That gentilneſſe ymight deviſe,
And payne her wholly to fulfill
In honour his pleſure and will.
And during thus this knightis wo,
Preſent the quene and othir mo,
My lady' and many' an othir wight,
Ten thouſand ſhippis at a ſight
I ſaw come oer the wavy flode
With ſayle and ore, that as I ſtode

Them to behold I gan marvaile
From whom might come so many' a saile,
For sith the tyme that I was bore
Such a navie there n'ere before
Had I not sene, ne so arayed,
That for the sight my hert yplayed
Aye to and fro within my breft
For joy; long was or it would reft;
For there was saylis full of floures,
Aftir caftils with hugè toures,
Yfeming full of armis bright
That wondir lufty was the fight,
With large toppis and maftis long,
Richly depeint, and reare among
At certaine timis gan repayre
Smalè birdis doune from the aire,
And on the fhippis bounds about
Yfate and fong with voyce full out
Ballades and layes right joyoufly,
As they cowth in ther harmony,
That you to write that I there fe
Mine excufe is it may not be;
For why? the mattir were to long
To name the birds and write ther fong;
Whereof anon the tydings there
Unto the quene fone brought ywere,
With many' alas and many, a doubt,
Shewing the fhippis there without:
Tho gan the agid lady wepe,
And faid, Alas! our joy on flepe
Sone fhal be brought, ye, long or night,
For we difcried ben by this knight,
For certes it may none othir be
But he is of yond companie,
And they be come him here to feche;
And with that word her faylid fpeche.
Without reme'dy we be deftroid,
Ful oft faid all, and gan conclude
Wholy at onis at the laft
That beft was fhit ther yatis faft,
And arme them all in gode langage,
As they had done of old ufage,
And of fayre wordis make ther fhot;
This was ther counfaile and the knot,
And othir purpofe toke they none,
But armid thus forth they all gone
Toward the wallis of the yle;
But or they comin there long while
They mettin the grete lord of bove
That callid is the god of Love,
That them avifid with fuch chere,
Right as he with them angry were:
Avayled them not ther wals of glaffe;
This mighty lord let not to paffe
The fhuttyng of ther yatis faft;
All they had ordained was but waft;
For when his fhips had foundin land
This lord anon, with bow in hand,
Into this yle with hugè prefe
Yhyid faft, and would not cefe
Till he came there the knight ylay:
Of quene ne lady by the way
Toke he no hede, but forth he paft,
And yet all followed at the laft.

And when he came where lay the knight
Well fhewid he he had grete might,
And forth the quene callid anone
And all the ladies everichone,
And to them faid, Is not this routh,
To fe my fervaunt for his trouth
Thus lene, thus ficke, and in this payne,
And wot not unto whom to playne,
Save onely one withoutin mo,
Which might him hele, and is his fo?
And with that word his hevy brow
He fhewid the quene, and lokid row,
This mighty lord forth tho anone
With o loke her faultis echone
He can her fhew in litil fpech,
Commaunding her to be his lech.
Withoutin more, fhortly to fay,
He thought the quene fone fhould obay,
And in his hond he fhoke his bow,
And faid right fone he would be know;
And for fhe had fo long refufed
His fervice, and his lawes not ufed,
He let her wit that he was wroth,
And bent his bow, and forth he goth
A pace or two, and evin there
A largè draught up to his ere
He drew, and with an arrow ground
Both fharpe and newe the quene a wound
He gave that pafed unto the hert,
Which aftirward full fore gan fmert,
And was not whole of many yere;
And even with that Be of gode chere,
My knight, quod he; I will the hele,
And the reftore to parfite wele,
And for ech payne thou haft endured
To have two joies thou art enured:
And forth he paffid by the rout,
With fobir chere walking about,
And what he faid I thought to here;
Well wift he whiche his fervaunts were:
And as he paffid anon he fond
My lady', and her toke by the hond,
And made her chere as a goddes,
And of Beaute called her Princes,
Of Bounty eke gave her the name,
And fayd there was nothyng to blame
In her, but fhe was vertuous,
Saving fhe would no pity ufe,
Which was the caufe that he her fought
To put that far out of her thought;
And fithin fhe had whole richeffe
Of womanhed and frendlineffe,
He faid it was nothing fitting
To void Pity his owne leggyng;
And gan her prech and with her play,
And of her beauty told her aie,
And faid fhe was a creature
Of whom the namè fhould endure,
And in his bokis full of plefaunce
Be put for ev in remembraunce;
And as me thoughtin more frendly,
Unto my lady and godelily
He fpake than any that was there;
And for the' applis I trow it were

: had in poſſeſſion,
ıre long in proceſſion
pace arme undir other
ce, and ſo did with none other:
it he would commaund or ſay
nedis all muſt obay,
at he deſired at the leſt
ıdy was by requeſt:
en they long together had bene
ght my lady to the quene,
her ſaid, So God you ſpede
ace and conſent, that is nede.
tho full conningly,
ell aviſed and womanly,
gan to knele upon the floures
April nouriſhed had with ſhoures,
his mighty lord gan ſay,
ſith you I woll obay,
reſtraine from othir thought;
oll al thyng ſhall be wrought:
h that word kneſing ſhe quoke.
ghty lord in armes her toke,
l, You have a ſervaunt, one
ir living is ther none,
re gode were, ſeing his trouth,
his painis ye had routh,
poſe you to here his ſpech,
ſid him to lech,
e thyng ye may be ſure,
be yours while he may dure.
h that word right on his game
ght he lough, and told my name,
as to me marvaile and fere,
at to do I ne wiſt there,
hir was me bet or none
abide or thus to gone,
wend I my lady wold
r deme I had told
ſaile whole, or made complaint
it lord, that mighty ſaint,
ech thing unſought
as he had knowne my thought,
my trouth and mine uneſe
I couth have for mine eſe,
I had ſtudied all a weke:
ſt that lord that I was ſeke,
uld be lechid wondir faine;
me blame, mine was the paine.
en this lord had all yſaid,
g while with my lady plaid,
to ſmile with ſpirit glade;
s the anſwere that ſhe made,
ut me there in double peine,
at to do ne what to ſeine
ot, ne what was the beſt;
as my hert then fro his reſt,
thought that ſmiling ſigne
in that the hert encline
o requeſtis reſonable,
Smiling is favorable
thing that ſhall thrive,
rhtin I tho anon blive
arhdleſſe anſwere in no toun
for obligaciouu,
Ne callid ſurety in no wiſe
Amongſt them that callid ben wiſe:
Thus was I in a joyous dout,
Sure and unſuriſt of that rout:
Right as mine hert ythought it were
So more or leſſe wexin my fere,
That if one thought ymade it wele
Anothir ſhent it everydele,
Till at the laſt I couth no more,
But purpoſed as I did before
To ſerve truly my lyv'is ſpace,
Awaiting er the yere of grace,
Which may yfall yet or I ſterve,
If that it pleſe her that I ſerve,
And ſervid have, and woll do ever,
For thyng is none that me is lever
Than is her ſervice, whoſe preſence
Mine heven is whole, and her abſence
An hell all full of divers paines,
Whych to the deth full oft me ſtraines.
Thus in my thoughtis as I ſtode,
That unneth felt I harme ne gode,
I ſaw the quene a litil paas
Come where this mighty lord ywas,
And knelid downe in preſence there
Of all the ladies that there were,
With ſobir continaunce aviſed,
In few wordis that well ſuffiſed,
And to this lord anon preſent
A bill, wherein whole her entent
Was writtin, and how ſhe beſought,
As he knew every will and thought,
That of his godhed and his grace
He would forgyve all old treſpace,
And undiſpleſid be of time paſt,
For ſhe would evir be ſtedfaſt,
And in his ſervice to the deth
Uſe every thought while ſhe had breth,
And ſight and wept, and ſaid no more,
Within was writtin all the ſore:
At whyche bill the lord gan ſmyle,
And ſaid he would within that yle
Be lord and ſyre both eſt and weſt,
And call'd it there his new conqueſt.
And in grete councell toke the quene;
Long were the talis them betwene:
And ovir her bill he red thriſe,
And wondir gladly gan deviſe
Her fetures faire and her viſage,
And bad gode thrift on that image,
And ſaied he trowid her compleint
Should aftir cauſe her be corſeint;
And in his ſleve he put the bill,
Was there none that yknew his will,
And forthe he walke apace about,
Beholding all the luſty rout,
Halfe in a thought with ſmiling chere,
Till at the laſt, as ye ſhall here,
He turned unto the quene ageine,
And ſaid, To morne here in this pleine
I woll that ye be and all yours,
That purpoſid ben to were flours,
Or of my luſty colour uſe,
It may not be to you excuſe,

Ne to none of yours in no wise,
That able be to my servise;
For as I said have here before
I will be lord for evirmore
Of you, and of this yle, and all,
And of all yours that havin shall
Joy, pece, or ese, or in plesaunce
Your livis use without noysaunce;
Here will I in state be ysene,
And turned his visage to the quene,
And you give knowledge of my will,
And a full answere of your bill.
Was there no nay, ne wordis none,
But very obeisaunt semed echone;
The quene and othir that were there
Well semid it they had grete fere,
And there toke lodging every knight,
Was none departid of that night,
And some to rede old romances
Them occupied for ther plesances,
Some to make verlaies and laies,
And some to othir diverse plaies,
And I to me a romance toke,
And as I reding was the boke,
Methought the sphere had so run
That it was rising of the sun,
And such a pres into the plaine
Assemble gone, that with grete paine
One might for othir go ne stand,
Ne none take othir by the hand,
Withoutin they distourbid were,
So huge and gret the pres was there.
And astir that within two houres
This mighty lord clad all in floures
Of divers colours many a paire
In his estate up in the aire
Well nigh two fathom, as his hight,
He set him there in all ther sight,
And for the quene and for the knight,
And for my lady and every wight,
In hast he sent, so that ner one
Was there absent, but come echone:
And when they thus assemblid were,
As ye have herd me say you here,
Without more tarrying on hight,
There to be sene of every wight,
Up stode among the pres above
A counsaylir, servaunt of Love,
Which semid well of gret estate,
And shewid there how no debate
Othir then godely might be used
In gentilnesse and be excused,
Wherefore he said his lord's will
Was every wight there should be still
And in pees, and of one accord,
And thus commaundid at a word,
And can his tongue to swiche language
To turne, that yet in all mine age
Herd I nevir so conningly
Man speke, ne halfe so faithfully,
For every thing he said there
Semid as it inselid were,
Or approvid for very trew:
Swiche was his cunning language newe,
And well according to his chere,
That where I be me thinke I here
Him yet alway, when I mine one
In any place may be alone:
First con he of the lusty yle
All the estate in lityl whyle
Reherse, and wholly every thing
That causid there his lord's comming,
And every wele and every wo,
And for what cause eche thing was so
Well shewed he there in esie speech,
And how the sicke had nede of lech;
And that whiche whole was and in grace
He told plainly why ech thing was,
And at the last he con conclude,
Voidid every language rude,
And said, That prince, that mighty lord,
Or his departing would accord
All the parties were there present,
And was the fine of his entent,
Witnesse his presence in your sight,
Which sits among you in his might;
And knelid downe withoutin more,
And not o word yspake he more.
Tho gan this mighty lord him dresse,
With chere avised, to do largesse,
And said unto this knight and me,
Ye shall to joy restorid be,
And for ye have ben true ye twaine
I graunt you here for every paine
A thousand joies every weke,
And loke ye be no lengir seke,
And both your ladies, lo 'hem here!
Take ech his own; beth of gode chere,
Your happie day is new begun
Sith it was rising of the sun,
And to all othir in this place
I graunt wholly to stand in grace
That seryith truely without slouth,
And to avauncid be by trouth.
Tho gan this knight and I downe knele,
Wening to doin wondir wele,
Seing, O lord! your grete mercy
Us hath enriched so opinly
That we deserve may nevir more
The leste part, but evirmore
With soule and body truely serve
You and yours till that we ysterve;
And to ther ladies there they stode
This knight, that *couth so mikil gode*,
Ywent in hast, and I also;
Joyous and glad werin we tho,
And al so rich in every thought
As he that all hath and ought nought,
And them besought in humble wise
Us to accept to ther service,
And shew us of ther frendly cheres,
Which in ther tresure many yeres
They keptin had, us to grete paine,
And told how ther servauntis twaine
We were, would be, and so had ever,
And to the deth chaunge would we never,
Ne doe offence, ne thinke like ill,
But fill ther ordinaunce and will;

le our othis freshe and new,
service for to renew,
olly ther's for evirmore
e become; what might we more?
ll awaizing that in flouth
e no fault ne in our trouth,
ght not do, I you ensure,
r will, whilis we may dure.
'eson past, againe an eve
d of the quene toke his leve,
l he would hastely returne,
gode leisure there sojourne,
his honour and his ese,
nding fast the knight to plese,
e his statutes in papirs,
erit divers officirs,
th to ship the same night
, and sone was out of sight.
the morowe when the aire
id was and wondir faire,
rising of the sun,
e night away was run,
g us on the rivage,
spake of her voyage,
she madin small journies,
d her in straunge counteries,
thwith to the quene went,
wed her wholly her entent,
e her leve with chere weping,
y was to se that parting;
e quene it was a paine,
martyr new yslaine,
her woe, and she so tender,
pe oft when I remember:
id there to resigne
ady eight times or nine
te, the yle, shortly to tell,
ht plese her there to dwell,
l, for evir her linage
o my lady doe homage,
s be whole withoutin more,
all thers for evirmore.
d forbid! my lady eft,
ny cunning word and soft,
t evir such a thing should bene
onsent should that a quene
estate, and so well named,
ise should be attamed,
ld be faine with all my hert,
befell or how me smert,
thing that you might plese
ise or be your ese,
id there and bad gode night,
h leve wept many a wight.
ight men here my lady praised,
h a name of her araised,
cunning and frendlinesse,
beauty with gentilnesse,
at of glad and frendly cheres
usid in all her yeres,
ndir was here every wight
well how they did ther might,
h a pres upon the morow
er brought, and what a sorow
They made when she should undir saile,
That and ye wist ye would mervaile.
Forth goeth the ship, out goeth the sond,
And I as a wode man unbond,
For doubt to be left behind there,
Into the se withoutin fere
Anon I ran, till with a waw
All sodenly I was oerthraw,
And with the watir to and fro
Backward and forward travailed so
That mind and breth nigh was ygone,
For gode ne harme ne knew I none,
Til at the last with hokis tweine
Men of the ship with mekil peine
To save my life did such travaile
That and ye wist ye would mervaile,
And in the ship me drewe on hie,
And saidin all that I would die,
And laid me long downe by the mast,
And of ther clothis on me cast;
And there I made my testament,
And wist my selfe not what I ment,
But when I said had what I would,
And to the mast my wo all told,
And tane my leve of every wight,
And closed mine eyen and lost my sight,
Avised to die without more speech,
Or any remedy to sech
Or grace new, as was grete nede,
My lady of my paine toke hede,
And her bethought how that for trouth
To se me die it were grete routh,
And to me came in sobir wise,
And softly said, I pray you rise;
Come on with me; let be this fare;
All shall be wel; have ye no care;
I will obey ye and fulfill
Wholly in al that lordis will
That you and me not long ago
Aftir his list commaundid so,
That there againe no resistence
May be withoutin gret offence,
And therefore now loke what I say,
I am and will be frendly aye;
Rise up, behold this avauntage,
I grauntin you in heritage
All peceably withoutin strive
During the dayis of your live;
And of her applis in my sleve
One she yput, and toke her leve
In wordis few, and said, God hele
He that all made you send, and wele!
Wherewith my pains all at ones
Tokin such leve, that all my bones,
For the new durense plesaunce,
So as they couth desired to daunce,
And I as whole as any wight
Up rose with joyous hert and light,
Whole and unsicke, right wele at ese,
And all forget had my disese,
And to my lady where she plaid
I went anone, and to her said;
He that all joies persons to plese
First ordainid with parfite ese,

And every plesure can depart,
Send you, Madame, as large a part,
And of his godis such plenty,
As he has done you of beauty,
With hele, and all that may be thought,
He send you all as he all wrought.
Madame, (quod I) your servaunt trew
Have I ben long, and yet will new,
Withoutin chaunge or repentaunce
In any wise or variaunce,
And so will do, as thrive I ever,
For thing is none that me is sever
Than you to plese how er I fare,
Mine hert's lady and my welfare,
My life, mine hele, my lech also
Of every thing that doth me wo,
My helpe at nede, and my surete
Of every joy that longs to me,
My succours whole in allé wise
That may be thought or man devise,
Your grace, Madame, such have I found,
Now in my nede, that I am bound
To you for er, so Christ me save,
For hele and live of you I have,
Wherefore is resoun I you serve
With due obeisaunce till I sterve,
And ded and quicke be evir yours,
Late, erly, and at allé hours.
Tho came my lady small alite,
And in plaine English con consite,
In wordis few whole her entent
She shewed me there, and how she ment
To me ward in every wise,
Wholly she came at ther devise,
Without processe or long travell,
Charging me to kepin counsell,
As I would to her grace attaine,
Of which commaundement I was faine;
Wherefore I passe oer at this time,
For counsell cords not well in rime,
And eke the oth that I have swore
To breke me were bettir unbore;
Why? for untrue for evirmore
I should be hold, that nevirmore
Of me in place should be report
Thing that availe might, or comfort
To mewardis in any wise,
And eche wight wouldin me dispise
In that they couth, and me repreve,
Which were a thing sore for to greve,
Wherefore hereof more mencion
Make I not now ne long sermon,
But shortly thus I me excuse,
To rime a counsell I refuse.
Sailing thus two dayis or thre
My lady towards her countre,
Ovir the wavis high and grene,
Which werin large and depe betwene,
Upon a time me called and said,
That of my hele she was well paid,
And of the quene and of the yle
She talkid with me a long while,
And of all that she there had sene,
And of th' estate and of the quene,
And of the ladies name by name,
Two houres or mo this was her game,
Till at the last the wind can rise,
And blew so fast and in such wise
The ship, that every wight can say
Madame, er eve be of this day,
And God tofore, ye shall be there
As ye would fainist that ye were,
And doubtith not within fixe houre
Ye shall be there as all is yours:
At which wordis she gan to smile,
And said that was no longé while
That they her set; and up she rose,
And all about the ship she gose,
And made gode chere to every wight,
Till of the land she had a sight,
Of whichè sight glad, God it wot,
She was abashid and abote,
And forth goeth, shortly you to tell,
Where she accustomed was to dwell,
And recevid was, as gode right,
With joyous chere and hert's light,
And as a glad new avinture
Plesaunt to every creture;
With which landing tho I awoke,
And found my chambir full of smoke,
My chekis eke unto the eres,
And all my body, wet with teres,
And all so feble' and in such wise
I was, that unneth might I rise,
So far travailid and so faint,
That neithir knew I kirke ne saint,
Ne what was what ne who was who,
Ne avised what way I would go;
But by an adventurous grace
I rise and walkt, sought pace and pace,
Till I a winding staire yfound,
And held the vice aye in my hond,
And upward softly so can crepe
Till I came where I thought to slepe
More at mine ese, and out of prece,
At my gode leisure and in pece,
Till somwhat I recomfort were
Of the travill and the grete fere
That I endurid had before,
This was my thought withoutin more;
And as a wight witlesse and faint,
Without more in a chambir paint
Full of stories old and divers,
More than I can as now reherse,
Unto a bed full sobirly,
So as I mightin, full southly,
Pace aftir other, and nothing said,
Till at the last downe I me laid,
And as my mind would give me leve
All that I dremid had that eve
Before that all I can reherse,
Right as a child at schole his verse
Doth aftir that he thinketh to thrive,
Right so did I for all my live,
I thought to have in remembraunce
Both the paine and eke the plesaunce,
The Dreme whole as it me befell,
Which was as ye herin me tell:

oughtis as I lay
unhappy day,
ſo have I blame,
ich ſhulde be the name,
at there a thought
w on ſlepe me brought,
ned ſo in a while
ne within the yle
was, where of the knight
les I had ſight,
nblid on a grene,
nd lady with the quene,
ably there was ſaid
all content and paid
as in that thing
it there ſhould be the king,
ld all for ſure witneſſe
th more and leſſe,
nce, withoutin more,
ent for evirmore,
udid that the knight
d the ſamè night,
there toke his voiage
his marriage,
with ſuch an hoſt
aight be leſt and moſt:
uded, written and ſeled,
ht not be repeled
continue firme,
be within a terme,
excuſation,
oronation.
hich had thereof the charge,
tle barge
late againſt an eve,
e ytoke his leve,
was as a man'is thought
e to him brought,
ſelfe accuſtomed aye
rge oft for to play,
ir maſt ne rothir,
d of ſuch another,
the govirnaunce,
nought and pleſaunce,
our eſt and weſt,
alme or tempeſt,
th at his requeſt,
rſt praied to the feſt.
into his countre,
the wavy ſe,
he depe and large
and noble barge,
rt, ſhortly to tell,
e he was wont to dwell,
id, as gode right,
or a worthy knight,
tis of the lond,
non at his firſt fond,
itis full of trouth,
lt, or with a flouth
any wiſe,
s ther old ſerviſe,
w had ben yfond
it was the lond;

And ſo recevid thei ther king
That forgottin ywas no thing
That ought to be done ne might pleſe,
Ne ther ſoveraine lord do eſe;
And with them ſo, ſhortly to ſay,
As they of cuſtome had done aye,
For ſevin yere paſt was and more,
The father, the old, wiſe, and hore,
King of the land, ytoke his leve
Of all his barons on an eve,
And told them how his dayis paſt
Were all, and comin was the laſt,
And hart'ily prayed 'hem to remember
His ſonnè, which yong was and tender,
That borne ywas ther prince to be,
If he returne to that countre
Might by adventure or by grace
Within any ſhorte time or ſpace,
And to be true and frendly aye,
As they to him had ben alway:
Thus he them prayd withoutin more,
And toke his leve for evirmore.
Knowin was how tendir in age
This yongè prince a grete viage
Uncouth and ſtraunge, honours to ſeche,
Ytoke in hond with lityl ſpeche,
Which was to ſekin a princes
That he deſired more than riches,
For her grete name that flourid ſo
That in that time there was no mo
Of her eſtate, ne ſo well named,
For borne was none that er her blamed,
Of which princes ſomwhat before
Here have I ſpoke, and ſome will more.
So thus befell as ye ſhall here;
Unto ther lord they made ſuch chere
That joy was there to be preſent
To ſe ther troth and how they ment;
So very glad they were ech one
That them among there was no one
Whiche that deſirid more riches
Than for ther lord ſuch a princes
That they might pleſe, and that were faire,
For faſt deſirid they an heire,
And ſaid grete ſurety were ywis.
And as they were ſpekin of this
The prince himſelfin him aviſed,
And in plaine Engliſh undiſguiſed
Them ſhewid wholy his journey,
And of ther counſell can them prey,
And told how he enſurid was,
And how his day he might not paſſe
Withoutin diffame and grete blame,
And to him for evir a ſhame;
And of ther counſell and aviſe
There he prayith them once or twiſe,
And that they would within ten daies
Aviſe and ordaine him ſuch waies,
So that it were no diſpleſaunce,
Ne to this relme oer grete greivaunce,
And that he might have to his feſt
Sixty thouſand geſtes at the leſt,
For his intent within ſhort while
Was to returne unto this yle

That he came fro, and kepe his day;
For nothing would he be away.
To counſaile tho the lords anon
Into a chambir everychone
Togithir went, them to deviſe
How they might beſt and in what wiſe
Purvey for their lord'is pleſaunce,
And the relm'is continaunce
Of honor, which in it before
Had continuid evirmore:
So at the laſt they found the waies,
How that within the next ten daies
All might with paine and diligence
Be done, and caſt what the diſpence
Might draw, and, in concluſion,
Made for ech thing proviſion.
When this was done, wholly tofore
The prince the lordis all before
Come, and ſhewid what they had done,
And how they couth by no reſon
Findin that within the ten daies
He might departin by no waies,
But would be fiftene at the left
Or he returne might to his feſt:
And ſhewed him every reſon why
It might not be ſo haſtily
As he defirid, ne his day
He might not kepè by no way,
For divers cauſis wondir grete;
Which when he herd in ſuch an hete
He fell for ſorow, and was ſeke,
Still in his bed wholè that weke,
And nigh the tothir for the ſhame,
And for the doubt and for the blame
That mightin on him be aret,
And oft upon his breſt he bet,
And ſaid, Alas! mine honour for aye
Have I here loſt clenely this day;
Ded would I be; alas! my name
Shall aye be more henceforth in ſhame,
And I diſhonoured and repreved,
And nevir more ſhall be beleved:
And made ſwich ſorow, that in trouth
Him to behold it was grete routh;
And ſo endured the dayes fiftene,
Till that the lords on an even
Him come and told they redy were,
And ſhewid in few wordis there
How and what wiſe they had purvey'd
For his eſtate, and to him ſaid
That twenty thouſand knights of name,
And fourty thouſand without blame,
All come of noble ligine,
Togidir in a compane,
Were lodgid on a river's ſide,
Him and his pleſure there t'abide.
The prince tho for joy up aroſe,
And where they lodgid were he goes
Withoutin more that ſame night,
And theſe his ſuppir made to dight,
And with them bode till it was dey,
And forthwith to take his journey,
Leving the ſtreight, holding the large,
Till he came to his noble barge:
And when this prince, this luſtie knight,
With his peple in armis bright
Was comin where he thought to pas,
And knew well none abiding was
Behind, but all were there preſent,
Forthwith anon all his intent
He told them there, and made his cries
Thorough his hoſtè that day twiſe,
Commaunding every livis wight
There being preſent in his ſight
To be the' morow on the rivage,
Where he begin would his viage.
The morow come, the cry was kept,
But few was there that night that ſlept,
But truſſed and purveid for the morow,
For fault of ſhips was all ther ſorrow,
For ſave the barge and othir two
Of ſhippis ther ſaw I no mo:
Thus in ther doubtis as they ſtode,
Waxing the ſe, comming the flode,
Was cried, To ſhip goe every wight,
Then was but hie that hie him might;
And to the barge me thought echone
They went, without was left not one,
Ne horſe ne male, truſſe ne baggage,
Salad ne ſpere, gardbrace ne page,
But was lodgid, and rome ynough;
At which ſhipping me thought I lough,
And gan to marvaile in my thought
How evir ſuch a ſhip was wrought,
For what peple that can encreſe,
Ne ner ſo thicke might be the preſe,
But all had romè at ther will,
There was not one was lodgid ill;
For as I trowe my ſelfe the laſt
Was one, and lodgid by the maſt,
And where I loked I ſaw ſuch rome
As all were lodgid in a towne.
Forth goth the ſhip, ſaid was the crede,
And on ther knees for ther gode ſpede
Downe knelid every wight a while,
And prayid faſt that to the yle
They mightin comin in ſafety,
The prince and all the company,
With worſhip and withoutin blame,
Of diſclaundir of his gode name,
Of the promiſe he ſhould retourne,
Within the time he did ſojourne,
In his londè biding his hoſt,
This was ther prayir left and moſt:
To kepe the day it might not ben
That he' appointid had with the quene
To returnin withoutin ſlouth,
And ſo aſſurid had his trouth,
For which default this prince, this knight,
During the time ſlept not a night,
Such was his wo and his diſeſe,
For doubt he ſhould the quene diſpleſe.
Forth goith the ſhip with ſuch ſpede
Right as the prince for his grete nede
Defirin would after his thought,
Till it unto the yle him brought,
Where all in haſt upon the ſand
He and his peple toke the land

's glad and cherè light,
be in heven that night;
y passid had a while,
towardis that yle,
blacke, with chere piteous,
ich ner dispiteous
all her life tofore
chere and hert to tore
prince where he gan ride
l said, Abide, abide,
no haft, but faft retourne,
s ye here fojourne,
intruth hath us diferied;
the time we us allied
that are fo fone untrew;
ıy that we you knew!
me that ye were bore!
lond by you is lore;
e he you hidir brought!
joy is turnd to nought;
aintance we may complaine,
he caufe of all our paine.
dame, quod tho this knight,
that from his horfe he light,
ır pale and chekis lene,
it is this for to mene?
ye faid? why be ye wroth?
plefe I would be loth:
not full well the promeffe
ade have to your princeffe,
perfourme is mine intent,
fpede as I have ment,
m her very trew,
change or thoughtis new,
ully her fervand
e or man livand
lady or princeffe,
ne heven and whole richeffe
lady of mine hele,
is joy and all my wele.
this be, whence coms this fpech?
Madame, I you befech,
e firft of my living
refull of nothing
w to here you fpeke,
I fele mine hert to breke:
adame, tell me your will;
iunt is it gode or ill?
l fhe) that ye were bore!
ur love this land is lore;
is ded, and that is ruth,
of your gret untruth:
tes of the lufty rout
hat were there about,
werin to talk and play,
ei ded and clene away,
earth tane lodging newe;
r ye were untrew!
the time ye fet was paft
toke counfaile fone in haft
to doe, and faid Grete blame
aintaunce caufe would and fhame,
dies of ther avife
nede was to be wife,
In efchewing talis and fongs,
That by them makin would ill tongs,
And fey they were lightly conqueft,
And prayid to a pore feft,
And fouly had ther worfhip weved,
When fo unwifely they conceived
Ther riche trefour and ther hele,
Ther famous name and ther wele
To put in fuch an avinture,
Of which the felaundir eveir dure
Was like, without helpe of appele,
Wherefore they nede had of counfele,
For every wight of them would fay,
Ther clofid yle an opin way
Was become to every wight,
And well apprevid by a knight,
Which he, alas! without payfaunce
Had fone achevid th' obeifance:
All this was moved at counfell thrife,
And was concludid daily twife,
That bet was die withoutin blame
Than lofe the riches of ther name;
Wherefore the deth'is acquaintance
They chefe, and left have ther plefaunce,
For doubt to livin as repreved,
In that they you fo fone beleved,
And made ther othes with one accord,
That ete ne drinke, ne fpeke o word,
They fhould nevir, but er weping
Bide in a place without parting,
And ufe ther dayis in penaunce,
Without defire of allegeaunce,
Of which the truth anon con preve;
For why? the quene forthwith her leve
Toke at them all that were prefent,
Of her defauts fully repent.
And dyid there withoutin more,
Thus are we loft for evirmore;
What fhould I more hereof reherfe?
Comin within, come fe her herfe
Where ye fhall fe the piteous fight
That er yet was fhewin to knight,
For ye fhall fein ladies ftond
Ech with a grete rod in her hond,
Yclad in black with vifage white,
Redy ech othir for to fmite;
If any be that will not wepe,
Or who that makes counte'nance to flepe,
They be fo bet, that all fo blew
They be as cloth that died is new,
Such is ther parfite repentance,
And thus they kepe ther ordinance,
And will do evir to the deth,
While them enduris any breth.
This knight tho in his armis twaine
This lady toke, and gan her faine,
Alas my birth! wo worth my life!
And even with that he drew a knife,
And thorough gown, doublet, and fhert,
He made the blode come from his hert,
And fet him doune upon the grene,
And full repent clofid his ene,
And fave that ones he drew his breth
Without more thus he toke his deth;

For whichè cauſe the luſty hoſt,
Which in a battaile on the coſt
At once for ſorrow ſuch a cry
Gan rere throw the company,
That to the heven herd was the ſowne,
And undir th' erth als fer adowne,
That wildè beſtis for the fere
So ſodainly afrayid were,
That for the doubt while they might dure
They ran, as of their lives unſure
From the wodis unto the plaine,
And from valleys the high mountaine
They ſought, and ran as beſtis blind
That clene forgottin had ther kind.
This wo not ceſed, to counſaile went
Theſe lordis, and for that lady ſent,
And of aviſe what was to done
They her beſought ſhe ſay would ſone.
Weping full ſore, all clad in blake,
This lady ſoftly to them ſpake,
And ſaid, My Lordis, by my trouth
This miſchefe it is of your ſlouth,
And if ye had that judge would right
A prince that were a very knight,
Ye that ben of eſtate echone
Die for his fault ſhould one and one;
And if he hold had the promeſſe,
And done that longes to gentilneſſe,
And fulfilled the princes beheſt,
This haſtie farme had ben a feſt,
And now is unrecoverable,
And us a ſlaundir aye durable,
Wherefore I ſay, as of counſaile
In me is none that may availe,
But if ye liſt for remembraunce
Purvey and make ſuch ordinaunce
That the quene whiche that was ſo meke,
With all her women dede or ſeke,
Might in your land a chappill have,
With ſome remembraunce of her grave,
Shewing her end with the pity
In ſome notable old city,
And nigh unto an highè way,
Where every wight might for her pray,
And for all hers that have been trew:
And even with that ſhe changid hew,
And twiſe wiſhid after the deth,
And ſight, and thus paſſid her breth.
Then ſaid the lordis of the hoſt,
And ſo concludid left and moſt,
That they would in houſis of thacke
Ther livis lede, and were but blacke,
And forſake all ther pleſaunces,
And turne all joy to penaunces,
And bere the ded prince to the barge,
And namid them ſhould have the charge;
And to the herſe where lay the quene
The remnaunt went and doune on knene,
Holding ther honds, on high con crie,
Mercy, mercy! evèrich thrie,
And curſed the time that evir ſlouth
Should have ſoche maſtirdome of trouth,
And to the barge a longè mile
They bare her forth, and in a while
Allè the ladies one and one
By companies were brought echone,
And paſt the ſe and toke the land,
And in new herſis on a ſand,
Put and brought werin all anon
Unto a city cloſed with ſtone,
Where it yhad ben uſid aye
The kingis of the land to lay,
After they raignid in honours,
And writ was which were conquerours,
In an abbey of nunnis blake,
Which accuſtomid were to wake,
And of uſage riſe ech a night
To pray for every livis wight:
And ſo befell, as is the guiſe,
Ordeint and ſaid was the ſerviſe
Of the prince and eke of the quene
So devoutly as might yben,
And aftir that about the herſes
Full many oriſons and verſes
Withoutin note ful hertily
Said were, and that full ſoftily
That all the night till it was day
The peple in the church con pray
Unto the holy Trinitie
Of thoſe ſoulis to have pitie.

And when the night ypaſt and ronne
Was, and the newè day begonne,
The yong morow with rayis red,
Which from the ſonne oer all con ſpred,
Atempirid clere was and faire,
And made a tyme of wholſome aire,
Befell a wondir caſe and ſtrange
Among the peple, and gan change
Sone the word and everу wo
Unto a joy, and ſome to two;
A bird all ſedrid blew and grene,
With bright rayis like gold betwene,
As ſmall thred ovir every joynt,
All full of colour ſtrange and coint,
Uncouth, and wondirfull to ſight,
Upon the quen'is herſe con light,
And ſong full low and ſoftily
Thre ſongis in her harmony,
Unlettid of everу wight,
Til at the laſt an agid knight,
Which ſemid a man in grete thought,
Like as he ſet all thing at nought,
With viſage and cin al forwept,
And pale, as a man long unſlept;
By the herſis as he yſtode
With haſty hondling of his hode
Unto a prince that by him paſt
Ymade the bridde ſomwhat agaſt,
Wherefore ſhe roſe and left her ſong,
And departed from us among,
And ſpred her wingis for to paſſe
By the place where he entrid was,
And in his haſt, ſhortly to tell,
Him hurt, that backeward downe he fell
From a window richly ypeint
With lives of many divers ſeint,
And bet his wingis and bled faſt,
And of the hurt thus died and paſt,

ere well an hour and more,
last of briddes a score
assemblid at the place
window ybrokin was,
swiche wamentacioun
was to here the soun,
arblis of ther throtis
omplaint of ther notis,
m joy clene ywas reversed;
m one the glas sone persed,
boke of colours nine
he brought floureless, all grene,
small levis and plaine,
l long with many a vaine,
e his fellow lay this dede
he down laid by his hede,
d it full softily,
his hed and stode thereby,
b in lesse than half an houre
ll knit, and aftir floure
nd wexin ripe the sede,
as one anothir sede
his beke he toke the graine,
fellowes beke certaine
l thus within the third
nd prunid him the bird
d had be in all our sight,
togithir forth ther flight
ing from us, and ther leve
disturb 'hem would ne greve.
n they partid were and gone
se the sedis sone echone
ad, and in her hand
she toke, well avisand
he sede, the stalke, the floure,
it had a gode savour,
no common herb to find,
approved of uncouth kind,
othir more vertuouse;
ave it might for to use
e flowre, or lese, or graine,
ele might ybe certaine;
it downe upon the herse
the quene, and gan reherse
' othir that they had sene;
g thus the sede wex grene,
e drie herse gan to spring,
thought was a wondrous thing,
that floure and new sede,
the peple all toke hede,
it was some grete miracle,
ne fine more than triacle,
well done there to assay
t ese in any way
, which with torche light
id had there all that night:
he lordis their consent,
e peple' thereto content
words and litil fare,
the quen'is visage bare,
wid was to all about,
e in swone fell whole the rout,
so sory most and lest
of weping they not cest,
For of ther lord the remembraunce
Unto them was such displesaunce
That for to live they called a paine,
So were they very true and plaine.
And after this the gode abbesse
Of the graine gan to chese and dresse
Thre, with her fingirs clene and smale,
And in the quen'is mouth by tale
One aftir othir esily
She put 'hem and full conningly,
Which shewid sone such vertue
That previd was the medi'cine true,
For with a smiling countinaunce
The quene uprose, and of usaunce,
As she was wont to every wight,
She made gode chere, for whiche sight
The peple kneling on the stones
Thought they in heven were soule and bones:
And to the prince where he ylay
They went to make the same assay,
And when the quene it undirstode,
And how the medicine was gode,
She preyid she might have the graines
To relevin him from the paines
Which she and he had both endured,
And to him went and so him cured,
That streight within a litil space
Lusty and freshe on live he was,
And in gode hele, and whole of speech,
And lough, and said, Gramercy, lech!
For which the joy throughout the town
So gret was that the bellis sown
Afraied the peple a journay
About the citie every way,
And come and askid cause and why
They rongin were so statily?
And aftir that the quene th' abbesse,
Made diligence or they would cesse,
Such that of ladies sone a rout
Sewing the quene was all about,
And called by name echone and told,
Was none forgettin young ne old;
There mightin men se joyis new
When the medicine fine and trew
Thus restorid had every wight,
So well the quene as the knight,
Unto full perfit joy and hele,
That fleting they were in such wele
As folke that wouldin in no wise
Desire more parfit paradise.
And thus when passed was the sorow,
With mikil joye sone on the morow
The king, the quene, and every lord,
With all the ladies, by' one accord
Helde a generall assembly:
Gret cry was made through the country,
The which aftir as ther intent
Was turnid to a parliament,
Where was ordainid and avised
Every thing and wel devised
That plesin might to most and lest,
And there concludid was the fest
Within the yle for to behold
With full consent of young and old,

All in the ſame wiſe as before,
As thing ſhould be withoutin more,
And thei ſhippid and thithir went,
And into ſtraungè relmis ſent,
To kingis, quenes, and ducheſſes,
To divers princes and princeſſes,
Of ther linage, and can them pray
That it might like them at that day
Of mariage, for ther diſport,
Come ſe the yle and them diſport,
Where ſhould be jouſtis and turnaies,
And armis done in othir waies,
Signifying oer all the day
Aſtir Aprilis within May,
And was aviſed that ladies tweine,
Of gode eſtate and well beſeine,
With certaine knightis and ſquiers,
And of the quen'is officers,
In mannir of an embaſſade,
With certain lettirs cloſed and made,
Should take the bargè and depart,
And ſeke my lady every part
Till they her found for any thing
Both chargid have the quene and king,
And as ther lady and maiſtres
Her to beſeke of gentilnes
At the day there for to yben,
And oft her recommaund the quene,
And prayis for all loves to haſt,
For but ſhe come all woll be waſt,
And the feſt but a buſineſſe
Withoutin joy or luſtineſſe,
And toke them tokins, and gode ſpede
Praid God ſend 'hem aftir ther nede.
Forth went the ladies and the knights,
And were out fourtene daies and nights,
And brought my lady in ther barge,
And had well ſped and done ther charge;
Whereof the quene ſo herti'ly glad
Was, that in ſoth ſuch joy ſhe had
When that the ſhip approchid lond
That ſhe my lady on the ſond
Met, and in armis ſo conſtraine,
That wondir was behold them twaine,
Which to my dome during twelve houres
Neithir for hete ne watry ſhoures
Departid not no company
Saving themſelfe, but none them by,
But gave them layſour at ther eſe
To reherſin joy and diſeſe
Aftir the pleſure and couragis
Of ther young and tendir agis;
And aftir with many a knight
Brought thei were where as for that night
They partid not, for to pleſaunce
Content was hert and countinaunce
Both of the quene and my maiſtreſſe,
This was that night ther buſineſſe;
And on the morow with huge rowt
This prince of lordis him about
Come, and unto my lady ſaid,
Of her comming glad and well paid
He was, and full right conningly
Her thankid and full hertily,
And lough and ſmiled, and ſaid, Ywis
That was in doubt in ſafety is;
And commaundid do diligence,
And ſpare for neithir gold ne ſpence,
But make redy, for on the morow
Yweddid, with Saint John to borow,
He would ybe withoutin more,
And let them wite this leſe and more.
The morow come, and the ſervice
Of mariage in ſuch a wiſe
Yſaid was, that with more honour
Was nevir prince ne conquerour
Ywedde, ne with ſuch company
Of gentilneſſe in chivalry,
Ne of ladies ſo grete routs,
Ne ſo beſeen as all abouts
They werin there, I certifie
You on my life, withoutin lie.
And the feſt hold was in tentis,
As to tell you mine entent is,
In a rome in a largè plaine,
Undir a wode in a champaine,
Betwixt a rivir and a well,
Where nevir had abbay ne fell
Yben, ne kirke, houſe, ne village,
In time of any man'is age,
And durid thre moniths the feſt
In one eſtate, and nevir ceſt
From erly riſing of the ſonne
Till the day ſpent was and yronne
In juſting, dauncing, luſtineſſe,
And all that ſowned to gentilneſſe.
And as me thought the ſecond morow,
Whan endid was all old forow,
And in ſurety every wight
Had with his lady ſlept a night,
The prince, the quene, and all the reſt,
Unto my lady made requeſt,
And her beſought oftin and praied
To mewardes to be well apaied,
And conſidir mine olde trouth,
And on my painis havin routh,
And me accept to her ſerviſe
In ſuch formè and in ſuch wiſe
That we both mightin be as one;
Thus praied the quene and everichone;
And for there ſhould ne be no nay
They ſtintin juſting all a day
To pray my lady, and requere
To be content and out of fere,
And with gode hert make frendly chere;
And ſaid it was a happy yere;
At which ſhe ſmiled, and ſaid, Ywis
I trow well he my ſervaunt is,
And would my welfare, as I triſt,
So would I his, and would he wiſt
How and I knewe that his trouth
Continue would withoutin ſlouth,
And be ſuch as ye here report,
Reſtraining both courage and ſport,
I couth conſent at your requeſt
To be ynamid of your feſt,
And doin aftir your uſaunce
In obeying of your pleſaunce:

ueſt this I conſent,
ou in your entent,
: ſoveraine above,
l hath me for to love,
othir him preſer,
ich prince may be no wer,
ir ovir all raigneth,
would for nought him paineth;
will and yours is one
me ſhall be none:
thoughtin) the promeiſe
: before the meſe
of every wight
n the ſame night,
y all manir doubts
ght thereabouts;
do: and on the morow,
thought and every ſorrow
as out of mine hert,
wo and every ſmert,
prince and princes
t brought me and my maiſtres,
: werin at full age
nclude our marriage,
, knightis, and ſquiers,
hoſt of miniſters,
ments and ſounes diverſe,
werin here to reherſe;
was church parochiall,
s in eſpeciall
and for the ſacre,
biſhop and archdiacre
l out the ſerviſe
ſtome and the guiſe
hurch'is ordinaunce:
at to dine and daunce
re we, and to divers plaies,
r ſpede ech wight praies,
was both moſt and leſt,
nendid was the feſt,
right glad lady and lord
iage and th' accord,
us hert'is pleſaunce,
hele continuaunce,
minſtrils made requeſt
trefing of the feſt
din touchin ther cordis,
ome new joyeux accordis
peple to gladneſſe,
n of all gentilneſſe
in them for the day
s cunning and his play:
ſownis mervelous,
th accords joyous,
at and in all the tents,
andis of inſtruments,
wight to daunce them pained;
y was none that fayned;
ne me troublid in my ſlepe,
y bed anone I lepe,
have be at the feſt,
woke all was yſeſt,
'as lady ne creture,
: wais old portraiteur
, haukis, and houndis,
lere all full of woundis,
Some like bittin, ſome hurt with ſhot,
And as my dreme ſemed that was not.
And when I wake and knew the trouth,
And ye had ſeen, of very routh
I trow ye would have wept a weke,
For nevir man yet halfe ſo ſeke
Iwent eſcapid with the life,
And was for fault that ſword ne knife
I find ne might my life t' abridge,
Ne thing that kervid ne had edge,
Wherewith I might my wofull pains
Have voidid with bleding of vains.
Lo, here my bliſſe! lo, here my paine!
Which to my lady' I do complaine,
And grace and mercy her requere
To end my wo and buſie fere,
And me accept to her ſerviſe,
And to her ſervice in ſuch wiſe,
That of my Dremè the ſubſtaunce
Might turnin once to cogniſaunce,
And cogniſaunce to very preve,
By full conſent and by gode leve;
Or els withoutin more I pray
That this ſame night or it be day
I mote unto my Dreme retourne,
And ſleping ſo forthe aie ſojourne
Aboutin the yle of pleſaunce
Undir my ladie's obeiſaunce,
In her ſervice, and in ſuch wiſe
As it pleſe her may to deviſe,
And grace onis to be accept
Like as I dremid when I ſlept,
And dure a thouſand yere and ten
In her gode will. Amen, Amen!

L'ENVOY.

Fairiſt of faire, and godelyiſt on live!
All my ſecre to you I plaine and ſhrive,
Requiring grace, and of my fore complaint
To be be helid or martirid as a ſaint,
For by my trouth I ſwere, and by this boke,
Ye may both hele and ſle me with a loke.
Go forth, mine owne true hert innocent,
And with humbleneſſe do thine obſervaunce,
And to thy lady on thy knees preſent
Thy ſervice new, and think how grete pleſaunce
It is to live undir the obeiſaunce
Of her which that may with her lokis ſoft
Give the the bliſſe that thou deſiriſt oft.
Be diligent, awake, obey, and drede,
And be not wild of thy countinaunce,
But meke and glad, and thy nature yſede
To do ech thing that may her doe pleſaunce;
When thou ſhalt ſlepe have aie in remembraunce
Th' image of her which may with lokis ſoft
Give the the bliſſe that thou deſiriſt oft.
And if ſo be that thou her name find
Writtin in boke, or ellis upon wall,
Loke that thou do, as ſervaunt true and kind,
Thine obeiſaunce as ſhe were therewithall:
Fayning in love is breding of a fail
From the grace of her whoſe lokis ſoft
May give the bliſſe that thou deſiriſt oft.
Ye which that this ballade yredin ſhall
I pray you that you kepe you fro the fall.

THE DREME OF CHAUCER*.

I HAVE grete wonder, by this light,
How that I lyve, for day ne night
I maye not ſlepin welny nought;
I have ſo many' an ydle thought,
Purely for the defaute of ſlepe,
That by my trouth I take no kepe
Of nothing howe it cometh or gothe,
Ne me n'ys nothing leſe nor lothe;
Al is iliché gode to me
Joye or ſorowe where ſo it be,
For I have ſelinge in nothing,
But as it were a maſid thing
Al day in pointe to fall adoun,
For ſorowful ymaginacioun
Is alway wholy in my minde.
And well ye wote that againſte kinde
It were to livin in this wiſe,
For nature ne wolde not ſuffiſe
Unto none erthy creäture
Not longè tymè to endure
Withoutin ſlepe and be in ſorowe,
And I ne may ne night ne morowe
Slepin, and this melancolye
And drede I havin for to die;
Defaute of ſlepe add hevineſſe
Hath ſlaine my ſpirite of quickneſſe,
That I have loſt al luſtihed;
Soche fantaſies ben in mine hed
So I n'ot what is beſt to do:
But men might aſkin me whi ſo
I may not ſlepe, and what me is?
But nathèles who aſkith thys
Leſeth his aſkyng trewily;
My ſelvin can not telling why
The ſothe, but trewly, as I geſſe,
I holde it be a ſikèneſſe
That I have ſuffrid this eyght yere,
And yet my bote is ner the nere,
For there is phiſicien but one
That may me hele; but that is done;
Paſſin we ovir until eſte;
That wil not be mote nedes be leſte:
Our firſt matir is gode to kepe.
So whan ſawe I might not ſlepe
Til now of late this othit night
Upon my bedde I ſate upright,
And bade one rechin me a boke,
A romauncè and it me toke
To rede, and drive the night away;
For why? me thought it betir play
Than play either at cheſſe or tables.
And in this boke were writtin fables
That clerkis had in olde time
And other poetes put in rhime
To rede, and for to be in minde,
While men lovid the lawe of kinde:
This boke ne ſpake but of ſoche thinges
Of quenis livis and of kinges,
And many othir thingis ſmale;
Amonge al this I fond a tale
Whiche that me thought a wondir thing.
This was the tale. There was a king
That hight Ceix, and had a wife
The beſt that mightin berin lyfe,
And this quenè hight Alcyone;
So it befil thereaftir ſone
This king wol wendin ovir ſe:
To tellin ſhortly whan that he
Was in the ſe thus in this wiſe
Soche a tempeſt began to ryſe
That brake ther maſte and made it fal,
And cleſte ther ſhip and dreint 'hem al,
That nevir was founde, as it telles,
Ne borde ne man, ne nothing elles:
Right thus this king yloſte his life.
Nowe for to ſpekin of his wife.

* By the perſon of a mourning knight ſitting under an oak, is meant John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, greatly lamenting the deth of one whom he entirely loved, ſuppoſed to be Blanch the Dutcheſs. *Urry.*

that was lefte at home
lir that the kinge ne come
it was a longe terme;
herte began to yerne,
at her thought evirmo
wele, her thoughtin so,
so aftir the king,
it were a pitous thing
hertely sorowful lyfe
at she had this noble wife,
e lovid aldirbest;
ent both est and west
m but they founde him nought.
od she) that I was wrought!
my lorde my love be ded
yl nevir ete bred,
owe to my God here,
e of my lorde here.
owe this lady to her toke,
y I, that made this boke,
pite and soche routhe
r sorowe, that by my trouthe
worse al the morowe
inkin on her sorowe.
that she coude here no worde
an myghtin finde her lorde
swouned, and saide Alas!
ful nigh wode she was,
coude no rede but one,
on knees she sate anone
that pitie was to here.
y, my swete lady dere!
o Juno, her goddesse,
out of this distresse,
ne grace my lorde to se
wete where so he be,
fareth, or in what wise,
make you sacrifice,
y yours become I shal,
wil, body, herte, and al;
ou wolte this, lady swete
grace to slepe, and mete
some certaine swevin
ough that I may knowe evin
y lorde be quicke or ded
t worde she hinge down the hed,
a swonne as colde as stone;
caught her up anone,
htin her in bed al naked,
wepid and forwaked
and thus the ded slepe
or she toke kepe,
ano that had herde her bone,
her to slepe sone;
praide right so was don
Juno right anon
her messangere
eraunde, and he come nere:
as come she bad him thus;
quod Juno) to Morpheus,
rest him wel, the god of Slepe;
rstande wel, and take kepe,
my behalfe, that he
the grete se,
And bid him that on alle thinge
He take up Ceix body the kinge,
That lieth ful pale and nothinge rody;
Byd him crepin into the body,
And do it gone to Alcyone
The quene, there she lyith alone,
And shewe her shortely' it is no nay
Howe it was dreint this othir day,
And do the body speke right so
Right as it was wonnid to do
The whilis that it was alyve:
Goith nowe fast, and hye the blive.
This messanger toke leve and went
Upon his way, and nevre' he stente
Tyl he came to the darke valey
That stante betwixt in rokis twey,
There nevir yet grewe corne ne gras,
Ne tre, ne nothing that ought was,
Ne best ne man, ne nothing elles,
Save that there werin a fewe welles
Came renning fro the clyffes adowne
That made a dedly slepinge sowne,
And rennin downe right by a cave
That was undir a rocke ygrave
Amyd the valey wondir depe
There as these goddis lay aslepe,
Morpheus and Eclympasteyre,
That was the god of Slep'is heire,
That slepte and did none othir werke.
This cave ywas also as derke
As hel pitte; ovir all aboute
They had gode leysire for to route
To vye who mightin slepe best;
Some hinge ther chinne upon ther brest,
And slepte upright ther hed yhed,
And some lay nakid in ther bed,
And sleptin whiles their dayis last.
This messaunger come renning fast,
And cried, Ho, ho! awake anone!
It was for naught; there herde him none;
Awake, (quod he) who lyith there?
And blewe his horne right in ther ere,
And cried Awakith! wondir hie.
This god of Slepe with his one eye
Cast up, and asked Who clepith there?
It am I, (quod this messangere)
Juno bade that thou shouldist gone,
And toldin him what he should done
As I have tolde you here before,
It is no nede reherse it more,
And wente his way whan he had saide.
Anone this god of Slepe abraide
Out of his slepe and gan to go,
And did as he had bidde him do;
He toke up the ded body sone,
And bare it forthe to Alcyone
His wife, the quene, there as she lay,
Right even a quartir before day,
And stode right at her bedd'is sette,
And callid her right as she hete
By name, and said; My swete wife!
Awake, let be your sorowful lyfe,
For in your sorow there lyth no rede,
For certes, swete love! I am but dede;

Ye ſhalf me ner on lyve yſe :
But, gode ſwete herte ! I praye that ye
Bury my body ; ſoche a tide
Ye mowe it finde the ſe beſide :
And farewel ſwete ! my world'is bliſſe !
I pray that God your ſorowe lyſſe :
To lytel while ourbliſſe yhaſteth.
With that her eyin up ſhe caſteth,
And ſawe naught. Alas! for ſorowe
She died within the thirde morowe.
But what ſhe ſaid more in that ſwowe
I may nat tellin you as nowe ;
It were to long for to dwel :
My firſt matere I wil you tel
Wherfore I have ytolde this thinge
Of Alcyone and Ceix the kinge.
For this moche dare I ſayin well,
I had be dolvin everidel,
And ded, right through defaute of ſlepe,
Yf I ne had red and take kepe
Of this ilke tale next before,
And I wil tellin you wherfore,
For I ne might for bote ne bale
Slepin or I had redde this tale
Of this ydreinte Ceix the kinge,
And of the goddis of Slepinge,
Whan I had red this tale wele,
And ovirloked it everidele,
Me thought wondir if it were ſo,
For I had ner herde ſpeke or tho
Of no goddis that couldin make
Men for to ſlepe ne for to wake,
And I ne knewe ner God but one,
And in my game I ſaid anone,
(And yet me lyſt right il to pley)
Rather than that I ſhuldin dey
Thorough defaute of ſlepinge thus
I woldin gyve thilke Morpheus,
Or that goddeſſe hight Dame Juno,
Of ſome wight els, I ne rought who,
To make me ſlepe and have ſome reſt
I will give him the akhir beſt
Yefte that er he abode his lyve
And hereonwarde right now as blyve,
If he woll make me ſlepe a lite,
Of downe of purè dovis white
I wol yeve him a feahir bed
Rayid with gold, and right wel cled
In fine blacke ſattin doutremere,
And many' a pilowe', and every here
Of clothe of Raines to ſlepe on ſofte,
Him thare not nede to turnin ofte ;
And I wol yeve him al that falles
To his chambre and to his halles ;
I wol do painte 'hem with pure golde,
And tapite 'hem ful many folde ;
Of one ſute this ſhal he yhave,
If that I wiſte where were his cave,
If he can make me ſlepin ſone,
As did the goddeſſe Quene Alcyone ;
And thus this ylke god Morpheus
May winnin of me mo fees thus
Than er he wanne ; and to Juno
That 'is his goddeſſe I ſhall ſo do,
I trowe that ſhe ſhal holde her paide.
I had unneth that worde iſaide,
Right thus as I have toldin you,
Than ſodeinly, I ne wiſte howe,
Soche a luſte anone me ytoke
To ſlepe, that right upon my boke
I fel aſlepe, and therwith even
Me mette ſo inly ſoche a ſweven,
So wondirfull, that nevir yet
I trowe no man ne had the wit
To connin wel my ſwevin rede,
No, nought Joſeph withoutin drede
Of Egypt, he which that rad ſo
The king'is metinge Pharao,
No more than coude the leſte of us,
Ne nat ſcarſly Macrobeus,
He that wrote al the' aviſion
Whiche that he met Kinge Scipion,
The noble man, the Affrican,
Soche mervaillis fortunid than
I trowe, arede my dremis even ;
Lo ! thus it was, this was my ſweven :
Me thoughtin thus, that it was Maye,
And in the dawning there I lay
Me met thus in my bed al naked,
And lokid forthe, for I was waked
With ſmale foulis a gret hepe,
That had afraied me' out of my ſlepe
Through noiſe and ſwetneſſe of ther ſonge ;
And as me met they ſate amonge
Upon my chambre roſe without,
Upon the tyles ovre' al about,
And everiche ſonge in his wiſe
The moſte ſwete and ſolempne ſerviſe
By note that evir man I trowe
Had herde, for ſome of 'hem ſonge lowe,
Some high, and al of one accorde :
To tellin ſhortly, at o worde,
Was nevir herde ſo ſwete a ſteven,
But it had be a thinge of heven,
So merie' a ſowne, ſo ſwete entunes,
That certis for the towne of Tewnes
I n'olde but I had herde 'hem ſinge,
For al my chambre gan to ringe
Through ſinging of ther harmony,
For inſtrument nor melody
Was no where herde yet halfe ſo ſwete,
Nor of acordè halfe ſo mete,
For there was none of 'hem that fained
To ſinge, for echo of 'hem him pained
To finde out many crafty notes,
They ne yſparid nat ther throtes ;
And, ſoth to ſaine, my chambre was
Ful wel depaintid, and with glas
Were al the windowes wel yglaſed
Ful clere, and nat an hole ycraſed,
That to beholde it was grete joy,
For wholly al the ſtory' of Troy
Was in the glaſinge ywrought thus,
Of Hector and Kinge Priamus,
Achilles and Kinge Lamedon,
And eke Medea and Jaſon,
Of Paris, Heleine and Lavine ;
And all the walles with colours fine

, bothe texte and glose,
romaunte of the Rose:
es werin shet ech one,
the glasse the sunne yshone
with bright bemis,
lad gildy stremis;
welkin was so faire,
, and clere, ywas the ayre;
ypre'; in sothe it was,
ide ne hote it n'as,
welkin was no clowde:
y thus, wondir lowde
herde an huntir blowe
ret horne, and to knowe
vas clere or horse of sowne;
e goynge up and downe
houndes, and othir thinge,
pekin of huntinge,
de fle the harte with strength,
harte had upon length
osed, I n'ot nowe what.
whan I herdin that,
y wolde on huntinge gone,
ad, and up anone
se, and forth I wente
re; I nevir stente
the felde without,
te I a grete rout
d of foresters,
aies and limers,
m to the forest fast,
em: so at the last
d, a lymere,
who shal huntin here?
he answered ayen,
rour Octonyen,
d he is here fasse by.
alfe, in gode tyme, (quod I)
ast, and gan to ride:
e to the forest side
lyd right sone
nge sel to done.
hunte anone sote hote
horne ybiewe thrémote
blinge of his houndis.
e the harte founde is:
I rechasid fast
: and so at the last
asid and stale away
ndes a privy way.
es had ovirshot him all,
a defaulte ysal,
hont full wondir fast
oyn at the laste:
id fro my tre,
there came by me
at fawned me as I stode,
wed and coude no gode;
epte to me as lowe,
d me wele yknowe,
is hed and joyned his eres,
mothe adowne his heres.
e caught it up anone;
as fro me ygone;

As I folowed and it forth went,
Downe by a floury grene it went
Ful thick of grasse ful softe and swete,
With flouris fele fare undir fete,
And lytil used, it semid thus,
For bothe Flora and Zephyrus,
They two that makin flouris growe,
Had made ther dwelling there I trowe,
For it was on for to beholde
As though the erthe there envye wolde
To be gayir than is the heven,
To havin mo flouris soche seven
As in the welkin sterris be,
It had forget the povirte
Of Wintir, through his coldè morowes
That made it suffre, and his sorowes
All was forieten, and that was sene,
For all the wode was woxin grene,
Swetnesse of dewe had made it waxe.
It is no nede eke for to axe
Where there were many grene greves,
Or thicke of trees so ful of leves,
And every tree stode by him selve
Fro othir wel ten fote or twelve,
So grete trees and so huge of strength,
Of fourty' or fifthy fadome length,
All clene withoutin bowe or sticke,
With croppis brode, and eke as thicke;
They werin not an ynche asonder,
That it was shadde ovir all under;
And many' an hart and many' an hinde
Was both before me and behinde,
Of fawnis, sowirs, buckis, does,
Was ful the wodde, and many roes,
And many squirrilis, that sete
Ful high upon the trees and ete,
And in ther manir madin festes:
Shortly, it was so ful of bestes
That though Argus the noble countour
Ysate to rekin in his countour,
And rekin with his figures ten,
For by tho figures newe al ken
If they be crafty, reken and nombre,
And tel of every thing the nombre,
Yet shulde he faile to rekin even
The wonders me met in my sweven:
But forthe I romed right wondir faste
Downe through the wode; so at the laste
I was ware of a man in blacke,
That sate, and had yturned his backe
Unto an ooke and huge tre;
Lord! tho thought I, who may that be?
What eylith him to sittin here?
And anon right I went him nere;
Than founde I sitte evin upright
A wondir faire welfaring knight,
By the manir me thoughtin so
Of gode mokil, right yonge therto,
Of the' age of foure-and-twenty yere,
Upon his berde but litil here,
And he was clothid al in blacke;
I stalkid even unto his backe;
And there I stode as stil as ought,
The sothe to say he saw me nought;

For why ? he hinge his hed adowne,
And with a dedly ſorowful ſowne
He made of rime ten verſes or twelve
Of a complainte unto himſelve,
The moſte pite and the moſt routhe
That evir I herde, for by trouthe
It was grete wondir that Nature
Might ſuffre any creäture
To have ſoche ſorow' and he not ded;
Ful pitous pale, and nothing red,
He ſaid a lay, a manir ſonge,
Withoutin note, withoutin ſonge,
And was this, for ful wel I can
Reherſe it; right thus it began:
I have of ſorrowe ſo grete wone,
That joye ne get I nevir none,
Nowe that I ſe my lady bright,
Which I have loved with all my might,
Is fro me ded, and is agone,
And thus in ſorowe' leſte me alone:
Alas! o Dethe! what eylith the
That thou n'oldiſt have takin me
Whan that thou toke my lady ſwete?
Of all godenes ſhe had none mete,
That was ſo faire, ſo freſhe, ſo fre,
So gode, that men may wel yſe.
Whan he had made thus his complainte
His ſorowful hert gan faſt fainte,
And his ſpiritis wexin dede,
The blode was fledde for pure drede
Downe to his herte to makin him warme,
For wel it feled the herte had harme,
To wete eke why it was adradde,
By kinde, and for to make it gladde,
For it is membre principal
Of the body, and that made al
His hewe ychaunge, and wexin grene
And pale for there no blode is ſene
Within no manir lymme of his.
Anon therwith, whan I ſawe this,
He farde thus yvil there he ſete,
I went and ſtode right at his fete,
And grette him, but he ſpake right nought
But arguid with his owne thought,
And in his witte diſputid faſte
Bothe why and howe his lyfe might laſte,
Him thought his ſorowes were ſo ſmerte,
And lay ſo colde upon his herte.
So through his ſorowe' and holy thought
Made him that he ne herde me nought,
For he had welnye loſt his minde,
Though Pan, that men clepe god of Kinde
Were for his ſorowes ner ſo wrothe.
But at the laſt, to ſaine right ſothe,
He was ware of me howe I ſtode
Before him and did of my hode,
And had gret him as I beſt coude
Debonairly and nothing loude;
He ſaid, I pray the be not wrothe,
I herde the not, to ſaine the ſothe,
Ne I ſawe the not, Sir, truely.
Ah, gode Sir! tho no force (quod I)
I am right ſory' if I have ought
Diſtroublid you out of your thought;
Forieve me if I have myſſetake.
Yes, the amendes is light to make,
(Quod he) for there lithe non therto;
There is nothing miſſaide nor do.
Lo howe godely yſpake this knight,
As it had be anothir wight,
And made it neithir tough ne queint!
And I ſawe that, and gan me' aqueint
With him, and founde him ſo tretable,
Right wondir ſkylful and reſo'nable,
As me thoughtin, for all his bale,
Anon right I gan finde a tale
To him, to loke where I might ought
Have more knowleging of his thought.
Sir, (quod I) this game is ydone,
I holde that this hart be ygone,
Theſe huntis can him no where ſe.
I do no force therof, (quod he)
My thought is theron ner a dele.
By' our Lorde (quod I) I trowe you wele,
Right ſo me thinkith by your chere;
But, Sir, o thing wollin ye here?
Me thinketh in gret ſorowe' I you ſe,
But certis, Sir, and if that ye
Wolde aught diſcovir me your wo
I wolde, as wiſe God helpe me ſo,
Amende it if I can or may,
Ye mowin prove it by aſſay,
For by my trouthe, to make you whole
I wol do al my powir whole;
And telleth me of your ſorowes ſmert,
Paraunter it may eſe your herte,
That ſemeth ful ſyke undir your ſide.
With that he loked on me aſide,
As who ſaithe nay, that n'yl not be.
Graunt mercy, my gode frende! (quod he)
I thanke the that thou woldiſt ſo,
But it may ner the rather be do;
No man ne may my ſorowe glade,
That maketh my hewe to fal and fade,
And hath myn underſtanding lorne,
That me is wo that I was borne:
May nought make my ſorowis flyde,
Not all the rem'edies of Ovide,
Ne Orpheus, god of Melodie,
Ne Dædalus, with his playes flye,
Ne hele me may no phyſicien,
Nought Hippocrates ne Galen;
Me' is wo that I live houris twelve;
But whoſo wol aſſaye him ſelve
Whether his hert can have pite
Of any ſorowe let him ſe me,
I wretche, that dethe hath made al naked
Of al the bliſſe that er was maked,
I wrothe, the werſte of alle wightes,
That hate my dayis and my nightes;
My lyfe, my luſtis, be me lothe,
For alle fare and I be wrothe;
The pure deth is ſo ful my foe
That I wolde die it wil not ſoe,
For whan I folowe' it it wil flye,
I wold have him it n'il not me;
And this is paine withoutin rede,
Alway dyinge and be not dede,

phus that lyeth in hel
not of more forowe tel;
So wiste al, by my trouthe,
owe, but he hadde routhe
of my forowes fmerte
yhath a fendely herte,
feeth me first on morowe
e that he hath met with Sorowe,
Sorowe', and Sorowe' is I,
I wyl tel the why,
e' is tournid to playnyng,
y laughtir to weping,
houghtis to hevinesse,
is myn ydlenesse,
ay rest, my wele is wo,
s harme, and evirmo
is tournid my playning,
elite in forowing,
is turned into sickenesse,
al my fyckernesse,
is turnid al my lyght,
is foly, my day night,
hate, my slepe wakyng,
and melis is fasting,
naunce is nicete,
awed where so I be,
s pleding, and in werre,
e might I fare in werre!
denesse is turnid to shame,
ortune hath played a game
with me, alas the while!
tresse false and ful of gyle,
hoteth and nothing halte,
upright and yet she halte,
ith foule and lokith fayre,
ous and debonaire,
aith many a creture;
of false purtraiture
she wol sone wryen;
monstri's hed ywryen,
ovir yistrowed with floures,
worship, and her floures,
or that is her nature,
faith, lawe, or mesure,
s, and evir laughing
eye, and that othir weping,
ought up she set al downe;
to the scorpiowne,
false and flateryng best,
ais hed he makith fest,
yd his flatiringe
aile he wil sorely stynge,
nim, and so wil she;
envious Charite,
e false and semith wele,
she her false whele
or it is nothing stable,
the fyre nowe at the table;
one hath she thus yblent;
ye of enchauntement,
th one and is not so;
these what hath she do
hou? by' our Lorde I wil the say.
with me she gan to play;
With her false draughtis ful divers
She stale on me, and toke my fers;
And whan I sawe my fers away,
Alas! I couth no lengir play,
But sayid, Farewel swete! ywis,
And farewel al that er there is;
Therwith Fortune ysayid Cheke here,
And mate in the' myd poynt of the' checkere
With a paunè errant. Alas!
Ful craftyir to play she was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the chesse, so was his name;
But God wolde I had ones or twise
Iconde and knowe the jeoperdise
That coude the Greke Pythagores,
I shulde have plaide the bet at ches,
And kept my fers the bet therby;
And though wherto? for trewily
I holde that wishe not worthe a fire,
It had be ner the bet for me,
For Fortune can so many' a wyle
Ther be but fewe can her begile,
And eke she is the lasse to blame,
My selfe I wolde have do the same,
Before God, had I ben as she,
She ought the more excusid be;
For this I say yet more therto,
Had I be God, and might have do
My wyl, whan she my fers ycaught
I wolde have drawen the same draught,
For al so wise God gyve me reste
I dare wel swere she toke the beste,
But throughe that draught I have ylorne
My blysse, alas that I was borne!
For evirmore I trowe trewly,
For al my wil, my luste wholly
Is turne, but wote ye what to done?
By' our Lorde it is to dyin sone,
For nothinge I ne leve it nought
But lyve and dye right in this thought;
There n'ys planet in firmamente,
Ne' in ayre ne' in erthe none elemente,
That they ne yeve me' a yeste echone
Of wepyng whan I am alone,
For whan that I advise me wele,
And bethinke me everydele
How that there lieth in rekininge
In my forowis for nothinge,
And howe there livith no gladneche
May gladdin me of my distresse,
And howe I have loste sufficisaunce,
And therto I have no plesaunce,
Than may I say I have right nought;
And whan al this falleth in my thought,
Alas! than am I ovircome,
For that is done this not to come:
I have more forowe than Tantale.
And whan I herde him tel this tale
Thus pitously as I you tell,
Unnethis myght I lengir dwell,
It did myn herte so mochill wo.
A, gode Sir! (quod I) say nat so,
Have some pite on your nature,
That fourmid you to a creture;

Remembrith you of Socrates,
For he ne countith not thre ſtrees
Of nought that Fortune coude ydo.
No, (quod he) I ne can not ſo.
Why, gode Sir, yes parde, (quod I)
Ne ſay not ſo, for truily
Though ye had loſt the ferſis twelve,
And for ſorowe murdrid your ſelve,
Ye ſhulde be dampnid in this caſe,
By as gode right as Medea was,
That ſlough her childrin for Jaſon,
And Phyllis for Demophoon,
That hing her ſelf, ſo welaway!
For he had brokin his terme day
To come to her. Anothir rage
Had Dido, the Quene of Carthage,
That ſlough her ſelf for Æneas
Was falſe, for whiche a fole ſhe was;
And Echo dyed for Narciſſus
Ne wolde nat love her; and right thus
Hath many' an othir foly done,
And for Dalila died Sampſone,
That ſloughe him ſelfe with a pilere;
But there is no man alive here
Wolde for ther feris make this wo.
Why ſo? (quod he) it is not ſo,
Thou woteſt ful lytil what thou meneſt,
For I have loſte more than thou weneſt.
And howe may that ybe? (quod I)
Gode Sir, tellith me al wholly
In what wiſe, howe, why, and wherfore,
That ye have thus your bliſſe ylore.
Blithely, (quod he;) come, ſit the doun;
I tel the on condicioun
Thou ſhalte wholly with all thy wit
Do thyne entente to herkin it.
Yes, Sir. Than ſwere thy trouthe therto,
Gladly to holdin the hereto.
I ſhal right blithe, ſo God me ſave,
Wholly with all the witte I have
Here you as wel as er I can.
A Godde's halfe, (quod he) and began.
Sir, (quod he) ſithins firſte I couthe
Have any manir witte fro youthe,
Or kindily underſtandinge
To comprehende in any thinge
What love was in mine owne wit,
Dredileſſe I have evir yet
Be tributary and yeve rente
To Love wholly, with gode entente,
And through pleſaunce become his thral
With gode wil, body, herte, and al;
Al this I put in his ſervage
As to my lorde, and dyd homage;
And full devoutly' I praide hym tho
He ſhulde beſet myne herte ſo
That it pleſaunce unto him were
And worſhip to my lady dere.
And this was long and many' a yere
(Er that min hert was ſet o where)
That I dyd thus, and ne wiſt why,
I trowe it came me kindily;
Paraunter I was thereto moſt able
As a white wal or a table,
For it' is redy to catche and take
Al that men wollin therin make,
Whethir men will portrey or painte
Be the werkis nevir ſo quainte.
And thilke tyme I farid right ſo,
I was able to' have lernid tho,
And to have conde as wel or better
Parauntir eithir arte or lettir,
But for love came firſt in my thought
Therfore I ne forgate it nought;
I chees love to be my firſt craſte,
And therfore it is with me lafte;
For why? I toke it of ſo yonge age
That malice ne had my corage,
Not that time turnid to nothing
Thorough to mokil knowleging,
For that tyme Youth my maiſtireſſe
Governid me in ydilneſſe,
For it was in my firſte youth,
And though ful litil gode I couthe,
For al my werkis were ſlittyng
That time, and al my thought varying,
Al thinges were to me yliche gode,
That knewe I tho, but thus it ſtode:
It happed that I came on a day
In to a place there that I ſey
Trewly the fairiſt companie
Of ladies that er man with eye
Had ſene togithers in o place;
Sbal I clepe it happe eithir grace
That brought me there? nought but Fortune,
That is to lyin ful comune,
The falſe traitireſſe perverſe,
God wolde that I coulde clepe her werſe,
For now ſhe worchith me ful wo,
And I wol tel the ſone why ſo.
Amonges theſe ladies thus echone,
The ſothe to ſayin, I ſawe one
That ne was lyke none of the route,
For I dare ſwere, withoutin doute,
That as the ſommer's ſonne bright
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more lyght,
Than any other planet in heven,
The mone or the ſterris ſeven,
For al the worlde right ſo had ſhe,
Surmountin 'hem al of beaute,
Of manir, and of comlyneſſe
Of ſtature, and wel ſet gladneſſe,
Of godelyhede, and ſo wel beſey,
Shortly, what ſhal I more yſey?
By God, and by his holowes twelve,
It was my ſwete right al her ſelve;
She had ſo ſtedfaſt countenaunce,
So noble porte and maintenaunce,
And Love, that wel yherde my bone,
Yhad eſpyid me thus ſone
That ſhe ſill ſone in my thought;
As helpe me God ſo was I cought
So ſodainly, that I ne toke
No maner counſaile but at her loke
And at min herte; for why? her eyen
So gladly I trowe myn herte ſeyne,
That purely tho min owne thought
Said it were but ſerve her for nought;

ith anothir to be wele;
was sothe, for every dele
one right tel the why:
e her daunce so comily,
d sing so swetily,
gh and play so womanly,
tin so debonairly,
ly speke and so frendely,
rtes I trowe that evirmore
e so blisful a tresore;
ry here on her hed,
he to say, it was not red,
hir yelowe ne browne n'as,
ught moste like to golde it was;
liche eyin my lady had,
ize, gode, and glad, and sad,
, of gode mokil, not to wide;
her loke n'as not aside,
thwart, but beset so wele
: and toke up everydele
the that on her gan beholde;
n semed anone she wolde
ercy, Folly wendin so,
ras ner the rathir do;
o counterfetid thinge,
er owne pure loking,
that the goddesse Dame Nature
ide 'hem opin by mesure
se, for were she ner so glad
ing was not folishe sprad
ily though that she plaide,
ne thought her eyin saide
my wrathe is al forieve;
th her liste so well to live
alnesse was of her adrad;
to sobre ne to glad;
hingis more mesure
nevir I trowe creture;
ny' one with her loke she herte,
t sate her full lyte at herte,
knewe nothinge of ther thought;
er she knewe or knewe it nought
she ne' rought of 'hem a stre;
her love no nere n'as he
oned at home than he in Inde;
mist was alway behinde;
le folke ovir al othir
ed as man may his brothir,
the love she was wondir large
ul placis that bere charge;
liche a visage had she therto!
my herte is wondir wo
ne can discrivin it,
ith bothe Englishe and wit
undo it at the ful,
e my spirites ben so dull
a thinge for to devise;
no wyt that can suffyse
oprehendin her beaute;
is moche I dare saine, that she
hite, rody, freshe, lifely hewed,
ery day her beaute newed;
ghe her face was aldirbeste,
tis Nature had soche leste
To make that faire, that trewly she
Was her chefe patron of beaute,
And chefe ensample' of al her werke
And monstre, for be' it ner so derke
Me thinketh I se her evirmo;
And yet moreovir, though al tho
That ever lived were now a lyve
Ne wolde thei have founde to discrive
In al her face a wickid signe,
For it was sad, simple', and benigne.
And soche a godely swete speche
Yhad that swete, my lyv'is leche
So frendely, and so well ygrounded,
Upon reson so wel isounded,
And so tretable to al gode,
That I dare swere wel by the rode
Of eloquence was nevir sonde
So swete a sowning and faconde,
Ne trewir tonged, ne scornid lasse,
Ne bet coude hele, that by the masse
I durste swere, though the Pope it songe,
That ther was ner yet through her tonge
Man ne woman gretly harmid,
As for her was al harme yhid,
Ne lasse flatiring in her worde,
That purely her simple recorde
Was founde as trewe as any bonde
Or trouthe of any man'is honde.
Ne chide she coulde nevir a dele,
That knowith al the worlde ful wele.
But soche a fairenesse of a necke
Yhad that swete, that bone nor brecke
N'as there none sein that missefatte,
It was white, smothe, streight, and pure flatte,
Withoutin hole or canel bone,
And by seming she ne had none.
Her throte, as I have nowe memoire,
Semed as a rounde tour of yvoire,
Of gode gretnesse, and not to grete;
And Faire White ywas she hete,
That was my ladies namé right,
And she was therto faire and bright;
She ne had not her namé wronge;
Right faire sholdirs and body longe
She hed, and armis evir lith,
Fattishe, fleshy, nat grete ther with;
Right white handis, and nailis rede;
Rounde brestis; and of a gode brede
Her hippis were; a streight flatte backe,
I knewe on her none othir lacke,
That al her limmis n'ere pure sewing,
In as ferre as I had knowing:
Therto she coulde so wel yplaye
What that her lyste, that I dare saye
That she was lyke to torché bright,
That every man may take of light
Ynough, and it hath ner the lesse
Of manir and of comlynesse.
Right so farid my lady dere,
For every wight of her manere
Moght catche ynough if that he wolde,
Yf he had eyen her to beholde,
For I dare swere wel if that she
Had amonge tenne thousande ybe

She woldin have be at the beste
A chese myroure of al the feste,
Though they had stondin in a rowe
To mennis eyen that coulde have knowe;
For where so men had plaide or waked
Me thought the felowshippe as naked
Withoutin her that I sawe ones
As a corowne withoutin stones;
Trewily she was to min eye
The' solein phœnix of Arabye,
For there livith nevir but one,
Ne suche as she ne knowe I none:
To speke of godenesse, trewly she
Had as mochil debonairte
As er had Hester in the Bible,
And more, if more were possible;
And, sothe to sayin, therwithal
She hadde a witte so general,
So whole enclinid to al gode,
That al her witte was sette by the' rode
Without malyce, upon gladnesse;
And therto' I sawe ner yet a lesse
Harmful than she was in doing;
I say not that she n' hadde knowyng
What harme ywas, or ellis she
Had coulde no gode, so thinkith me;
And trewly for to speke of trouthe,
But she had had it had be routhe,
Therof she had so moche her dele,
And I dare saine and swere it wele,
That Trouthe him selfe over al and al
Had chose his manor principal
In her, that was his resting place;
Therto she had the moste grace
To have stedfaste perseveraunce,
And esy' attempre govirnaunce,
That evir I knewe or wiste yet,
So pure sufferaunt was her wit;
And reson gladly she' understode,
It folowid wel she coulde gode;
She usid gladly to do wele:
These were her manirs every dele.
Therwith she lovid so wel right
She wronge do wouldin to no wight;
No wight ne might do her no shame,
She lovid so wel her owne name.
Her lust to holde no wight in honde,
Ne be thou sikir she wolde not fonde
To holdin no wight in balaunce
By halfe worde ne by countinaunce,
But if men wolde upon her lye,
Ne sende men into Walakye,
To Pruise and to Tartarie,
To Alisaundrie ne Turkye,
And bidde him fast anon that he
Go hodelesse into the drie se,
And come home by the Carrenare;
And, Sir, be ye nowe full ryght ware
That I may of you here men saine
Wurshippe or that ye come againe.
She ne used no soche knackis smale:
But therfore that I tel my tale,
Right on this same, as I have saide,
Was wholly al my love ylaide,
For certis she was that swete wife,
My suffisaunce, my luste, my life,
Min hope, min hele, and al my blesse,
My worlde's welfare and my goddesse,
And I wholly' hers, and every dele.
By' our Lorde! (quod I) I trowe you wele
Hardly your love was wel beset,
I n'ot howe it might have do bet.
Bettir! ne not so wel (quod he.)
I trowe it, Sir, (quod I) parde.
Nay leve it wel. Sir, so do I;
I leve you wel that trewily
You thought that she ywas the best,
And to beholde the alderfairest,
Who so had loked her with your eyen.
With myn! nay, al whiche that her seyen
Sayid and swore that it was so,
And though they ne had I wolde tho
Have lovid best my lady fre
Though I had had al the beaute
That er had Alcibiades,
And al the strength of Hercules,
And thereto had the worthinesse
Of Alisaundre', and al the' richesse
That evir was in Babyloine,
In Carthage or in Macedoine,
Or in Rome or in Nineve,
And therto al so hardy be
As was Hector, so have I joye,
That Achilles yslough at Troye,
And therefore was he slayne also
In a temple, for bothe two
Were slaine, he' and Antilegius,
And so saithe Darius Fregius,
For the love of Polyxena,
Or ben as wise as Minerva,
I wolde evir withoutin drede
Have lovid her, for I must nede.
Nede! nay, trewly I gabbe nowe,
Nought nede, and I wol tellin howe,
For of golde wil min herte it wolde,
And eke to love her I was holde,
As for the fairist and the beste;
She was as gode, so have I reste,
As was Penelope of Grece,
Or as the noble wife Lucrece,
That was the beste, he tellith thus
The Roman Titus Livius,
She was as gode, and nothing like,
Though ther stories be autentike,
Algate she was as trewe as she.
But wherfore that I tellin the,
Whan that I first my lady sey
I was right yonge, the sothe to sey,
And ful grete nede I had to lerne,
Whan that myn herte woldin yerne;
To love it was a gret emprise,
But as my wite wolde beste suffise;
Aftir my yonge and childely wit
Withoutin drede I beset it
To lovin her in my beste wise,
To do' her wurship and the servise
Whiche that I coude tho, by my trouthe,
Withoutin faining eithir slouthe,

ndir faine I wolde her se;
ill it amendid me,
hand sawe her a morowe
arished of al my sorowe
ay astir tel' it were eve;
ughtin nothinge might me greve
ay sorowes nevir so smerte,
t she syt so in min herte
y my trouthe I n'oldè nought
his worlde out of my thought
ay lady; no trewly.
by my trouthè, Sir, (quod I)
akith you have soche a chaunce
te without in repentaunce.
ntaunce nay, nay; fye! (quod he)
I nowe repentin me
? nay, certes, than were I wel
than ywas Achitophel
enor, so have I joye,
itour that betrayid Troye,
the false Ganelion,
purchasid the traison
lande and of Olivere:
hile that I am alive here
priet her nevirmo.
e, gode Sir, quod I to him tho,
e wel tolde me here before,
nede to reherse it more,
hat ye sawe her first, and where,
lde ye tel me the manere
whiche was your firstè speche,
I woldè you beseche,
we that she knewe first your thought,
r ye lovid her or nought,
lleth me eke what ye have lore;
you tellin here before,
e thou n'otist what thou meneft,
ave lofte more than thou weneft?
hat losse is that? (quod I tho;)
not love you? is it so?
in ye ought done amis,
e hath left you? is it this?
dd'is love telleth me al.
re God (quod she) and I shal.
ght as I have ysaide,
was al my love ylaide,
t she n'iste it her a dele
ge tyme, levith it wele,
right sykir I durst nought
this worlde tel her my thought,
olde have wrathid her trewly;
st thou why? she was lady
body that had the herte,
hoso' hath that may not asterte.
for to kepe me fro' ydlenesse
I dyd my businesse
ke songis as I best coude,
tin time I songe 'hem loude,
ade songis this a grete dele,
gh I coud nat make so wele
ne knewe the arte so al,
de Lamek'is sone Tubal,
ounde out firste the arte of songe,
his brothir's hamirs ronge
Upon his anvelt up and downe
Therof he toke the firstè sowne.
But Grekes saine of Pythagoras
That he the first findir ywas
Of the' arte, Aurora tellith so;
But therof no force of 'hem two;
Algatis songis thus I made
Of my felyng, min herte to glade,
And lo! this was the althir first,
I n'ot whethir it were the worst:
Lorde! it makith min herte light
Whan that I thinke on that swete wight
That is so semely on to se,
And wishe to God it might so be
That she wolde holde me for her knight,
My lady, that' is so faire and bright.
Nowe have I tolde the, soth to say,
My firstè songe. Upon a day
I bethought me what mochil wo
And sorowe that I suffrid tho
For her, and yet she wiste it nought;
Ne tel her durst I not my thought:
Alas! thaught I, I can no rede,
And but I tel her, I am but dede,
And if I tel her, to say sothe
I am adradde she wol be wrothe:
Alas! what shal I than ydo?
In this debate I was so wo
Me thought myne hertè brast atwaine,
So at the last, sothe for to saine,
I bethought me that Dame Nature
Ne formid nevir in creture
So mochil beauty trewily
And bountie withoutin mercy.
In hope of that my tale I tolde
With sorowe, as that I ner sholde
For nedis, and maugre myne hed
I must have tolde her or be ded.
I n'ot wel howe that I began,
Ful yvil reherse it I can,
And eke, as helpe me God withal,
I trowe it was in the disma,
That was the ten woundes of Egypte.
For many a worde I ovirskipte
In telling my tale, for pure fere
Left that my wordis myssesset were;
With sorowful hert and woundes dede,
Softely, and quaking for pure drede
And shame, and stinting in my tale
For ferde, and min hewe allè paie;
Ful ofte I wexte bothe pale and red,
Bowing to her I hinge the hed;
I durst not onis loke her on,
For wit, manir, and al, was gone;
I saide, Mercy, swete! and no more:
It n'as no game; it sate me sore.
So at the laste, the sothe to saine,
Whan that myne herte was come againe,
To tellin shortly al my speche,
With whole herte I gan her beseche
That she wolde be my lady swete,
And swore and hertely gan her hete
Evir to be stedfaste and trewe,
And love her alway freshly newe,

And nevir othir lady have,
And al her worſhip for to ſave
As I beſte coude, I ſwere her this,
For yours is al that er ther is,
For evirmore, myne hertè ſwete!
And ner to falſe you but I mete
I n'yl, as wiſe God helpe me ſo.
And whan I had my tale ydo
God wote ſhe' acomptid not a ſtre
Of al my tale, ſo thoughtin me:
To tel ſhortly, right as it is,
Trewly her anſwere it was this;
I can not nowe wel contrefete
Her wordis, but this was the grete
Of her anſwere: ſhe ſayid Nay
All utterly. Alas that day
The ſorowe' I ſuffrid and the wo!
That trewly Caſſandra, that ſo
Bewaylid the diſtruccion
Of Troyè and of Ilion
Had ner ſoche ſorowe as I tho;
I durſtin no more ſay therto
For pure fere, but yſtale away,
And thus I lyved ful many a day
That trewily I had no nede
Ferthir than at my bedd'is hede
Nevir a day to ſechin ſorowe,
I founde it redy every morowe;
For why? I loved her in no gere.
So it befell an othir yere
I thought onis I wouldin fonde
To doe her knowe and undirſtonde
My wo; and ſhe well undirſtode
That I ne wilnid thyng but gode
And worſhip, and to kepe her name
Ovir all thynges, and drede her ſhame,
And was ſo buſie her to ſerve,
And pitie were I ſhouldin ſterve,
Sithe that I wilned none harme iwis.
So when my ladie knewe all this,
My ladie yave me all whollie
The noble yeft of her mercie,
Savyng her worſhip by al waies;
Dredeleſſe I mene none othir waies,
And therewith ſhe yave me a ryng,
I trowè it was the firſtè thyng:
But if myne herte was iwaxe
Glad that it is no nede to axe.
As helpe me God I was as blive
Yraiſid as fro deth to live,
Of all happis the aldirbeſt,
The gladdiſt and the moſte at reſt
For truilie that ſwetè wight,
When I had wrong and ſhe the right,
She wouldin alwaie ſo godelie
Foryeve me ſo debonairlie;
In alle my youth, in allè chaunce,
She toke me in her govirnaunce;
Therewith ſhe was alwaie ſo true,
Our joye was evir iliche newe;
Our hertis werne ſo even a paire,
That nevir n'as that one contraire
Unto that othir for no wo,
For ſothe iliche thei ſuffrid tho.
O bliſſe, and eke o ſorowe bothe!
Iliche thei were bothe glad and wrothe.
All was us one withoutin were;
And thus we lived full many' a yere
So well I can not tellin how.
Sir, (quod I) and where is ſhe now?
Now! quod he, and yſtinte anone,
Therewith he woxe as dedde as ſtone,
And ſaied, Alas that I was bore!
That was the loſſe that here before
I tolde the that I had ylorne.
Bethinke the how I ſaied beforne
Thou woſte ful lityl what thou meneſt,
For I have loſte more then thou weneſt.
God wot, alas! right that was ſhe.
Alas, Sir! how? what maie that be?
She is dedde! Naie! Yes, by my trouthe.
Is that your loſſe? by God it' is routhe.
And with that wordè right anone
Thei gan to ſtrake forthe; all was done
For that tymè the hart huntyng.
With that me thoughtin that this kyng
Began homewardis for to ride
Unto a place was there beſide,
Whiche that was from us but a lite,
A long caſtill with wallis white,
By Sainct John, on a richè hill,
As me mette; but thus it befill:
Right thus me mette, as I you tell,
That in the caſtell there was a bell,
As it had ſmittin houris twelve,
And therewith I awoke my ſelve,
And found me lying in my bedde,
And the boke whiche that I had redde
Of Alcyone and Ceix the kyng,
And of the goddis of Slepyng,
I found it in myne hond ſtil evin;
Thought I this is ſo queint a ſwevin
That I would by proceſſe of tyme
Fonde to put this ſwevin in rime
As I can beſt, and that anon:
This was my ſwevin, now it' is doen.

This ſeems an envoy to the Duke of Lancaſter after the loſs of Blanch.

Mv maſter, &c. When of Chriſt our kyng
Was askid, What is trothe or ſothfaſtneſſe,
He not a worde anſwerde to that askyng,
As who ſaieth, no manne is all true I geſſe;
And therefore though I hight for to expreſſe
The ſorowe' and wo that is in mariage
I dare not writen of it no wickidneſſe,
Leſt I my ſelf fall eſt in ſoche dotage.
I woll not ſaie how that it is the chaine
Of Sathanas on whiche he knawith ever,
But I dare ſaine were he out of his paine
As by his will he would be boundin never;
But thilkè dotid ſole that eſt hath lever
Ichainid be than out of priſone crepe,
God let hym nevir fro his woe diſcever,
Ne no man hym bewailin though he wepe.

yet leſſe thou do worſe takith a wife;
o wedde than brennin in worſe wiſe;
ou ſhalt have ſorowe on thy fleſhe thy life,
:n thy wiv'is thralle, as ſaine theſe wiſe;
that holy writte maie not ſuffiſe,
ence ſhall the teche, ſo maie happe:
he waie levir to be taken in Friſe
:ft to fall of weddyng in the trappe.

This lityl writte, proverbis or figure,
I ſend you, takith kepe of it I rede;
Unwiſe is he that can no wele endure;
If thou be ſikir put the not in drede.
The Wife of Bathe I praie you that ye rede
Of this matter whiche that we have on honde,
God grauntin you your life frely to lede
In fredome, for foule is it to be bonde.

THE ASSEMBLE OF FOULES.

All Fowles are gathered before Nature on St. Valentine's Day to chuse their mates. A formal eagle being beloved of three tercels requireth a year's respite to make her choice upon this triall, Qui bien aime tard oublie, *he that loveth well is slow to forget.*

The life so short, the craft so long to lerne,
The assaye so hard, so sharp the conqueryng,
The dredefull joy, alwaie that flit so yerne,
All this mene I by Love, that my felyng
Astonieth with his wondirfull werkyng
So sore iwis, that when I on him thinke
Naught wete I well whether I flete or sink.

For all be that I knowe not Love in dede,
Ne wot how that he quitith folke ther hire,
Yet happith me full ofte in bokis rede
Of his miraclis and his cruill ire,
There rede I well he woll be lorde and sire:
I dare not saie his strokis be so sore,
But God save soche a lorde! I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust and what for lore,
On bokis rede I ofr, as I you tolde,
But wherfore that I speke all this, naught yore
Agon it happid me for to beholde
Upon a boke iwritte with lettirs old,
And thereupon a certain thing to lerne,
The longè daie full fast I radde and yerne;

For out of the old feldis, as men saieth,
Comith all this newe corne fro yere to yere,
And out of oldè bokis, in gode faieth,
Comith all this newe science that men lere:
But now to purpose: as of this mattere
To redin forthe, it gan me so delite
That all the daie me thought it but a lite.

This boke of which I makin mencion
Entitlid was dight thus, as I shall tell,
Tullius of the Drame of Scipion;
Chapiters seven it had of heven and hell.
And yerth, and foulis that therein do dwell,
Of whiche, as shortly as I can it trete,
Of this sentence I woll you saine the grete.

First tellith it when Scipion was come
In Affrike how he metith Massinisse,
That hym for joie in armis hath inome;
Then tellith he her speche and all the blisse
That was betwixt 'hem till the daie gan misse,
And how his auncester Affrikan so dere
Gan in his slepe that night till hym appere:

Then tellith it that from a starrie place
How Affrikan hath hym Carthage yshewed,
And warnid hym beforne of all his grace,
And saied hym, What man, lerid eithir leude,
That lovith common profite well itheude,
He should into a blisfull place ywende,
There as joye is that last withoutin ende:

Then askid he if folke that here ben dede
Have life and dwellyng in an othir place?
And Affrikan saied Ye, withoutin drede,
And how our present worly liv'is space
N'is but a manir deth, what waie we trace,
And rightfull folke shull gon astir thei die
To heven, and shewid hym the Galaxie:

Then shewed he him the little yerth that here
To regarde of the hevin's quantite,
And after shewid he hym the nine speris,
And aftir that the melodie herd he
That comith of thylke speris thryis thre,
That welles of musike ben and melodie
In this worlde here and cause of harmonie:

Then said he him, Sens that yerth was so lite
And full of tourment and of hardè grace,
That he ne shuld hym in this worlde delite;
Then told he him in certain yeris space
That every sterre should come into his place
There it was first, and all should out of mind
That in this world is doen of all mankynd:

aied hym Scipion to tell hym all
o come into that hevin blisse;
ed, First knowe thyself immortall,
ie busely that thou werche and wisse
n profite, and thou shalt not misse
wiftly unto that place dere
f blisse is and of soulis clere.
kirs of the lawe, the sothe to saine,
ous folke aftir that thei ben dede,
le about the worlde alwaie in pain
a worlde be passid, out of drede,
foryevin all ther wickid dede;
in thei come to that blisfull place,
: to comin God sendin the grace.
e gan failin; and the darkè night,
h bestis from their businesse,
: my boke for lacke of light,
y bedde I gan me for to dresse,
f thought and busie hevinesse,
I had thyng whiche that I ne wolde,
ne had that thyng that I wolde.
ally, my spirite at the laste,
of my labour all that daie,
that madin me to slepin faste,
y slepe I met as that I laie
ikan, right in the self araie
on hym sawe before that tide,
, and stode right at my bedd'is side.
rie huntir slepyng in his bedde
le ayen his minde goith anone,
ydremith how his plees be spedde,
dremith how his cartis gone,
of gold, the knight fight with his fone,
ymette he drinkith of the tonne,
mette he hath his ladie wonne.
ot saine if that the cause ywere
radde of Affrican beforne
in me to mete that he stode there,
aid he; Thou hast the so wel borne
of myne olde boke all to torne,
Macrobie ne raught not a lite,
edele of thy labour would I quite.
Sitherea, blisfull ladie swete!
thy sire brond dauntist when the lest,
ist me this swevin for to mete,
y helpe in this, for thou maist best,
as I seigh the north northwest
egan my swevin for to write,
e might to rime it and endite.
resaid Affrikan me hent anone,
e with hym unto a gate ybrought
a parke ywallid with grene stone,
the gate with lettirs large ywrought
rin versis writtin, as me thought,
halfe, of full grete difference,
I shall you saie the plain sentence.
gh me men gon into that blisful place
hele and dedly woundis cure,
me men gone into the well of grace,
ne and lustie Maie shall er endure;
: waie to all gode avinture:
hou reader, and thy sorowe' of cast,
am I; passe in, and spede the fast.

Through me men gon, then spake that othir side,
Unto the mortall strokis of the spere,
Of whiche Disdain and Daungir is the gide,
There nevir tre shall fruict ne levis bere;
This streme you ledith to the sorowfull were
There as the sishe in prison is all drie;
Th' eschewyng is onely the remedie.
These versis of gold and asure writte were,
Of whiche I gan astonied to beholde,
For with that one encresid all my fere,
And with that othir gan my herte to bolde;
That one me het, that othir did me colde:
No wit had I for errour for to chese
To entre' or slie, or me to save or lese.
Right as betwixin adamantis two
Of evin weight a pece of yron set
Ne hath no might to movin to ne fro,
For what that one maie hale that othir let;
So fared I, that I n'ist where me was bet
To entre' or leve, til Affrican my gide
Me hent, and shove in at the gatis wide.
And saied, It standith writtin in thy face
Thyne errour, though thou tell it not to me,
But dred the not to come into this place,
For this writyng is nothyng mente by the,
Ne by none but he Lov'is servaunt be,
For thou of love hast lost thy tast I gesse,
As sicke man hath of swete and bittirnesse.
But nathèles, although that thou be dull,
That which thou canst not doe yet maiest thou se,
For many a man that maie not stande a pull
Yet liketh it hym at wrestlyng for to be,
And demith whethir he doe bet or he;
And if thou haddist connyng for t' endite
I shall the shewin mattir of to write.
With that my hand in his he toke anon,
Of whiche I comfort caught, and went in fast;
But Lorde! so I was glad and well begon!
For ovir all where I myne eyin cast
Were treis clad with leves that aie shal last,
Eche in his kinde, with colour freshe and grene
As emeraude, that joie it was to sene.
The bildir oke, and eke the hardie asshe,
The pillir elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The boxe pipetre, the holme to whippis lasshe,
The sailing firre, the cypres deth to plaine,
The shotir ewe, the aspe for shaftis plaine,
The' olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,
The victor palme, the laurir to divine.
A gardein sawe I full of blosomed bowis
Upon a rivir in a grene mede
There as sweteneffe evirmore inough is,
With flouris white and blewe, yelowe and rede,
And colde and clere wellestremis nothyng dede,
That swommin full of smalè fishis light,
With finnis rede and scalis silvir bright.
On every bough the birdis herd I syng
With voice of angell in their harmonie,
That busied 'hem ther birdis forthe to bryng,
The little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie,
And furthir all abont I gan espie
The dredfull roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,
Squirils, and bestis small of gentle kind.

Of instrumens of stringis in accorde
Herd I so plaie a ravishyng swetnesse
That God, that makir is of all and lorde,
Ne herd nevir a bettir, as I gesse,
Therewith a winde, unneth it might be lesse,
Made in the levis grene a noise soft
Accordant to the Foulis song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was
That net was ther grevaunce of hot ne cold,
There was eke every wholsome spice and gras,
Ne no man maie there waxin sike ne old;
Yet was there more joie a thousande fold
Then I can tell, or evir could or might;
There is evir clere daie and nevir night.

Undir a tre beside a well I feye
Cupide our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei should serve,
Some for to slea, and some to wound and carve.

Tho was I ware of Plesance anon right,
And of Arrai, Luste, Beaute', and Curtisie,
And of the craft that can yhave the might
To doen by force a wight to doen folie,
Disfigurid was she, I will not lie,
And by himself, undir an oak I gesse,
Sawe I delite, that stode with Gentilnesse:

Then sawe I Beautie with a nice atire,
And Youth, all full of game and jolite,
Fole Hardinesse, Flattirie, and Desire,
Messagerie, and Mede, and othir thre,
Ther namis shall not here be tolde for me,
And upon pillars grete of jaspir long
I sawe a temple' of brasse isoundid strong:

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which some there ywere
Faire of 'hemself, and some of 'hem were gaie;
In kirtils all disheveled went thei there,
That was ther office er fro yere to yere;
And on the temple sawe I white and faire
Of dovis sittyng many' a thousande paire.

Before the temple dore full sobirlie
Dame Pece ysat, a curtaine in her honde,
And her besidis wondir discretlie
Dame Pacience ysittyng there I fonde,
With face pale, upon an hille of sonde,
And althir nexte, within and eke without,
Beheft and Arte, and of ther folke a rout.

Within the temple' of sighis hote as fire
I herd a swough that gan about to ren,
Whiche sighis were engendrid with desire
That madin every herte for to bren
Of newe flambe; and well espied I then
That all the cause of sorowes that thei drie
Come of the bittir goddis Jelousie.

The god Priapus sawe I as I went
Within the temple' in soveraine place ystonde
In soche arraie as when the asse hym shent
With erie by night, and with sceptre in honde;
Full busilie men ban assaie and fonde
Upon his hedde to set of sondric hewe
Garlandis full of freshe flouris newe:

And in a privie corner in disport
Found I Venus and her portir Richesse,
That was full noble' and hautin of her port;
Darke was that place, but aftirwarde lightnesse
I sawe a lite, unnethes it might be lesse,
And on a bed of golde she laie to reste
Till that the hote sonne began to weste.

Her gildid heris with a goldin threde
Iboundin were, untressid as she laie,
And nakid from the brest unto the hede
Men might her se, and, sothly for to saie,
The remenaunt covired well to my paie
Right with a lityl kerchefe of Valence;
There n'as no thickir clothe of no defence.

The place gave a thousande savours sote,
And Bacchus, god of Wine, sate her beside,
And Ceres next, that doeth of hunger bote,
And, as I saied, amiddis laie Cypride,
To whom on kneis the yong folkis cride
To be ther helpe: but thus I let her lie,
And farthir in the temple' I gan espie,

That in dispite of Diana the chaste
Full many a bowe ibroke hing on the wall
Of maidins, soche as gone ther tymis waste
In her service, and paintid ovir all
Of many' a storie', of whiche I touchin shall
A fewe, as of Calisto' and Atalante,
And many' a maide of which the name I wante.

Semeramis, Candace', and Hercules,
Biblis, Dido, Thisbe, and Pyramus,
Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles,
Helaine, Cleopatra, and Troilus,
Scylla, and eke the mother of Romulus;
All these were paintid on that othir side,
And all ther love, and in what plite thei dide.

When I was comen ayen into the place
That I of spake, that was fote and grene,
Forthe walked I tho my selvin to solace,
Tho was I ware where there ysate a quene,
That as of light the sommir sonne shene
Passith the sterre, right so ovir mesure
She fairir was then any other creture.

And in a launde, upon a hill of floures,
Was set this quene, this noble goddesse Nature;
Of braunchis were her hallis and her boures
Iwrought after her croft and her mesure;
Neither n'as Foule that cometh of engendrure
That there ne were ypreft in her presence
To take her dome and yeve her audience;

For this was on Sainct Valentin'is daie,
When every Foule comith to chese her make
Of every kinde that men ythinkin maie,
And that so huge a noise gan thei to make
The yerth, the se, and tre, and every lake,
So full was, that unnethis there was space
For me to stande, so full was all the place.

And right as Alaine in The Plaint of Kinde
Deviseth Nature of soche araie and face,
In soche araie men mightin her there finde.
This noble empresse, full of alle grace,
Bad every Foule takin her owne place
As thei were wont alwaie fro yere to yere
On Sainct Valentines daie to standin there:

to faie, the Foulis of ravine
hift fet, and then the Foulis fmale,
as them Nature would encline,
e or thing, of which I tell no tale,
rfoule fate lowift in the dale,
es that liveth by fede fat on the grene,
fo fele that wondir was to fene.
mightin men the roiall egle finde,
h his fharpè loke perfith the fon,
r eglis of a lowir kinde,
e that clerkis well devifin con;
is the tirant with his fethirs don
ie, I mene the gofhauke, that doth pine
s for his outragious ravine;
ntle faucon, that with his fete diftreineth
g'is hand, the hardie fperhauke eke,
is foe, the merlion, that peineth
full oft, the larkè for to feke,
is the dove, with her eyin fo meke,
is fwan, ayenft his deth that fingeth,
eke, that of deth the bode ybringeth;
ane, the geant, with his tromp'is fonne,
the chough, and eke the chattring pie,
nyng jaie, the ele's foe the heroune,
lapwing, alle full of trechirie,
ing, that the counfaile can bewrie,
ruddocke, and the cowarde kite,
e, that horiloge is of thropes lite;
arow, Venus fon, the nightingale,
ith forthe the frefhè levis newe,
lowe, murdrer of the beis fmale,
ken honie of flouris frefhe of hewe,
did turtell with his hertè true,
cke with his angell fethirs bright,
nt, fcornir of the cocke by night;
aker gofe, the cuckowe, er unkinde,
ingeie, full of delicafie,
e, deftroyir of his ownè kinde,
ke, the wrekir of advoutèrie,
cormèraunt, full of glotonie,
n wife, the crowe, with voice of care,
ftill olde, and froftie feldèfare.
fhould I faie? of Foules of every kind
this world have fethirs and ftature
ghtin in that place affemblid finde
hat noble goddeffe of nature,
e of them ydid his bufie cure
lie to chefe or for to take
ccorde his formell or his make.
the poinct. Nature held on her hond
ll egle', of fhape the gentilleft
ir fhe emong her workis fonde,
fte benigne and eke the godelieft;
as every vertue at his reft
rthe, that Nature her felf had bliffe
on her, and oft her becke to kiffe.
e, the vicare of the' almightie Lorde,
te and colde, hevie, light, moifte, and drie,
it by evin nombir of accorde,
oice began to fpeke and faie,
ake hede of my fentence I praie,
your efe, in fordring of your nede,
s I maie fpeke I will me fpede.

Ye know well how on S. Valentine's daie,
By my ftatute and through my govirnaunce,
Ye chefe your makes, and aftir flie awaie
With 'hem as I doe pricke you with plefaunce,
But natheleffe, as by rightfull ordinaunce,
Maie I not let, for all this worlde to win,
But he that mofte worthieft is fhall begin.

The tercell egle, as ye knowe full wele,
The Foule roiall, above you' all in degre,
The wife and worthie, fecret, true as ftele,
The whiche I have formid, as ye maie fe,
In every parte as it beft likith me,
It nedith not his fhape you to devife,
He fhall firft chefe and fpekin in his gife.

And after hym by ordir fhall ye chefe
Aftir your kinde, everiche as you likith,
And as your hap is fhall ye win or lefe,
But which of you that love moft entrikith
God fende hym her that foreft for hym fikith;
And therwithall the tercell gan fhe call,
And faied, My fonne, the choife is to the fall.

But nathèleffe in this condicion
Mufte be the choice of everiche that is here,
That fhe agre to his eleccion,
Who fo he be, that fhould yben her fere;
This is our ufage aye fro yere to yere,
And who fo maie at this time have his grace
In blisfull tyme he came into this place.

With hed enclined and with full humble chere
This roiall tercell fpake, and taried nought,
Unto my foveraine ladie', and not my fere,
I chofe and chefe with will, and hert, and thought,
The formell on your hand fo well iwrought,
Whofe I am all, and evir will her ferve,
Doe what her lufte to doe me live or fterve;

Befechyng her of mercie and of grace,
As fhe that is my ladie fovèrain,
Or let me die here prefent in this place,
For certis long maie I not live in pain,
For in my herte is corvin every vain,
Havyng regarde onily to my trouthe:
My dere herte! havith on my wo fome routhe.

And if that I be founde to her untrue,
Difobeifaunt, or wilfull negligent,
Avauntour, or in procèffe love anewe,
I praie to you this be my judgèment,
That with thefe Foulis I be all to rent
That ilkè daie that fhe me evir finde
To her untrue or in my gilte unkinde.

And fith none lovith her fo well as I,
Although fhe nevir of love me behet,
Then ought fhe to be mine through her mercie,
For othir bonde can I none on her knet,
For for wele nor wo nevir fhall I let
To fervin her, how far fo that fhe wende:
Saie what you lifte, my tale is at an ende.

Full right as the fote and frefhe redde rofe newe
Againft the fommir funne ycoloured is,
Right fo for fhame all waxin gan the hewe
Of this formell when that fhe herd all this;
Neithir fhe anfwerde well ne faied amis,
So fore abafhed was fhe, till that Nature
Saied, Doughtir, drede you not, I you affure.

And othir tercell egle ſpake anon
Of lowir kind, and ſaied that ſhould not be;
I love her bet then ye doe by Sainct John,
Or at the left I love as well as ye,
And lengir have ſerved her in my degre,
And if ſhe ſhould have loved for long lovyng
To me alone had he the guerdonyng.
I dare eke ſaie, if ſhe me findin falſe,
Unkinde, jangler, rebell, in any wiſe,
Or jelous, doe me hangin by the halſe;
And but I berin me in her ſerviſe
As well aye as my wit can me ſuffiſe
Fro poinct to poinct, her honour for to ſave,
Take ſhe my life and all the gode I have.
The thirde tercell egle anſwerid tho,
Now, Sirs, ye ſe the lityl leſir here,
For every Foule crieth out to be ago
Forthe with his make or with his lady dere,
And eke Nature her ſelf ne will not here,
For tarying her, not half that I would ſeie,
And but I ſpeke I muſt for ſorowe deie.
Of longe ſervice avaunt I me nothing,
But as poſſible' is me to die to day
For wo as he that hath be languiſhing
This twenty wintre', and wel it happin may
A man may ſerve bettir and more to pay
In halſe a yere, although it were no more,
Than ſome man doth that hath ſervid ful yore.
I ſay not this by me, for I ne can
Do no ſerviſe that may my lady pleſe,
But I dare ſay I am her trewiſt man,
As to my dome, and fainiſt wolde her pleſe:
At ſhorte wordis, til that dethe me ceſe
I wil be hers whethir I wake or winke,
And trewe in al that herte may bethinke.
Of al my lyfe ſyth that day I was borne
So gentle ple in love or othir thinge
Ne herdin nevir no man me beforne,
Who ſo that had right leſir and conninge
For to reherſe ther chere and ther ſpekynge,
And from the morowe gan this ſpeche laſte
Till downward went the ſonne wondir faſte.
The noiſe of Foulis for to be deliverde
So loude range, Have don and let us wende,
That wel wende I the wode had all to ſhivered:
Come of, they cried; alas! ye wil us ſhende;
Whan ſhal your curſid pleding have an ende?
How ſhulde a judge on eithir partie leve
For ye or nay withoutin any preve?
The goſe, the cuckowe, and the ducke alſo,
So cryid Keke, keke, Cuckow, Queke, queke, hye,
Thorough myne eris the noyſe wente tho;
The goſe ſayd than, Al this n'ys worthe a flye,
But I can ſhape herof a remedye,
And wil yſay my verdite faire and ſwithe
For watir Foule, who ſo be wrothe or blithe.
And I for worme Foule, ſaid the fole cuckow,
For I wil of min owne authorite,
For common ſpede, take on me the charge now
For to deliver us is grete charite,
Ye may abydin a while yet perde.
(Quod the turtel) If that it be your wil
A wight may ſpeke it were as gode be ſtil.
I am a ſede Foule, one the unworthyeſt,
That wot I wel, and the leſt of connynge,
But bettir is that a wight'is tonge reſt
Than entremetin him of ſoche doynge
Of whiche he neithir redin can nor ſinge,
And who ſo' it doth ful foule him ſelf acloyed
For *Office uncommittid oſte anoyede.*
Nature, whiche that alway yhad an ere
To murmure of the leudeneſſe behinde,
With faconde voice ſaid, Hold your tongis th
And I ſhal ſone I hope a counſaile finde
You to deliver and fro this noyſe unbynde:
I charge of every flocke ye ſhall one cal
To ſay the verdite of you Foulis all.
Aſſentid were to this concluſyon
The birdis al, and Foulis of ravine
Have choſin firſt by plaine election,
The tercelet of the faucon to define,
Al ther ſentence, and as him luſt to termine,
And to Nature him gan they to preſente,
And ſhe acceptith him with glad entente.
The tercelet ſayd than in this manere:
Ful hard it were to preve it by reſon
Who lovith beſt this gentil formel here,
For everiche hath ſoche replicacion
That by ſkillis may non be brought adown;
I cannat ſe that argumentes availe,
Than ſemith it there muſt be a battaile.
Al redy, quod theſe egles tercelles tho,
Nay, Sirs, (quod he) if that I durſt it ſay
Ye do me wronge, my tale is not ydo;
For, Sirs, ne takith nat a greſe I pray,
It may not be as ye wolde in this way;
Ours is the voice that have the charge in hand,
And to the judg'is dome ye muſt yſtande;
And therfore pece: I ſay as to my wit
Me woldin thinke how that the worthieſt
Of knyghthode, and lengiſt had uſid it,
Moſt of eſtate, of blode the gentilleſt,
Were fittingeſt for her, if that her leſt,
And of theſe thre ſhe wote her ſelfe I trow
Whiche that he be, for it is light to knowe.
The watir Foulis have ther hedis laide
Togidir, and of ſhorte aviſement
Whan everiche had his verdite yſaide,
They ſaidin ſothely al by one aſſent
How that the goſe, with the faconde gent,
That ſo deſirith to pronounce our nede,
Shal tel our tale, and prayed to God her ſpede.
And for theſe watir Foulis tho began
The goſe to ſpeke, and in her cakelynge
She ſaid, Pece now, take kepe every man,
And herken whiche reſon I ſhal forth bring;
My witte is ſharpe; I love no tarying;
I ſay I rede him, tho he were my brother,
But ſhe wil love him let him love another.
Lo here a parfite reſon of a goſe!
Tho (quod the ſperhauke) nevir mote ſhe the
Lo ſoche a thing it' is to have a tonge loſe!
Nowe parde fole yet were it bet for the
Have holde thy pece than ſhewde thy nicete;
It lyeth nat in his wit nor in his wil,
But ſothe is ſaide, *A fole can not be ſtill.*

ughtir arose of gentil Foulis al,
t anone the sede Foules chosin had
el trewe, and gan her to 'hem call,
yid her to say the sothè sad
atir, and askid what she rad?
nswered that plainly her entent
è shewe, and sothly what she ment.
od forbede a lovir shuldè chaunge,
el said, and wexte for shame al rede;
that his lady evirmore be straunge,
im serve her ay tyl he be dede;
I ne praise not the gos'is rede,
he dyed I wold none othir make;
hers tyl that the dethe me take.
bourdid (quod the ducke) by my hat;
n shouldin love alway causèlesse
a reson finde or wit in that?
he mery that is mirthèlesse?
ldin recke of that is rechèlesse?
yet (quod the ducke) ful wel and faire,
no sterres in the skye than a paire.
fye, churle! (quod the gentil tercèlet)
e donghil came that word aright;
ist not se which thinge is wel beset;
est by love as owlis do by light,
'hem blindeth, ful wel they se by night;
le is of so lowe a wretchidnesse
at love is thou canst not se nor gesse.
an the cuckow put him forthe in prece
e that etith worme, and sayid blyve,
d he) may have my make in pece
he nought howe longè that ye strive;
of 'hem be soleine al ther lyve:
y rede sens they may nat acorde;
tte lesson nedith not recorde.
ve the glutton filde inow his paunche,
we wel, sayid the emerlon,
rdrir of the heisugge, on the braunche,
ught the forth, thou most rufull glutton,
u solein, wormis corrupcion!
orce is of lacke of thy nature;
e be thou while that the world may dure!
peee (quod Nature) I commandin here,
ve herde al your opinion,
ffecte yet be we ner the nere;
lly, this is my conclusion,
her selfe shal have her election
her list, who so be wroth or blithe,
t she cheseth he shal her have as swithe:
he it may not here discussid be
eth her best, as said the tercèlet,
l I done this favour to' her, that she
e right him on whom her hert is set,
her that his hert hath on her knet;
ge I Nature, for I may not lye,
estate I have none othir eye.
for counsayle for to chose a make,
Reson, certis than woulde I
n you the royal tercel take,
he tercèlet ful skilfully,
e gentilist and most worthy,

Which I have wrought so wel to my plesaunce
That to you it ought ben a suffisaunce.
With dredfull voice the formell her answerde;
My rightfull lady, goddesse of Nature,
Soth is that I am er undir your yerde,
As is als' evèriche othir creture,
And must be yours while that my life may dure,
And therfore grauntith me my firstè bone,
And myne entent you wol I say right sone.
I graunt it you (quod she.) And right anone
This formel egle spake in this degre;
Almighty quene! unto this yere be done
I aske respite for to avysin me,
And astir that to have my choyce all fre:
This al and some that I wold speke and sey;
Ye get no more although ye do me dey:
I wol not servin Venus ne Cupide
Forsothe as yet by no manir of way.
Nowe sens it may none othir wayes betide
(Quod Dame Nature), here is no more to say;
Than wolde I that these Foulis were away
Eche with his make for tarying lengir here,
And said 'hem thus, as ye shal astir here:
To you speke I, ye tercelets (quod Nature),
Bethe of gode herte, and servith allé thre,
A yere is not so longe for to endure,
And eche of you paine him in his degre
For to do wel, for God wote quit is she
Fro you this yere, what astir so befal;
This entremes is dressid for you all.
And whan this werk ybrought was to an ende
To evèry Foule Nature yave his make
By even acorde, and on ther way they wende,
And Lorde the blisse and joye which that they make!
For ech gan othir in his wingis take,
And with ther neckis eche gan othir winde,
Thankynge aye the noble goddesse of Kinde.
But first were chosin Foulis for to singe,
As yere by yere was alway ther usaunce,
To singe a roundel at ther departing,
To do to Nature honour and plesaunce;
The note I trowe ymakid was in Fraunce;
The wordis were soche as ye may here find
The nextè vers, as I nowe have in minde,

Qui bien aime tard oublie.

Now welcom somir! with thy sonnis soft,
That haste this wintir wethirs ovirshake;
Saint Valentine! thou arte full hye on lofte,
Which drivist away the longe nightis blake,
Thus singin smalè Foulis for thy sake;
Well havin they cause for to gladin ofte
Sens eche of 'hem recovered hath his make,
Ful blissful maie they sing when they awake.
And with the shouting when ther songe was do
That the Foulis made at ther flight away
I woke, and othir bokis toke me to
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway;
I hope ywis to redin so some day
That I shal metin some thinge for to fare
The bet, and thus to rede I n'il not spare.

OF THE

CUCKOWE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Chaucer dreameth that he heareth the Cuckowe and the Nightingale contend for excellency in singing.

The god of Love, ah, *benedicite!*
Howe mighty and howe gret a lorde is he!
For he can makin of lowe hertis hie,
And of hye lowe and lykè for to die,
And hardè hertis he can makin fre:

He can makin within a litil stounde
Of sickè folkè whole, and freshe, and sounde,
And of the whole he can ymakè seke;
He can ybindin and unbindin eke
That he wol have yboundin or unbounde.

To tel his might my wit may not suffise,
For he can makin of wise folke ful nice,
For he may do al that he wol device,
And lithy folkè to distroyin vice,
And proudè hertis he can make agrise.

Shortly, al that evir he wol he may;
Against him there dare no wight say naye,
For he can glad and greve whom him lykith,
And who that he wol he loweth or sikith,
And most his might he shedith er in May;

For every true gentle hertè fre,
That with him is or thinkith for to be,
Against May now shal have some steringe,
Or to joye or ellis to some mourning,
In no seson so moche, as thinkith me:

For whan that they may here the birdis singe,
And se the flouris and the levis springe,
That bringith into ther rememberaunce
A manir ese ymedlid with grevaunce,
And lusty thoughtis ful of grete longing;

And of that longing comith hevinesse,
And therof growith oft grete sikènesse,
And for the lacke of that that they desire;
And thus in May ben hertis set on fire,
So that they brennin forth in gret distresse.

I spekè this of feling trewily:
What! tho that I be olde and unlusty
Yet I have felte of the sickenesse through May
Bothe hote and cold, and axis every day,
How sore iwis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shakin with the sevirs white
Of al this May, ne slepe I but a lite;
And also it is not lyke unto me
That any hertè shouldin slepy be
In whom that Love his firy darte wol smite.

But as I lay this othir night waking
I thought howe lovirs had a tokining,
And amonge 'hem it was a commune tale
That it were gode to here the Nightingale
Moche rathir than the leudè Cuckowe singe.

I thought anon as it was day
ine go ſomwhere to aſſay
ight a Nightingale yhere,
d I none herde of al that yere,
s tho the thirdè night of May.

anon as I the day aſpide
would I in my bedde abide,
wodde that was me faſt by
the my ſelf alone boldily,
the way downe by a brokè ſide.

e to a launde of white and grene,
one had I nevir in bene;
de was grene, ypoudrid with daiſye,
and the grevis alike hie,
nd white, was nothing ellis ſene.

I downe among the faire flouris,
the birdes trippe out of ther bowris
hey reſtid 'hem had al the night;
ſo joyful of the day'is lyght
n of Maye for to done honouris:

lin wel that ſervice al by rote,
was many a full lovely note;
in loudè as they had yplained,
in othir manir voice yfained,
ſongin al out with the ful throte.

mid 'hem and madin 'hem right gay,
ſidin and leptin on the ſpray,
ore were two and two in ſere,
s they had choſin 'hem to yere
e on Saint Valentine's day.

vir whiche that I ſat upon
oche a noiſè as it ron,
t with the birdis armony,
ht that it was the beſt melody
tin ben yherde of any mon.

elyte, I ne wotte nevir howe,
he a ſlombre and a ſwowe,
pe ne fully awaking,
t ſwowe me thought I herdè ſinge
irde, I mene the leude Cuckowe,

was upon a tre right faſt by;
was than evil apaide but I?
(quod I) that dyid on the crois
we on the and on thy leude vois!
ye have I now of thy crie.

vith the Cuckow thus gan chide,
the nextè buſh beſide
ngale ſo luſtily yſinge,
her clerè voice ſhe madin ringe,
horough al the grene wode wide.

Ah! gode ſwete Nightingale! (quod I) then,
A litil haſt thou ben to longè hen,
For here hath ben the leude ſory Cuckow,
And ſongin ſongis rathir than haſt thou;
I pray to God that evil fire her bren!

But now I wol you tel a wondre thing;
As longe as I ylay in that ſwouning,
Me thought I wiſt what that the birdis ment,
And what they ſayd, and what was ther entent,
And of ther ſpeche I had full gode knowing.

There herdin I the Nightingale yſay,
Now, gode Cuckow! goith ſome where awaye,
And let us that can ſingin dwellin here,
For every wight eſchevith the to here,
Thy ſongis ben ſo elenge, in gode fay.

What! (quod ſhe) what may the aylin as nowe?
It thinkith me I ſinge as wel as thou,
For my ſongè is both true and eke plaine,
And though I can not crakil ſo in vaine
As thou doſt in thy throte, I wot ner how.

And every wight may undirſtandin me;
But, Nightingale, ſo may they not done the,
For thou haſt many a nice queintè crie;
I have the herdè ſaine Ocy, ocy:
Howe might I knowin what that ſhould ybe?

Ah, fole! (quod ſhe) woſt thou not what it is?
Whan that I ſay Ocy, ocy, ywys
Than menin I that I would wondre ſaine
That al they werin ſhamfully yſlaine
That menin ought againiſt love amis;

And alſo' I would that al tho had the dede
That thinkin not in love ther life to lede,
For who ſo wol not the god of Love ſerve
I dare wel ſay he is worthy to ſterve,
And for that ſtil Ocy, ocy, I grede.

Eye! (quod the Cuckow) this is a queint lawe,
That every wight ſhal love or be to draw;
But I forſakin al ſoche company,
For myne entent ne is not for to die,
Ne ner while I live on Love's yoke to draw;

For lovirs ben the folke that ben on lyve
That moſt diſeſe yhave and moſt unthrive,
And moſt endurin ſorow, wo, and care,
And that the leſt yſelin of welfare;
What nedith it ayeniſt trouth to ſtrive?

What! (quod ſhe) thou art alle out of thy minde;
How might thou in thy churlineſſe yſynde
To ſpeke of Lov'is ſervauntes in this wiſe?
For in this world is none ſo gode ſervice
To every wight that gentle is of kinde;

For therof truly comith al godeneſſe,
Therof al honour and al gentilneſſe,
Thereof worſhip, eſe, and al hert'is luſt,
And parfite joye and ful aſſurid truſt,
And jolytie, and pleſaunce, and freſheneſſe,

And lowlyhed, largeſſe, and curtiſye,
And ſemèlyhed, and trew company,
And drede of ſhamè for to done amys,
For he that truily Lov'is ſervaunt is
Were lothir to be ſhamid than to die.

And that thys is the ſothe whiche that I ſey
In that beleve I wil bothe live and dey;
And, Cuckow, ſo I rede thou do ywys,
Than (quod he) let me nevir havin bliſſe
Yf evir I to that counſaile obey.

Nyghtingale, thou yſpekiſt wondre faire,
But for al that is the ſoth contrayre,
For Love ne is in yongè folke but rage,
And is in oldè folke a grete dotage;
Who moſt it uſith he moſt ſhal enpaire;

For therof commeth diſeſe and hevineſſe,
So ſorow', and care, and many' a grete ſikeneſſe,
Deſpite, debate, and angre, and envy,
Depraving, ſhame, untruſt, and jelouſie,
Pride, miſcheſe, povertie, and wodèneſſe.

Loving is aye an office of diſpaire,
And one thing is therin that is not faire,
For who that getteth of Love a litil bliſſe,
But if he be alwaie therewith, iwis
He maie full ſone of age yhave his haire;

And, Nightingalè, therefore held the nie,
For leve me well, for all thy queintè crie,
If thou be ferre or longè fro thy make
Thou ſhalt be as othir that ben forſake,
And then thou ſhalt yhotin as do I.

Fie! (quod ſhe) on thy namè and on the,
The god of Love ne let the nevir the,
For thou art worſe a thouſandfolde than wode,
For many' one is full worthie and full gode
That had be naught ne haddin Love ibee;

For evirmore Love his ſervauntes amendeth,
And from all evill tachis 'hem defendeth,
And makith 'hem to brenne right in a fire
In trouthè and in worſhipfull deſire,
And whèn him likith joy inough 'hem ſendeth.

Thou, Nightingalè, he ſayid, be ſtill,
For Love have no reſon but it is will,
For oft tymis untrue folke he eſith
And true folke ſo bittirly diſpleſith
That for deſaute of courage he let 'hem ſpill.

Then toke I of the Nightingalè kepe
How that ſhe caſt a ſigh out of her depe,
And ſaied, Alas that evir I was bore!
I can for tene not ſaie one wordè more;
And right with that worde ſhe braſt out to wep

Alas! (quod ſhe) my hertè woll to breke,
To herin thus this leudè birdè ſpeke
Of Love, and of his worſhipfull ſervice;
Now god of Love, thou helpe me in ſome wise
That I maie on this Cuckowe ben awreke.

Me thoughtin then that he ſterte up anon,
And glad was I tho that he was agon,
And evirmore the Cuckowe as he flaie
Yſayid, Farewell, farewell, popingaie,
As though he had yſcornid me alone.

And then ycame the Nightingale to me,
And ſayid, Frende, forſoth I thank the
That thou haſt likid me for to reſcowe,
And one avowe to Love ymake I now,
That all this Maie I woll thy ſingir be.

I thankid her, and was right well apaied.
Ye, (quod ſhe) and ne be thou not diſmaied
Tho thou have herd the Cuckow erſt than me,
For if I live it ſhall amendid be
The nextè Maie, if I be not affraied.

And one thing I woll redin the alſo,
Ne leve thou not the Cuckow ne' his lovers ſo,
For all that he hath ſaied is ſtrong leſyng.
Naie, (quod I) therto ſhall nothyng me bryng
For love, and it hath do me mochil wo.

Ye, hath it? Uſe (quod ſhe) this medicine,
Every daie this Maie or that thou dine
Go lokin upon the freſhe daiſie,
And though thou be for wo in poinct to die
That ſhall full gretly leſſen the of thy pine.

And loke alwaie that thou be gode and true,
And I woll ſing one of the ſongis newe
For love of the, as loude as I maie crie;
And then ſhe began this ſongè full hie,
I ſhrewe all 'hem that ben of love untrue.

And when ſhe had yſong it to the ende,
Now farewell, (quod ſhe) for I motè wende,
And god of Love, that can right well and may,
As mochil joyè ſendè the this daie
As any yet lovir he ever ſende.

Thus taketh the Nightingale her leve of me,
I praie to God alwaie with her to be,
And joye of love he ſende her evirmore,
And ſhilde us fro the Cuckowe and his lore!
For there is not ſo falſe a birde as he.

he yflewe the gentill Nightingale
hé birdis that were in that dale,
te 'hem all into a place in fere,
oughtin 'hem that they wouldin here
ſe; and thus ſhe began her tale:

ckowe, well it is not for to hide
e Cuckowe and I faſt havin chide
iin that it ywas daie light;
ou all that ye doin me right
foule, and falſe, and unkindè bride.

eke o birde for all by one aſſent;
ttir aſkíth gode aviſement,
ben allè birdis here in fere,
ie it is the Cuckowe is not here,
refore we woll have a parliment;

reat ſhall the egle be our lorde,
iir peris that ben of recorde,
Cuckowe ſhall be aftir yſent,
re ſhall be yevin the judgement,
e ſhall finally make accorde.

s ſhall be ydone withoutin naie
rowe aftir Sainct Valentine's daie,
maple that is faire and grene,
he chambir windowe of the quene
éſtocke upon the grenè laie.

kid 'hem, and then her levè toke;
w into an hauthorne by that broke,
re ſhe ſate and ſong upon that tre,
ie of life love hath withholde me,
, that I with that ſong awoke.

O leudè boke! with thy foule rudèneſſe,
Sithe thou haſt neithir beaute ne' eloquence
Who hath the cauſed or yeve the hardineſſe
For to appere in my ladie's preſence?
I' am ful ſikir thou knowiſt her benevo'lence,
Full agreable to all her abiyng,
For of all gode ſhe is the beſt livyng,

Alas! that thou ne haddiſt worthineſſe
To ſhewin to her ſome pleſaunt ſentence,
Sith that ſhe hath thorough her gentilleſſe
Acceptid the ſervaunt to her digne reve'rence,
O! me repentith that I ne' had ſcience
And leſir als to make the more floriſhyng,
For of all gode ſhe is the beſt livyng.

Beſeche her mekely with all lowlineſſe,
Though thát I be ferre from her in abſence,
To thinke on my trouth to' her and ſtedfaſtneſſe,
And to' abridge of my forowes the viollence
Which cauſed is, wherof knowith your ſapience,
She like emong to notifie me' her likyng,
For of all gode ſhe is the beſt livyng.

L'ENNOY.

Aurore of gladneſſe, daie of luſtineſſe,
Lucerne anight with hevenlie influence
Illumined, rote of beautie and godeneſſe,
Suſpiris, whiche I effunde in ſilence,
Of grace I beſeche aledge let your writyng,
Now of all gode ſith ye beſt livyng.

HEREAFTER FOLOWETH

HOW PYTE IS DEDE,

AND BURIED IN GENTYLE HERTE.

Pyte, that I have sought so yore ago
With hertê sore, and full of besy paine,
That in this worlde was nevir wight so wo
Withoutin dethe, and yf I shal nat faine
My purpose was to Pitie to complaine
Upon the crueltie and tyrannye
Of Love, that for my trouth doth me to die.
And whan that I by length of certaine yeres
Had evir in one sought a time to speke,
To Pite ran I all besprcint with teres
To prayin her on Cruelte me' a-wreke;
But or I might with any worde out breke,
Or tel her any of my painis smerte,
I found her ded and buried in an herte.
A downe I fel whan that I saw the herse
Ded as a stone while that the swonne me laste,
But up I rose with coloure ful diverse,
And pitously on her myne eyen I cast,
And nerir the corse I gan prefin fast,
And for the soule I shope me for to pray;
I was but lorne; there was no more to say.
Thus am I slaine sith that Pite is ded;
Alas that day that evir it shulde fal!
What manir man dare nowe hold up his hed,
To whom shal now any soro'wfull hert call,
Nowe Cruelte hath cast to sle us al,
In ydle hope folke redèlesse of paine,
Sith she is ded, to whom shal we complaine?
But yet encresith me this wondir newe,
That no wight wote that she is ded but I,
So many men as in her tyme her knewe,
And yet she dyid all so sodainly,
For I have sought her er full besily,
Sithins that I had firstê witte or mind,
But she was ded er that I coude her find.

Aboute her herse there stodin lustily,
Withoutin any mo as thoughtin me,
Bountie, persitely well armed and richely,
And freshe Beaute, and Lust, and Jolite,
Assurid Manir, Youthe, and Honeste,
Wisdome, Estate, with Drede and Governaunce
Confedrid both by bonde and aliaunce.
A complainte had I writin in my honde
To have yput to Pyte as a byl,
But I there al this company ysonde
That rathir wouldin all my causê spill
Then do me help, I held my plaintê still,
For to those folke withoutin any faile
Without Pite there maie no bill availe.
Then leave all vertues save onely Pitie,
Keping the corse, as ye have herd me saine,
Confedrid by bonde unto Cruelte,
And be assentid when I shall be slaine,
And I have put my compleinte up againe,
For to my foes my bill I dare not shewe
The' effect, which sayith thus in wordis fewe:
Humblist of herte, hyist of reverence,
Flowir benigne, coroune of vertues alle!
Shewith unto your roiall excellence
Your servaunt, if I durstin me so call,
His mortall harme in which he is ifall,
And nought all onely for his wofull fare
But for your renome, as he shall declare.
It standeth thus; that your contary' Cruelte
Allyid is ayenst your regalie,
Undir colour of womanly beautie,
For men shouldin not knowe her tyrannie,
With Bountie, Gentillesse, and Curtesie,
And hath deprivid you thus of your place,
That is hie Beaute' apertenant to your grace:

kindly by your heritage and right
annexid evir to Bountie,
erily ye ought to doe your might
pin Trouthe in his adversitie;
also the coroune of Beautie,
ertis if that ye want in these twaine
orlde is lore; there is no more to saine.
what availeth manir and gentilesse
utin you, o most benigne creture!
Crueltie ybe your governesse?
what herte maie it long endure?
fore but ye rathir ytakin cure
kin that perillous aliaunce
n 'hem that ben in your obeisaunce.
furthir ovir, if ye suffir this
ur renome is fordoe in a throwe,
shall no man ywete what pitie is;
hat your renome is fall so lowe!
also fro your heritage ithrowe
eltie, that occupieth your place,
e dispairid that sekin your grace.
e mercie on me, thou herenus quene,
ou have sought so tendirly and sore,
ome streame of light on me be sene,
ove and drede you er longir the more!
thily to saine, I bere so sore;
And though I be not connyng for to plaine
For God'is love have mercie on my paine.
My paine is this, that what so I desire
That have I not, ne nothyng like thereto,
And evir setteth desire mine herte on fire;
Eke on that othir side, where that I go
What manir thing that may encrese my wo
That have I redy unsought every where;
Me lackith but my deth and then my bere.
What nedith to shewe percel of my paine,
Sith every wo that herte maie bethinke
I suffir, and yet dare not to you plaine?
For well I wote though that I wake or winke
Ye recke not whethir that I flete or sinke;
And natheleſſe yet my trouth I shall sufteine
Unto my deth, and that shall well be sene:
This is to saine, that I will be yours ever,
Though ye me slea by Crueltie your so,
Algate my spirite shall nevir discevir
Fro your service for any paine or wo,
Sith ye be dedde, alas that it is so!
Thus for your deth I maie wepin and plain
With herte sore and full of besie pain.

These Verses next folowing were compiled by Geoff. Chaucer, and in the writen copies folow at the ende of The Complainte of Pite.

The longè nyghtis, when every creture
Shuld have ther reſt in ſomwhat as by kind,
Or ellis ne may ther life not long endure,
It fallith moſte into my woful minde
How I ſo farre have brought my ſelf behind,
That ſafe the deth ther may nothing me liſſe,
So diſpairid I am from allè bliſſe.

This ſame thought me laſtith til the morow,
And from the morowe forth til it be eve;
There nedith me no care for to borow.
For both I have gode laiſir and gode leve;
There is no wight that will my wo byreve,
To wepe enough and wailin all my fyll;
The forè ſparke of peine now doth me ſpil.

This Love, that hath me ſet in ſoche a place
That my deſire he wil nevir fulfyl,
For neithir Pitè, Mercy, neithir Grace.
Can I not finde, and yet my wofull herte
For to be dede I can it not arace,
The more I love the more ſhe doth me ſmerte,
Thorowe whiche I ſe withoute remedie
That from the deth I may no wiſe aſterte.

Now ſothly what ſhe hight I wol reherſe;
Her name is Bountie, ſet in womanhed,
Sadnes in youth, and beautie pridèleſſe,
And pleſaunce undir govirnaunce and drede,
And her ſurname is eke faire Ruthèleſſe,
The wiſè knit unto gode avinture,
That for I love her ſhe fleth me giltleſſe;
Her love I beſt, and ſhall while I may dure;

Bett than my ſelfe a hundrid thouſand dele,
Than al this world'is richis or creture;
Now hath not Love me beſtowid wel,
To lovin there I nevir ſhal have parte?
Alas, right thus is turnid me the whele!
Thus am I ſlaine with Lov'is furious darte?
I can but love her beſt my ſwetè ſo,
Love hath me taught no morè of his arte
But ſervin alwaye and ſtint for no wo.

Within my trewè carefull herte ther is
So mochil wo and eke ſo litil bliſſe
That wo is me that evir I was bore!
For al that thinge which I deſire I miſſe,
And al that evir I wolde not iwis
That finde I redy to me evirmore;
And of all this I n'ot to whom me plaine,
For ſhe that might me out of this ybring
Ne rechith nought whethir I wepe or ſing,
So litil routh hath ſhe upon my paine!

Alas! whan ſlepinge tyme is then I wake,
Whan I ſhuld daunce for fere lo than I quake;
This hevy life I lede, lo! for your ſake,
Though ye therof in no wiſe hedè take,
Myn hert'is lady and whole my live's queue
For truly durſt I ſay as that I fele
Me ſemith that your ſwetè herte of ſtele
Is whettid now againiſt me to kene.

My derè herte and beſt belovid ſo!
Why lykith you to do me al this wo?
What have I don that grevith you, or ſaide?
But for I ſerve and love you and no mo,
And whileſt I live I wil evir do ſo,
And therfore, ſwete! ne bethe not il apaide;
For ſo gode and ſo faire as that ye be
It wer a right gret wondir but ye had
Of al ſervauntis both of gode and badde,
And beſt worthy of al them I am he.

lesse, my righte lady swete!
be unkonninge and unmete
:oud best aye your highnes,
ne fainir, that would I hete,
you ese or ellis bete,
: that were to your highnes;
ght as gode as I have wil,
e fele wher it were so or none,
rld livinge than is ther none
ɔlde your hert'is wil fulfil.

e and eke drede you so sore,
ıote and have don you ful yore,
ved is none ne nevir shal,
ıld beseche you of no more
, and be not wroth therfore,
rve you forth, lo! this is al;
ght so hardy ne so wode
hat ye should lovin me,
te, alas! that may not be,
'orthy' and ye so gode,
the worthyist on live,
st unlikely for to thrive.

wetith ye ful righte wel
ɔuld me from your servyce drive,
aye with my witis five
Serve you truly what wo so that I fele,
For I am set so hy upon your whele
That though ye nevir wil upon me rew
I must you love, and bene evir as trewe
As any man ycan or maye on live.

But the more that I love you, godely fre!
The lasse finde I that ye lovin me;
Alas! whan shal that hardè wit amende?
Wher is now al your womanly pite,
Your gentilnes and your debonairte?
Wil ye nothinge therof upon me spend,
And so whole, swete! as I am youris all,
And so grete wil as I have to you serve?
Now certis and ye let me thus ysterve
Yet have ye wonnin therupon but small,

For at my knowing I do nothing why:
And thus I wil beseche you hertily,
That if evir ye finde whilis ye live
A truir servaunte to you than am I,
Levith than, and sleith me hardily,
And I my deth to you wil al forgive;
And yf ye finde no trewir verily,
Wollin ye suffir than that I thus spil,
And for no manir gilt but my gode will?
As gode were than untrue as true to be.

GODE COUNSAILE OF CHAUCER.

Flie fro the proef and dwell with sothfastnesse;
Suffise unto thy gode though it be small,
For horde hath hate, and climbyng tikilnesse,
Prece hath envie, and wele is blent oer all;
Savour no more than the behoven shall;
Rede well thy self, that othir folke canst rede,
And trouthe the shall delivir it' is no drede.

Paine the not eche crokid to redresse
In trust of her that tourneth as a balle;
Grete rest standith in litil businesse;
Beware also to spurne again a nalle;
Strive not as doith a crocke with a walle;
Demith thy self that demist othir's dede,
And trouthe the shall deliver it 'is no drede.

That the is sent receve in buxomenesse;
The wrastlyng of this worlde askith a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wildirnesse;
Forthe pilgrim, forthe o best out of thy stall;
Loke up on high, and thanke thy God of all;
Weivith thy luste and let thy ghost the lede,
And trouthe the shall delivir it' is no drede.

CHAUCER'S A, B, C.

CALLED LA PRIERE DE NOSTRE DAME.

's A, B, C, called La Priere de noſtre Dame, made, as ſome ſay, at the requeſt nch Ducheſſe of Lancaſter, as a praier for her private uſe, being a woman in ligion very devout.

A.

rie and allmerciable Quene!
all this world fleith for ſoccour,
eleſe of ſinne, of ſorow, of tene,
Virgine! of all flouris flour,
le, confoundid in errour;
releve, almightie debonaire!
cy of mine perillous langour,
ne hath my cruill adverſaire.

B.

fixe hath in my hert his tent,
I wote thou will my ſuccour be;
ſt not warnin that with gode entent
ne helpe, thine hert is aye ſo fre,
argeſſe of plaine felicite,
refute of quiete and reſt;
at thevis ſevin chaſin me;
die bright! or that mine ſhip to breſt.

C.

none but in you, Lady dere!
ine ſinne and mine confuſioun,
ght not in thin preſence for to' apere,
on me a grevous actioun,
ight and diſperatioun,
right they mightin well ſuſtene
re worthy mine damnatioun,
of thy mercy, bliſsfull Quene!

D.

re none, o Quene of miſe'ricord!
n'art cauſe of grace and mercy here,
God vouchideſafe through the with us to' accord;
For certis, Chriſt'is bliſsfull modir dere!
Were now the bow ybent in ſwiche manere
As it was firſt of juſtice and of ire,
The rightfull God would of no mercy here;
But through the han we grace as we deſire.

E.

Ever' hath mine hope of refute in the be,
For here beforne full oft in many' a wiſe
Unto mercy haſt thou recevid me,
But mercy, Lady! at the gret aſſiſe,
When we ſhall come before the High Juſtiſe,
So litil freut ſhall then in me ben found
That but thou or that day correctin me
Of very right mine werke will me confound.

F.

Flying I fle for ſuccour to thine tent,
Me for to hide fro tempeſt full of drede,
Beſeking you that ye you not abſent,
Though I be wicke: o help yet at this nede!
All have I ben a beſt in wit and dede,
Yet, Lady! thou me cloſe with thine owne grace;
Thine enemie and mine (Lady, take hede)
Unto mine deth in point is me to chaſe.

G.

Gracious maid and modir! which that never
Were bittir nor in erth nor in the ſe,
But full of ſweteneſſe and of mercy ever,
Helpe, that mine Fadir be not wroth with me

Speke thou, for I ne dare him not yse:
So have I done in erth, alas the while!
That certis but if thou mine succour be
To sinke eterne he will mine ghost exile.

H.

He vouchidefafe, tell him, as was his will,
Become a man as for our alliaunce,
And with his blode he wrote that blifsful bill
Upon the crosse as generall acquitaunce
To every penitent in full cryaunce;
And therefore, Lady bright! thou for us prey,
Then shalt thou stentin allè his grevaunce,
And maken our foe to faylin of his prey.

I.

I wotè well thou wilt ben our succour,
Thou art so full of bountie in certaine,
For when a soulè fallith in errour
Thine pitie goeth and halith him againe,
Then makist thou his pece with his Soverain,
And bringist him out of the crokid strete:
Whoso the lovith shall not love in vaine,
That shall he find as he the life shall lete.

K.

Kalendiris enluminid ben they
That in this world ben lightid with thine name,
And who so goith with the the right wey
Him dar not dredin in soule to ben lame.
Now Quene of comfort! sith thou art the same
To whom I sechin for my medicine,
Let not mine fo no more mine wound entame,
Mine hele into thine hond all I resine.

L.

Lady! thine sorrow can I not portrey
Undir the crosse, ne his grevous pennaunce;
But for your bothis peine I you do prey
Let not our aldir so make his bostaunce
That he hath in his lestis, with mischaunce!
Convict that that ye both han bought so dere:
As I said erst, thou ground of all substaunce!
Continue' on us thin pitous eyin clere.

M.

Moyses, that saw the bosh of flambis rede
Brenning, of which then nevir a sticke brend,
Was signe of thine unwemmid maidinhede;
Thou art the bosh on which there can descend
The Holy Ghost, the which that Moyses wend
Had ben on fire; and this was in figure;
Now Lady! fro the fire us defend
Which that in hell eternally shall dure.

N.

Noble Princesse! that nevir haddist pere,
Certis if any comfort in us be
That commith of the, Christis modir dere!
We han none othir melodie ne gle
Us to rejoyce in our adversite,
Ne advocat that will and dare so prey
For us, and that for as lite hire as ye,
That helpin for an Ave'mary or twey.

O.

O very light of eyin tho ben blind!
O very lust of labour and distresse!
O tresorere of bountie to mankind!
The whom God chese to moder for humblesse,
From his ancille he made the maistèresse
Of heven and erth, our bill up for to bede,
This world awatith ay on thine godenes,
For thou ne failed'est nevir wight at nede.

P.

Purpose I have sometime for to enquere
Wherefore and why the Holy Ghost the fough
When Gabriel's voice come to thine ere
He not to werre us swich a woundir wrought,
But for to save us that he sithin bought;
Then nedith us no wepon us to save,
But onely there we did not as us ought
Do penitence, and mercy aske and have.

Q.

Quene of comfort! right when I me bethinke
That I agiltid have both him and the,
And that mine soule is worthy for to sinke,
Alas! I caitife, whedir shall I fle?
Who shall unto thine sonne mine menè be?
Who but thine selfe, that art of pitie well?
Thou hast more routh on our adversite
Than in this world might any tongue tell.

R.

Redresse me, modir! and eke me chastise,
For certainly my Fadir's chastising
Ne dare I not abidin in no wise,
So hideous is his full reckining.
Modir! of whom our joy began to spring,
Be ye mine judge and eke my soul'is lech,
For ay in you is pitie abounding
To each that will of pity you besech.

S.

Soth is that he ne grauntith no pite
Withoutin the, for God of his godenesse
Forgivith none but it like unto the:
He hath the made vicaire and maistèresse
Of all this world, and eke govirneresse
Of hevin, and repressith his justise
Aftir thine will, and therefore in witnesse
He hath the crownid in so royall wise.

T.

Temple devout! thet God chese his wonning,
Fro which these misbeleved deprivid ben,
To you mine soulè penitent I bring;
Receve me, for I can no ferthir fleen.
With thornis venemous, o hevin Quene!
For which the erth accursid was full yore,
I am so woundid, as ye may well sene,
That I am lost almost, it smert so sore.

V.

Virgine! that art so noble of apparaile,
That ledist us into the highè toure
Of Paradise, thou me wise and counsaile
How I may have thy grace and thy succour,
All have I ben in filth and in errour:
Lady! on that countrey thou me adjourne
That clepid is thine bench of freshe flour,
There as that mercy evir shall sojourne.

X.

Xpen thine sonne, that in this world alight
Upon a crosse to suffir his passioun,
And suffred eke that Longeus his hert pight,
And made his hert'is blodè renne adoun,
And all this was for my salvatioun;
And I to him am fals and eke unkind,

t he will not mine damphatioun;
anke I you, fuccour of all mankind!

Y.

ras figure of his deth certaine,
ferreforth his fadir would obey
m ne rought nothing for to be flaine;
o thy fonnè lift a lambe to dey:
ady full of mercy! I you prey,
his mercy furid me fo large,
ot fcant, for all we fing or fay,
: ben fro vengeaunce alway our targe.

Z.

Zacharie you clepith the opin well
That wifht his finfull foule out of his guilt,
Therefore this leffoun out I will to tell,
That n'ere thine tendir hert we werin fpilt.
Now Lady bright! fith that thou canft and wilt,
Ben to the fede of Adam merciable;
Bring us unto that paleis that is built
To penitents, that ben to mercie able.

OF QUENE

ANNELIDA AND FALSE ARCITE.

Arcite, a Theban knight, forſaketh Queen Annelida, who loved him entirely, and tak a new lady, whereupon Annelida maketh this great complaint.

O THOU fiers god of Armis, Mars the Rede,
That in thy froſtie countrey callid Thrace
Within thy griſly templis full of drede
Honourid art as patrone of that place,
With the Bellona, Pallas full of grace,
Be preſent, and my ſong continue' and gie;
At my beginnyng thus to the I crie.

For it full depe is ſonkin in mynde
With pitous herte in Engliſhe to endite
This olde ſtorie, in Latine whiche I finde,
Of Quene Annelida and falſe Arcite,
That elde, whiche all thingis can frete and bite,
And it hath fretin many' a noble ſtorie,
Hath nigh devourid out of our memorie.

Be favourable' eke thou Polymnia,
On Parnaſſus that with thy ſuſtirs glade
By Helicon, and not ferre from Cirrha,
Singiſt with voice memoriall in the ſhade,
Undir the laurir, which that maie not fade,
And doe that I my ſhip to havin winne:
Firſt followe' I Stace, and aſtir him Corinne.

Jamque domos patrias, Scythicæ poſt aſpera gentis
Prælia, laurigero ſubeuntem Theſea curru
Lætifici plauſus, miſſuſque ad ſidera vulgi, &c.

When Theſeus with warris long and grete
The aſpre folke of Scythe hath ovircome,
The laurir crounid, in his chaire golde bete
Home to his countre houſis is icome,
For whiche the peple bliſfull all and ſome
So cridin that to the ſterris it went,
And hym to honourin did all ther entent.

Before this duke in ſigne of victorie
The trompis come, and in his banir large
The' image of Mars; and in token' of glorie
Men mightin ſe of treſure many' a charge,
Many' a bright helme, and many' a ſpere and targe
Many' a freſhe knight, and many' a bloſſid rede
On horſe and fote, in all the field about.

Hyppolyta his wife, the hardie Quene
Of Scythia, that he conquerid had,
With Emelie her youngè ſuſtir ſhene,
Faire in a chare of golde he with him lad,
That al the ground about her chare ſhe ſpread
With brightneſſe of the beautie in her face,
Fulfillid all of largeſſe and of grace.

With his triumph and laurir corounid thus
In all the floure of Fortun'is yevyng
Lete I this noble prince, this Theſeus,
Toward Athenis in his waie ridyng,
And fonde I woll in ſhortly for to bryng
The ſlie waie of that I began to write
Of Quene Annelida and falſe Arcite.

Mars, that through his furious courſe of ire
The oldè wrathe of Juno to fulfill,
Hath ſet the peplis hertis bothe on fire
Of Thebes and Grece everich othir to kill
With blodie ſperis, reſtid nevir ſtill,
But throng now here now there emong them bold
That everiche othir ſlue, ſo were ther wrath.

For when Amphiorax and Tydeus,
Hippomedon and Parthenope' alſo
Were dedde, and ſlain was the proude Capaneus,

e wretchid Thebans brethrin two
d Kyng Adraſtus home ago,
ode Thebis and ſo bare
t could remedie of his care.
that the old Creon gan eſpie
blode roiall was brought adoun
cite by his tyrannie,
entils of that regioun
ndis and dwell in the toun;
ove of him, and what for awe
ke were to the toune idrawe.
theſe Annelida the Quene
was in that toune dwellyng,
rre was than the ſonnè ſhene;
he worlde ſo gan her name to ſpryng,
had every wight likyng,
the ne is there none her liche
men in this worldè riche.
this quene, of twentie yeris olde,
ure, and of ſoche faireneſſe
had a joye her to beholde;
ekin of her ſtedfaſtneſſe,
h Penelope' and Lucreſſe;
, if ſhe ſhall ben comprehended,
nightin nothyng ben amended.
an knight Arcite eke, ſothe to ſaine,
d therwithal a luſtie knight,
ouble' in love and nothing plaine,
that crafte ovre' any wight,
connyng wan this ladie bright,
he he gan her trouth aſſure
truſtith o'er any creture.
ld I ſaine? ſhe lovith Arcite ſo
at he was abſent any throwe
ought her hertè braſt a two,
ht to her he bare hym lowe,
ende have all his herte iknowe;
lſe, it n'as but fainid chere,
t ſoche craftis men to lere.
leſſe full mikill buſineſſe
at he might his ladie winne,
at he would dyin for diſtreſſe
witte he ſayid he would twinne;
e: for it was routhe and ſinne
n his ſorowis would rue;
bintith the falſe as doth the true.
ne found Arcite in ſoche manere
his that ſhe hath, moche or lite,
ir creture made ſhe chere
as it likid to Arcite;
lack with which he might her wite;
forthe yevin him to pleie
ikid hym did her to eſe.
to her no manir lettir ſent,
love, from any manir wight,
hewid hym or it was brent,
as, and dyd her fullè might
hidin nothyng from her knight,
untrouthe her upbreide;
de his hertè ſhe obeide.
made hym jelous ovir her,
at any man had to her ſaied
ld yprayin her to ſwere
What was that worde, or make him ill apaied;
Then wenid ſhe out of her witte have braied:
But all was nought but ſleight and flattirie;
Withoutin love he ſainid jelouſie.
And all this toke ſhe ſo debonairly
That al his wil her thought it ſkilful thyng,
And er the lengir loved hym tendirly,
And did hym honour as he were a kyng;
Her herte was to hym weddid with a ryng,
For ſo ſerforthe on trouthe is her entent
That where he goith her hert with him went.
Whan ſhe ſhal ete on him is ſo her thought
That wel unnethis of mete toke ſhe kepe,
And whan that ſhe was to her reſt ybrought
On him ſhe thought alway tyl that ſhe ſlepe,
Whan he was abſent prively dothe ſhe wepe:
Thus liveth faire Annelida the Quene
For falſe Arcyte, that dyd her al this tene.
This falſe Arcyte, of his newfangleneſſe,
For ſhe to him ſo lowly was and trewe,
Ytoke leſſe deintè for her ſtedfaſteneſſe,
And ſawe anothir lady proude and newe,
And right anon he clad him in her hewe,
Wote I not whethir in white, red, or grene,
And falſid faire Annelida the Quene.
But nerthèleſſe, grete wondir was it none
Though he were falſe, for it' is the kinde of man
Sithe Lamech was, that is ſo longe agone,
To be in love as falſe as er he can;
He was the firſtè fathir that began
To lovin two, and was in bigamie,
And he founde tentis firſt but yf men lye.
This falſe Arcite ſomwhat muſt he nede faine
Whan he was falſe to coveren his traitourie,
Right as an horſe that can both bite and plaine,
For he bare her in honde of trechirie,
And ſwore he coude her doubleneſſe eſpye,
And al was falſeneſſe that ſhe to him ment;
Thus ſwore this theſe, and forth his way he went.
Alas! what hertè might endurin it
For routhe or wo her ſorowe for to tel,
Or what man hath the conning or the wit,
Or what man might within the chambre dwel,
If I to him reherſin ſhall the hel
That ſuffrith faire Annelida the Quene,
For falſe Arcite, that did her al this tene?
She wepith, wailith, ſwounith, pitouſly;
To grounde as ded ſhe fallith as a ſtone;
She crampiſhith her limmis crokidly;
She ſpekith as her witte were al agone;
Othir colour than aſhin hath ſhe none,
Ne none othir worde ſpekith ſhe moch or lite
But *Mercy, cruil hertè min, Arcite!*
And thus endureth til that ſhe was ſo mate
That ſhe ne' hath ſote on which ſhe may ſuſtene,
But forth languiſhing er in this eſtate,
Of whiche Arcite hath neithir rothe ne tene;
His herte was elliſwhere ſette new and grene,
That on her wo ne deineth him not to think;
Him reckith ner whethir ſhe flete or ſinke.
This newè lady holdith him ſo narowe
Up by the bridil at the ſtav'is ende,
That every worde he dred it is as an arowe;
Her daungir made him bothè bowe and bende,

And as her luste madin him turne or wende,
For ſhe ne grauntid him in her living
No grace why that he hath thereof to ſinge,
But drove him forth; unneth liſt her to knowe
That he was ſervaunt to her ladyſhip,
But leſte that he were proude ſhe held him lowe;
Thus ſervith he withoutin mete or ſip;
She ſente him nowe to lande and nowe to ſhip,
And for ſhe yave him daungir al his fil
Therfore ſhe had him at her ownè wil.
Enſample' of this, ye thriftie women al,
Take hede of Annelida' and falſe Arcite,
That for her liſt him her dere hertè call,
And was ſo meke, therefore he loved her lite;
The kinde of mann'is herte is to delite
On thing that ſtraunge is, al ſo God me ſave,
For what they may not get that wold they have.
Now turne we to Annelida ayen,
That pinith day by day in languiſhing;
But whan ſhe ſawe that her ne gate no geyn,
Upon a day ful ſoro'wfully weping
She caſt her for to make a complaining,
And with her ownè hande ſhe gan it write,
And ſente it to her Theban knight Arcyte.

The Complaint of Annelida to falſe Arcite.

So thirlid with the point of remembraunce
The ſwerde of ſorowe, whette with falſe pleſaunce,
Myne hertè bare of bliſſe and black of hewe,
That turnid is to quaking all my daunce,
My ſewertye in wapid countinaunce,
Sens it availith nothing to ben trewe,
For who ſo trewe is certes it ſhall her rewe
That ſervith Love, and dothe her obſervaunce
Alway to one, and chaungith for no newe.
I wote my ſelfe as well as any wight,
For I loved one with al min hert and might,
More than my ſelf an hundred thouſande ſith,
And callid him my hert'is lyfe, my knight,
And was al his as ferre as it was right,
And whan that he was glad than was I blythe,
And his diſeſe ywas my dethe as ſwithe,
And he ayen his trouthe hath to me plight
For evirmore his lady me to kithe.
Now is he falſe, alas! and cauſèles,
And of my wo he is ſo routhèles
That with a worde him liſt not onis daine
To bring ayen my ſorowful herte in pees,
For he is caught up in an othir lees;
Right as hym lyſt he laughith at my paine,
And I ne can min hertè not reſtraine
For to love him yet alway nertheles,
And of all this I n'ot to whom to plaine.
And ſhulde I plain, alas the hardè ſtounde!
Unto my ſoe that yave myn herte a wounde,
And yet deſirith that myne harme be more?
Now certis ferthir woll I nevir founde
None othir helpe my ſoris for to ſounde,
My Deſtiny hath ſhapid ſo ful yore,
I woll none othir medecyne ne lore,
I woll ben aye there I was onis bounde,
That I have ſaid be ſaid for evirmore.

Alas! where is become your gentillneſſe,
Your wordes full of pleſaunce and humbleneſſe,
Your obſervaunce in ſo lowe a manere,
Your awaitinge, and eke your beſineſſe,
On me, that ye tho callid your maiſtreſſe,
Your ſovèraine lady in this worlde here?
Alas! is there now neithir worde ne chere
Ye vouchſafin upon myn hevineſſe?
Alas! your love I bye it al to dere!
Now certis, ſwete Arcitè! though that ye
Thus cauſèleſſe the rufull cauſe ybe
Of all my pyne and dedly' adverſite,
Your manly treaſoun ought it to reſpite
To ſle your ſothefaſt frende, and namely me,
Whiche that have nevir yet in no degre
Offendid you in ought, as wiſly he
That all thinges wote of wo my ſoulè quite.
But for I was ſo plain to the Arcite
In all my wordes and workis moche and lite,
And was ſo beſy aye you to delite,
Myne honour only ſave, meke, kinde, and ſre,
Therefore, Arcite, ye put in me this wite:
Alas! alas! ye rechin not a mite
Though that the percing ſwerde of ſorow byte
My woful hert thorough your cruilte.
My ſwetè foe! why do ye ſo for ſhame?
And thinkin ye that furthered be your name
To lovin a newe and ben untrewe aye,
And putin you in ſlaundir nowe and blame,
And do to me adverſyte and grame
That love you moſt, God thou wotiſt alwaye?
Yet turne ayen, and yet be plaine ſome daye,
And then ſhall this that now is mis ben game,
And al forgevin whilis I lyve maye.
Lo, hertè myne! al this is for to ſaine,
As whethir ſhal I praye or ellis plaine?
Which is the way to done you to be trewe?
For eithir mote I have you in my chaine
Or with the deth ye mote depart us twayne,
There beth none othir mene ne wayis newe,
For God ſo wyſely on my ſoulè rewe
As verily ye ſlaine me with the paine,
That mowe ye ſe unfainid on mine hewe.
For thus ferforth have I my deth yſought,
My ſelfe I murdir with my privie thought;
For ſorowe' and routhe of your unkindeneſſe
I wepe, I waile, I faſt; al helpith naught;
I voide alle joy that is to ſpeak of aught,
I voide alle company, I flye gladneſſe;
Who may avaunt her bet of hevineſſe
Than I? and to this plite have me ye brought
Withoutin gilte; me nedith no witneſſe.
And ſhoulde I pray and weivin womanhede?
Nay, rathir deth than do ſo foule a dede;
And aſke mercy and giltèleſſe? what nede?
And if that I complaine what life I lede
You reckith not, that know I out of drede;
And if I unto you mine othis bede
For mine excuſe, a ſcorne ſhal be my mede;
Your chere yflourith but it woll not fede;
Ful longe agon I might have takin hede:
For though I had you to morowe againe
I might as well hold Aprilis from raine
As holdin you to makin you ſtedfaſt:

hty God! of trouthe the fovèraine,
s the trouth of man? who hath it flaine?
it 'hem lovith fhall 'hem finde as faft
tempeft is a rottin maft.
at a tame beft that is evir faine
ne away when he is left agaft?
e mercy, fwete Arcite! if I miffay;
ir have I aught faid out of the way
my witte is waftid al away:
s doth the fonge of chantepleure,
we I plaine and nowe agen I pley;
mafid that I dey, I dey;
Arcite, hath born away the key
ay wele and my gode avinture:
in this world there ne is no creture
ig, alas! in more difcomfiture
, ne that more forowe doth endure,
I flepe a furlonge way or twey
hinkith me anon that your figure
ant before me ftante ciad in afure,
ifte to profre a newe affure
ben trewe, and mercy me to prey.
longe night this wondir fyght I drie,
n the day for foche affray I dye;
And of al this right naught iwys ye retche;
Ne nevirmore myne eyin two ben drye;
And to your routhe and to your trouthe I crye,
But wel away! to ferre ben they to fetche:
Thus holdith me my Deftiny a wretche;
But me to rede out of this drede or gye
Ne may my wit (fo weke is it) not ftretche.
Than ende I thus, fithe I may do no more,
I yeve it up for nowe and evirmore,
For I fhall nevir efte putten in balance
My fikirnefs, ne lerne of love the lore,
But as the fwan, I have herde fay ful yore,
Ayenft his deth wol fing in his penance,
So finge I here the deftinie and chaunce
Howe that Arcite Annelida fo fore
Hath thrillid with the poynt of remembraunce.
Whan that Annelida, this woful Quene,
Hath of her hande ywrittin in this wife,
With face all dede, betwixin pale and grene,
She fel a fwoune, and fithe fhe gan to rife,
And unto Mars avowith facrifife
Within the temple, with a forowfull chere,
That fhapin was as ye may plainly here.

THE COMPLAINT

OF THE BLACKE KNIGHT.

The heavy Complaint of a knight for that he can not win his lady's grace.

N Maie, when Flora the freſhe luſtie quene
The ſoile hath cladde in grene, and red, and whight,
And Phœbus gan to ſhede his ſtremis ſhene
Amidde the Bulle with al the bemis bright,
And Lucifer to chace awaie the night,
Ayen the morowe our orizont hath take
To bid all lovirs out of ſlepe awake,
And hertis hevie for to recomforte
From drerihed of hevie night'is ſorowe,
Nature bad 'hem riſe, and 'hem diſporte
Ayen' the godelie and the glad greie morowe,
And hope alſo, with Sainct Ihon to borowe,
Bad in deſpite of daungir and diſpaire
For to takin the wholſome luſtie aire;
And with a ſigh I gan for to abreide
Out of my ſlombre', and ſodainly up ſterte,
As he (alas) that nigh for ſorowe deide,
My ſikèneſſe ſate aye ſo nie my herte,
But for to findin ſoccour of my ſmerte,
Or at the leſt ſome releſe of my paine,
That me ſo ſore yhalte in every veine.
I roſe anone, and thought I wouldè gone
Into the wodde to here the birdis ſyng
When that the miſtie vapour was agone,
And cleare and faire ywas the morownyng,
The dewe alſo like ſilvir in ſhinyng
Upon the levis, as any baume ſwete,
Till firie Titan with his perſaunt hete
Had dryid up the luſtie licour newe
Upon the herbis in the grenè mede,
And that the floures of many divers hewe
Upon ther ſtalkis gonin for to ſprede,
And for to ſplaie out ther levis in brede
Againe the ſonne, golde burnid in his ſpere,
That doun to 'hem ycaſt his bemis clere.

And by a rivir forthe I gan coſtie
Of watir clere as birell or criſtall,
Till at the laſt I founde a little weie
Toward a parke, enclofid with a wall,
In compace rounde, and by a gatè ſmall:
Who ſo that would he frelie mightin gone
Into this parke, ywallid with grene ſtone:
And in I went to here the birdis ſong,
Which on the braunchis both in plain and wo
So loude yſang that all the wode yrong
Like as it ſhould ſhivir in pecis ſmale,
And as methoughtin that the nightingale
With ſo great might her voice began out wr
Right as her harte for love would all to brea
The ſoile was plain and ſmoth, and wonde
All overſprad with tapettes that Nature
Had made her ſelf, covirid eke aloft
With bowis grene, the flouris for to cure,
That in their beautie thei maie long endure
From all aſſaulte of Phœbus fervent fere,
Whiche in his ſphere ſo hotte yſhone and cle
The aire attempre, and the ſmetthè winde
Of Zephyrus emong the bloſomes white
So wholſome was and nouriſhing by kinde,
That ſmale buddis and round bloſomis lite
In maner gan of her brethe to delite,
To yeve us hope that there fruict ſhall ytake
Ayeniſt autumpne redy for to ſhake.
I ſawe the Daphne clofid undir rinde,
With the grene laurir and the wholſome pa
The Mirre alſo, that wepith ever' of kinde,
The cedris hie, as upright as a line,
The filbert eke, that lowe doith encline
Her bowis grene unto the yerth adoun
Unto her knight callid Demophoon.

we I growing eke the freshe hauthorne
otley, that so sote doeth ysmell,
and oke, with many a yong acorn,
a tre mo then I can tell,
forne I saw a little well,
is course, as I could wele beholde,
ill, with quicke stremis and colde,
rill gold, the watir pure as glasse,
rounde the well invironing,
velvet was the yongè grasse
upon lustilie came springyng,
trees aboutin compassyng
we cast, closyng the wel arounde,
herbis growyng on the grounde.
er was so wholsome and so vertuous
ight of herbis growyng it beside,
the welle where as Narcissus
hrough the vengeaunce of Cupide,
vondir covertly he did hide
of deth upon eche fatal brinke
mote folo ve who that ever drinke;
into the pitte of the Pegace
nassus, where poëtis slept,
the welle of pure chastitè
Diana with her nymphis kept,
nakid into the watir lepte,
Actæon with her handis fell,
e came so nigh the well:
welle which that I now here reherse
ne was that it wouldin aswage
ollin hertis, and the venim perce
ied, withall the cruill rage,
nore refreshin the visage
at were in any werinesse
bour, or fallin in distresse.
at had through daungir and disdain
urst, thought that I would assaie
draught of this welle or twain,
langour if it might alaie,
e banke anone me doune I laie,
mine hed unto the welle I raught,
watir dranke I a gode draught,
f me thought I was refreshid wele
nnyng that sate so nigh my herte,
anone I gan to fele
arte relesid of my smerte,
withall anone up I asterte,
ght that I would walkin and se more
the parke and in the holtis hore.
rough a launde as I yede apace,
boutin fast for to beholde,
none a delectable place
besset with treis young and olde,
nis here for me shal not be tolde,
f whiche there stode an herbir grene
hid was with coloures new and clene.
rbir was all full of flouris gende,
hiche as I beholde began,
hulsere and a wodè bende,
ware, I sawe where laie a man
and of white colour pale and wan,
lir dedly also of his hewe,
grene and freshè woundis newe,

And ovirmore distrainid with sicknesse
Beside all this he was full grevouslie,
For upon hym he had an hote accesse
That daie by daie hym shoke ful pitouslie,
So that for constraint of his maladie
And hertely wo, thus lying all alone,
It was a deth for one to here hym grone.
Whereof astoined, my fote I gan withdrawe,
Full gretly wondiring what it might be
That he so laye and haddin no selawe,
Ne that I coude no wight with him yse,
Wherof I had grete routhe and eke pite,
And gan anone, so softely as I coude,
Amonge the bushis prively me to shroude,
If that I myght in any wise espie
What was the cause of this his dedly wo,
Or why that he so petously gan crie
On his fortune, and on his ure also;
With all my myght I layid an ere to
Evèry worde, to marke wel what he saide
Out of his swough anon as he abraide.
But first, if I shulde makin mencion
Of his persone, and plainly him discrive,
He was in sothe, without excepcion,
To speke of manhode one of the best on live,
There may no man ayen the trouth ystrive,
For of his time and of his age also
He provid was there men shuld have ado.
One of the best therto of brede and length,
So wel ymade by gode proporcion,
If he had be in his delivir strength,
But thought and sicknesse were occasyon
That he thus lay in lamentacyon
Grouffe on the grounde, in place so desolate,
Sole by him self, awhapid and amate.
And for me semith that it is fitting
His wordis al to put in remembraunce,
To me that herdin all his complaining,
And al the grounde of this his woful chaunce,
If there withall I maye you do plesaunce,
I wol to you so as I can anone,
Lyke as he saide, reherce everichone.
But who shal helpin me nowe to complaine,
Or who shal nowe my stilè gie or lede?
O Niobe! let nowe thy teris rayne
Into my penne, and helpe me eke in nede
Thou woful Myre! that felist mine herte blede
Of pitous sorowe, and myne hande eke quake,
What that I writin for this mann'is sake;
For unto wo accordith complaining,
And doleful cherè unto hevinesse,
To sorowe also sighing and weping,
And pitous mourning unto drerinesse;
And whoso that shall writin of distresse
In party nedith to knowe felingly
The cause and rote of al soche malady.
But I, alas! that am of witte but dul,
And that have no knowing of soche matere,
For to discrive and writin at the ful
The woful Complainte which that ye shal here,
But even like as doth a skrivinere,
That can no more tell what that he shal write
But as his maistir beside dothe endite;

Ryght so fare I, that of no sentement
Can sayin right naught in conclusioun,
But as I herde whan that I was present
This man complinin with a pitous soun,
For even like without addicioun
Or disencrese eythir of more or lesse
For to reherse anone I wol me dresse.
And if that any nowe be in this place
That seith in love breninge or fervence,
Or hindirid were to his ladie's grace
With falsè tongis, that with pestilence
Sle trewè men, that nevir did offence
In worde nor dede, ne yet in ther entent,
If any soche there be here nowe present,
Let him of routhe lay him to audience
With doleful chere and sobre countinaunce,
To herin this man by ful hye sentence
Hys mortal wo and his dire perturbaunce
Complaining, and nowe lying in a traunce
With lokis upcast and with ruful chere,
Th' effecte of which was as ye now shal here.
The thought oppressed with inward sighis sore,
The painful lyfe, the body languishing,
The woful gost, the hertè rent and tore,
The pitous chere, all pale in complaining
The dedly face, like ashis in shining,
The salte teris that from min eyin fall,
Parcel declare grounde of my painis al.
Whose herte is grounde to blede in bevinesse
The thought receite of wo and of complainte,
The brest is chest of dole and drerinesse,
The body eke so feble and so fainte,
With hote and colde mine axis is so mainte,
That nowe I chivir for defaute of hete,
And hote as glede nowe sodainly I swete;
Nowe hote as fire, nowe cold as ashis ded,
Now hote for colde, now cold for hete again,
Now cold as yse, and now as colis red
For hete I brenne; and thus betwixin twaine
I possid am and al forcaste in paine,
So that my hete ful plainly as I sele
Of grevous colde is cause every dele.
This the colde of inward hie disdaine,
Cold of dispite, and colde of cruil hate,
This is the colde that doth his besy payne
Ayenist trouthe to fight and to debate,
This is the colde that doth the syre abate
Of trewe mening, alas the harde while!
This is the coldè that wol me begile:
For er the bettir that in trouth I mente
With al my myght her fathfully to serve,
With hert and al to be right diligent,
The lessè thanke, alas! I can deserve;
Thus for my trouthè Daungir doth me sterve,
For one that shuld my deth of mercy let
Hath made Despite anew his swerde to whet
Against me, and his arowis to syle,
To take vengeaunce of wilful cruilte,
And tongis false thorough ther slightly wyle
Han gone a werre, that wil not stintid be,
And false Envie, with Wrathe and Envyte,
Have conspirid against al right and lawe
Of her malyce that Trouth shal be yslawe.

And Malèbouche gan first the talè tel,
To sclaundir Trouth of indignacion,
And False Reporte so laud yrange the bel
That Misbylese and False Suspection
Have Trouthe ybrought to his dampnacion,
So that, alas! wrongfully he dyith,
And Falseneste nowe his place occupyith,
And entirid is into Trouth'is londe,
And hath thereof the ful possession.
O rightful God! that first the trouthè fonde,
Howe maie thou suffre soche oppressyon,
That Falshed shuldehave jurisdiction
In Troth'is right to sle him giltiles!
In his fraunchise he may not live in pees.
Falsly accused, and of his fone forjuged,
Withoutin answere, while he was absent,
He damnid was, and maie not be excused,
For Cruilte ysate in judgement
Of Hastinesse without advisement,
And badde Disdaine do execute anone
His judgement in presence of his fone.
Attorney there maye none admittid ben
To excuse Trouthè, ne a worde to speke;
To faith or othe the judge ne liste not sene;
There ne is no gaine but he will be wreke.
O Lorde of Trouthe! to the I cal and cleye,
Howe may thou sein thus in thy presence
Withoutin mercy murdrid Innocence!
Nowe God, that art of trouthè soveraine,
And seist how I lie for trouthè bounde,
So sore yknitte in lov'is syrie chaine, (wounde,
Even at the deth, through gyrte with many'a
That lykily are nevir for to sounde,
And for my trouthe am dampnid to the deth,
And not abyde, but drawe along the breth,
Considre' and se in thine eternal right
Howe that min herte professid whilom was
For to be trewè with al my ful myght
Onily to one, the whiche nowe, alas!
Of volunte without any trespas
Myne accusours hath takin unto grace,
And cherishith 'hem my deth to purchace.
What menith this? what is this wondir ure
Of purveiaunce, ys so I shal it cal,
Of god of Love, that false 'hem so assure,
And trewe, alas! downe of the whele ben fal!
And yet in sothe this is the worst of al,
That falshed wrongfully' of troth hath name,
And trouth ayenward of falshed the blame.
This blindè chaunce, this stormy avinture,
In love hath mostely his experience,
For who that doth with trouthè most his cure
Shal for his mede yfindin moste offence
That servith Love with al his diligence,
For who can fainin undir lowly hede
Ne failith not to findin grace and spede:
For I lovid one ful longe sythe agone
With all mine herte, and body, and ful might,
And to be ded my herte can not gone
From his behestè, but hold that he hath hyght;
Though I be banishid out of her syght,
And by her mouth dampnid that I shall dey,
To my behestè yet I will er obey;

ir fithins that the worlde began,
lyſte lokin and in ſtory rede,
ye findin that the trewè man
abacke there where as the falſhede
ed was; for Love takith none hede
e trew, and hath of 'hem no charge,
the falſe gothe frely at ther large.
recorde of true Palamedes,
eſs man, the noble worthy knight,
lovid and had no reles,
landing his manhode and his might,
e unto him dyd ful gret unright,
he bet he dyd in chivalrye
e he ſtill was hindrid by envye;
ye the bett he did in every place,
h his knighthode and his buſy paine,
ir was he from his ladye's grace,
r mercy might he ner attaine,
is deth he coude it not refraine
aungere, but aye obey and ſerve
ſte coude, plainly tyl that he ſterve.
was the ſyne alſo of Hercules
s conqueſt and his worthineſſe,
s of manly ſtrength alone pereles?
as bokis of him liſte expreſſe
illers thorough his hye proweſſe
Gades, for to ſygnifie
man might him paſſe in chivalrye;
hichè pilliris ferre beyonde Inde
golde for a rememberaunce,
al that yet was he ſet behinde
m that love lyſte febly to avaunce;
alas! ſet laſt upon a daunce
whom there helpè may no ſtrife.
or al his trouth he loſte his life.
us alſo, for al his pleſaunt lyght,
at he wonid here in yerthe belowe,
verry herte with Venus ſight
id was thorough Cupidis bowe,
his lady lyſt him not to knowe:
for the love of her his herte dy'd blede
him go, and toke of him no hede.
ſhal I ſayin of yonge Pyramus,
Triſtram, for al his hye renowne,
les or of Antonius,
tè, or of him Pelomowne?
as the ende of ther paſſiowne
ſorowe deth and than ther grave?
the guerdon that theſe lovirs have!
lſe Jaſon with his doubleneſſe,
s untrue at Colchos to Medee,
eſeus, rote of unkindeneſſe,
h theſe two alſo the falſe Ence,
s the falſe evir in one degre
in love ther luſt and al ther wil,
falſhode there was none othir ſkil.
ebis city eke the falſe Arcite,
ir Demophon eke for his ſlouthe,
d ther luſt and al that myght delite
er falſhode and ther gret untrouthe;
ir Love, alas! and that is routhe,
liegis forthirith what he may,
th the trewe ungodely day by day:

For trewe Adonis was ſlayne with the bore
Amidde the foreſt in the grenè ſhade,
For Venus love he ſeltin al the ſore,
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,
The ſoulè chorle had many nightis glade,
Where Mars Armipotent, her knight and man,
To fyndin mercy comforte none he can.
Alſo the yongè freſhe Hippomenes,
So luſtly fre he was of his corage
That for to ſerve with al his hert he ches
Atalanta, ſo faire of her viſage,
But Love, alas! quite him ſo ill his wage,
With cruil daungir plainly at the laſte.
That with the dethè guerdonleſſe he paſte.
Lo here, alas! the fine of Love's ſervice!
Lo howe that Love can his ſervauntis quite!
Low how he can his faithful men diſpiſe,
To ſle the trewe men and falſe to reſpite!
Lo howe he dothe the ſwerde of ſorowe byte
In hert'is ſoche as moſte his luſte obey,
To ſave the falſe and do the trewe to dey!
For faith, nor othe nor worde, ne aſſuraunce,
Trewe mening, nor awaite, nor buſyneſſe,
Neithir ſtil porte ne faithful attendance,
Manhode, ne might in armis, worthineſſe,
Nor purſute of worſhip nor hie proweſſe,
Nor in ſtraunge landis riding ne travaile,
Ful lytil or nought in love dothe availe.
Peril of dethe neithir in ſe ne lande,
Hungir ne thurſt, ſorowe ne ſykeneſſe,
Ne gret emprifis for to take on hande,
Sheding of blode, ne manful hardineſſe,
Ne ofte wounding at ſautis by diſtreſſe,
Nor in parting of life, nor deth alſo,
Al is for nought; Love taketh no hedè therto.
But leſingoures with ther baſe flattirie,
Through ther falſhede, and with ther doubleneſſe,
With talis newe, and many fainid lie,
By falſe ſemblaunt and counterfeit humbleſſe,
Undir colour depainte with ſtedfaſtneſſe,
With fraude covered under a pitous face,
Acceptid be nowe rathiſt unto grace,
And can themſelvin nowe beſt magnifie
With fainid porte and ther preſumpcion;
They hauncin ther cauſe with falſe ſurquidrie,
Undir menyng of double entencion,
To thinkin one in ther opinion,
And ſaye another to ſet them ſelf aloſte,
And hindir trouthe, as it is ſene ful ofte.
The whichè thinge I bye nowe al to dere,
Thankid be Venus and the god Cupide,
As it is ſene by mine oppreſſid chere,
And by his arowes that ſtycken in my ſide,
That ſave my deth I nothinge elles abide
Fro day to day, alas the hardè while!
Whenevir his darte that hym lyſt to ſile,
My woful hertè for to rive atwo,
For faute of mercy and lack of pite
Of her that cauſith al my paine and wo,
And lyſte not onis of grace for to ſe
Unto my trothe thorough her cruelte;
And moſt of al for this I me complaine,
That ſhe hath joy to laughin at my paine.

And wilfully ſhe hath my deth yſworne
Al giltileſſe, and wote no cauſe why,
Save for the trouthe that I had aforne
To her alone to ſervin faithfully.
O god of Love! all unto the I crye,
And to thy blynde and double deite
Of this my gret wronge I complainè me,
And to thy ſtormy wilful variance,
Iment with chaunge and gret unſtableneſſe,
Now up now doune, ſo renning is thy chaunce,
That the to truſt may be no ſikirneſſe,
I wite it nothinge but thy doubleneſſe;
And who that is an archir and is blende
Markith nothinge, but ſhotith ay by wende;
And for that he hath no diſcrecion
Without adviſe he let his arowe go;
For lacke of ſight and alſo of reſon,
In his ſhoting it happith oftin ſo
To hurte his frendiſt rathir than his fo:
So doith this blind god with his ſharpe ſlone,
The trew he ſleeth and lettith the falſe gone.
And of his wounding this is worſt of al,
Whan he hurt doith to ſo cruil wretche,
And makith the ſycke for to crie and cal
Unto his very foe to be his leche;
And harde it is, ſothe, for a man to ſeche,
Upon the point of deth in jeoperdye,
Unto his foe to findin remedie.
Right thus farith it nowe evin by me,
That to my foe that gave my herte a wounde
Mote aſkin grace, and mercy, and pite,
And namily there where none may be ſounde,
For nowe my ſore my lechè wil confounde,
And god of Kinde ſo ill hath ſet mine ure
My lyv'is foe to have my wounde in cure.
Alas the whilè nowe that I was borne,
Or that I evir ſawe the brightè ſonne!
For nowe I ſe plaine that ſul longe aforne
Or I was borne my deſtiny was ſponne
By the Siſterne, to ſle me yf they conne,
For they my deth had ſhopin or my ſherte,
Onely for trouth I may it not aſterte.
The mighty goddeſſe alſo of Nature,
That undir God hath the whole govirnâunce
Of worldely thinges committid to her cure,
Diſpoſid havê through her wiſe purveiaunce
To give my lady ſo moche ſuffiſaunce
Of al vertues, and therwithal purvyde
To murdre Trouth hath take Daungir to gide:
For bounte, beaute, ſhape, and ſemelihede,
For prudence, wit, and paſſingly faireneſſe,
For benigne porte, glad chere, with lowlyhede,
Of womanhede right plenteous largeneſſe,
Dame Nature dyd in her ſully empreſſe
Whan ſhe her wrought, and althir laſt Diſdaine
To hindir Trouthe ſhe made her chambirlaine;
Whan Miſtruſt eke and Falſe Suſpeccion,
With Miſbeleve, ſhe madin for to be
Chefe of counſaile, to this concluſion,
For to exilin Trouthe and eke Pite,
Out of her courte to makin Mercy fle,
So that Diſpite now holdith forthe her reine
Through haſty bileve of tales that men feine.

And thus I am, only for my trouth, al
Murdrid and ſlayn with wordis ſharp an
Although gyltleſſe God wote of al treſpa
And lye and blede upon this colde grene.
Nowe mercy, ſwete! mercy, my liv'is qu
And to your grace of mercye yet I preye
In your ſervice that your true man may
But if ſo be that I ſhal die algate,
And that I ſhal none other mercy have,
Yet of my deth let this yben the date,
That by your wil I was brought to my g
Or haſtily, if that you lyſte me ſave,
My ſharpe woundis, that akin ſo and bl
Of mercy charme and alſo of womanhe
For othir charme plainly ne is there n
But onely mercy to helpe in this caſe,
For though my woundis blede evir in one
My lyfe, my deth, yſtandith in your grac
And though my gilte ybe nothinge, alas!
I aſke mercy in all my beſt entente,
Redy to dyin if that ye aſſente:
For there againiſt ſhal I nevir ſtrive
In worde ne werkè, plainly I ne may,
For levir I have then to be alyve
To dye ſothly, and it be to her paye,
Ye, though it ſhuldè be this ſamè day,
Or whan that evir her lyſte to deviſe;
Suffiſith me to die in your ſerviſe.
Thou, God! that knoweſt the thought
Right as it is, in every thing maiſt ſe,
Yet er I dyd with al my ful myght
Lowly I pray to grauntin unto me
That ye, lady godely, faire, freſhe, and fre!
Which onely ſle me for defaute of routhe,
Or that I dyin ye may knowe my trouthe!
For that in ſothe inow ſuffiſith me
And ſhe it knowe in every circumſtaunce,
And aftir I am wel apaide that ſhe,
If that her lyſt of deth to do vengeaunce,
Unto me that am undir her lygeaunce;
It fit me not her dome to diſobeye,
But at her luſte fulle wilfully to deye.
Withoutin grutchinge or rebellion
In wil or wordis wholy I aſſentè,
Or any manir contradiction,
Fully to be at her commaundement;
And if I dyin, in my teſtament
My herte I ſende and my ſpirite alſo,
What ſo evir ſhe lyſte with 'hem to do.
And aldir laſt unto her womanhede
And to her mercy me I recommaunde,
That lye nowe here betwixin hope and dr
Abidinge plainly what ſhe liſt commaunde,
For uttirly this ne is no demaunde;
Welcome to me whilis me laſtith breth,
Ryght at her choiſe, where it be lyfe or de
And in this matir more what might I ſ
Sithe in her hand and in her wil is al,
Bothe lyfe and deth, my joye and al my p
And, finally, my heſte holdin I ſhall
Tyl my ſpirite by deſtinye fatal,
Whan that her lyſtith fro my body wende,
Have here my trouth; and thus I make an

with that worde he gan to ſighe as ſore,
his hert yrivin would atwaine,
de his pece, and ſpake no wordè more;
:o ſe his wo and mortal paine
s gonin fro mine eyin raine
ɔuſly, for very inwarde rothe
im ſawè ſo long wiſhyng for troth.
I this while my ſelfe I kepte cloſe
the bowis, and my ſelfe gonne hide,
ɔe laſt the woful man aroſe,
lodge ywent there cloſe beſide,
l the May his cuſtome was t'abyde,
omplainin of his painis kene
re to yere undir the bowis grene.
or bycauſe that it drewe to the night,
t the ſonnè his arke diurnal
was, ſo that his perſaunt lyght,
htè bemis and his ſtremis al,
the wavis of the watir ſal
ie bordure of our ocean,
e of golde his courſe ſo ſwiftly ran;
vhile the twilight and the rowis rede
ıus light were deaurat alite
I toke, and gan me faſt to ſpede
ul plaintis of this man to write
le by worde right as he did endite;
herde and coude him tho reporte
:re ſet, your hertis to diſporte.
ht be miſſe laye all the wite on me,
worthy for to bere the blame;
inge amyſſe reportid be
this ditte for to ſemè lame,
myne unconning for to ſain the ſame
his man his Complaint dyd expreſſe,
ıu mercy and forgivèneſſe.
s I wrote me thought I ſawe aferre,
the weſt, luſtily appere
the ſo bright and godely ſterre,
, ſo faire, ſo perſaunte, eke of chere,
'enus, with her bemis clere,
vy hertis only to releve
of cuſtome for to ſhewe at eve;
as faſt fel adowne on my kne,
thus to her gan I to prey;
'enus, ſo feire on to ſe!
this ſothfaſt man for his trouthe deye,
joy which thou haddiſt whan thou leye
ars thy knight when Vulcanus yſonde,
h a chaine unviſible you bonde
ır bothè tway, in the ſame whyle
he courte above celeſtial
ſhamè began to laughe and ſmyle:
iſt lady! willy fonde at al,
to careful goddis immortal
ıg nowe, and do thy diligence
e ſtremis of thine influence

Diſcendin downe in forthering of the trouth,
Namely of 'hem that lye in ſorowe bounde;
Shew now thy might, and on ther wo have routh
Er that falſe Daungir ſle 'hem and confounde;
And ſpecial let thy might in this be founde
For to help and ſocour what that thou may
The trewe man that in the herbir lay,
And al that trewe are forthir for his ſake,
O gladè ſterre! o lady Venus myne!
And cauſe his lady him to grace to take;
Her hert of ſtele to mercy ſo encline,
Er that thy bemis go up to declyne,
And er that thou nowe go fro us adowne,
For that love which thou haddiſt to Adowne.
And whan that ſhe wos gone unto her reſt
I roſe anone, and home to bed ywente,
For wery' I was, me thought it for the beſt,
Deſiring thus in al my beſt entente
That al trewe men that be with daungir ſhente
With mercy may, in releſe of ther paine,
Recurid be er Maye come efte againe.
And for that I ne may no lengir wake
Farewel, ye lovirs al that be trewe,
Praying to God, and thus my leve I take,
That er the ſonne to morowe be ryſen newe,
And er he have ayen his roſin hewe,
That eche of you may havin ſoche a grace
His owne lady in armis to embrace;
I mene thus only, in al honeſte,
Withoutin more, ye may togidir ſpeke
What ſo ye lyſtin at gode liberte,
That eche may to othir ther herte ybreke,
On Jelouſie only to be awreke,
That hath ſo long of malice and envy
Ywerrid Trouthè with his tiranny.

L'ENVOY.

Princeſſe! pleſith it your benignite
This lityl dyte for to have in minde
Of your womanhede, alſo for to ſe
That your trew man may of you mercy find
And pite eke, that longe hath be behinde;
Let him againe be provokid to grace,
For by my trouthe it is againſt alle kinde
That falſe Daungere ſhould occupye his place.
Go, lityl quaire, unto my liv'is quene,
And to my very hert'is ſovèraine,
And be right glad for that ſhe ſhal the ſene;
Soche is thy grace: but I, alas! in paine
And left behinde, and n'ot to whom to plaine,
For mercy, Ruthe, and Grace, and eke Pyte,
Exilid be, that I may not attaine
Recure to finde of mine adverſite.

THE

COMPLAINT OF MARS AND VENUS.

GLADITH ye lovirs in the morowe graie;
Lo Venus rissen emong yon rowis rede!
And flouris freshe honour ye this daie,
For when the sonne uprist then would thei sprede;
But ye lovirs that lie in any drede
Flyith, leste wickid tonguis you aspie:
Lo, yonde the sonne, the candle' of Jelousie!
With teris blewe and with a woundid hert
Taketh your leve, and with Sainct Ihon to borowe
Apesith somwhat of your painis smert,
Time comith eft that cessin shall your sorow;
The glad night is worthe an hevie morowe.
Sainct Valentine, a foule thus herde I sing
Upon thy daie or sonnè gan up spring:
Yet sang this foule; I rede you all awake,
And ye that have not chosen in humble wise,
Without repentyng, chesith now your make,
Yet at the left renoveleth your service,
And ye that have full chosen, as I devise,
Confermith it perpetually to dure,
And pacientlie takith your avinture.
And for the worship of this highè feste
Yet woll I in my bridd'is wise ysyng
The sentence of the Complaint at the leste
That wofull Mars made at the departyng
Fro freshe Venus in a morownyng,
When Phœbus with his firie torchis rede
Ransaked hath every lovir in his drede.
Whilome the thre hevenis lorde above,
As well by hevenliche revolucion
As by deserte, hath wonne Venus his love,
And she hath take him in subjeccion,
And as a maistresse taught him his lesson,
Commaundyng hym nevir in her service
He were so bolde no lovir to dispise:
For she forbade hym jelousie at all,
And cruiltie, and boste, and tirannie;
She made him at her luste so humble' and thrall,
That when she denied to cast on him her eye
He toke in pacience to live or die;
And thus she bridlith him in her manere
With nothing but with scorning of her chere.
Who reignith nowe in blisse but faire Venus,
That hath this worthi knight in govirnaunce?
Who singith nowe but Mars, that servith thus
The fayre Venus, the causir of plesaunce?
He bint him to perpetuel obeissaunce,
And she binte her to lovin him for ever,
But so be that his trespace it discever.
Thus be they knitte, and reignin as in hever,
By loking most, as it fel on a tide,
That by ther bothe assent was set a steven
That Mars shall entre' as fast as he may glyde
Into her nextè palays to abyde,
Walking his course til she had hym ytake,
And he prayed her to haste her for his sake.
Than saide he thus; Myne hert'is lady swete!
Ye knowin wel my myschefe in that place,
For sikirly tyl that I with you mete
My lyfe stante there in avinture and grace,
But whan I se the beaute of your face
There is no drede of deth may do me smerte,
For al your luste is ese unto mine herte.
She hath so grete compassion of her knight,
That dwellith in solitude til she come,
For it stode so that ylkè time no wight
Counsailid him, ne said to him welcome,
That nigh her wit for sorowe was oercome,
Wherfore she spedd her as fast in her way
Almoste in one daye as he did in tway.
The gret joye that ywas betwixe 'hem two
Whan they be mette there may no tongè tel,
There is no more but unto bedde they go,
And thus in joye and blisse I lette 'hem dwel;
This worthy Mars, that is of knighthode wel,
The floure of fairnesse happith in his armes,
And Venus kyssith Mars the god of Armes.
Sojournid hath this Mars, of which I rede,
In chambre' amydde the palais privily
A certaine time, til that him fel a drede
Through Phœbus, that was comin hastily
Within the palais yatis sturdily
With torch in honde, of which the stremis bright
On Venus chambre knockidin ful light.

chambre there as laye this freshè quene
ıtid was with whitè bolis grete,
y the light she knew that shon so shene
'hœbus came to bren 'hem with his hete;
lly Venus, ny dreint in teres wete,
ith Mars, and said, Alas I die!
rch is come that all this worlde wol wrie.
sterte tho Mars, him listid not to slepe
he his lady herdin so complaine,
r his nature was not for to wepe,
le of teris from his eyin twaine
ie sparelis sprongin out for paine,
ente his hauberke that lay him beside;
ıld he nought, ne might him selfin hide.
throwith on his helme of hugè weight,
irt him with his swerde, and in his honde
ighty spere, as he was wont to feight,
kith so that it almost to wonde;
vy was he to walken ovir londe;
y not holde with Venus company,
dde her flye, leste Phœbus her espy.
oful Mars, alas! what maist thou sain?
n the palace of thy disturbaunce
fte behind in paril to be slaine,
et thereto is double thy penaunce,
e that hath thine hert in govirnaunce
d halfe the stremis of thine eyen;
ou n'ere swift wel maist thou wepe and crien.
ve flyeth Venus into Ciclinius tour
oidè corse, for fere of Phœbus light;
and there ne hath she no socour,
e ne fonde ne sey no manir wight,
ke as there she had but litil might,
ore her selvin for to hide and save
the gate she sledde into a cave.

Darke was this cave, and smoking as the hel,
Nat but two paas within the yate it stode;
A naturel day in darke I let her dwel.
Now wol I speke of Mars, furious and wode,
For sorowe he wolde have seen his hert blode;
Sith that he might done her no companie
He ne rought not a mitè for to die.
So feble' he wext for hete and for his wo
That nigh he swelt; he might unneth endure;
He passith but a sterre in dayis two;
But nertheles for al his hevy armure
He foloweth her that is his liv'is cure,
For whose departing he toke gretir yre
Than he did for his brenning in the fire.
Aftir he walkith softily a paas,
Complaining that it pite was to here;
He saide, O lady bright, Venus! alas
That er so wide a compas is my sphere!
Alas, whan shal I mete you, hertè dere!
This twelve dayis of April I endure
Through jelous Phœbus this misavinture.
Now God helpe sely Venus all alone!
But as God wolde it happid for to be
That while that weping Venus made her mone,
Ciclinius riding in his chyvaunche
Fro Venus, Valanus might this palais se,
And Venus he salvith and makith chere,
And her recevith as his frende ful dere.
Mars dwellith forth in his adversitie,
Complaining evir in her departing,
And what his complaint was remembrith me,
And therefore in this lustie morowning,
As I best can, I wol it saine and sing,
And aftir that I wol my leve ytake,
And God yeve every wight joy of his make!

THE COMPLAINT OF MARS.

The' ordir of Complaynt requireth ſkilfully
That if a wight ſhall plainin pitouſly
Ther mote be cauſe wherfore that men yplaine,
Or men may deme he playnith folily
And cauſeles: alas! that am not I,
Wherfore the grounde and cauſe of all my paine,
So as my troublid witte may it attaine,
I wol reherſe, not for to have redreſſe,
But to declare my grounde of hevineſſe.

The firſt time, alas! that I was ywrought,
And for certain effectis hidir brought
By him that lordith eche intelligence,
I yave my trewe ſervice and my thought
For evirmo, how dere I have it bought!
To her that is of ſo gret excellence
That what wight that ſhewith firſt her offence,
Whan ſhe is wrothe and taketh of him no cure,
He may not longe in joye of love endure.

This is no ſainid matir that I tel;
My lady is the very ſours and wel
Of beaute, luſte, fredome, and gentilneſſe,
Of riche array howe dere ſo men it ſel,
Of al diſporte in whiche men frendly dwel,
Of love and play, and of benigne humbleſſe,
Of ſowne of inſtrumentes of al ſwetneſſe,
And thereto ſo wel fortuned and thewid
That through the world her godenes is ſhewid:

What wondir is than though that I beſette
My ſervice on ſoche one that may me knette
To wele or wo, ſithe it lithe in her might?
Therfore myne herte for er I to her hette,
Ne trewly for my deth ſhall I not lette,
To ben her trewiſt ſervant and her knight;
I flattir nat, that may wete every wight,
For this day in her ſervice ſhall I dye;
But grace be I ſe her nevir with eye.

To whom ſhal I plainin of my diſtreſſe?
Who may me help, who may my hert redreſſe?
Shal I complaine unto my lady fre?
Nay, certis, for ſhe hath ſoche hevyneſſe
For ſere and eke for wo, that as I geſſe
In litil time it would her bane ybe,
But were ſhe ſafe it were no force of me:
Alas that evir lovirs mote endure
For love ſo many per'ilous avinture!

For though ſo be that lovirs be as trewe
As any metal that is forgid newe,
In many' a caſe 'hem tidith oft ſorowe;
Somtime ther ladies wol nat on 'hem rewe,
Somtimis if that Jelouſy it knewe
They mightin lightly lay ther hed to borowe;
Somtime envious folke with tongis horowe
Depravin 'hem: alas! whom may they pleſe?
But he be falſe no lovir hath his eſe.

But what availith ſoch a long ſermoun
Of avinturis of love up and doun?
I wol retourne and ſpekin of my paine:
The point is this, of my diſtructioun
My right lady and my ſalvacioun
Is in affray, and n'ot to whom to plaine:
O herte ſwete! o lady ſoverayne!
For your diſeſe I ought wel ſwoun and ſwelt,
Though I none othir harme ne drede yſelt.

To what fine made the god that ſytte ſo hie
Beneth him othir love or companye,
And ſtrainith folke to love maugre ther hed?
And then ther joye for aught I can eſpie
Ne laſtith not the twinkeling of an eye,
And ſome have nevir joye til they be ded;
What menith this, what is this miſtihed?
Wherto conſtrainith he his folke ſo faſt
Thing to deſirin but it ſhould ylaſt?

And though he made a lovir love a thing,
And makith it ſeme ſtedfaſt and during,
Yet putteth he in it ſoche miſavinture
That reſt ne is ther none in his yeving;
And that is wondir that ſo juſte a king
Ydothe ſoche hardneſſe unto his creture;
Thus whethir love breke or ellis dure
Algatis he that hath with love to done
Hath oftir wo than chaungid is the mone.

meth he hath to lovirs enmyte,
ke a fiſher, as men may al day ſe,
his anglehoke with ſome pleſaunce,
ıny' a fiſhe is wode to that he be
ıerwith, and then at erſt hath he
deſire, and therwithal miſchaunce,
ough the line ybreke he hath penaunce,
th that hoke he woundid is ſo ſore
e his wagis hath for evirmore.
broche of Thebis was of ſoche a kinde,
of rubyes and of ſtones of Inde
very wight that ſette on it an eye
nde anone to worthy out of his mynde;
the beaute would his hert yhynde
e had him thought he muſt ydie;
hen that it was his than ſhould he drie
wo for drede aye while that he it had
velnigh for the fere he ſhould be mad;
whan it was fro his poſſeſſion
ıad he double wo and paſſion
e ſo faire a jewil hath forgo;
t this broche, as in concluſion,
ot the cauſe of his confuſion,
that wrought it enfortuned it ſo
very wight that had it ſhould have wo,
erſore in the worchir was the vice,
the coveitour, that was ſo nice.
ırith it by lovirs and by me,
ough my lady have ſo grete beaute
was mad to I had gette her grace
s not cauſe of mine adverſite,
that wroughtin her, as mote I the,
That put ſo gret a beaute in her face
That made me coveitin and ſo purchace
Myne owne deth; him wite I that I die,
And mine unwit that er I clambe ſo hie.
But to you hardy knightis of renowne,
Sithe that ye be of my deviſyowne,
Al be' I not worthy to ſo gret a name,
Yet ſaine theſe clerkis I am your patrone,
Therſore ye ought have ſome compaſſione
Of my diſeſe, and take it nat agame,
The proudiſt of you may be made ful tame,
Wherſore I pray you of your gentilleſſe
That ye complainin for mine hevineſſe.
And ye, my ladyes, that ben trew and ſtable,
By way of kinde ye oughtin to ben able
To have pitie of folke that ben in paine;
Nowe have ye cauſe to clothin you in ſable;
Sith that your empères the honorable
Is deſolate wel oughtin ye to plaine;
Nowe ſhoude your holy teris fal and raine:
Alas! your honour and your emperice
Nigh ded for drede ne can her not chevice.
Complainith eke ye lovirs al in fere
For her that with unfainid humble chere
Was evir redy to do you ſocour,
Complainith her that er hath be you dere,
Complainith beaute, fredome, and manere,
Complainith her that endith your labour,
Complainith thilke enſample' of al honour,
That nevir yet dyd ought but gentilneſſe;
Kythith therſore in her ſome kindeneſſe.

THE COMPLAINT OF VENUS.

THERE n'ys so high comfort to my plesaunce,
Whan that I am in my hevinesse,
As for to have leysir of remembraunce
Upon the manhode and the worthynesse,
Upon the trouthe and on the stedfastnes,
Of him whose I am al while I maye dure;
There ought to blamin me no creature,
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.
In him is bounte, wisedome, govirnaunce,
Weil more than any mann'is witte can gesse,
For Grace hath wolde so ferforth him avaunce
That of knighthod he is parfite richesse,
Honour honourith him for his noblesse,
Therto so wel hath fourmid him Nature
That I am his for er I him ensure,
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.
And natwithstanding all his suffisaunce
His gentil herte is of so gret humblesse
To me in worde, in werke, and in countenaunce,
And me to serve is al his besinesse,
That I am sette in very sykirnesse;
Thus ought I to blisse wel mine avintour,
Sith that him liste me servin and honour,
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.
Nowe certis, Love, it is right covenable
That men sul dere abye thy noble thinges,
As wake abedde and fastin at the table,
Weping to laugh, and singe in complainynges,
And downe to castin visage and lokinges,
Oftin to chaunge visage and countinaunce
Playe in slepinge, and dremin at the daunce,
Al the revers of any gladde feling.
Jelousy he hangid by a cable,
She wolde al knowin through her espiyng,
There dothe no wight nothing so resonable
That al n'is harme in her ymagining;
Thus dere abought is Love in his yeving,
Whiche ofte he yevith without ordinaunce,
As sorowe' ynough and litil of plesaunce,
Al the revers of any glade feling.
A litil tyme his yeft is agreable,
But ful accombèrous is the usinge,
For subtil Jelousy the discevable
Ful oftin tyme yeausith distourbinge;
Thus ben we evir in drede and suffring:
In no certaine we languishen in penaunce,
And have wel ofte many an harde mischaunce,
Al the revers of any gladde feling.
But certis, Love, I saye not in soche wise
That for to scape out of your lace I ment,
For I so longe have ben in your service
That for to lete of wil I ner assent,
No force though jelousye me doe tourment;
Suffisith me to se him whan I may,
And therfore certis to mine ending day
To love him best shal me nevir repent.
And certis, Love, whan I me wel advise
Of any' estate that man may represent
Than have ye made me thorough your franchise
Chesin the best that evir in erthe went;
Nowe love well, hert, and loke thou nevir stent,
And lette the jelous putte it in assaye
That for no paine ne wol I not say naye;
To love him best shall I nevir repent.
O herte! to the it ought ynoughe suffice
That Love so highe a grace hath to you sent
To chose the worthyist in alle wise,
And most agreable to mine entent;
Sekith no ferthir neithir way ne went,
Sith ye have suffisaunce unto my paye:
Thus wol I ende this Complaint or this lay;
To love him best shal I nevir repent.

L'ENVOYE.

Princes, receveth this complainingе in gre,
Unto your excellent benignite
Directe aftir my litil suffisaunce,
For elde, that in my spirite dullith me,
Hath of enditing al the subtilte
Welnigh berafte out of my remembraunce;
And eke to me it is a grete penaunce,
Sith rime in Englishe hath soche scarcite,
To' folowe worde by worde the curiosite
Of Graunson, flour of 'hem that make in Frauncе.

THE LAMENTACION

OF MARIE MAGDALEINE.

treatise is taken out of St. Origen, wherein Mary Magdalen lamenteth the cruell death of her Saviour Christ.

ʒGID in the wawe of mortall distresse,
for wo! to whom shal I complein?
ho shall devoide this grete hevinesse
ne', woful Marie, wofull Magalein!
Lord is gon; alas! who wrought this tein?
sodain chaunce persith my herte so depe
nothing can I do but waile and wepe.
y Lorde is gone that here in grave was laied
his grete passion and deth cruell;
who hath hym thus again betraied?
hat man here aboutin can me tell
e he' is become the Prince of Israell,
of Naz'areth, my ghostly succour,
arfite love, and hope of all honour!
hat creture hath hym hennis caryid,
ow might this so sodainly befall?
ld I had here with him taryid,
so should I have had my purpose all:
ght ointmentes ful precious and roial,
e with I hoped his corps to have anointed,
e thus gone my minde is disapoinected.
ile I therefore advertise and beholde
pitous chaunce here in my presence
ttle marvaile though my hert be colde,
diryng, lo! my Lord'is absence:
hat I so full of negligence
d be foundin! because I come so late
en maie saie I am infortunate.
ase of my sorowe you maie undirstonde,
tulerunt Dominum meum,
hir is that I ne maie him fonde,
e nere *ubi posuerunt eum;*

Thus I muste bewaile *dolorem meum*
With hertie wepying I can no bet deserve
Till Deth approche my hertè for to kerve.
My herte oppreſt with sodain avinture
By fervent anguishe is bewrappid so
That long this life I ne maie not endure,
Soche is my pain, soch is my mortall wo;
Nevirthelesse to what parte shall I go
In hope to findin myne owne turtill true,
My liv'is joye, my soverain Lorde Jesu!
Sith all my joye, that I call his presence,
Is thus removed, now I am full of mone;
Alas the while I made no providence
For this mishap! wherefore I sigh and grone:
Succour to finde to what place might I gone!
Fain I would to some man my hertè breke;
I n'ot to whom I maie complain or speke.
Alone I stande full sorie and full sad,
Which hopid to have seen my Lorde and Kyng;
Small cause have I to be merie or glad
Remembryng this bittirful departyng:
In this worlde ne is no creture livyng
That was to me so gode and gracious,
His love also then golde more precious.
Full sore I sigh without comfort again,
There is no cure to my salvacion,
His brenning love my hert so doth constrain,
Alas, here is a wofull permutacion!
Wherof I finde no joye nor consolacion,
Therefore my pain all onely to confesse
With deth I fere woll ende my hevinesse.

This wo and anguish is intollerable;
If I bide here, life can I not sustain,
If I go hence my paines be uncurable;
Where him to finde I knowe no place certain,
And thus I ne wote of these thingis twain
Whiche I maie take and which I maie refuse:
My hert is wounded heron to thinke or muse,
A while I shall stande in this morowning
In hope if any vision would appere
That of my love might tell some gode tyding,
Whiche into joy might chaunge my wepyng cher;
I trust in his grace and his mercy dere;
But at the lest, though I therewith me kill,
I shall not spare to waile and wepe my fill.
And if that I die in soche avinture
I can no more but welcome as my chaunce;
My bones shal rest here in this sepulture;
My life, my deth, is at his ordinaunce;
It shal be tolde in lasting remembraunce:
Thus to departin is to me no shame,
And also thereof I 'am nothing to blame.
Hope against me so hath her course itake
That there is no more, but thus shall I die:
I se right well my Lorde hath me forsake,
But in my conceipt cause know I none why:
Although he be farre hence and nothing nye
Yet my wofull herte after hym doeth seke,
And causeth teres to ren doun by my cheke.
Thinking, alas! I have lost his presence,
Which in this worlde was all my sustinaunce;
I crie and call with hertie diligence,
But there is no wight givith attendaunce,
Me to certifie of myne enquiraunce,
Wherefore I will to all this world bewraie
How that my Lorde is slain and born awaie.
Though that I mourne it ne is no grete wonder,
Sithe he is all my joye in speciall;
And nowe I thinke we be so farre asonder
That hym to se I fere nevir I shall;
It helpith no more aftir hym to call,
Ne after hym to' enquire in any coste:
Alas! how is he thus ygone and lost?
The Jewis I thinke full of miserie,
Yset in malice by ther busy cure
With force and might of gilefull trecherie
Hath entermined my Lord'is sepulture,
And borne awaie that precious figure,
Levyng of it nothyng; if thei' have doen so
Marrid I am; alas, what shall I do!
With ther vengeaunce insaciable
Now have thei hym giltless entretid so
That to reporte it is to lamentable,
Thei bete his bodie from toppe to the toe,
Nevir man was yborne that felte soche woe;
Thei woundid hym, alas! with all grevaunce,
The blode doun reilid in most habundaunce;
The blodie rowis stremed doun ovir all,
Thei him assailid so maliciouslie
With ther scourgis and strokis bestiall;
Thei sparid not, but smote incessauntlie;
To satisfie ther malice thei were busie:
Thei spit in his face, thei smote here and there;
He groned full sore, and swete many a tere.

Thei crounid hym with thornis sharpe and kene,
The vainis rent, the blode ran doun apace,
With blode ovircome were bothe his eyen,
And bolne with strokis was his blessid face;
Thei hym entretid as men without grace,
Thei knelid to hym, and made many a scorne;
Like helhoundis they have hym all to torne:
Upon a mightie crosse in length and brede
(These turmentours shewid ther cursidnesse)
Thei nailid hym without pitie or drede,
His precious blode brast out in largènesse,
Thei strained hym along as men mercilesse;
The verie jointes all to myne apparence
Rived asondir for ther grete violence.
All this I beholding with mine eyen twain
Stode there beside with rufull attendaunce,
And er me thought he beyng in that pain
Lokid on me with dedly countinaunce,
As he' had said in his speciall remembraunce
Farwell Magdalen, depart must I nedes hens,
My herte is *tanquam cera liquescens*.
Whiche rufull sight when that I gan behelde
Out of my witte I almoste tho distraught,
I tare my here, my handis wrang and folde,
And of the sight my hert dranke soche a draught
That many a fall swounyng there I caught;
I brused my bodie fallyng on the grounde,
Whereof I fele many a grevous wounde.
Then these wretchis, full of all frowardnesse,
Gave hym to drinke eisell temprid with gall;
Alas! that poison full of bittirnesse
My lov'is chere causid them to appall,
And yet thereof might he not drinke at all,
But spake these wordis, as him thought it best,
Fathir of hevin! *consummatum est*.
Then knelid I doune in pain'is outrage,
Clipping the crosse within myne armis twain,
His blode distillid doune on my visage,
My clothis eke the droppis did distain;
To have dyid for hym I would full fain,
But what shoulde it availe if I did so
Sith he' is *suspensus in patibulo*?
And thus my Lorde full dere was all defyled
With blode, and pain, and woundis many one,
His veinis brast, his jointis all to rived,
Partyng asondir the flesche fro the bone;
But I sawe that he hing not there alone,
For *cum iniquis deputatus est*,
Not like a man but like a leprous best.
A blinde knight men ycallid Longias
With a spere aproched to my Sovèrain,
Lannsyng his side full pitouslie, alas!
That his precious herte he clave in twain,
The purple blode eke fro the hertis vain
Doune railid right fast in moste rufull wise,
With christal water brought fro Paradise.
When I behelde this wofull passion,
I wote not how, by sodain avinture
My hert was perced with very compassion,
That in me remained no life of nature,
Strokis of dethe I felt without mesure,
My deth'is wounde I caught with woe opprest,
And brought to point as my hert shuld ybrest.

: wounde, the hert, and blode, of my darling
ever flide fro my memorial,
yttir paines alfo of tourmenting
n my foule be gravin principal;
ere, alas! that was fo fharpe withall
illid my herte, as to my feling,
body and foule were at departing.
e as I might I releved up againe,
rethe I coude not very wel reftore,
my felf drownid in fo grete paine,
body' and foule me thought wer al to tore,
it fallis grevid me right fore;
:, I bledde, and with my felfe I fared
e that for his life nothing had cared.
ting up unto that rufull rode
firft the vifage pale of that figure,
pitous a fight fpottid with blode
nevir yet no living creature;
xcedid the boundes of mefure,
mann'is minde with al his wittis five
ning able that paine to difcrive.
n gan I there min armis to unbrace,
ting my handis ful mourningly
d and fore fobbid in that place,
nevin and erthe might have herde me crie
g, and faid Alas! inceffauntly,
y fwete herte, my goftly paramour!
may nat thy body focour!
leffid Lorde! how fierfe and how cruel
curfid wightis nowe hath the yflaine,
g, alas! thy body eviridel
de within wounde, full byttir is thy pain;
wolde God that I might to the attaine
le my body faft unto thy tre,
t of this paine thou mightift go fre!
n nat reporte ne make reherfaile
demening with the circumftaunce,
el I wote the fpere with every naile
d my foule by inwarde refemblaunce,
nevir fhall out of my remembraunce;
g my life it woll caufe me to waile
e as I remembre that bataile.
ye Jewes! worfe than doggis rabiate,
moved you thus cruilly him to' aray?
vir difplefed you, nor caufed debate,
ove and true hertes he conveytid aye;
ched, he teched, he fhewid the right way,
ore ye lyke tyrantes wode and way-warde,
have him thus yflaine for his rewarde.
ought to' have remembrid one thing fpecial,
vour, grace, and his magnificence;
s your prince borne, and lorde ovir all,
be it ye toke him in fmal reverence;
s ful meke in fuffring your offence,
lefs ye devoured him with one affent,
gry wolves doth the lambe innocent.
ere was your pite, 'o peple mercilefe!
g your felfe with falfhed and trefon,
Lorde ye have fhewid your wodenefe,
o men but beftis without refon;
nalyce he fuffrid for the fefon:
aine wol come, ne thinke it nat to flacke;
vithout mercy of mercy fhal lacke.

O traitours and maintainirs of madnefe!
Unto your foly' I afcribe al my paine,
Ye have me deprived of joye and gladnefe
So deling with my Lorde and foveraine;
Nothing ne fhulde I nede thus to complaine
If he' had lived in pece and tranquillite
Whom ye have flaine through your iniquite.
Farewel, your nobleneffe that fomtime did raine!
Farewel your worfhip, your glory, and fame!
Hereaftir to lyve in hate and difdaine
Marvaile ye not; for your trefpace and blame
Unto fhame is tournid al your gode name:
Upon you now wol wondir every nation
As peple of a moft vile reputation.
Thefe wickid wretchis, thefe houndes of hel,
As I have tolde plaine here in this fentence,
Were not content my dere love thus to quel,
But yet they muft embefile his prefence,
As I perceive; by covert violence
They have him conveied to my difplefure,
For here is lafte but nakid fepulture:
Wherfore of trouth and rightfull judgement,
That ther malice againe maye be acquited,
Aftir my verdite and avifement,
Of falfe murdre they fhullin be endited,
Of theft alfo, which fhal not be refpited,
And in al hafte they fhal be hanged and drawe;
I wol my felfe plede this caufe in the lawe.
Alas! yf I with a trewe attendaunce
Had ftyl abiddin with my Lord'is corfe,
And kept it ftil with trewe perfeveraunce,
Than had nat befal this woful devorfe;
But as for my paine welcome, and no force:
This fhal be my fonge where fo er I go,
Departing is the grounde of al my wo.
I fe right wel now in my painis fmerte
There is no wounde of fo grevous dolour
As is the woundè of my careful herte;
Sithin I have lofte thus my paramour
Al my fwetneffe is tournid into four;
Mirthe to my herte nothing ne maie convey
But he that bereth therof bothe locke and key.
The joye excellent of bliffed Paradife
Maye me, alas! in no wife re-comforte,
Songe of angel nothing may me fuffife,
As in min hertè nowe to make difporte;
Al I refufe but that I might reforte
Unto my love, the wel of godelihede,
For whofe longing I trowe I fhal be ded.
Of painful labour and tourment corpo'ral
I ne make therof none excepcion,
Painis of hel I wol paffe ovir al
My love to finde in myne affeccion;
So grete to him is my delectacion,
A thoufande timis martrid wolde I be
His bleffid body ones if I might fe.
About this worlde, fo large in all compace,
I fhal not fpare to renne my life during,
My fete alfo fhall not reft in one place
Tyl of my love I may here fome tiding,
For whofe abfence my handis nowe I wring;
To thinke on him cefe fhal nevir my minde:
O gentill Jefu! where fhal I the finde?

Jerusalem I wol serche place fro place,
Sion, the Vale of Josaphath also,
And if I finde him not in al this space
By Mount Olivet to Beth'any woll I go;
These waies wol I wandir and many mo,
Nazareth, Bethleem, Mountana Jude;
No travaile shal me paine him for to se.
His blissid face if I might se and finde
Serche I wolde every coste and countrey,
The fardist parte of Egypt or hote Inde
Shulde be to me but a litil journey.
Howe is he thus gone or takin away!
If I knewe the ful trouth and certentè
Yet from this care relesid might I be.
Into wildirnesse I thinke best to go,
Sithe I can no more tidinges of him here,
There may I my lyfe ledin to and fro,
There may I dwel and to no man apere;
To towne ne village woll I not come nere;
Alone in wodes, in rockes, and in caves depe,
I may at mine owne will both waile and wepe.
Myn eyin twaine withoutin variaunce
Shal nevir cese, I promise faithfully,
There for to wepin with gret aboundaunce
Byttir teris renning incessauntly,
The whiche teris medlid ful petously
With the very blode er shall renne also,
Expressing in mine hert the grevous wo.
Worldely fode and sustenaunce I desire none,
Soche living as I finde soch wol I take,
Rotis that growin on the craggy stone
Shal me suffise, with watir of the lake;
Than thus may I say for my Lord'is sake,
Fuerunt mihi lacrymæ meæ
In deserto panes, die ac nocte.
My body to clothe it makith no force,
A mourning mantil shal be sufficient,
The grevous woundis of his pitous corse
Shal be to me a ful royal garnement,
He departid thus I am best content;
His crosse with nailis and scourgis withal
Shal be my thought and paine especial.
Thus wol I live, as I have here ytolde,
If I may any longè time endure,
But I fere Deth is ovir me so bolde
That of my purpose I can not be sure;
My painis encresin without mesure,
For of longe lyfe who can lay any reson?
Al thing is mortal, and hath but a seson.
I sigh ful sore, and it is ferre yset;
Myne hert I fele now bledith inwardly,
The blody teres I may in no wise let;
Sithe of my paine I finde no remedye
I thank God of al if that I nowe dye;
His will perfourmid I holde me content;
My soule let him have that hath it me lent,
For lengir to' endure it 'is intollerable,
My woful herte is inflamid so huge,
That no sorow to myne is comparable,
Sithe of my minde I ne finde no refuge,
Yet I him require as a rightful juge
To devoide fro me the inwarde sorowe,
Lest that I live not to the nexte morowe.

Within mine hert is impressid ful sore
His royal forme, his shappe, his semelines,
His porte, his chere, his godenes evirmore,
His noble persone, with al gentilnes;
He is the welle of allè parfitnes,
The very Redemir of al mankinde,
Him love I best with herte, and soule, and minde.
In his absence my paines ful bittir be,
Right wel I may it fele nowe inwardely,
No wondir is though they hurte or sle me,
They causin me to crie so rufully;
Myne herte oppressed is so wondirfully
Onely for him, which so is bright of ble,
Alas, I trowe I shal him nevir se!
My joye is translate full farre in exile,
My myrthe is chaungid into paynis colde;
My lyfe I think endurith but a while;
Anguishe and paine is that that I beholde,
Wherfore my handis thus I wringe and folde;
Into this grave I loke, I cal, I pray,
Deth remainith and life is borne away.
Now must I walk and wandir here and there,
God wot to what partis I shal me dresse,
With quaking hert wepinge many a tere,
To seke out my love and all my swetnes;
I wolde he wyst what mortal hevines
About min herte renewith more and more,
Than wolde he nat kepe pite long in store.
Withoutin him I may not longe endure,
His love so sore workith within my brest,
And er I wepe before this sepulture
Sighing ful sore, as mine herte shulde ybrest;
During my lyfe I shal obtaine no rest,
But mourne and wepe where that evir I go,
Making complaint of al my mortal wo.
Fast I crie, but there is no audience,
My comming hidir was him for to plese,
My soule oppreest is here with his absence;
Alas, he list not set mine herte in ese!
Wherfore to paine my selfe with al disese
I shal not spare tyl he take me to grace,
Or ellis I shal sterve here in this place.
But onis if that I might with him speke
It were al my joy, with parfite plesaunce;
So that I might to him myne herte breke
I shulde anone devoide al my grevaunce,
For he' is the blisse of very recreaunce;
But now, alas! I can nothing do so,
For in stede of joy naught have I but wo.
His noble corse within min hert'is rote
Depe is ygravid, whiche shal nevir slake;
Nowe is he gone, to what place I ne wote,
I mourne, I wepe, and al is for his sake:
Sithin he is paste here a vowe I make
With hertely promise, and therto me binde,
Nevir to cese til that I may him finde.
Unto his mothir I thinke for to go,
Of her haply some comforte may I take;
But one thinge yet me ferith and no mo,
Yf that I any mencion of him make
Of my wordis she wolde trimble and quake;
And who coude her blame, she having but one?
The sonne borne away the mothir wol mone.

es many hath ſhe ſuffrid trewly
ſhe firſt conceivid him and bare,
n thinges there be moſt ſpecially
wnith her hert in ſorowe and care,
in no wiſe maye they not compare
s one now, the whiche if that ſhe knew
e her painis everichone renewe.
vas her ſorowe by mennis ſaiyng
the temple Simeon Juſtus
o her theſe wordis, propheſiyng,
mam pertranſibit gladius;
n Herode, that tyraunt furious,
de purſuid in every place;
ſe went neithir mercy ne grace.
urnid ſore whan that ſhe knewe him gone;
ge ſhe ſought or ſhe him founde ayen;
went to deth his croſſe him upon
her ſight a full rewful paine;
hong theron betwene thevis twaine,
ſpere unto his herte thruſt was right,
nid, and to the grounde there ypight:
ded and blody in her lappe lay
d body, bothe handes and fete al tore,
out and ſaid, Now, welaway!
yid was nevir man before:
uſt was made his body to be bore
ulture here for to remaine
for wo ſhe coude her ſuſtaine.
rowes ſevin like ſwerdes every one
ir's herte woundid fro ſyde to ſyde,
knewe her ſonne thus ygone
is worlde ſhe ſhuld with deth yride,
ſhe coude no lengir here abide,
o more joy nor conſolacioun
ere ſtanding in this ſtacioun:
ſore her to ſe I dare nat preſume;
reſence I wol my ſelfe refraine;
I levir to dye and conſume
mothir ſhulde have any more paine,
her ſonne I wolde ſe ful ſaine;
ence was very joye and ſwetnes,
nce is but ſorowe' and hevineſſe.
is no more, ſith I may him nat mete
deſire above al othir thing;
auſt take the ſouir with the ſwete,
is noble corſe I here no tiding;
I crie, and my handis wring.
erte, alas! relentith al in paine,
wol ybraſtin both ſinewe and vaine.
howe' unhappy was this woful hour
is thus miſpendid my ſervice!
entent and eke my true labour
effecte may come in any wiſe;
thinke if he do me diſpiſe,
not take my ſimple obſervaunce,
no more, but deth is my finaunce.
him called, *ſed non reſpondet mihi*,
re my mirth is tournid to mourning;
lere Lord! *quid mali feci tibi*,
to comforte I finde no' erthly thing?
ave compaſſion of my criyng;
ne *faciem tuam abſcondis*
s no more but *conſumere me vis*.

Within myne hert is groundid thy figure,
That al this world'is horrible tourment
May' it not aſwage, it' is ſo without meſure,
It is ſo brenning, it is ſo fervent:
Remembir, Lorde, I have ben diligent
Evir the to pleſe onely and no mo;
Myne herte is with the where ſo er I go.
Therfore, my dere darling! *trahe me poſt te*,
And lette me not ſtandin thus deſolate;
Quia non eſt qui conſoletur me,
Myne herte for the is ſo diſconſolate,
My paines alſo nothing me moderate;
Nowe if it liſt the to ſpeke with me' alyve
Come in haſt; my herte aſondir will rive.
To the I profir, lo! my pore ſervice,
The for to pleſe aftir mine owne entente;
I offre' here, as in devout ſacrifice,
My boxe replete with precious oyntment,
Myne eyin twaine weping ſufficient,
Myne herte with anguiſhe fulfilled is, alas!
My ſoule eke redy for love out to pas.
Naught ellis have I the to pleſe or pay,
For if min herte were golde or precious ſtone
It ſhulde be thine without any delay,
With hertely chere thou ſhulde have it anone,
Why ſuffriſt thou me than to ſtande alone?
Thou haſt I trowe my weping in diſdaine,
Or els thou knowiſt nat what is my paine.
If thou withdrawe thy noble daliaunce
For ought that evir I diſpleſid the,
Thou knoweſt right wel it is but ignoraunce,
And of no knowlege for a certainte;
If I' have offendid, Lorde, forgive it me;
Gladde I am for to make ful repentaunce
Of all thing that hath ben to thy grevaunce.
Myne herte, alas! ſwellith within my breſt,
So ſore oppreſt with anguiſhe and with payne,
That al to pecis forſothe it wol breſt
But if I ſe thy blyſſid corſe againe;
For lyfe ne deth I can nat me refraine:
If that thou make delay thou maiſt be ſure
Myne hert wol lepe into this ſepulcure.
Alas, my Lorde, why fareſt thou thus with me!
My tribulacion yet have in minde;
Where is thy mercy? where is thy pite?
Whiche evir I truſtid in the to finde:
Sometime thou were to me both gode and kinde;
Lette it pleſe the my prayir to accept,
Whiche with my teris I have here bewept.
On me thou oughtiſt to have very routh,
Sith for the onely is al this mourning,
For ſith I to the plightid firſte my trouthe,
I nevir varyid with diſcording,
And that knowiſt thou beſt my owne darling!
Why conſtrainiſt thou me thus for to wayle?
My wo forſothe can the nothing availe.
I have endurid without variaunce,
Right as thou knowſt, thy lovir juſt and trew,
With hert and thought aye at thyn ordinaunce,
Lyke to the ſaphire, alwaye in one hewe;
I nevir woulde chaungin the for no newe:
Why withdrawiſt thou the fro my preſence,
Sithins al my theught is for thine abſence?

With hert intier, fwete Lorde! I crie to the,
Encline thine eres to my peticioun,
And come *velociter exaudi me;*
Remembre mine hert'is difpoficioun,
It may not endure in this condicioun,
Therfore out of thefe paines *libera me,*
And where thou arte *pone me juxta te.*
Let me beholde, o Jefu! thy bliffed face,
Thy faire thy glorious angelike vifage;
Bowe thine eris to my complaint, alas!
For to convey me out of this wode rage:
Alas, my Lorde! take fro me this dommage;
To my defire for mercy condifcende,
For non but thou may my grevaunce amende.
Now yet, gode Lorde! I the befech and pray,
As thou raifid my brothir Lazarous
From deth to life, that upon the fourth day
Came ayen in body and foule precious,
As gret a thing maift thou fhewe unto us
Of thy felf by powir of thy godhed
As thou dyd of him lyinge in grave ded.
Myne hert is woundid with thy charite,
It brennith, it flamith, inceffauntly;
Come, my dere Lorde! *ad adjuvandum me;*
Nowe be not longe, my paine to multiplie,
Left in the mene time I departe and die:
In thy grace I put hope and confidence
To do as plefith thy magnificence.
Flodis of dethe and tribulacioun
Into my foule I fele entrid ful depe,
Alas, that here' is no confolacioun!
Evir I waile, evir I mourne and wepe,
And forow hath woundid myn hert ful depe:
O dere love! no marvaile though that I die,
Sagittæ tuæ infixæ funt mihi.
Wandringe in this place, as in wildirneffe,
No comforte have I ne yet affurauncc,
Defolate of joys, replete with faintneffe,
No' anfwere receving of mine enquirauncc,
Myne herte alfo grevid with difplefaunce,
Wherfore I may faye, *O Deus, Deus!*
Non eft dolor ficut dolor meus.
Myne hert expreffith *quod dilexi multum,*
I may nat endure although I wold faine,
For now *folum fupereft fepulchrum,*
I know it right wel by my hugè paine,
And thus for love I may not life fuftaine;
But, o my God! I mufe what aylith the,
Quod fic repente præcipitas me.
Alas! I fe' it wil none othirwife be,
Nowe muft I take my leve for evirmore,
This fore paine hath almoft difcomfite me,
My love's corfe I can in no wife reftore;
Alas to this wo that er I was bore!
Here at this tombe nowe muft I die and ftarve,
Deth is aboutin my hert for to carve.
My teftament I wol begin to make;
To God the Fathir my foule I commende,
To Jefu my love, that died for my fake,
My herte and al both I gyve and yfende,
In whofe dere love my lyfe ymakith ende,
My body alfo to this monument
I here bequeth, bothe boxe and oyntiment,
Of al my willes, lo! nowe I make the laft;
Right in this place within this fepulture
I woll be buried whan I'm ded and paft,
And on my grave I wol have this fcripture,
Here within reflith a goftly creture,
Chriftis true lovir, Mary Magdaleine,
Whofe herte for love ybracke in pecis twaine.
Ye vertuous women, tendir of nature,
Ful of pite and of compaffion,
Reforte I pray you to my fepulture
To finge my dirge with grete devocion,
Shewe your charite' in this condicion;
Sing with pite and let your hertis wepe,
Remembring I am ded, and layd to flepe:
Than whan that ye begin to parte me fro,
And endid have your mourning obfervaunce,
Remembre where fo evir that ye go
Alway to ferche and make due enquirauncc
Aftir my love, mine hert'is fuftinaunce,
In every towne and in every village,
If ye may here of his noble ymage;
And if it happe by any grace at lafte
That ye my trew love finde in any coft,
Say that his Magdaleine is ded and pafte,
For his pure love hath yeldid up the goft;
Say that of al thing I lovid him moft,
And that I ne might not this deth efchewe,
My painis fo fore dyd evir renewe.
And in tokin of love perpetual,
Whan I am buried in this place prefent,
Take out myne hert, the very rote and al,
And clofe it within this boxe of oyntment,
To my dere love make therof a prefent,
Kneling downe with wordis lamentable
Do your meffage, fpeke faire and tretable:
Say that to him my felfin I commende
A thoufand timis, and with herte fo fre
This povir tokin fay to him I fende,
Plefith his godeneffe to take it in gre,
It is his owne of right, it is his fe,
Whiche he afkid whan he faid longe before
Gyve me thy hert and I defire no more.
Adue, my Lorde! my love fo faire of face!
Adue, my turtle dove fo frefhe of hue!
Adue, my mirthe! adue, al my folace!
Adue, alas! my Saviour Lorde Jefu!
Adue, the gentillift that er I knewe!
Adue, my moft excellent paramour!
Fairir than rofe, fwetir than lylly flour!
Adue, my hope of plefure eternal!
My lyfe, my welth, and my profperite!
Mine herte of golde, my perle oriental!
Myne adamant of parfite charite!
My chefe refuge and my felycite!
My comforte and my recreacioun!
Farewel, my perpetual falvacioun!
Farewel, mine emperour celeftial!
And moft beautiful prince of al mankinde!
Adue, my Lord! of hert mofte lyberal!
Farewel, my fwetift bothe foule and minde!
So loving a fpoufe fhal I nevir finde!
Adue, my foveraine, very gentilman!
Farewel, dere herte! as hertely as I can.

Thy wordes eloquente flowinge in ſwetneſſe
Shal no more, alas! my minde recomforte,
Wherfore my life muſt ende in bittirneſſe,
For in this worlde ſhal I nevir reſorte
To the, whiche was mine hevinly diſporte;
I ſe, alas! it wol none othir be:
Nowe farewel, the grounde of al dignite!
Adue, the fairiſt that evir was bore!
Alas, I may nat ſe your bleſſid face!
Nowe welaway that I ſhal ſe no more
Thy bleſſid viſage, ſo replete with grace,
Wherin is printid my parfite ſolace!
Adue, mine hert'is rote and al for ever!
Nowe farith wel, I muſt from the diſcever!
My ſoule for anguiſhe is nowe ful thruſty;
I faint, I faint, right ſore for hevines;
My Lorde, my ſpouſe! *cur me dereliquiſti?*
Sith I for the ſuffre al this diſtreſſe
What cauſith the to ſeme thus mercileſſe?
Sith it the pleſeth of me to make an ende
In manus tuas my ſpirite I commende.

THE FLOURE AND THE LEAFE.

WRITTEN BY GEOFFERY CHAUCER.

THE ARGUMENT.

A gentlewoman out of an arbour in a grove ſeeth a great company of knights and ladies in a dance upon the green graſs, the which being ended, they all kneel down and do honour to the daiſie, ſome to the Flower, and ſome to the Leaf: afterward this gentlewoman learneth by one of theſe ladies the meaning hereof, which is this; they which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every blaſt, are ſuch as look after beauty and wordly pleaſure, but they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the root notwithſtanding the froſts and winter ſtorms, are they which follow virtue and during qualities, without regard of worldly reſpects.

When that Phœbus his chair of gold ſo hie
Had whirlid up the ſterrie ſky aloft,
And in the Bole was entrid certainly,
When ſhouris ſote of rain deſcendid ſoft,
Cauſing the ground ſelè timis and oft
Up for to give many an wholeſome air,
And every plain was yclothid faire
With newè grene, and makith ſmalè flours
To ſpringin here and there in field and mede,
So very gode and wholeſome be the ſhours,
That they renewin that was old and dede
In wintir time, and out of every ſede
Springith the herbè, ſo that every wight
Of this ſeſon wexith richt glade and licht;
And I ſo gladè of the ſeſon ſwete,
Was happid thus; upon a certain night
As I lay in my bed ſlepe full unmete
Was unto me, but why that I ne might
Reſt I ne wiſt, for there n'as erthly wight
[As I ſuppoſe] had more of hertis eſe
Than I, for I n'ad ſickneſſe nor diſeſe;

Wherefore I mervaile gretly of my ſelf
That I ſo long withoutin ſlepè lay,
And up I roſe thre houris aſtir twelfe,
About the ſpringing of the gladſome day,
And on I put my gear and mine aray,
And to a pleſaunt grove I gan to pas
Long or the bright ſonnè uprifin was,
In which were okis grete, ſtreight as a line,
Undir the which the graſs ſo freſhe of hew
Was newly ſprong, and an eight ſote or nine
Every tre well fro his fellow grew,
With braunchis brode ladin with levis new,
That ſprongin out agen the ſonnè ſhene,
Some very rede, and ſome a glad light grene,
Which [as me thought] was a right pleſant ſight;
And eke the birdis ſongis for to here
Would have rejoiſid any erthly wight,
And I, that couth not yet in no manere
Herin the nightingale of all the yere,
Full buſily herk'nid with hert and ere
If I her voice perceve could any where:

it the laſt a path of litil brede
that gretly had not uſid be,
rgrowin was with graſs and wede,
ll unnethis a wight might it ſe;
t I, this path ſome whidir doth parde;
I followid till it me brought
ht pleſaunt herbir wel ywrought,
h that benchid was, and with turfis new
turvid, whereof the grenê graſs
, ſo thick, ſo ſhort, ſo freſh of hew,
ſt like to grene woll wot I it was;
ge alſo, that yedin in compas,
ſid in allê the grene herbere,
tamor was ſet and eglatere
n, in fere ſo well and cunningly,
ery braunch and leſe grew by meſure
a bord, of an height by and by;
r a thing [I you enſure]
ydone, for he that toke the cure
make [I trowe] did all his peine
: it pas all tho that men have ſeine.
hapin was this herber roſe and all
retty parlour, and alſo
ge as thick as is a caſtil wall,
o that liſt without to ſtond or go,
e wold all day pryin to and fro
ld not ſe if there were any wight
or no, but one within well might
ve all tho that ydin there without
field, that was on every ſide
with corn and graſs, that out of doubt
would ſekin all the worldê wide
feldê could not be eſpyde
coſt, as of the quantity,
lê gode thing there was plenty.
, that all theſe pleſaunt ſightis ſe,
ſuddainly I felt ſo ſwete an air
glenterê, that certainly
no hert [I deme] in ſuch diſpair,
rith thoughtis froward and contraire
aid, but it ſhould ſone have bote
onis felt this ſavour ſote.
s I ſtode and caſt aſide mine eye
re of the fairiſt medler tre
r yet in all my life I ſe,
f bloſſomis as it might be,
a goldfinch leping pretily
ugh to bough, and as him liſt he ete
d there of buddis and flouris ſwete.
o the herbir ſide was adjoyning
iſt tre of which I have you told,
e laſt the bird began to ſing
e had etin what he etin would]
g ſwetely that by many fold
ore pleſaunt than I couth deviſe;
an his ſong was endid in this wiſe
ightingale with ſo mery a note
d him, that alle the wode yrong
ly, that as it were a ſote
ſtonied, and was with the ſong
raviſhid, that till late and long
in what place I was ne where,
thought ſhe ſong e'en by mine ere:

Wherefore I waited about buſily
On every ſide if I her might ſe,
And at the laſt I gan full well eſpy
Where ſhe ſate in a freſh grene laury tre,
On the furthir ſide evin right by me,
That gave ſo paſſing a delicious ſmell,
According to the eglantere full well;
Whereof I had to inly grete pleſure,
As methought I ſurely raviſhid was
Into Paradiſe, wherein my deſire
Was for to be, and no ferthir to pas
As for that day, and on the ſotê graſs
I ſat me down, for as for mine entent
The birdis ſong was more convenient
And more pleſaunt to me by many fold
Than mete or drink, or any othir thing,
Thereto the herbir was ſo freſh and cold,
The wholſome ſavours eke ſo comforting,
That [as I demid] ſith the beginning
Of the worldê was nevir ſeen er than
So pleſaunt a ground of none erthly man.
And as I ſat the birdis herkening thus,
Methought that I herd voicis ſuddainly,
The moſt ſwetiſt and moſt delicious
That evir any wight I trow trewly
Herdin in ther life, for the armony
And ſwete accord was in ſo gode muſike
That the voicis to angels moſt were like.
At the laſt out of a grove evin by
[That was right godely and pleſaunt to ſight]
I ſe where there came ſinging luſtily
A world of ladies, but to tell aright
Ther beauty grete lyith not in my might,
Ne ther array; nevirthêleſs I ſhall
Tell you a part, tho' I ſpeke not of all:
The ſurcots white of velvet well fitting
They werin clad, and the ſemis eche one,
As it werin a mannir garniſhing,
Was ſet with emeraudis one and one
By and by, but many a richê ſtone
Was ſet on the purfilis out of dout
Of collours, ſleves, and trainis, round about;
As of grete perlis round and orient,
And diamondis fine and rubys red,
And many othir ſtone of which I went
The namis now; and everich on her hede
A rich fret of gold, which withoutin drede
Was full of ſtatêly rich ſtonys ſet,
And every lady had a chapelet
On ther hedis of braunchis freſh and grene,
So wele ywrought, and ſo marvelouſly,
That it was a right noble ſight to ſene,
Some of laurir, and ſome full pleſauntly
Had chapêlets of wodebind, and ſadly
Some of agnus caſtus werin alſo,
Chaplets freſh; but there were many of tho
That dauncid and eke ſong full ſobirly,
But all they yede in maner of compace;
But one there yede in mid the company
Sole by herſelf; but all follow'd the pace
That ſhe kept, whoſe hevinly figured face
So pleſaunt was, and her wele ſhape perſon,
That of beauty ſhe paſt them everichone,

And more richly beſeen by manyfold
The was alſo in every manir thing;
Upon her hede full pleſaunt to behold
A coron of gold rich for any king,
A braunch of agnus caſtus eke bering
In her hand, and to my ſight trewily
She lady was of all the company;
And ſhe began a roundell luſtily
That *Sus le foyle de vert moy* men call
Sine & mon joly cœur eſt endormy,
And than the company anſwerid all,
With voicis ſwete entunid and ſo ſmall,
That methought it the ſweteſt melody
That evir I herd in my life ſothly.
And thus they all came dauncing and ſinging
Into the middis of the mede echone
Before the herbir where I was ſitting,
And God wot I thought I was well bigone,
For than I might aviſe them one by one
Who fairiſt was, who beſt could dance or ſing,
Or who moſt womanly was in all thing.
They had not dauncid but a little throw
When that I herd not ſer of ſodainly
So grete a noiſe of thundering trumpis blow
As though it ſhould have departid the ſkie,
And aftir that within a while I ſie
From the ſame grove where the ladies came out
Of men of armis coming ſuch a rout
As all men on erth had ben aſſemblid,
On that place well horſid for the nonis,
Stering ſo faſt that all the erth tremblid;
But for to ſpeke of richis and ſtonis,
And men and horſe, I trow the large wonis
Of Pretir John, ne all his treſory,
Might not unneth have bought the tenth party.
Of their array whoſo liſt to here more,
I ſhall reherſe ſo as I can a lite,
Out of the grove that I ſpeke of before
I ſe come firſt, all in their clokis white,
A company that wore for ther delite
Chapelets freſh of okis ſerial
But newly ſprong, and trumpets were they all;
On every trump hanging a brode bannere
Of fine tartarium, full richly bete,
Every trumpet his lord'is armis bere
About ther neckis, with grete perlis ſete,
Collaris brode, for coſt they wou'd not lete,
As it would ſeem, for ther ſcochons echone
Were ſet about with many a precious ſtone;
Ther horſis harneis was all white alſo;
And aftir them next in one company
Camin kingis at armis and no mo,
In clokis of white cloth with gold richly,
Chaplets of grene on ther heds on hye,
The crownis that they on ther ſcotchons bere
Were ſet with perl, and ruby, and ſaphere,
And eke grete diamondis many one;
But all ther horſis harneis and other gere
Was in a ſute according everichone,
As ye have herd the foreſaid trumpets were,
And by ſeming they were nothing to lere,
And ther guiding they did ſo manirly;
And aftir them came a gret company
Of heraudeis and purſevauntis eke,
Arrayid in clothis of white velvet,
And hardily they were nothing to ſeke
How they on them ſhouldin the harneis ſet,
And every man had on a chapelet,
Scotchonis and eke horſe harneis in dede
They had in ſute of them that 'fore them yede.
Next after theſe appere in armour bright,
All ſave ther hedis, ſemely knightis nine,
And every claſp and nail, as to my ſight,
Of ther harneis were of red gold ſo fine,
With cloth of gold, and furrid with ermine,
Were the tappouris of their ſtedis ſtrong,
Both wide and large, that to the ground did hong;
And every boſs of bridle and paitrel
That they had on was worth, as I would wene,
A thouſand pound; and on ther hedis well
Dreſſid were crounis of the laurir grene,
The beſt ymade that evir I had ſene;
And every knight had aftir him riding
Thre henchmen, ſtill upon him awaiting;
Of which every (ſiſt) on a ſhort trunchon
His lord'is helmet bore ſo richly dight
That the worſt of them was worth the ranſome
Of any king; the ſecond a ſhield bright
Bare at his back; the thred barin upright
A mighty ſpere, full ſharp yground and kene,
And ev ry child ware of levis grene
A freſh chap'let upon his hairis bright;
And clokis white of fine velvet they were,
Ther ſtedis trappid and arayid right,
Without difference as ther lordis were;
And aftir them on many' a freſh courſere
There came of armid knightis ſuch a rout
That they beſprad the large field about;
And all they werin, aftir ther degrees,
Chappelets new, or made of laurir grene,
Or ſome of oke, or ſome of othir trees,
Some in ther hondis barin boughis ſhene,
Some of laurir, and ſome of okis bene,
Some of hawthorne, and ſome of the wodebind,
And many mo which I have not in mind.
And ſo they came ther horſe freſhly ſtirring
With bloudy ſownis of ther trompis loud;
There ſe I many' an uncouth diſguiſing
In the array of thilke knightis proud;
And at the laſt as evenly as they coud
They toke ther place in middis of the mede,
And every knight turnid his horſis hede
To his felow, and lightly laid a ſpere
Into the reſt, and ſo juſtis began
On ev'ery part aboutin here and there; [man,
Some brake his ſpere, ſome threw down horſe and
About the felde aſtray the ſtedis ran;
And to behold their rule and governaunce
I you enſure it was a grete pleſaunce.
And ſo the juſtis laſt an hour and more,
But tho that crownid were in laurir grene
Did win the priſe; their dintis were ſo ſore
That there was none againſt them might ſuſtene
And the juſting alle was left off clene;
And fro ther horſe the nine alight anon,
And ſo did all the remnaunt everichone,

l forth they yede togidir twain and twain,
o behold it was a worthy ſight,
d the ladies on the grenè plain,
ong and dauncid, as I ſaid now right;
dies as ſone as they godely might
brakin off both the ſong and the daunce,
ede to mete them with full glad ſemblaunce:
l every lady toke full womanly
hond a knight, and ſo forth they yede
faire laurir that ſtode faſt by,
evis laid, the boughis of grete brede,
my dome ther nevir was indede
that had ſene half ſo faire a tre,
dirneth it there might well have be
hundrid perſons at ther own pleſaunce
wid fro the hete of Phœbus bright,
t they ſhouldin have felt no grevaunce
r for rain, ne haile, that them hurt might;
vour eke rejoice would any wight
ned be ſick or melancholious,
ſo very gode and vertuous.
l with grete rev'rence they enclinid low
the tre ſo ſote and fair of hew,
ſtir that within a litil throw
all began to ſing and daunce of new;
ſong of love, ſome plaining of untrew,
ning the tre that ſtode upright,
vir yede a lady and a knight.
l at the laſt I caſt mine eie aſide,
as ware of a luſty company
came roming out of the feldè wide,
ond in hond a knight and a lady,
dies all in ſurcotes, that richly
d were with many a rich ſtone,
very knight of grene ware mantlis on,
broulid wele, ſo as the ſurcots were,
verich had a chapelet on her hed,
h did right wele upon the ſhining here]
l of godely flouris white and red,
nightis eke that they in hondè led
of them ware chaplets everichone,
efore them went minſtrels many one,
harpis, pipis, lutis, and ſautry,
n grene, and on ther hedis bare
erſe flouris made full craftily,
a ſute, godely chaplets they ware,
dauncing into the mede they fare,
l the which they found a tuft that was
irſprad with flouris in compas,
ereto they enclined everichone
grete reverence, and that full humbly;
t the laſt there tho began anon
for to ſing right womanly
garet in praiſing the daiſie,
s methought) among her notis ſwete
d *Si douce eſt la Margarete!*
n they allè anſwerid her in fere
ſingly well and ſo pleſauntly,
t was a moſt bliſfull noiſe to here;
not how it happid, ſodainly
out none the ſonn ſo fervently
hote that the pretty tendir floures
oſt the beauty of their freſh colours.

For ſhronke with hete the ladies eke to brent,
That they ne wiſt where they them might beſtow,
The knightis ſwelt, for lack of ſhade nie ſhent,
And aftir that within a litil throw
The wind began ſo ſturdily to blow
That down goth all the flowris everichone,
So that in all the mede there laft not one,
Save ſuch as ſuccoured were among the leves
Fro every ſtorme that mightè them aſſaile,
Growing undir the heggis and thick greves;
And aftir that there came a ſtorme of haile
And rain in fere, ſo that withoutin faile
The ladies ne the knightis n'ade o' thred
Dry on them, ſo drooping wet was ther wede.
And when the ſtorme was clene paſſid away
Tho in the white, that ſtode undir the tre,
They felt nothing of all the grete affray
That they in grene without had in ybe;
To them they yede for routh and for pite,
Them to comfort aftir their grete diſeſe,
So fain they were the helpleſſe for to eſe.
Than I was ware how one of them in grene
Had on a coron rich and well-fitting,
Wherefore I demid well ſhe was a quene,
And tho in grene on her were awaiting;
The ladies then in white that were coming
Towardis them, and the knightis in fere,
Began to comfort them and make them chere.
The quene in white, that was of grete beauty,
Toke by the honde the quene that was in grene,
And ſeidè, Suſtir, I have grete pity
Of your annoy and of your troublous tene
Wherein ye and your company have bene
So long, alas! and if that it you pleſe
To go with me I ſhall do you the eſe
In al the pleſure that I can or may;
Whereof that othir, humbly as ſhe might,
Thankid her, for in right evil array
She was with ſtorme and hete I you behight;
And every lady then anon right
That were in white one of them toke in grene
By the hond, which when the knightis had ſene
In like manir eche of them toke a knight
Clad in the grene, and forth with them they fare
To an heggè, where that they anon right
To makin theſe juſtis they would not ſpare
Boughis to hew down, and eke trees to ſquare,
Wherewith they made them ſtately firis grete
To dry ther clothis, that were wringing wete:
And aftir that of herbis that there grew
They made for bliſtirs of the ſonne brenning
Ointmentis very gode, wholſome and new,
Where that they yede the ſick faſt anointing;
And aftir that they yede about gadring
Pleſant ſaladis, which they made them ete
For to refreſhe ther grete unkindely hete.
The lady of the Leſè then gan to pray
Her of the Floure [for ſo to my ſeming
They ſhould be callid as by ther array]
To ſoupe with her, and eke for any thing
That ſhe ſhould with her all her pepill bringe,
And ſhe ayen in right godely manere
Thankith her faſt of her moſt frendly chere,

Saying plainëly that ſhe would obay
With all her hert all her commandëment;
And then anon without lengir delay
The lady of the Leſe hath one yſent
To bring a palfray aftir her intent,
Arrayid wele in fair harneis of gold,
For nothing lackid that to him long ſhold:
And aftir that to all her company
She made to purvey horſe and every thing
That they nedid, and then full haſtily
Even by the herbir where I was ſitting
They paſſid all, ſo merrily ſinging
That it would have comfortid any wight:
But then I ſe a paſſing wondir ſight,
For then the nightingale, that all the day
Had in the laurir ſete, and did her might
The whole ſervice to ſing longing to May,
All ſodainly began to take her flight,
And to the lady of the Leſe forthright
She flew, and ſet her on her hand ſoftly,
Which was a thing I mervail'd at gretly.
The goldfinch eke, that fro the medlar tre
Was fled for hete unto the buſhis cold,
Unto the lady of the Flowre gan fle,
And on her hond he ſet him as he wold,
And pleſauntly his wingis gan to fold,
And for to ſing they peine them both as ſore
As they had do of all the day before.
And ſo theſe ladies rode forth a grete pace,
And all the rout of knightis eke in fere;
And I that had ſene all this wondir caſe
Thought that I would aſſay in ſome manere
To know fully the trouth of this mattere,
And what they were that rode ſo pleſauntly:
And when they were the herbir paſſid by
I dreſt me forth, and happid mete anon
A right fair lady, I do you enſure,
And ſhe came riding by her ſelf alone,
Allë in white, with ſemblaunce full demure;
I her ſalued, bad her gode avinture
Mote her befall, as I coud moſt humbly,
And ſhe anſwered, My doughtir, gramercy!
Madame, quoth I, if that I durſt enquere
Of you, I wold fain of that company
Wit what they be that paſſed by this harbere.
And ſhe ayen anſwerid right frendly,
My doughtir, all tho that paſſid hereby
In white clothing be ſervants everichone
Unto the Leſe, and I my ſelf am one.
Se ye not her that crownid is (quod ſhe)
Allë in white? Madame, then quod I, Yes.
That is Dian, goddeſs of Chaſtity,
And for bicauſe that ſhe a maidin is
Into her hond the branch ſhe berith this
That agnus caſtus men call propirly;
And all the ladies in her company
Which ye ſe of that herbë chaplets were
Be ſuch as han alwey kept maidinhede,
And all they that of laurir chaplets bere
Be ſuch as hardy were in manly dede,
Victorious, name which nevir may be dede
And all they were ſo worthy of their honde
In their time that no one might them withſtonde;
And tho that were chapëlets on ther hede
Of freſh wodebind be ſuch as nevir were
To Love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,
But ay ſtedfaſt, ne for pleſance ne fere,
Tho that they ſhulde ther hertis all to tere,
Woud never flit, but evir were ſtedfaſt
Till that ther livis there aſſundir braſt.
Now, fair Madam! quod I, yet woud I pray
Your ladiſhip [if that it mightin be]
That I might knowe by ſome manir of wey,
Sithin that it hath likid your beaute
The trouth of theſe ladies for to tell me,
What that theſe knightis be in rich armour,
And what tho be in grene and were the Flour,
And why that ſome did rev'rence to the tre,
And ſome unto the plot of flouris fair?
With right gode wil, my doughtir fair! quod ſhe,
Sith your deſire is gode and debonaire:
Tho nine crounid be very exemplaire
Of all honour longing to chivalry,
And thoſe certain be clept The Nine Worthy
Which that ye may ſe riding all before,
That in ther time did many' a noble dede,
And for ther worthineſs full oft have bore
The crown of laurir levis on ther hede,
As ye may in your oldë bokis rede,
And how that he that was a conqueror
Had by laurir alwey his moſt honour:
And tho that barin bowes in ther hond
Of the precious laurir ſo notable
Be ſuch as were [I woll ye undirſtond]
Moſt noble Knightis of The Round Table,
And eke the Douſeperis honourable,
Which they bere in the ſign of victory,
As witneſs of ther dedis mightily:
Eke ther be Knightis old of the Gartir,
That in ther timis did right worthily,
And the honour they did to the laurir
Is for by it they have ther laud wholly,
Ther triumph eke and martial glory,
Which unto them is more perfite riches
Than any wight imagin can or geſſe;
For one Leſe givin of that noble tre
To any wight that hath done worthily
[An it be done ſo as it ought to be]
Is more honour than any thing erthly,
Witneſs of Rome, that foundir was truly
Of all knighthode and dedis marvelous,
Record I take of Titus Livius.
And as for her that crounid is in grene,
It is Flora, of theſe flouris goddeſſe,
And all that here on her awaiting bene
It are ſuch folk that lovid idleneſſe,
And not delite in no kind beſineſſe
But for to hunt, and hawke, and pley in medes,
And many othir ſuch like idle dedes.
And for the grete delite and the pleſaunce
They have to the Flour, and ſo reverently
They unto it doin ſuch obeiſaunce,
As ye may ſe. Now, fair Madame! quod I,
[If I durſt aſk] what is the cauſe and why
That knightis have the enſigne of honour
Rathir by the Leſë than by the Flour?

hly, doughtir, quod ſhe, this is the trouth,
nightes evir ſhould be perſevering
ke honour without feintiſe or ſlouth,
ele to bettir in all manir thing,
n of which with levis ay laſting
be rewardid aftir ther degre,
e luſty grene may not appairid be,
ay keping ther beauty freſh and grene,
ner n'is no ſtorme that may them deface,
il nor ſnowe, ne wind nor froſtis kene,
ſore they have this propirty and grace;
or the Flour within a litil ſpace
n be loſt, ſo ſimple of nature
be that they no grevaunce may endure:
d every ſtorme woll blowe them ſone away,
ey laſte not but for a ſeſon,
is the cauſe [the very trouth to ſay]
they may not by no way of reſon
t to no ſuch occupacion.
me, quod I, with all mine whole ſerviſe
k you now in my moſt humble wiſe;
now I am aſcertain'd thoroughly
ery thing I deſirid to knowe.
ight glad that I have ſaid, ſothly,
to your pleſure, (if ye will me trow.)
Quod ſhe ayen. But to whom do ye owe
Your ſervice, and which wollin ye honour
[Pray tell me] this year, the Lefe or the Flour?
Madam, quod I, although I left worthy,
Unto the Lefe I ow mine obſervaunce.
That is, quod ſhe, right well done certainly,
And I pray God to honour you advaunce,
And kepe you fro the wickid remembraunce
Of Malebouch and all his cruiltie,
And all that gode and well-condition'd be;
For here I may no lengir now abide,
But I muſt follow the grete company
That ye may ſe yondir before you ride;
And forthwith as I couth moſt humily
I toke my leve of her, and ſhe gan hie
Aftir them as faſt as evir ſhe might,
And I drow homeward, for it was nigh night,
And put all that I had ſene in writing,
Undir ſupport of them that luſt it rede.
O little boke! thou art ſo unconning,
How darſt thou put thy ſelf in prees for drede?
It is wondir that thou wexiſt not rede,
Sith that thou woſt full lite who ſhall behold
Thy rude langage full boyſtouſly unfold.

THE COURT OF LOVE.*

With timerous herte and trembling hand of drede,
Of cunning nakid, bare of eloquence,
Unto the flour of port in womanhede
I write, as he that none intelligence
Of metris hath ne flouris of sentence,
Saufe that me lift my writing to convey
In that I can to plefe her high nobley.
The blofomes frefh of Tulius gardein fote
Prefent thei not, my mattir for to borne,
Poemes of Virgile takin here no rote,
Ne crafte of Galfride may not here fojourne;
Why n'am I cunning? 'o well maie I morne
For lacke of fcience, that I can nat write
Unto the princes of my lyfe aright!
No termes are digne unto her excellence,
So is fhe fpronge of noble ftripe and high;
A world of honour and of revèrence
There is in her, this will I teftifie:
Caliope, thou fiftir wife and fly,
And thou Minerva! guide me with thy grace,
That langage rude my mattir not deface.
Thy fugir dropis fwete of Helicon
Diftil in me, thou gentle Mufe! I praye,
And the Melpomene I cal anone
Of ignoraunce the mifte to chace awaye,
And geve me grace fo for to write and faie
That fhe my lady of her worthineffe
Accept in gre this litil fhort tretefle,
That is entitled thus, *The Courte of Love;*
And ye that ben metriciens me excufe,
I you befeche, for Venus fake above,
For what I mene in this ye nede not mufe;
And if fo be my lady it refufe
For lake of ornate fpeche, I wolde be wo
That I prefume to her to writin fo.

But my entente and all my bufy cure
Is for to write this tretefle as I can,
Unto my lady ftable, true, and fure,
Faithful and kind, fith firfte that fhe began
Me to accept in fervice as her man;
To her be al the plefure of this boke,
That when her like fhe may it rede and loke.

When I was yong, at xviii yere of age,
Lufty and light, defirous of plefaunce,
Approching on full fade and ripe corage,
Love artid me to do my obfervaunce
To his eftate, and done him obeifaunce,
Commaundinge me *The Court of Love* to fe,
A lite befide the Mounte of Cithere;
There Citherea goddeffe was and quene,
Honourid highly for her majefte,
And eke her fonne, the mighty god I wene,
Cupid the blind, that for his dignite
A M. lovirs worfhipp on ther kne;
There was I bid in paine of deth to pere
By Mercury the wingid meffingere:
So than I went by ftrange and ferre countrees,
Enquiringe aye what coafte had to it drewe
The Court of Love, and thidirward as bees
At laft I fe the peple gan purfue;
Anon me thought fome wight was ther that knew
Where that the *Court* was holdin ferre or nie.
And aftir than ful fafte I ganne me hie.
Anon as I them evirtoke I faid,
Heile, frendis! whethir purpofe ye to wend!
For foth, (quod one) that anfwered lyche a maid,
To *Loo'is Courte* now go we, gentil frend!
Where is that place, (quod I) my felowe hend!
At Citheron, fir, faide he, without doute,
The kinge of Love, and al his noble route,
Dwelling within a caftil rially.
So than apace I journid forth amonge;
And as he faide fo fond I there truly,
For I behelde the touris high and ftronge,

* This book is an imitation of The Romaunt of the Rofe, fhewing that all are fubject to love, what impedi ments foever to the contrary, containing alfo thofe 20 ftatutes that are to be obferved in The Court of Love. *Urry.*

h pinaclis large of hight and longe,
ite of gold bespred on every side,
cious stones, the stone werke for to hide.
phire of Inde, no rubie riche of price,
ckid then, nor emeraude so grene,
rkis, ne thing to my devise
y the castil makin for to shene,
as bright as sterres in wintir bene,
rebus shone to make his pece ageine
as done to high estatis tweine:
and Mars, the god and goddesse clere,
them founde in armis cheinid faste,
as than ful sad of herte and chere,
bus bemis, streight as is the maste,
e castil ginnith he to cast
the lady, princes of that place,
he lokith aftir Lov'is grace:
er n'is god in heven or hel iwys
ath ben right soget unto Love,
uto, or what so ever he is,
ure in erth or yet above,
he revers may no wight approve;
hirmore the castill to descrie
I nevir none so large and hie,
nto heven it stretchith I suppose,
and out depeintid wondirly,
any' a thousand daisy rede as rose,
ite also, this sawe I verily,
t tho deisis might do signifie
t tel, sause that the quen'is floure
t was, that kept ther her sojoure
undir Venus lady was and quene,
nete kyng and soverain of that place,
m obeied the ladies gode xix,
any' a thousand othir bright of face,
ng men sele came forth with lusti pace,
d eke, ther homage to dispose,
t they were I could not well disclose.
re and nere forth in I gan me dresse
alle of noble apparaile,
as spred and cloth of gold I gesse,
ir silke of esyir availe;
e cloth of ther estate, sauns faile,
g and quene there sat, as I beheld;
joye of Helise the feld.
saintis have ther cominge and resorte
the kinge so rially besene
e clad, and eke the quene in sorte,
ther heddis sawe I crounis tweine
nis fret, so that it was no paine
in mete and drinke to stand and se
g'is honor and the rialte.
or to trete of statis with the king,
n of counsell chese, and with the quene;
g had Daungir nere to him standing,
ne of Love Disdain, and that was sene,
he faith I shal to God I wene
ir straungir none in her degre
s the quene in castinge of her eye.
s I stode perceving her aparte,
the bemis shininge of her eyen,
ight they werein shapin lyche a darte,
nd persinge, smale and streight as a line,
And al her here it shone as golde so fine,
Disshivil, crispe, doune hanging at her backe
A yard in length, and southely than I spake:
O bright *Regina!* who made the so faire?
Who made thy colour vermelet and white?
Wher wonneth the god, how far above the eyre?
Grete was his crafte, and grete was his delite;
Now marvil I nothing that ye do hight
The quene of Love, and occupie the place
Of Cithare: now, swete lady! thy grace.
In mewit spake I, so that nought afterte
By no condicion word that might be hard,
But in my inward thought I gan adverte,
And oft I said My wit is dul and hard,
For with her beautie thus God wot I ferde
As doeth the man yravishid with sight,
When I beheld her cristal eyen so bright,
No respecte havyng what was beste to done,
Till right anone beholding here and there
I spied a frend of myne, and that ful sone,
A gentil woman, was the chambirere
Unto the quene, that hote as ye shall here,
Philobone, that lovid al her lise;
Whan she n e sey she led me forth as blife,
And me demaundid how and in what wise
I thithir come, and what my erand was?
To sene the Courte (quod I) and al the guise,
And eke to sue for pardon and for grace,
And mercy aske for al my grete trespasse;
That I none erste come to The Court of Love
Foryeve me this, ye goddis al above.
That is well said (quod Philobone') in dede;
But were ye not assomoned to appere
By Mercurius, for that is al my drede?
Yes, gentill feire! (quod I) now am I here.
Ye, yet what tho though that be true, my dere?
Of your fre wil ye shuld have come unsente,
For ye did not I deme ye will be shente:
For ye that reigne in youth and lustines,
Pampired with ese, and jalous in your age,
Your dutie is, as far as I can gesse,
To *Lov'is Courte* to dressin your viage
Assone as Nature makith you so sage
That ye may know a woman from a swan.
Or when your fote is growin halfe a span.
But sithe that ye by wilful negligence
This xviii yere hath kept your selfe at large
The gretir is your trespas and offence,
And in your neck you mote bere all the charge;
For bettir were ye ben withoutin barge
Amidde the se in tempest and in rayne
Then bidin here receving wo and pain
That ordeined is for soche as them absente
Fro *Lov'is Courte* by yeris long and sele;
I ley my life ye shal ful sone repente,
For Love wil reive youre coloure, lust, and hele,
Eke ye must baite on many' an hevy mele:
No force iwis, I stired you longe agon
To drawe to Courte, quod litil Philobon;
Ye shal wel se how rough and angry face
The king of Love will shewe when ye him se;
By myn advise knele down and aske him grace,
Eschewing peril and adversite,

For wel I wot it wolle none othir be:
Comforte is none ne council to your ese,
Why wil ye then the king of Love displese?
O mercie, God! (quod iche) I me repent,
Caitise and wretche, in hert, in wil, and thought,
And aftir this shal be mine whole entent
To serve and plese, how dere that love be bought;
Yet sith I have mine owne penaunce isought
With humble spirite shal I it receve,
Though that the king of Love my life bereve;
And though that fervent Lov'is qualite
In me did nevir worche truly, yet I
With al obeisaunce and humilite,
And benigne herte, shal serve him til I die;
And he that lord of might is grete and hie
Right as him list me chastice and correcte,
And punishe me, with trespace thus enfecte.
These wordis said, she caught me by the lap,
And led me furth in til a temple round,
Bothe large and wide, and as my blessid hap
And gode avinture was right sone I founde
A tabernacle reisid from the grounde
Where Venus sat and Cupid by her side,
Yet half for drede I can my visage hide;
And eft againe I lokid and behelde,
Seing ful sundry peple in the place
And mistir folke, and some that might not welde
Ther limmis wele me thought a woundir case,
The temple shone with windowes al of glasse
Bright as the day, with manie' a faire ymage,
And there I se the freshe Quene of Carthage,
Dido, that brent her beaute for the love
Of fals Æneas, and the weimenting
Of her Anelida, true as turtil dove
To Arcite fals; and there was in peinting
Of many'a prince and many' a doughty king
Whose martirdom was shewed about the walles,
And how that sele for love had suffrid falles.
But sore I was abashid and astonied
Of al tho folke that there were in that tide,
And than I askid where they haddin woned?
In divers courtis, (quod she) here beside:
In sondrie clothing mantilwise full wide
They were arraied, and did ther sacrifice
Unto the god and goddesse in ther guise.
Lo, yondir folke (quod she) that knele in blewe,
They were the colour ay and evir shal,
In signe they were and evir wil be true,
Withoutin chaunge, and southely yondir all
That ben in blak, with mourning crie and call
Unto the goddes, for ther lovis bene
Some serre, soni dede, som al to sherpe and kene.
Yea, than, (quod I) what done these prestis here,
Nonnis, and hermites, freris, and all tho
That sit in white, in russet, and in grene?
Forsothe (quod she) they wailin of ther wo.
O mercie, Lord! may they so come and go
Frely to Court, and have soche libertie?
Yea, men of eche condicion and degre.
And women eke, for truly there is none
Exception made, ne nevir was ne may;
This Courte is ope and fre for everichone;
The king of Love he wil not say them nay;
He takith al in pore or riche array
That mekely sewe unto his excellence
With al ther herte and al ther reverence.
And walking thus aboute with Philobone
I se where come a messengere in hie
Streight from the king, whiche let commaunde
Throughout the Courte to make an ho and cry
All new come folke abide; and wote ye why?
The king'is lust is for to seen you sone:
Come nere; let se; his wil mote nede be done.
Than gan I me present tofore the king
Trembling for fere, with visage pale of lere,
And many'a lovir with me was kneling,
Abashed sore, til unto the time they knewe
The sentence yeve of his entent full trewe;
And at the last the king hath me behold
With sterne visage, and seid, What doth this fol?
Thus serre yslope in yeris, com so late
Unto the Courte? For sothe, my liege, (quod I)
An hundrid tyme I have ben at the gate
Afore this tyme, yet coude I ner espie
Of myne acqueintaunce eny in mine eye,
And *Shamefastnes* away me ganne to chase,
But now I me submitte unto your grace.
Wel, al is pardoned, with condicion
That thou be trew from henforth to thy ligge
And servin Love in thine entencion;
Swere this, and than as serre as it is right
Thou shalte have grace here in my quen's sight.
Yes, by the faith I owe your crown I swere,
Though Deth therfore me thirlith with his spere.
And whan the kinge had sene us everychone
He let commaunde an officir in hie
To take our faith, and shew us one by one
The statutes of the Courte full bessly:
Anon the boke was leide before ther eye,
To rede and se what thing we must observe
In *Lov'is Courte* till that we dye and sterve.

And for that I was lettrid there I red
The statutes whole of *Lov'is Courte* and hall,
The firste statute that on the boke was sped
Was to be true in thought and dedis al
Unto the king of Love, the lorde ryall,
And to the quene as faithful and as kinde
As I coude thinke with herte, and will, and mind.
The seconde statute secretly to kepe
Council of Love, not blowing every where
Al that I knowe, and let it sinke and depe;
It may not sowne in every wight'is ere,
Exiling slaundir ay for dred and fere,
And to my lady whiche I love and serve
Be true and kinde, her grace for to deserve.
The thirde statute was clerely writ alle,
Withoutin chaunge to live and die the same,
None othir love to take for wele ne wo,
For blinde delite, for erneft nor for game,
Without repent, for laughing or for grame,
To bidin stil in ful perseveraunce;
Al this was whole the king'is ordinaunce.
The fourth statute to purchace er to lere
And stirin folke to love, and betin fire
On Venus auter here aboute and there,

ie to them of Love and hote desire,
ow Love wil quitin wel ther hire;
be kept; and loth me to displese
wroth passe, for therby is ese.
statute not to be daungirous
nought would reve me of my slepe,
ght to be ovir squemous,
rely this statute was to kepe,
nd wallowe in my bed and wepe
: my lady of her cruiltie
m her herte exilin al pite.
statute it was for me to use
vandir voide of company,
y lad'is beautie for to muse,
nkin no force to live or die,
ain to thinke the remedy
r grace I might anon attain,
wo unto my sovèraine.
. statute was to be pacient
ry lady joyful were or wroth,
glad or hevy diligent,
at she me heldin lese or loth,
pon I put was to mine othe
serve and lowely to obey,
my chere ye xx sith aday.
I. statute, to my rememberaunce,
speke and pray my lady dere
ely labour and gret entendaunce
love with al her herte entere,
sire and make me joyful chere,
e is surmouning every faire,
wel, and gentil, debonaire.
statute, with lettris writ of golde,
he sentence, how that I and al
dred to be to ovirholde
lese, and truly so I shal,
ntent for al thing that may sal,
ly take her chastisement and yerde,
nde her evir ben aferde.
tatute was egally to' discerne
he lady' and thine abilite,
thy selfe arte nevir like to yerne
er mercy nor of equite,
grace and womanly pite,
thy selfe be noble in thy strene
le folde more nobil is thy quene.
is lady and thy sovèraine,
thin herte all whole in govirnaunce,
st no wise it takin to disdaine
humble at her ordinaunce,
her fre the reine of her plesaunce,
is thing that women loke,
els the mattir is acroke.
statute thy signis for to knowe
nd fingit, and with smilis softe,
to couche, and alwaie for to showe
of spyis for to winkin ofte,
to bryng a sigh alofte,
eware of ovir moche resorte,
ra'venture spillith all thy sport.
. statute remembir to observe,
paine thou hast for love and wo
e her mercie to deserve;
Thou musten then thinke wher er thou ride or go,
And mortall woundis suffre thou also,
All for her sake, and thinke it well besette
Upon thy love, for it maie not be bette.
The XIII. statute whilome is to thinke
What thing maie best thy ladie like and plese,
And in thine hert'is botome let it sinke;
Some thing devise, and take for it thine ese,
And sende it her, that maie her herte appese,
Some herte or ryng, or lettir or devise,
Or precious stone; but spare not for no price.
The XIV. statute eke thou shalt assaie
Firmely to kepe the moste parte of thy life;
Wishe that thy ladie in thine armis laie,
And nightly dreme thou hast thy nighte's herte's
Swetly in armis, strainyng her as blue, [wife
And when thou seest it is but fantasie
Se that thou sing not ovir merily;
For *To moche joye hath ofte a wofull ende;*
It longith eke, this statute for to holde,
To deme thy ladie evirmore thy frende,
And thinke thy self in no wise a cocolde;
In every thyng she doeth but as she should:
Construe the best, beleve no talis newe,
For *Many' a lye is telde that semeth full true;*
But thinke that she, so bountious and faire,
Coud not be false; imagine this algate;
And think that tonges wickid would her appaire,
Slanderyng her name and worshipfull estate,
And lovirs true to settin at debate;
And though thou seest a faute right at thine eye
Excuse it blive, and glose it pretilie.
The XV. statute use to swere and stare,
And counterfeite a lesyng hardily
To save thy ladie's honour every whare,
And put thy self to fightin boldily;
Saie she is gode, vertuous, and ghostly,
Clere of entent, and herte, and thought, and will;
And argue not for reson ne for skill
Againe thy ladie's plesure ne entent,
For Love will not be counterpleted in dede;
Saie as she saieth, then shalt thou not be shent,
The crowe is white. Ye, truly so I rede.
And aye what thing that she the will forbede
Eschue al that, and give her soverainte;
Her appetite folowe in all degre.
The XVI. statute kepe it if thou maie,
Seven sith at night, thy ladie for to plese,
And seven at midnight, se'ven at morow daie,
And drinke a caudill erely for thine ese:
Doe this, and kepe thine hedde from all disese,
And winne the garlande here of lovirs all
That evir came in Court or evir shall.
Full fewe think I this statute hold and kepe,
But truely this my reson giveth me sele
That some lovirs should rather fall aslepe
Then take on hand to plese so oft and wele:
There laie none othe to this statute adele,
But kepe who might as gave him his corage:
Now get this garlande lustie folke of age,
Now win who maie ye lustie folke of youth,
This garlande fresh, of flouris red and white,
Purple and blewe, and colours fell uncouth,

And I shall croune him kyng of all delite.
In all the Courte there was not to my sight
A lovir true that he ne was adrede
When he expresse hath herd the statute rede.
The XVII. statute, when age approcheth on,
And lust is laied, and all the fire is queint,
As freshly then thou shalt begin to sonne
And dote in love, and all her image paint
In thy remembraunce till thou gin to faint,
As in the first sesون thyne herte began,
And her desire, though thou ne maie ne can
Performe thy livyng actuell and lust.
Registir this in thyne rememberaunce
Eke, when thou maist not kepe thy thing from rust
Yet speke and talke of plesaunt daliaunce,
For that shall make thyne hert rejoyce and daunce;
And when thou maiest no more the game assaie
The statute bidde the praie for them that maie.
The XVIII. statute wholy to commende
To plese thy ladie is, that thou eschewe
With sluttishnesse thy self for to offende;
Be joilise, fresh, and fete with thingis newe,
Courtlie with manir, this is all thy due,
Gentill of porte, and lovyng cleanlinesse;
This is the thing that likith thy maistresse;
And not to wandir liche a dullid asse,
Raggid and torne, disguisid in araie,
Ribaude in speche, or out of mesure passe,
Thy bounde excedyng; thinke on this alwaie;
For *Women ben of tendir hertis aye,*
And lightly set ther plesure in a place,
When thei misliike they lightly let it passe.
The XIX. statute mete and drinke forgete,
Eche othir daie se that thou fast for love,
For in the Courte thei live withoutin mete,
Save soche as cometh from Venus al above;
Thei take none hede in pain of grete reprove
Of mete and drinke, for that is all in vaine,
Onely thei live by sight of ther soveraine.
The XX. statute, last of everichone,
Enrolle it in thyne hert'is privite,
To wring and waile, to turne, and sigh, and grone,
When that thy ladie absent is from the,
And eke renewe the wordis all that she
Betwene you twain had said, and all the chere
That the hath made thy liv'is lady dere
And se thyne herte in quiete ne in rest
Sojourne to tyme thou seen thy ladie este,
But where she won, by south, or est, or west,
With all thy force now se it be not leste;
Be diligent till tyme thy life be reste
In that thou maiest thy ladie for to se;
This statute was of old antiquite.
An officir of high auctorite,
Yclepid Rigour, made us swere anone;
He n'as corrupt with parcialite,
Favour, prayir, ne gold that clerely shone.
Ye shall (quod he) now swerin her echone,
Both young and old, to kepe in that thei maie
The statutes truely aftir this daie.
O God! thought I, hard is to make this othe,
But to my powir shall I them observe.
In all this worlde n'as mattir halfe so lothe
To swere for all, for though my body serve
I have no might them wholy to observe.
But herkin now the cace how it befell;
Aftir my othe was made, the trouthe to tell,
I tournid levis, lokyng on this boke,
Where othir statutes were of women shene,
And right forthwith Rigour on me gan loke
Full angirly, and saied unto the quene
I traitour was, and chargid me let ben;
There maie no man (quod he) the statute knowe
That long to woman, hie degre ne lowe.
In secrete wise thei kepin ben full close,
Thei soune echone to liberte, my frende;
Plesaunt thei be, and to ther own purpose;
There wote no wight of them but God and fende,
Ne naught shall wit unto the world'is ende;
The quene hath yeve me charge, in pain to die,
Nevir to rede ne seen them with myne eye:
For men shall not so nere of counsaill ben
With womanhode, ne knowin of ther guise,
Ne what thei think, ne of ther wit th' engine;
I me report to Salomon the wise,
And mightie Sampson which begilid thrise
With Dalia was, he wot that in a throwe
There maie no man statute of women knowe;
For it pera'venture maie right so befall
That thei be bounde by Nature to discove,
And spinne and wepe, and sugre strew on gal,
The herte of man to ravishe and to reve,
And what ther tonge as sharpe as swerde or glive;
It maie betide this is ther ordinaunce,
So must thei lowlie doen ther observaunce,
And kepe the statute yevin them of Kinde,
Of soche as Love hath yeve 'hem in ther life;
Men maie not wete why turnith every wind,
Nor waxin wise, nor ben inquisitife
To knowe secrete of maide, widowe, or wife,
For thei ther statutes have to them reserved,
And nevir man to knowe them hath deserved.
Now dresse you forth, the god of Love you guide,
Quod Rigour then, and seke the temple bright
Of Citherea, goddes here beside;
Beseche her by the influence and might
Of all her vertue you to teche aright
How for to serve your ladies and to plese,
Ye that ben sped, and set your herte in ease;
And ye that ben unpurveied, pray her eke
Comforte you sone with grace and destinie,
That ye may set your hert there ye maie like,
In soche a place that it to Love maie be
Honour, and worship, and felicitie,
To you for aie. Now goeth by one assent.
Graunt mercie, Sir (quod we) and forth we went
Devoutly, soft and esie pace, to se
Venus the goddes image all of golde,
And there we found a thousand on ther kne,
Some freshe and faire, some dedly to beholde,
In sondrie mantils new, and some wer olde,
Some paintid were with flamis red as fire,
Outward, to shewe ther inward hote desire.
With dolefull chere, full fele in ther complaint,
Cried, "Ladie Venus! rewe upon our sore;
"Receive our billes, with teris all bedreint,

aie not wepe, there is no more in ſtore,
ò and pain us frettith more and more;
bliſſefull planet! lovirs ſterre ſo ſhene,
routh on us that ſigh, and careful ben;
d puniſhe, ladie, grevouſly, we praie,
alſe untrue with counterfeite pleſaunce
made ther othe be true to live or deie;
chere aſſurid and with countinaunce,
alſly now thei fotin Lov'is daunce
of routh, untrue of that thei faied,
that ther luſt and pleſure is alaid.
efte againe a thouſande milion,
cing love, ledyng ther life in bliſſe,
ſaid, Venus, redreſſe of all diviſion,
es eternell, thy name heryed is,
virs bonde is knit all thing iwis,
nto beſt, the yerth to watir wanne,
unto birde, and woman unto man.
is is the life of joye that we ben in,
nblyng life of hevenly paradiſe;
is elixir aie of vice and ſinne,
makith hert'is luſtie to deviſe;
ur and grace have thei in every wiſe
ben to Lov'is lawe obedient;
makith folke benigne and diligent,
ſteryng them to dredin vice and ſhame;
r degre it maketh them honourable,
wete it is of Love to bere the name,
at his love be faithfull, true, and ſtable;
prunith hym to ſemin amiable,
hath no faute there it is exerciſed,
ole with them that have all love diſpiſed.
nour to the, celeſtiall and clere
es of Love, and to thy celſitude,
yeveſt us light ſo ferre doune ſtom thy ſpere,
ing our hertis with thy pulchritude;
arifon none of ſimilitude
to thy grace be made in no degre,
haſt us ſet with Love in unitie.
ete cauſe have we to praiſe thy name and the,
horough the we live in joye and bliſſe;
d be thou, moſte ſoveraine to ſe!
holy Courte of gladneſſe maie not miſſe;
uſand ſith we may rejoyce in this,
we ben thine with herte and all yfere,
mid with thy grace and hevenly fere."
yng of tho that ſpakin in this wiſe
thought in my remembèraunce
orifon right godely to deviſe,
eſauntly with hert'is obeiſaunce
the goddes voidin my grevaunce,
oved eke, ſauſe that I wiſt no where,
m I ſet, and ſaied as ye ſhall here:
iſt of all that evir were or be,
and light to penſife creature,
whole affiaunce and my ladie fre,
ddes bright, my fortune, and my ure!
and yelde my herte to the full ſure,
y beſechyng, ladie, of thy grace
eſtow in ſome bleſſid place,
here I vowe me faithfull, true, and kind,
t offence of mutabilitie,
y to ſerve while I have wit and mind,
Myne whole affiaunce and my ladie fre,
In thilke place there ye me ſigne to be;
And ſith this thing of newe is yeve me, aie
To love and ſerve nedely muſt I obeie.
Be merciable with thy fire of grace,
And fixe mine herte there beautie is and routh,
For hote I love; determine in no place,
Sauſe only this, by God and by my trouth
Troublid I was with ſlombir, ſlepe, and ſlouth,
This othir night, and in a viſioun
I ſe a woman romin up and doune
Of mene ſtature, and ſemely to beholde,
Luſtie and freſh, demure of countinaunce,
Yong and well ſhap, with here that ſhone as golde,
With eyen as criſtall, fercid with pleſaunce,
And ſhe gan ſtirre mine herte a lite to daunce,
But ſodainlie ſhe vaniſhe gan right there;
Thus I maie ſaie I love and wote not where.
For what ſhe is ne her dwellyng I n'ot,
And yet I fele that love diſtreinith me,
Might iche her knowe, that would I faine God wot,
Serve and obeye with all benignitie,
And if that othir be my deſtinie,
So that no wiſe I ſhall her nevir ſe,
Then graunt me her that beſt maie likin me,
With glad rejoyce to live in perfite hele,
Devoide of wrathe, repent, or variaunce,
And able me to doe that maie be wele
Unto my ladie with herte's hie pleſaunce;
And, mightie goddes! through thy purviaunce
My wit, my thought, my luſt, and love, ſo guide
That to thine honour I maie me provide
To ſet mine hert in place there I maie like,
And gladly ſerve with all affeccion;
Grete is the pain which at mine hert doth ſticke
Till I be ſped by thyne eleccion;
Helpe, ladie goddes! that poſſeſſion
I might of her have that in all my life
I clepin ſhal my quene and hert'is wife;
And in the *Courte of Love* to dwell for aie
My will is, and doin the ſacrifice,
Daily with Diane eke to fight and fraie,
And holdin werre, as might will me ſuffice;
That goddes chaſte I kepin in no wiſe
To ſerve; a figge for all her chaſtite!
Her lawe is for religioufite.
And thus gan finiſh prayir, laude, and preice,
Whiche that I yove to Venus on my kne,
And in myne herte to pondir and to peice
I gan anone her image freſhe beautie;
Heile to that figure ſwete, and heile to the,
Cupide! (quod I) and roſe and yede my weie;
And in the temple as I yede I ſcie
A ſhrine ſurmountyng all in ſtonis riche,
Of whiche the force was pleſaunce to mine eye,
With diamonde or ſaphire nevir liche
I have none ſeen, ne wrought ſo wondirlie;
So when I met with Philobone in hie
I gan demaunde whoſe is this ſepulture?
Forſothe, (quod ſhe) a tendir creature
Is ſhrinid there, and Pitie is her name;
She ſawe an egle wreke hym on a flie,
And plucke his wing, and eke him, in his game,

And tendir herte of that hath made her die;
Eke ſhe would wepe and mourne right pitouſly
To ſeen a lovir ſuffre grete diſtreſſe;
In all the Courte n'is none, as I do geſſe
That coud a lovir half ſo well availe,
Ne of his wo the torment or the rage
Aſkin, for he was ſure withoutin faile
That of his grief ſhe coud the hete aſwage;
In ſtede of Pitie ſpedith hote Corage
The mattirs all of Courte; now ſhe is dedde
I me reporte in this to womanhedde; [pray
Forweile, and wepe, and crie, and ſpeke, and
Women would not have pitie on thy plaint,
Ne by that mene to eſe thine herte convaie,
But the recevin for ther owne talent,
And ſaie that Pitie cauſith them conſent
Of reuth to take thy ſervice and thy paine,
In that thou maieſt, to pleſe thy ſoveraine.
But this is counſaill, kepe it ſecretly,
(Quod ſhe;) I n'olde for all the worlde about
The quene of Love it wiſt, and witte ye why?
For if by me this mattir ſpringin out
In Courte no lengir ſhould I out of doubt
Dwellin, but ſhame in all my life endry:
Now kepe it cloſe (quod ſhe) this hardily.
Well, all is well: now ſhall ye ſeen, ſhe ſaied,
The fairiſt ladie undir ſonne that is:
Come on with me; demene you lich a maide
With ſhamefaſt drede, for ye ſhall ſpeke ywis
With her that is the mirrour, joie, and bliſſe,
But ſomwhat ſtraunge and ſad of her demene
She is: beware your countinaunce be ſene,
Not ovirlight, ne recheleſſe, ne to holde,
Ne malaperte, ne rennyng with your tong,
For ſhe will you obeiſin and beholde,
And you demaunde why ye wer hens ſo long
Out of this Courte, without reſort emoug;
And Roſiall her name is hote aright,
Whoſe herte is yet yyevin to no wight.
And ye alſo ben, as I undirſtonde,
With Love but light avauncid by your worde;
Might ye by hap your fredom makin bond,
And fall in grace with her, and wele accorde,
Well might ye thanke the god of Love and lord,
For ſhe that ye ſawe in your dreme appere
To love ſoche one what are thei then the nere?
Yet wote ye what? as my rememberaunce
Me yevith nowe, ye faine where that ye faie
That ye with Love han nevir acquaintaunce
Save in your dreme right late this othir daie;
Why, yes parde, my life that durſt I laie
That ye were caught upon an heth when I
Sawe you complain and ſigh full pitouſly;
Within an herbir and gardein faire,
Where flowirs growe and herbis vertuous,
Of whiche the ſavour ſwete was and the eire,
There were your ſelf full hote and amorous;
Ywis ye ben to nice and daungirous;
I would ye now repent and love ſome newe.
Naie, by my trothe, I ſaied, I nevir knewe
The godely wight whoſe I ſhal be for aye,
Guide me the Lorde, that love hath made and me:
But forthe we went into a chambre gaie
There was Roſiall, womanly to ſe,
Whoſe ſtremis, ſotill perſyng of her eye,
Mine hert gan thrill for beatie in the ſtounde;
Alas (quod I) who hath me yeve this wounde!
And then I drede to ſpeke till at the laſte
I grete the ladie reverently and wele,
When that my ſigh was gone and ovirpaſte,
And doune on knees full humbly gan I knele,
Beſechyng her my fervent wo to hele,
For there I toke full purpoſe in my mynde
Unto her grace my painfull herte to bynde.
For if I ſhall all fully her diſcrive
Her hed was rounde by compaſſe of Nature,
Her eere as gold, ſhe paſſid all on live,
And lillie forehed had this creature,
With liveliſhe browis, flawe of colour pure,
Betwene the which was mene diſſeveraunce,
From every browe to ſhewin a diſtaunce;
Her noſe directed ſtreght, and even as line,
With forme and ſhape thereto convenient,
In which the godis milkewhite path doth ſhine,
And eke her eyen ben bright and orient
As is the ſmaragde, unto my judgement,
Or yet theſe ſterris hevenly ſmall and bright,
Her viſage is of lovely rede and white;
Her mouthe is ſhort, and ſhitte in litil ſpace,
Flamyng ſomdele, not ovir redde I mene.
With pregnaunt lips, and thicke to kiſſe percace,
For lippis thinne, not fat, but evir lene,
They ſerve of naught, they be not worth a bene,
For if the baſſe ben full there is delite;
Maximian truely thus doeth he write.
But to my purpoſe; I ſaie white as ſnowe
Ben all her tethe, and in ordir thei ſtonde
Of one ſtature, and eke her breth I trowe
Surmountith all odours that er I founde,
In ſweteneſſe, and her body, face, and heede,
Ben ſharply ſlendir ſo that from the hedde
Unto the fote all is but womanhedde.
I holde my pece of othir thingis hidde;
Here ſhal my ſoule and not my tong bewrie;
But how ſhe was arraied, if ye me bidde,
That ſhall I well diſcovir you and ſaie;
A bende of gold and ſilk full freſhe and gaie,
With her intreſſe ybroudirid full wele,
Right ſmothly kept, and ſhinyng every dele;
About her necke a flower of freſh devile,
With rubies ſet that luſtie were to ſene,
And ſhe in gonne was light and ſommir wile,
Shapin full wele, the colour was of grene,
With aureat ſent aboute her ſidis clene,
With divers ſtonis precious and riche;
Thus was ſhe raied, yet ſawe I ner her liche:
For if that Jove had this ladie yſeine,
Tho the faire Caliſto ne Alcmena
Thei nevir haddin in his armis leine,
Ne he had lovid the faire Europa,
Ye, ne yet Danae ne Antiopa.
For all ther beautie ſtode in Roſiall;
She ſemid lich a thyng celeſtiall,
In bountie, favour, porte, and ſimilitude,
Pleſaunt of figure, mirrour of delite,
Gracious to ſeen, rote of all gentilneſſe,

t with Flatery there beſide;
women were attire of pride,
re founde of nature variaunte,
e falſe and ſhewin beau ſemblaunt.
ry beſpake, and ſaid, Iwis,
n on patins faire and fete,
well; what pretty man is this
here? now truly drink ne mete
ive, mine herte for joye doth bete
de, ſo is he godely freſhe,
love his herte is tendre' and neſhe.
Courte of luſty folke and glad,
meth ther abite and arraye;
m ſo ſory and ſo ſadde,
thus in blak, and white, and gray?
n and monkis in gode fay:
! gret dole it is to ſene
us bewaile and ſory bene.
y crie and wring ther handis whit
ne went to relſgion,
onnes with vail and wimple plight
that they ben in confuſion:
n we fain perfeccion
e and lacke our libertie,
e mote on our frendis be:
wote we wold as faine as ye,
irid here and wel beſene,
and love in our degre
thful, right as ywold the quene:
icke, in tendir youth and grene,
ll made us religious,
uſe we mourne and wailin thus.
the monke and freris in the tide,
curſe our abbis and our place,
harpe to ſing in copis wide,
pe us oute of Lov'is grace,
ſele comforte ne ſolace,
the hete of Lovis fire,
r happly we deſire.
courſid! why nowe and wherfore
y ſaid, beraſte us libertie,
rave us inſtrument in ſtore,
to love and lovirs be?
ſuffer ſoche adverſite
and Venus to refuſe?
this matier doth us muſe.
nd honour ſore ayenſte our will
e goddes and the quene;
with Venus bidin ſtil,
rard for Love, and ſoget bene
men courtely, freſhe and ſhene.
curſe thy whele of va iaunce,
wel thou reviſt our pleſaunce.
them with voice of plaint and care
criyng ful pitouſly;
ful nakid and ful bare
e loking diſpiteouſly,
at dedly caſt ther eye,
they cried, and were not faine,
ight ther glad deſire attaine,
richeſſe worldly and of gode
nd curſe, and wepe, and ſain Alas!
hath us hent that whilom ſtode
At hert'is eſe, and fre, and in gode caſe,
But now we dare not ſhew our ſelfe in place,
Ne us embolde to dwel in company
There as our hert wold love right faithfully.
And yet againewarde ſhrikid every nonne,
The pange of love ſo ſtrainith them to crie;
Nowe wo the time (quod they) that we be boun!
This hateful ordre niſe wil doen us die,
We ſigh and ſobbe, and bleding inwardly,
Freting our ſelfe with thought and hard complaint,
That nye for love we waxin wode and faint.
And as I ſtode beholding here and there
I was ware of a ſorte ful languiſhing,
Savage and wilde of loking and of chere,
Ther manteilles and ther clothis ey tering,
And ofte they were of Nature complaining,
For they ther membirs lackid ſote and hand,
With viſage wry, and blinde I undirſtand.
They lackid ſhap and beautie to preferre
Them ſelf in love, and ſaid that God and Kind
Hath forgid them to worſhippin the ſterre
Venus the bright, and leftin al behinde
His othir werkis clene and oute of minde,
For othir have ther full ſhappe and beautie,
And we (quod they) ben in deformite.
And nye to them there was a company
That have the Suſtirs varied and miſſaide,
I mene the thre of fatall Deſtine,
That be our werdis; ſodenly abraide
Outé gan they crie as they had ben affraied,
We curſe (quod they) that evir hath Nature
Yformid us this woſull liſe to' endure.
And there he was contrite and gan repent,
Confeſſing whole the wounde that Cithere
Hath with the darte of hote deſire him ſent,
And howe that he to Love muſte ſubject be,
Than held he al his ſkornis vanite,
And ſaid hat lovirs lede a bliſſid life,
Yong men and olde, and widowe, maid, and wife,
Bereve me, goddeſſe, (quod he) of thy might
My ſkornis al and ſkoffis that I have,
No powir for to mockin any wight
That in thy ſervice dwel, for I did rave,
This knowe I wel right now, ſo God me ſave,
And I ſhal be the chief poſt of thy faith,
And love uphold, the revers who ſo faith.
Diſſemble ſtode not ferre from him in trouth,
With party mantil, party hode and hoſe,
And ſaid he had upon his lady routh,
And thus he wound him in and gan to gloſe,
Of his entent full double I ſuppoſe,
And al the worlde he ſaid he loved it wele,
But ay me thought he loved her nere adele.
Eke *Shamefaſtneſſe* was there, as I toke hede,
That bluſhid rede, and darſt nat ben aknowe
She lovir was, for therof had ſhe drede;
She ſtode and hing her viſage downe alowe,
But ſoche a ſight it was to ſene I trowe
As of theſe roſis rody on ther ſtalke,
Ther coud no wight her ſpy to ſpeke or talke.
In Lov'is arte ſo gan ſhe to abaſhe,
Ne durſt not uttir al her privite,
Many a ſtripe and many' a grevouſe laſhe

She gave to them that woldin lovirs be,
And hindered fore the fimple comi'naltie,
That in no wife durft grace and mercie crave,
For were not fhe they nede but afke and have;
Where yf they now aprochin for to fpeke,
Than *Shamefaftneffe* returnith them again,
They thinke if we our fecret counfel breke
Our ladies wil have fcorne on us certein,
And peravinture thinkin grete difdain;
Thus *Shamefaftneffe* may bringin in Difpeire;
When fhe is dede the todir will be heire.
Come forth Avauntir, now I ring thy bel;
I fpied him fone to God I make a vowe;
He lokid black as fendis doth in hell.
The firfte (quod he) that evir did I wowe
Within a worde fhe come, I wotte not how,
So that in armis was my lady fre,
And fo hath ben a thoufande mo than fhe
In England, Britain, Spain, and Picardie,
Artois, and Fraunce, and up in Hie Holande,
In Burgoine, Naples, and in Italye,
Navarre, and Grece, and up in Hethin lond;
Was nevir woman yet that wolde withftond
To ben at commaundement whan I wolde;
I lackid neithir filver coigne ne gold:
And there I mes with this eftate and that,
And here I brochid her, and here, I trowe:
Lo! there goeth one of myn; and wotte ye what?
Yon freshe attirid have I leide ful lowe;
And foche one yondir eke right wel I knowe;
I kepte the ftatute whan we lay ifere,
And yet yon fame hath made me right gode chere.
Thus hath Avauntir blowin every where
Al that he knoweth, and more a thoufande fold;
His aunciftrie of kinne was to Lier,
For firfte he makith promife for to hold
His ladis council, and it not unfolde,
Wherfore the fecrete when he doth unfhitte
Than lyith he that all the worlde maye witte.
For falfing fo his promife and behefte
I wondir fore he hath foche fantafie;
He lackith witte I trowe or is a befte,
That can no bette himfelfe with refon gay;
By mine advice Love fhall be contrarie
To his avail, and him eke difhonoure,
So that in Courte he fhall no more fojoure.
Take hede (quod fhe this litil Philobone)
Where Envie rockith in the cornir yonde,
And fittith derke, and ye fhal fe anone
His lene bodie, his fading face and honde;
Him felf he frettith, as I undirftonde,
Witneffe of Ovide Metamorphofofe;
The lovir's fo he is, I will not glofe:
For where a lovir thinkith him promote
Envie wil grutche, repining at his wele;
It fwellith fore about his hertis rote,
That in no wife he canne not live in hele;
And if the faithful to his lady ftele
Envie will noife and ringe it rounde aboute,
And fey moch worfe than done is out of doute.
And Privie Thought, rejoyfing of him felfe,
Stode not ferre thens in abite mervilous;
Yon is, thought I, fome fpirite or fome elfe,
His fotil image is fo curious;
How is (quod I) that he is fhadid thus
With yondir cloth, I n'ot of what coloure?
And nere I went, and gan to lere and pore,
And fainid him a queftion ful harde;
Whate is (quod I) the thing thou lovift befte,
Or what is bote unto thy painis harde?
Me thinke thou livift here in gret unreft,
Thou wandrift aye from fouth to eft and weft,
And eft to northe: as ferre as I canne fe
There is no place in Court may holdin the.
Whom foloweft thou? wher is thy hert ifet?
But my demaunde afoile I the require.
Me thought (quod he) no creature may let
Me to ben here and where as I defire,
For whare as Abfence hath done out the fire
My mery thought it kindeleth yet againe,
That bodily me thinke with my foveraine
I ftand, and fpeke, and laugh, and kiffe, and ballie,
So that my thought comfortith me ful oft;
I think, God wote, though al the world be falfe
I wil be true; I thinke alfo howe fofte
My lady is in fpeche, and this on loft
Bringith mine herte with joie and gret gladneffe,
This privey thought alaieth mine hevineffe.
And whate I thinke or where to be no man
In al this erthe can tel ywis but I,
And eke there n'is no fwalow fwift ne fwan
So wight of wing, ne halfe fo yerne can flie,
For I canne ben, and that right fodenly,
In heven, in hell, in paradife, and here,
And with my lady whan I wil defire.
I am of counfel ferre and wide I wote
With lorde and lady, and ther privitie
I wotte it al, and be it hote or colde
They fhall not fpeke without licence of me;
I myne in foche as fefonable be,
For firfte the thing is thought within the hert
Er any worde oute from the mouth afterte.
And with that word Thought bad farewel and
Eke furthe went I to fene the Court's guife,
And at the dore came in, fo God me fpede,
Twenty courteours of age and of affife,
Liche high and brode, and as I me advife
The Goldin Love and Ledin Love they hight,
The tone was fad, the t'odir glad and light.
Yes, draw your hert with all your force and
To luftineffe, and ben as ye have feid
And thinke that I no drope of favour hight,
Ne ner had unto your defire obeide,
Til fodenly me thought me was affraied
To fene you waxe fo dede of countinaunce,
And Pite bade fhe done you fome plefaunce;
Oute of her fhrine fhe rofe from deth to live,
And in mine ere ful privily fhe fpake,
Doth not your fervaunt hens away to drive,
Rofial, (quod fhe) and than mine herte brake,
For tendiriche, and where I founde moch lacke
In your perfone, then I my felf bethought,
And faide This is the man myne herte hath fought.
Gramercy! Pite, might I not fuffice
To yeve due laude unto thy fhrine of golde!
God wotte I wold, for fith that ye did rife

th to live for me I am behold
kin you a thousand tymis tolde,
my lady Rosial the shene,
hath in comforte set mine herte I wene.
here I make myne protestacion,
ely swere as mine powir to bene
devoide of variacion,
forbere in angir or in tene,
viceable to my world'is quene
my reson and intelligence,
her honour high and reverence.
not spoke so sone the worde but she
rain did thanke me hertily,
, Abide, ye shal dwelle still with me
n come of May, for than truly
g of Love and al his company
de his feste ful rially and welle;
re I bode til that the seson selle.

-day whan the lark began to ryse
ns went the lusty nightingal
a temple shapin hauthorn wise,
nt not slepe in all the nyghtirtale,
ine labia gan he crie and gale;
s opin, lord of Love, I crie,
ry mouth thy praising now bewrye.
gle sang *Venite* bodies al,
us joye to Love, that is oure helth,
he deske anon they gan to fall,
o came late he precid in by stelth,
ed the faucon, our owen hertis welth,
Dominus noster, I wote
god that donne us brenne thus hote.
arrant, said the popingay,
ght is told in heven and firmament,
n came in the goldfinche freshe and gay,
d this psalme with hertely glad intent,
fi terra, this Latin intent
f Love hath yerth in govirnaunce,
n the wren gan seippin and to daunce;
Domine, O lorde of Love! I pray
de me wel this lesson for to rede,
ende is of al that woldin dye
for Love, God yef the foulis spede,
he Venus singe we oute of drede,
ence of al thy vertue grete,
g the to kepe us in our hete.
econde lesson robin redebreste sang,
he god and goddes of our lay!
he lectorn amorily he sprang,
uod he) o thou freshe seson of May!
nith glad that singin on the spray,
the flouris rede, and white, and blewe,
by ther vertue makith our lust new!
hirde lesson the turtil dove toke up,
rat lough the mavis in a scorne,
O God! as mote I dine or suppe
This folishe dove wil gife us al an horne,
There ben right here a M. bettir borne
To rede this lesson, whiche as wel as he,
And eke as hote, can love in al degre.

The turtil dove said, Welcom, welcom May,
Gladsom and light to lovirs that ben trewe,
I thanke the lord of Love that doth purvey
For me to rede this lesson al of dewe,
For in gode soth of corage I pursue
To serve my make tyll deth us must departe,
And than *Tu autem* sang he al aparte.

Te Deum amoris sang the thrustil cocke,
Tuball him self the firste musician
With key of armony coude not onlocke
So swete a tewne as that the thrustil can,
The lorde of Love we praisin (quod he) than,
And so done al the foulis gret and lite,
Honour we May in fals lovirs dispite.

Dominus regnavit, said the pecocke there,
The lord of Love, that mighty prince iwis,
He is recevid here and every where.
Nowe *Jubilate* sang, what menith this?
Said than the lynet, *Welcom lord of blisse.*
Oute sterte the owle with *Benedicite!*
What menith al this mery fare? (quod he.)

Laudate sang the larke with voice ful shril,
And eke the kight *O admirabile!*
This quire wil throw min eris pers and thril,
But what? welcom this May seson (quod he)
And honoure to the lord of Love mote be,
That hath this feste so solempne and so hie;
Amen said al, and so said eke the pie.

And forth the cockowe gan procede anon
With *Benedictus!* thanking God in hast
That in this May wode visite them echon,
And gladdin them al while the fest shal last,
And therwithal a laughtir oute he braste,
I thanke it God that I shuld ende the song,
And al the service whiche hath ben so long.

Thus sang they al the service of the feste,
And that was done right erly to my dome,
And furth goth al the Courte both most and lest
To fetche the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blom
And namelyhauthorn brought both page and grom
With fresh garlantis, party blew and white,
And than rejoysin in ther grete delite.

Eke eche at othir threwe the flouris bright
The prymerose, the violete, and the gold,
So than as I beheld the roial sight
My lady gan me sodenly behold,
And with a trewe love plitid many' a folde
She smot me through the very herte as blive,
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

THE REMEDIE OF LOVE.

This book, taken for the most part out of The Proverbs of Solomon, is a warning to take heed of the deceitful company of women.

THE PROLOGUE.

Seyng the manyfolde inconvenience
Falling by unbrydlid prosperite,
Whiche is not temprid with moral prudence,
Nothing more welthie than in youth'is frelte,
Movid I am bothe of right and equite
To youth'is wele somwhat for to endite
Whereby he may himselfin safecondite.
And firste I note as a thinge most noyous,
And unto youth a grevous malady,
Amongis us callid love encombrous,
Vexyng alway yonge peple straungèly,
Oftin by force it causith 'hem to dye,
And age is also turmentid by love,
I mene bineth the girdle' and not above.
Wherfore this werke, whiche is right laborous,
For age me nedith nat in honde to take,
To youthe me owith to be' obsequious;
Nowe I begin thus to worke for his sake,
Whiche may the fervence of love aslake,
To the lovir as a mitigative,
To him that is none a preservative.
That mighty lorde whiche that me govirneth,
'Tis Youthe I mene, mesure if that I pace
In every matir whiche that him concerneth:
First, as is behoveful, I wol aske grace,
And forthwithal now in this same place
Er I begin I wol yknele and say
These fewe wordis, and him of helpe praye:
Thou flouring Youth, whiche hast the avauntage
In strength of body, in luste, and beaute,
Also a precelling haste above Age
In many' a singuler commodite,
Howe be it one thing he hath beyonde the
To thy most profite and gretist availe,
Whiche shuld the conduit, I mene sad counsaile.
And yet, gode lorde, of a presumpcion
I n'il deprave thy might and deite,
I lyve but undir thy protection,
I am thy subjecte, I were thy lyverie,
For thou arte grounde of my prosperite,
And freshist flowir of al my garlande,
My singu'ler aide, as I well undirstande.
But as he that oweth his lorde best service
And entire faithe, his honour to supporte,
Right so I speke, and in none othir wise;
I knowlege my self one of the lest sorte
Of thy servauntes, to our eldirs comforte,
Drawe sadde counsaile unto the if thou liste,
The and thy powir who maie then resiste?
Fie on Age, I say, undir wordis sewe,
And his erroneous opinion!
What spekist of him whiche saieth moste untrue
All youth to be of ill disposicion?
Dampnith us all without excepcion,
And for a colerable avauntage
He saieth in hym restith all counsaill sage.
Well sothly maie sadde counsaile in him rest,
But yet his dedis ben full ferre therefro;
He maie wel sayin with our parishe prest,
Doith as I saie and not as I do;
For I my selfin know wele one or two
Well strickin in age that for neighbourhedde
Ywollin to ther neighbours wivis bedde.
He will in presence of the yonge man
Her clippe and kisse, ye, and her doune ylaie,
And to blere his eye thus he sayith than,
O suffre yet olde Morell for to plaie,
Now have I doin that I can or maie:
Thus he sayith her husband for to queme,
That he non no man shouldin not misdeme.
In worde nor dede nedith him not be coie,
It'is impossible that he doe amisse:
If the yong man speke, anon he saieth, Boie,
To rebuke age besemeth the not iwis:
And thus his olde face aye his warrant is;
All is in hym but sleight and subtilte,
And ferre from right reson, I tellin the.
And, shortly, Age is not abovin me;
Age is impotent, and of no resistence;
Age unweldie ne maie not fight nor fle;

werin Age withoutin my defence?
ounſaile ſaieſt, Givith hym aſſiſtence;
reſon is freſhiſt where that I ame,
fore in thy ſaiyng thou art to blame.
reſon to me is rathir accompanied
unto Age, whiche is the opinion
ery wiſe man not to be denied,
ith ſad counſaile procedith of reſon,
ounſaile in me hath his chefe mancion;
s no naie; but what then is the ende
s thy ſuaſion; what doeſt entende?
e to compare unto thyne excellence
preſume hym ſo to dignifie,
not egall, how be it Experience
avauntageth, for ſhe moſte certainly
techith what thing to hym is contrary,
ſte to fore ſe 'and warily eſchewe
e thou nevir aſſaidiſt yet nor knewe.
erience makith a man moſte certain
ng erthly, and of neceſſite
unſaile requirith certaintie plain,
re to movin thus whereto nede we?
my purpoſe, as thou commaundeſt me;
y mine entent is thus, and none other,
thy licence to counſaile my brother.
w ſhouldiſt give any counſaile ſo yong,
g experience? unto thine owne ſpeche
I report me, I wote as for thy tong
Will ſerve the right wel, but than for to tech
I doubte me leſt that thy wit woll not rech;
Youth and Experience thou ſaiſt be not convert,
How ſhouldiſt thou then teche well unexpert?
Scripture witniſſith that God will oft ſhitte
Fro the' hie wittid man and ſhew it the child,
To hym I mene that of his owne witte
Preſumeth not, but is debonaire and milde;
By counſaile I entend vertue to bilde,
Whiche of myne elders part have I borowed,
And part of experience, which I' have ſorowed.
Well, than, if it be as thou lettiſt fare
Shewe forthe thy doctrine, be not ought agaſte;
I woll the ſupporte; loke thou doe not ſpare
Maugre Age, although that he frete or gnaſte;
To alke Age counſail herein were but waſt:
Boldely begin; go forthe to the proceſſe;
Fere not, ſithins thou art of ſoche ſureneſſe.
Graunt mercie, lorde! ſithin it the doeth like
To licence me, now I woll and dare boldly
Aſſaile my purpoſe; with ſcriptures autentike
My werke woll I ground, undirſet, and fortefie:
Aſpire my ginnyng, o thou wode Furie
Alecto, with thy ſuſtirs! and in ſpeciall
To the, mother of Jelouſie, Juno, I call.

THE REMEDIE OF LOVE.

werke who ſo ſhall ſe or yrede
ongruite do me not impeche;
atelie behoveth me firſt to procede
uccion thereof, right as the leche
aciente's ſicknes oweth firſt for to ſeche,
which knowen medicin he ſhould aplie,
hortly as he can ſhape remedie.
ht ſo by counſail, willing the to' exhort,
g man proſperous! which doth abounde
floures of luſte, belongeth on the ſort,
ſt to conſidir what 'is rote and ground
miſchefe, whiche is plainlie yfound
an, yfarcid with fraud and diſceipt,
y confuſion moſte allective baite.
the miſwoman leſt ſhe the diſceve,
ſaith Salomon, which taught was ſullie
lſhed of women in his daies to' conceve;
ips of a ſtrumpet ben ſwetir than honie,
hrote ſouplid with oile of flatirie,
be it the ende and effecte of all
er is then any wormwode or gall.
the miſwoman if thou love thy life:
re of the ſtraungir's blande eloquence;
gir I call her that is not thy wife;
Of her beautie have no concupiſcence,
Her countinaunce, pretendyng benevo'lence;
Beware her ſignes and eye ſo amiable,
Holde it for ferme thei ben diſcevable.
Lo, here an enſample what women be
In ther ſignis and continuance ſhortlie!
I woll ſhewin the how loviris thre
Ylovid one woman right entirelie,
Eche of them knewe othiri's maladie,
Wherefore it was all ther daily labour
Who coud approchin next in her favour.
At ſondric ſeſons, as fortune requireth,
Severallie thei came to ſe her welfare,
But ones it happinid Love them ſo fireth,
To ſe ther ladie thei all would not ſpare;
Of othir's comyng none of them were ware,
Till all thei mette whereas thei in o place
Of ther ladie ſawe the deſirid face.
To ſuppir ſet, full ſmallie thei coude ete;
Full ſobir and demure in countinaunce,
There taried none of 'hem for any mete,
But on his ladie to give attendaunce,
And in ſecrete wiſe ſome ſignifiaunce

Of love to have, the whiche percevyng ſhe
Fetelie' executid thus her properte.
In due ſeſon, as ſhe alwaie aſpied
Every thyng to' execute convenientlie,
Her one lovir firſt frendêlie ſhe eyed,
The ſecond ſhe offred the cuppe ſo curtiſlie,
The thirde ſhe gave a tokin ſecretlie,
Undirneth the borde ſhe trade on his fote,
Through his entrailis tiklid the herte rote.
By your leve, might I here aſke a queſtion
Of you my maiſtirs that ſewe lov'is trace,
To you likely belongeth the ſolucion
Whiche of theſe thre yſtode now in her grace!
Clerely to anſwere ye would aſke long ſpace,
The mattir is doubtfull and opinable;
To' aſcertain you I woll my ſelf enable.
Of the foreſayid thre my ſelf was one,
No man can anſwere it bettir then I;
Hertely of us bilovid was there none,
But Watt'is packe we bare all by and by,
Whiche at the laſt I my ſelf gan aſpie,
And time as me thought then I left the daunce:
O thoughtfull hertè, gret is thy grevaunce!
Hence fro me! hence! that me for to endite
Halpe aie here afore, o ye Muſis Nine!
Whilom ye were wont be mine aide and light,
My penne to direct, my brain to' illumine;
No lengir, alas! maie I ſewe your doctrine,
The freſhe luſtie metirs I wont to make
Have ben here afore I' uttirlie forſake.
Come hither Erinnys, and ye Furies all
Whiche fer ben undre' us nigh the nethir pole,
Where Pluto reignith, o kyng Infernall!
Sende out thine Arpies, ſend Anguiſhe and Dole,
Miſerie and Wo, leve ye me not ſole,
Of right be preſent muſt Pain and Turment,
The pale Deth beſemeth not to be abſent.
To me now I call all this lothſome ſort
My paines t' encreſe, my ſorowes to augment,
For worthie' I am to' be bare of all comfort,
Thus ſith I have conſumid and miſpent
Not onely my daies but fiveſolde talent
That my Lorde gave me, I can not recompence,
I maie n'ot to derely' abye my negligence.
By the' path of penaunce yet woll I revert
To the well of grace, mercie there to fetche;
Deſpiſiſt not God the meke contrite herte,
Of the cocke crowe, alas! I would not retche,
And yet it is not late in the' ſeconde wetche:
Mercie ſhall I purchace by 'inceſſaunt criyng,
The mercies of our Lorde er ſhall I ſyng.
But well mayiſt thou waile, wicked woman,
That thou ſhuldeſt diſceve thus an innocent;
In recompence of my ſinne, ſo' as I can,
To' al wol I make and leve this monument,
In ſhewing part of thy falſhed is myne entent,
For all were to moche, I cann'ot, well I wote,
The cauſe ſhewith plainly he that thus wrote.
If al the yerth wer parchment ſcribable,
Spedie for the hande, and all manir wode
Wer hewed and proporcioned to pennis able,
All water ynke eithir in damme or flode,
Every man being a parfite ſcribe and gode,
The curſidneſſe yet and deſceipt of women
Coud not be ſhewid by the mene of penne.

I flie all odious reſemblaunces;
The devil'is bronde call women I might,
Whereby man is encenſid to miſchaunces,
Or a ſtinkyng roſe, that faire is in ſight,
Or dedly' empoiſon, like the ſugir white,
Whiche by his ſwetneſſe cauſith man to taſt,
And ſodainly fleeth and bringeth him to' his laſt.
It 'is not my manir to uſe ſoche langage,
But this my doctrine as I maie lawfullie
I' woll wholly grounde with auctoritie ſage,
Willing wiſedome and vertue edefie:
Wine and women into apoſtaſie
Cauſe wiſemen to fall; what is that to ſaie?
Of wiſedome cauſe them to forget the waie:
Wherefore the wiſemen doith the adviſe,
In whoſe wordis can be founde no leſyng,
With the ſtraungir to ſittin in no wiſe
Whiche is not thy wife; fall not in clippyng
With her, but beware eke of her kiſſyng,
Kepe with her in wine no altercacion,
Leſt thyne herte fall by inclinacion.
Maie a man, thinkiſt, hide and ſafely laie
Fire in his boſome without empairement
And brenning of his clothes? or whider he may
Walke on hotte colis his fete not ybrente?
As who ſaith naie, and whereby is mente
This foreſaied proverbe and ſimilitude,
But that thou ridde the plainly to denude
From the flattirirs forgettyng her gide,
The gide of her youth, I mene Shamfaſtnes,
Whiche ſhould cauſe her maidinhed to abide,
Her Godd'is beheſte eke ſhe full recheleſſe
Not retching committeth to forgetfulnes,
Neithir God ne ſhame in her havyng place;
Nedis muſt ſeche a woman lacke grace.
And all that neighin her in waie of ſin
To tourne of grace ſhall lacke the influence,
The pathis of life no more to come in,
Wherefore firſt frendê the with Sapience,
Remembring God, and aftir with Prudence,
To thyne owne wele, that ſo thei may the kepe
Unto thyne hertè leſt her wordis crepe.
In his boke where I take my moſte ground,
And in his Proverbis, ſage Salomon
Tellith a talè which is plainly found
In the fiveth chapter, whedir in dede don
Or mekely feined to our inſtruccion
Let clerkes determine, but this am I ſure,
Moche like thyng I my ſelf have had in ure.
At my windowe, ſaieth he, I lokid out,
Faire yongè peple where I ſawe many,
Emong 'hem all, as I lokid about,
To a yong man fortuned I lent myne eye,
Eſtraungid from his minde it was likely;
By the' ſtretè at a cornir, nigh his own hous,
He went about with eye right curious.
When that the daie his light began withdraw,
And the night approchid in the twinlight,
How a woman came aad met hym I-ſawe,
Talking with him undir ſhade of the night;
Now bleſſid be God (quod ſhe) of his might,
Whiche hath fulfillid myne hert'is deſire,
Aſlaked my painis, which were hote as fire.
And yet myne auctour, as it is gode ſkill,
To ſolowe I muſt tell her araiment;

full nicè foulis like to ſpill,
n countinaunce yet as in garmente,
yng ſhe was of reſt impaciente,
ng ſtill in no place ſhe yſtode,
ſſe now, and now out forthe ſhe yode :
n the hous ſhe was, now in the ſtrete,
cornir ſhe ſtandeth in awaite,
tly buſie her praie to gete,
to the lure whom ſhe doith laite.
ere I left unto my mattir ſtraite
rnin again, how ſhe hym met,
iſſid, and frendly him grette.
vordes of curtiſie many' and diverſe,
in part I have before ytolde,
can I purpoſe to reherſe
flattiring ſaied with viſage bolde,
ade vowes and offringes manifolde
ake, o myne herte! o my love dere?
I thanke God all performid were;
fore I came out and made thus aſterte,
rous your welfare to ſe;
ve ſeen you pleſid is myne herte;
all none yhave my love but ye;
s I am to you be to me:
u hertily, dere herte! come home,
hould be to me ſo much welcome.
gode faithe, the ſothè for to ſaie,
yng unto me ran in my thought:
your ere; my bedde freſhe and gaie
hanged with tapettis new bought,
ypte and from far countries ybrought,
ith many a luſtie freſhe hewe,
golde or jaſpir in value:
ambir is ſtrowed with mirre and inſenſe,
ſav'oring aloes and ſinnamome,
an aromatike redolence,
yng olibane in any man's dome;
itwene my breſtes reſt if ye come;
w have our deſirid halſyng,
aie ſafe be till in the mornyng.
huſband is not at home, he is went
his journey a farre waie from hence,
with money he hath with hym hent,
hought nedefull was for his expence;
wordis give faith and credence;
e monè yong and of light dulle,
me home it woll be at the fulle.
us craftily hath ſhe hym beſette
lime rodis, and pantir, and ſnare,
foule ycaught hath in her nette,
grid mouthe, alas' nothyng ware;
is he left gracèleſſe and bare
and comfort, and ghoſtly ſuccour,
hirmore, as ſayith myne auèthour,
ſt ledde to his deth doith pante
man folowith her in that ſtounde,
wanton lambe full ignorante
s pulled and drawin to be bounde
tyme he hath his deth'is wounde,
birde that haſtith to the grin,
yng the perill of' his life therein.
entle ſonne, faith Salomon, take hede,
s in thy breſt kepe and make faſte,
t thy mynde in her waies miſlede,
ievid, leſith not thy taſte,
Many hath ſhe woundid, many doune caſte,
Many ſtrong men by her hath loſte ther breth;
Her waies are waies of hell ledyng to deth.
And in this lite narracion precedente
The womanne's manifolde gilte I attende,
The yongê man, alas, how ſhe hath ſhent!
Diſcevid her huſbande her own next frend;
In theſe bothe her God ſhe doith offende;
To breke her ſpouſail to her is of no weight.
Furdirmore to ſhew woman's craft and ſleight,
A woman at her dore ſate on a ſtall
To ſe folke paſſe by ſtretes of the cite,
With eye and countinaunce eke ſhe gan call,
If there be any pretie' onè come to me,
Come hithir ye piggis nye, ye little babe!
At laſt ſhe ſaied to a young man hertleſſe,
Of her deceipt unware and defenceleſſe,
Moche ſwetir, ſhe ſaith, and more acceptable,
Is drinke when it is ſtollin privily
Then when it' is taken in form avowable;
Bread hiddin and gottin jeoperdouſlie
Ymuſt nedis be ſwete and ſemblablie;
Veniſon ſtolin is aie the ſwetir,
The ferthir the narowir ſet the bettir.
And whom this woman, ſaith Salomon, feſtes
The yong man wotith not whom ſhe doth fede;
Of the darke depeneſſe of hell ben her geſtes;
Beware, o yong man! therefore I the rede,
And how be it chiefly for thy gode ſpede
This werke to compile I have take in charge
I muſt of pitie my charitie' enlarge;
With the ſelie man whiche is thus begiled,
Her huſband I mene, I wol wepe and waile
His painfull infortune, whereby reviled
Cauſèleſſe he is, nevir to convaile;
Every man yong and olde woll him aſſaile
With wordes of occaſion with the loth name,
And, alas, gode foule! he nothyng to blame:
But ſhe whiche that coud ſo ill doe and wolde,
Hers be the blame for her foule demerite,
And leve that opprobrious name Cuckold
To apropir to hym as in diſpite:
Ranſake yet we wouldin if that we might
Of this wordè the true ortographie,
The verie diſcent and etymologie.
The well and grounde of the firſte invencion
To knowe the' ortographie we muſt derive,
Whiche is Coke and Cold in compoſicion,
By reſon as nigh as I contrive,
Then how it is writtin we knowe belive;
But yet, lo! by what reſon and what grounde
Ywas it of theſe two wordis compounde?
As of one cauſe to give very judgement,
The' etymology let us firſte beholde;
Eche lettir an whole worde doeth repreſent,
As C put for Colde, and O put for Olde,
K is for Knave; thus divers men don holde:
The firſte parte of this name we have yſounde,
Let us ethimologiſe the ſecounde.
As the firſte findir mente I am right ſure
C for Calot, for Of we havin O,
And L for Leude, and D for Demenure,
The craft of the' enventour ye maie ſe, lo!
How one name ſignifieth perſonis two,

A Colde Olde Knave, Cokcold himself wenyng,
And eke a Calot of Lende Demenyng.
The seconde cause of the' imposicion
Of this foresayid name was jelousie:
To be jelouse is gretist occasion
To be cokcold that men can wel aspie,
And though the passion be very firie,
And of continuell fervence and hete,
The pacient aye suffrith colde on his fete.
And who that 'is jelous and aye in a drede
Is full of melancolie and gallie ire;
His wiv'is nose if she onis missetrede
He woll cut off, ye, and he woll conspire
His deth who evir that woll her desire,
Whiche she percevyng brastith streight his gall;
And anone his grete wodenesse doith fall.
As sone as she hath knit for him that knot
Now is he tame that was so ramagious;
Mekely sittith he doune and takith his lot;
Layid ben now his lokes so furious,
And he but late as a coke batailous,
Hote in his quarell, to avenge hym bolde,
Now is he callid bothe Coke and Colde.
This saying, to' all curtisie dissonant,
Which ysemith that it of malice grewe,
In this rude tretise I ne woll not plant
As parcill thereof, but onely to shewe
The opinion of the talcatise shrewe,
Whiche in ill saiyng is ever merie
No man as I i t' ereof so werie.
But I as parcill of this my lite boke
Woll graffin in some sadde counsaill wherby
The weddid man, if that he daigne to loke
In it, the bettir shall mowin hym gie,
And provide for his saied infortunie,
Whiche as I have sayid with him complaine
I woll, as partinir of his grete paine.
As moste expedient unto his wele
I wouide that all jelousie were abjecte,
If he be jelous that he it concele,
And in his labour be full circumspecte,
To knowe her waies if thei semin suspecte,
And not for to breke, for one worde brokin
She woll not misse but she woll be brokin.
Forbid her not that thou n'oldist have don,
For loke what thyng so e'ere she is forbod
To that of all thyngis she is most prone,
Namily if it be ill and no gode;
Till it be executid she' is nigh wode:
Soche is a woman, and soche is her fete;
Her craft by craft than labour to desete.
If thou hereaftir, now a single man,
Shouldist be jelous if thou haddest a wife,
Wedde not but if thou can trust a woman,
For els shouldist thou lede a carefull life;
That thou moste lothist should ybe full rife;
Yet I ne will gainsaie matrimonie,
But *Melius est nubere quàm uri.*
That is to saie, Bettir is in wedlocke
A wife to take, as the churche doith kenne,
Then for to bèn undir the flesh'is yoke,
In fleshlie lustis alwaie for to brenne;
But, as I sayid, for all jelous menne,
So thei livin chaste, I holde it lasse ill
That thei ne wedde not than them selfin spill.

The single man whiche that is yet to wedde,
And not the weddid man, thus I arede,
To warne hym now he is to farre yspedde,
It is all to late hym for to forbede,
But let hym take as for his owne nede
Soche counsaile as is hym before ytolde,
These wordis folowyng eke to beholde.
Thy watir to kepe the wiseman doth teche,
That thou in no wise let it have issue,
At a narowe rifte waie it woll yseche;
And semblablie the woman that 'is untrue
To give her fre walke in all wise eschue;
If she at large, not at thine hande, walke
She woll the shamin, thou shalt it not balke.
Weddid or single thus saith the wiseman,
Her which that both daie and night evirmore
Lithe in thy bosome, wife or yet lemman,
Love not to hote, lest thou repent it sore,
Lest she the bryngin into some ill lore:
Thy wife not to love yet I n'ill support,
But that thou doe not thus I the exhort.
Lo! if thou love her love thine honestie;
Be she not idill for what woll betide;
If she sit idle' of very necessitie
Her mindè woll serchin ferre and eke wide,
Namelie if she be not accompanide:
How accompanied? not with yongè men,
But with maidinis I mene or women.
Maidin servauntes be right convenient
In house to helpin to doe her service,
In whom she maie use her commanndement
In the seson all at her owne device;
To techin 'hem gode yeve her thine advice
To make them huswifis: thus businesse
Maie yet refrainin her from idlenesse.
But bid not her that thou wolt have her do,
Of thine entent that might be a lettyng,
But craftily encourage her therto
By othir menis, as by commendyng,
And not to moche, but dailyng mengyng
Bothe praise and blamè, and in thy reson
First raise wisily the place and seson.
Of faithfull will and hertè full tender
One thing I call into remembèraunce
Again which though my wit be to slender
Astir my powir and my sufficaunce
I purpose to makin a purveiaunce,
Sith women of nature ben chaungeable,
Frele, and not ware, also discevable.
Be it that thy wife be excellently gode,
That none be bet of disposicion,
In processe of time she might turn her mode
By some misse-liver's instigacion;
Divers men to thilke occupacion
Aplyin daily ther mynde and eke herte,
From ther godenesse frele women to pervertè.
If thou aspie any suspect person,
Drawe to thy wife, beware in allè wise;
To hym nor her of thy suspeccion
Breke not one worde though that thine herte agrise
Kindle no fire and no smoke woll arise:
Although he be of a corrupt entent
She peraventure is not of assent.

A SAIYNG OF DAN JOHN.

THER bethe four thingis that maketh man a fole;
Honour firſt puttith him into outrage,
And aldir next ſolitarie and fole;
The ſecond is unweldy crokid age;
Women alſo bring men into dotage;
And mighty wine in many divers wiſe
Diſtemprin folke which ben yholdin wiſe.

YET OF THE SAME.

THER ben four thingis cauſing grete folye;
Honour firſt; and ſecond unwildy age;
Women and wine I dare eke ſpecify
Ymake wiſe men fallin into dotage;
Wherfore by counſell of philoſophers ſage
In gret honour lernith this rule of me,
With thine eſtate havith humilite.

MOTTO TO JACK UPLAND.

OF freris I have told before
Now in a making of a crede,
And yet I could tell worſe and more,
But men would werrien it to rede.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

IN THREE BOKES.

In this book is ſhewed how the deeds of all men and women, be they good or bad, carry'd by report to poſterity.

THE PROLOGUE.

God tourne us everie dreme to gode,
For it is wondir thyng by the' rode,
To my wite, what cauſith ſwevines
On the morowe or on evines,
And why the' effecte foloweth of ſome,
And of ſome it ſhall nevir come,
Why that is in aviſion,
And this a revelacion,
Why this dreme, why that a ſweven,
And not to every man liche even,
Why this a fantome' why that oricles
I n'ot; but whoſo of theſe miracles
The cauſies knowith bet than I
Define he, for I certainly
Ne can 'hem not, ne nevir thinke
To buſie my witte for to ſwinke
To knowe of ther ſignificacions,
The gendris ne the diſtinccions
Of the tymes of 'hem, ne the cauſis,
Or why that this is more then that is,
Or if folkis complexions
Make 'hem dreme of reflexions;
Or ellis thus, as other ſaine,
For the' grete febleneſſe of ther braine,
By abſtinence or by ſickneſſe,
By priſon, ſtrief, or grete diſtreſſe;
Or ellis by diſordinaunce,
Or natural accuſtomaunce,
That ſome men be to curious
In ſtudie or melancolious;
Or thus, ſo inly full of drede
That no man maie 'hem bote rede;
Or ellis that devocion
Of ſome and contemplacion
Cauſin to them ſoche dremis ofte;
Or that the cruil life unſofte
Of 'hem that unkind lovis leden,
That oftin hopin moche or dreden,
That purely ther impreſſions
Cauſin 'hem to have viſions:
Or if that ſpirites han the might
To makin folke to dreme on night,
Or if the ſoul of propir kinde
Be ſo perfite as men yfinde,
That it wele wote what is to come,
And that he warnith all and ſome
Of everiche of ther avintures
By aviſions or by figures,
But that our fleſh ne hath no might
To underſtandin it aright,
For it is warnid to derkely,
But why the cauſe is not wote I;

wotin of this thyngè clerkes
treten of that and othir werkes,
l of none opinion
as now makin mencion,
only that the holy rode
ning us every dreme to gode,
nevir sithin I was borne,
o man ellis me beforne,
tte I trowe right stedfastly
ondirfull a dreme as I
tenthe daie now of December,
whiche, as I can remember,
ll you tellin every dele:
at beginnyng trustith wele
ll make invocacion
devoute speciall devocion
the god of Slepe anone,
dwellith in a cave of stone,
a streme that cometh fro Lete,
is a flode of hell unswete,
e a fulke men clepe Cimerie
e slepith aye this god unmerie,
his slepie thousande sonis;
alwaie to slepe ther won is;
to this god that I of rede
I that he wollin me spede
wevin for to tell aright,
ry dreme stande in his might,
And he that movir is of all
That is and was, and evir shall,
So give 'hem joyè that it here
Of all that thei dremin to yere,
And for to standin all in grace
Of ther lovis, or in what place
That 'hem were leviſt for to stonde,
And shalde 'hem from poverte' and shonde,
And from every' unhappe and disese,
And sende 'hem that which maie 'hem plese,
That takith well and scornith nought,
Ne it misdemin in ther thought
Through malicious entencion;
And whoso through presumpcion,
Or hate, or scorne, or though envie,
Dispite, or jape, or felonie,
Misdeme it, praie I Jesus gode,
Dreme he barefote or dreme he shode,
That every harme that any man
Hath had sithin the worlde began
Befall hym thereof or he sterve,
And graunt that he maie it deserve!
Lo! with right soche conclusion
As had of his avision
Cresus, that was the Kyng of Lyde,
That high upon a gibet dyde,
This prayir shall he have of me,
I am no bette in charite,

THE FIRST BOKE.

herkin, as I have you saied,
t that I mette or I abraied.
ecember the tenith daie
n it was night to slepe I laie.
t as I was wonte for to doen,
fill aslepè wondir sone,
that was werie forgo
ilgrimagè milis two
e corps of Sainct Leonarde,
akin lithe that erst was harde.
t as me slept me mette I was
in a temple' imade of glas,
iche there werin mo images
lde standyng in sondrie stages,
in mo riche tabirnacles,
with perrè mo pinnacles,
And mo curious portraituris
And queint manir of figuris
Of golde worke then I sawe evir:
But certainly I n'ist nevir
Where that it was, but well wist I
It was of Venus redily
This temple, for in purtreiture
I sawe anone right her figure
Nakid ysletyng in a se,
And also on her hedde parde
Her rosy garland white and redde,
And her combe for to kembe her hedde,
Her dovis, and Dan Cupido
Her blindè sonne, and Vulcano,
That in his face ywas full broune.
But as I romid up and doune

I founde that on the wall there was
Thus writtin on a table' of bras;
woll now syng, if that I can,
The armies and alſo the man
That firſt came through his deſtine
Fugitife fro Troye the countre
Into Italie, with full moche pine,
Unto the ſtondis of Lavine.
And tho began the ſtorie' anone
As I ſhall tellin you echone.
Firſt ſawe I the diſtruccion
Of Troie thorough the Greke Sinon
With his falſe untrue forſwerynges,
And with his chere and his leſynges,
That made a horſe brought into Troye
By whiche Trojans loſte all ther joye.
And aftir this was graved, alas!
How Ilion's caſtill aſſailed was
And won, and Kyng Priamus ſlain,
And Polites his ſonne certain,
Diſpitouſly of Dan Pyrrhus.
And next that ſawe I howe Venus,
When that ſhe ſawe the caſtill brende,
Doune from hevin ſhe gan diſcende,
And bade her ſonne Æneas fle,
And how he fled, and how that he
Eſcapid was from all the pres,
And toke his fathre', olde Anchiſes,
And bare hym on his backe awaie,
Crying Alas and Welawaie!
The whiche Anchiſes in his hande
Bare tho the goddis of the lande,
I mene thilke that unbrennid were.
Then ſawe I next that all in fere
How Creuſa, Dan Æneas wife,
Whom that he lovid all his life,
And her yong ſonne clepid Julo,
And eke Aſcanius alſo,
Fleddin eke with full drerie chere,
That it was pite for to here,
And in a foreſt as thei went
How at a tournyng of a went
Creüſa was iloſte, alas!
That rede not I how that it was,
How he her ſought, and how her ghoſte
Bad hym to flie the Grekis hoſte,
And ſaied he muſt into Itaile,
As was his deſtinie ſauns faile,
That it was pitie for to here,
When that her ſpirite gan appere,
The wordis that ſhe to hym ſaied,
And for to kepe her ſonne hym praied.
There ſawe I gravin eke how he,
His fathir eke and his meinè,
With his ſhippis began to faile
Toward the countrey of Italie
As ſtreight as ere thei mightin go.
There ſawe I eke the cruill Juno,
That art Dan Jupiter his wife,
That haſt ihatid all thy life
Mercileſs all the Trojan blode,
Rennin and crie as thou were wode
On Æolus, the god of Windes,
To blewin out of allè kindes
So loudè, that he ſhould ydrenche
Lord and ladie, and grome and wenche,
Of all the Tojanis nacion
Without any' of ther ſalvacion.
There ſawe I ſoche tempeſt arife
That evèry herte might agrife
To ſe it paintid on the wall.
There ſawe I eke gravin withall
Venus, how ye, my ladie dere!
Ywepyng with full wofull chere,
Yprayid Jupiter on hie
To ſave and kepin that navie
Of that dere Trojan Æneas,
Sithins that he your ſonne ywas.
There ſawe I Jovis Venus kiſſe,
And grauntid was of the' tempeſt liſſe.
There ſawe I how the tempeſt ſtente,
And how with alle pine he went
And privilie toke a rivage
Into the countrie of Carthage,
And on the morowe how that he
And a knight that hight Achate
Ymettin with Venus that daie
Goyng in a full queinte araie,
As ſhe had be an huntireſſe,
With winde blowing upon her treſſe,
And how Æneas gan to plaine,
When that he knewe her, of his paine,
And how his ſhippis dreint ywere
Or els iloſte, he n'iſte not where,
How ſhe began hym comforte tho,
And bade hym unto Carthage go.
And there he ſhould his folke yfinde
That in the ſe were left behinde:
And, ſhortly of this thyng to pace,
She made Æneas ſo in grace
Of Dido, Quene of that countre,
That, ſhortly for to tellin, ſhe
Became his love, and let hym do
All that weddyng ylongith to:
What ſhould I ſpekin it more quainte,
Or pain me my wordis to painte?
To ſpeke of love it woll not be,
I can not of that faculte,
And eke to tellen of the manere
How that thei firſt acquaintid were
It were a long proceſſe to tell,
And ovir long for you to dwell
There ſawe I grave howe Æneas
Tolde to Dido evèry caas
That hym was tidde upon the ſe.
And eſt gravin was how that ſhe
Made of hym, ſhortly at a worde,
Her life, her love, her luſt, her lorde,
And did to hym all revèrence,
And laied on hym all the diſpence
That any woman might ydo,
Wenyng that it had all be ſo
As he her ſwore, and hereby demed
That he was gode, for he ſoche ſemed:
Alas! what harme doth apparence
When it is falſe in exiſtence!
For he to her a traitour was,
Wherefore ſhe ſlowe her ſelf, alas!

a woman doeth amis
n that unknowin is!
rift lo thus it farith,
golde that glarith;
roke I well myne hedde
be undir godelihedde
y a sbreude vice;
let no wight be so nice
ove only for chere,
or for frendly manere,
ll every woman finde
man of his pure kinde
in outward the fairist
e caught that what hym list,
non woll causis finde,
how that she is unkinde,
privie', or double was:
e I by Æneas
and her nice left,
all to sone a gest;
I woll saie o proverbe,
at sullie knoweth the herbe
laie it to his eye;
drede this is no lie.
is speke of Æneas
trayid her, alas!
er full unkindelie,
she sawe all uttirlie
ould her of trouthe saile,
in from her into' Itaile,
wring her handis two.
quod she) that me is wo!
very man thus true,
yere woll have a newe,
ge tyme endure,
re peravinture?
of one he woll have fame
ing his owne name,
or frendship saith he,
ere shall the thirde ybe,
kin for delite,
for finguler profite.
ordis began complaine
ll Dido of her paine,
te dremyng redily,
r auctour aledge woll I,
aod she) my swete herte!
on my sorowes smerte,
not; go not awaie.
l Dido! welawaie!
) unto her selvin tho.
s! what woll ye do?
r love, neithir your bonde,
ye swore with your right honde,
my cruill deth, (quod she)
n you still here with me!
ye' of my deth no pite?
own dere herte! that ye
ll well that nevir yet,
evir I had wit
in thought ne in dede.
ye men soche godelihede
and ner a dele of trouthe?
that er had routhe
Any woman on a false man!
Now I se well and tellin can
We wretchid women can no arte,
For certaine for the more parte
Thus we ben servid everichone,
How sore so that ye men can grone;
Anon as we have you received
Full certainlie we ben deceved,
For though your love last a cesson,
Waite upon the conclusion,
And loke eke how ye determine,
And for the more parte define;
O welawaie that I was born!
For thorough you my name is lorne,
And mine actis are redde and song
O'er all this lande in every tong.
O wickid Fame! for there n'is
Nothing so swifte, lo! as she is;
O sothe is, *Every thing is wist*
Though it be coverde with the mist:
Eke though that I might durin ever
That I have done recovre' I never,
That it ne shall be saied, alas!
I shamid was through Æneas,
And that I shall thus judgid be,
Lo! right as she hath doen now she
Woll doen eftsonis hardily,
Thus saie the peple privily;
But that is doen n'is not done:
But all her complaint ne her mone
Certain availed her not a stre.
And when she wist sothely that he
Was forthe into his ship agone
She into chambir went anone,
And callid on her sustir Anne,
And gan her to complainin thanne,
And saied that she the cause ywas
That she first lovid him, alas!
And first counsailid her thereto;
But what whan this was saied and do
She roste her selvin to the herte,
And deide thorough the woundis smerte;
But all the manir how she deide,
And all the wordis how she seide,
Who so to knowe it hath purpose,
Rede Virgile in Æneidos,
Or the Epistils of Ovide,
What that she wrote or that she dide;
And n'ere it to longe to endite
By God I would it here ywrite.
But welawaie! the harme and routh
That hath betide for soche untrouth,
As men maie oft in bokis rede,
And al daie seen it yet in dede,
That for to thinkin it tene is,
Lo! Demophon, Duke of Athenis,
How he forswore him falsily,
And trayid Phyllis wickidly,
That Kingis doughtir was of Trace,
And falsely gan his terme pace;
And whan she wist that he was false
She hong herself right by the halse,
For he had doen her such untrouthe:
Lo! was not this a wo and routh?

Eke loke howe falſe and rechèles
Was to Briſeida Achilles,
And Paris eke to Oenone,
And Jaſon to Hypſiple,
And eſte Jaſon to Medea,
And Hercules to Deianira,
For he left her for Iole,
That made hym take his deth parde.
How falſe was eke Duke Theſus,
That as the ſtorie tellith us
How he betrayid Adriane?
The devill be his ſoul'is bane!
For, had he laughid or iloured,
He muſt have ben anone devoured
If Ariadne ne had be;
And for ſhe had of hym pite
She made hym fro the deth eſcape,
And he made her a full falſe jape;
For aftir this within a while
He left her ſlepyng in an ile,
Deſert alone right in the ſe,
And ſtale awaie and let her be,
And toke her ſuſtir Phædra tho
With hym, and gan to ſhippe ygo;
And yet he had yſworne to here,
On all that evir he could ſwere,
That ſo ſhe ſavid hym his life
He would takin her to his wife,
For ſhe deſirid nothinge elles
In certain, as the boke us telles.
But for to' excuſe this Æneas
Fulliche of all his grete treſpas
The boke ſayith withoutin faile
The goddes bad hym go to Itaile,
And levin Affriques regioun
And faire Dido and her faire toun.
Tho ſawe I grave how to Itaile
Dan Æneas gan for to ſaile,
And how the tempeſt all began,
And howe he loſt his ſteriſman,
Which that the ſterne or he toke kepe
Smote ovir the borde as he ſlepe.
And alſo ſaugh I how Sibile
And Æneas beſide an ile
To helle went yfere for to ſe
His father Anchiſes the fre,
And how he there founde Palinurus,
And alſo Dido and Deiphobus,
And everiche tourment eke in hell
Sawe he, whiche long is for to tell,
Whiche painis who ſo liſte to knowe
He muſt redin many a rowe
In Virgile or in Claudian,
Or Dantes, that it tellin can.
Tho ſawe I alle the arivaile
That Æneas made in Itaile,
And with Kyng Latine his tret,
And all the battailis that he
Was at himſelfin and his knightes
Or he had all iwonne his rightes,
And how he Turnus reſte his life,
And wan Lavinia to his wife,
And all the marveilous ſignals
Of the goddis Celeſtials,
How maugre Juno Æneas,
For all her ſleighte and her compas,
Atchivid all his avinture,
For Jupiter toke on hym cure
At the praier of his modir Venus,
Whiche I praie alwaie ſavin us,
And us aie of our ſorowes light.
When I had ſein all this ſight
Within this noble temple thus,
Hey! Lord, thought I, that madiſt us,
Yet ſawe I never ſoche nobleſſe
Of imagis, nor ſoche richeſſe,
As I ſe gravin in this churche;
But nought wotè I who did 'hem worche,
Ne where I am, ne' in what countre,
But now will! out gone and ſe,
Right at the wickit, if I can
Seen oughtwhere ſteryng any man
That maie me tellen where I am.
When I out of the dorè cam
I faſte aboutin me behelde,
Then ſawe I but a largè felde
As farre as evir I might ſe,
Withoutin toune, or houſe, or tre,
Or buſhe or graſſe, or arid lande,
For all the felde was but of ſande
As ſmal as men maye ſe at eye
In the deſertis of Lybye;
Ne ferthir no manir creture
That is yformid by Nature
Ne ſawe I, me to rede or wiſſe;
O Criſt! thought I, that art in bliſſe,
From ſanton and illuſion
Me ſave, and with devocyon
Myne eyin to the heven I caſte;
Tho was I ware, lo! at the laſte,
That faſtè by the ſonne on hie,
As kennin myght I with mine eye,
Me thought I ſawe an egle fore.
But that it ſemid mochil more
Than I had anye egle' yſeine,
This is a ſothe as deth certaine,
It was of golde, and ſhone ſo bright,
That nevir ſawe men ſoche a ſight,
But yf the hevin had ywonne
Al newe of God anothir ſonne,
So ſhone the eg'lis fethirs bright,
And ſomwhat downwarde gan it lyght.

THE SECOND BOKE.

n everye manir man
e undirſtandè can,
ſ my dreme to here,
rſt ſhallin ye lere
lredefull avyſion,
eithir Scipion
bugodnoſore,
us, ne Alcanore,
che a dreme as this.
faire blisful Cipris!
our at this time
to endite and rime
in Parnaſſus dwel,
on the clere wel.
t! that wrote al that I met,
eſorie it ſet
:, now ſhal men yſe
in the be;
ny dreme aright
hy engin and thy might.
of whiche I have you tolde,
thirs ſhone al of golde,
ſo hie began to ſore,
n more and more
beaute and the wonder,
s that dente of thonder,
ge that men callin ſoudre,
metime a toure to poudre,
riſte comminge brende,
e gan downwarde diſcende
whan that it behelde
e was in the felde,
grim pawis ſo ſtronge
arpè nailis longe
a ſwappe he ſient,
s ſours again up wente,
n his clawis ſtarke
I had ben a larke,
can not tellin yowe,
p I n'iſt ner howe,
d and aſweved
rtue in me heved,
is ſours and with my dred,
elinge gan to ded;
For why? it was a gret affraye.
Thus I longe in his clawis laye,
Til at the laſt he to me ſpake
In mann'is voice, and ſaid, Awake,
And be not agaſt ſo for ſhame,
And callid me tho by my name;
And for I ſhuldè bettir abraide
Me to awakin thus he ſaide,
Right in the ſame voice and ſtevin
That uſith one I can nevin,
And with that voice, the ſothe to ſaine,
My minde ycame to me againe,
For it was godely ſaide to me,
So n'as it nevir wonte to be;
And herewithal I gan to ſtere
As he me in his ſete ybere,
Til that he felte that I had hete,
And felte eke tho mine herte ybete;
And tho gan he me to diſporte,
And with gentil wordes me comforte,
And ſayid twiſe, by Saint Mary
Thou arte a noyous thinge to cary,
And nothinge nedith it parde,
For all ſo wiſly God helpe me
As thou no harme ſhalt have of this,
And this caſe that betidde the is
Is for thy lore and for thy prowe:
Lette ſe; dariſt thou loke yet nowe?
Be ful enſurid boldily
I am thy frende: and therewith I
Gan for to wondir in my minde.
O God! (quod I) that madiſt al kinde,
Shal I none otherwiſe ydie?
Whedir Jove wil me ſtellyfie,
Or what thing may this ſignifie?
I' am neithir Enocke ne Helye,
Ne Romulus ne Ganimede,
That werin bore up, as men rede,
To hevin with Dan Jupiter,
And made the goddis botiler;
Lo! this was tho my fantaſie.
But he that bare me gan aſpie
That I ſo thought, and ſayid this;
Thou demiſt of thy ſelfe amis,

For Jove ne is not thereaboute,
I dare the put ful out of doute,
To makin of the yet a sterre;
But er I berin the moche ferre
I wil the tellin what I am,
And where thou shalte, and why I came
To doin this, so that thou take
Gode herte, and not fore fere yquake.
Gladly, (quod I.) Now wel, (quod he.)
First I, that in my fete have the,
Of whom thou hast grete fere and wonder,
And dwellinge with the god of Thonder,
Whiche men ycallin Jupiter,
That doth me flyin ful ofte fer
To do all his commaundement,
And for this cause he hath me sent
To the; herkin nowe by thy trouthe:
Certaine he hath of the grete routhe,
For that thou hast so truily
So long servid ententifly
His blinde nephewe Cupido
And the faire quene Venus also
Withoutin guerden evir yet,
And nathèles hast set thy wit,
Althoughe in thy hed ful lite is,
To make bokes, songis, and ditis,
In rime or ellis in cadence,
As thou best canist, in reverence
Of Love and of his servauntes eke,
That have his service sought and seke,
And painist the to praise his arte,
Althoughe thou haddist nevir parte;
Wherfore, so wisly God me blesse,
Jovis yhalte it grete humblesse
And vertue eke that thou wilt make
Anight ful oft thine hed to ake
In thy studye, so thou ywriteſt,
And evirmore of love enditest,
In honour of him and praisinges,
And in his folkis fourthiringes,
And in ther matir al devisest,
And not him ne his folke dispisest,
Althoughe thou maiste go in the daunce
Of them that him lyst not avaunce;
Wherfore, as I nowe saide, ywis
Jupiter considrith wel this,
And als, beausire, of othir thinges,
That is, that thou haste no tidinges
Of Lov'is folke if they be glade,
Ne of nothinge els that God made,
And not onely fro ferre countre
That no tidinges comin to the,
Not of thy very neighbouris,
That dwellen almost at thy doris,
Thou herist neithir that ne this,
For whan thy labour al done is,
And haste made al thy reckininges,
In stede of reste and of newe thinges
Thou goest home to thine house anone,
And al so dombe as any stone
Thou sittist at anothir boke
Tyll fully dasid is thy loke,
And lyvist thus as an hermite,
Although thine abstinence is lyte;
And therefore Jovis throughe his grace
Wil that I bere the to a place
Whiche that yhight The House of Fame,
And for to doe the sport and game,
In some recompensacion
Of thy labour and devocion
That thou haste hadde, lo! causeless,
To god Cupido the recheles,
And thus this god throughe his merite
Wil with some manir thing the quite,
So that thou wilte be of gode chere;
For trustith wel that thou shalte here,
Whan we ben comen there as I say,
Mo wondir thingis dare I lay,
And of Love's folke mo tidingis,
Bothe sothsawis and lesingis,
And of mo lovis newe begon,
And longe servid tyl love is won,
And of mo lovirs casuelly
That ben betide, no man wote why.
But as a blinde man starteth an hare,
And more jolite and welfare,
Whilis they findin love of stele,
As thinkin men, and o't al wele
Mo discordes and mo jalousies,
Mo murmures and mo novilries,
And also mo dissimulacions,
And eke feinid reperacions,
And mo berdis in two houres,
Withoutin rasour or sisoures
Ymade, than grainis be of sandes,
And eke mo holdinge in mo handes,
And also mo renovelaunces,
Of olde forletin aqueintaunces,
Mo love dayis and mo accordes,
Than on instrumentis ben cordes,
And eke of love mo exchaungis
Than evir corne were in graungis;
Unnethis maist thou trowin this,
(Quod he.) No so', helpe me God as wis,
(Quod I.) No, why? (quod he.) For it
Were impossible to my wit,
Although that Fame had al the pyes
In al a relme and al aspies,
Howe that yet he shulde here al this
Or they espyin. O! yes, yes,
(Quod he to me) that can I preve
By reson worthy for to leve,
So that thou give thin advertence
To understandin my sentence.
First shalt thou here where she dwellith,
Right so as thine owne boke tellith:
Her palais standeth, as I shal say,
Right even amiddis of the way
Bytwene hevin, and yerthe, and se,
That what so er in al these thre
Is spoken in prive or apperte,
The way therto is so overte,
And stante eke in so juste a place,
That every sowne mote to it pace,
Or what so cometh from anie tongue,
Whethre' it be rownid, redde, or songe,
Or spokin in suerte or drede,
Certaine it motin thidir nede.

kin wel; for why! I wil
propir ſkil,
demonſtracion
ginacion.
ou wottiſt full wel this,
indely thinge that is
dely ſtede, there he
t conſervid be,
place every thinge,
s kyndely enclininge
to comin to
is away therfro;
thou maiſte al day ſe,
nge that hevy be,
d, or thinge of weight,
er ſo hie on height,
hande it fallith downe;
l by fire or ſowne,
othir thingis light,
eke upwarde on height,
s up and hevie down charge
e of 'hem be at large;
cauſe thou maiſt wel ſe
ivir to the ſe
go by kynde,
ſkillis as I finde
wellinge in flode and ſe,
on the erthe be:
hinge by his reſon
e propir mancion,
e ſekith to repaire
uldin nat appaire.
entence is knowin couthe
loſophir's mouthe,
and Dan Platone,
rkis many one;
min my reſoune
wel that ſpeche is ſowne,
an might it here;
what I wol the lere.
ot but eyre ybrokin,
eche that is ſpokin,
or prive, foule or faire,
nce ne is but eyre;
is but lightid ſmoke,
wne but eyre ybroke:
be in many wiſe,
e I will the deviſe,
nith of pype or harpe,
ype is blowin ſharpe
wiſt with violence
! this is my ſentence:
at men harpeſtringis ſmyte,
it be moche or lyte,
e ſtroke the eyre it breketh,
breketh it whan men ſpeketh;
ou wel what thing is ſpeche:
forthe I wil the teche
e ſpeche, voice, or ſowne,
s multiplicaciowne,
ere pipid of a mouſe,
ome to Fam'is Houſe:
is; takith hede nowe
, for if that thou
Threwe in a watir nowe a ſtone,
Wel woſte thou it wil make anone
A lityl roundil as a circle,
Para'venture as brode as a covircle,
And right anone thou ſhalte ſe wele
That circle cauſe anothir whele,
And that the thirde, and ſo forthe, brother,
Evèry circle cauſinge other
Moch brodir than himſelfin was,
And thus from roundil to compas
Eche aboutin othir goinge
Ycauſith of othirs ſteringe
And multiplying evirme,
Tyl that it be ſo far ygo
That it at bothè brinkis be,
Although thou mayiſt it not ſe
Above, yet gothe it alwaye under,
Although thou thinke it a grete wonder,
And whoſo ſaithe of trouthe I vary,
Bydde him provin the contrary:
And right thus every worde ywis,
That loude or pryve' yſpokin is,
Ymovith firſte an eyre aboute,
And of his movinge out of doute
Anothir eyre anone is moved,
As I have of the watir proved,
That every circle cauſith other;
Right ſo of eyre, my levè brother,
Everiche eyre anothir ſterith
More and more, and ſpeche up berith,
Or voiſe or noyſe, or worde or ſowne,
Aye through multiplicaciowne,
Tyl it be at The Houſe of Fame,
Take it in erneſt or in game.
Nowe have I tolde, if thou have mind,
Howe ſpeche or ſowne of purè kinde
Enclinid is upward to meve,
This mayiſt thou fele wel by preve,
And that ſame kindly ſtede ywis,
That every thinge enclined to is,
Yhath alſo his kyndelyche ſtede,
That ſhewith it withoutin drede,
That kindèly the mancioun
Of everyche ſpeche, of every ſoune,
All be it either foule or faire,
Yhath his kindely place in eyre;
And ſith that every thinge ywis
Out of his kindely place ywis
Ay movith thidir for to go,
Yf that it awaye be therfro,
As I have before provid the,
It ſhewith every ſonne perde
Ymovith kindèly to pace
As up into his kindely place;
And this place of whiche I the tel,
There as Fame doth yliſte to dwell,
Is ſette amiddis of theſe thre,
Hevin, and erthe, and eke the ſe,
As moſte conſervatiſe of ſoun;
Than is this the concluſion
That every ſpeche of every manne,
As I the tellin firſte beganne,
Ymovith up on height to pace
Kindèly unto Fam'is place.

Tellith me this nowe faithfully,
Have I not provid thus ſimply,
Withoutin any ſubtilte
Of ſpeche, or grete prolixyte
Of termis of philoſophie,
Of figuris of poetrie,
Or colouris of rhetorike?
Perde it oughtin the to like,
For harde langage and harde matere
Is incombrous for the to here
At onis, woſte thou not wel this?
And I anſwerid and ſaid, Yes.
Ah ha! (quod he) lo! ſo I can
Leudlye unto a leudè man
Yſpeke, and ſhewin him ſoche ſkilles
That he maye ſhake 'hem by the bylles,
So palpable they ſhuldin be;
But tel me this nowe praye I the,
Howe thinketh the my concluſioun?
Parde a gode perſuaſioun
(Quod I) it is, and lyke to be,
Right ſo as thou haſte provid me.
By God (quod he) and as I leve
Thou ſhalte have it or it be eve,
Of every worde of this ſentence
A proſe by thine experience,
And with thine eris herin wel
The toppe and taile, and every del,
That every worde that ſpokin is
Comith into Fame's Houſe ywis
As I have ſaide; what wilt thou more?
And with this worde uppir to ſore
He began, and ſaide, By ſainte Jame
Nowe wyll we ſpekin al of game.
Howe fareſt thou now? quod he to me.
Right wel, (quod I.) Now ſe (quod he)
By thy trouthè yondir adowne,
Where that thou knowiſt any towne
Or houſe, or any othir thinge,
And whan thou haſte of ought knowynge
Tho lokith that thou warnè me,
And I anone ſhal tellin the
How farre that thou arte nowe therfro.
And I adoune gan lokin tho,
And behelde the feldis and plainis,
Nowe hyllis and nowe mountainis,
Nowe valeys and nowe foreſtis,
And nowe unnethis grete heſtis,
Nowe riveris nowe citeis,
Nowe townis and nowe grete treis,
Nowe ſhippis ſailinge in the ſe;
But thus ſone in a whilè he
Was flowin fro the grounde ſo hye
That al the worlde, as to myne eye,
No more yſemid than a pricke,
Or ellis was the eyre ſo thicke
That I ne might it not diſcerne;
With that he ſpake to me ſo yerne,
And ſaid, Seiſt thou any token,
Or ought that in this worlde's of ſpoken?
I anſwered Naye. No wondir is,
(Quod he) for halfe ſo hye as this
N'as Alexandre', of Macedon
Kynge, ne of Rome Dan Scipion,
That ſawe in dreme at pointe deviſe
Heven and erthe, hel and paradiſe,
Ne eke the bold wretche Dædalus,
Ne yet his childe, nice Icarus,
That flewe ſo hiè that the hete
Hys wingis molte, and he fel wete
In mydde the ſe, and there he dreinte,
For whom was made a grete complainte.
Nowe tourne upwarde (quod he) thy face,
And beholde here this largè place,
This eyre, but loke that thou ne be
Adrad of hem that thou ſhalt ſe,
For in this regioun certaine
Dwellith many a citizeine,
Of whiche yſpekith Dan Plato,
Theſe ben the eyriſhe beſtis, lo!
And tho ſawe I al the menye
That bothe ygone and alſo flye.
Lo there! (quod he) caſt up thine eye,
Se yondir, lo! the Galaxie,
The whiche men clepe The Milky Way,
For it is white, and ſome parfay
Ycallin it han Watlynge ſtrete,
That onis was brente with the hete,
Whan that the ſunn'is ſonne the rede,
Which that hite Phaëton, wolde lede
Algate his fathir's carte and gie.
The carte horſis gan wel aſpie
That he ne coude no govirnaunce,
And gonin for to lepe and praunce,
And bere him now up and nowe downe
Tyl that he ſawe the Scorpiowne,
Whiche that in heven a ſigne is yit,
And he for fere yloſte his wit
Of that, and let the reinis gone
Of his horſis, and they anone
Sone up to mounte and downe diſcende,
Tyl bothe the eyre and erthe ybrende,
Tyl Jupiter, lo! at the laſte
Hym ſlewe, and fro the carte ycaſte.
Lo! is it not a grete miſchaunce
To let a fole have govirnaunce
Of thinges that he can not demaine?
And with this worde, ſothe for to ſaine,
He gan alway uppir to ſore,
And gladid me than more and more,
So faithfully to me ſpake he.
Tho gan I to loke undir me,
And behelde the eyriſhe beſtis
Cloudis, myſtis, and tempiſtis,
Snowis, hailis, rainis, and windes,
And the engendringe in ther kindes,
Al the way thoroughe whiche I came;
O God! (quod I) that made Adame,
Moche is thy myght and noblenes!
And tho thought I upon Boece,
That writeth a thought may flye ſo hie
With fethirs of philoſophie
To paſſin everyche element;
And when he hath ſo farre ywent
Than may ben ſene behinde his backe
Cloude, erthe, and al that I of ſpake.
Tho gan I wexin in a were,
And ſaid, I wote wel I am here,

hether in body or in goſt
ywis, but God thou woſt,
more clere entendement
o me nevir yet yſent.
han thought I on Marcian,
ke of Anticlaudian,
ſothe was ther diſcripcion
he hevin's region,
re as that I ſawe the preve,
herfore I can 'hem beleve.
that the egle gan to crie,
: (quod he) thy fantaſie :
thou lernin of ſterris ought?
, certainly, (quod I) right nought.
hy? (quod he.) For I am olde.
is wolde I the have tolde
he) the ſtarris namis, lo!
I the hevin's ſignis to,
hiche they be. No force (quod I.)
perde, (quod he;) woſt thou why?
han thou rediſt poëtry,
the goddis can ſtellify
le, a ſyſhe, or him or her,
birdes the ravyn and other,
ones harpe ſyne,
ſtor Pollux, or Delphine,
lante's doughtirs ſeven,
l theſe are yſet in heven,
ough thou have 'hem ofte in hande
oſt thou nat where that they ſtande.
force, (quod I;) it is no nede:
I I leve, ſo God me ſpede,
that writin of this matere
ugh I knewe ther placis here,
ke they ſemin here ſo bright
t ſhulde ſhendin al my ſight
e on 'hem. That may wel be,
he;) and ſo forth bare he me
le, and tho began to crie,
nevir herde I thinge ſo hie;
up thine hed, for al is wel
Julian, lo! bonne hoſtel!
: The Houſe of Fame, lo!
t thou not here that I do?
e what? (quod I.) The grete ſowne
he) that romblith up and downe
n'is Houſe, ful of tidinges
of faire ſpeche and of chidinges,
f falſe and ſothe compownid;
n wel, it is not rownid.
iſt thou not the grete ſwough?
erde, (quod I) well ynough.
hat ſowne is it lyke? (quod he.)
r: lyke the' beting of the ſe
I) againſt the rochis halowe,
tempeſtes done ther ſhippis ſwalow,
And that a man ſtande out of doute
A myle off thens and here it route;
Or ellis lyke to the humblinge
Aftir the clappe of a thundringe,
Whan Jovis hath the eyre ybete,
But it doth me for fere to ſwete.
Nay, drede the not therof, (quod he)
It 'is nothing that will bytin the;
Thou ſhalte have no harme truily.
And with that worde both he and I
As nighe the place arrivid were
As men might caſtin with a ſpere:
I ne wiſt howe, but in a ſtrete
He ſet me faire upon my fete,
And ſayid, Walkith forth a pace,
And tel thine advinture and caſe
That thou ſhalte finde in Fam'is place.
Nowe (quod I) while that we have ſpace
To ſpeke, or that I go fro the,
For the love of God tellith me
In ſothe that I will of the lere,
If this ilke noiſe which that I here
Be as I have herde the me tell,
Of folke that done in erthe ydwell,
And comith here in the ſame wiſe
As I the herde or this deviſe,
And that here liv'is body n'is
In all that Houſe that yondir is
That makith al this loud fare.
No, (anſwerid he) by Sainte Clare,
And al ſo wiſſely God rede me:
But o thinge I will warne the,
Of the whiche thou wilte have wondir.
Lo: to The Houſe of Fame yondir.
Thou woſte howe comith every ſpeche,
It nedith not the efte to teche;
But underſtande now right wel this,
Whan any ſpeche ycomin is
Up to the palais, anone right
It wexith like the ſame wight
Whiche that the worde in erth yſpake,
Be he clothid in red or blake,
And hath ſo very his likeneſſe
That ſpake the worde, that thou wilte geſſe
That it the ſame body be,
Wher man or woman, he or ſhe.
And is not this a wondir thinge?
Yes, (quod I) tho by hevin kinge:
And with this worde Farewel, (quod he)
And here wil I abydin the,
And God of hevin ſende the grace
Some gode to lernin in this place!
And I of him toke leve anone,
And gan forth to the palays gone.

THE THIRD BOKE.

Thou, god of Science and of Light,
Apollo! thorough thy grete might
This liril last boke now thou gye,
Nowe that I will for maistèrie
Here arte potenciall be shewde,
But for the rime is lyght and lewde
Yet make it somwhat agreable,
Though some verse faile in a syllable,
And that I do no diligence
To shewin craftè but sentence;
And if that divine virtue thou
Wilte helpin me to shewin nowe
That in my hed ymarkid is,
Lo! that is for to menin this,
The House of Fame for to discrive,
Thou shalt yse me go as blive
Unto the next laurir I se,
And kysse it for it is thy tre:
Nowe entre in my brest anone.
Whan I was from the egle gone,
I gan beholde upon this place,
And certalne or I furthir passe
I wol you al the shape devise
Of House and cite, and al the wise
Howe I gan to this place approche,
That stode upon so hie a roche,
Hyir ystandith none in Spaine;
But up I clambe with mochil paine,
And though to clime ygrevid me
Yet I ententife was to se,
And for to porin wondre lowe,
If I coude any wise yknowe
What manir stone this roche ywas,
For it was lyke a limid glas,
But that it shone ful more clere,
But of what congelid matere
It was I ne wiste redily;
But at the laste espyid I,
And founde that it was everydele
A roche of yse and not of stele:
Thought I, by Saint Thomas of Kent:
This were a feble foundèment
To buildin on a place so hie;
He ought hym lite to glorifie
That heron builte, God so me save.
Tho sawe I all the hall igrave
With famous folkis namis sele
That shaddin ben in mochil wele,
And ther famis full wide iblowe,
But well unnethis might I knowe
Any lettiris for to rede
Ther namis by, for out of drede
Thei werin almoste of thawed so
That of the lettirs one or two
Were molte awaie of every name,
So unfamous was wexe ther fame;
But men saie, *What maie evir last?*
Tho gan I in myne hertè cast
That thei were molte awaie for hete,
And not awaie with stormis bete,
For on that othir side I sey
Of this hill, that northward yley,
How it was writin full of names
Of folke that had afore grete fames
Of oldè tyme, and yet thei were
As freshe as men had written 'hem there
The self daie, or that verry houre,
That I on 'hem began to poure;
But well I wiste what it made,
It was conservid with the shade,
All the writyng which that I sie,
Of a castill that stode on hie,
And stode eke in so cold a place
That hete ne might it not deface.
Tho gan I on this hill to gone,
And found upon the coppe a wone,
That all the men that ben on live
Ne han the connyng to discrive
The beaute of that ilke place,
Ne coudin castin no compace

ıthir for to ymake
ht of beautie be his make,
wondirly iwrought,
tonieth yet my thought,
ith all my witte to ſwinke,
caſtill for to thinke,
e wondir grete beautie,
ſt, and curioſitie,
not to you deviſe,
ne maie me not ſuffiſe,
leſſe all the ſubſtaunce
in my remembraunce;
me thoughtin, by Sainct Gile,
vas ſtone of berile
caſtill and the toure,
the hall and every boure,
n pecis or joynynges,
ſubtill compaſſynges,
ans and pinnacles,
and tabernacles,
d full eke of windowes,
fallin in grete ſnowes,
in eche of the pinacles
ondrie habitacles,
e ſtodin all withoutin
aſtill all aboutin
nir of minſtralis
urs, that tellin talis
wepyng and eke of game,
hat longith unto Fame:
rde I playing on an harpe,
unid bothe well and ſharpe,
pheus full craftily,
his othir ſide faſt by
e harpir Orion,
ides Chirion,
r harpirs many one,
Briton Glaſkirion,
lè harpirs with ther glees
lir 'hem in divers ſees,
e on 'hem upwarde to gape,
nterfaited 'hem as an ape,
rafte counterfeitith Kinde.
ıwe I ſtandin 'hem behinde,
rom 'hem, al by 'hem ſelve,
thouſande tymis twelve,
din loudè minſtralſies
ıuſe and eke in ſhalmies,
nany an othir pipe,
ftily began to pipe
doucid and eke in rede,
ı at feſtis with the brede,
ay' a floite and litlyng horne,
is made of grenè corne,
theſe little herdègromes
pin beſtis in the bromes.
ſawe I then Dan Citherus,
Athenes Dan Proſerus,
rcia, that loſte her ſkinne
the face, bodie, and chinne,
ſhe would envyin, lo!
bette than Apollo.
ſawe I famous old and yong
f all the Duche tong,
To lernin love dauncis ſpringis,
Reyis, and the ſtraunge thingis.
Tho ſawe I in an othir place,
Yſtandyng in a largè ſpace,
Of 'hem that makin blodie ſoun
In trumpè, beme, and clarioun,
For in fight and in blodeſhedynges
Is uſid glad clarionynges.
There herde I trumpin Meſſenus,
Of whom that ſpekith Virgilius.
There herd I Joab trumpe alſo,
Theodomas, and othir mo,
And all that uſid clarion
In Caſteloigne and Aragon,
That in ther tymis famous were,
To lernin ſawe I trumpin there.
There ſawe I ſit in othir ſees,
Playing on othir ſondrie glees,
Whiche that I can not now nevin,
Mo then ſterris ben in hevin,
Of whiche I n'ill as now not rime
For eſe of you and loſſe of time,
For *Tyme iloſt*, this knowin ye,
By no waie maie recovered be.
There ſawe I playing jogèlours,
Megiciens and tragètours,
And Phetoniſſis, charmereſſis,
And olde witchis and ſorcereſſis,
That uſen exorſiſacions
And eke ſubfumigacions,
And clerkis eke which connin well
All this magike hight Naturell,
That craftily doe ther ententes
To maken in certain aſcendentes
Imagis, lo! through whiche magike
To maken a man ben whole or ſike.
There ſawe I the Quene Medea,
And Circe and Caliophia.
There ſawe I Hermes Ballenus,
Limote, and eke Symon Magus.
There ſawe I, and yknewe by name,
That by ſoche arte doen men have fame.
There ſawe I eke Coll Tragètour
Upon a table' of ſicamour
Playin an uncouth thyng to tell;
I ſawe hym cary a windemell
Undir a walnote ſhale.
What ſhould I makin lengir tale?
Of all the peple that I ſey
I could not tell till dom'iſdey.
When I had all this folke beholde,
And founde me loce and not yholde,
And I amuſid a longe while
Upon this wall all of berile,
That ſhone lightir than any glas,
And made well more then it ywas,
As it kindely thing of Fame is,
And then right anone aftir this
I gan forthe romin till I fonde
The caſtill yate on my right honde,
Whiche all ſo well ycorvin was
That nevir ſoche an othir n'as,
And yet it was by avinture
Iwrought by grete and ſubtill cure;

It nedith not you more to tellen,
To makin you to long to dwellen,
Of these ilke yatis flourishynges,
Ne of compacis ne karvynges,
Ne the hackyng in masonries,
As corbettis and imageries.
But Lorde, so faire it was to shewe!
For it was all with golde behewe;
But in I went, and that anone:
There met I crying many one,
A larges, larges! holde up well;
God save the ladie of this pell,
Our ownè gentill Ladie Fame,
And 'hem that willen to have a name
Of us! Thus heard I cryin all,
And fast comin out of the hall
And shoke noblis and starlyngis,
And corounid were as kyngis
With crownis wrought full of losynges,
And many ribans many fringes
Were on ther clothis truily.
Tho at the last espyid I
That pursevauntes and heraudis,
That cryin riche folkis laudis,
It werin all; and every man
Of 'hem, as I you tellin can,
Had on him throwin a vesture
Whiche men yclepe a cote armure,
Embroudirid wondirly riche,
As though thei werin not iliche:
But nought will I, so mote I thrive,
Be now aboutin to discrive
All these armis that there yweren
That thei thus on ther cotis weren,
For to me were impossible,
Men might make of 'hem a Bible
Full twentie sote thicke as I trowe,
For certain who so coud it knowe
Ymight there all the armis sene
Of famous folke that er had bene
In Affrike, Europe, and Asie,
Sithins first began chivalrie.
Lo! how should I now tell all this?
Ne of the hall eke what nede is
To tellin you? that every wall
Of it, and rose, and flore withall,
Was platid halfe a fotè thicke
Of golde, and that ne was not wicke,
But for to provin in all wise
As fine as ducket in Venise,
Of whiche to lite all in my pouche is;
And thei were set as thicke of ouchis
Fine, of the finist stonis faire
That men reden in the lapidaire,
Or as grassis growen in a mede;
But it were all to long to rede
The namis, and therefore I pace.
But in this lustie and riche place,
That Fam'is Hall ycallid was,
Full mochil pres of folke there n'as,
Ne crouding, for to mochil pres;
But all on hie above a des
Satte in a se imperiall
That made was of rubie roiall

Whiche that a carbuncle is called,
I sawe perpetually istalled
A femine creture,
That nevir formid by Nature
Was soche an othir thyng I saie;
For althirfirste, the sothe to saie;
Me thoughtin that she was so lite
That the smale length of a cubite
Was lengir than she femid be,
But thus sone in a whilè she
Her self tho' wondirly ystreight
That with her fete she th' erthe yreight,
And with her hedde she touchid heven,
There as shinith the sterris seven;
And thereto yet, as to my wit,
I sawin a grete wondir yit,
Upon her eyin to beholde,
But certainly' I 'hem nevir tolde,
For as fele eyin haddin she
As fethirs upon foulis be,
Or werin on the bestis foure
That Godd'is trone can to honoure,
As writeth thon in the' Apocalyps,
Her here, that was owndie and crips,
As burnid golde it shone to se.
And, sothe to tellin also, she
Had also fele upstandyng eres,
And tongis as on best ben heres,
And on her fete woxin sawe I
Partrich'is wingis redily.
But Lorde! the perrie' and the richesse
I sawe sittyng on the goddesse,
And the hevinly melodie
Of songis full of armonie
I herde about her trone song,
That all the palais wall yrong!
So songe the mightie Muse, she
That clepid is Caliope,
And her sevin sustirin eke,
That in ther facis femid meke,
And evirmore eternally
Thei songin of Fame; tho heard I,
Yheried be thou and thy name,
Goddesse of Renoun and of Fame!
Tho was I aware at the last,
As I myne eyin gan upcast,
That this ilke grete and noble quene
Upon her shuldirs gan sustene
Bothè the armis and the name
Of tho that haddin largè fame,
Alisander and Hercules,
That with a sherte his life did lese;
And thus founde I sittyng this goddesse
In noble honour and richesse,
Of which I stinte a whilè now,
Of othir thing to tellin you.
Tho sawe I stande on th' other side,
Streight doune unto the doris wide,
From the dees many a pillere
Of metall that shone not full clere,
But though thei were of no richesse
Yet were thei made for grete noblesse,
And in 'hem was there grete sentence,
And folke of hie and digne reverence,

to tellin will I fonde.
pillir fawe I ſtonde,
there yſie,
illir ſtonde on hie,
of lede and iron fine,
he ſectè Saturnine,
ike Joſephus the old,
he Jewis geſtis told,
are on his ſhuldirs hie
me up of the Jurie;
ym ſtodin othir ſeven,
and worthie for to neven,
hym berin up the charge,
hevie and ſo large;
hei writtin of battailes
s of othir marvailes,
ywas, lo! this pillere,
iche I you tellin here,
nd iron bothe iwis,
Mart'is metall is,
hat the god is of Battaile,
the lede withoutin faile
metall of Saturne,
ful largè whele to turne,
n forthe on eithir rowe
whiche that I could yknowe,
by ordir 'hem not tell,
you to long to dwell.
of the whiche I gan to rede,
re I ſtandin out of drede
iron pillir ſtrong,
ited was all endelong
'is blode in every place,
aſon, with that height Stace,
of Thebis up the name
ſholdirs, and the fame
uill Achilles;
ym ſtode withoutin leſe
dir hie on a piller
e the grete Omer,
him Dares and Titus
d eke he Lollius,
le eke de Columpnis,
iſh Gafride eke iwis;
of theſe, as I have joye,
for to bere up Troye,
hereof was the fame,
o bere it was no game;
gan full well eſpie
hem was a little' envie;
that Omer madè lies
ng in his poëtries,
to the Grekes favourable,
fore helde he it but fable.
we I ſtande on a pillere
of tinnid iron clere,
Latine poete Virgile,
bore up a longè while
of pius Æneas.
xt him on a pillir was
Venus clerke Ovide,
yſowin wondirs wide
god of Lov'is fame,
he bare up well his name

Upon this piller al ſo hie,
As might ſe it with myne eye;
For why? this hall whereof I rede
Was woxe on height, and length, and brede
Well morè by a thouſande dele
Than it was erſt, that ſawe I wele.
Tho ſawe I on a pillir by
Of iron, wrought full ſternily,
The grete poete, him Dan Lucan,
That on his ſhouldirs bare up than,
As hie as that I might it ſe,
The fame of Julius and Pompe,
And by hym ſtodin all theſe clerkes
That write of Rom'is mightie werkes,
That if I would ther namis tell
Tho all to long ymuſt I dwell.
And nexte hym on a pillir ſtode
Of ſulphure, liche as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, ſothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell,
Of Pluto and of Proſerpine,
That quene is of the derkè pine.
What ſhould I more tellin of this?
The hall ywas all full iwis
Of 'hem that writtin oldè jeſtes
As ben on treis rokis neſtes,
But it a full confuſe mattere
Were all theſe jeſtis for to here
That thei of write, and how thei height:
But while that I beheld this ſight
I herde a noiſe approchin blive,
That fareth as bees doen in an hive
Ayenſt ther tyme of out flying,
Right ſoche a manir murmuryng
For all the worlde it ſemid me.
Tho gan I loke about, and ſe
That there come entryng into the' hall
A right grete companie withall,
And that of ſondrie regions,
Of all kind of condicions
That dwell in yerthe undir the mone,
Bothe pore and riche: and alſo ſone
As thei were come into the hall
Thei gan on kneis doune to fall
Before this ilkè noble quene,
And ſayid, Graunt us, ladie ſhene!
Eche of us of thy grace a bone.
And ſome of 'hem ſhe grauntid ſone,
And ſome ſhe warnid well and faire,
And ſome ſhe grauntid the contrarie
Of ther aſkyng all uttirlie;
But this I ſaie you truilie,
What that her grace was I ne wiſt,
For of theſe folke full well I wiſt
Thei haddin gode fame eche deſerved,
Although thei were diverſly ſerved,
Right as her ſiſtir Dame Fortune
Is wont to ſervin in commune.
Now herkin how ſhe gan to paie
'Hem that gan her of grace to praie,
And yet, lo! all this companie
Yſaidin ſothe, and not a lie.
Madame, (thus ſayid thei) we be
Folke whiche that here beſechin the

That thou grauntin as now gode Fame,
And let our workis have gode name;
In full recompenſacion
Of gode worke give us gode renoun.
I warne it you (quod ſhe anone)
Ye gettin of me gode Fame none
By God, and therefore go your waie.
Alas, (quod thei) and welawaie!
Tellith us what your cauſe maie be.
For that me liſte it not, (quod ſhe,)
No wight ſhall ſpeke of you iwis
Ne gode ne harme ne that ne this.
And with that worde ſhe gan to call
Her meſſengir that was in hall,
And bad that he ſhould faſt ygone,
Upon pain to be blinde anone,
For Æolus, the god of Winde,
In Thrace there ye ſhall hym yſinde,
And bid hym bryng his clarioun
That is full divers of his ſoun,
And it is clepid Clerè Laude.
With which he wont is to heraude
'Hem that that me liſt ipraiſid be;
And alſo bid hym now that he
Bryng eke his othir clarioun,
That hight Sclaundir in every toune,
With whiche he wont is to diffame
'Hem that me liſt and doe 'hem ſhame.
This meſſengir gan faſt to gone,
And founde where in a cave of ſtone,
In a countre which that hight Thrace,
This Æolus with hardè grace
Yhelde the windis in diſtreſſe,
And gan 'hem undir hym to preſſe,
That thei gone as the beris rore,
He bounde and preſſid 'hem ſo ſore.
This meſſengir gan faſt to crie,
Riſe up (quod he) and faſt the hie
Untill thou at my ladie be,
And take thy clarions eke with the,
And ſpede the faſt: and he anone
Toke to him one that hight Tritone,
His clarions to berin tho,
And let a certain winde ygo,
That blewe ſo hidouſly and hie
That it ne leftè not a ſkie
In all the welkin long and brode.
This Æolus no where abode
Till he was come to Fam'is ſete,
And eke the man that Triton hete,
And there he ſtode as ſtill as ſtone:
And here withall there came anone
An othir hugè companie
Of gode folke, and began to crie
Ladie! grauntith us now gode Fame,
And let our workis have that name,
Now in honour of gentilneſſe,
And al ſo God your ſoule ybleſſe,
For we han well deſervid it,
Therefore is right that we be quit.
As thrive I (quod ſhe) ye ſhall faile,
Gode workis ſhall you not availe
To have of me gode Fame as now;
But wote ye what? I grauntin yowe
That ye ſhall havin a ſhrewde name,
And wickid loos worſè Fame,
Though ye gode loos have well deſerved;
Now goeth your waie, for ye ben ſerved.
And thou Dan Æolus, (quod ſhe)
Take forthe thy trompe anone, let ſe,
That is iclepid Sclaundir light,
And blowe ther loos, that every wight
Speke of 'hem harme and ſhreudineſſe
In ſtede of gode and worthineſſe,
For thou ſhalt trumpe all the contraire
Of that thei have doen well and faire.
Alas! thought I, what avintures
Yhavin theſe ſorie cretures,
That thei emongis al the pres
Should thus be ſhamid giltiles!
But what? it muſt nedis ybe.
What did this Æolus? but he
Toke out his blackè trompe of bras,
That foulir then the devill was.
And gan this trompè for to blowe
As all the worlde ſhould ovirthrowe:
Throughout every regioun
Ywent this foulè trump'is ſoun
As ſwift as pellit out of gonne
When fire is in the poudir ronne,
And ſoche a ſmokè gan out wende
Out of the foulè trump'is ende,
Blacke, blue, and greniſhe, ſwartiſhe, rede
As doith where that man melte lede,
Lo! all on hie from the tewell;
And therto one thyng ſawe I well,
That ay the ferthir that it ranne
The gretir wexin it beganne,
As doeth the rivir from a well,
And it ſtanke as the pitte of hell:
Alas! thus was ther ſhame irong,
And giltleſſe, on every tong,
Tho came the thirdè companie,
And gone up to the dees to hie,
And doune on knees thei fell anone,
And ſaidin, We ben everichone
Folke that yhan full truilie
Deſervid Famè rightfullie,
And prayin you it might be knowè
Right as it is, and forthe yblowe.
I graunte (quod ſhe), for now me liſt
That your gode workis ſhall be wiſt,
And yet ye ſhall have bettir loos,
Right in diſpite of all your foos,
Then worthie is, and that anone.
Let now (quod ſhe) thy trumpè gone,
Thou Æolus, that is ſo blacke,
And out thyne othir trumpè take
That hightin Laude, and blowe it ſo
That through the worlde ther Fame may go
All eſily and not to faſt,
That it be knowin at the laſt.
Ful gladly, ladie myne! he ſaied;
And out his trumpe of golde he braied
Anone, and ſet it to his mouthe,
And blewe it eſt, and weſt, and ſouthe,
And northe, as loude as any thonder,
That every wight hath of it wonder,

it ran or that it ſtent;
is all the breth that went
s trump'is mouthe yſmelde
a potte full of baume helde
baſkit full of roſes;
our did he to ther loſes.
ght with this I gan eſpie
me the ſowirth companie,
ine thei were wondir ſewe,
ne to ſtandin on a rewe,
n, Certis, ladie bright!
doen well with all our might,
e kepe to havin Fame;
ur workis and our name
d'is love, for certis we
ely doen it for bounte,
no manir othir thyng.
atin you all your aſkyng,
e;) let your workis be dedde.
hat about I tourned my hedde,
anone the fivith rout,
his ladie gan to lout,
ne on knees anone to fall,
er tho beſoughtin all
ther gode workis eke,
d, thei yeve not a leke
ame, ne no ſoche renoun,
for contemplacioun
d'is love had it ywrought,
me wouldin thei have nought.
! (quod ſhe) and be ye ſo wode?
in ye for to doe gode,
o have of that no Fame?
diſpite to have my name?
ſhall lyin everichone.
thy trumpe, and that anone;
e) thou Æolus, I hote,
theſe folkis workes by note,
the worlde maie of it here:
an blowe ther loos ſo clere
is goldin clarioun,
ough the worlde ywent the ſoun
idely and eke ſo ſoft
r Fame was yblowe aloft.
ho came the ſixt companie,
in faſt to Fame to crie
rily in this manere;
in, Mercie, ladie dere!
certain as it is
doen neithir that ne this,
all our life hath be;
leſſe yet prayin we
maie have as gode a Fame,
e renome and knowin name,
hat have doe noble jeſtes,
e achevid all ther queſtes,
f love as othir thyng,
s nevir broche ne ryng,
what fro women ſent,
n ther herte iment,
n us onely frendly chere,
ght ytemin us on here,
s to the peple ſeme
the worlde maie of us deme
That women lovin us for wode,
It ſhall do us as mochil gode,
And to our herte as moche availe
The countirpeiſe, eſe, and travaile,
As we had wonnin with labour,
For that is dere ybought honour,
At the regard of our grete eſe;
And yet ye muſt us more ypleſe,
Let us beholdin eke thereto
Worthie, and wiſe, and gode alſo,
And riche, and happie unto love,
For Godd'is love that ſitteth above;
Though we may not the bodie have
Of women, yet, ſo God me ſave,
Let men yglewe on us the name;
Suffiſith that we have the Fame.
I graunt it (quod ſhe), by my trouth.
Now, Æolus, withoutin ſlouth
Take out thy trumpe of golde, (quod ſhe)
And blowe as thei have aſkid me,
That every man wene 'hem at eſe
Although thei go in full badde leſſe.
This Æolus gan it ſo blowe
That through the worlde it was iknowe.
Tho came the ſeventh route anone,
And fill on kneis everichone,
And ſayid, Ladie, graunte us ſone
The ſame thyng, the ſame bone,
Which that this nexte folke you have done.
Fie on you (quod ſhe) everichone!
Ye naſtie ſwine, ye idle wretches,
Fullfillid of rottin ſlowe tetches!
What! falſe thevis, where ye wolde
Ben famid gode, and nothyng n'olde
Deſervin why, ne nevir thought,
Men rathir you to hangin ought,
For ye be like the ſlepie cat,
That would have fiſhe, but woſt thou what?
He woll nothyng wete his clawis:
Evill thrifte come to your jawis,
And on myne, if I you it graunte,
Or doe favour you to avaunte.
Thou Æolus, thou Kyng of Thrace,
Go blowe this folke a ſorie grace
(Quod ſhe) anone; and woſt thou how?
As I ſhall tellin the right nowe;
Say theſe ben they that wolde honour
Have, and do no kinde of labour,
Ne do no gode, and yet have laude,
And that men wende that belle I ſaude
Ne coude 'hem not of love werne,
And yet ſhe that ygrint at querne
Is all to gode to eſe ther herte.
This Æolus anone up ſterte,
And with his blacke clarioun
He gan to blaſin out a ſoun
As loud as bellith winde in hel,
And eke therewith, the ſothe to tel,
This ſowne was ſo full of japes
As evir mowis were in apes,
And that went al the worlde aboute,
That every wight gan on 'hem ſhoute
And for to laugh as they were wode,
Soche game yſounde they in ther hode.

Tho came anothir companye
That had ydone the trechèry,
The harme and the grete wickednesse,
That any herte coudin ygesse,
And prayid her to have gode Fame,
And that she n'olde do 'hem no shame,
But give 'hem loos and gode renoun,
And do it blowe in clarioun.
Nay, wis, (quod she) it were a vyce;
Al be there in me no justice
Me lyst not for to do it nowe,
Ne this I ne will graunt it you.
Tho came there lepinge in a route,
And gan to clappin al aboute
Evèry man upon the crowne,
That al the hal began to sowne,
And sayid, Lady lese and dere!
We ben soche folkes, as ye may here,
To tellin all the tale aright,
We ben shrewis every wight,
And have delite in wickidnesse,
As gode folke havin in godenesse,
And joye to ben yknowin shrewes,
And ful of vice and wickid thewes,
Wherfore we praye you on a rowe
That our Famè be soche yknowe
In al thingis right as it is.
I graunte it you, (quod she) ywis;
But what arte thou that saiest this tale,
That werist on thy hose a pale,
And on thy tippet soche a bel?
Madame, (quod he) the sothe to tel,
I am that ilkè shrewe ywis
That brent the temple' of Isidis
In Athenis, lo! that cyte.
And wherefore diddest thou so? (quod she.)
By my trouthe, (answerid he) Madame,
I wòldè saine have had a name,
As othir folke had in the towne;
Although they were of grete renowne
For ther vertue and ther thewis,
Thought I, as grete Fame have shrewis
(Though it be nought) for shrewdènesse
As gode folke havin for godenesse,
And sithen I may not have that one
That othir n'yl I not forgone,
As for to gettin a Fame here,
The temple set I al on fire.
Nowe done our loos be blowin swithe,
As wisly be thou evir blythe.
Gladly (quod she.), Thou Æolus,
Herist thou not what they prayen us?
Madame, I here ful wel, (quod he)
And I will trumpin it parde;
And toke his blackè trumpè faste,
And gan to puffin and to blaste
Tyl it was at the world'is ende.
With that I gan aboutin wende,
For one that stode right at my bake
Me thought ful godely to me spake,
And sayid, Frende, what is thy name?
Arte thou come hidir to have Fame?
Have Fame! nay, for sothe, frende, (quod I)
I come nat hithir, grant mercy!
For no soche cause, by my hed,
Suffisith me as I were ded
That no wight have my name in honde;
I wot my selfe best howe I stonde,
For what I drie or what I thinke
I wol my selfin al it drinke,
Certainly for the morè parte,
As ferforth as I can mine arte.
What doist thou here than? (quod he.)
(Quod I) That wol I tellin the:
The cause why I standin here
Is some new tidinges for to lere,
Some newè thing, I ne wot what,
Tydingis eythir this or that,
Of love, or of soche thingis glade,
For certainly he that me made
To comin hidir said to me
I shuldin bothe yhere and se
In this place many wondir thinges,
But these ne be no soche tidinges
As I yment of. No? (quod he.)
And I answerid, No, parde,
For ful wel I wote evir yet,
Sithinis that firste I had wit,
That some folke han desirid Fame
Diversly, and loos and gode name,
But certainly I ne wist how
Ne where that Fame dwellid or nowe,
Ne eke of her discripcion,
No also her condicion,
Ne eke the ordir of her dome
Knewe I not till I hithir come.
Why than be, lo! these tidingis
Which that thou nowe hethir bringis,
That thou hast herde? (quod he to mè:)
But nowe no force, for wel I se
What thou desirist for to lere:
Come forthe, and stande no lengir here,
And I wol the, withoutin drede,
In to soche anothir place lede
There thou shalte herin many one.
Tho gan I forthe with him to gone
Out of the castil, sothe to sey.
Tho sawe I stande in a valey,
Undir the castil fastè by,
An house that *Domus Dædali*,
That *Labyrinthus*, ycleped is,
N'as made so quèntly was ywrought;
And evirmo as swifte as thought
This queint House aboutin ywent,
That nevirmo it still ystent,
And there came out so gret a noise,
That had it stondin upon Oyse
Men might have herde it esily
To Rome, I trowin sikirly;
And the noise whiche that I yherdè
For al the worlde right so it ferde
As dothe the routinge of the stone
That fro th' engin is letyn gone.
And al this House of whiche I rede
Was made of twyggis falowe, rede,
And grene eke, and some werin white,
Soche as men to the cagis twhite,

of these paniers,
utchis or dossers,
the swough and for the twigges
ise was al so full of gigges,
ful eke of chirkinges,
iany othir wirkinges,
this House hath of entrees
' as levis ben on trees
r whan that they ben grene,
he rose yet men may sene
nde bolis, and well mo,
the sowne out ygo;
lay in every tyde
e doris opin wide,
ight eche one is unshette;
is there none to lette
r tydinges in to pace,
rest is in that place,
'is filled full of tidinges,
ude or of whisperinges,
all the Housis angles
rowninges and of jangles,
s, of pece, of mariages,
of labour, of viages,
, of dethe, and of lyfe,
of hate, accorde, of strife,
of lore, and of winninges,
of sickenesse, or lesinges,
vethir and tempestis,
ie, of folke and of bestis,
tranfmutacions
s and of regions,
of drede, of jalousy,
, of winning, of foly,
r and of grete famine,
, of derthe, and of ruine,
or of misgovernement,
and divers accident.
! this House of whiche I write
ye it n'as no lite,
as fyxtie mile of length;
he tymbir of no strength,
foundid to endure
at it lyste to Avinture,
he mothir of Tidinges,
: of wellis and springes,
as shapin lyke a cage.
, (quod I) in al mine age
I soche an House as this.
wondrid me ywis
is House, tho ware was I
at myne egle faste by
chid hye upon a stone,
an streight to him to gone,
id him thus, I pray the
u a while abidin me
d'is love, and let me sene
ondirs in that place ybene,
parauntir I may lere
de therin, or somwhat here,
e me were or that I went.
, that is nowe myne entent,
e to me) therfore I dwel;
aine one thinge I the tel,
That but I bringin the therin
Ne shal thou nevir conne the gin
To come in to it out of doute,
So faste it whirlith, lo! aboute;
But sithe that Jov'is of his grace,
As I have said, wil the solace
Finally with these ilke thinges,
These uncouthe sightis and tidinges,
To passe away thine hevinesse,
Soche routhe hath he of thy distresse
That thon suffredest debonairly,
And woste thy selvin uttirly
Wholy desperate of al blisse,
Sithe that Fortune hath made amisse
The sote of al thine hert'is rest
Languishe, and eke in pointe to brest,
But he through his mightie melite
Wil do the ese, al be it lite,
And gave in expresse commaundement,
To whiche I am obedient,
To forthir the with al my myght,
And wishe and techin the aright
Where thou maiste moste tidingis here,
Thou shalte here many one ylere.
And with this worde he right anone
Yhent me up bytwene his tone,
And at a windowe in me brought
That in this House was, as me thought,
And therewithal me thought it stent,
And nothinge it aboutin wente,
And me set in the flore adoun;
But soche grete congregacioun
Of folke as I sawe rome about,
Some it within and some without,
N'as nevir sene, ne shal be este,
That certis in this worlde n'is leste
So many formid by Nature,
Ne ded so many a creture,
That wel unnethis in that place
Had I a sot'is brede of space;
And every wight that I sawe there
Rownid everiche in othir's ere
A newe tidinge privily,
Or els he tolde it opinly,
Right thus, and said, Ne wost nat thou
That is betiddin, lo! right nowe?
No, certis, (quod he;) tel me what;
And than he tolde him this and that,
And swore therto that it was sothe,
Thus hath he said, and thus he dothe,
And this shal be', and thus herde I say,
That shal be founde, and dare I lay;
That al the folke that is on lyve
Ne have the konninge to discrive
Tho thingis that I herdin there,
What aloude and what in the ere;
But al the wondir moste was this,
Whan one had herde a thinge ywis
He came streight to anothir wight,
And gan him tellin anone right
The same tale that to him was tolde
Or it a forlonge way was olde,
And began somwhat for to eche
Unto this tidinge in his speche

More than evir it ſpokin was,
And nat ſo ſone departid n'as
Tho fro him that he ne ymette
With the thirde man, and er he lette
Any ſtounde he ytolde him alſe;
Werin the tidinges ſothe or falſe
Yet wolde he tel it nathèles,
And evirmore with mo eneres
That it was erſt: thus northe and ſouthe
Went every tidinge fro mouth to mouthe,
And that encreſinge evirmo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go,
From a ſparcle ſprongin amis,
Tyl al a cite brent up is.
And whan that that was ful up ſpronge,
And waxin more on every tonge
Than er it was, and went anone
Up to a windowe out to gone,
Or but it might out there ypaſſe
It gan out crepe at ſome crevaſſe,
And flewe forthe faſtè for the nones.
And ſomtyme I ſawe there at ones
A leſinge and a ſadde ſothefawe,
That gonnin of avinture drawe
Out at a windowe for to pace,
And whan thei mettin in that place
They were acheckid bothè two,
And neithir of 'hem myght out go,
For eche othir they gonne ſo croude,
Tyl eche of 'hem gan cryin loude
Let me gone firſt; Nay, but let me,
And here I wol enſurin the
With vowis that thou wolt do ſo,
That I ſhal nevir fro the go,
But be alway thin owne ſworne brother;
We wol meddle us eche in other,
That no man be he ner ſo wrothe
Shal have one of us two, but bothe
At onis, as beſide his leve,
Come we amorowe or on eve,
Be we ycryde or ſtyl yrowned:
Thus ſawe I falſe and ſothe compowned
Togidir flye for o tidinge;
Thus out at holis gonne to wringe
Every tidinge ſtreight to Fame,
And ſhe gan yevin eche his name
Aftir her diſpoſicion,
And yeve 'hem eke duracion,
Some to wexin and wanin ſone,
As dothe the faire and whitè mone,
And let him gonne; there might I ſein
Wingid wondirs full faſt flyin
Twenty thouſande all in a route,
As Æolus 'hem blewe aboute:
And, Lorde! this Houſe in allè times
Was ful of ſhypmen and pilgrimes,
With ſcrippis bretteful of leſinges,
Entermedilid with tidinges;
And eke alonè by 'hem ſelve
A many thouſande tymis twelve
Sawe I eke of theſe pardoners,
Currours, and eke of meſſaungers,
With boxis crommid ful of lyes
As evir veſſil was with lies:
And as I althirfaſtiſt went
Aboute, and dyd al myne entent
Me for to playen and for to lere,
And eke a tiding for to here,
That I had herde of ſome countre,
That ſhal not nowe be tolde for me,
For it no nede is, redyly
Folke can yſinge it bet than I,
For al mote out or late or rathe
Allè the ſhevis in the fathe.
I herdin a grete noiſe withall
Within a cornir of the hal,
There men of love tydingis tolde,
And I gan thidirwarde beholde,
For I ſawe renninge every wight
As faſte as that they haddin might,
And everyche cride, What thinge is that?
And ſome ſaid, I n'ot nevir what:
And whan they were al on an hepe
Tho thei behinde gonnin up lepe,
And clambin up on othir faſte,
And up the noiſe on hyghin caſte,
And tredin faſt on othir's heles,
And ſtampe, as men done aftir eles:
But at the laſte I ſawe a man
Whiche that I nought diſcrive ne can,
But he yſemid for to be
A man of grete auctorite.
And therewithal I 'anon abraide
Out of my ſlepè halſe afraide,
Remembring wel what I had ſene,
And howe hye and ferre I had bene,
In my goſt, and had grete wonder
Of that the mighty god of Thonder
Had let me knowen, and gan to write
Lyke as ye have herde me endite,
Wherfore to ſtudy and rede alway
I purpoſe to do day by day.
And thus in deeminge and in game
Endith this litil Boke of Fame.

CERTAINE BALADES, &c.

Here foloweth a godely Balade of Chaucer.

of norture, beſt beloved of all,
floure, to whom gode thrift God ſende,
.e, if it luſte you me ſo to call,
mable my ſelf ſo to pretende,
iſcreciou I recommende
: and all, with every circumſtaunce,
' to be' undir your govirnaunce.
eſire I, and have, and evir ſhall,
ch that might your hert'is eſe amende;
:xcuſed, my powir is but ſmall;
of right ye ought for to commende
will, whiche faine would entende
u ſervice, for my ſuffiſaunce
o be' undir your govirnaunce.
n in herte, whiche nevir ſhall apall,
and new, and right glad to diſpende
n your ſervice, what ſo befall,
your excellence to defende
:neſſe, if ignoraunce offende
'e, ſith that myne affiaunce
to be' undir your govirnaunce.
f light, very ground of comfort!
is doughtir ye hight, as I rede,
he weſtrith farwell your diſport;
ıture anone right for pure drede
e Night, that with his boiſtous wede
eſſe ſhadowith our hemiſphere,
n ye, my liv'is ladie dere!
g the daie unto his kinde reſort,
ous your fathir with his ſtremes rede
the morowe, conſuming the ſort
cloudes, that wouldin ovirlede
ble hertis with ther miſtie hede,
'ort adaies, when your eyin clere
ıd ſprede, my liv'is ladie dere!
'ray, but the grete God diſpoſeth
th caſuell by his providence
g as mann'is frele wit purpoſeth,
: beſt, if that your conſcience
he it, but in humble pacience
for God ſaith withoutin a fable
l herte evir is acceptable.

Cautelis whoſo uſith gladlie gloſeth;
To eſchewe ſoche it is right high prudence;
What ye ſaied onis mine herte oppoſeth,
That my writyng japis in your abſence
Pleſid you moche bettir than my preſence,
Yet can I more, ye be not excuſable;
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

Quakith my penne, my ſpirite ſuppoſeth
That in my writing ye find woll offence;
Min hert welknith thus ſone, anon it riſeth,
Now hotte, now colde, and eſt in grete fervence;
That miſſe is cauſid of negligence,
And not of malice, therefore beth merciable;
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

L'envoye.

Forthe complaint, forthe thou lacking eloquence,
Forthe litil lettir, of enditing lame,
I have beſought my ladie's ſapience
Of thy behalſe for to accept in game
Thine inabilite, doe thou the ſame:
Abide, have more yet; *Je ſerve Jovesse:*
Now forth, I cloſe the' in holy Venus name,
The ſhall uncloſe my hert'is govirneſſe.

A ballade in commendacion of our Ladie.

A THOUSANDE ſtories coud I mo reherce
Of olde poetis touching this matere,
How that Cupide the hertis gan ſo perce
Of his ſervauntis, ſettyng 'hem in fere.
Lo here the fine of th' errour and the fere,
Lo here of love the guerdone and grevaunce,
That er what wo her ſervauntes do avaunce!

Wherfore now plainly I woll my ſtile dreſſe
Of one to ſpeke at nede that woll not faile;
Alas! for dole I ne can ne maie' expreſſe
Her paſſyng priſe, and that is no mervaile.
O winde of grace! now blowe unto my ſaile,
O auriate licour of Clio! to write
My penne enſpire of that I woll endite.

Alas! unworthie I am and unable
To love ſoche one, all women ſurmountyng,
But ſhe be benigne to me and merciable,
That is of pitie the welle and the ſpryng;
Wherfore of her in laude and in praiſyng,
So as I can, ſupportid by her grace,
Right thus I ſaie, knelyng before her face:
O ſtere of ſterris, with thy ſtremis clere,
Sterre of the ſe, to ſhipmen light and gide!
O luſtie livyng, moſte pleſaunt to' appere,
Whoſe bright bemis the cloudis maie not hide!
O waie of life to 'hem that go or ride,
Haven aſtir tempeſt, furiſt up to rive,
On me have mercie for thy joyis five!
O rightfull rule! o bote of holineſſe!
And lightſome line of pitie for to plain,
Originall of grace and all godeneſſe,
And cleneſt conduct of vertue moſte ſoverain!
Mothir of mercie', our trouble to reſtrain,
Chambir and cloſit cleneſt of chaſtitie,
And namid herbrough of the deitie!
O cloſit, gardin, voide of wedis wicke,
Criſtallin welle, of clereneſſe clere conſigned,
Fructified olive of ſoiles faire and thicke,
And redo'lent cedre moſt dere worthy digned!
Remember on ſinnirs that to the be' affined
Or wickid fendis ther wrathe on 'hem wreche;
Lanterne of light! thou art ther livis leche.
Paradiſe of pleſaunce, gladſome to all gode,
O benigne braunchilet of the pine tre,
Vinarie' envermailed, refreſhir of bode,
Licour ayen langour that palled maie not be,
Blisful blomie bloſme, bidyng in bounte!
Thy mantell of mercie on our miſerie ſprede,
And er we' awaie wrappe us undir thy wede.
O rodie roſier, flouring without ſpine,
Fountain filthleſſe, as birill currant clere!
Sum drop of gracefull dewe to us propine;
Light without nebule ſhinyng in thy ſphere,
Medicine to miſcheves, pucell without pere!
Flambe doun the full light of thin influence,
Remembring thy ſervantes for thy magnificence.
Of all Chriſtin protectrice and tutele,
Retourne of exiled put in the proſcripcion,
To 'hem that erren in the' pathe of ther ſequele,
To werie forwandrid tent and pavilion,
To ſaint and to freſhe the pauſacion,
To unreſtie bothe reſt and remedie,
Fructfull to all tho that in her aſſie:
To 'hem that rennin thou art itinerarie,
O bliſfull bravie to knightes of thy werre!
To werie werkmen ſhe 'is diourne denarie,
Mede unto mariners that have ſailed ferre,
Laureate coroune ſtremyng as a ſterre,
To 'hem putin palaſtre for thy ſake
Tours of ther conqueſt white as any lake.
O mirthe of martyrs! ſwetir than ſitole,
Of confeſſours alſo riche donatiſe,
Unto virgines eternall lauriole,
'Fore all woman havyng prerogatiſe,
Mothir and maide, bothe widowe and eke wiſe!
Of all the worlde is none but thou alone,
Now ſith thou maie be ſuccour to my mone,
Truſtie turtle, truefaſtiſt of all true,
Curteiſe columbe, replete of all mekeneſſe,
O nightingale with thy notis newe!
O popinjaie! purid with all clenneſſe,
O laveroke of love! ſingyng with ſwetneſſe,
Phœbus waityng till on thy breſt he light,
Undir thy wing at domiſdaie us dight.
O rubie! rubified in the paſſion
Of thy ſonne, us have emongis in minde,
O ſtedfaſt diametre of duracioun!
That fewe ſeris any time might thou finde.
For none to hym was foundin halfe ſo kinde;
O hardie herte! o lovyng creature!
What was 'it but love that made the ſo endure!
Semely ſaphre, depe loupe, and blewe ewage!
Stable as the loupe ewage of pitie,
This is to ſaie, the freſhiſt of viſage,
Thou loveſt unchaungid 'hem that ſervin the,
And if offence or varying in 'hem be
Thou art aie redie on ther wo to rue,
And 'hem receviſt aye with herte full true.
O godelie gladdid! when that Gabriel
With joy the grette, that maie not be nombrid,
Or halfe the bliſſe who coud ywrite or tell
When the' Holy Ghoſte to the was obumbrid,
Wherthrough fendes were bittirly encombrid!
O wemleſſe maide! embeliſhed in his birthe,
That man and angill therof haddin mirthe.
Lo here the bloſme and the budde of glorie,
Of whiche the prophet ſo long ſpake before!
Lo here the ſame that was in memorie
Of Eſaie, ſo long or ſhe was yborne!
Lo here of David the delicious corne!
Lo here the grounde of life in to bilde,
Becomyng man our ranſome for to yilde!
O glorious voile, vite inviolate!
O firie Titan! perſyng with thy bemes,
Whoſe vertuous brightnes was in breſt vibrat,
That al the world embeliſhed with the lemes,
Conſervatrice of kinges, dukes, and relmes,
Of Jeſſe his ſede the ſwete Sunamite,
Meſure my mourning mine own Margarite!
O ſoverainiſt yſought out of Syon!
Cockle with golde-dewe from above beralnid,
Dewe-buſhe unbrent, firêleſſe fire ſet on,
Flambing with fervence, not with hete painid,
Duryng daiſie that no wethir ſtainid,
Flece undefouled of gentiliſt Gidion,
And fruictfiyng fairiſt yerde of Aaron!
The mightie arche, the probatiſe piſcine,
Laughyng Aurora, and of pece olive,
Columpne and baſe, up beryng from abime,
Why n'ere I connyng here for to diſcrive?
Choſin of Joſeph, whom he toke to wive,
Unknowyng hym childyng by miracle,
And of our manly figure the tabernacle!
I have none Engliſhe convenient and digne,
Myne herte's hele lady! the with to honour,
Ivorie clene! therefore I woll reſigne
Into thyne hande till that thou liſt ſuccour,
To helpe my makyng both floriſhe and flour,
Then ſhould I ſhewe in love how that I brende,
In ſongis makyng thy name to commende:

I coud before thyne excellence
in love I wouldin what I fele,
r ſtandin, ladie', I in thy preſence,
e in opin how I love you wele,
although your heart be made of ſtele
withoutin any diſceev'eraunce
vous toute ma fiance.
e might I love evir bettir beſet
this lilie likyng to beholde,
te of love, the bonde ſo well thou knit,
naie ſe the or myne herte colde,
I paſſe out of my dayis olde,
yngyng evirmore uttirly,
in two woll ſle me ſodainly.
ve I langour, bliſſed be ſoch ſickneſſe!
s for you, my heretely ſuffiſaunce,
t ellis faie in my diſtreſſe,
one hath myne hert in govirnaunce,
ir I begin on eſperaunce,
ble entune, though it thine hert perce,
thy ſake this letter I reherſe.
wote on muſike I can 'not, but I geſſe;
y ſo! that I might faie or ſyng,
I you, my own ſoveraine maiſtreſſe,
ſhall withoutin departyng,
of beautie, for you' out ſhould I ring,
mbraunce eke of your eyin clere,
tre from you my ſoverain ladie dere!
uldin God your love would me yſlo,
your ſake I ſingin-daie by daie;
why ne nilt thou breke a two,
h my ladie dwellin I ne maie?
anv' a roundell, many a virelaie,
Engliſhe, when I me leiſir finde,
corde, on you to havin mynde.
die mine! ſith I you love and drede,
a' unchaunged ever finde in o degre,
grace ne maie ſlie fro your womanhede,
th not for to remembre' on me,
erte bledith for I maie not you ſe;
ye wotte my menyng deſirous
pour moy s'il vous plaiſt amoreux.
marvaile is though I in pain ybe?
epartid from you my ſoverain;
alas! *dont vient la deſtente,*
no wiſe I can ne maie attain
e beautie of your eyin twain,
ore I faie, for triſteſſe doeth me grame,
fait mal departir de ma dame.
n'ere my wiſſing brought to ſoche eſploit
night faie for joye of your preſence
cœur ce qui voullait
cœur? the higheſt excellence
had wight, and ſith mine advertence
a rewith on my painis ſmerte,
ſoro ywoundid to the herte.
ve well merie two lovers were ifere,
I faie withoutin any blame,
hat any man to wilde were
hym techin for to be full tame,
go love and ſe where it be game,
bridlid unto ſobirneſſe
that is of women chief princeſſe.
vir when thought my hert ſhuld enbrace,
to me it is heſt remedie
I. I.

When I loke on your godely freſhe face,
So merie a mirrour coud I ner eſpie,
And if I coud I would it magnifie,
For nevir none ywas ſo faire yfounde,
To reken 'hem all, and alſo Roſamounde.
And finally, with mouthe and will preſent,
Of double eye withoutin repentaunce,
Mine hert I yeve you, ladie', in this entent,
That ye ſhall thereof have the govirnaunce,
Taking my leve with hert's obeiſaunce,
(*Salve Regina*) ſyngyng laſt of all
To be our helpe when that we to the call.
All our love is nought els but idleneſſe,
Save your love alone, who might therto' attain;
Who ſo woll have a name of gentilleſſe
I counſaile hym in love that he not fain;
Thou ſwete ladie! refute in every pain,
Whoſe mercie moſte unto me availith,
To gie by grace when that Fortune failith.
Nought maie be told, withoutin any fable,
Your high renome, you womanly beaute,
Your govirnaunce, to all worſhip able,
Putteth every herte in eſe in his degre;
O violet! o flowir deſire!
Sithin I am for you ſo amerous
Eſtreignez moy de cœur joyeux.
With fervent hert my breſt hath broſt on fire,
L' ardant eſpoir en mon cœur point eſt mort,
D' avoir l' amour de celle que je deſire,
I mene you ſwete moſte pleſaunt of porte,
Et je ſcoy bien que ce n' eſt pas mon tort,
That for you ſyng ſo as I maie for mone,
For your departyng alone I live alone.
Though that I might I would none othir cheſe,
In your ſervice I would ben foundin ſadde,
Therefore I love no labour that ye leſe,
When that in longyng ſoriſt ye be ſtadde;
Loke up you loviris and be right gladde,
Now ayenist Sainct Valentin's daie,
For I have cheſe that ner forſake I maie.

Balade de bon conſail.

Is it befall that God the liſt viſite
With any tourment or adverſite
Thanke firſte the Lorde, and tho thy felſe to quite
Upon ſufferaunce and humilite
Founde thou thy quaril, what er that it be,
Make thy defence, and thou ſhalt have no loſſe,
The remembraunce of Chriſt and of his croſſe.

Somtyme the world ſo ſtedfaſt was and ſtable,
That manney's worde was an obligacioun,
And now it is ſo falſe and diſceivable,
That worde and dede, as in concluſioun,
Is nothyng like, for tourned is up ſo doun
All the worlde, thorough mede and ſikilneſſe,
That all is loſte for lacke of ſtedfaſtneſſe.
What maketh the worlde to be ſo variable
But luſt that men have in diſceuſion?
For emong as a man is holde unable
But if he can by ſome colluſion

Doe his neighbour wrong an oppreſſion:
What cauſith this but wilful wretchidneſſe?
That all is loſte for lacke of ſtedfaſtneſſe.
Trouthe is put doune, reſon is holde fable,
Vertue hath now no dominacion,
Pitie 'is exiled, no man is merciable,
Through covetiſe is blente diſcrecion;
The worlde hath made a permutacion
Fro right to wrong, fro trouthe to ſikilneſſe,
That all is loſte for lack of ſtedfaſtneſſe.

L'envoye.

Prince, aye deſire to be honourable,
Cheriſhe thy folke, and hate extorcion;
Suffre nothyng that maie be reprovable
To thine eſtate doen in thy region;
Shewe forthe the yerde of caſtigacion;
Drede God, do law, love treuth and worthines,
And wedde thy folke ayen to ſtedfaſtneſſe.

Balade of the village without paintyng.

Plaintiſe to Fortune.

This wretched world'is tranſmutacion,
As wele and wo, howe pore and now honour,
Without ordir or due diſcrecion,
Govirnid is by fortun'is errour,
But nathèleſſe the lacke of her favour
Ne maie not doe me ſyng though that I die,
J'ay tout perdu mon temps et mon labeur,
For finally fortune I doe deſie.
Yet is me leſt the ſight of my refoun
To knowin frende fro foe in thy mirrour,
So moche hath yet thy tourning up and doun
Itaughtin me to knowin in an hour,
But truily no force of thy reddour
To hym that ovir hymſelf hath maiſtrie;
My ſuffiſaunce yſhal be my ſuccour,
For finally fortune I do deſie.
O Socrates! thou ſtedfaſt champion,
She ne might nevir be thy turmentour,
Thou nevir dreddiſt her oppreſſion,
Ne in her chere ſoundin thou no favour;
Thou knewe wele the diſceipt of her colour,
And that her moſte worſhip is for to lie;
I knowe her eke a falſe diſſimulour,
For finally fortune I do deſie.

The anſwere of Fortune.

No man is wretchid but hymſelf it wene;
He that yhath hymſelf hath ſuffiſaunce,
Why ſaieſt thou then I am to the ſo kene
That haſt thy ſelf out of my govirnaunce?
Saie thus, graunt mercie of thin habundaunce,
That thou haſt lent or this, thou ſhalt not ſtrive;
What woſt thou yet how I the woll avaunce?
And eke thou haſt thy beſtè frende alive.
I have the taught diviſion betwene
Frende of effecte and frende of countinaunce,
The nedith not the gallè of an hine,
That curith eyin derke for ther penaunce,
Now ſeeſt thou clere that wer in ignoraunce;
Yet holt thine anker, and thou maieſt arive
There Bountie bereth the key of my ſubſtaunce,
And eke thou haſte thy beſtè frende alive.
How many have I refuſed to ſuſtene
Sith I have the ſoftrid in thy pleſaunce!
Wolt thou then make a ſtatute on thy queene,
That I ſhall be aie at thine ordinaunce?
Thou born art in my reign of variaunce;
About the whele with othir muſt thou drive;
My lore is bet, then wicke is thy grevaunce,
And eke thou haſt thy beſtè frende alive.

The anſwere to Fortune.

Thy lore I dampne, it is adverſitie;
My frend maiſt thou not revin, blind goddeſſe
That I thy frendis knowe I thanke it the;
Take 'hem again, let 'hem go lie a preſſe;
The nigardis in kepyng ther richeſſe
Pronoſtike is thou wolt ther toure aſſaile;
Wicke appetite cometh aie before ſickeneſſe;
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

Fortune.

Thou pincheſt at my mutabilitie,
For I the lent a droppe of my richeſſe,
And now me likith to withdrawin me
Why ſhouldiſt thou my roialte oppreſſe?
The ſe maie ebbe and flowin more and leſſe,
The welkin hath might to ſhine, rain, and hail
Right ſo muſt I kithin my brotilneſſe;
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

The Plaintiſſe.

Lo! the' execucion of thy majeſtie
That all purveighith of his rightwiſeneſſe,
That ſamè thyng Fortune yclepin ye,
Ye blindè beſtis, full of leudeneſs!
The hevin hath propirtie of ſikirneſs,
This worldè hath evir reſtleſſe travaile,
The laſt daie is the ende of myne entreſſe;
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

Th' envoye of Fortune.

Princes, I praie you of your gentilneſſe,
Let not this man and me thus crie and plain,
And I ſhall quitin you this buſineſſe;
And if ye liſte releve hym of his pain
Praie ye his beſt frende of his nobleneſſe
That to ſome bettir ſtate he maie attain.

L'envoye.

To brokin ben the ſtatutes hie in heven
That create were eternally t' endure,
Sith that I ſe the brightè goddis ſeven
Mowe wepe and waile and paſſion endure,
As maie in yerth a mortall creature;
Alas! fro whenis maie this thing proceede,
Of which errour I die almoſte for drede?
By words eterne whilom was it yſhape
That fro the fifth circle in no manere
Ne might of teris nothing doune eſcape,
But now ſo wepith Venus in her ſphere
That with her teris ſhe woll drench es here:
Alas, Scogan! this is for thine offence;
Thou cauſiſt this deluge of peſtilence.
Haſt thou not ſaied in blaſpheme of the gods
Through pride or thorough thy grete rekilnes,
Soche thinges as in the law of Jove forbodis,
That for thy ladie ſawe not thy diſtreſſe
Therefore thou yave her up at Mighelmeſſe!

cogan! of oldè folke ne yong
vir erſt Scogan blamed for his tong.
drewe in ſcorne Cupide eke to recorde
cè rebell worde that thou haſt ſpoken,
iche he woll no lengir be thy lorde;
cogan, though his bowe be not ybroken
not with his arowes be iwroken
ne me, ne none of our figure;
ll of hym have neither hurte ne cure.
certis, frende, I drede of thine unhappe,
thy gilte the wreche of love procede
hem that ben hore and round of ſhap,
ſo likely folkè for to ſpede,
e ſhall of our labour have our mede;
l I wot thou wolt anſwere and ſaie,
è Griſill liſt to renne and plaie.
Scogan, ſaie not ſo, for I me' excuſe,
pe me ſo, in no rime doutiles,
ke I nevir of ſlepe wake my muſe,
ſtith in my ſheth ſtill and in peſe;
was yong I put her forthe in preſe,
all paſſin that men proſe or rime,
ery man his tourne as for his tyme.
n, thou kneliſt at the ſtrem'is hedde
e, of honour, and of worthineſſe,
nde of whiche I am dull as dedde,
en in ſolitarie wildirneſſe;
gan, thinke on Tullius kindeneſſe,
hy frendè there it maie fructifie;
, and loke thou ner eſt love deſie.

he, kyng, and rule the by ſapience;
e, be able to miniſter doctrine;
o true counſaile yeve thou audience;
hode, to chaſtitie er encline;
let thy dedis worſhip determine;
ous, judge, in ſavyng of thy name;
almoſe, leſt thou leſe bliſſe with ſhame;
, obei your kyng and eke the lawe;
rulid by gode religion;
vaunt, be dredfull, kepe the' under awe;
u, povir, fie on preſumcion;
nce to youth is uttir deſtruccion:
bir you how God hath ſet you, lo!
your parte as ye be ordained to.

Chaucer to his emptie purſe.

my purſe, and to none othir wight,
n I, for ye be my ladie dere;
ie now that ye be ſo light,
is ye now make me hevie chere;
e as leſe be laide upon a bere,
che unto your mercy thus I crie,
againe, or els mote I die.
vouchſafin this day or it be night
f you the bliſful ſowne may here,
ur colour like the ſonnè bright,
yelowneſſe ne had nevir pere;
y life, ye be my hert'is ſtere;
f comfort and of gode companye,
again, or els mote I die.

Nowe purſe, that art to me my liv'is light,
And ſayvour, as downe in this worlde here,
Oute of this townè helpe me by your might,
Sithin that you wol not be my treſoure,
For I am ſhave as nighe as any frere,
But I prayin unto your curtiſye
Be hevy againe, or els mote I die.

Chaucer unto the Kinge.

O Conquèrour of Brut'is Albion!
Whiche that by lyne and fre eleccion
Ben very kinge, this unto you I ſende,
And ye whiche that may al harmis amende
Have minde upon my ſupplication.

A balade made by Chaucer, teching what is gentilnes, or who is worthy to be caled gentil.

The firſtè ſtocke, father of gentilnes,
What man deſirith gentill for to be,
Muſt folowe' his trace, and all his wittis dres
Vertue to love and vicis for to fle,
For unto vertue longith dignite,
And not the revers, ſafly dare I deme,
Al were he mitir, crowne, or diademe.
This firſtè ſtocke was full of rightwiſnes,
Trewe of his worde, ſobir, pitous, and fre,
Clene of his goſte, and lovid beſineſſe,
Againſt the vice of ſlouth in honeſte,
And but his eyre love vertue as did he
He is not gentyl though he riche ſeme,
Al were he mitir, crowne or diademe.
Vicè may wel be eyre to olde Richeſſe,
But ther may no man, as men may well ſe,
Byquethe his eire his vertuous nobleſſe,
That is appropried unto no degre
But to the firſt fathir in majeſte,
That makith his eyre him that can him queme,
Al were he mitir, crowne, or diademe.

A proverbe agaynſt covetiſe and negligence.

What ſhal thes clothes thus manifolde
Lo, this hote ſomirs daye!
Aftir grete hetè comith colde;
No man caſte his pilche awaye.
Of al this world the large compaſſe
Wil not in myne armes tweine,
Who ſo mokil wol enbrace
Lite therof ſhall diſtreine.

A balade whiche Chaucer made againſt women unconſtaunt.

Madame, ye have for your newfangleneſſe
Many a ſervaunt put out of your grace;
I take my leve of your unſtedfaſtneſſe,
For well I wote while ye to live have ſpace
Ye can not love full halfe yere in a place;

To newe thinges your luste is evere kene;
In stede of blew thus may ye were al grene.
Ryght as a mirour that nothing may' enpresse
But lightli as it cometh so mote it passe,
So fareth your love, your workis bereth witnes;
Ther is no faithe may youre herte enbrace,
But as a wedircock, that turneth his face
With every winde, ye fare, and that is sene;
In sted of blew thus may ye were al grene.
Ye might be shrined for your brotilnesse
Better than Dalila, Cresseide, or Candace,
For evir in chaunging stondeth your sikirnesse,
That tache may no wight from your heart arace;
If ye lose one ye can wel tweine purchace,
Al light for somar, ye' wot wel what I mene;
In stede of blewe thus may ye were al grene.

Here foloweth a balade whiche Chaucer made in the praise or rather dispreise of women for ther doublenes.

This world is full of variaunce
In everye thinge, who takith hede,
That faithe and truste, and all constaunce,
Exilid ben, this is no drede,
And save only in womanhed
I can yse no sikirnes;
But for all that yet, as I rede,
Beware alwaye of doublenes.
Also that the freshe somir floures,
The white and rede, the blewe and grene,
Ben sodenly with wintir shours
Made seinte and fade, withoutin wene,
That trust is none, as ye may sene,
In no thing, nor no stedfastnes,
Except in women, thus I mene;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.
The crokid mone, this is no tale,
Some while ishene and bright of hewe,
And aftir that ful derke and pale,
And every monith chaungith newe,
That who the veray sothe knew
Al thinge is bilt on brotlenes,
Save that women alwaye be trewe;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.
The lusty freshe sommirs daye,
And Phœbus with his bemis clere,
Towardis night they drawe awaye,
And non lengir list to appere,
That in this presente life now here
Nothinge abieth in his fairenes,
Save women aye be found intere,
And devoid of alle doublenes.
The se eke with his sterne wawes
Eche daye yflowith new againe,
And by the concours of his lawes
The ebbe yflowith in certeine;
Aftir grete drought there cometh a raine;
That farewel here al stabilnes,
Save that women be whole and pleine;
Yet aye beware of doublenes.
Fortune's whele goith round aboute
A thousand timis daye and nighte,
Whose cours standith evir in doute
For to transmew, she is so lighte,
For whiche advertith in your sight
Th' untrust of worldely sikilnes,
Save women, whiche of kindely right
Ne hath no teche of doublenes.
What man ymay the wind restreine,
Or holdin a snake by the taile?
Who may a slipper ele constreine
That it will voide withoutin faile?
Or who can drivin so a naile
To make suere newsongilnes,
Save women, that can gie ther faile
To row ther bote with doublenes?
At every haven they can arive
Wher as they wote is gode passage;
Of innocence they can not strive
With wawis, nor no rockis rage;
So happy is ther lodemanage
With nedle' and stone ther cours to dresse
That Salomon was not so sage
To find in them no doublenes:
Therefore who so doth them accuse
Of any double entencion,
To spekè rowne, othir to muse,
To pinch at ther condicion,
All is but false collusion,
I dare right wel the sothe expresse,
They have no bettir protection,
But shroud them undir doublenes.
So wel fortunid is ther chaunce,
The dice to turnin uppe so doune,
With sise and sincke they can avaunce,
And than by revolucioun
They set a sel conclusioun
Of lombis, as in sothefastnes,
Though clerkis makin mencioun
Ther kinde is fret with doublenes.
Sampson yhad experience
That women were ful trew ifound
Whan Dalila of innocence
With sheris gan his here to round;
To speke also of Rosamounde,
And Cleopatri's feithfulnes,
The stories plainly wil confounde
Men that apeche ther doublenes.
Single thinge ne is not ypraised,
Nor of olde is of no renoun,
In balaunce whan they be ypeised,
For lacke of waighte they be bore doune,
And for this cause of juste resoun
These women al of rightwisenes
Of choice and fre electioun
Most love eschaunge and doublenes.

L'envoye.

O ye women! whiche ben enclined
By influence of your nature
To ben as pure as golde yfined,
And in your trouth for to endure,
Armith your selfe in strong armure,
Lest men assaile your sikirnes,
Set on your brest, your self to' assure,
A mightie shelde of doublenes.

ge was compiled by Chaucer, and is
the Craft of Lovers.

ytude, who lift ther balades ſewe,
ers curious arguments,
and ſom ben foundin trewe,
ble of entendements;
ther moral documents
ngage can examplifye
e what it doth ſignifie.
his balades have inſpeccion
'is lordſhipis excellente
ſe and correccion
nd body impotente,
r that he be negligente
, holde him excuſable,
es be ſory' and lamentable.
ſurmounting your nobles,
pre' and daiſi delicious!
elth, my cordial foundreſſe,
tife to ſores lango'rous,
ure of lovirs amo'rous!
ir of lovelie countinaunce!
in your remembraunce.
ur ypeinted eloquence,
, and eke ſo talcatife,
e the wit of Dame Prudence
our thought or to diſcrive,
d langage ye contrive
, your thought, and your entente,
r drede or I be ſhent.
roſe, and white as the lyly,
l of worldly portraiture!
, reſplendent with glory,
! o carbouncle ſhining pure!
edeth the craft of Nature,
our loveli countinaunce,
in your remembraunce.
, Sir, your proclamacion
ng, not touching ſadnes?
flatering and adulacion,
ght of worldly wildnes,
cauſe of goſtly ſeblenes;
hought, your double entendement,
drede or I be ſhent.
y thought, and myne entencion,
ou, my lady ſoveraine,
ve throw many a region
ed, ſo ye wold not diſdein
me when I compleine,
to ſuffre perturbaunce,
have me in remembraunce.
wil plainly ye doe expreſſe
is curious ſupplicacion;
hertely tendirneſſe,
ed of veine delectacion,
hink on the terminacion;
boundes, be not to negligente,
for dred or ye be ſhente.
g, beaute, and countinaunce,
line to do you reverence,
ing, glorious govirnaunce,
ſpirites, my wit, and prudence,
Some drop of grace of your magnificence
Unto your ſervaunt ye ſhewe attendaunce.
And regiſter my love in your remembraunce.
O comberous thought of manne's fragilite!
O ſervente wil of luſtis furious!
O cruel corage cauſinge adverſite!
Of women corrupcion, and contrarioufe,
Remembir man that chaunge is perilous,
To breke the' virginite of virgines innocente,
Wherfore beware mankinde or thou be ſhent.
My peine is prevy' impoſſible to' deſerne,
My lamentabel thoughtes by caſting mourninge,
O general juge Jeſu! ſitting ſuperne,
Graciouſly converte the love of my ſwete thing;
O' amiable lady, gracious and benigne!
I put me wholy in your govirnaunce,
Exile me not out of your remembraunce,
Me ſemeth by langage ye be ſome poteſtate,
Or els ſom curious gloſir diſceevable;
What is your name mekely I make regrate,
Or of what ſcience or craft commendable?
I'm a lady' excellente and honorable,
He muſt be gay that ſhould be to 'min entente,
Wherfore I wil be ware or I be ſhent.
Lorde God! this is a ſharpe examinacion
Of her that is moſt in my memorie,
Unto you lady' I make certification,
My name' is Trew Love, of carnal deſidery,
Of manne's copulacion the verye exemplary,
Which am one of your ſervauntes of pleſaunce,
I muſt be chefe callid to remembraunce.
I have ſought true love of yeres gret proces,
Yet fond I nevir love but for a ſeſon;
Some men be diverſe, know no gentilnes,
And ſome lackin both wiſdome and reſon;
In ſom men is truſt, in ſom men is treſon,
Wherfore I wil conclude by avyſemente,
And er beware for drede that I be ſhente.
The retour Tullius, gay of eloquence,
And Ovide, that ſheweth Craft of Love expre,
With habundaunce of Salomon's prudence,
And pulcritude of Abſalon's faireneſſe,
And I wer poſſeſs'd with Job's grete richeſſe,
Manly' as Sampſone my perſone to avaunce,
Yet ſhuld I ſubmit me' in your remembraunce.
Now Sir, yf that it pleſe your nobilneſſe
To gyve advertence to my queſtion,
What thinge is the pleſure of ſwetneſſe,
And moſt bittir in final ſucceſſion?
Or what thing gevith man occaſion
In tender age to be concupiſcent?
Reſolve this queſtion or drede, Sir, ye' be ſhent.
My ſoveraigne lady', Ovide in his writinge
Saith deſire of worldly concupiſcence
As for a time is ſwete in his worchinge,
And in his ende he cauſith grete offence;
Notwithſtandinge, my lady Dame Prudence,
Grene flowring age and manly countinaunce
Cauſith ladies to have' it in remembraunce,
Your godely anſwir, ſo notable' in ſubſtaunce,
Wold cauſe the hert of womanhede converte
Unto delyte of natural pleſaunce;
But of one thing I wolde faine be experte,
Why menne's langage wol procure and transverte

The wil of women and virgines innocente,
Wherfore I am aferd or I be shente.
Let nevir the love of true love be losed,
My soveraine lady, in no manir wise;
In your confidence my wordes I have closed,
My' amyable love to you I doe promise;
So that ye knit the knot of exercyse
Both locke and key ye have in govirnaunce,
Emprint my love in your remembèraunce.
Of very trust and I were certified,
The plain entencion of your herte's cordial,
Me semeth in blisse than were I glorified,
Unto your plesure I would be' at your call
But er I fere of chauncis casual,
Of fraude, disceipte, and langage insolent,
Then were I sure maidinhed should be shent.
Ther was ner tresour' of terrestial richesse,
Nor precious stones rekened innumerabell,
To be of comparison to your high godenes,
Above al cretures to' me most amiable;
'Trust not the contrary', I was ner discevabell;
Kepe wel true love, forge no dissembèlaunce,
And graciously take me to' your remembraunce.
Me semeth by seiture of manly properte
Ye shuld be trusty' and trewe of comprimis,
I finde in you no false duplicite,
Wherfore, True Love, ye have my hert I wis
And ermore shal endure, so have I blis,
The sede'rasy made with gode avisement,
God graunt grace that nothir of us be shent!
Whan Phœbus freshe wes in his chare splendente,
In the moneth of Maye, erly in a morninge,
I herd two lovirs profir this argu'mente,
In the yere of our Lorde a M. by rekening,
CCCXL. and VII. yere folowing,
O potent princesse! conserve true lovirs al,
Graunt them thy region and blisse celestial.

A balade.

Or ther nature they gretly them delite,
With holy face yfeinid for the nones,
In saintwarie ther frendis to visite,
More for reliquis than for saintis bones,
Though they be closid undir precious stones,
To gete them pardon, lyke ther olde usages,
Tok isse no shrines but lusty quike images.
Whan maidens ar wedded and houshold have take
All ther humility' is exiled awaye,
And the' cruil hertes beginnith to awake,
They do' al the besy cure they can or maye
To vex ther householdes-maistirs, soth to saye,
Wherfore, ye yong men, I rede you forthy
Beware alwaye, *The blinde eteth many a flye.*
Of this matir I dare make no relation,
In desaute of slepe my spirites wex feinte,
In my studie I'have had long habitacion,
My body' and gost are grevously attaint,
And therfore I make no lengir complaint;
But whethir that the blind ete flesh or fish
I pray God kepe the fly out of my dishe!

Now' I make an ende, and laie me rest,
For I knowe by experience veramente
If maidinis and wivis knewe and wist
Who made the mattir he should sone be
Wherefore I praie that God omnipotent
Hym save and kepin bothe night and da
Writtin in the lustie seson of Maie.

The X. Commaundements of Love.

Certis ferre extendith yet my reson
This matir as it should be to diserive,
But I truste your grace will in this seson
Considir howe with conyng that I strive
For in his favour coud I ner arrive,
Elo'quence this balade hath in grete dis
The makir lackith manir to endite.
Of Love's commaundèmentes x. is th
As afterward shall rudely be reherfed,
And lovirs, in no wise departe asunder
Where as thei be observid and redressed,
Daungir and unkindnes yben oppressed,
And he that is commaundid this to mak
Is your owne, all othir for to forsake.

Faithe.

Faithe is the first and principally to t
And verie love requirith soche credence,
That eche beleve othir true as the gospel
Without adulacion or flatteryng audien
In true menyng and trustie confidence;
Paint not your connyng with colour ne
For then your love must nedis be unstab

Entencion.

In the seconde to trete of entencion,
Your lovir to plese doe your busie cure,
For as myn auchor Romance maketh n
Without entent your love mai not endu
As women will thereof, I am right sure,
Endevour with ther herte, will, and the
To plese hym onely that ther love hath

Discrecion.

In your delyng evir ybe discrete,
Set not your love there as it shall be los
Advertise in your minde whether he be
That unto hym your herte maie be disc
And aftir as you finde hym then dispose
Poinct by discresion your hour, time, an
Conveniently metyng with armes to' ex

Pacience.

Of these commaundementes the iiii. is
Though by' irous corage your lovir be n
With soft wordis and humble obedience
His wrathe maie sone be swagid and rek
And thus his love obteinid and acheved
Will in you rote with gretir diligence,
Bicause of your meke womanly patience

Secretesse.

Secretlie behave you in your werkis,
In shewing countenance or mevyng your
Though soche behavior to some folk be d

t hath lovid will it sone aspie,
ou your self your counsaill maie descrie;
privy to your delyng sew' as ye maie,
may kepe a counsel if twain be awaie.

Prudence.

prudence governe aye your bridil reine;
your love in so fervent a wise
it in godely hast ye may refreine,
your lovirs list you to dispise:
nce min auctour wold you this advise,
ke your love, for if ye doe not so
ranton list will tourne you into wo.

Perseverauncе.

lishe your love in so stedfast a wise,
ye thinke your lovir will be true,
rely as ere you can devise,
ym onely and refuse allè newe,
hall not your worship ychaunge his hew,
rtis, maistris, then is he to blame
that he will quite you with the same.

Pitie.

piteous to hym as womanhod requireth,
or your love endurith painis smerte,
so sorely your plesaunt loke cusireth,
printid is your beautie in his herte,
woundid lyith without knife or darte;
let your pitie spred without restreinte,
ke of it let not your servaunt seint.

Mesure.

e mesure in your talkyng, be n'ot outrage
is reherfith Romance de la Rose,
endued with plenteous langage
mis is denyid his purpose;
mesure in langage, wisedome ingrose,
esure, as right well proved is by reson,
is unseso'nable settith in seson.

Mercie.

e daungir exile hym all uttirly,
ll mercie to' occupie his place,
eous complaintis your eres applie,
eceve your true servaunte into grace;
n that boundin is in Lov'is lace
favour, ladie', and be not merciles,
e be called a common murdires.

L'envoye.

en ye unto this balade have inspeccion
makyng holde me excusable,
bmittid unto your correccion;
lir that my connyng is disable
rite to you the figure uniable,
voide of connyng and experience,
of indityng, reson, and eloquence.
st it well the makir is all your owne,
obeie while his life maie endure,
e you service as a man unknowne,
erdone desiryng of yerthly tresure,
it might accorde with your plesure
s true service hym for to avaunce,
all hym into your remembèraunce.

The IX. Ladies Worthie

Quene Sinope.

PROFULGENT in preciousness, O Sinope the Quene!
Of all feminine berynge the sceptir and regalie,
Subduyng the large countrie of Armenie', as it was sene,
For maugre ther mightis thou ybrought them for to applie,
Thin honour to encresin and thy power to magnifie;
O most renoumed Hercules! with al thy pompous boste
This princes toke the prisonir and put to fighte thine host.

Ladie Hippolyte.

Yet Hercules wexed red for shame when I spake of Hippolyt,
Chief patrones and captain of the peple of Sinope,
Which with her amorous chere and with coragious might
She smotè the unto the ground for all thy cruiltie,
Wherfore the dukeship of Diamedes and dignitie
Unto her gretè laudè and glorie perpetuall
Attributid by all is with triumphè laureall.

Lady Deiphile.

The most noble triumphè of this ladie Deiphile,
In releve and succor of the gret Duke of Athenis,
She chastisid and brought into perpetual exile
The aureat citizeinis of the mightie Thebis,
The strongè brasin pilliris there haddin no reles,
But she with her sistir Agrisè them did dounè cast,
And with furious fire cite ybrent at last.

Lady Teuca.

O pulchrior sole in beautie and full ylucident,
Of all feminine creturis the mostè formous flour!
In Italy reigning with great chevalry right fervent,
Chaistised the Romainis as maistris and conquèrour,
O lady Teuca! mochil was thy glorie and honour,
Yet mochil more was to commende thy grete benignite
In thy perfite living and virginall chastitie.

Quene Penthesilea.

O ye Trojains! for this noble Quene Penthesile
Sorowe her mortalitie with dolorous compassion,
Her lovè was towardis you so pregnante and fertile,
Which that against the proude Grekis made defension,
With her victorious hand was al her affeccion
To lashe the Grekis to ground, and with ther hert 'is joie [Troie.
To revengin the coward deth of noble' Hector of

Queen Thamyris.

O thou most rigorous Quene Thamyris invincible! [ing,
Upon the strong and hideous peple of citees rein-
Whiche by thy grete powir and by wittis sensible

Ytokist in battaile captive Cyrus, the grete King
Of Persia and of Media, his hed in blode lying;
Thou baddist him to drinkin of the blode he had thurstid,
And xxii. M. of his hoste there were distressid.

Ladie Lampedo.

The famous loude trumpè ymade of gold yforgid so bright
Hath blowin so up the famè and glory environ
Of this lady Lampedo, with her sistir Masisit,
That al the land of Feminie, Europe, and Ephesoń,
Be yeldin and applied lowly to her subjeccion;
Many an high toure she raisid, and ybilt touris long,
Perpetuelly to lastin, with hugè wallis strong.

Quene Semiramis.

Lo here Semiramis, the Quene of grete Babilon,
The moste generous gem and the floure of loveily favor,
Whose excellent powir from Mede unto Septentrion
Florished in her regally as a mightie conqueror,
Subdued al Barbary, and Zorast the King of honor,
She slue Ethiop, and conquirid Armenie and Inde,
In which non entrid but Alexander and she as I finde.

Ladie Menalippe.

Also the ladie Menalippe, thy sister so dere,
Whose martial powir there was no man that could withstand,
For thorough the wide worldè there was not yfound her pere,
The famous Duke of Athenis, Theseus, she had in hande,
And she sorely chastisid him and conquirid his lande;
The proudè Grekis mightilie also she did assaile,
And ovircame and vanquishid them bravely in bataile.

Alone walkyng,
In thought plainyng,
And sore sighyng,
} All desolate.

Me remembryng
Of my livyng,
My death wishyng
} Both erly and late.

Infortunate
Is so my fate,
That wote ye what?
} Out of mesure

My life I hate.
Thus desperate
In soche pore estate
} Doe I endure.

Of othir cure
Am I not sure.
Thus to to endure
} Is hard certain.

Suche is my ure
I you ensure:
What creature
} Maie have more pain?

My truthe so plain
Is take in vain,
And grete disdain
} In remembran:

Yet I full faine
Would me complaine
Me to abstaine
} From this pena

But in substaunce
None allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce
} Can I not finde

Right so my chaunce
With displesaunce
Doeth me avaunce;
} And thus an e

A ballade.

In Feverere, when that it was full cold:
Froste, snowe, haile, raine, hath domina
With chaungable' elementes and wia folde,
Whiche hath of ground, flour, herbe, jus
For to dispose astir their correccion,
And yet Aprilis with his plesaunt shour
Dissolveth the snow and bringith f floures,
Of whose invencion lovirs maie be gla
For thei bring in the kalendis of Maie,
And thei with countinuance demure, n sad,
Owe to worship the lustie floures alwaie
And in speciall one called se of the dai,
The dāisie, a flowir white and rede,
And in French callid *La bel Margarete.*
O commendable floure, and moste in
O floure and gracious of excellence!
O amiable Marga'rite! of natise kind,
To whom I must resort with diligence,
With hert, wil, thought, most lowly obe
I to be your servaunt, ye my regent,
For life ne deth nevir for to repent.
Of this processe now forth will I proc
Whiche happith unto me with grete dis
As for the time thereof I take lest hede,
For unto me was brought the sorè paine
Therfore my cause was the more to com
Yet unto me my grevaunce was the lesse
That I was so nigh my ladie' and maistre
There where she was present in t place,
I having in herte grete adversite,
Except onely the fortune and gode grace
Of her whose I am, the whiche releved
And my grete dures unlasid hath the,
And brought me out of the fearful greva
If 'it were her ese it were to me plesau
As for the wo whiche that I did endur
It was to me a verie plesaunt pain,
Seyng it was for that faire creature
Whiche is my ladie and my loverain,
In whose presence I would be pastyng fai
So that I wist it werin her plesure,
For she is from all gladnesse my pro

:nto me dreadfull ywere the chaunce,
f gentilnes oweth me to blame,
:vir suffre' of deth the penaunce
ould for me' have dishonor or shame,
ise losin her gode name;
od for his endlesse mercie
y lovir joy of his lady!

A ballade.

and o merciable
ngis, and fathir of pite,
ht and mercie is incomperable!
erne, o mightie Lorde! saie we,
nercie is given of propirtie,
raunt that lieth in prison bounde
mercie or that his hertè wounde.
. thou wilt graunt to him thy prisoner
, and lose hym out of pain,
res, and all his hevie chere
nesse thei were restored again,
vengeance why should thou not re-
n,
mercie, sith he is penitent?
hym Lorde, and let him not be shente
it' is so there is a trespas done,
:ie let yelde the treipassour,
Sice to redresse it sone,
Se to Mercie is a mirrour,
is the swete hath the price by soure,
passe Mercie hath all her might,
'respasse Mercie hath lacke of light.
ould phisike doe but if sikenes were?
ith salve but if there were a sore?
ith drink wher thirst hath no power?
ild Mercie do but Trespas go' afore?
as Mercie woll be litil store,
Trespas ner execusion
'cie have ne chief perfeccion.
ise at this time of my writyng,
iyng Mercie, to whom I make mone,
lest my sovereigne and swetyng,
er that lovelyir is none,
is displeised for causis more than one;
sis thei be that knoweth God and she,
n'ot I; alas, it forthinketh me!
e she' in me, what defaute or offence?
'e I doe that she on me disdaine?
ht I doe come into her presence,
y complaint, whereof I were saine?
loke, to speke, or to complaine,
iat hath my herte every dele;
ie God I would al thing wer wele:
this cose came I never or now
daunce so ferre in the trace,
myne ese escapin I ne mow
iis daungir, except her gode grace,
gh my countenaunce be mery' in her
ce,
i to her by worde or by chere,
ode grace settith myne hertè nere.
my soveraine have any marvaile
her now and afore ywrote,
well think it is no grete travaile
To him that is in lovè brought so hote;
It 'is a simple tre that falleth with one stroke;
That mene I, though that my soveraine to forn
Me hath denied yet grace may come to morn.
Maistris, for the gode will I have you ought,
And evir shall as long as life durith,
Pitie your servant, kepe him in your thought,
Give' him som comfort or medi'cin, and curith
His ague, that encresith, that renuith:
So grievous ben his paines and sighis sore
That without mercy his dais be forlore.
Go, litil bill, go forth, and hie the fast,
Recommende me', and excuse me as you can,
For very feble am I at the last,
My pen is woren, my hew is pale and wan,
My eyen ben sonke, disfigured like no man,
Till Deth his dart that causith for to smert
My corps have consumed, then farewel swet hert.
Doughtre' of Phœbus in vertuous apparence,
My love elect in my remembèraunce,
My carefull herte distrained cause of absence,
Till ye my' empresse me relese my grevaunce
Upon you 'is set my life, myne attendaunce,
Is sette without recure I wis untill
Ye grauntin my true herte to have his will.
Thus, my dere swetyng! in a traunce I lye,
And shal, til drops of pitie from you spring.
I mene your mercie, that lieth my herte nye,
That me maii rejoyce, and cause for to syng
These termes of love; lo I have won the ring,
My godely maistris; thus of his gode grace
God graunt her blisse in heven to have a place!

Here followeth how Mercurie, with Pallas, Venus, and Juno, appered to Paris of Troie, he slepyng by a fountain *.

Pallas loquitur ad Parin.

SONNE of Priam, gentill Paris of Troie,
Wake of thy slepe, beholde us goddesses thre,
We havin brought to the encrese of joye,
To thy discresion reportyng our beautie;
Take here this appill, and well advise the
Whiche of us is the fairist in thy sight,
And give thou it, we praie the, gentil knight.

Juno loquitur primo.

If so be thou give it to me, Parise,
This shal I give unto thy worthines,
Honour and conquest, nobley, lose and prise,
Victorie, courage, force, and hardines,
Gode avinture, and famous manlines;
For that appil all this give I to the,
Considir this Parise, and give it me.

Venus loquitur ad Parin.

Nale, give it me, and this I shall you give,
A glad aspecte with favour and fairnes,

* The title in Speght and Urry runs, How Mercury, with Pallas, Venus, and Minerva, &c. but as Pallas and Minerva is one and the same goddess, and as Juno was the third goddess at this interview with Paris, her name in the title, and as one of the appellants to the Trojan prince, is substituted for that of *Minerva*.

Ytokist in battaile captive Cyrus, the grete King
Of Persia and of Media, his hed in blode lying;
Thou baddist him to drinkin of the blode he had thurstid,
And xxii. M. of his hoste there were distressid.

Ladie Lampedo.

The famous loude trumpe ymade of gold yforgid so bright
Hath blowin so up the famè and glory environ
Of this lady Lampedo, with her sistir Masisit,
That al the land of Feminie, Europe, and Ephesou,
Be yeldin and applied lowly to her subjeccion;
Many an high toure she raisid, and ybilt touris long,
Perpetuelly to lastin, with hugè wallis strong.

Quene Semiramis.

Lo here Semiramis, the Quene of grete Babilon,
The moste generous gem and the floure of loveily favor,
Whose excellent powir from Mede unto Septentrion
Florished in her regally as a mightie conqueror,
Subdued al Barbary, and Zorast the King of honor,
She slue Ethiop, and conquirid Armenie and Inde,
In which non entrid but Alexander and she as I finde.

Ladie Menalippe.

Also the ladie Menalippe, thy sister so dere,
Whose martial powir there was no man that could withstand,
For thorough the wide worldè there was not yfound her pere,
The famous Duke of Athenis, Theseus, she had in hande,
And she sorely chastisid him and conquirid his lande;
The proudè Grekis mightilie also she did assaile,
And overcame and vanquishid them bravely in bataile.

Alone walkyng,
In thought plainyng,
And sore sighyng,
} All desolate,

Me remembryng
Of my livyng,
My death wishyng
} Both erly and late,

Infortunate
Is so my fate,
That wote ye what?
} Out of mesure

My life I hate.
Thus desperate
In soche pore estate
} Doe I endure.

Of othir cure
Am I not sure.
Thus to to endure
} Is hard certain.

Suche is my ure
I you enture:
What creature
} Maie have more pain?

My truthe so plain
Is take in vain,
And grete disdain
} In remembrance;

Yet I full faine
Would me complaine
Me to abstaine
} From this penaunce;

But in substaunce
None allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce
} Can I not finde:

Right so my chaunce
With displesaunce
Doeth me avaunce;
} And thus an ende.

A balladr.

In Feverere, when that it was full colde,
Froste, snowe, haile, raine, hath dominacion,
With chaungable' elementes and winds manifolde,
Whiche hath of ground, flour, herbe, jurisdiccion
For to dispose astir their correccion,
And yet Aprilis with his plesaunt shoures
Dissolveth the snow and bringith forthe hir floures,

Of whose invencion lovers maie be glade,
For thei bring in the kalendis of Maie,
And thei with countinnance demure, meke, and sad,
Owe to worship the lustie floures alwaie,
And in speciall one called se of the day,
The dāisie, a flowir white and rede,
And in French callid *La bel Margarete.*

O commendable floure, and moste in mindè!
O floure and gracious of excellence!
O amiable Marga'rite! of natise kind,
To whom I must resort with diligence,
With hert, wil, thought, most lowly obedience,
I to be your servaunt, ye my regent,
For life ne deth nevir for to repent.

Of this processe now forth will I procede,
Whiche happith unto me with grete disdain,
As for the time thereof I take lest hede,
For unto me was brought the sore paine,
Therfore my cause was the more to complain,
Yet unto me my grevaunce was the lesse
That I was so nigh my ladie' and maistresse.

There where she was present in this same place,
I having in herte grete adversite,
Except onely the fortune and gode grace
Of her whose I am, the whiche relieved me,
And my grete dures unlasid hath she,
And brought me out of the fearful grevaunce,
If 'it were her ese it were to me plesaunce.

As for the wo whiche that I did endure
It was to me a verie plesaunt pain,
Seyng it was for that faire creature
Whiche is my ladie and my lovetrain,
In whose presence I would be passyng fain,
So that I wist it were in her pleasure,
For she is from all distaunce my protecture.

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levir suffre' of deth the penaunce
hould for me' have dishonor or shame,
wife losin her gode name;
God for his endlesse mercie
ry lovir joy of his lady!

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And love of ladies alſo while ye live,
Famous ſtature and princely ſemelines,
Accordyng to your natiſe gentilnes;
Undirſtand this gift well, I you adviſe,
And give it unto me hardly Pariſe.

Pallas loquitur ad Parin.

Ye, ye, Pariſe, takith hede unto me;
Thou art a prince yborne by thy diſcente,
And for to rule thy royall dignite
I ſhall the givin firſt intendèmente.
Diſcrecion, prudence in right judgèmente,
Whiche in a prince is thing moſt covenable:
Give it to me; I am to have it able.

A balade pleſaunte.

I HAVE a ladie, where ſo that ſhe be,
That ſeldome is ſhe ſoveraine of my thought,
On whoſe beautie when I beholde and ſe,
Remembryng me how well ſhe is ywrought,
I thanke Fortune, that to her grace me brought,
So faire is ſhe, but nothyng angelike,
Her beautie is unto none othir like.
For hardily and ſhe were made of braſſe,
Her face and all, ſhe hath enough fairneſſe;
Her eyen ben holow' and grene as any graſſe,
And ravenith yelowe is her ſounitreſſe,
Thereto ſhe hath of every comelineſſe,
Soche quantitie givin her by Nature
That with the leſt ſhe is of her ſtature.
And as a bolt her browis ben ibent,
And betill browed ſhe is alſo with all,
And of her witte as ſimple' and innocent
As is a childe that can no gode at all;
She is not thicke, her ſtature is but ſmall;
Her fingers ben litil and nothyng long;
Her ſkin is ſmothe as any ox'is tong:
Thereto ſhe is ſo wiſe in daliaunce,
And beſet her wordis ſo womanly,
That her to here it doeth me diſpleſaunce,
For that ſhe ſaieth is ſaied ſo connyngly
That when there be no mo then ſhe and I
I had levir ſhe were of talkyng ſtill
Then that ſhe ſhould ſo godelie ſpechè ſpill.
And ſlothe none ſhall ye have in her entreſſe,
So diligent is ſhe and vertuleſſe,
And ſo buſie aie all gode to undreſſe,
That as ſhe ape ſhe is harmleſſe,
And as an harnet meke and pitèleſſe,
With that ſhe is ſo wiſe and circumſpecte
That prudence none her folie can inſecte.
Is it not joye that ſoche one of her age,
Within the boundes of ſo grete tendirneſſe,
Should in her werke be ſo ſadde and ſo ſage,
That of the weddyng ſawe all the nobleſſe
Of Quene Jane, and ywas tho as I geſſe
But of the age of yeris ten and five?
I trowe there are not many ſoche alive.
For, as Jeſu my ſinfull ſoulè ſave,
There n'is creature in all this worlde livyng
Like unto her that I would gladly have,
So pleſith mine hert that godely ſwete thyng,
Whoſe ſoule in haſte unto his blis ybring
That firſt her formid to be a creture,
For were ſhe well of me I did no cure.

An other balade.

O Moſſie quince! yhangyng by your ſtalke,
The whiche no man dare plucke awaie nor take
Of all the folke that paſſe forthe by or walke,
Your flouris freſhe be fallen awaie and ſhake;
I am right ſorie, maiſtreſſe; for your ſake;
Ye ſeme a thyng that all men have forgoten;
Ye be ſo ripe ye waxin almoſte roten.
Your uglie cherè deinous and froward,
Your grene eyin, frownyng and nothing glad,
Your chekes, enbolned like a melowe coſtard,
Colour of orenge, your breſtes ſatournad,
Gilt on wara'ntiſe, the colour wil not fade,
Bawſin buttockid, belied like a tonne,
Men crie S. Barba'ry at the' loſing of you gonne.
Lovely lende maiſtris, take conſideracion,
I 'am ſo ſorrowfull there as ye be' abſent,
Floure of the barkfate fouleſt of al the nacion,
To love you but a little' is myne entent;
The ſwert hath ſent you, the ſmoke hath you ſhent,
I trow y' have ben laid on ſome kill to drie,
You do ſoch worſhip there as ye be preſent,
Of al women I love you heſt a M. timis fie.

A balade warnyng men to beware of deceyful women.

LOKE well aboute ye that loviris be,
Let not your luſtis lede you to dotage,
Be not enamoured on all thynges ye ſe;
Sampſon the forte and Salomon the ſage
Decevid were for all ther grete courage;
Men demin it right that thei ſe with eye,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteth many' a fie.*
I mene of women; for all ther cheres queint,
Truſt them not to moch, ther truthe is but treſon
The fairiſt outward wel can thei ypaint,
Ther ſtedfaſtneſſe endurith but a ſeſon,
For thei ſaine frendlines and worchin treſon,
And for thei are chaungable natu'rally,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteth many' a fie*
What wight on lyve ytruſtith on ther cheres
Shall have at laſt his guerdon and his mede;
Thei can ſhave nerir than raſours or ſheres;
All is not gold that ſhinith, men take hede,
Their galle is hid undir a ſugrid wede;
It is but queint ther fantaſie to' aſpie,
Beware therefore, *The blind eteth many' a fie.*
Though all the worldè doe his buſie cure
To make women ſtandin in ſtableneſſe
It would not be; it is againſt nature;
The worlde is doe when thei lacke doubleneſſe,
For thei laugh and love not, this is expreſſe;
To truſt on them it is but fantaſie,
Beware therfore, *The blind eteth many' a fie.*

Women of kindè hath condicions thre;
The firſt is that thei be full of diſſeite,
To ſpinnin alſo is ther propertie,
And women have a wondirfull conſeite,
For thei can wepe oft, and all is a ſleite,
And when thei liſt the tere is in the eye,
Beware therfore, *The blind eteth many' a flie.*
In ſoth to ſaie, though all the yerth ſo wanne
Wer parchèment ſmoth, white and ſcribabell,
And the gret ſe, that called is the' Ocean,
Were tournid into ynke blacker than ſabell,
Eche ſticke a pen, eche man a ſcrivener abel,
Not coud thei writin woman's trechirie,
Beware therfore, *The blind eteth many' a flie.*

A balade declaring that womens chaſtite doeth moche excel all treſure worldly.

In womanhede, as auctours al ywrite,
Moſt thing commendid is chaſte honeſte,
Thing moſt ſlaund'erous ther nobles to atwite,
As when women of haſty fraëlte
Exceden the bondes of wifely chaſtite,
For what availeth lynage or rial blode
When of ther lvying the report 'is not gode?
The holy bed deſoilid of marriage
For ones defoiled may not recovered be.
The vice goth forth and the froward langage
By many' a relme and many' a grete cite;
Slaundir hath a cuſtome, and that' is grete pite,
That true or fals, by a contrarious ſoune,
Onis areiſe it goth not lyghtly downe:
For when a lechour by force or maſtry
Deſoulid hath of virgins the clennes,
Widous oppreſſed, and ly in advoutry,
Aſſailid wives that ſtode in ſtablenes,
Who may then ther ſlaundèrous harme redreſſe
When ther gode name is hurt by ſoch report?
For fame loſt ones can ner have his refort.
A theſe may robbe a man of his richeſſe,
And by ſome mene make reſtitucion,
And ſome man maye dyſherit and oppreſſe
A povir man from his poſſeſſion,
And aftir make him ſatisfaccion,
But *No man may reſtore in no degre*
A maid robbid of her virginite,
A man may alſo bete a caſtil doune,
And bilde it aftir more freſhe to the ſight,
Exile a man out of his regioune,
And him revoke whether it be wrong or right,
But *No man hath the powir ne the might*
For to reſtore the palace virginal
Of Chaſtite when brokin is the wal.
Men may alſo put out of ther ſervice,
And officirs remeve out of ther place,
And at a day, when Fortune liſt deviſe,
They may again reſtorid be to grace,
But *Ther n'is time nothir ſet ne ſpace,*
Nor ner in glory neithir rad ne ſain,
That maydenhode loſt recovered was again:
For whiche men ſhouldin have a conſcience,
Rewe in ther hertis and repentin ſore,
And havin a remorce of gret offence
To raviſhe thing which they may not reſtore,
For it is ſaide, and hath be ſaid ful yore,
The emeraud grene of parfite chaſtite
Stole ones away may not recovered be.
And hard it is to raviſhe a treſour
Whiche of nature is not recuperable;
Lordſhip may not of kinge nor emperour
Reforme a thinge whiche is nat reformable;
Ruſt of defamè is inſeparable,
And *Maidinhode yloſt of newe or yore*
No man in live may it again reſtore.
The Romanes olde thorough ther pacience
Suffirid tyrauntes in ther tyranyes
On ther cites to do grete violence,
The peple to oppreſſe with ther roberies,
But them to puniſhe they ſet gret eſpies
On falſe avouterers, as it is wel couth,
Which widowes raviſh and maidens in ther youth.

Chaucer's wordes unto his own ſcriwenere.

Adam Scrivenere, yf ever it the befalle
Boece or Troiles for to write new
Under thy longe lockes thou maiſt have the ſcalle,
But after my makynge thou write more true,
So ofte adaye I mote thy werke renew
It to correcte and eke to rubbe and ſcrape,
And al is thorow thy negligence and rape.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,

Containing his

SONGS,	ELEGIES,
SONNETS,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age,
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire;
Fair GERALDINE, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves as heavenly MIRA now.

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1798.

THE LIFE OF SURREY.

ER the death of Chaucer, no considerable improvements were made in English poetry, till about beginning of the sixteenth century. At that period, our intercourse with Italy, not only in-ced the study of classical literature into England, but gave a new turn to our vernacular poetry. language and the manners of Italy, were esteemed and studied. The sonnets of Petrarch, were reat models of composition. They entered into the genius of the fashionable manners; and in boisterous, but polished court of Henry the Eighth, Petrarch of course became the popular

enry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the unrivalled ornament of that court, and of his age, led the way eat improvements in English poetry, by a happy imitation of Petrarch, and other Italian poets, had been most successful in painting the anxieties of love with pathos and propriety.

e was the son and grandson of two Lord Treasurers, Dukes of Norfolk; and in his early child-, discovered the most promising marks of lively parts, and an active mind.

hile a boy, he was habituated to the modes of a court at Windsor Castle, where he resided, yet r the care of proper instructors, in the quality of a companion to Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Rich-l, a natural son of King Henry, and of the highest expectations.

friendship of the closest kind commencing between them, about 1530, they were both removed ardinal Wolsey's College at Oxford; which was one of the first seminaries of an English univer-hat professed to explode the pedantries of the old barbarous philosophy, and to cultivate the gra-f polite literature.

wo years afterwards, he accompanied his noble friend into France, where they received King y on his arrival at Calais, to visit Francis the First, with a most magnificent retinue.

e friendship of these two young noblemen, was soon strengthened by a new tie; for Richmond ied Lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister.—Richmond, however, appears to have died in 1536, t the age of seventeen, having never cohabited with his wife.

was long before he forgot the untimely loss of this amiable youth, the friend and associate of his hood, and who nearly resembled himself in genius, refinement of manners, and liberal acqui-s.

is not known at what period he began his travels. They have the air of a romance. He made our of Europe in the true spirit of chivalry; proclaiming the unparalleled charms of Geraldine istress, and prepared to defend the cause of her beauty with the weapons of knight errantry.

his way to Italy, he passed a few days at the Emperor's court, where he became acquainted Cornelius Agrippa. This celebrated adept in natural magic, shewed him, in a mirror of glass, ng image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his most tender sonnets by ten taper. His imagination was heated anew by this interesting and affecting spectacle. In-d with every enthusiasm of the most romantic passion, he hastened to Florence, the original seat e ancestors of his Geraldine; and on his arrival, immediately published a defiance against any n who should presume to dispute the superiority of her beauty. The grand Duke of Tuscany itted this important trial to be decided. The challenge was accepted, and Surrey victorious.

His heroic vanities did not, however, so totally engross the time which he spent in Italy, as to enate his mind from literature: he studied, with the greatest success, a critical knowledge of the lian language, and attained a just taste for the peculiar graces of the Italian poetry.

He was recalled to England, for some idle reason, by the King, and appeared at court the polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age.

He shone in the tournaments of the court; and his name is renowned in the military achieve of that martial age.

In 1542, he marched into Scotland as a chief commander in his father's army, and was con ous for his conduct and bravery at the memorable battle of Flodden-field, where James the Fou Scotland was killed.

The year following, he was imprisoned in Windsor Castle, for eating flesh in Lent; a circum worthy of notice, only as it marks his character, impatient of any controul, and regardless of p formalities, and as it gave occasion to one of his most sentimental and pathetic sonnets.

In 1544, he was field-marshal of the English army in the expedition to Boulogne, which he but being defeated, endeavouring to cut off a convoy of the enemy, a disgrace he repaired, he lo King's favour, and was superseded by the Earl of Hertford.

Conscious of his high birth and capacity, he could not refrain, upon this occasion, from some reproachful expressions against a measure which seemed to impeach his personal courage.

It was his misfortune to serve a monarch, whose resentments, which were easily provoked, only be satisfied by the most severe revenge.

The brilliancy of his character was viewed by Henry with disgust and suspicion. His p ty was misconstrued into a dangerous ambition, and gave birth to accusations equally ground frivolous.

He was suspected of a design to marry the princess Mary; and it was insinuated that he c fed with foreigners, and corresponded with Cardinal Pole.

The addition of the arms of Edward the Confessor to his own, though justified by the ancie family, and the authority of the heralds, was made a foundation for an impeachment of treason.

He was arraigned at Guildhall; and notwithstanding his eloquent and manly defence, he condemned by the prepared suffrage of a servile and obsequious jury, and beheaded on T hill, January 19th 1546-7.

The Duke of Norfolk, charged with allegations equally groundless, escaped the same unhappy by the death of the tyrant, which happened nine days after the unmerited death of his son.

Surrey was buried in the church of All Hallows-Barking, Tower-street, but afterwards re to Framlingham, Suffolk, where an honourable monument was erected to his memory, by his cond son, Henry Earl of Northampton.

He married Frances, daughter of John Earl of Oxford; by whom he left several children. One his daughters, Jane, Countess of Westmoreland, was among the learned ladies of that age, and became famous for her knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages.

History is silent as to the name of the *fair Geraldine*, the general object of his passionate sonn and as to the reasons why the gallantries he performed for her, did not end in a marriage.

The notices concerning her in his sonnets are obscure and indirect; but they have been illustrated with the most happy sagacity by the present Earl of Orford, and applied to Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose poetical name is almost her real one. She was second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, second cousin to the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, bred up with them, as it is conjectured, at Hunsdon-House, and afterwards the third wife of Edward Clinton, Earl of Lincoln.

His *Songes and Sonnettes*, as they have been stiled, were first collected and printed at London, by Tottell, in 1557, together with the "Songes and Sonnettes" of his amiable and accomplished friend Sir Thomas Wyat, the elder, and of uncertain authors. Another edition appeared 1565. Other in 1574, 1585, 1587. The last edition was printed in 1717. They are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

They were in high reputation with his contemporaries, and for many years afterwards, though r are ſcarcely known at preſent. They have been praiſed by Leland, Sydney, Tuberville, Put-nam, Churchyard, and Drayton, and in more recent times by Dryden, Waller, Fenton, and Pope. y merit attention equally as compoſitions of real and intrinſic merit, and as objects of curioſity. They are chiefly amatory and ſentimental; but in elegance of ſentiment, and in nature and ſenſi-y, they are equal to the beſt love verſes in our language; and in harmony of numbers, perſpicui-f expreſſion, and facility of phraſeology, they approach ſo near the productions of the preſent age, they will hardly be believed to have been produced in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

ut Surrey was not merely the poet of idleneſs and gallantry. He was fitted, both from nature ſtudy, for the more ſolid and laborious parts of literature. He tranſlated the 2d and 4th books e Æneid into blank verſe, which are the firſt compoſitions extant, in that meaſure, in the Engliſh uage. They were printed in 1557, 12mo; but the book is ſo extremely ſcarce, that a copy could be procured for this edition of his works. He wrote many other poems, which were never pub-d, and are now perhaps entirely loſt. He tranſlated the Eccleſiaſtes of Solomon into Engliſh e. He alſo tranſlated a few of the Pſalms into metre. Theſe verſions of Scripture ſhew that as a friend to the Reformation. Among his works are alſo mentioned a poem on the death of riend the Duke of Richmond, an exhortation to the city of London, a tranſlation of Boccace's le to Pinus, and ſeveral Latin epiſtles.

ll his biographers, particularly the Earl of Orford and Mr. Warton, have been laviſh, and very y, in his praiſe; he merits the higheſt encomiums, as the firſt refiner of our language, and the valled ornament of his age and country, and challenges the gratitude and eſteem of every man terature, for the generous aſſiſtance he afforded it in its infancy, and his ready and liberal aſſiſt-e to all men of merit in his time.

his poetical character is ſo elegantly drawn by the happy pencil of Mr. Warton, as to render the gling after-ſtrokes of a caſual hand unneceſſary.

"In the ſonnets of Surrey," ſays that judicious and claſſical critic, whoſe death is an irreparable to Engliſh literature, "we are ſurpriſed to find nothing of that metaphyſical caſt, which marks Italian poets, his ſuppoſed maſters, eſpecially Petrarch. Surrey's ſentiments are for the moſt t natural and unaffected; ariſing from his own feelings, and dictated by the preſent circumſtances. poetry is alike unembarraſſed by learned alluſions, or elaborate conceits. If he copies Petrarch, Petrarch's beſt manner, where he deſcends from his Platonic abſtractions, his refinements of ion, his exaggerated compliments, and his play upon oppoſite ſentiments, into a track of tender-, ſimplicity, and nature.

Surrey, for his juſtneſs of thought, correctneſs of ſtyle, and purity of expreſſion, may juſtly be nounced the firſt Engliſh claſſical poet. He unqueſtionably is the firſt polite writer of love ver-n our language."

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE.

That to have well written in verſe, yea and in ſmall parcelles, deſerveth great prayſe. The workes of dyvers Latines, Italians and other, doe prove ſufficiently, that our tong is able in that kynde to dooe as prayſe worthely as the reſt, the Honorable Style of the Noble Earl of Surrey, and the weightineſſe of the deep witted Syr Thomas Wyat the Elders verſe, with ſeveral graces in ſundry good Engliſh writers, doe ſhoe abundantly. It reſteth nowe (gentle reader) that thou thynke it not evil done, to publyſh to the honour of the Englyſh tong, and for the profit of the ſtudiouſe of Englyſh Eloquence, thoſe woorkes whiche the ungentle horders up of ſuche treaſure, have heretofore envyed thee; and for this point (good reader) thyne owne profite and pleaſure in theſe preſently, and in mo hereafter ſhall aunſwere for my defence. If perhappes ſome myſlyke the ſtarkneſſe of ſtyle removed from the rude ſkyll of common eares: I aſk helpe of the learned to defende thyre learned frend the authore of this woorke, and I exhorte the unlearned by reading to learne to be more ſkyllfull, and to purge the ſwinelike groſſeneſſe that maketh the ſweet meſeroine not to ſmell to theyr delight.

[ibe restlesse state of a Lover, with Sute to Lady, to rue on his dieng hart.

: hath twyse brought fourth his tender
:,
le the earth in lyvely lustinesse;
ne wyndes the trees dyspoled clene,
;ayne begynnes theyr cruelnesse,
: hyd under my brest the harme,
shall recover healthfulnesse.
s hurt recovers with the warme,
l grene restored is with shade:
th, alas! may serve for to dysarme
hart that myne inflame hath made?
agayne is able to restore
ene yeares, that wither thus and fade.
nothing has hurt so sore
n tyme reduceth a returne:
harme encreaseth more and more
to have my cure allwayes in scorne,
les of death, in lyfe that I doe trye
nelt, farre of in flame to burne:
tyme lyst to my cure applye,
: place my comfort cleane refuse.
iive, that seeth the heavens with eye,
of night may cover and excuse
ravayle of the dayes unrest,
! against all others use
:yrre up the tormentes of my breaste;
che starre as causer of my fate:
he sun hath eke the darke oppreat,
: the day, it doth nothing abate
es of myne endless smarte and payne:
one as hath the light in hate,
ght more covertly to playne
hdrawe from every haunted place,
chere my chaunce appeare to playne,
: place where I my self had lost,
mynde I measure pace by pace.
at I was tangled in the lace,
lacke that knitted ever most;
et the travayll of my thought
ite, could catche a cause to bost:
ide sometime that I have sought,
s by whom I trusted of the port,
o fall, and I advaunce right nought,
ast, my sprites do all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more:
The deadly harme which he doth take in sport
Lo! if I seek, how I do find my sore!
And if I flee, I cary with me styll
The venomed shaft which doth hys force restore
By hast of flight, and I may plague my fill
Unto my self, unless this carefull song
Print in your hart some parcell of my teene
For I alas! in silence all too long
Of myne olde hurt, yet feele the wound but grene!
Rue on my lyfe, or else your cruel wronge
Shall well appeare and by my death be sene.

Description of Spring, wherein eche thing renewes, save only the Lover.

The soote season that bud, and bloome fourth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
The nightingall with fethers new she singes;
The turtle too her mate hath told her tale;
Somer is come, for every spray now springes.
The hart hath hung hys olde head on the pale;
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;
The fishes flete with newe repayred scale:
The adder all her slough away she flynges,
The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle,
The busy bee her honey how shemynges;
Winter is worne that was the floures ball.
And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

Description of the restless estate of a Lover.

When youth had led me halfe the race,
That Cupides scourge had made me runne;
I looked back to meet the place,
From whence my weary course begunne:
And then I saw howe my desyre
Misguiding me had led the waye,
Myne eyne to greedy of theyre hyre,
Had made me lose a better prey.
For when in sighes I spent the day,
And could not cloake my grief with gayne;

The boyling ſmoke dyd ſtill bewray,
The preſent heate of ſecret flame:
And when ſalt teares do bayne my breaſt,
Where love his pleaſent traynes hath ſowen,
Her beauty hath the fruytes oppreſt,
Ere that the buddes were ſpronge and blowne.
And when myne eyen dyd ſtill purſue,
The flying chaſe of theyre requeſt;
Theyre greedy looks dyd oft renew,
The hydden wounde within my breſte.
When every loke theſe cheekes might ſtayne,
From dedly pale to glowing red;
By outward ſignes appeared playne,
To her for helpe my hart was fled.
But all to late love learneth me,
To paynt all kynd of colours new;
To blynd theyre eyes that elſe ſhould ſee
My ſpeckled chekes with Cupids hew.
And now the covert breſt I clame,
That worſhit Cupide ſeeretely;
And nouriſhed hys ſacred flame,
From whence no blairing ſparkes do flye.

Deſcripcion of the fickle Affections, Pangs, and Sleightes of Love.

Such wayward wayes hath Love, that moſt part in diſcord
Our willes do ſtand, whereby our hartes but ſeldom do accord:
Decyte is hys delighte, and to begyle and mocke
The ſimple hartes who he doth ſtrike with froward divers ſtroke.
He cauſeth th' one to rage with golden burning darte, [harte.
And doth alay with leaden cold, again the others
Whoſe gleames of burning fyre and eaſy ſparkes of flame, [ame
In balance of unequal weyght he pondereth by
From eaſye ford where I myghte wade and paſs full well,
He me withdrawes and doth me drive, into a depe dark hell:
And me witholdes where I am calde and offred place,
And willes me that my mortal foe I do beſeke of grace;
He lettes me to purſue a conqueſt welnere wonne
To followe where my paynes were loſt, ere that my ſute begnnne. [turne
So by this means I know how ſoon a hart may
From warre to peace, from truce to ſtryfe, and ſo agayne returne.
I know how to content my ſelf in others luſt,
Of little ſtuffe unto my ſelf to weave a webbe of truſt:
And how to hyde my harmes with ſole dyſſemblyng chere
Whan in my face the painted thoughtes wou'd outwardly appeare. [dred,
I know how that the bloud forſakes the face for
And how by ſhame it ſtaynes agayne the chekes with flamyng red:

I know under the grene, the ſerpent
The hammer of the reſtleſs forge
it workes.
I know, and can by roate the tale th
But ofte the woordes came fourth
that loveth well.
I know in heate and colde the lover
In ſyngeing how he doth complay
how he wakes
To languiſh without ache, ſickeleſſe
A thouſand thynges for to devyſe,
his ſume;
And though he lyſte to ſee his lad
Such pleaſures as delyght his eye, do
reſtore.
I know to ſeke the tracte of my de
And fere to fynde that I do ſeek, b
I know,
That lovers muſt tranſourme into t
And live (alas! who would believe!
from lyfe removed.
I knowe in harty ſighes and laughters
At once to chaunge my ſtate, my
my colour clene.
I know how to deceyve my ſelf wythe
And how the lyon chaſtiſed is, by hes
whelpe.
In ſtandynge nere the fyre, I know how
Farre of I burne, in bothe I waſte, an
I leeſe.
I know how Love doth rage upon
How ſmalle a nete may take and ma
gentle kynde:
Or elſe with ſeldom ſwete to ſeaſon h
Revived with a glympſe of grace old
let fall.
The hydden traynes I know, and ſecr
How ſoone a loke will prynte a thoug
ver may remove.
The ſlypper ſtate I knowe, the ſodein t
The doubtfull hope, the certaine woo
deſpaired hethe.

The Complaiste of a Lover that defied Lo by Love after the more tormente

When ſomer tooke in hande the wynte
With force of myghte and vyrtue grete,
blaſts to quaile:
And when he clothed fayre the earthe al
grene,
And every tree new garmented, that pl
to ſene:
Mine hart gan new revive, and changed
ſtir
Me to withdrawe my wynter woes,
wythyn the dur.
Abrode, quod my deſyre, aſſay to ſet th
Where thou ſhalt fynde the ſavour ſw
ſprong is every rote
And to thy helthe if thou were ſycke in
Nothing more good, than in the ſpryng
to fele a place:

here ſhalt thou heare and ſee al kynde of Byrdes, ywrought
'el tune theyre voyce, with warble ſmal, as nature hath them tought. [leave,
aus pricked me my luſt the ſluggiſh houſe to
nd for my helthe I thoughte it beſt, ſuch counſel to receave:
on a morrow furth, unwiſt of any wyghte,
went to prove how well it woulde, my hevy burden lyghte:
nd when I felt the ayre, ſo pleaſant round aboute; [gotten out.
orde to my ſelfe how glad I was, that I had
here myght I ſee how Ver had every bloſſome kent, [they went;
nd eke the new betrothed byrdes y coupled how
nd in thyre ſonges me thought, they thanked nature much,
hat by her lycence al that yere, to Love theyre hope was ſuch:
ight as they could deviſe to choſe them trees throughout,
'yth much reyoyng to theyr Lord, thus flew they all about. [ceave,
'hyche when I gan reſolve, and in my head con-
'hat pleaſant lyfe, what heaps of joy, thoſe little birdes receave.
nd ſaw in what eſtate I weary man was wroughte,
y want of that they had at will, and I reſcet at nought:
ord, how I gan in wrath! unwiſely me demeane!
urſed Love, and hym defied, I thoughte to turne the ſtreame:
at when I well behelde, he had me under awe,
aſked mercy for my faulte, that ſo tranſgreſt his lawe,
hou blinded God (quod I) forgive me this offence,
nwittingly I went about to malice thy pretence:
'herewith he gave a becke, and thus methoughte he ſwore,
hy ſorrow ought ſuffice to purge thy faulte if it were more:
he virtue of which ſound, mine hart did ſo revive,
hat I methought was made as whoale, as any man alive,
ut here I may perceve, myne error and all and ſome, [ſtill undone:
or that I thought that ſo it was, yet was it
nd al that was no more but mine expreſſed mynde,
hat fain wou'd have ſome good reliefe, of Cupid well aſſigned.
turned home forthwith, and might perceyve it well, [rebel
hat he agreved was right ſore, with me for my
ly harmes have ever ſince encreaſed more, and more, [evermore.
nd I remaind without his helpe, undone for
mirror let me be unto ye lovers all; [befall.
rive not with Love, for if ye do, it will ye thus

D. CIX

Complaint of a Lover Rebuked.

ove that liveth, and raigneth in my thought,
hat built his ſeat within my cative breſt
Clad in the armes, wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner reſt.
She that methought to love, and ſuffer pain,
My doubtfull hope, and eke my hot deſire,
With ſhamfaſt cloke to ſhadowe and reſtrain,
Her ſmiling grace converteth ſtraight to ire,
And cowred Love then to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines,
His purpoſe loſt, and dare not ſhewe his face,
For my Loves gilt thus faultleſs bide I paines,
Yet from my Love ſhall not my foote remove
Swete is his deth, that takes his end by Love.

Complaint of the Lover Diſdained.

In Ciprus ſpringes whereas dame Venus dwelt,
A well ſo hote, that who ſo taſtes the ſame;
Were he of ſtone, as chawed yſe ſhould melt,
And kindlede ſinde his breſt with fired flame.
Whoſe moyſt poiſon diſſolved hath my hate,
This creping fire my cold lims ſo oppreſt;
That in the hart that harborde fredome late,
Endleſſe deſpayre long thraldome hath impreſt.
An other ſo colde in frozen yſe is founde,
Whoſe chilling venom of repugnant kinde;
The fervent heat doth quenche of Cupides wounde
And with the ſpoted change infectes the minde:
Whereof my dere hath taſted to my paine,
My ſervice thus is grown into diſdaine.

Deſcription and Praiſe of his Love Geraldine.

From Tuſcane came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire Florence was ſometime her auncient ſeate:
The Weſtern Yle whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wild Cambers clifs, did geve her lyuely heate:
Foſtered ſhe was, with milke of Iriſhe breſt:
Her ſire, an erle, her dame, of princes blood;
From tender yeres, in Britaine ſhe doth reſt,
With kinges childe, where ſhe taſteth coſtly foode.
Honſdon did firſt preſent her to myne yien:
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine ſhe hight,
Hampton me taught, to wiſhe her firſt for mine,
And Windſor, alas, doth chaſe me from her ſight.
Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above,
Happy is he, that can obtain her Love.

The frailtye, and hurtfulnes of Beautie.

Brittle beautie that nature made ſo fraile,
Whereof the gift is ſmall, and ſhort the ſeaſon;
Flowring to day, to morowe apt to faile,
Tickled treaſure, abhorred of reaſon:
Dangerous to deale with, vaine of none availe,
Coſtly in keeping, paſt not worthe two peaſon;
Slipper in fliding, as is an eles taile;
Harde to attain, once gotten not geaſon.
Jewell of jeopardie, that peril doth aſſaille,
Falſe and vntrewe, enticed oft to treaſon;

Enemy to youth, that most may I bewaille;
Ah bitter swete! infecting as the poyson,
Thou farest as frute, that with the frost is taken,
To day redy ripe, to morow al to shaken.

A Complaint by night of the Lover not Beloved.

ALAS! so al thinges now doe holde theire peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing;
The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their songe doe lease,
The nightes chare the stares aboute doth bringe:
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse.
So am not I, whome Love alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, whereas I wepe and sing,
In joy and wo, as in a doubtful case,
For my swete thoughts, some tyme doe pleasure bring;
But by and by, the cause of my disease,
Geves me a pang, that inwardly doth stinge;
When that I thinke what grief it is againe,
To live and lacke the thing should ridde my pain.

How eche thing, save the Lover in Spring, Reioyseth to pleasure.

WHEN Windsor walles sustained my wearied arme,
My hande, my chin, to ease my restlesse hed,
The pleasant plot reuested green with warme,
The blossomd bowes with lusty Ver yspred:
The floured meades, the wedded byrdes so late,
Myne eyes discouer, and to my mynde resorte
The ioly woes, the hatelesse short debate,
The rakehell lyse, that longes to loues disporte,
Wherewith, alas, the heauy charge of care
Heapt in my brest, breakes fourth agaynst my wyll,
In smoky sighes that ouercast the ayre,
My vaper'd eyes such drearly teares dystill.
The tender spring whiche quicken, where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

A Vowe to love faithfully howsoever he be rewarded.

SET me whereas the sonne doth parch the grene,
Or where his beams do not dyssolve the yse,
In temperate heat, where he is felt, and sene,
In presence prest of people, madde, or wise;
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest skye, or where clouddes thickest be,
In lusty youth, or when my hears are grave:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alyve where so I dwell,
Sicke, or in health, in evyll fame or good;
Hers will I be, and only with this thought,
Content my self althorg my chance be nought.

Complaint that hys Lady after she knew of hys Love kept her face always hydden from hym.

I NEVER sawe my Lady laye apart,
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrst she knew my griefe was growen so great,
Whyche other fancies dryveth from my harte
That to my selie I do the thought reserve.
The whyche unwares dyd wound my woeful harte
But on her face myne eyes mought never rest
Yet synce she knew I dyd her love and serve,
Her golden tresses cladde aliway with blacke;
Her smyleyng lookes that had thus evermore,
And that restraynes which I desire so sore:
So doth this cornet governe, me alacke!
In summer sun, in winters breathe, a froste,
Wherebye the lyghte of her fayre lookes I lost.

Request to hys Love to loyne Bountie with Beauty.

THE golden gyft that Nature dyd thee geve,
To fasten frendes and feed them at thy will;
With fourme and favour, taught me to believe,
How thou arte made to showe her greatest skyll
Whose hydden vertues are not so unknowen,
But lyvely dames myghte gather at the syrste;
Where beauty so her perfecte seede hath sowen,
Of all other graces follow nedes, there must.
Now certes Ladie, synce all thys is true,
That from above thy gystes are thus elect;
Do not deface them than wyth sansies newe.
Nor chaunge of myndes let not the mynde infect:
But mercy hyme thy frende, that doth thee serve,
Who seekes always thyne honour to preserve.

Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure that passed.

So cruell prison howe could betyde, alas!
As proude Windsor: Where I in lust and joy,
Wythe a kyngessonne, my chyldysh yeres dyd passe,
In greater feast, than Priams sonnes of Troye:
Where eche swete place returnes a tastful sowrse
The large grene where we were wont to trow,
Wyth eyes cast up into the Maydens tower,
And easy sighes, such as folkes draw in Love:
The stately seates, the ladies brighte of hewe;
The daunces short, long tales of greate delight
Wyth woordes and lookes, that tygers could lay rewe,
Where eche of us dyd pleade the others ryghte.
The palme play, where desproyled for the game,
With dared eyes oft we by gleames of love,
Have myst the ball, and gote sighte of our dame
To bayte her eyes, whyche kept the leads above
The gravel grounde, wythe sleves tyde on the helme
On foomyng horse, with swordes and frayle (harme;
A ythe chere as though one should another whelme
Where we have fought, and chased oft wyth darte.

droppes the meade yet ſpreade for
nes of nimbleneſs and ſtrength,
id ſtrayne trayned with ſwarmes of
e
nmes, that yet ſhot up in lengthe.
roves which oft we made reſounde,
laynte, and of our Ladies prayſe,
ſt what grace eche one had founde,
f ſpede, what dreade of long delayes.
rreſt, the clothed holes with grene,
ıvailed and ſwiftly breathed horſe;
houndes and merry blaſtes betwene,
d chaſe the feareful harte of force.
rales eke, that harborde us eche
e,
(alas) reviveth in my breſte;
:orde, ſuch ſlepes as yet delyt,
dreames the quyet bed of reſt;
oughtes imparted with ſuch truſt,
talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;
p ſworne, eche promiſe kept ſo faſt,
ve paſt the winter nyghte away.
ys thoughte, the bloud forſakes the

rayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
as ſoone as ſobbyng ſighes, (alas!)
ve, thus, I my playnt renewe:
iſſe! renewer of my woes!
mpt where is my noble fere,
y walles thou doeſt eche nyghte en-

, but unto me moſt clere:
) that doth my ſorrow rewe,
:to a hollowe ſounde of playnt;
where all my freedome grewe,
ıe, withe bondage and reſtraynt:
nembrance of the greater griefe,
: leſſe I fynd my chief reliefe.

nforteth himſelfe wythe the Worthyneſſe of hys Love.

ng love wyth extreme payne,
diſtraynes my harte;
y teares as floudes of rayne,
of my wofull ſmarte:
have waſted ſo my breathe
the poynt of deathe.
de the navy greate,
ekes brought to Troy towne,
boyſterous wyndes dyde beate
s, and rent thayre ſayles adowne;
mons daughters bloode,
goddeſs that them withſtood:
t in thoſe ten years warre,
bloody dede was done;
Lorde that came full farre,
e his bane (alas!) too ſoone:
good knyghte overcome,
ekes had Helenne wonne.
thus ſith ſuch repayre,
warre of valiant menne,
Was all to wynne a lady fayre,
Shall I not learne to ſuffer then?
And think my tyme well ſpent to be;
Serving a woorthier wyghte than ſhe?
Therefore I never will repent,
But paynes contented ſtyll endure;
For like as when rough winter ſpent,
The pleaſant ſprynge ſtraight draweth in ure,
So after raging ſtormes of care,
Joyfull at length may be my fare.

Complaint of the abſence of her Lover being upon the ſeas.

O Happy dames that may embrace,
The fruite of your delyghte;
Help to bewayle the woefull caſe,
And eke the heavy plyghte
Of me that wonted to reioyce,
The fortune of my pleaſant choice:
Good ladyes helpe to fill my mourning voice.
In ſhippe freighte wythe remembraunce
Of thoughtes and pleaſures paſt,
He ſayles that hath governaunce;
My life while it will laſt.
With ſcalding ſighes for lacke of gale,
Furderyng hys hope that is his ſayle,
Toward me, the ſwete port of hys avayle.
Alas! how oft in dreams I ſee
Thoſe eyes that were my foode,
Whych ſometyme ſo delyted me
That yet they do me goode:
Wherewith I wak wythe his returne,
Whoſe abſent flame dyd make me burn,
But when I fynde the lacke, Lord, how I mourne!
When other lovers in armes acroſſe,
Reioyce their enechyſe delyght;
Drowned in teares to mourne my loſſe
I ſtand the bytter nyghte
In my window where I may ſee
Before the wyndes how the cloudes flee
Lo! what a mariner love hath made me.
And in grene waves when the ſalt floode
Doth ryſe by rage of wynde,
A thouſand fanſies in that mood
Aſſayle my reſtleſſe mynde:
Alas! how drencheth my ſwet ſo
That wyth the ſpoyle of my hart did go,
And left me, (but alas!) why did he ſo?
And when the ſeas were calme agayne,
To chace from me annoye,
My doubtful hope doth cauſe my playne,
So drede cuts of my loye.
Thus in my wealth myngled with woe,
And of eche thought a doubt doth growe
Now he comes! will he come? alas! no!

Complaint of a dying Lover refuſed upon hys Ladyes Infult miſtaking of hys wrytyng.

In wynters iuſt returne, when Boreas gan his raygne,
And every tree unclothed faſt, as nature taught them playne;

In myſty morning darke, as ſhepe are then in holde,
I hyde me faſt, it ſat me on, my ſhepe for to unfolde.
And as it is a thynge that lovers have by fyttes,
Under a palme I heard one cry, as he had loſt hys wittes.
Whoſe voice did ringe ſo ſhryll in utterynge of hys playnt,
That I amazed was to heare, how love coulde hym attaynt,
Ah! wretched man (quod he) come death and ryd thys woe;
A iuſt reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee ſoe.
Thy pleaſures paſt, have wrought thy woe without redreſſe;
If thou hadſt never felt no ioy, thy ſmart had been the leſſe.
And rechleſſe of hys lyfe, he gan both ſigh and grone,
A ruefull thynge methought it was to here hym make ſuch mone
Thou curſed pen ſayd he, wo worthe the byrde ſhe bare,
The man, the knyfe, and all that made thee, wo be to thyre ſhare:
Wo worth the tyme and place, where I could ſo endyte,
And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that ſo can wryte.
Unhappy hand! it had been happy tyme for me,
If when to wryte thou learned fyrſte, unjoynted hadſt thou be.
Thus curſed he himſelf, and every other wyghte,
Save her alone whom love him bound to ſerve both day and nyght.
Whyche when I heard and ſaw, how he hymſelf foredyd
Againſt the ground with bloody ſtrokes, hymſelf even thereto rid;
Had been my hart of flynt it muſt have melted though,
For in my lyfe I never ſaw a man ſo full of wo,
Wyth teares for hys redreſſe, I raſhely to him ran,
And in my armes I caught hym faſt, and thus I ſpake hym than:
What wofull wyght art thou that in ſuch heavy caſe,
Tormentes thy ſelfe wyth ſuch deſpyte here in thys deſert place?
Wherewyth as all agayſte, fulfylde with ire and dread,
He caſt on me a ſtareing loke with colour pale and dead; [plyght,
Nay what art thou (quod he) that in thys heavy
Doeſt fynde me here, moſt wofull wretch, that lyfe hath in deſpight?
I am (quod I) but poore and ſymple in degree,
A ſhepheardes charge I have in hande, unworthy though I be:
Wyth that he gave a ſighe as though the ſkye ſhould fall, [he call:
And loud alas he ſhryked oft, and ſhepheard gan
Come hye thee faſt at ones, and pryv[illegible] hart,
So thou ſhall know, and I ſhall tell, th[illegible] how I ſmart.
Hys backe agaynſte the tree ſore feebled [illegible] faynte
Wyth weary ſprite, he ſtretcht hym up, he told hys plaint:
Once in my harte (quod he) it chaun[illegible] love
Such one in whoome hath nature wr[illegible] cunning for to prove:
And ſure I cannot ſay but many yeres w[illegible]
With ſuch good will ſo recompenſt, a[illegible] were content.
Where to ſhew I'me bounde, and ſhe lyk[illegible]
The ſunne ſhould rune hys courſe ar[illegible] thys fayth foregoe.
Who joyed then but I? who hadde th[illegible] blyſſe?
Who myghte compare a lyfe to myne [illegible] thought on this?
But dwellyng in thys truth, amid my g[illegible]
It me befalled a greater loſſe then Pri[illegible] Troy;
She is reverſed cleane and beareth me [illegible]
That my deſertes have geven cauſe to [illegible] faythful band.
And for my juſt excuſe avayleth no de[illegible]
Now knoweſt thou all, I can no more, [illegible] heard hye thee hence;
And gave him leave to dye, that may [illegible]
Whoſe record to I claime to have, my d[illegible] forgeve;
And eke when I am gone, be bold to [illegible] playne,
Thou haſt ſeen dye the trueſt man that [illegible] dyd payne.
Wherewith he turnde hym rounde, and [illegible] oft for breath,
Into his armes a tree he caught, and ſayd [illegible] my death
Welcome a thouſand fold, now dearer [illegible]
Than ſhould without her love to live, [illegible] rour to be.
Thus in this wofull ſtate he yelded up the [illegible]
And little knoweth his ladye, what a [illegible] hath loſt.
Whoſe death when I beheld, no marv[illegible]
For pitie though my heart dyd bleede, [illegible] piteous ſight.
My bloud from heate to cold oft change[illegible] ders ſore,
A thouſand troubles there I found I n[illegible]
Twene dreade and dolour, ſo my ſpre[illegible] brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to mi[illegible] I dyd there.
But as eche thing hath ende, ſo had the[illegible] of myne,
The furies paſt, and I my wittes re[illegible] length of tyme:
Then as I could devyſe, to ſeek I thought
Where I might finde ſome worthy place [illegible] a corps to reſt:

And in my mynde it came, from thence not farre away
Where Creſelds love, king Priams ſone the worthy Trolus lay:
By him I made his tombe, in token he was true.
And as to him belongeth well, I covered it with blewe; [ſoone,
Whoſe ſoule by aungels power, departed not ſo
But to the heavens, ſo it fled, for to receive his dome.

Complaint of the abſence of her lover beyng upon the ſea.

Good ladies, ye that have your pleaſures in exile,
Step in your foote, come take a place, and morne with me a while:
And ſuch as by theyr lordes do ſet but little pryce,
Let them ſit ſtill, it ſkilles them not what chaunce come on the dice:
But ye whom love hath bound by order of deſyre,
To love your lords, whoſe good deſerts none other would require: [myne,
Come ye yet once agayne, and ſet your foote by
Whoſe wofull plight, and ſorrwes great, no tong can well define.
My love and lord, alas! in whom conſiſtes my welth,
Hath fortune ſent to paſſe the ſeas in hazard of his helth: [mynde,
Whom I was wont tembrace with well contented
Is now amyd the fomyng floods at pleaſure of the wynde:
Where God will him preſerve, and ſoone him home me ſend,
Without which hope my lyfe (alas) were ſhortly at an ende:
Whoſe abſence yet although my hope doth tell me playne
With ſhort returne he comes anone, yet ceaſeth not my payne:
The fearefull dreames I have, oft tymes doe grieve me ſo,
That when I wake, I lye in doubte, where they be true or no:
Sometimes the roaring ſeas, me ſemes do grow ſo hye,
That my deare Lord, ay me, alas! methinkes I ſee him dye.
An other time the ſame doth tell me he is come,
And playing, where I ſhall hym finde with his faire little ſonne.
So fourth I goe apace to ſee that lefeſome ſight,
And with a kyſſe, methinke I ſay welcome my lord my knight,
Welcome my ſwete, alas, the ſtay of my welfare,
Thy preſence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me and my care:
Then lively doth he look, and ſalveth me agayne,
And ſayth my dere how is it now that you have all this payne? [breſt,
Wherewith the heavy cares that heapt are in my
Breake fourth and me diſchargen clene of all my huge unreſt.
But when I me awake, and find it but a dreame
The anguiſh of my former wo beginneth more extreme
And me tormenteth ſo that uneath may I fynde,
Some hidden peace wherein to ſlake the gnawing of my mynde. [burne,
Thus every way you ſee wythe abſence how I
And for my wound no cure I fynde but hoape of good returne;
Save when I thynke by ſowre how ſwete is felt the more [ſore:
It doth abate ſome of my paynes, that I abode be-
And then unto myſelf I ſay, when we ſhall mete,
But little whyle ſhall ſeme thys payne, the joy ſhall be ſo ſwete.
Ye wyndes I you conjure in cheifeſt of your rage,
That ye my lord ſafely ſend my ſorrowes to aſſwage.
And that I may not long abyde in thys exceſſe,
Do your good will to cure a wyght that liveth in diſtreſſe.

A praiſe of hys Love, wherein he reproveth them that compare their ladies with his.

Give place ye lovers here before,
That ſpent your boaſtes and bragges in vain,
My ladies beuty paſſeth more,
The beſt of yours I dare well ſayne,
Then doth the ſunne the caundle lyght,
Or bryghteſt day the darkeſt nyght,
And thereto hath a troth as juſt,
As had Penelope the ſayre,
For what ſhe ſayeth ye may it truſt,
As it by wrytyng ſealed were:
And virtues hath ſhe many moe,
Than I wyth pen have ſkill to ſhoe.
I could reherſe if that I would,
The whole effecte of natures playnt,
When ſhe had loſt the perfecte moulde,
The like to whome ſhe could not paynte:
With wringeing hands, how ſhe did cry,
And what ſhe ſaid, I know it, I.
I knowe ſhe ſwore with rageing mynde,
Her kyngdome only ſet apart;
There was no loſſe by law of kynde.
That could have gone ſo nere her hearte;
And this was chiefely all her payne.
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Syth nature thus gave her the prayſe,
To be the chiefeſt worke ſhe wroughte;
In fayth me thynke ſome better ways,
On your behalfe myghte well be ſoughte.
Then to compare (as you have done)
To matche the candle withe the ſunne.

To a Ladie that ſkorned her Lover.

Althoughe I have a checke,
To geve the mate is harde;
For I have found a necke,
To keep my men in garde.

And you that hardy are,
To geve so great assaye
Unto a man of warre
To dryve hys men away:
I mede you take good hede,
And marke this foolysh verse;
For I wyll so provyde,
That I wyll have you fierce.
And when your fierce is had,
And all your warre is done,
Then shall yourself be glad,
To end that you begonne.
For if by chaunce I winne,
Your personne in the feilde,
To late then you come in
Your selfe to me to yelde.
For I will use my power,
As captayne full of myghte;
And such I will devoure,
As use to shew my spyghte.
And for because you gave
Me cheke in your degree;
This vantage lo I have,
Now check and guarde to thee:
Defend it if thou may,
Stand styffe in thyne estate;
For sure I will assay,
If I can geve the mate.

A warning to the Lover, how he is abused by his Love.

To dearly had I boughte my grene and youthful yeres,
If in myne age I coulde not fynde, when craft for love apperes. [rest,
And seldome though I come in Court among the
Yet can I iudge in colours dymme, as deep as can the best.
Where grief tormentes the man that suffereth secret smart,
To breake it fourth unto some frende, it easeth well the heart:
So stand it now with me, (for my beloved frend)
This case is thine, for whom I feel such torments of my mynde;
And for thy sake, I burne so in my secret breste,
That tyll thou know my whole disease, my heart can have no rest.
I see how thyne abuse hath wrested so thy wittes,
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and followes thee by fittes.
Where thou hast loved so long, with heart and all thy power, [devour;
I see thee fed with fayned wordes, thy freedom to
I know, (though she say nay, and would it well withstande,
When in her grace, thou yeldest thee most, she bare thee but in hand;
I see her pleasant chere, in chiefest of thy suite,
When thou art gone, I see him come, that gathers up the fruite;
And eke in thy respect, I see the base degree,
Of him to whom she gave the hart, that promised was to thee.
I see (what woulde you more) stode never sure,
On womans woord, but wisedome would it to endure.

The forsaken Lover describeth, and forsaketh

O Lothsome place where I,
Have seene and heard my dere;
When in my hart her eye,
Hath made her thought appere.
By glinsing with such grace,
As fortune it ne woulde
That lasten any space,
Between us longer shoulde.
As fortune did advance,
To further my desire,
Even so hath fortunes chaunce,
Throwen all ammiddes the myre.
And that I have deserved,
With true and faithfull hart;
As to his handes reserved,
That never felt the smart.
But happy is that man,
That scapeth hath the griefe,
That love will seek him can,
By wanting his relieſe.
A scourge to quiet myndes,
It is who taketh hede;
A common plague that byndes,
A travell without mede.
This gift it hath also,
Who so enjoyes it most,
A thousand troubles grow,
To vex his wearied ghost.
And last it may not long,
The trueſt thynge of all;
And sure the greatest wronge,
That is within thys thrall.
But since thou desert place,
Canst give me no accompte;
Of my desyred grace,
That I to have was wont:
Farewell! thou hast me taughte,
To thinke me not the syrste,
That love hathe set a loft,
And casten in the dust.

The Lover describes his restlesse Estate.

As oste as I beholde and se,
The soveraigne beautie that me bounde,
The nier my comforte is to me,
Alas! the fresher is my wound.
As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
And running stremes consumes by raine;
So doth the sight that I desire,
Appease my griefe and deadly paine.
First when I saw those chrystal stremes,
Whose beauty made my mortall wounde,
I little thoughte within her beames,
So swete a venom to be founde,

did pricke me forth,
id did whippe and guyde;
take my grief in worth
pe my harme did hide.
full oft be founde,
ces do rore and cry,
t full oft rebound,
ft ful bitterly.
e own decay,
res flame in his breft;
to put away,
bredeth miue unreft.

cufeth himself of fuspected change.

rded not
ide by me,
fpot
oneftie;
ifie ftrange,
to wite;
to change
ite.
well dlfpraife
terprife,
pefe
in price:
wle in fight,
to excell;
it in the night
w righte well.
to faile,
porte;
ld doth faile,
fort;
aven fure,
o bluftring winde;
in ure
finde.
ot fo lighte,
fh kinde,
n my wighte,
o unbinde:
cave the kinde
nders fo.
no minde
nges fo;
ge at all,
ay not be,
feke to fall
ie.
win,
forgo,
to begin,
is be fo?
ot frefe,
kinde;
annot lefe
of minde:
the fire,
lafe and burne,
ire
ought to turne.

A Careleffe Man fcorning and defcribing the futtle ufage of Women towards their Lovers.

WRAPT in me careleffe cloke, as I walk to and fro,
I fee how love can fhew what force there reigneth in his bow,
And how he fhoteth eke a harty hart to wound;
And where he glaunceth by again, that little hurt is found.
For feldme is it fene he wounde the harts alike;
The tone may rage, when tothers love is often farre to feke:
All this I fee with more, and wonder thinketh me,
How he can ftrike the one fo fore, and leave the other free;
I fee that wounded wight, that fuffereth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth al to long
In filence, though I kepe fuch fecretes to my felf;
Yet do I fee how fhe fometime doth yelde a looke by ftelth,
As though it femde, ywis y will not lofe the fo.
When in her hart fo fwete a thought did never truly grow;
Then fay I thus, alas, that man is farre from bliffe
That doth receive for his relief none other game but this;
And fhe that fedes him fo, I fele and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that over fuch can raigne;
Nor are fuch graces fpent, but when fhe thinks that he
A wery man is fully bent fuch fancies to let flee,
Then to retaine him ftill, fhe wrefteth new her grace;
And fmileth lo as though fhe woulde forthewith the man embrace:
But when the proofe is made to try fuch lokes withall,
He finderth then the place alvoide, and frighted full of Gall:
Lord what abufe is this! who can fuch women praife?
That for theire glory do devife to ufe fuch crafty ways: [rowe,
I that amonge the reft, do fit and marke the
Find that in her is greater crafte then is in twenty moe,
Whofe tender years, alas! with wiles fo wel are fped,
What will fhe do, when hory heares, are powdered in her hed?

An Anfwere in the behalf of a Woman of an uncertain Author.

GIRT in my giltles gowne, as I fit here and fow
I fee that thinges are not in dede as to the outwarde fhow. [what nere,
And who fo lift to loke, and note thinges fome,

Shal find wher plaineſſe ſemes to haunt, nothing but craft appear:
For with indifferent eyes my ſelf can well diſcerne,
How ſom to guide a ſhip in ſtormes ſeke for to take the ſterne;
Whoſe practice it were proued in calme to ſtere a barge,
Aſſuredly believ it well it were to great a charge:
And ſome I ſe again ſit ſtill and ſay but ſmall,
That coulde do ten times more then they that ſay they can do all;
Whoſe goodly giſtes are ſuch, the more they underſtand,
The more they ſeke to learne and know, and take leſe charge in hand.
And to declare more plain the time fleets not ſo faſt,
But I can bear full well in mind the ſong now ſong and paſt,
The auctor whereof come wrapt in a crafty cloke,
With will to force a flaming fire, where he could raiſe no ſmoke;
If power and will had joined, as it appereth plaine,
The truth no right had tane no place their vertues had been vain,
So that you may perceive, and I may falſly ſe
The innocent that giltleſſe is, condempned ſhould have be.

The Conſtant Lover Lamenth.

SINS fortunes wrath envieth the welth
Wherein I raigned by the ſight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by ſtelth,
With ſowre, ſwete, dread and delight.
Let not my grieſe move you to mone,
For I will wepe and waile alone.
Spite drave me into Boreas raigne,
Where hoary froſtes the fruites do bite,
When hills were ſpread, and every plaine
With ſtormy winters mantle white,
And yet my dere ſuch was my heate,
When others freaze then did I ſweate.
And now, though on the ſunne I drive,
Whoſe fervent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightneſſe may not ſtrive,
With light of your ſwete golden rayes;
Nor from my breſte this heate remove,
The frozen thoughtes graven by love.
He may the waves of the ſalt floode
Quench that your beautie ſet on fyre,
For though myne eyes forbeare the foode,
That dyd relieve the hot deſire:
Such as I was, ſuch will I be,
Your owne, what woulde you more of me?

A Song written by the Earle of SURREY, *to a Lady that refuſed to Daunce with him.*

ECHE beaſt can choofe his fere according to his mynde,
And eke can ſhewe a friendly chere lyke to their beaſtly kynde;
A lyon ſaw I late as whyte as any ſnowe,
Which ſemed well to leade the race, his port the ſame did ſhowe:
Upon the gentle beaſt to gaze it pleaſed me,
For ſtill me thoughte he ſeemed well of noble bloud to be.
And as he prauncedbefore, ſtill ſeeking for a make,
As who would ſay, there is none here, I trowe will me forſake;
I might perceive a woolfe as white as whales bone,
A fairer beaſte, of freſher hue beheld I never none,
Save that her lookes were coy, and froward ekt her grace,
Unto the whiche this gentle beaſt gan him avance apace.
And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her feete,
In humble wiſe, as who woulde ſay, I am too farre unmeete.
But ſuch a ſcornfull chere wherewith ſhe him rewarded,
Was never ſeene I trowe the like to ſuch as well deſerved.
With that ſhe ſtart aſyde well neere a foot or twaine,
And unto him thus gan ſhe ſay with ſpyte and great diſdaine,
Lyon ſhe ſaide, if thou hadeſt known my mind before,
Thou hadſt not ſpent thy travaile thus, nor all thy paine for lore.
Do way I lete thee, wete thou ſhalt not play with me,
Go range about, where thou maiſt finde ſome meter fere for thee.
With that he bet his tayle, his eyes began to flame,
I might perceive his noble heart, much moved by the ſame.
Yet ſaw I him refrayne, and eke his wrath aſſwage,
And unto her thus gan he ſay, when he was paſt his rage.
Cruel you do me wronge, to ſet me thus ſo lighte,
Without deſert for my good will, to ſhew me thus deſpyte;
How can ye thus entreate a lyon of the race,
That with his pawes, a crowned kynge devoured in the place.
Whoſe nature is to prey upon no ſimple foode,
As long as he may ſucke the fleſh, and drink of noble bloud.
If you be fayre and freſh, am I not of your hue,
And for my vaunt I dare well ſay, my bloud is not untrue.
For you yourſelf have heard, it is not long agoe,
Sith that for love, one of the race dyd end his life in wo.
In tower ſtrong, and hye for his aſſured truth,
Whereas in tears he ſpent his breath, alas the more the ruth.
Thys gentle beaſte ſo dyed, whom nothing could remove,
But willingly to leeſe hys life for loſs of his true love.
Other there be, whoſe lives do linger ſtill in payne,
Againſt their wills preſerved are, that woulde have dyed fayne.
But now I do perceive, that nought it moveth you,
My good entent my gentle heart, nor yet my kinde ſo true.

But that your will is ſuch, to lure me to the trade,
And other ſome full many yeres to trace by craft ye made.
And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre,
I ſeek my foes, and you your frendes do threten ſtill with warre.
I faune where I am fed, you ſlay, that ſekes to you,
I can devour no yelding prey, you kill where you ſubdue.
My kind is to defire the honour of the feild,
And you with bloud do ſlake your thyrſte on ſuch as to you yelde:
Wherefore I woulde you wiſte, that for your coyed lookes,
I am no man that will be trapt, nor tangled with ſuch hookes.
And though ſome luſt to love, where blamefull well they might,
And to ſuch beaſtes of current ſort, that would have travail bright;
I will obſerve the lawe, that nature gave to me,
To conquer ſuch as will reſiſt, and let the reſt go free:
And as a faulcon free, that foreth in the ayre,
Which never fed on hand nor lure, nor for no ſtale doth care.
While that I live and breathe, ſuch ſhall my cuſtome be,
In wildneſs of the woodes, to ſeek my prey where pleaſeth me:
Where many one ſhall rue, that never made offence,
Thus your refuſe againſt my power, ſhall bote them no defence.
And for revenge thereof, I vow and ſwear thereto,
A thouſand ſpoyles I ſhall commyt, I never thought to doe.
And if to lyght on you my luck ſo good ſhall be,
I ſhall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed on me.
And thus farewelle unkynd, to whom I bent and bowe,
I would you wiſt, the ſhip is ſafe, that bare his ſayles ſo lowe.
Sith that a lyons hart, is for a wolfe no preye,
With bloody mouthe go ſlake your thirſt on ſimple ſhepe I ſay.
With more deſpyte and ire, than I can now expreſſe,
Which to my payne, though I refrayn, the cauſe you may well gueſs.
As for becauſe my ſelf was auctour of the ſame,
It bootes me not that for my wrath, I ſhoulde diſturbe the ſame.

The faithfull Lover declareth his Paynes and his uncertaine Joys, and with onely hope recomfort ſomewhat his wofull heart.

If care do cauſe men crye, why do not I complayne
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why ſhew I not my payne?
Synce that amongſt them all, I dare well ſay is none,
So farre from weal, ſo full of woe, or hath more cauſe to mone.
For all thinges haveing life, ſometime hath quiet reſt, [beaſt:
The bearing aſſe, the drawing oxe, and every other
The peaſant, and the poſt, that ſerves at all aſſayes,
The ſhip boy, and the galley ſlave, have time to take their eaſe.
Save I, alas! whom care of force doth ſo conſtrayne,
To wale the day, and wake the night, continually in payne.
From penſivenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares, to paynfull playnt againe, and thus my life it weares:
Nothyng under the ſun, that I can heare or ſee,
But moveth me for to bewayle my cruel deſtyny.
For where men do rejoyce (ſince that I cannot ſo)
I take no pleaſure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I hear the ſound of ſong or inſtrument
Methinke eche tune there dolefull is, and helps, me to lament;
And if I ſee ſome have theyre moſt deſyred ſyghte,
Alas! thynke I, eche man hath weale ſave I moſt wofull wyghte.
Then as the ſtricken deere, withdrawes himſelf alone,
So do I ſeeke ſome ſecret place, where I may make my moane.
There do my flowing eyes ſhew fourthe my melting hart,
So the ſtremes of thoſe two welles, right well declare my ſmart.
And in thoſe cares ſo could I force my ſelf a heate,
As ſicke men in theyr ſhaking fittes procure themſelfe to ſweate.
With thoughtes that for the tyme do much appeaſe my payne,
But yet they cauſe a farther feare, and brede my wo agayne. [appere
Methinke within my thought I ſee right playne
My hartes delight, my ſorowes lethe, myne earthly goddeſſe here,
With everyſundry grace that I have ſeene her have,
Thus I within my wofull breſt her picture paynt and grave;
And in my thought I role her beauties too and fro,
Her laughing chere, her lively looke, my heart that perced ſo.
Her ſtrangenes when I ſued her ſervaunt for to be,
And what ſhe ſayde, and how ſhe ſmylde, when that ſhe pitied me.
Then comes a ſodyane feare that rueth all my reſt,
Leſt abſence cauſe forgetfulnes to ſinke within her breſt. [divyde,
For when I thinke how farre this earth doth us
Alas, me ſemes love throws me downe, I fele how that I ſlide:
But when I thinke agayne, why ſhould I thus miſtruſt, [juſt.
So ſwete a wight, ſo ſad and wiſe, that is ſo true and
For loth ſhe was to love, and wavering is ſhe not,
The farther off the more deſyrde, thus lovers tye theyr knot;

So in dispayre and hoape plunged am I both up and downe,
As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune lift to frowne.
But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,
So doth good hoape cleane put away dispayre out of my mynde;
And byddes for to serve and suffer patiently,
For what wot I the after weale that fortune wiles to me.
For those that care do knowe, and tasted have of trouble,
When passed is theyr wofull payne, eche joy shall seme them double:
And bytter sendes, she now to make me taste the better,
The pleasant swete when that it comes to make it seem the sweter.
And so determine I to serve until my breath,
Yea rather dye a thousand times than once to false my fayth.
And if my coole corps through weight of wofull smart, [hart,
Do fayle or faint, my will it is that still she kepe my
And when this carcas here to earth shall be refard,
I do bequeath my weried ghost to serve her afterward.

The meanes to attayne happy Life.

MARTIALL the thinges that doe attayne
The happy lyfe, be these I synde,
The riches left, not got with payne,
The fruitfull grounde, the quiet mynde,
The egall frend no grudge no strife,
No charge of rule nor governaunce;
Without disease the healthful lyfe,
The houshold of continuance.
The meane dyet no delicate fare,
True wisdome joynde with simplenesse;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the witte may not oppresse.
The faithfull wyfe without debate,
Such slepe as may beguile the night,
Contented with thine owne estate,
Ne wish for death, ne feare his might.

Prayse of meane and constant estate.

OF thy lyfe Thomas, this compasse well marke
Not aye with full failes the hye seas to beate,
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes darke,
On shallowe shores thy keel in perill fret.
Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,
Voide of daungers advisedly hath his home,
Not with lothsome mucke as a den uneleane,
Nor palace like, whereat disdayne may glome.
The lofty pyne the great wind often rives,
With violenter swey salne turrets stepe,
Lightnings assaure the high mountaines and clives,
A hart well stayde, in overthwartes depe,
Hoapeth amendes, in swete, doth feare the sowre,
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharpe,
No will not aye thus, once Phebus to lowre,
With bowe unbent, shall cesse and frame to harp,
His voyce in strayte estate appeare thou stoute
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy pult sayles shall fill, looke well about,
Take in a rift, hast is wast, proofe dothe finde.

Praises of certain Psalmes of David translated by Sir T. W. the elder.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persia chased
Darius, of whose huge powers all Asie rong,
In the riche arke Dan Homers rimes he placed,
Wo feigned gestes of heathen princes song,
What holy grave, what worthy sepulchre
To Wyates psalms should Christians then purchase;
Where he doth paint the lyvely faith and pure,
The stedfast hope the sweete returne to grace.
Of just David by perfite penitence,
Where rulers may see in a myrrour clear,
The bytter fruite of false concupiscence,
How Jewry bought Urias death ful deare.
In princes hartes Gods scourge emprinted depe,
Ought them awake out of their sinfull slepe.

Of the Death of the same Sir T. W.

DIVERS thy death do dyversly bemone,
Some that in presence of thy livelihed
Lurked, whose brestes envy with hate had swolne,
Yield Ceasars feares upon Pompeus hed,
Some that watched with the murderers knife,
With eager thyrst to drinke thy giltlesse blood,
Whose practise brake by happy end of lyfe,
With envious teares to heare thy fame so good,
But I, that knew what harbred in that hed
What vertues rare were tempred in that bred,
Honour the place that such a jewel tred,
And kisse the ground wheras the corps doth red.
With vapourd eyes, from whence such streames avayle,
As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewayle.

Of the same.

WYAT resteth here, that quicke could never rest,
Whose heavenly gyftes encreaseth by disdayne,
And vertue sanke the deper in his brest.
Such profit he by envy could obtayn.
A hed, where wisdome misteries did frame,
Whose hammers bet styll in that lively braine,
As on a stythe, where that some worke of fame
Was dayly wrought, to turn to Britaines gayne.
A visage sterne, and milde, where both did growe,
Vyce to contemne, in virtue to rejoyce:
Amyd great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

nd, that taught what might be sayd in ryme
eft Chaucer the glory of his wit:
ke, the which (unparfited, for time)
nay approche, but never none shall hit.
ng, that served in forein realmes his king,
courteous talke to vertue did inflame,
ble hart, a woorthy guyde to bring
glish youth, by travayle unto fame.
ye whose judgment none affect could blind,
s to allure and foes to reconcyle;
piercing looke did represent a mynde
ertue fraught, reposed voyde of guyle.
rt, where dreade was never so impreft,
e the thought, that might the trouth avaunce
her fortune loft nor yet represt,
ll in welth, or yield unto mischaunce,
liant corps, where force and beauty met,
, alas! too happy, but for foes,
and ran the race, that nature set,
hodes shape, where she the mold did lose.
when to the heavens that simple soule is fled
left with such, as covet Christ to knowe,
s of faith, that never shal be dead;
r our health, but not received so.
r our gilt, this jewel have we loft,
rth his bones, the heavens possesse his ghost.

Of the same.

rude age when knowledge was not ryse,
in Crete and other were that taught,
convert to profite of our lyfe,
after death to have theyr temples sought,
e yet no voyde unthankfull tymes,
of some to blast her endless fame,
lly meane both to deterre from crime,
our steppes our sequele to enflame:
s of truth if Wyates frendes them wayle,
ly det that dead or quick may clayme,
are wit spent, employed to our avayle,
Christ is taught we led to vertues trayne.
ely face their breastes how did it freat,
cyndres yet, with envy they do eate.

Sanapalus dishonorable life, and miserable death.

RIAN king in peace, with foule desyre,
thy lustes, that staynde his regall hart.
e that should set princely heartes on fyre,
d, vanquisht for want of marcial arte,
nt of swordes from kisses semed strange,
rder, than his ladies syde, his targe,
lutton feastes, to souldiers fare, a change,
met, farre above a garlandes charge,
ase the name of manhood did retaine,
ed in slouth, and womannish delight,
f sprite, impacient of payne,
e had loft his honour, and his right
ime of wealth, in stormes appalled with dread,
red himselfe, to shewe some manfull dede.

How no age is content with his owne estate, and how the age of Children is the happiest if they had skill to understand it.

LAYD in my quiet bed, in study as I were
I saw within my troubled head, a heap of thoughts appear,
And every thought did shew so lyvely in myne eyes,
That now I sight, and then I smilde, as cause of thoughts did ryse.
I sawe the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to be,
The young man eake that seles his bones with paines oppreft
How he would be a riche old man, to live and lye at reft? [fore,
The riche olde man that sees his end draw on so
How he would be a boy againe to live so much the more. [three,
Whereat full oft I smylde, to see how all those
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.
And musing thus, I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in wo, doth ever seke to change,
Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my withered skyn,
How it doth shew my dented chewes, the flesh was worn so thin,
And eke my tothelefs chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuttes, as I do speak, do thus unto me say;
The white and horish heres, the messengers of age,
That shew like lines of true belief, that this life doth assuage,
Biddes the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thy chin.
The whiche doth write to ages past, the third now coming in, [tyme,
Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong wanton
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life defyne: [toye,
Whereat I sighed, and sayde, farewell my wonted
Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me to every little boy,
And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,
If to theyr time they reason had, to know the truth of this.

Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

THE stormes are past, these clouds are over blowne,
And humble chere, great vigour hath represt,
For the defaulte is set apayne for knowne,
And patience graft in a determed brest.
And in the heart where heapes of griefes were growne
The swete revenge has planted mirth and rest,
No company so pleasant as mine owne,

Thraldom at large, hath made this prison free,
Danger well past remembred workes delight,
Of lingering doubles suche hope is sprong pardie,
That nought I finde displeasant in my sight,
But when my glasse presented unto me,
The cureless wound that bledith day and night,
To think (alas) such hap should graunted be;
Unto a wretch that hath so oft been shed,
For Britannes sake (alas) and now is ded.

Exhortation to learne by others trouble.

My Ratclif, when thy recheleſſe youth offendes,
Receive thy scourge by others chastisement,
For such calling, when it woorkes none amendes
Then plages are sent without advertisement;
Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure,
But Wyat said true, the scarre doth aye endure.

The fancie of a wauerid Lover.

The fancy, which that I have served long
That hath alway been enemy to mynne co
Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
And bedde me flye the cause of my misfo
And I furthwith did prouide out of the th
That thought by flight my paineful heart
Some other way, till I saw faith more fir
And to my self I said, alas, those dayes
In vain were spent, to runne the race so l
And with that thought, I met my gu
plaine,
Out of the way wherein I wandered wra
Brought me amiddes the hilles in hase Bu
Wherein I am now, as reflesse to remayn,
Against my will, full pleased with my pa

ıND AENEAS GOING TO THE FIELD *;

NSLATED FROM THF FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ENEIDE.

reſhold of her chamber dore
ırds did on the quene attend;
ſteed, with gold and purple
ıming bit ther fercely ſtood.
awayted with great train,
ɔf Tyre embroider'd rich.
; behind her back, her treſſe
, her purple veſture eke
ld. The Trojans of her train
ith gladſome Iulus,
ɔoodlieſt of the route,
em, and joyneth cloſe the throng.
llo leaveth Lycia,
ıce, and Xanthus' flood likewiſe
ıis mother's manſion,
d furniſhing her quire:
ıd the folke of Driopes
gathyrſies, ſhoute and crye,
Environing the altars round about;
When that he walkes upon Mount Cynthus' top
His ſparkled treſſe repreſt with garlandes ſofte,
Of tender leaves, and truſſed up in golde;
His quivering darts clattering behind his backe.
So freſh and luſtie did Æneas ſeme—
But to the hills and wild holtes when they came,
From the rockes top the driver ſavage roſe.
Loe from the hills above, on thother ſide,
Through the wide lawns thy gan to take their courſe.
The hartes likewiſe, in troops taking their flight,
Rayſing the duſt, the mountain faſt forſake.
The childe Iulus, blithe of his ſwift ſteede
Amids the plain, now pricks by them, now theſe;
And to encounter, wiſheth oft in minde,
The foming boar inſteede of fearful beaſts,
Or lion browne, might from the hill deſcend.

SSION, AND ITS EFFECTES ON THE RYSINGE CITIE,

FROM THE SAME BOOK.

ı they all were gone,
moon doth efte withold her light;
ɔes provoked unto ſlepe,
ıs within her palace voide,
rne on her forſaken bed:
ſhe heares, when he is gone,
Oft in her cuppe ſhe holdes
Aſcanius, trapped by his father's forme.
So to begile the love cannot be told!
The turrettes now arize not, erſt begonne:
Neither the youth welde arms, nor they avance
The portes, nor other mete defence for warr.
Broken there hang the workes, and myhty frame
Of walles high raiſed, thretening the ſkie.

ıd the two following pieces, are now printed, for the firſt time, among Surrey's Poems.

Over the tomb of Thomas Clere, Esq., in Lambeth Church, was formerly a tablet with the following epitaph, written by the Earl of Surrey.

EPITAPHIUM THOMÆ CLERE, qui fato functus est 1545 auctore Henrico Howard comite Surriensi, in cujus felicis ingenii specimen & singularis facundiæ argumentum appensa fuit, hæc tabula per W. Howard filium Thomæ nuper Ducis Norf. filii ejusdem Henrici comitis Surriensis.

Norfolke sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere of the Count of Cleremont thou hight,
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
And saweſt thy cosin crowned in thy ſight;
Shelton for love, Surrey for Lord thou chaſe,
Aye me while life did laſt that league was tendre
Tracing whoſe ſteps thou ſaweſt Kelſall blaze,
Launderſey burnt and batter'd Bulleyn's render,
At Muttrell gates hopeleſs of all recure
Thine Earl half dead gave in thy hand his will,
Which cauſe did thee this pining death procure
Ere ſummers four times ſeven thou couldſt fulfill
Aye Clere, if love had booted care or coſt
Heaven had not wonne, nor earth ſo timely loſt.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Containing his

SONNETS,	IMITATIONS,
EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

They with the Muſes who converſed, were
That princely SURREY, early in the time
Of the Eight Henry, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth. With him there came
WYAT, with reverence whom we ſtill do name
Amongſt our poets: BRYAN had a ſhare
With the two former, which accounted are
The time's beſt makers, and the authors were
Of thoſe ſmall poems which the title bear
Of *Songes and Sonnettes*, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty paſſages of wit.

DRAYTON'S ELEGY TO REYNOLDS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF WYAT.

IOMAS WYAT was the ſon of Henry Wyat, Eſq. of Allington Caſtle, in Kent, where he n, in the year 1503. He is commonly called the elder, to diſtinguiſh him from his ſon, of e name, who raiſed a rebellion in the reign of Queen Mary.

ceived the rudiments of his education at Cambridge, and afterwards went to Oxford, where pleted his ſtudies: But his chief and moſt ſplendid accompliſhments were derived from his nto various parts of Europe, which he frequently viſited in the quality of an envoy.

as the contemporary and friend of the accompliſhed and high-ſpirited Earl of Surrey. A y, or rather ſameneſs of taſte and of purſuits, as it is a proof, ſo perhaps it was the chief ce- that inviolable friendſhip which ſubſiſted between them.

it and popular accompliſhments rendered him one of the brilliant ornaments of the court of enry the Eighth, which at leaſt affected to be polite; and as Henry did not always act from and caprice, he was endeared to him, for his fidelity and ſucceſs in the execution of public his ſkill in arms, literature, familiarity with languages, and lively converſation.

l, who degrades every thing by poverty of ſtyle, ſays, that "the king was in a high manner d with his *witty jeſts*." He is reported to have occaſioned the Reformation by a joke, and to nned the fall of Cardinal Wolſey by a ſeaſonable ſtory.

e had almoſt loſt his popularity, either from an intimacy with Queen Anne Boleyn, which ed a connection, or the gloomy cabals of Biſhop Bonner, who could not bear his political ity.

is prudence and integrity, no leſs than the powers of his oratory, juſtified his innocence. nts his ſevere and unjuſt impriſonment, on that occaſion, in a ſonnet addreſſed to the brave mpliſhed Sir Francis Bryan; inſinuating his ſolicitude, that although the wound would be he ſcar would remain; and that to be acquitted of the accuſation, would avail but little, e thoughts of having been accuſed were ſtill freſh in his remembrance.

covered his liberty and the king's favour, and was wiſe enough not to interrupt his pleaſures, enience, or his ambition; but ſpent much of his time at Allington Caſtle, which he magni- repaired "for the reception," ſays Jacob, "of one of his noble ſpirit and refined taſte of ich were more ſuperior to his anceſtors than his ſtately manſion, by the coſtly reparations, the ancient ſtructure."

of his *epiſtles to Poines*, on the life of a courtier, his execration of flatterers and courtiers is d with an entertaining picture of his own private life and rural enjoyments at Allington

This is the cauſe that I could never yet
Hang on their ſleeves, that weigh, as thou maiſt ſee,
A chip of chaunce more than a pound of wit;
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in fowle wether at my booke to ſit;
In froſt and ſnowe then with my bow to ſtalke;
No man doth marke wherefo I ride or go;
In luſty leas at liberty I walke:
And of theſe newes I fele no weale nor wo,
Save that a clogge doth hang yet at my hele;
No forſe for that, for it is ordered ſo,
That I may leape both hedge and dike ful wele.

I am not now in Fraunce, to judge the wine, &c.
But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
Among the muses, where I reade and rime.

The "clogge" he complains of, probably alludes to some office which he still held at court, and which sometimes recalled him, but not too frequently, from the country.

It is a common mistake of his biographers, that he died abroad of the plague, in an embassy to Charles the Fifth. Being sent to conduct that emperor's embassador from Falmouth to London, from too eager and a needless desire of executing his commission with dispatch and punctuality, he caught a fever, by riding in a hot day; and in his return, died on the road at Sherborn, in the year 1541, in the 38th year of his age; and was buried in the great abbey church of that place.

The next year, Leland published a book of Latin verses on his death, intitled, *Nenia in mortem T. Viati*, with a wooden print of his head, after a painting of Holbein, and the following elegant inscription under the head:

Holbenus nitida pingendi maximus arte,
Effigiem expressit graphice, sed nullus Apelles
Exprimet ingenium felix, animumque *Viati*.

His poems were printed by Tottell, in his editions of Surrey's poems, of 1559 and 1565, under the title of *the Songes and Sonnettes of Sir Thomas Wyat the elder*, and reprinted, with the poems of Surrey, by Dr. Sewel, in 1717; and are now admitted, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The poetical pieces of Wyat, and his friend Surrey, were in high reputation with their contemporaries, and for many years afterwards. They are thus characterised by Puttenham, the author of the old "Art of English Poesie," whose opinion remained long as a rule of criticism: "In the latter end of the same kinge's (Henry's) raigne, sprongе up a new company of wit makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, and Henry Earle of Surrey, were the two *chieftaines*; who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and style of the Italian poesie, as novises newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie from that it had been before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and style." And again, "Henry Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyat, between whom I find very little difference, I repute them (as before) for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English poesie: Their conceits were lofty, their styles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their terms proper, their meetre sweet, and well proportioned; in all, imitating very naturally and studiously their maister, Francis Petrarch." P. 48—50. Edit. 1589.

Leland is lavish in his praise, and scruples not to compare him to Dante and Petrarch:

Let Florence fair her *Dante* justly boast,
And royal Rome her *Petrarch's* number'd feet;
In *English Wyat*, both of them doth coast,
In whom all graceful eloquence doth meet.

In Surrey's elegy on the death of Wyat, his character is delineated in the following nervous and manly quatraines:

A visage sterne and mild, where both did growe;
Vice to contemne, in vertue to rejoyce;
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choyce.

A toung that ſerved in forein realmes his king,
Whoſe courteous talk to vertue did enflame
Eche noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our Engliſh youth by travail unto fame;

An eye, whoſe judgment none affect could blind;
Friend to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whoſe perſing look did repreſent a minde
With virtue fraught, repoſed, void of gile.

A hart, where dreade was never ſo impreſt
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune loſt, nor yet repreſt,
To ſwell in welth, or yeld unto miſchance —

Thy fame, great Wyat, ſhall by all be read;
What vertues rare were temper'd in thy breaſt!
Honour that England ſuch a jewel bred,
And kiſs the ground whereon thy corpſe did reſt.

perfluous to tranſcribe the panegyrics of his contemporaries, after this encomium of ich his amiable character owes more to truth than to the graces of poetry, or to the ndſhip.

ned, to his honour, by Puttenham, that he co-operated with Surrey in correcting the ur poetic ſtyle. He certainly deſerves equally of poſterity with Surrey for the dili- nich he cultivated elegant literature. But in his poetical capacity, he ſeems to have lgment of his friend Surrey, who, in imitating Petrarch, reſiſted the contagion of his nas more imitations, and even tranſlations from the Italian poets, than Surrey; and he been more fond of their conceits. He is confeſſedly inferior to him in harmony of picuity of expreſſion, and facility of phraſeology. Nor is he equal to him in elegance n nature and ſenſibility. His feelings are diſguiſed by affectation, and obſcured by fan- ities. His declarations of paſſion are embarraſſed by wit and fancy; and his ſtyle is :, in proportion as it is careleſs and unadorned.

rit is of the moral and didactic kind. His poems abound more in good ſenſe, ſatire, and n life, than in patho- and imagination. Yet there is a degree of lyric ſweetneſs in the :e, in which *the lover complaineth the unkindneſs of his love;* and in the little ode, or rather is return from Spain into England, there is great ſimplicity and propriety, together of poetic alluſion. In the ſatiric vein of his *epiſtles to Poines and Bryan*, there is much elegance of Horace; a ſtyle of writing which Cowper has caught with great ſucceſs, : Talk," &c. &c.

yat's poems, is an unfiniſhed tranſlation, in Alexandrian verſe, of the ſong of Jopas, in : of Virgil's Æneid. Wyat's and Surrey's verſions from Virgil, are the firſt regular : Engliſh of an ancient claſſical poet. A verſion of David's Pſalms, by Wyat, is highly urrey and Leland. But Wyat's verſion of the *Penitential Pſalms*, ſeems to be a ſeparate s tranſlation of the whole pſaltery; and probably that which is praiſed by Surrey, in nled, *Praiſe of certaine Pſalmes of David, tranſlated by Sir Thomas Wyat the elder.* They were 49. But this verſion, with that of Surrey, mentioned in his life, is now loſt. The Wyat has received every poſſible illuſtration from Lord Orford and Mr. Warton; after inating touches, every ſtroke from a caſual hand muſt ſerve rather to injure than im- eneſs.

n the capricious and over-ſtrained invention of the Italian poets" ſays Mr. Warton, "that aught to torture the paſſion of love, by prolix and intricate compariſons, and unnatural am of opinion, that he miſtook his talents, when in compliance with the mode, he be-

came a ſonnetteer; and, if we may judge from a few inſtances, that he was likely to treat any other ſubject with more ſucceſs than that of love. His abilities were ſeduced and miſapplied, in fabricating fine ſpeeches to an obdurate miſtreſs. He appears a much more pleaſing writer, when he moralizes on the felicities of retirement, and attacks the vanities and vices of a court, with the honeſt indignation of an independent philoſopher, and the freedom and pleaſantry of Horace. Three of his epiſtles are profeſſedly written in this ſtrain; and we muſt regret, that he has not left more pieces in a ſtyle of compoſition for which he ſeems to have been eminently qualified."

To the poems of Surrey and Wyat, are annexed, in Tottell's edition, thoſe of *Uncertaine Authors*. Many of theſe pieces are much in the manner of Surrey and Wyat, which was the fashion of the times. They are all anonymous; but probably Sir Francis Bryan, George Boleyn Earl of Rochford, and Lord Vaux, contemporary rhymers and ſonnetteers, were large contributers. Two of them, intituled, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love*, in which are three ſtanzas of the grave-digger's ſong in Shakeſpear's Hamlet, and *The Aſſaulte of Cupide*, &c. are the undoubted production of Lord Vaux; "a man of marvellous facility in vulgar making."

The merit of ſome of thoſe pieces is ſo conſiderable, as to juſtify a ſelection; and the reader owes to the compiler of theſe narratives, whatever pleaſure or diſguſt he may have in finding a ſpecimen of the firſt printed poetical miſcellany in the Engliſh language in this collection.

What has pleaſed himſelf, he has undertaken to recommend to others; and as ſenſe and genius are not wanting in the pieces he has endeavoured to preſerve, it will not be ſo much the fault of the writers, as of the the language, if they are not read with pleaſure.

The ſtanzas, intituled, *A Praiſe of his Ladie*, have that elegance which reſults from ſimplicity. The thoughts ſupport themſelves, without the affectations of language; and the compliments are ſuch as would not diſgrace the gallantry or the poetry of a poliſhed age. Puttenham ſpeaks highly of the "counterfait action" in Lord Vaux's *Aſſaulte of Cupide*; but there is more poetry in ſome of the old pageants, than in the contrivance of the allegory of this piece. In the little ode intitled *of his miſtreſs M. B.* much pretty deſcription and imagination is built on the circumſtance of a lady being named Bayes. *Harpalus's complaint of Philtidae's love beſtowed on Corin*, is perhaps the firſt example in our language now remaining of the pure unmixed paſtoral; and for eaſe of numbers, elegance of moral alluſion, and ſimplicity of imagery, excells every thing of the kind in Spenſer, who is erroneously ranked as our earlieſt Engliſh bucolic. In the poem, intituled, *That all things ſometimes finde eaſe of their paine, ſave only the lover*, ſome of the ſtanzas deſerve attention for their ſimple beauty and native force of expreſſion. In the ode, in which *The lover in diſpair lamenteth his caſe*, there is more pathos and feeling than in any other piece of the whole collection. The epigram, *Of a new married ſtudent*, who was purſuing his ſtudies ſucceſsfully, but in the midſt of his literary career, married unfortunately, contains a general joke on an unhappy match. It is, perhaps, the firſt pointed epigram in the Engliſh language; and may have fallen from the pen of Sir Thomas More, one of the beſt jokers of that age. In the elegant little ode, intituled, *The Lover that once diſdained love*, &c. are the two lines said to be written by Mary Queen of Scots, in a window, at Fotheringay caſtle.

From the toppe of all my truſt,
Miſhap hath throwen me in the duſt.

The unfortunate queen only quoted a diſtich applicable to her ſituation, which ſhe remembered in a faſhionable collection of poems, perhaps the amuſement of her youth. With the *Songes and Sonnets of Uncertain Auctours*, the original editor has printed *Songes written by N. G.*, the initials of Nicholas Grimoald, who is the ſecond Engliſh poet after Surrey that wrote in blank verſe; to which he added new ſtrength, elegance, and modulation. As a writer of verſe in rhyme he yields to none of his contemporaries, for a maſterly choice of chaſte expreſſion, and the conciſe elegancies of didactic verſification. His poem in *Praiſe of Meaſure keeping* has all the ſmartneſs which belongs to the modern ſtyle of ſententious poetry. The ſtanzas *on the Nine Muſes* are more poetical, and not leſs correct. His poems *on the Death of Cicero*, and *the Death of Zoroas*, are impregnated almoſt throughout by a warmth of imagination, and the ſpirit of pathetic poetry.

It would be unpardonable to diſmiſs the poetical works of Wyat unaccompanied by thoſe admirable ſpecimens of ancient genius, for which Engliſh literature is highly indebted to Richard Tottell, who, at a critical period, collected and preſerved them from the general depredations of time, in a printed volume.

Those marked I read in July 1852 N. T.
And afterwards N. T. 1866

SONGES AND SONETTES.

(CIX) xv. Surrey

for shamefastnesse hideth his desire within his faithful heart.

g love, that in my thought I harber
ıy heart doth kepe his residence,
face preaseth with bold pretence,
e campeth, displaying his banner;
me learnes to love, and to suffer,
es that my trust and lustes negligence
d by reason, shame, and reverence
hardinesse takes displeasure,
th love to the hartes forest he fleeth,
his enterprise with paine and crye,
e him hideth and not appeareth,
y I do? when, my maister feareth,
e field with him to live and dye,
is the lyse, ending faithfully.

2 LXI

r waxeth wyser, and will not dye for affection.

I never of your love agreved,
r shall, whyle that my life doth last;
ting my self, that date is past,
continual fore hath me weried:
yet in my greave be buried,
ıy tombe your name have fixed fast,
cause, that did my sprite soon hast,
unhappie bones by great syghes styred;
n heart of amorous faith and will
our mind withouten doing grief,
you so to this to do relief,
yse you seke for to fulfyll
th, you erre, and shal not as you wene,
your self the cause thereof have bene.

III

lover seeth his foly, and intendeth to trust no more.

er fyle yet half so well ysyled,
fyle for any smithes entent,
made a fyling instrument,
other, while that I was begyled,
loe, hath at my foly smyled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent,
Of my last yeres, and of my tyme mispent.
For youth led me, and falshod me misguyded,
Yet, this trust I have of great appearance,
Sins that deceyt is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therewithall be done the recompence,
Then gyle begiled, plain'd should be never
And the reward is little trust for ever.

IV

The lover describeth his being striken with sight of his love.

The lively sparkes, that issue from those eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no defence,
Have perst my hart, and done it none offence,
With quaking pleasure, more than once or twise
Was never man could any thing devyse,
Sunne beames to turne with so great vehemence
To dase mans sight, as by their bright presence
Dased am I, much lyke unto the gyse,
Of one striken with dint of lightening,
Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there;
So call I for help, I not when or where,
The payn of my fall paciently bearing;
For streight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly noyse heare I the fearfull thunder.

V

The wavering lover willeth and dreadeth to move his desire.

Such vayn thought, as wonted to mislead me
In desert hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from company to live alone,
In following her, whom reason biddes me flee,
And after her my heart would fain be gone,
But armed sighes my way do stop anone,
Twixt hope and dreade locking my libertie,
So fleeth she by gentle crueltie,
Yet as I geasse under disdainfull brow,
One beam of truthe is in her cloudy looke,
Which comforts the mind, that earst for fear shooke
That boldest strayght, the way then seeke I how
To utter forth the smart I hyde within,
But such it is, I not how to begin.

a Reminiscence of Sonnet in Petrarca.

VI

The lover having dreamed enjoying of his love, complaineth that the dreame is not either longer or truer.

Unstable dreame according to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true,
By tasted sweetnesse, make me not to rew,
By good respect in such a dangerous case.
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to live, my care encrease,
My body in tempest her delight embrace,
The body dead, the spryte had his desire,
Painlesse was th' one, the other in delight,
Why then, alas! did it not kepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the fyer.
And where it was at wish, could not remaine,
Such mockes of dreames do turn to deadly payne,

VII

The lover unhappy, biddeth happy lovers rejoice in May; while he wayleth that month to him most unluckely.

Ye that in love find lucke and swete abundance,
And live in lust of joyful jolitie,
Aryse for shame, do way your sluggardy,
Arise, I say, do May some observance,
Let me in beds lye dreaming of mischaunce,
Let me remember my mishappes unhappy,
That me betide in May most commonly.
As one whome love list little to advance.
Stephan said true, that my nativitie
Mischaunced was with the ruler of May:
He gest (I prove) of that the veritie
In May welth, and eke my wittes, I say,
Have stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy, let me dreame of your felicitie.

VIII

The lover confesseth himself in love with Phillis.

If waker care, if sodayne pale colour,
If many sighes with little speeche to plaine,
Now joy, now wo, if they my chere distaine,
For hope of smal, if much to fear therefore,
To hast or slacke, my pace to lesse or more
Be sygne do love, then to I love againe:
If thou aske whome, sure syns I did refraine,
Brunet that set my welth in such a rore;
Th' unfained chere of Phyllis hath the place
That Brunet had she hath and ever shall,
She from my self now hath me in her grace,
She hath in hand my wit, my will and all.
My heart alone wel worthy she doth stay,
Without whose helpe skant do I live a day.

IX (LXXXI)

Of others fained sorrow, and the lovers fained mirth.

Cesar when that the traitour of Egipt
With t' honourable head did him present
Covering his heartes gladnesse, did represent
Playne with his teares outward, as it is writ,
Eke Hanniball, when fortune him out thrit
Clene from his reigne, and all his entent,
Laught to his folke, whom sorow did torment,
His cruel dispite for to disgorge and quit,
So chaunced me, that every passion
The mynd hydeth by colour contrary,
With fained visage, now sad, now wery,
Whereby if that I laugh at any season,
It is because I have none other way
To cloake my care, but under sporte and play.

X

Of change in minde.

Eche man me tel'th, I change most my devise,
And on my faith, methinke it good reason;
To chaunge purpose, like after the season,
For in eche case to kepe still one guise,
Is mete for them, that would be taken wyse;
And I am not of such maner condicion,
But treated after a divers fashion,
And thereupon my diversenesse doth ryse,
But you this diversenesse that blamen most,
Change you no more, but still after one rate,
Treate you me welle, and kepe you in that state.
And while with me doth dwell this wered ghost,
My woord nor I shall not be variable,
But always one, your own both firm and stable.

XI (XVII)

How the lover perisheth in his delight, as the flye in the fier.

Some fowles there be that have no perfite sight,
Against the sunne their eyes for to defend,
And some because the light doth them offend,
Never appere, but in the darke or night:
Others rejoyce, to see the fire so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend,
But fynd contrary of it, as they entende,
Alas of that sort, may I be by right.
For to withstand her looke I am not able,
Yet can I not hyde me in no darke place,
So followeth me remembrance of that face;
That with my teary eyen, swolne, and unstable,
My desteny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the glead.

XII (XL)

Against his tong that failed to utter his suite.

Because I still kept thee fro lyes and blame,
And to my power alwayes the honowred,
Unkind tongue, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such desert to do me wreke and shame.
In nede of succour most when that I am
To ask he rewarde, thou standes lyke one afrayde,
Alway most cold; and if one word be sayd,
As in a dreame, unperfit is the same;
And ye salt teares, against my will each night,
That are with me when I would be alone,

are ye gone, when I ſhould make my mone,
ye ſo ready ſighes, to make me ſhright,
are ye ſlacke, when that ye ſhoulde outſtart,
nly doth my loke declare my hart.

XIII (CIV)

ſcription of the contrarious paſſions in a lover.

DE no peace, and all my warre is done,
e and hope, I burne, and freſe lyke yſe,
aloft, yet can I not aryſe,
nought I have, and all the world I ſeaſon,
lockes nor loſeth, holdeth me in priſon,
holdes me not, yet can I ſcape no wyſe,
ettes me live, nor dye, at my devyſe,
yet of death it geveth me occaſion,
out eye I ſee, without tongue I playne,
h to periſh, yet I aſk for health,
another, and I hate my ſelfe,
me in ſorow, and laugh in all my payne.
hus diſpleaſeth me, both death and life,
my delight is cauſer of this ſtrife.

XIV (CLVI)

lover compareth his ſtate to a ſhippe in perilous ſtorme toſſed on the ſea.

gally charged with forgetfulneſſe,
ough ſharpe ſeas, in winter nightes doth paſſe,
ne rocke, and rocke, and eke my foe (alas)
is my lord, ſtereth with cruelneſſe.
every houre, a thought in readineſſe,
hough that death wer light in ſuch a caſe,
endleſſe wynde doth teare the ſayle apace
orced ſighes and truſty ſeas ſulneſſe:
yne of teares, a cloude of dark diſdayne,
e done the weried coardes great hinderance;
tched with errour, and with ignorance,
ſtarres be hidde, that lead me to this payne.
unde is reaſon that ſhoulde be my comforte,
I remayne, diſparing of the porte.

XV CXL

Of doubtful love.

SING the bright beames of thoſe fayre eyes,
ere he abides that mine oft moyſtes and
waſheth
wearied mynde ſtreight from the heart de-
parteth,
reſt within his worldly paradyſe;
l bitter findes the ſwete, under his gyſe,
at webbes there he hath wrought, well he
perceiveth,
erby then with hymſelfe on love he playneth,
t ſpurs with fyre, and brydleth eke with yſe:
ich extremitie thus is he brought,
zen now cold, and now he ſtandes in flame,
ixt wo and wealth, betwixt earneſt and gaine,
h ſeldome glad, and many a divers thought;
ore repentance of his hardineſſe,
uch a roote loe commeth frute fruteleſſe.

XVI

The lover ſheweth how he is forſaken of ſuch as he ſometime enjoyed.

THEY flee from me, that ſometime did me ſeke,
With naked fote ſtalking within my chamber,
Once have I ſene them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wyld, and do not once remember.
That ſometime they have put themſelves in danger,
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Buſely ſeking in continual change.
Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwyſe,
Twenty tymes better, but once eſpeciall,
In thine aray, after a pleaſaunt gyſe,
When her looſe gowne did from her ſhoulders fall,
And ſhe me caught in her armes long and ſmall;
And therwithall, ſo ſwetely did me kyſſe,
And ſoftly ſayd, dear hearte, how like you this?
It was no dreame, for I lay brode awaking.
But all is turned now through my gentleneſſe,
Into a bitter faſhion of forſaking,
And I have leave to goe of her goodneſſe;
And ſhe alſo to uſe new fangleneſſe.
But, ſyns that I unkendly ſo am ſerved,
How like you this, what hath ſhe now deſerved:

XVII

The Lady to aunſwere directly with yea or nay.

MADAME, withouten many woordes,
Once I am ſure, you will, or no:
And if you will, then leave your boordes,
And uſe your wit, and ſhew it ſo.
For with a beck you ſhall me call,
And if of one, that burnes alwaye,
Ye have pitie, or ruth at all,
Aunſwere him faire with ye or nay,
If it be nay, frendes as before,
You ſhall an other man obtayne,
And I myne own, and yours no more.

XVIII

To his love whom he had kiſſed againſt her will.

ALAS, madame, for ſtealing of a kiſſe,
Have I ſo much your mind therin offended?
Or have I done ſo grievouſly amiſſe,
That by no meenes it may not be amended?
Revenge you then, the readieſt way is this,
Another kiſſe my life it ſhall have ended,
For, to my mouth the firſt my hart did ſucke,
The next ſhall cleane out of my breſt it plucke.

XIX

Of the jealous man that loved the ſame woman, and eſpied this other ſitting with her.

THE wandering gadling in the ſommer tyde,
That findes the adder with his rechles foote,
Startes not diſmayde ſo ſodenly aſyde,
As jealous deſpite did, though ther wer no boote

When that he saw me sitting by her syde,
That of my health is very crop and roote.
It pleased me then to have so faire a grace,
To sting the hart, that would have had my place.

XX

To his love from whom he had his gloves.

WHAT nedes these threatning wordes, and wasted winde:
Al this cannot make me restore my pray,
To robbe your good, ywis is not my mynde,
Nor causeleſſe your fair hand did I display,
Let love be judge, or els whom next we finde,
That may both heare what you and I can say,
She reft my hart, and I a glove from her,
Let us see then, if one be worth the other.

XXI

Of the fayned freind.

RYGHT true it is, and sayd full yore ago,
Take hede of him that by the back thee claweth:
For none is worse than is a frendly fo,
Though thee seme good, all thing that the deliteth,
Yet know it well, that in thy bosome crepeth,
For many a man such fire oft times he kindleth,
That with the blase his beard himself he singeth.

XXII

The lover taught, mistrusteth allurements.

IT may be good, lyke it who list,
But I do doubt who can me blame?
For oft assured, yet have I mist,
And now again I fear the same:
The woordes, that from your mouth last came,
Of sodeyn change make me agast,
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.
Alas! I tread an endless mase,
That seke t' accord two contraries,
And hope thus still, and nothing hase,
Imprisoned in liberties,
As one unheard, and still that cries,
Always thirsty, and nought doth taste,
For dread to fall I stand not fast.
Assured I doubt I be not sure,
Should I then trust unto such surety,
That oft hath put the prose in ure
And never yet have found it trustie.
Nay, for in sayth, it were great folly,
And yet my life thus do I wast,
For dread to fall I stand not fast.

XXIII

The lover complaineth that his love doth not pitie him.

RESOUND my voyce ye woods, me heare me plain,
Both hils and vales causing reflection,
And rivers eke, record ye of my payne,
Which have oft forced ye by compassion,
As judges lo to hear my exclamacion,
Among whom ruth (I finde) ye doth remayne,
Where I it seke, alas! there is disdayne.
Oft ye rivers, to heare my wofull sound,
Have stopt your cours, and playnly to expresse,
Many a teare by moysture of the ground,
The earth hath wept to hear my heavinesse,
Which causeleſſe I endure without redresse,
The hugy okes have roared in the wynde,
Eche thing me thought, complayning in their kind.
Why then alas! doth not she on me rue,
Or is her heart so hard, that no pittie
May in it sinke, my joy for to renew;
O stony hart, who hath thus framed thee
So cruel, that art cloked with beauty,
That from thee may no grace to me proceede,
But as reward, death for to be my mede.

XXIV

The lover rejoyseth against fortune, that by hindering his suite had happely made him forsake his folly.

IN faith I wote not what to say,
Thy chaunces been so wonderous,
Thou fortune with thy divers play,
That makest the joyfull dolorous.
Yet though thy chaine hath me enwrapt,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
And sekest by change to do me payne,
Mens myndes yet mayst thou not so order,
For honestie if it remayne,
Shall shine for al thy cloudy rayne;
In vayne thou sekest to have me trapt,
Spyte of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.
In hindering me, me didst thou further,
And made a gap, where was a style,
Cruel wiles been oft put under,
Wening to lower, then didst thou smyle.
Lord, how thy self thou didst begyle,
That in thy cares would have me wrapt,
But spyte of hap, hap hath well hapt.

XXV

A renouncing of hardelie escaped love.

FAREWELL the hard of cruelty,
Though that with pain my liberty,
Dear have I bought, and wofully,
Finisht my fearefull tragedy.
Of force I must forsake such pleasure,
A good cause just, sins I endure,
Therby my wo, which be ye sure,
Shall therwith go me to recure.
I fare as one escapt that fleeth,
Glad he is gone, and yet styll feareth,
Spied to be caught and so dredeth
That he for nought his pain leseth
In joyfull payn, rejoyce my hart,
Thus to sustayn of eche a part.
Let not this song from thee astart,
Welcome among my pleasant smart.

to his bed, with describing of his unquiet state.

full place, renuer of my smart,
ars salve encreasing my sorow,
es ease, and troubler of my hart,
f minde, myne unquiet foe,
r of payne, rememberer of my woe,
e of slepe, wherein I do but wake,
with teares, my bed, I the forsake,
osty snowes may not redress my heate,
ite of sunne abate my fervent cold,
nothing to ease my paine so great
e causeth encrease by twenty fold,
g cares upon my sorrows old,
rthwart effectes in me they make,
with teares, my bed for to forsake.
l for nought, I find no better ease,
out, this most causeth my paine,
o I seek how best that I may please,
abour (alas) is all in vayn,
t once set, I cannot it refrayne,
from me my grief away can take,
re with teares, my bed I thee forsake.

XXVII

on of love, to a streame falling from the Alpes.

ese hye hilles as when a spring doth fall,
downe with still and suttle course,
nd that, it gathers aye and shall,
ive just downe flowed to streame and
rce,
he foote it rageth over all:
love, when he hath tane a course,
is rayne, resistance vayleth none,
eschue is remedy alone.

XXVIII

s complaint upon love to reason, with loves answere.

ld dere enmy, my froward maister,
hat quene, I causde to be acyted,
oldeth the divine part of our nature,
as golde, in fyre he monght be tryed.
with a dolour, there Ime presented
rrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
full death, and justice alway seketh.
hus I say'd: Once my left foote, madame,
was yong, I set within his raigne;
other then fyrely burning flame,
elt, but many a grievous payne,
I suffred anger and disdayne:
e oppressed pacience was past,
ine owne life hated at the last.
hitherto have I my tyme passed
and smart, what wayes is profitable,
ny pleasant dayes have me escaped,
g this false lyer so deceivable?
it have wordes so prest and forceable,
w containe my great mishappinesse,
complaintes of his ungentlenesse?

So small hony, much aloes, and gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde life hath ytasted
His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,
With fair and amorous daunce, made me be traced,
And where I had my thought and minde araced,
From earthly fraylnesse, and from vaine pleasure.
Me from my rest he tooke and set in errour.
God made he me regardlesse, than I ought,
And to my selfe to take right little hede:
And for a woman have I set at nought,
Al other thoughtes, in this only to spede,
And he was onely counseler of this dede.
Whetting alwayes my youthly fraile desyre,
On cruel whetstone, tempered with fire.
But (oh alas!) where had I ever wit?
Or other gift geven to me of nature?
That sooner shal be changed my weried sprite,
Then the obstinate will, that is my ruler,
So robbeth he my fredome with displeasure,
This wicked traytour, whom I thus accuse,
That bitter life hath turned in pleasant use.
He hath me hasted, through divers regions,
Through desert woodes, and sharpe by mountaines,
Through froward people, and through bitter passions,
Through rocky seas, and over hilles and plaines:
With wery travel, and with laborous paynes,
Alwayes in trouble and in tediousnesse,
All in errour, and daungerous distresse.
But nother he, nor she, my tother foe,
For all my flight did ever me forsake;
That though my timely death hath been to slowe
That me as yet, it hath not overtake:
The heavenly gods of pitie doe it slake,
And note they this his cruell tyranny,
That feedes him, with my care, and misery.
Sins I was his, hower rested I never,
Nor looke to doe, and eke the waky nightes,
The banished slepe may in no wise recover.
By guyle and force, over my thralled spites
He is ruler, sins which bell never strikes,
That I hear not as sounding to renue
My plaintes. Himself he knoweth that I say true.
For never woormes old rotten stocke have eaten,
As he my hart, where he is resident,
And doth the same with death daily threaten.
Thence come the teares, and thence the bitter torment,
The sighes, the woordes and eke the languish-[ment,
That noy both me, and paraventure other,
Judge thou that knowest the one and eke the other.
Mine adversarie with such grevous reproofe,
Thus he began, Hear lady the other part:
That the plain trouth, from which he draweth aloofe,
This unkind man may shew, ere that I part,
In his yong age, I tooke him from that art,
That selleth woordes, and make clattering knight,
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.
Now shames he not on me for to complaine,
That held him evermore in pleasant gayne,
From his desire that might have been his payne,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,
Which now as wretchednes, he doth so blame,

And toward honour quickned I his wit,
Whereas a dastard els he mought have sit.
He knowed how great Atride that made Troy freat,
And Hannibal to Rome so troubelous,
Whom Homer honoured Achilles that great,
And th' Affricane Scipion the famous,
And many other, by much honour glorious,
Whose fame and actes did lift them up above,
I did let fall in base dishonest love.
And unto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a million,
That under sunne yet never was her pere,
Of wisdom womanhod, and of discrecion,
And of my grace I gave her such a facion,
And eke suth way I taught her for to teache
That never base thought his hart so hie might reache.
Ever more thus to content his maistresse
That was his only frame of honestie,
I stirred him still toward gentlenesse,
And caused him to regard fidelitie;
Pacience I taught him in adversitie,
Such vertues learned he in my great schoole,
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant foole.
These were the same deceites, and bitter gall,
That I have used, the torment and the anger,
Sweter than ever did to other fall,
Of right good seed, ill fruite lo thus I gather,
And so shall he that the unkinde doth further;
A serpent nourish I under my wing,
And now of nature ginneth he to sting.
And for to tell at last, my great service,
From thousandes dishonesties have I him drawen,
That, by my meanes, him in no manner wyse,
Never vyle pleasure once hath overthrowen,
Wherin his dede, shame hath him alwayes gnawen,
Doubting report that should come to her eare,
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to feare;
What ever he hath of any honest custome,
Of her, and me, that holds he every whit,
But lo, yet never was there neighbly fantome,
So farre in errour, as he is from his wit,
To plain on us, he striveth with the bit;
Which may rule him, and do him ease, and paine,
And in one hower, make all his griese his gaine.
But one thing yet there is above all other,
I gave him winges, wherewith he might up flye,
To honour and fame, and if he woulde to hygher,
Then mortal things, above the starry skye;
Considering the pleasure, that an eye
Might geue in earth, by reason of the love,
What should that be, that lasteth still above?
And he the same himself hath said ere this,
But now, forgotten is both that and I,
That gave him her, his only wealth and blisse,
And at this woord, with deadly shreke and crye:
Thou gave her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou took her ayen from me, that woworth the
Not I. but price, more worth than thou (quod he.)
At last, eche other for himself, concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small reverence,
Lo, thus, as we eche other have accused,
Dere lady now we wayte thene only sentence;
She smiling, at the whisted audience,
I liketh me, quod she, to have heard your que
But longer time doth aske a resolution.

XXIX

The lover, sorrowfull state maketh him write sorr songes, but touche, his love may change the sem

Marill no more altho,
The songs, I sing do mone
For other life then woe,
I never proved none.
And in my heart also,
Is graven with letters deepe,
A thousand sighes and mo
A flod of teares to weepe.
How many a man in smart,
Find a matter to rejoyce:
How many a morning hart,
Set forth a pleasant voyce:
Play who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How fortune overthwart
Doth cause my morning chere.
Perdy there is no man
If he saw never sight,
That perfitly tell can,
The nature of the light.
Alas, how should I than,
That never taft but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre.
But yet perchance some chance,
May chance to change my tune,
And when (touch) chance doth chance,
Then shall I thanke fortune.
And if I have (touch) chance,
Purchance or it be long,
For (touch) a pleasant chance,
To sing some pleasant song.

XXX

The lover complaineth himself forsaken.

Where shall I have at mine own wil,
Teares to complaine, where shall I set
Such sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
And then again my plaintes repete?
For though my plaint shall have none,
My tares cannot suffise my woe lend,
To mone harm, have I no friend,
For fortunes frend is mishappes foe.
Comfort (God wot) els have I none,
But in the wind to wast my woordes,
Nought moneth you my dedly mone,
But still you turn it into boordes:
I speak not now, to move your heart,
That you should rue upon my pain,
The sentence geven may not revert,
I know such labour were but vain.
But sens that I for you (my dere)
Have lost that thing, that was my best,
A right small loss it must appere,
To lese these woordes, and all the rest.

ough they sparkle in the wind.
all they shew y ur falshed fayth,
. is returned to his kind,
ke to lyke the proverbe saith.
ie and you did me avance,
ought I swam, and could not drowne,
eft of al, but my mischaunce
't me up to throw me downe.
ou with her, of cruelness,
t your foole upon my necke,
nd my welfare to oppress.
ut offence your heart to wreke.
: are your pleasant woordes (alas)
: is your faith, your stedfastness?
is no more but all doth pass,
am left all comfortless.
is so much it doth you greve,
lso me my wretched lyfe,
here my trouth nought shall relieve,
ath alone, my wretched strife.
fore farewell, my lyfe, my death,
iyne, my losse, my salve, my sore,
ell also, with you my breath,
am gone for evermore.

f his love that pricked her finger with a nedle.

ite and sowed that hath done me the wrong,
:of I plain, and have done many a day,
whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song,
isht my heart the sampler, that it lay.
lind maister, whome I have served so long,
ging to heare, that he did heare her say,
her own weapon do her finger blede,
ele, if pricking were so good indede.

Of the same.

r man hath hearde such crueltie before,
when my plaint remembred her my wo,
:aused it, she cruell more and more,
:d eche stich, as she did sit and sow,
rickt my heart, for to encrease my sore;
s I thinke, she thought that had been so,
she thought, this is heart in dede,
rickt hard, and made herself to blede.

quest to Cupide for revenge of his unkind love.

LD love, thy power how she despyseth
rievous payn, how little she regardeth
olemne othe whereof she takes no cure,
n she hath, and yet she bydeth sure.
at her ease, and little thee she dredeth,
oned thou art, and she unarmed sitteth;
e disdainesule, all her lyfe she leadeth
e spitesule, without just cause or measure:
d Love, how proudly she triumpeth,
n hold, but if the pittie meveth,
Go. bend thy bow, that stony hartes breaketh,
And with some stroke, revenge the great displeasure,
Of thee, and him that sorow doth endure,
And as his lord the lowly her entreateth.

Complaint for true love unrequited.

WHAT vaileth trouth, or by it to take pain,
To strive by stedfastness, for to attain;
How to be just, and flee from doubleness,
Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness.
Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain?
Soonest he speedes, that most can lye and faine.
True meaning hart is had in hyghe disdaine;
Against deceit and cloked doubleness,
What vaileth trouth, or perfect stedfastness.
Deceived is he, by false and craftie train,
That meanes no gile and faithfull doth remaine.
Within the trap, without help or redresse,
But for to love, lo, such a stern maistresse,
Where crueltie dwelles, alas it were in vain.

The lover that fled love, now folowes it with his barme.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that one so brent,
By sea, by land, by water, and by winde,
And now the coales I folow, that beguent,
From Dover to Cales, with willing minde.
Lo how desire is both sprong, and spent,
And he may see, that whilome was so blind,
And all this labour laughes he now to scorne,
Meashed in the briers, that erst was onely torne.

The lover hopeth of better chaunce.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fal,
The sun returnes, your hed was under clowde,
And when fortune hath spit out all her gall,
I trust, good luck to me shal be allowed.
For I have seen a ship in haven fal,
After that storme hath broke bothe maste and shroud.
The wellow eke, that stoupeth with the winde,
Doth rise again, and greater wood doth binde.

The lover compareth his hart to the overcharged gonne.

THE furious gonne, in his most ragyng yre,
When that the boule is rammed into sore,
And that the flame cannot part from the fier,
Crackes in sunder, and in the ayer do rore
The shevered peces: so doth my desire,
Whose flame encreaseth aye from more to more,
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speke,
So inwarde force my heart doth alto breake.

XXXVIII

The lover suspected of change, praieth that it be not beleved against him.

Accused though I be, without desert,
Sith none can prove, believe it not for true;
For never yet, since that you had my hart,
Intended I to false, or be untrue.
Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,
Than breake one worde of that I promised you,
Accept therefore my service in good part,
None is alive, that can il tongue eschew,
Hold them as false, and let not us depart,
Our friendship old, in hope of any new.
Put not thy trust in such as use to faine,
Except thou minde to put thy frend to pain.

XXXIX

The lover abused renounceth love.

My love to scorn, my service to retain,
Therein me thought you used crueltie,
Since with good will I lost my libertie,
Might never wo yet cause me to refraine.
But only this, which is extremitie,
To give me nought (alas) not to agree,
That as I was your man, I might remaine,
But since that thus ye lift to order mee,
That would have been your servant true and fast,
Displease you not, my doting time is past;
And with my losse to leave I must agree,
For as there is a certaine time to rage,
So is there time such madnes to asswage.

XXXX XL

The lover professeth himselfe constant.

Within my brest I never thought it gaine,
Of gentle mindes the fredome for to lose,
Not in my hart sank never such disdaine,
To be a forger, faultlesse for to disclose.
Nor can not I endure the truth to glose,
To set a glosse upon an earnest paine,
Nor I am not in numbre one of those,
That lift to blow, retreate to every traine.

XLI

The lover sendeth his complaintes and teares to sue for grace.

Passe forth my wounted cryes,
Those cruel eares to pearce,
Which in most hatefull wise,
Do still my plaintes reverse.
Doe you, my teares also,
So wet her barrein heart,
That pitie there may growe,
And crueltie depart.
For though hard rockes among
She semes to have been bred,
And of the tigre long
Bene nourished and fed.
Yet shall not nature change,
If pitie once win place,
Whom as unknowne and strange,
She now away doth chase.
And as the water soft,
Without forcing or strength,
Where that it falleth oft,
Hard stones doth pierce at length.
So in her stony heart,
My plaintes at last shall grave,
And rigour set apart,
Winne graunt of that I crave.
Wherefore my playntes present
Stil so to her my suit,
As ye through her assent,
May bring to me some frute.
And as she shall me prove,
So bid her me regarde,
And render love for love,
Which is a just reward.

XLII

The lovers case cannot be hidden, howsoever he dis

Your lokes so often cast,
Your eyes so frendly rolde,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Alwaies one to beholde:
Though hide it faine ye woulde,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your hart in hold,
And where good will ye bare.
Faine would ye find a cloke,
Your brenning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breakes out on every side.
Ye cannot love so guide,
That it no issue winne,
Abrode nedes must it glide,
That brennes so hotte within.
For cause your self do wink,
Ye judge all other blinde,
And secret it you think,
Which every man dothe finde.
In wast of spend ye winde,
Your self in love to quit,
For agues of that kinde,
Wyll show, who hath the fit.
Your sighs you set from farre,
And all to wry your wo,
Yet are ye ner the narre,
Men are not blinded so.
Depely oft swere ye no,
But all those othes are vaine,
So well your eye doth shew,
Who putts your hart to paine.
Thinke not therefore to hide,
That still it self betraies,
Nor seke meanes to provide,
To dark the sunny dayes.
Forget those wonted wayes,
Leave of such froowning chere,
There will be found no staies,
To stop a thing so clere.

ib not to be disdained, nor refused, ſtruſted, nor forſaken.

t without deſert,
ſo ſodeynly,
t, that in my hert,
ut honeſtly.
without cauſe why,
t to be unjuſt,
of fantaſie,
nedes knit I muſt.
t, though ſome there be,
ſpot my ſtedfaſtneſſe;
ſins that ye ſe,
as they expreſſe.
t, till I deſerve,
, till I offende,
till that I ſwerve,
what I entende.
t, that am your owne,
hat am ſo true,
till all be knowen,
now for no new.

XLIII

teth his eſtate, with ſute for grace.

I in wo I plaine,
ſoberneſs,
ny ſute my paine,
ith your ſtedfaſtneſſe.
of gentleneſſe,
, I you require,
ics of my deſire.
geveth willingly,
es aye doth deſerve,
nfainedly,
alas do ſterve.
auſe is for to ſwerve,
dfaſt is my ſute,
where is the frute.
t hath his keper loſt,
ence to obtaine,
t deliteth moſt,
though I be ſlain.
my hand of paine,
re that makes me crie,
or els I dye.
not incontinent.
onſumingly,
ich doth relent
will deny.
of ſuch cruelty,
oly in your grace,
rill to change his place.

XLIV

r waileth his changed joyes.

ght him avaunt,
illy chere,
It was my ſelf I muſt it graunt,
For I have bought it dere,
And derely have I held alſo
The glory of her name,
In yielding her ſuch tribute lo,
As did ſet forth her ſame.
Sometime I ſtood ſo in her grace,
That as I would require,
Ech joy I thought did me embrace
That furdered my deſire,
And all theſe pleaſures lo! had I,
That fancy might ſupport,
And nothing ſhe did me deny,
That was unto my comfort.
I had (what would you more perdie)
Ech grace that I did crave,
Thus fortunes will was unto me,
All thing that I would have,
But all to rathe, alas! the while,
She built on ſuch a ground,
In little ſpace, to greate a guile,
In her now have I found.
For ſhe hath turned ſo her whele,
That I, unhappy man,
May waile the time that I did ſele,
Wherewith ſhe ſed me then,
For broken now are her beheſtes,
And pleaſant lookes ſhe gave,
And therefore now all my requeſtes,
From perill cannot ſave.
Yet would I well it might appere
To her my cheiſe regard,
Though my deſertes have been to dere
To merit ſuch reward.
Sins fortunes will is now ſo bent,
To plague me thus pore man,
I muſt my ſelf therewith content,
And bear it as I can.

XLV

To his love that has given anſwere of refuſall.

The aunſwere that ye made to me my deare,
When I did ſue for my pore hartes redreſſe,
Hath ſo appalde my countenance, and my chere,
That in this caſe, I am all comfortleſſe,
Sins I of blame no cauſe can well expreſs.
I have no wrong, where I can claim no right
Nought tane me fro, where I have nothing had,
Yet of my wo, I cannot ſo be quite,
Namely ſins that another may be glad
With that, that thus in ſorrow makes me ſad.
Yet none can claime (I ſay) by former graunt
That knoweth not of any graunt at all.
And by deſert, I dare well make a vaunt,
Of faithfull will, there is no where that ſhall,
Beare you more trueth, more ready at your call.
Now good then, call againe that bitter word,
That toucht your frend ſo nere with plagues of paine,
And ſay my dere that it was ſaid in bord.
Late or to ſone, let it not rule the gaine,
Wherewith free will doth true deſert retayne.

XLVI

To his ladie, cruel over her yelden lover.

Such is the course that natures kind hath wrought,
That snakes have time to cast away their stings,
Against chain'd prisoners what nede defence be sought,
The fierce lyon will hurt no yielding things;
Why should such spight be nursed then by thoughts,
Sith all these powers are prest under thy wings,
And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,
What mischiefe malice many wayes it brings,
Consider eke, that spite avayleth nought,
Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings:
Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought)
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs,
For furies that in hell be execrable,
For that they hate, are made most miserable.

XLVII

The lover complaineth that deadly sicknes cannot help his affection.

The enemy of lyfe, decayer of all kinde,
That with his cold withers away the grene
This other night me in my bed did fynde,
And offer'd me to ryde me fever clene,
And I did graunt so did dispair me blinde,
He drew his bowe with arrowes sharp and kene,
And stroke the place where love had hyt before,
And drave the fyrst dart deper more and more.

XLVIII

The lover rejoyceth the enjoying of his love.

Once as methought fortune me kist,
And bade me ask what I thought best,
And I should have it as me lyst,
Therewith to set my hart at rest.
I asked but my ladyes hart,
To have forevermore myne owne,
Then at an end were all my smart,
Then should I nede no more to mone.
Yet for all that a stormy blast,
Had overturn'd this goodly nay:
And fortune semed at the last,
That to her promise she said nay.
But like as one out of dispaire,
To sodeyne hoape revived I;
Now fortune sheweth her selfe so fayre,
That I content me wonderfly.
My most desyre my hand my reach,
My will is alway at my hande,
Me nede not long for to besech,
Her that hath power me to comande.
What earthly thing more can I crave,
What would I wish more at my will;
Nothing on earth more would I have,
Save that I have, to have it still.
For fortune now hath kept her promesse,
In graunting me my most desyre,
Of my soveraigne I have redress,
And I content me with my hyre.

XLIX

The lover complaineth the unkindnesse of his lo

My lute awake perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast:
And ende that I have now begunne,
And when this song is song and past,
My lute be styll for I have done.
As to be heard where eare is none,
As leade to grave in marble stone,
My song may pearce her hart as soon,
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone,
No, no, my lute, for I have done.
The rocks do not so cruelly,
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suite and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.
Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte,
Of simple hearts through loves shot,
By whome unkind thou hast them wonne,
Think not he hath his bow forgott,
Although my lute and I have done.
Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine
That makest but game on earnest payne,
Think not alone under the sunn,
Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
Although my lute and I have done.
May chanced thee lye withred and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Playing in vaine unto the moon,
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
Care then who list for I have done.
And then may chaunce thee to repent,
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sighe and swone,
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.
Now cease my lute this is the last,
Labour that thou and I shall wast,
And ended is that we begonne,
Now is this song both song and past.
My lute be still for I have done.

XL

How by a kiss, he found both his life and death.

Nature that gave the bee so feate a grace,
To finde honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spyder out of the same place
To fetch poyson by strainge alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case,
With one kiss by secret operation;
Both these at once in those your lips to finde
In change whereof, I leave my hart behinde.

XLI

The lover describeth his being taken with sight of love.

Unwarely so was never no man taught,
With stedfast looke upon a goodly face,
As I of late, for sodaynly me thought,
My hart was torne out of his place.

w mine eye the ſtroke from hers dyd ſlide,
n directly to my heart it ranne,
hereof the blood thereto did glide,
my face both pale and wanne.
was I like a man for wo amazed,
e fowle that flyeth into the fyre,
e that I upon her beauty gaſed,
e I burned in my deſire.
the blood ſtart in my face agayne,
with heat, that it had at my hart,
ght therewith throughout in every veine,
ng heat with pleaſant ſmart.
was I like the ſtraw, when that the flame
therein, by force and rage of wynde.
tell, alaſs! what ſhall I blame,
t to ſeke, nor what to finde.
ell I wot the grief doth hold me ſore,
nd cold, betwixt both hope and dreade,
t her help to health doe me reſtore,
eſſe lyfe I may not leade.

LII

To his lover to looke upon him.

hy looke my life doth whole depend,
leſt thy ſelf, and I muſt dye therefore,
thou may'ſt ſo eaſely help thy frende,
ſt thou ſtick to ſalve that thou madeſt
re:
I dye, ſince thou mayſt me defend,
dye thy life may laſt noe more,
by other doth live and have reliefe,
look, and thou moſt in my griefe.

LIII

r excuſeth him of woordes, wherewith he was unjuſtly charged.

ſayde it not,
r thought to doe,
is I ye wot,
power thereto.
dyd, the lot
t dyd me exchange,
er ſlake the knot,
t it to my payne.
I did eche thing,
y do harme or wo,
lly may wring,
t where ſo I goe.
ay always ring
on me for aye,
heart did ſpryng,
ds that you doe ſay.
I did, each ſtarr,
n heaven above,
ne on me to marre,
I have in love.
did ſuch warr
brought unto Troy,
my life as farre
his luſt and joye.

And if I did ſo ſaye,
The beauty that me bounde,
Encreaſe from day to day,
More cruel to my wounde.
With all the mone that may,
To plaint my turne my ſong,
My lyfe may ſoon decaye,
Without redreſſe by wrong.
If I be cleare from thought,
Why do you then complayne,
Then is this thing but ſought,
To turne my hart to payne.
Then this that you have wrought,
You muſt it now redreſſe,
Of right therefore you ought,
Such rigour to repreſſe
And as I have deſerved,
So grant me now my hyre.
You know I never ſwerved,
You never found me lyer.
For Rachel have I ſerved,
For Lea carde I never,
And her I have reſerved
Within my hart for ever.

LIV

Of ſuch as had forſaken him.

LURE my fair faulcon, and thy fellowes all,
How well pleaſant it were your libertie,
Ye not forſake me, that fayre mought you fall,
But they that ſometime liked my company.
Like lyce away from dead bodyes they crall,
Lo what a proof in light adverſitie,
But ye my byrds I ſwear by all your belles,
Ye be my friends and very fewe elles.

LV

A deſcription of ſuch a one as he would love.

A FACE that ſhould content me wonderous well,
Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold,
Of lively look all griefe for to repell
With right good grace ſo would I that it ſhould.
Speak without word, ſuch words as none can tell,
Her treſs alſo ſhould be of criſped gold,
With wit and theſe, perchaunce I might be tryde
And knit againe with knot that ſhould not ſlide.

LVI (XLIII)

How impoſſible it is to fynde quietneſſe in love.

EVER my hap is ſlack and ſlow in comeing
Deſire encreaſing aye my hope uncertayne,
With doubtful love that but encreaſeth paine,
For tigre like ſo ſwift it is in parting.
Alas! the ſnow black, ſhall it bee and ſcalding,
The ſea waterles, and fiſh upon the mountaine,
The Temmes ſhall backe returne in her fountaine,
And where he roſe, the ſunn ſhall take her lodging.

Ere I in this finde peace or quietneſs,
Or that love, or my lady right wiſly,
Leave to conſpire againſt me wrongfully,
And if I have after ſuch bitterneſs,
One drop of ſwete, my mouth is out of taſte,
That all my truſt and travell is but waſte.

LVII XCIX

Of love, fortune, and the lovers minde.

Love, fortune, and my minde which doe remember
Eke that is now, and that once hath bene,
Torment my hart ſo ſore that very often
I hate and envy them beyond all meaſure.
Love fleeth my hart, while fortune is depriver,
Of all my comfort, the fooliſh minde than,
Burneth and plaineth, as one that very ſeldome,
Liveth in reſt ſo ſtill in diſpleaſure:
My pleaſant dayes they flete and paſſe
And dayly doth myne yll change to the worſe,
When more than halfe is runne now of my courſe.
Alas! not of ſtele, but of brittle giaſs,
I ſee that from my hand falleth my truſt,
And all my thoughts are daſhed into duſt.

LVIII X/X

The lover praiſeth his offred hart to be received.

How oft have I, my dere and cruel foe,
With my great paine to get ſome peace or truce,
Given you my hart but you do not uſe,
In ſoe high things, to caſt your mind ſo low.
If any other looke for it as you trow,
Their vaine, weake hope doth greatly them abuſe,
And that thus I diſdaine, that you refuſe,
It was once mine, it can no more be ſo.
If you it chaſe that it in you can find
In this exile no manner of conſort,
Nor live alone nor where he is cald refort,
He may wander from his natural kinde.
So ſhall it be great hurt unto us twaine,
And yours the loſs, and mine the deadly paine.

LIX

The lovers life compared to the Alpes.

Like unto theſe unmeaſurable mountaines,
So in my painfull life the burden of yre,
For hie be they, and hie is my deſire,
And I of teares, and they be full of fountaines.
Under craggy rocks they have barren plaines,
Hard thoughts in me my wofull minde doth tire,
Small fruite and many leaves theire tops do attire,
With ſmall effect great truſt in me remaines.
The boiſterous winds oft theire high bowes do blaſt,
Hott ſighes in me continually be ſhed,
Wilde beaſts in them, fierce love in me is fed,
Unmoveable am I, and they ſtedfaſt.
Of ſinging-birds, they have the tune and note,
And I alwayes plaintes paſſing through my throte.

LXI (CLXXXV

Charging of his love as unpiteous and loving other.

If amorous faith, or if an hart unfeined,
I ſwete langeur, a great lovely deſire,
If honeſt will kindled in gentle fire,
If long errour in a blind maſe chained.
If in my viſage eche thought diſtained,
Or my ſparkling voice, lower or hier,
Which feare and ſhame ſo wofully doth tire,
If pale colour which love alas hath ſtained.
If to have another, then my ſelf more dere,
If waleing or ſighing continually.
With ſorrowful anger feding buſily
If burned farr of and if friſing nere.
Are cauſe that I by love my ſelf deſtroye,
Yours is the fault, and mine the great anoy.

LXII

A renouncing of love.

Farewell love, and all thy lawes for ever,
Thy bated hookes ſhall tangle me no more,
Seneca, and Plato call me from thy lore,
To parfit welth my witt for to endever.
In blind error when I did perſever.
Thy ſharp repulſe, that pricketh aye ſo ſore
Taught me in trifles that I ſet noe ſtore,
But ſcape forth thence ſince libertie is lieſſer.
Therefore farewell go trouble younger harts,
And in time claime noe more auctoritie,
With idle youth goe uſe thy propertie,
And thereon ſpend thy many brittle darts.
For hitherto though I have loſt my time,
Me liſt no longer rotten bowes to clime.

LXIII

The lover forſaketh his unkind love.

My hart I gave thee not to doe it paine,
But to preſerve lo it to thee was taken,
I ſerved thee, thee not that I ſhould be feeſhin
But that I ſhould receive reward againe.
I was content, thy ſervant to remaine,
And not to be repayed on this faſhion,
Now ſince in thee there is no other reaſon,
Diſpleaſe thee not if that I do refraine.
Unſatiat of my wo and thy deſire,
Aſſured by craft for to excuſe thy fault,
But ſince it pleaſeth thee to fain default,
Farewell I ſay, departing from the fire.
For he that doth believe bearing in hand,
Ploweth in the water and ſoweth in the ſand.

LXIV

The lover deſcribeth his reſtleſſe ſtate.

The flameing ſighes that boyle within my hart
Sometime break forth and they can well declare,
The hartes unreſt, and how that he doth fear,
The paine thereof, the griefe, and all the reſt.

from Serafino. (Serapheine?)

hattered eyen from whence the teares do fall,
el some force or elce they would be dry,
wasted flesh of colour ded can try,
sometime tell what sweetness in the gall.
he that lust to see, and to discearne,
care can force within a weried mind,
: he to me I am that place asinde,
or all this noe force, it doth noe harme,
wounde alas hap in some other place,
whence noe toole away the scar can race.
t you which of such like have had your part,
est be judge wherefore my friend so dere,
ight it good my state should now appere,
u, and that there is no great desart.
whereas you in weighty matters great,
tune saw the shaddow that you know
isling things I now am stricken soe.
though I feel my hart doth wound and beat,
lone save on the second day,
ever comes with whome I spend my time,
rning heat while that she list assigne,
who hath helth and liberty alway,
im thank God, and let him not provoke,
ve the like of this my painfull stroke.

LXV.

The lover laments the death of his love.

iller perisht is whereto I lent,
rongest stay of mine unquiet minde;
ike of it no man agayn can synde,
east to west still seeking though he went,
yne unhappe forhappe away hath rent.
my joy the very bark and rinde,
(alas!) by chaunce am thus assinde,
to mourn, till death do it relent.
nce that thus it is by destiny,
can I more but have a wofull hart,
nne in plaint my voice in carefull crye,
ynde in woe my body full of smart,
my self, my self alwayes to hate,
readfull death doe ease my dolefull state.

The lover sendeth sighes to move his suite.

urning sighes unto the frozen hart,
reak the yce which pities painfull dart,
. never pierce, and if that mortall prayer,
ven be heard at least yet I desyre,
death, or mercy, end my wofull smart.
with thee paine whereof I have my part,
ke the flame from which I cannot start.
ave me then in rest I you require,
arning sighs fulfill that I desire.
goe worke, and see my craft and arte,
ith and faith in her is laid apart,
cannot therefore now assayle her,
itifull complaint and scalding fire,
rom my brest deceivebly doth start.

Complaint of the absence of his love.

Soe feeble is the thred that doth the burden stay,
Of my poor life in heavy plight that falleth in decay, [cours,
That but it have elsewhere some ayde or some suc-
The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course. [part,
For since the unhappy houre that dyd me to de-
From my sweet weale one only hoape hath stayed my life apart,
Which doth perswade such words unto my sored mynde, [luck to find.
Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some better
For though thou be deprived from thy desired sight,
Who can thee tell, if thy returne before thy more delight:
Or who can tell thy loss if thou mayst once recover,
Some pleasant houres thy wo may wrap, and thee defend and cover.
Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life sustained,
But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by trust am trayned. [bende,
The tyme doth flete, and I see how the hours do
So fast that I have scant the space to marke my comeing end. [his lite,
Westward the sunn from out the east scant shewd
When in the west he hies him straite within the dark of night
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his journey lye. [here,
Thy lyfe so short so frayle, that mortall men lyve
Soe great a weight, so heavy charge the bodyes that we bere.
That when I think upon the distance and the space,
That doth so farre divide me from thy dere desired face. [quire,
I know not how t' attaine the winges that I re-
To lyft me up that I might fly to follow my desyre. [sustyne,
Thus of that hope that doth my lyfe somethyng
Alas I fear, and partly feel full little doth remaine.
Eche place doth bring me griefe where I doe not behold,
Those lively eyes which of my thoughts, were wont the keys to hold.
Those thoughts were pleasant sweet whilst I enjoy'd that grace,
My pleasure past, my present pain, when I might well embrace.
And for because my want should more my woe increase,
In watch and sleep both day and night my will doth never cease.
That thing to wishe whereof syuce I did lose the sight,
Was never thing that mought in ought my wofull hart delight.
Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete,
The floods, the seas, the land, the hills, that doth them intermete.

Twene me and those shene lights that wonted for to clere,
My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts as bright as Phebus sphere;
It teacheth me also, what was my pleasant state,
The more to feele by such record how that my welth doth bate.
If such record (alas) provoke the inflamed mynde,
Which sprung that day that I dyd leave the best of me behynde.
If love forgeat himselfe by length of absence let,
Who doth me guid (O wofull wretch) unto this baited net: [for me,
Where doth encrease my care, much better were
As dumm as stone all things forgott, still absent for to be.
Alas the clear christall, the bright transplendant glasse, [it hase.
Doth not bewray the colours hid which underneath
As doth the accumbred sprite the thoughtfull throwes discover, [we cover.
Of teares delyte of fervent love that in our hartes
Out by these eyes, it sheweth that evermore delight;
In plaint and teares to seek redress, and eke both day and night.
Those kindes of pleasures most wherein men soe rejoice, [voice.
To me they do redouble still of stormy sighes the
For, I am one of them, whom plaint doth well content, [lament.
It fits me well my absent wealth me semes for to
And with my teares t' assy to charge myne eyes twayne,
Like as my hart above the brink is fraughted full of payne.
And for because thereto, that these fair eyes do treate, [repeate.
Do me provoke, I will returne, my plaint thus to
For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,
Where they rule all, and I alone, nought but the case or skin.
Wherefore I shall returne to them as well or spring,
From whom descends my mortall wo, above all other thing.
So shall myne eyes in paine accompany my hart,
That were the guides, that did it lead of love to feel the smart. [pride,
The crisped gold that doth surmount Appolloes
The lively streames of pleasant starrs that under it doth glyde.
Wherein the beames of love doe still increase theire heate, [me sweat,
Which yet so far touch me to near in cold to make
The wise and pleasant take, soe rare or else alone,
That gave to me the curties gyft, that earst had never none.
Be far from me alas, and every other thing,
I might forbear with better will, then this that did me bring:
With pleasand woord and cheer, redress of lingred payne, [trayne.
And wonted oft in kindled will, to vertue me to
Thus am I forc'd to hear and hearken after news,
My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust renewes.

And yet with more delight to move my w
I must complaine these hands, those ar
firmly do embrace.
Me from my self, and rule the sterne of
lyfe,
The sweet disdaynes, the pleasant wra
eke the holy strife.
That wonted well to tune in temper just
The rage, that oft did make me err by f
discrete.
All this is bid from me with sharp a
At others will my long abode, my dep
fulfills.
And of my hope sometime ryse up by som
It stumbleth straite for seable faint my
such excesse.
Such is the sort of hoape, the less for mo
And yet I trust e're that I dye, to see that
The resting place of love, where virtue d
and growes,
There I desire my weary life sometime
My song thou shalt attaine, to find th
place,
Where she doth live by whom I live, m
to have this grace.
When she hath read and seen, the griefe
I serve,
Between her brests she shall the put, t
she thee reserve.
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me s
And if for waight the body fayl, the so
her flee.

The lover blameth his love for sending of the sent her.

Suppised not (madame) that you did se
My wofull hart, but this also to rent,
The weeping paper that to you I sent,
Whereof ech letter was written with a te
Could not my present paynes (alas) suffise,
Your greedy heart, and that my heart dot
Torments that prick more sharper than th
But new and new must to my lots aryse,
Use then my death, soe shall your cruelty,
Spite of your spyte, rid me from all my i
And I no more such torments of the hart,
Feel as I doe this shall you gayne thereby.

The lover curseth the tyme when fyrst he sell

When fyrst myne eyes did view and mar
Thy fayr beauty to behold,
And when my ears lysned to hark,
The pleasant woords that thou me tolde,
I would as then I had been free,
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.
And when my lipps gan fyrst to mone,
Whereby my hart to thee was knowne,
And when my tongue dyd talke of love,
To thee that hast true love downe throwne

d my lipps and tongue alſoe,
ıen been dumme, no deal to goe.
hen my hands have handled ought,
hee hath kept in memory,
hen my feet have gone and ſought,
l and get the company.
l each hand a foot had beene,
ach foot a hand had ſeen.
hen in mind I dyd conſent,
ow this my fancies will,
hen my hart did firſt relent,
ſuch bait my life to ſpill.
l my hart had been as thine,
hy hart had been as myne.

The lover determineth to ſerve faithfully.

love will needs, that I ſhall love,
force I muſt agree,
ıce no chaunce may it remove,
th and in adverſitie.
lway my ſelfe apply,
e and ſuffer patiently.
ıgh for good will I finde but hate,
uelly my life to waſt,
ough that ſtill a wretched ſtate,
pyne my days unto the laſt:
rofeſs it willingly,
e and ſuffer patiently.
ince my hart is bound to ſerve,
ıot ruler of myne owne,
oe befall, tyll that I ſterve,
ıfe full well it ſhall be knowne.
ſhall ſtill my ſelf apply,
e and ſuffer patiently.
hough my griefe finde noe redreſs,
l encreaſe before myne eyes,
ı my reward be cruelneſſe,
ll the harme, happs can devyſe,
ofeſs it willingly,
e and ſuffer patiently.
hough fortune her pleaſant face,
ſhew, to ſet me up aloft,
ıight my wealth for to deface,
wrythe away, as ſhe doth oft.
ald I ſtill my ſelf applye,
e and ſuffer patiently.
is no griefe, no ſmert, no wo,
t I feel, or after ſhall,
ım this minde may make me goe,
atſoever me befall,
ſeſs it willingly,
e and ſuffer patiently.

The lover ſuſpected, blameth ill tongues.

STFULL minds be moved,
me in ſuſpect,
h it ſhall be proved,
ime ſhall once detect,
gh falſhed goe about,
to me accuſe,
At length I do not doubt,
But truth ſhall me excuſe.
Such ſauce, as they have ſerved,
To me without deſert,
Even as they have deſerved,
Thereof God ſend them part,

The lover complaineth, and his ladie comforteth.

Lover. IT burneth yet, alas, my heartes deſire,
Lady. What is the thing, that hath inflam'd thy heart?
Lo. A certaine point as fervent as the fyre.
La. The heat ſhall ceaſe if that thou wilt convert,
Lo. I cannot ſtop the fervent rageing yre,
La. What may I do, if thy ſelf cauſe thy ſmart?
Lo. Heare my requeſt, and rew my weeping chere
La. With right good will ſay on, lo, I thee here.
Lo. That thing would I, that maketh two content,
La. Thou ſeekeſt, perchaunce of me, that I may not.
Lo. Would God, thou wouldeſt, as thou mayſt, well aſſent.
La. That I may not the griefe is myne, God wot,
Lo. But if I feele, whatſo thy woordes have ment.
La. Suſpect me not, my woordes be not forgett.
Lo. Then ſay, alas! ſhall I have help or no.
La. I ſee no time to anſwer yea, but no.
Lo. Say yea, dere hart, and ſtand no more in doubt.
La. I may not grant a thing that is ſo dere.
Lo. Lo with delayes, thou dryves me ſtill aboot.
La. Thou wouldeſt my death, it plainly doth appeare.
Lo. Firſt may my heart his blood, and life blede out.
La. Then for my ſake, alas! thy will forbeare.
Lo. From day to day, thus waſtes my lyfe away.
La. Yet for the beſt, ſuffre ſome ſmale delay.
Lo. Now good, ſay yea, do once ſo good a dede,
La. If I ſayd yea, what ſhould thereof enſue?
Lo. An heart in payne of ſuccour ſo ſhould ſpede,
Twixt yea, and nay, my dout ſhall ſtill renew,
My ſwete, ſay yea, and do away this drede.
La. Thou wilt nedes ſo, be it ſo, but then be trew.
Lo. Nought would I elſe, nor other treaſure neng,
Thus hearts be wonne by love, requeſt, and mone.

Why love is blinde.

OF purpoſe, love choſe firſt for to be blinde,
For he with ſight of that, that I beholde,
Vanquiſh't had been, againſt all godly kynde,
His bow your hand, and truſſe ſhould have unfold
And he with me to ſerve had been aſſinde,
But, for he blind, and reckleſs would him holde.
And ſtill, by chance, his dredly ſtrokes beſtow,
With ſuch, as ſee, I ſerve, and ſuffer wo.

To his unkinde love

WHAT rage is this, what furor of what kynde,
What power, what plage, doth wery thus mye minde?
Within my bones to rankle is affynde,
What poison pleasant swete.
Lo see myne eyes flow with continual teares,
The body still away sleeplesse it weares,
My foode nothing my fainting strength repayres
Nor doth my lim mee sustayne. [turne,
In depe wyde wound, the deadly stroke doth
To cureless skarre that never shall returne,
Go to, triumph, rejoyce thy goodly turne,
Thy frend thou doest oppresse.
Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no cure,
Nor yet my plaint no pitie can procure,
Fierce tygre, fell, hard rocke without recure
Cruell rebell to love.
Once may thou love, never be loved again,
So love thou still, and not thy love obtayne,
So wrathfull love with spites of just disdaine,
May thret thy cruell hart.

The lover blameth his instant desyre.

DESYRE, (alas!) my maister, and my foe,
So sore altered thy selfe, how maist thou see,
Some time thou seekest, and dryves me to and fro,
Some time thou leadest, that leadeth thee and me,
What reason is to rule thy subjects so,
By forced law and mutabilitie?
For where by thee I doubted to have blame,
Even now by hate agayne I doubt the same.

The lover complaineth his estate.

I SEE that chance hath chosen me,
Thus secretly to live in payne,
And to another geven the free,
Of all my losse to have the gayne,
By chance affinde thus do I serve,
And other have that I deserve.
Unto my self some time alone,
I do lament my wofull case,
But what availeth me to mone,
Since truth and pitie hath no place,
In them, to whom I sue and serve,
And other have that I deserve.
To seke by meane to change this mind,
Alas, I prove it will not be,
For in my heart I cannot finde,
Once to refrayne, but still agree
As bound by force alway to serve,
And other have that I deserve.
Such is the fortune that I have,
To love them most, that love me lest,
And to my payne to seek and crave
The thing, that other have possest,
So thus in vaine alway I serve,
And other have that I deserve,
And till I may appease the heate,
If that my happe will happe so well
To wayle my wo my heart shall freate
Whose pensif payne my tong can tell,
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,
And other have that I deserve.

Of his love called Anna.

WHAT woord is that, that changeth no
Though it be turnde and made in tway
It is mynne, Anna, God it wote
The only causer of my payne,
My love that medeth with disdaine,
Yet is it loved, what will you more,
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

That pleasure is mixed with every p

VENEMOUS thornes that are so sharpe a
Beare flowers we see, full fresh and fay
Poyson is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft rem
The fyre that all things eke consumeth
May hurt and heale: then if that this
I trust some time my harm may be my
Sins every woe is joyned with some w

A riddle of a gyft geven by a la

A LADY gave me a gift she had not,
And I received her gift which I took n
She gave it me willingly, and yet she w
And I received it, albeit I could not.
If she give it me I force not,
And if she take it again she cares not,
Conster what this is and tell not,
For I am fast sworne, I may not.

That speaking or profering bringes abus

SPEAKE thou and spede, where will
ought helpeth, [
Where power doth want, will must
For nede will spede, where will worl
kynde,
And gayne, thy foes thy frendes shall
For sute and golde, what do not they o
Of good and bad the tryers are these w

He ruleth not, though he reigne over real
subjects to his owne lustes.

IF thou wilt mighty be, flee from the r
Of cruell will, and see thou hope the f

From the foul yoke of fenfual bondage,
For though thine empire ftretchte to Indian fee,
And for thy fear trembleth the fardeth Thules,
If thy defyre have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governour.
If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Confider well thy grounde and thy beginning,
For he that hath eche ftarre in heaven fixed,
And gives the moone her hornes and her eclipfing.
A lyke hath made the noble in his working,
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foule luft and vyce doe conquer thee,
All wer that fo thou had a flood of golde,
Unto thy thirft yet fhould it not fuffice.
And though with Indian ftones a thoufand folde,
More precious then can thy felf devife.
Ycharged were thy backe, thy covetife,
And bufy byting yet fhould never let,
Thy wretched lyfe, nede do thy death profet.

Whether libertie by loffe of life, or life in prifon and thraldome, be to be preferred.

Lyke as the byrde within the cage inclofed,
The dore unfparred, her foe the hawke without
Twixt death and prifon pitiouffy oppreffed,
Whether for to choofe ftandeth in dout.
Lo fo do I, which feke to bring about,
Which fhould be beft by determination
By loffe of life, libertie, or lyfe by prifon.
O mifchief by mifchief to be redreffed,
Where payne is beft there lyeth but little pleafure,
By fhort death better to be delivered,
Then byde in painfull lyfe, thraldome and dolour.
Small is the pleafure where much payne we fuffer,
Rather therefore to chufe me thinketh wifdome,
By lofs of lyfe libertie, then lyfe by prifon.
And yett me thinkes although I live and fuffer,
I do but wayte a time and fortunes chance,
Oft many thinges do happen in one hower,
That which oppreft me now may me advance,
In time is truft which by deathes grevaunce
Is wholy loft. Then were it not reafon
By death to chufe libertie, and not life by prifon,
But death wer deliverance where lif lengthens paine,
Of thefe two illes let fee now chufe the beft,
This bird to deliver that here doth plaine;
What fay ye lovers, which fhal be the beft?
In cage thraldome, or by the hawke oppreft;
And which to chufe, make plain conclufion
By lofs of lyfe libertie, or lyfe by prifon,

Againft bourders of money.

For fhamefaft harme of great and hatefull nede,
In depe difpayre, as did a wretch go,
With ready corde out of his life to fpede,
His ftumbling foot did fynde an hoorde, lo,
Of gold, I fay, where he preparde this dede
And in exchange, he left the corde tho'
He that hid the golde, and found it not,
Of that he found he fhapt his kneck a knot.

Defcription of a gonne.

Vulcane begat me, Minerva me taught,
Nature my mother, craft nourifht me yere by yere
Three bodies are my foode; my ftrength is in naught,
Anger, wrath, wafte, and noyfe, are my children dere.
Geffe frende, what I am, and how I am wraught,
Monfter of fea or of lande, or of els where
Know me, and ufe me, and I may thee defend,
And if I be thine enemie I may thy life ende,

Wyat being in prifon to Bryan.

Sighes are my foode, my drink are my teares,
Clinking of fetters would fuch mufike crave,
Stink, and clofe ayre, away my life it weares,
Poor innocence is all the hope I have,
Rayne, wynde, or weather, judge I by myne ears,
Malice affautes that righteoufneffe fhould have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound fhall heale againe,
But yett, alas! the fkarre fhall ftill remaine.

Of diffembling woords.

Throughout the world if it were fought,
Fayre words ynoughe a man fhall fynde;
They be good chepe, they coft right nought,
Their fubftance is but only wynde:
But well to fay, and fo to meane,
That fwete accorde is feldome fene.

Of the mean and fure eftate.

Stand whofo lis upon the flipper wheele,
Of high eftate, and let me here rejoyce,
And ufe my life in quietneffe eche dele,
Unknowne in court that hath the wanton joyes,
In hidden place my time fhall flowly paffe,
And when my yeres be paft without annoyfe,
Let me dye old after the common trace,
For grypes of death do he too hardly pafs;
That knowne is to all, but to himfelf, alas!
He dyeth unknown dafed with dreadfull face.

The courtiers life.

In court to ferve decked with frefhe araye,
Of fugared meates feling the fwete repaft,

The lyfe in bankets and sundry kyndes of playe.
Amid the presse the worldly lookes to waste.
Hath with it joined of times such bitter taste,
That who so joyes such kinde of life to holde,
In prison joyes fettred with chaines of golde,

Of disappointed purpose by negligence.

Of Carthage he that worthy warriour,
Could overcome, but could not use his chance
And I likewyse of all my long endeavour,
The sharp conquest though fortune did avance,
Ne could I use, the hold that is given over.
I unpossesse, so hangeth now in balance.
Of warre, my peace, rewarde of all my payne,
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spaine.

Of his returne from Spayne.

Tagus farewell that westward with thy stremes,
Turnes up the graines of golde already tryde,
For I with spurre and saile go seke the Temmes,
Gayneward the sunne that sheweth her welthy pride;
And to the towne that Brutus sought by dreames,
Like bended moon that leaves her lusty syde,
My king, my country, I seke for whom I live,
O mighty Jove the wyndes for this me geve.

Of sodaine trusting.

Driven by desyre I did this ded,
To danger my self without cause why,
To trust th' untrue not lyke to spede,
To speake and promise faithfully.
But now the proofe doth verify,
That who so trusteth ere he know,
Doth hurt himself and please his foe.

Of the mother that eat her child at the siege of Jerusalem.

In doubtfull brest whyles motherly pitty,
With furious famine standeth at debate
The mother saith, O child unhappy,
Return thy blood where thou hadst milke of late.
Yeld me those lymmes that I made unto thee,
And enter there where thou wer generate,
For of one body against all nature,
To another must I make sepulture.

Of the meane and sure estate, written to John Poynes.

My mothers maides when they do sow and spinne,
They sing a song made of a fieldish mouse,
That for because her livelod was but thinne,
Would needs go see her townish sisters house.
She tought her self endurde to grievous payne,
The stormy blastee her cave so sore did souse;
That when the furrous swimmed with the rayne,
She must lye cold and wet in sory plight,
And worse then that bare meate ther did remayne,
To comfort her, when she her house had dight.
Some tyme a barley corne, some time a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night.
In harvest tyme, whyle she might go and gleane,
And when her store was stroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for she undone was clene,
Then was she faine to take instede of foode
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begyle,
My sister, quoed she, hath a living good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a myle;
In colde and storme she lyeth warm and drye
In bed of downe, the durt doth not defyle
Her tender foot, she labours not as I.
Richely she fedes and at the riche mannes cost,
And for her meate she nedes net crave nor cry,
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her cater sekes, and spareth for no perell,
She fedes on boyld meate, bake meate and on roll,
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell
And when she list, the licour of the grape
Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell;
And at this journey makes she but a jape,
So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That if she might there kepe herself in health,
To live a lady while her life doth last,
And to the dore now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast,
Th' other for feare durst not well scarce appeare
Of every noise so was the wretch agast
At last, she asked softly who was there,
And in her language as well as she could,
Pepe (quod the other) sister I am here.
Peace (quod the towne mouse) why speakest thou so loude,
And by the hand she took her fayre and well,
Welcome, quod she, my sister by the roode,
She feasted her, that joy it was to tell,
The fayre they had, they drank the wyne so clere.
And as to purpose now and then it fell
She chered her, with how sister what chere?
Amid this joy befell a sory chance,
That welaway, the stranger bought full dere,
The fare she had, for as she lookte a skance,
Under a stole she spied two fleming eyes
In a rounde heade with sharp eares: In France
Was never mouse so ferde, for the unwyse
Had not ysene such a beast before,
Yet had nature taught her after guyse
To know her foe, and dread him evermore;
The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,
The other had no shift, but wonders sore,
Ferde of her life, at home she wisht her tho',
And to do, alas! as she did skippe, [waste,
The heaven it would, lo! and eke her chance
At the threshold her sely foote did trippe,
And ere she might recover it again,
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe,

de her there against her will remayne,
d forgot her poore suertie, and rest,
g welth, wherein she thought to raygne.
ay Poynes) how men do seke the best,
le the worse, by error as they staye;
marvell, when sight is so oppreſt,
ides the guyde, anone out of the way
uyde, and all in seking quiet life.
hed myndes! there is no golde that may,
that you seek, no warre, no peace, no
rise,
lthough thy head were hoopte with gold,
with mace, with hawbert, sword, nor
nise,
repulse the care that folow should,
ade of lyse hath with him his disease,
delites, even as thy lust woulde,
u shalt finde when lust doth most thee
lease,
straight, and by itself doth fade.
thing is that, that may thy minde appease:
you all there is, that is so madde
for grapes on brambles, or on briers,
: I trow, that hath a witte so badde
is hay for conies over rivers,
et not a dragge-net for an hare;
the thing that most is your desire,
nislike, with more travell and care
aine thine heart that it be not knotted
pe or dreade, and see thy will be bare
affectes, whom vyce hath never spotted;
:ontent with that is thee affynde,
it well that is to thee allotted:
:e no more out of thy self to fynde
g that thou hast sought so long before;
shalt feele it sticking in thy mynde
ye list to continue your sore,
:nt passe, and gape on time to come,
e thy self in travell more and more,
:th (my Poynes) this shall be all and some,
'reſched fooles shall have nought els of
ne:
:he great God, and to his dome,
ner payne pray I for them to be,
n the rage doth leade them from the right
king backward vertue they may see
she is so goodly, fayre and bright;
ylst they clasp theyr lusts in armes
crosse,
them, good Lord, as thou maist of thy
ight,
inward, for losing such a loss.

---

be courtiers life, written to John Poynes.

wn, John Poynes, sins ye delight to know
es why that homeward I me draw,
the prease of courtes, wheresoever they goe,
nen to live thrall under the awe
lookes, wrapped within my cloke,
and lust learning to set a law
that because I storme or mocke
er of them whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke;
But true it is, that I have always ment
Less to esteeme them, then the common sort,
Of outward thinges that judge in their entent;
Without regarde, what inward doth resort,
I graunt, some time of glory that the fyre,
Doth touch my heart, me list not to report.
Blame by honour and honour to desyre.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer?
My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to fayn.
To cloke the truth, for praise without desert,
Of them that list all vice for to retayne,
I cannot honour them that set theyr part
With Venus and Bacchus all their life long.
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart,
I cannot crouche nor knele to such a wronge.
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these sely lambes among,
I cannot with my woordes complayne and mone.
And suffer nought nor smart without complaint,
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone,
I cannot speak and looke like a saint.
Use wyles for wit, and make desceit a pleasure,
Call craft counsaile, for lucre still to paynt,
I can not wrest the law to fyll the coffer
With innocent blood to feed my self fatte,
And do most hurt where that most helpe I offer.
I am not he that can allow the state,
Of hye Cæser, and damne Cato to dye,
That with his death could scape out of the gate,
From Cæser's hands, if Livy doth not lye.
And would not live where liberty was lost,
So did his heart the common wealth apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to bost,
To make the crow in singing, as the swanne;
Nor call the lyon of coward beastes the most,
That cannot take a mouse, as the cat can,
And he that dyeth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in musike many foldè,
Praise Syr Copas for a noble tale,
And scorne the story that the knight tolde,
Praise him for counsell that is dronke of ale.
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the sway,
Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale;
On others lust, to hang both night and day,
None of these pointes would ever frame in me,
My wit is nought, I can not learn the way,
And much the less of things that greater be.
That asken helpe of colours to devise,
To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,
With nerest vertue ay to cloke the vyce,
And as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To presse the vertue that it may not ryse.
As dronkennes good felowship to call,
The frendly foe with his faire double face,
Say he is gentle, and curties therewithall,
Affirme that savill hath a goodly grace.
In eloquence, and cruelty to name,
Zeale of justice, and change in time and place,
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,
That rayleth rechless unto eche mans shame,

Say he is rude, that cannot lye and fayne.
The lecher a lover and tyranny
To be right of a princes raigne,
I cannot, I, no, no, it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleves the weigh (as thow maist see)
A chippe of chaunce, more then a pound of wit;
This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow, then with my bowe stalke;
No man doth marke whereso I ryde or goe;
In lusty leas at libertie I walke.
And of these newes I fele no weale no woe,
Save that a clogge doth hang yett at my hele;
No force for that, for that is ordred so,
That I may leape both hedge and dyke full wele.
I am not now in France to judge the wyne,
With savery sauce those delicates to feel,
Nor yet in Spayne, where one must him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,
I meddle not with wittes that be so fyne,
Nor Flanders chere lettes not my sight to deme,
Of black and white nor taket my wittes away,
With beastlinefs, such doe those beastes esteme,
Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pray
For money, pryson, and treason, of some
A common practice used night and daye;
But I am here in Kent and Christendome,
Among the muses, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou list, mine own John Poynes to come,
Thou shalt be judge, how I do spende my tyme.

How to use the court and himself therin, written to Syr Fraunces Bryan.

A SPENDING hend that alway powreth out,
Had nede to have a bringer in as fast,
And on the stone that still doth turne about,
There groweth no mosse: These proverbes yet doe last.
Reason hath set them in so sure a place,
That length of yeres their force can never waste:
When I remember this, and eke the case
Wherein thou standst, I thought forthwith to write
(Bryan) to thee, who knowes how great a grace,
In writing is to counsayle man the right;
To thee, therefore, that trottes styll up and downe,
And never rests but running day and night,
From realme to realme, from citie, strete, and towne;
Why doest thou weare thy body to the bones,
And mightest at home slepe in thy bedde of downe,
And drinke good ale so nappy for the nones,
Fede thyself fatte and heape up pounde by pound,
Lykest thou not this? no, why? for swine so groines
In stye, and chaw dung moulded on the ground,
And drivel on pearles, with head still in the manger,
So of the harpe the asse doth heare the sound,
So sackes of durt be filde. The neat courtier
So serves for lesse, then do these fatted swine,
Though I seme leane and drye without a moister,
Yet will I serve my prince, my lord, and thyne,
And let them live to fede the paunch that list,
So may I live to fede both me and myne,
By God well sayd. But what and if thou wist
How to bring in, as fast as thou doest spende
That would I learne, and it shall not be mist
To tell the how. Now harke what I intende
Thou knowest well first, who so can seke to please,
Shal purchase frendes, where trouth shall but offende,
Flee therefore truth, it is both welth and ease,
For though that trouth of every man hath prise,
Full neare that wynde goth trouth in great mislike,
Use vertue, as it goeth now a dayes,
In woord alone to make thy language swete,
And of the dede, yet doe not as thou sayes,
Els be thou sure, thou shalt he farre unmete,
To geat thy bread, eche thing is now so skare,
Seke still thy profit upon thy bare fete,
Lend in no wise for fear that thou do ware;
Unless it be, as to a calse a chese,
But if thou can be sure to win a cant
Of half at least, it is not good to leese.
Learne at the ladde, that in a long white cote,
From under the stall withouten landes or fee,
Hath lept into the shoppe, who knowes by rote,
This rule that I have tolde thee here before,
Sometime also riche age begynnes to dote,
Se thou when there thy gayne may be the more,
Stay him by the arme where so he walk or goe,
Be nere alway, and if he cough to sore,
What he hath spyt treade out, and please him so
A diligent knave that pykes his maisters purse
May please him so, that he withouten mo,
Executour is, and what is he the worse,
But if so chance, thou get nought of the man,
The widow may for all thy payne disburse
A riveled skinne, a stinking breath, what than?
A toothelesse mouth shall doe thy lippes no harm;
The gold is good, and though she curse or banne,
Yet where thee list, thou mayst lye good and warme;
Let the old mule byte upon the brydle,
Whilst there do lye a sweter in thine arme,
In this also see that thou be not ydle,
Thy nece, thy cosin, sister, or thy daughter,
If she be fayre, if hansome be her middle,
If thy better hath her love besoughte her,
Avaunce his cause and he shall helpe thy mede
It is but love, turne thou it to a laughter.
But ware I say, so gold the helpe and spede,
That in this case thou be not so unwyse,
As pander was in such a lyke dede,
For he the foole of conscience was so nyce,
That he no gayne would have for all his payne;
Be next thy selfe, for friendship bears no peyse.
Laugheft thou at me? why, do I speak in vayne?
No, not at thee, but at thy thrysty jest;
Wouldest thou, I shoulde for any losse or gayne
Change that for golde that I have tane for best?
Next godly thinges, to have an honest name,
Should I leave that then take me for a beast.
Nay then farewel, ane if thou care for shame
Content the with honest povertie,
With free tong, what thee mislykes, to blame

And for thy trouth some time adversitie,
And therewithall this gyft I shall thee give,
In this world now little prosperitie,
And quoyne to kepe, as water in a sive.

The song of Jopas unfinished.

When Dido feasted furst the wandring Trojan knight,
Whom Junos wrath with stormes did force in Libik sands to light.
That mighty Atlas taught the supper lasting long,
With crisped lockes, in golden harpe Jopas sang in song: [and name.
That same (quod he) that we the world do call
Of heaven and earth with all contentes, it is the very frame:
Of thus, of heavenly powers by more powre kept in one,
Repugnant kindes, in middes of whom the earth hath place alone. [and nourse,
Firme, rounde, of living things the mother, place
Without the which in egall weight this heaven doth hold his course. [ven,
And it is calde by name, the first and moving hea-
The firmament is placed next, containg other seven.
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and thicke,
As shining lights, which we call starres, that therein cleave and sticke.
With great swift sway the syrst, and with his restless sours, [nual cours.
Carieth itself, and all those eyght in even conti-
And of this world so round within that rolling case,
Two points there be that never move, but firmly kepe their place.
The tone we see alway, the tother stands object,
Against the same divyding just, the ground by line direct. [th' other,
Which by ymagination, drawne from the one to
Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is none other, [not bright,
And these becalde the poles, descride by starres
Artike the one northward we see, Antartike thother hight
The lyne, that we deyse from thone to thother so,
As axell is, upon which the heavens about do go,
Which of water nor earth, of ayre nor syre have kinde;
Therefore the substance of those same were hard for man to find;
But they been uncorupt, simple and pure unmixt;
And so we say been all those starres, that in the same be fixt;
And eke those erring seven, in cyrcle as they stray,
So calde, because against that syrst they have repugnant way,
And smaller by ways too, scant sensible to man,
To busy woorke for my poor harpe, let sing then he that can,
The wydest save the syrst of all these nyne above,
One hundred yere doth aske of space for one degree to move:
Of which decrees we make in the syrst moving heaven,
Three hundred and threescore in partes, justly divided even;
And yet there is another between those heavens two, [for now.
Whose moving is so slye so slacke, I name it not
The seventh heaven, or the shell next to the starry skye, [so slie,
All those degrees that gathered up with aged pace,
And doth persourme the same, as elders count hath bene,
In nine and twenty yeres complete, and days almost sixteen,
Do carye in his bought the starre of Saturne olde,
A threatner of all living things with drought, and with his cold, [pase,
The sixt whom this conteins, doth stalke with yonger
And in twelve yere doth some what more then thothers vyage was, [nigne,
And thys in it doth beare the starre of Jove be-
Twene Saturnes malice, and us men, friendly defending signe; [dayes,
The fifth beares bloudy Mars, that in three hundred
And twise eleven with one full yere hath finish't all those wayes. [sixe,
A yere doth aske the fourth, and howers therto
And in the same the dayes eye, the sune therein he stickes: [me,
The thyrd that governde is by that, that governs
And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we see. [the tother,
In like space doth persourme that course, that dyd
So doth the next, the next unto the same, that second is in order.
But it doth beare the starre, that calde is Mercury,
That many a crafty secret steppe doth tread, as Calcars trye, [gone
That skye is last, and sixt next us those wayes hath
In seven and twenty common days, and eke the third one; [about.
And bearth with his sway the dyvers moone
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her light is out:
Thus have they of their owne two movinges all these seven,
One, wherein they be carried still, eche in his several heaven: [layde
Another of themselves, where theyr bodies be
In by waies, and in lesser roundes, as I afore have sayde, [the streight,
Save of them all the sunne doth stray least from
The starry skye hath but one course, that we have calde the eight.
And all these movinges eyght are ment from west to east, [east to west;
Although they seeme to clyme aloft, I say from
But that is but by force of theyr first moving skye,
In twise twelve howres from east to east that carrieth them by and by.
But marke me well also, the moving of these seven, [heaven;
Be not about the axletree of the syrst moving
For they have theyr two poles directly tone to the tother.

UNCERTAINE AUCTORS.

SONGES AND SONETTES.

A praise of his ladie.

Geve place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not your selves at all,
For here at hande approcheth one,
Whose face will stayne you all.
The vertue of her lively lookes
Excels the precious stone,
I wishe to have none other bookes
To reade or look upon.
In eche of her two christal eyes,
Smyleth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffise
To see that lampe of joye.
I think nature hath lost the moulde,
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubte if nature coulde
So fayre a creature make.
She may be well comparde
Unto the Phenix kinde,
Whose like was never seene nor heard,
That any man can fynde.
In lyfe she is Diana chaste
In trouth Penelopey,
In woord and eke in dede stedfast;
What will you more we say:
If all the world were sought so farre,
Who could finde such a wight,
Her beauty twinkleth lyke a starre
Within the frosty night.
Her roseall coulour comes and goes,
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too, then doth the rose,
Within her lively face.
At Bacchus feast none shall her mete,
Ne at no wanton playe,
Nor gasing in an open strete,
Nor gadding as astray.
The modest myrth that she doth use,
Is mixt with shamefastnesse,
All vyce she doth wholy refuse,
And hateth ydlenesse.
O lord it is a world to see,
How vertue can repayre,
And decke in her such modestie,
Whome nature made so fayre.
Truely she doth as farre excede,
Our women now adayes,
As doth the jelisloure, a wede,
And more a thousand wayes
How might I doe to get a grasse
Of this unspotted tree:
For all the rest are playne but chasse
Which seme good corne to bee.
This gyft alone I shall her geve,
When death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live,
Within the mouth of man.

They of the meane estate are happiest.

If right be rast and overronne,
And power take part with open wrouge,
If feare by force do yeld to sone,
The lacke is like to last to long.
If God for goodes shal be unplaced,
If right for riches loses hys shape,
If world for wisedome be embraced,
The gesse is great much hurt may hap.
Among good things I prove and finde,
The quiet lyfe doth most abound,
And sure to the contented mynde
There is no riches may be founde.
For riches hates to be content,
Rule is enemy to quietnesse,
Power is most part impatient,
And seldome lykes to live in peace.
I heard a heardman once compare,
That quiet nights he had mo slepe
And had mo merydayes to spare,
Then he which ought the beast he kepe.
I would not have it thought hereby,
The dolphin swimme I mean to teach,
Nor yet to learne the fawlcon flye
I rowe not so farre past my reache.

my part above the reſt,
wiſh and well to will,
y breath ſhall fayle my breſt,
ceaſe to wiſh you ſtill.

---

ideration of the ſtate of this life he wiſhed death.

ger life the more offence
e offence the greater paine,
ter paine the leſſe defence,
defence the leſſer gaine:
of gaine long yll doth trye,
re come death and let me dye.
horter life, leſſe count I finde,
account the ſooner made,
unt ſoon made, the merier mind,
ier mynd doth thought evade;
in truth this thing doth trye,
re come death and let me dye.
gentle death, the ebbe of care,
e of care, the flood of life,
d of life, the joyful fare,
ful fare, the end of ſtrife,
of ſtrife, that thing wiſh I.
re come death and let me dye.

---

that once diſdained love, is now become ſubject being caught in his ſnare.

my ſong give eare who liſt
ne entent judge as ye will,
e is come that I have miſt
g whereon I hoped ſtyll,
m the toppe of all my truſt
hath throwen me in the duſt.
ime hath been and that of late,
and I might leap at large;
s not ſhut within the gate
s deſire, nor took no charge
hing that did pertaine,
ing love in any paine.
hought was free my hart was lyght
d not who loſt, who ſaught,
by day, I ſlept by night,
not, who wept, who laught,
ught from all ſuch things was free,
y ſelf at libertie.
no hede to tauntes nor toys
o ſee them frowne as ſmyle,
fortune laught I ſcornde their joyes
their fraudes and every wyle,
my ſelf oft tymes I ſmyled.
ow love had them begiled.
in the net of my conceit,
ſtill among the ſort
as fed upon the bayte
pide laide for his diſport,
r as I ſaw them caught
rcheld and thereat laught.

'Till at the length when Cupide ſpied
My ſcorneful wyll and ſpiteful uſe,
And how I paſt not who was tyed
So that my ſelf myght ſtill live loſe,
He ſet himſelf to lye in waite
And in my way he threw a baite.
Such one as nature never made
I dare well ſay ſave ſhe alone,
Such one ſhe was as would invade
A hart more hard then marble ſtone,
Such one ſhe is, I know it right,
Her nature made to ſhew her might.
Then as a man in a maſe
When uſe of reaſon is away,
So I began to ſtare and gaſe
And ſodeinly, without delay
Or ever I had the wit to loke
I ſwallowed up both bait and hooke.
Which daily grieves me more and more
By ſundry ſortes of careful wo,
And none alive may ſalve the ſore
But only ſhe that hurt me ſo,
In whom my lyfe dothe now conſiſt
To ſave or ſlay me as ſhe lyſt.
But ſeeyng now that I am caught
And bounde ſo faſt I cannot flee.
Be ye by myne enſample taught
That in your fanſies ſele you free
Deſpyſe not them that lovers are
Leſt you be caught within his ſnare.

Harpalus complaint of Philliades love beſtowed on Corin, who loved her not, and denied him that loved her.

PHILLIDA was a fayre mayde
As freſh as any flowre
Whom Harpalus the heardman prayde
To be his paramour.
Harpalus and eke Corin
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phillida could twiſt and ſpinne,
And thereto ſing full clere
But Phillida was all to coy
For Harpalus to winne,
For Corin was her only joy
Who forſt her not a pinne.
How often would ſhe flowers twine,
How often garlandes make
Of couſlips and of columbine,
And all for Corins ſake.
But Corin he had hawkes to lure
And forced more the field,
Of lovers law he took no cure
For once he was begylde.
If Harpalus prevayled mought,
His labour all was loſt,
For he was fartheſt from her thought,
And yet he loved her moſt.
Therefore waxt he both pale and leane
And drye as clod of clay,
His fleſh it was conſumed cleane,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be ſhave,
His heare hong all unkempt,
A man moſt fit even for the grave
Whom ſpiteſull love had ſpent.
His eyes were read, and all forewatched,
His face beſprent with teares,
It ſemde unhap had him long hatched,
In middes of hys diſpayres.
His cloaths were black and alſo bare,
As one forlorne was he,
Upon his head he alwaies ware
A wreathe of willowe tree,
His beaſtes he kept upon a hill,
And he ſate in the dale,
And thus with ſighs and ſorrows ſhrill
He gan to tell his tale.
Oh Harpalus (thus would he ſay)
Unhappieſt under ſonn,
The cauſe of thine unhappy day
By love was fyrſt begunne.
For thou wentſt firſt by ſute to ſeeke
A tygre to make tame.
That ſettes not by thy love a leeke
But makes thy griefe her game.
As eaſy it were for to convert
The froſt into the flame,
As for to turne a froward hart,
Whom thou ſo feign wouldeſt frame.
Corin he liveth careleſſe,
He leapes among the leaves,
He eates the fruites of thy redreſſe.
Thou reapes, he takes the ſheaves.
My beaſtes awhile your foode refraine,
And harke your heardſman's ſounde;
Whome ſpightful love alas! hath ſlayne,
Through gyrt with many a wounde.
O happly be ye beaſtes wild,
That here your paſtures takes;
I ſee that ye be not begylde,
Of theſe your faithful mates.
The hart he feedeth by the hinde,
The buck hard by the do;
The turtle dove is not unkinde.
To him that loves her ſo.
The ewe ſhe hath by her the ramme,
The young cow hath the bull;
The calfe with many a luſty lambe,
Doe feed their hunger full.
But well away that nature wrought
Thee Phillida ſoe faire;
For I may ſay that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.
What reaſon is that crueltie,
With beauty ſhould have part:
Or elſe that ſuch great tyranny,
Should dwell in woman's hart.
I ſee therefore to ſhappe my death
She cruelly is preſt.
To th' ende that I may want my breath,
My days been at the beſt.
O Cupide, graunt this my requeſt,
And do not ſtoppe thine eares;
That ſhe may feel within her breſt,
The paynes of my deſpayres.
Of Corin that is careleſſe
That ſhe may crave her fee,
As I have done in great diſtreſſe
That loved her faithfully.
But ſince that I ſhall dye her ſlave,
Her ſlave and eke her thrall;
Write you my friendes upon my grave,
This chaunce that is befall.
Here lyeth unhappy Harpalus,
By cruell love now ſlaine;
Whom Phillida unjuſtly thus,
Hath murdred with diſdaine.

Of the death of Philips.

Bewaile with me all ye that have profeſt
Of muſicke th' arte, by touch of coarde or s
Lay down your lutes and let your gytterus
Philips is dead whoſe like you cannot ſynde
Of muſicke much exceeding all the reſt;
Muſes therefore of force now muſt ye wreſt
Your pleaſant notes into another ſounde,
The ſtring is broke, the lute is diſpoſſeſt,
The hande is colde, the body in the ground,
The lowring lute lamenteth now therfore,
Philips her frende, that can her touche no m

That all things ſometime finde eaſe of thyr payn only the lover.

I see there is no ſort
Of things that live in griefe,
Which at ſometime may not reſort
Whereas they have reliefe,
The ſtricken dere by kinde
Of death that ſtands in awe,
For his recure an herb can ſynde,
The arrowe to withdrawe.
The chaſed dere hath ſoyle,
To coole him in his heate;
The aſſe after his wery toyle,
In ſtable is up ſet.
The cony hath his cave,
The little byrd his neſt,
From heate and colde themſelves to ſave,
At all times as they liſt.
The owle with feble ſight,
Lyes lurking in the leaves,
The ſparrow in the froſty night
May ſhroude her in the eaves.
But wo to me, alas,
In ſunne nor yet in ſhade,
I cannot find a reſting place,
My burden to unlade.
But day by day ſtill beares
The burden on my backe,
With weeping eyen and watry teares,
To holde my hope aback.
All things I ſee have place,
Wherein they bowe or bende,
Save this, alas, my woful caſe,
Which no where ſyndeth ende.

of Cupide upon the fort where the lovers hart y wounded, and how he was taken.

pide ſcaled fyrſt the fort,
ny heart lay wounded ſore,
was of ſuch a ſort
ſt yelde or dye therefore.
iw I love upon the wall,
is banner dyd dyſplay,
arme, he 'gan to call,
his ſouldiours kepe aray.
ies the which that Cupide bare,
ced heartes with tears beſprent,
id ſable to declare
ſt love he always ment.
ayght you ſee his hand all dreſt,
like to whyte and blacke,
der and with pellets preſt,
he forte, to ſpoyle and ſacke.
hile the maiſter of the ſhot,
:he rampyre brave and proude,
of powder he ſpared not,
ſſaulte, to cry aloude.
ayght you heare the cannons rore,
dyſcharged a lover's looke,
l the power to rent, and tore
:e whereas they tooke.
:n with the trumpets ſowne,
g ladders were up ſet,
y walked up and downe,
in hand and arrowes whet.
rſt deſyre began to ſcale
'ed him under his targe,
: worthieſt of them all,
: for to give the charge.
ıſhed ſouldiours with theyr pykes,
rders with handy ſtrokes,
buſhe in fleſhe it lightes,
the ayre with miſty ſmokes.
it is now ſouldiers uſe,
and powder gins to want,
p my flag of truce,
ed for my lyves graunt.
ancy thus had made her breache,
y entred with her bande,
and baggage ſely wretch,
ito beauties hand.
:auty bad to blow retrete,
ſouldiour to retyre,
y mylde with ſpede to ſet
e bound as priſoner.
e (quoth I) ſith that this day
:d you at all aſſayes,
you without delay,
:e fortreſſe all the kayes.
ı that I have been the marke,
you ſhot at with your eye,
t you with your handy warke,
ıy ſore, or let me dye.

The aged lover renounceth love.

hat I dyd love,
hat I thought ſwete,
I.

As time requires for my behove,
Methinks they are not mete.
My luſtes they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And track of time begynnes to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.
For age with ſtealing ſteppes
Hath clawde me with his crouche,
And luſty lyfe away ſhe leapes
As there had been none ſuch.
My muſe doth not delight
Me as ſhe dyd before,
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.
For reaſon me denyes
This youthly ydle ryme.
And day by day to me cryes,
Leave of theſe toyes in tyme.
The wrinkles in my browe,
The furrows in my face,
Say lymping age will lodge hym now,
Where youth muſt geve him place.
The harbinger of death,
To me I ſee him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gaſping breath
Doth byd me to provyde.
A pickax and a ſpade,
And eke a ſhrowding ſhete,
A houſe of clay for to be made,
For ſuch a geaſt moſt mete.
Methinkes I hear the clarke
That knoles the carefull knell,
And byddes me leave my woful warke,
Ere nature me compell.
My kepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to ſkorne,
Of me that cleane ſhall be forgot,
As I had not been borne.
Thus muſt I youth geve up,
Whoſe badge I long dyd weare,
To them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.
Lo, here the bare hed ſkull,
By whoſe balde ſigne I know,
That ſtouping age away ſhall pull,
Which youthful yeres did ſowe.
For beauty with her band
Theſe croked cares hath wrought,
And ſhipped me into the land,
From whence I fyrſt was brought.
And ye that byde behinde,
Have ye none other truſt
As ye of clay were caſt by kynd,
So ſhall ye waſte to duſt.

Of the death of Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder.

Lo, dead! he lives, that whilome lived here,
Among the dead, that quick goes on the ground,
Though he be dead, yet quick he doth appeare
By lively name, that death cannot confound,
His lyfe for ay of fame the trump ſhall ſound,
Though he be dead, yet lives he here alive,
Thus can no death from Wyat life deprive.

Of a new married studiant that plaied fast or lose.

A STUDIENT, at his boke so plaft,
That welth he might have wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in haft,
From welth to wo to runne,
Now, who hath plaid a feater caft,
Since jugling firft begonne?
In *knitting* of himfelf so *fast*,
Himfelf he hath *undonne*.

The lover in despare, lamenteth his case.

ADIEU, defert, how art thou fpent?
Ah! dropping tears, how do ye wafh?
Ah! fcalding fighes, how be yee fpent.
To pricke them forth that will not hafte?
Ah! pained hart, thou gapft for grace,
Even then where pitie hath no place.
As eafy it is the ftony rocke
From place to place for to remove,
As by thy plaint for to provoke
A frozen hart from hate to love:
What fhould I fay? Such is thy lott,
To fawne on them that force thee not.
Thus mayft thou fafely fay and fweare,
That rigour raigneth and ruth doth faile,
In thankleffe thoughts my thoughts do weare;
Thy truth, thy faith may nought availe;
For thy good will, why fhould thou fo;
Still graft where grace it will not grow.
Alas! poor hart, thus haft thou fpent
Thy flowring time, thy pleafant yeres,
With fighing voice wepe and lament;
For of thy hope no fruite apperes:
Thy true meaning is paid with fcorne,
That ever foweth and reapeth no corne.
And where thou feekeft a quiet port,
Thou doft but weigh againft the winde;
For where thou gladdeft wouldft refort,
There is no place for thee affinde:
Thy deftiny hath fett it fo,
That thy true hart fhould caufe thy wo.

Of his maiftreffe, M. Bayes.

IN bayes I boaft, whofe branche I beare,
Such joy therein I finde,
That to the death I fhall it weare,
To eafe my careleffe minde.
In heat, in cold, both night and day,
Her virtue may be fene,
When other fruits and flowers decay,
The bay yett grows full green;
Her beries fede the birdes full oft;
Her leves fwete water make,
Her bowes be fet in every loft
For their fwete favours fake:
The birdes do fhroud them from the cold,
In her we daily fee;
And men made arbers as they would,
Under the pleafant tree.
It doth me good when I repaire
There, as thefe bayes do grow,
Where oft I walk to take the air,
It doth delight me fo.
But lo I ftand, as I were dumme,
Her beauty for to blafe,
Wherewith my fprites be overcome,
So long thereon I gafe.
At laft I turne unto my walke,
In paffing to and fro,
And to my falfe I fmile and talk,
And then away I go,
Why fmileft thou? fay lookers on,
What pleafure haft thou found?
With that I am as cold as ftone,
And ready for to founde,
Fie, fie for fhame, fayth fanfie than,
Pluck up thy fainted hart,
And fpeak thou boldly like a man.
Shrink not for little fmart,
Whereat I blufh and change my cheare
My fenfes wax fo weak,
O God, think I, what make I here,
That never a word may fpeake:
I dare not figh, left I be heard,
My lokes I flyly caft,
And ftill I ftand, as out were fcard,
Untill my ftormes be paft.
Then happy hap doth me revive,
The blood comes to my face;
A merrier man is not alive,
Then I am in that cafe
Thus after forow feke I reft;
When fled is fancies fitt:
And though I be a homely geft,
Before the bays I fit;
Where I do watch till leaves do fall:
When winde the tree doth fhake,
Then, though my branche be very fmall,
My leafe away I take,
And then I go and clap my handes,
My heart doth leap for joy.
Thefe bayes do eafe me from my bands,
That long did me annoy;
For when I do behold the fame,
Which makes fo fair a fhow,
I find therein my maiftrefs name,
And fee her virtues grow.

A praife of Maiftreffe R.

I HEARD when fame with thundring voi[illegible]
fummon to appear
The chief of nature's children all, that hi[illegible]
placed here.
To view what brute by virtue got their lives
juftly crave;
And bad them fhew what praife by truth
worthy were to have:
Wherewith I faw how Venus came and put h[illegible]
in place,
And gave her ladies leave at large to fta[illegible]
plead their cafe:

ch one was called by name a row, in that assembly there,
at hence are gone or here remains, in court or other where:
solemn silence was proclaim'd, the judges sat and heard
at truth could tell, or craft could fain, and who should be prefer'd:
en beauty slept before the bar, whose brest and neck was bare,
th hair trust up, and on her head a caul of gold she ware.
us Cupids thralles began the flock, whose hungry eyes did say,
at she had stained all the dames, that present were that day.
ere she spake with whispering words, the praise was fild throughout,
d fancy forced common voice, thereat to give a shout.
ich cried to fame take forth thy trump, and sound her praise on hy,
at glads the heart of every wight, that her beholds with eye.
at stir and rule (quod order than) do these rude people make?
hold her best that shall deserve a praise for virtues sake.
is sentence was no sooner said, but beauty therewith blusht,
e noise did cease, the hal was still and every thing was husht.
n fineness thought by training talk to win that beauty lost,
d whet her tongue with jolly words, and sparred for no cost;
wantonesse could not abide, but broke her tale in hast,
l peevish pride for peacocks plumes would needs be hiest plast.
l therewithal came curiousnesse and carped out of frame,
audience laught to hear the strife, as they beheld the same.
reason soon appeas'd the brute, her reverence made and done,
purchased favour for to speak, and thus her tale begun.
e bounty shall the garland wear, and crowned be by fame,
ppy judges call for her, for she deserves the same.
re temperance governs beauties flowers, and glory is not sought,
shamefaced meekness mastreth pride, and virtue dwells in thought:
her come forth, and shew her face, or else assent each one,
t true report shall grave her name in gold or marble-stone.
all the world to read at will what worthyness doth rest,
erfect pure unspotted life, which she hath here possest.

Then skill rose up and sought the praise, to find that if he might,
A person of such honest name, that men should praise of right:
This one I saw full sadly sit, and shrink her selfe a side,
Whose sober looks did shew gifts her wively grace did hide.
Lo here (quoth skill, good people all) is lucres left alive,
And she shall most accepted be, that least for praise did strive.
No longer fame could hold her peace, but blew a blaste so highe,
That made an echo in the air, and sounding through the skie;
The voice was loud, and thus it said, come R. with happy days,
Thy honest life hath won the fame, and crowned thee with praise.
And when I heard my maistres named, I thrust amids the throng,
And clapt my hands and wisht of God, that she might prosper long.

Songes written by N. G. of the Nine Muses.

Imps of kyng Jove, and queen remembraunce lo
The sisters nine, the poets pleasant feres.
Caliope doth stately style bestowe,
And worthy praises payntes of princely peres:
Clion in solemn songes reneweth all day,
With present yeres conjoyning age by past,
Delightful talke loves comical Thaley,
In fresh grene youth, who doth lyke lawrel last:
With voices tragicall, soundes Melpomen
And as with cheynes thallured care she byndes.
Her stringes, when Terpescor doth touch, even then
She toucheth hartes, and raigneth in mens myndes:
Fyne Erato, whose looke a lyvely chere
Presents in dancing, kepes a comely grace,
With semely gesture doth Polomyne stere,
Whose woordes whole routes of rankes do rule in place.
Urany her globes to view all bent,
The ninefold heaven observes with fixed face;
The blastes Eutrepe tunes of instrument,
With solace sweet, hence my heavy dumpes to chase.
Lord Phæbus, in the myddes, (whose heavenly sprite
These ladyes doth inspire) embraceth all
The graces in the muses weed delyte,
To lead them fourth, that men in maze they fall.

Musonius the philosophers saying.

In woorking well, if travel you sustaine,
Into the winde shall lightly passe the payne;

But of the dede the glory shall remayne,
And cause your name with worthy wights to raigne.
In working wrong, if pleasure you attaine,
The pleasure soon shall vade, and void as vaine.
But of the dede throughout the lyfe the shame
Endures, defacing you with foul defame,
And still torments the minde both night and day;
Scant length of time the spot can washe away.
Flee then ill suading pleasures, baites untrue,
And noble vertues fayre renowne pursue.

Description of virtue.

What one art thou, thus in torn wedey clad?
Vertue in price, whom auncient sages had.
Why poorely rayde? for fading goodes peast care.
Why double faced? I marke eche fortunes fare.
This bridle what? Myndes rages to restraine.
Fooles why beare you? I love to take great payne.
Why winges? I teach above the starres to flye.
Why treade you death? I onely cannot dye.

Praise of measure-keeping.

The ancient time commended not for nought;
The meane what better thinge there be sought.
In meane is virtue placed on eyther side,
Both right and left amisse a man shall slyde.
Icar, with fire hadst thou the midway flowne,
Icarian beck by name had no man knowne.
If myddle path kept had proud Phæton
No burning brand this earth had faine upon:
Ne cruel power, ne none so soft can raigne,
That kepes a meane, the same shall still remayne.
The Julie once dyed, to much mercy spill;
The Nero stern, rigor extreme dyd kill.
How could August so many yeres well passe,
Nor over meke nor over fierce he was:
Worship not Jove with curious fancies vaine,
Nor him despise; hold right atwene these twaine:
No wastfull wight, no gredy gutt is prazed,
Stand largesse just in egall ballance payde:
So Catoes meal surmountes Antonius chere,
And better fame his sober fare hath here
To slender building bad as bad to grosse?
One an eye sore, the tother falles to losse.
As medicines helpe in measure, so (God wot)
By overmuch the sicke their bane have got.
Unmete me semes to utter this mo waies;
Measure forbiddes unmeasurable praise.

Man's life, after Possidonius or Crates.

What pathe list you to treade? what trade will you assay?
The courts of plea by braule and bate drive gecie peace away.
In house for wife and childe there is be and care,
With travel and with toyle enough in i use to fare.
Upon the seas lyeth dread; the riche in lande,
Do feare the losse, and there the poore l sers poorely stand.
Stryfe with a wife, without your thrifth to see:
Yong brats a troble, none at all a mayme to be.
Youth fonde, age hath no hart, and pine to nye;
Choose then the leiser of these two, ay soon to dye.

Metrodorius's mynde to the contrary.

What race of lyfe ronne you? what tr you assay?
In courts is glory got, and witt incre by day.
At home wee take our ease, and beake o in rest:
The fieldes our nature do refreshe with p of the best.
On seas is gain to geat; the stranger he sh
Esteem'd, having much, if not, none kno lack but he.
A wyfe will trimme thy house, no wyle thou free;
Brood is a lovely thing, without thy lyfe to thee.
Yong bloodes be stronge, olde syres in do nour dwell,
Doway that choyse, no lyfe or soon to dye is well.

Of friendship.

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal m mend,
What trusty treasure in the world can vaile a friende.
Our health is soon decaied; goodes casu and vaine;
Broke have we seen the force of power nour suffer staine.
In bodies lust man doth resemble but base
True vertue geates and keeps a frend guyde of our pursute,
Whose hearty zeale with ours accordes i
No terme of time, no space of place, no st it deface.
When fickle fortune sailes, this knot ende
The kin out of their kind may swerve frendes owe thee good will:
When sweter solace shall befall, then one t
Upon whose brest thou mayst repose the s thy minde?

: waileth at thy wo; his tears with thine be shed;
ith thee doth he joys, so lese a lyse is led.
hold thy frende, and of thy self the paterne see,
e foul a wonder shall it seeme in bodies twaine to be;
absence present rych in want, in sickneſſe found,
after death alive, maist thou by thy sure frende be foumde.
he house, eche towne, each realme by stedfast love doth stande;
ere foule debate bredes bitter bale in eche divided lande,
riendship, flower of flowers! O lively sprite of lyse!
sacred bond of blissful peace, the stalworth stanche of strife:
pio with Lelius didst thou conjoyne in care;
home in warres for weale and wo, with equal faith to fare
ippus eke with Tyte, Damon with Pythias;
d with Menethus' sonne Achill by the combyned was:
ialus and Nisus gave Virgil cause to sing
Pylades do many rymes and of Orestes ring:
wne Theseus went to hell, Pirith his frende to finde;
hat the wyves in these our daies wer to their mates so kynd!
ero the frendly man, to Atticus, his frende,
friendship wrote, such couples, lo! doth lot, but seldom lend,
ount thy race now ronne, how few shalt thou there see,
whom to say this same is he that never failed [mee:
rare a jewell then must nedes be holden dere,
l as thou wilt esteem thy selfe, so take thy chosen fere:
: tyrant in dispaire no lacke of gold bewayles,
out, I am undone (saith he) for all my friendships failes:
erefore since nothing is more kyndly for our kynde,
t wisdome thus that teacheth us, love wee the frendly minde.

---

death of Zoroas, an Egyptian astronomer, in the first fight that Alexander had with the Persians

r clattring armes, now raging broyles of warre,
passe the noys of dredfull trumpetts clang,
owded with shafts, the heaven with clouds of dartes,
ered the ayre against full fatted bulles.
orceth kyndled yre the lyons keene,
ose greedy gutts the gnawing hunger prickes:
Macedons against the Persians fair,
corpses hyde the purpurde soyle with blood;
ge slaughter on eche side, but Perses more,
rst fieldes he bled, theyr heartes and numbers bate,
ted while they gave backe, and fall to flighte:
litening Macedon by swordes, by gleaves,
andes and troupes of footemen, with his garde,
Speedes to dary, but hym his mereſt kyn,
Oxate preserves with horsemen on a plumpe
Before his carr, that none his charge should give:
Here grunts, here groans, eche where strong youth is spent:
Shaking her bloudy hands, Bellone among
The Perses soweth all kind of cruel death:
With throte yeut he roares, he lyeth along,
His entrailes with a launce through gyrded quyte,
Hym smytes the club, hym woundes farre stryking bowe,
And him the sling, and him the shining sword:
He dyeth, he is all dead, he pantes, he restes.
Right over stoode in snow white armor brave,
The Memphite Zoroas, a cunnyng clarke,
To whom the heaven lay open as his booke;
And in celestiall bodies he could tell
The moving meeting light aspect eclips,
And influence, and constellations all;
What earthly chaunces would betyde, what yere
Of plenty storde, what signe forewarned death,
How winter gendreth snow, what temperature
In the primetyde doth season well the soyle,
Why summer burnes, why autumne hath ripe grapes,
Whither the circle quadrate may become,
Whether our tunes heaven's harmony can yelde,
Of four begyns among themselves howe great
Proportion is; what sway the erryng lightes
Doth send in course gayne that fyrst movyng heaven;
What grees one from another distant be,
What starr doth let the hurtfull fyre to rage,
Or him more mylde what opposition makes,
What fyre doth qualifye Mavorse's fyre,
What house eche one doth seeke, what planett raignes
Within this heaven sphere, or that small thynges,
I speake, whole heaven he closeth in his breſt.
This sage then in the starres hath spyed the fates
Threatned him death without delay, and sith
He saw he could not fatall order chaunge,
Foreward he preſt in battayle, that he might
Mete with the rulers of the Macedons,
Of his right hand desirous to be slain,
The bouldest bourne, and worthiest in the feilde;
And as a wight, now wery of his lyse,
And seking death in syrst front of his rage,
Comes desperately to Alexander's face,
At him with dartes one after other throwes,
With reckleſſe words and clamour him provokes,
And sayth, Nectanak's bastard shamefull stayne
Of mothers bed, why loseſt thou thy strokes,
Cowardes among, turne thee to me, in case
Manhood there be so much left in thy heart:
Come fight with me, that on my helmet weare
Apollo's laurell both for learninges laude,
And eke for martiall praise, that in my shielde
The seven-fold sophie of Minerve contein,
A match more mete syr king then any here.
The noble prince amoved takes ruth upon
The wilfull wight, and with soft words ayen,
O monstrous man (quoth he) what so thou art,
I pray thee live, ne do not with thy death
This lodge of lore, the muse's mansion marre;

That treasure house this hand shall never spoyle,
My sword shall never bruise that skilfull brayne,
Long gather'd heapes of science some to spill;
O how fayre fruites may you to mortall men
From wisdom's garden give; how many may
By you the wiser and the better prove:
What error, what mad moode, what frenzy thee,
Perswades to be downe, sent to kepe Averne,
Where no artes flourish, nor no knowledge vailes
For all these sawes. When thus the sovereign said,
Alighted Zoroas with sword unsheathed,
The careless king there smoate above the greve,
At th' opening of his quishes wounded him,
So that the blood down trailed on the ground:
The Macedon perceiving hurt, gan gnashe,
But yet his mynde he bent in any wise,
Hym to forbeare, sett spurrs unto his stede,
And turnde away, lest anger of his smarte
Should cause revenger hand deale balefull blowes.
But of the Macedonians chieftaines knights,
One Meleager could not bear this sight,
But ran upon the said Egyptian reuk,
And cutt him in both knees: He fell to ground,
Wherewith a whole rout came of souldiours sterne.
And all in pieces hewed the sely seg,
But happely the foule fled to the starres,
Where, under him, he hath full sight of all,
Whereat he gazed here with reaching looke:
The Persians waild such sapience to forgoe,
The very sone the Macedonians wisht
He would have lived, King Alexander selfe
Demde him a man unmete to dye at all;
Who wonne like praise for conquest of his yre,
As for stoute men in fielde that day subdued;
Who princes taught how to discerne a man,
That in his head so rare a jewel beares,
But over all those same Camenes, those same,
Divine Camenes, whose honour he procurde,
As tender parent doth hys daughters weale,
Lamented, and for thankes all that they can,
Do cherish hym deceast, and sett him free,
From dark oblivion of devouring death.

Marcus Tullius Cicero's death.

Therefore when restless rage of wynde and wave,
He saw by fates, alas, calde for, (quoth he)
Is haplefs Cicero, fayle on, shape course
To the next shore, and bring me to my death.
Perdy these thankes rescued from evill sword,
Wilt thou my country pay? I see myne end:
So powers divine so bid the gods above,
In citie saved that consul Marcus shend,
Speaking no more, but drawing from diep hart
Great grones, even at the name of Reme rehearst,
His eyes and cheekes with showers of tears he washt;
And (though a route in daily dangers worne)
With forced face the shipmen held their teares,
And strivyng long, the seas rough flood to passe,
In angry windes and stormy showers made way.
And at the last safe ancred in the rode,
Came heavy Cicero a land, with payne,
His faynted lymmes the aged syre doth drawe,
And round about their master stood his band:
Nor greatly with their own hard hap dismayde,
Nor plighted faith prove in sharpe tyme to breake,
Some swordes, prepare some theyr dere Lord to sist:
In littour laid, they lead him unkouth wayes.
If so deceave Antonius cruell gleaves,
They might, and threats of following routs escape:
Thus lo, that Tullie, went that Tullius,
Of royal robe and sacred senate prince,
When he a farre the men approache espyeth;
And of his sone the ensign doth acknow,
And with drawn sword, Popilius threat'ning death,
Whose life and whole estate, in hazard once
He had preserved, when Rome, as yett to free,
Heard him, and at his thundring voice amazed:
Herennius eke more tyger than the rest,
Present enflam'd with fury, him pursues.
What might he do, should he use in defence
Dysarmed handes, or pardon ask for Mede?
Should he with wordes to turne the wrath
Of th' armed knight, whose safeguard he had wrought:
No age forbids, and fixt within diepe breft
His countrys love, and falling Romes ymage;
The charret turn, sayth he, let lose the raine,
Runne to the undeserved death mee, lo,
Hath Phœbus foule, as messenger forewarnde,
And Jove desires a new heavens man to make.
Brutus and Cassius souls, live you in bliss?
In case, yet all the fates gain strive us not,
Neither shall wee, perchaunce, dye unreverged.
Now have I lived, O Rome! ynough for me;
My passed life nought suffreth me to doubt:
Noylome oblivion of the loathsome death.
Slea me: Yett all the offspring to come shall know,
And this decease shall bring eternal life;
Yea, and (unlesse I fall, and all in vaine:
Rome, I sometime thy augur chosen was)
Not evermore shall friendly fortune thee
Favour, Antonius, once the day shall come,
When her dear wights, by cruell spight thus slaine,
Victorious Rome shall at thy hands require:
Me likes ther while, go see the hoaped heaven.
Speche had he left, and therewith, he, good man,
His throat prepard, and held his head unmov'd.
His hasting to those fates the very knightes
Be loth to see, and rage rebated, when
They his bare necke beheld, and his hoare heares;
Scant could they hold the teares that fourth gan burst,
And almost fell from bloudy hands the swordes;
Only the sterne Herennius, with grim looke,
Dastards, why stand you still? he sayeth, and straight
Swaps of the head with his presumptious yron.
Ne with that slaughter yet he is not filde:
Foul shame on shame to heape, is his delight,
Wherefore the handes also doth he of smyte,

h durſt Antonius life ſo lyſely paint.
yelding, ſtrained ghoſt, from welkin hye,
lothy chere lord Phœbus gan behold,
n black cloud, they ſay, long hid his head.
Latine muſes and the graces they wept,
for his fall eternally ſhall pepe:
lo, here piercing Pitho, (ſtrange to tell)
had to him ſuffiſde both ſenſe and wordes.
ſo he ſpake, and dreſt with nectar foode
flowing tong, when his wind pipe diſcloſd,
with her fleeing frend, and (out alas)
left ther earth, ne will no more returne:
ious flieth ther while, and leaving there
The ſenſeleſs ſtock, a grieuely ſight doth bear,
Unto Antonius boord with miſchief fed,

Of M. T. Cicero.

For Tullie late a tombe I gan prepare,
When Cynthie, thus, bad me my labour ſpare:
Such manner thinges become the dead, quoth he,
But Tully lives, and ſtill alyve ſhall be.

N. G.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

LORD BUCKHURST.

Containing his

INDUCTION TO THE MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES. || COMPLAINT OF HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In vain I think, right honourable lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name,
Whose learned muse hath writ her owne record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame.
Thou much more fit, were leisure for the same,
Thy gracious soveraigne's prayers to compile,
And her imperiall majestie to frame
In loftie numbers, and heroick stile.

SPENSER'S SONNET TO LORD BUCKHURST.

EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1793.

THE LIFE OF SACKVILLE.

In the turbulent and ſanguinary reign of Queen Mary, when the fires of perſecution were kindled in Smithfield, and every part of England was polluted with murders, more atrocious than the ſlaughters of the moſt bloody civil war; the cultivation of polite literature was neglected amidſt the calamities of the ſtate, and only one poetical production, of prominent excellence, intituled, *A Mirror for Magiſtrates*, illuminates that interval of darkneſs between Surrey and Spenſer.

More writers than one were concerned in the compoſition of that popular poem, which originated in the reign of Mary, and was not finally completed till the beginning of the ſeventeenth century; but its inventor, and moſt diſtinguiſhed contributor was Thomas Sackville, the firſt Lord Buckhurſt, and Earl of Dorſet, Lord High Treaſurer of England, Chancellor of the Univerſity of Oxford, author of the firſt genuine Engliſh tragedy, and "the Patriarch of a race of genius and wit."

This diſtinguiſhed ſtateſman and poet, was the ſon of Richard Sackville, Eſq. of Buckhurſt, in the pariſh of Withiam, in Suſſex, where he was born in the year 1527. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Bruges, Lord Mayor of London, and afterwards wife of John Powlet, Marquis of Wincheſter.

He diſcovered, from his childhood, a lively wit and vigorous underſtanding, and was removed from a domeſtic tuition, to Hart-hall in Oxford, where he reſided ſome time; but took no degree. He afterwards removed to Cambridge, where he did not reſide long; but had the degree of Maſter of Arts conferred on him.

At both univerſities he became celebrated as a Latin and Engliſh poet. Wood mentions him as "having been in his younger years poetically inclined; and wrote, while he continued in Oxon, ſeveral Latin and Engliſh poems: though publiſhed, either by themſelves, or mixed among other men's poems, yet I preſume they are loſt or forgotten, as having no name to them, or that the copies are worn out."

He afterwards entered himſelf a ſtudent in the Inner Temple, and at an early period of life was called to the bar.

He carried his love of poetry, which he ſeems to have almoſt ſolely cultivated, to the Inner Temple, where, in conjunction with Thomas Norton, a fellow-labourer of Hopkins and Sternhold, he wrote a tragedy, intituled, *Ferrex and Porrex*, which was acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Whitehall, by the ſtudents of the Inner Temple, in 1561. It was printed incorrectly and ſurreptitiouſly in 1565; more accurately in 1570; in 1590, by the title of *Gorboduc*; and reprinted by Dodſley in 1736, with a preface by Mr. Spence, by the procuration of Pope, "who wondered that the propriety and natural eaſe of it had not been better imitated by the dramatic authors of the ſucceeding age."

About the year 1557, he formed the plan of the *Mirror for Magiſtrates*, in which all the illuſtrious but unfortunate characters of the Engliſh hiſtory, from the Conqueſt to the end of the fourteenth century, were to paſs in review before the poet, who deſcends, like Dante, into hell, and is conducted by *Sorrow*. Every perſonage was to recite his own miſfortunes in a ſoliloquy. But he had leiſure only to finiſh a poetical preface, called an *Induction*, and one legend, which is the *Life of Harry Stafford Duke of Buckingham*.

Relinquishing, therefore, the design abruptly, and hastily adapting the close of his *Induction* to the appearance of Buckingham, whose story was to have been the last in his series, he recommended the completion of the whole to Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers, men of the greatest wit in the age.

Deterred, perhaps, by the greatness of the attempt, they invited to their assistance Churchyard, Phayer, and other men of wit and genius, who chose such lives from the chronicles of Fabian and Hall, as seemed to display the most affecting catastrophes, and which were probably pointed out by Sackville.

This collection was printed in 4to, 1559, with the following title, *A Myrrour for Magistrates, wherein may be seen, by example of others, with howe greuous plages vices are punished, and how frail and vnstable worldly prosperitie is founde, even of those whom fortune seemeth most highly to favour.* "*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*" *Anno* 1559, *Ædibus Thomæ Marshe.*

As he early quitted the study of the law for the flowery paths of poetry; so the poet was soon lost in the statesman; and negociations and embassies extinguished the milder ambitions of the ingenious muse.

In the fourth and fifth years of Queen Mary, his name appears in the parliamentary lists; and in the fifth of Queen Elizabeth, 1564, when his father was elected knight of the shire for Sussex, he was returned one of the members for Buckinghamshire.

Not long after this, he travelled into France and Italy, and was detained some time a prisoner at Rome, in consequence of some pecuniary inconvenience.

On his father's death in 1566, his liberty was procured, and he returned to England, to take possession of an ample patrimony.

His eminent accomplishments and abilities having acquired the confidence and esteem of Queen Elizabeth, he was knighted in 1567, in her presence, by the Duke of Norfolk, and at the same time promoted to the peerage, by the title of *Baron Buckhurst.*

In consequence of the Queen's frequent admonitions, he is said to have corrected his taste for magnificence and expence, which had some times subjected him to considerable inconveniencies.

In 1573, he went ambassador to France. In 1574, he sat on the trial of the Duke of Norfolk; at which time he was also in the Privy Council.

He was nominated one of the commissioners for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots; but it does not appear that he was present at her condemnation at Fotheringay Castle; yet after the confirmation of the sentence, he was appointed to bear the unhappy tidings to her, and to see the sentence put in execution.

In 1587, he went ambassador to the States-General; but, having incurred the displeasure of the Earl of Leicester and Lord Burleigh, he was recalled, and confined to his house nine months.

On the death of Leicester, he recovered the Queen's favour, and was made Knight of the Garter, one of the peers who sat on the trial of Lord Arundel, and joined with Burleigh, in negociating a peace with Spain and Holland.

In 1591, he was, by the Queen's recommendation, elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, in opposition to Essex, the object of her capricious passion, and incorporated Master of Arts.

On Burleigh's death, he was appointed Lord High Treasurer, and soon after joined in commission with Essex and Sir Thomas Egerton for negociating an alliance with Denmark; and when that unfortunate nobleman was brought to his trial, with his friend Southampton, he was constituted Lord High Steward on the occasion.

At the accession of King James, his patent of Lord High Treasurer was renewed for life; and in 1603, he was created *Earl of Dorset*, and appointed one of the commissioners for executing the office of Lord Marshal.

He died suddenly at the council-table, Whitehall, April 19th 1608, in the 81st year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Abbot, his chaplain, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he is very lavish in his praise.

The character of Sackville, as a statesman, is to be sought elsewhere. It is sufficient to say, that few first ministers have left so fair a character. Amidst the intrigues of an artful court, he preserv-

ed the integrity of a private man. His family disdained the offer of an apology for him, against some little cavils of a rival party. In the exercise of his political functions, the brilliancy of his imagination grew more correct, not less abundant. Naunton relates, that his "secretaries had difficulty to please him, he was so *facete* and choice in his style." Even in the decisions of that rigid tribunal, the Star Chamber, which was never esteemed the school of eloquence, "so strong," says Lloyd, "was his invention, that he was called the *Star Chamber Bell*." Amidst the business of an envoy at Paris, he found time to prefix a *Latin Epistle* to Clerke's Latin translation of Castiglio's "Courtier," which is not an unworthy recommendation of a treatise remarkable for its polite Latinity. Himself a poet, he encouraged the art which he improved, by his liberality; and left his wit and patronage of polite literature to his descendants, of whom was Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, the well known patron of Dryden and Prior;

—— Whose great forefathers every grace,
Reflecting and reflected in his race;
Where other *Buckhursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
And poets still, or patriots deck the line.

He was more courted and complimented by poets than any nobleman of his time, except Essex, whose love of literature, heroism, integrity, and generosity, made him the favourite of the nation, and the subject of innumerable sonnets and ballads, from Spenser to the lowest rhymer: And if panegyric were any where justifiable, it must be when paid to the man, who endeavoured to save Spenser from starving in the streets of Dublin, and who buried him in Westminster Abbey, with becoming solemnity.

As a poet, Sackville has pretensions to the gratitude of posterity, which have not hitherto been fully considered or allowed. He is entitled to rank with Spenser, Shakspeare, and Marlowe, the most eminent poets of his age; by the first of whom he is only surpassed in the perfection of allegory, by having had the disadvantage of writing before him; and, by the second, in his magic power of moving the passions, and the unrivalled excellence of his dramatic dialogue.

His tragedy of *Gorboduc* has the merit of being the first specimen in our language of a heroic tale written in blank verse, divided into acts and scenes, and clothed in all the formalities of a regular drama. It is praised by Sidney for its *notable moralitie*; but it was never popular, owing to the uninteresting nature of the plot, the tedious length of the speeches, the want of a discrimination of character, and almost a total absence of pathetic incidents. The dialogue, however, contains much dignity, strength of reflection, and good sense; and the language has great purity and perspicuity, and is entirely free from that tumid phraseology, and those exaggerated imageries and pedantic metaphors, which are the chief blemishes of the scenes of Shakspeare.

The assistance of Norton, to whom the three first acts are given by Wood, may be justly doubted. Every scene of *Gorboduc* is marked by Sackville's characteristic manner, which consists in a perspicuity of style, and a command of numbers, superior to the tone of his age.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates* he has two poems of considerable length, the *Induction*, and *Legend of Buckingham*, which are the chief foundation of his fame.

The collection, of which they make a conspicuous part, was reprinted in 1563, 1571, 1574, and in 1587, with an Induction, and the additions of many new lives, by John Higgins. At length the whole was digested anew, with additions by Richard Niccols, an ingenious poet, and printed in 1610, under the following title: *A Mirrour for Magistrates, being a true chronicle historie of the untimely falles of such unfortunate princes, and men of note, as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this island, until this our age, newly enlarged, with a last part, called, A Winter's Night Vision, being an addition of such tragedies, especially famous, as are exempted in the former historie, with a poem annexed, called, England's Eliza.* At London, imprinted by Felix Kyngston, 1610.

Sackville's share in it is illustrated in the preface. "I purpose only to follow the intended scope of that most honorable patronage, who, by how much he did surpasse the rest in the eminence of his noble condition, by so much he hath exceeded them all in the excellence of his heroical stile,

which, with golden pen, he hath limmed out to posteritie in that worthy object of his minde, THE TRAGEDIE OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and in his preface, then intituled MASTER SACKVIL'S INDUCTION." This edition, which contains 86 lives and 875 pages, has never been reprinted, and is extremely scarce. That it was in high esteem throughout the reign of Queen Elizabeth, appears not only from its numerous editions, but from the testimonies of Sidney, Heywod, Webbe, Bolton, and other contemporary writers. It is reasonable to suppose, that it enriched the stores, and extended the limits of our drama. Shakspeare is indebted to it for many scenes in his plays. Much of it might bear republication, and make good its claim to public notice; particularly the legends written by Churchyard and Niccols, which have considerable merit, and often shew a command of language and versification. But the *Induction* and *Legend* of Sackville, afford the most favourable specimen of those popular legends, and deserve being revived equally as compositions of real and intrinsic merit, and as objects of curiosity. They are now received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

The Earl of Orford and Mr. Warton have characterised the poetry of Sackville with such elegance and minuteness, that it will be sufficient to add their testimonies as a justification of the revival of his writings, and as unquestionable authorities in his favour.

"Our historic plays," says Lord Orford, "are allowed to have been founded on the heroic narratives in the Mirror for Magistrates; to that plan, and to the boldness of Lord Buckhurst's new scenes, perhaps we owe Shakspeare."

"Sackville's *Induction*, "says Mr. Warton," loses much of its dignity and propriety, by being prefixed to a single life, and that of no great historical importance; the plan is confessedly copied from Boccaces' *De Casibis virorum illustrium*, translated by Lydgate; the descent into hell, from Dante's "Commedia," and the sixth book of Virgil. The shadowy inhabitants of hell-gate are his own, and conceived with the vigour of a creative imagination, and described with great force of expression; they are delineated with that fullness of proportion, that invention of picturesque attributes, distinctness, animation, and amplitude, of which Spenser is commonly supposed to have given the first specimens in our language, and which are characteristical of his poetry. The readers of the "Faery Queene" will easily point out many particular passages, which Sackville's *Induction* suggested to Spenser."

"The *Complaynt of Henrye Duke of Buckingham*, is written with a force and even elegance of expression, a copiousness of phraseology, and an exactness of versification, not to be found in any other parts of the collection. On the whole, it may be thought tedious and languid; but that objection unavoidably results from the general plan of these pieces. It is impossible that soliloquies of such prolixity, and designed to include much historical, and even biographical matter, should every where sustain a proper degree of spirit, pathos, and interest."

THE INDUCTION

TO A

MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES.

The wrathfull winter prochinge on a pace,
With bluſtring blaſtes had al ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus with his froſty face
With chilling colde had pearſt the tender green:
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladſom groves that nowe laye overthrowen,
The tapets torne, and every blome downe blowen.

The ſoyle that erſt ſo ſeemly was to ſeen,
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hewe:
And ſoot freſhe flowers (where with the ſommers queen [blewe
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blaſtes downe
And ſmall fowles flocking, in their ſong did rewe
The winters wrath, wher with eche thing defaſte
In woful wiſe bewayled the ſommer paſt.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley lyverye,
The naked twigges were ſhivering all for colde:
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Eche thing (me thought) with weping eye me tolde
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding me withholde
My ſelfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the feldes whereas I walkte about.

When loe the night with miſtie mantels ſpred,
Can darke the daye, and dim the azure ſkyes,
And Venus in her meſſage Hermes ſped
To bluddy Mars, to wyl him not to ryſe,
While ſhe her ſelfe approcht in ſpeedy wiſe:
And Virgo hiding her diſdainful breſt
With Thetis now had layd her downe to reſt.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whoſe bowe preſt bent in ſight, the ſtring had ſlypt,
Downe ſlyd into the ocean flud aparte,
The Beare that in the Iryſhe ſeas had dipt
His grieſly ſcete, with ſpeede from thence he whypt:
For Thetis haſting from the Virgines bed
Purſued the Bear, that ear ſhe came was fled.

And Phaeton nowe neare reaching to his race
With gliſtering beames, gold ſtreamynge where they bent
Was preſt to enter in his reſting place.
Crythius that in the carte fyrſte went
Had even now attaynde his journeys ſtent
And faſt declining hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cinthea with her borowed light
Beginning to ſupply her brothers place,
Was paſt the noonſteede fyre degrees in ſight,
When ſparkling ſtarres amyd the heavens face
With twinkling light ſheen on the earth apace,
That whyle they brought about the nightes chare
The darke had dimmed the day ear I was ware.

And ſorowing I to ſee the ſommer flowers
The livly greene, the luſty leas forlorne,
The ſturdy trees ſo ſhattered with the ſhowers,
The fields ſo fadē that flooriſht ſo beforne
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may laſt;
The ſommers beauty yeeldes to winters blaſt.

Then looking upward to the heavens leames
With nightes ſtarres thicke powdred every where,
Which erſt ſo gliſtened with the golden ſtreames
That chearefull Phebus ſpred downe from his ſphere,
Beholding darke oppreſſing day ſo neare:
The ſodayne ſight reduced to my minde
The ſundry chaunges that in earth we ſynde.

That muſing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faſter than we ſee
The flyckering flame that with the fyer is wrought,
My buſie minde preſented unto me
Such fall of pieres as in this realme had be:
That ofte I wiſht ſome would their woes deſcryve.
To warne the reſt whom fortune left alive

And strayt forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forwaste,
Furth from her iyen the cristall teares outbrast,
And syghing sore her handes she wrong and folde,
Tare al her heare, that ruth was to beholde.

Her body small forwithered and forespent,
As is the stalk that sommers drought oppreſt;
Her wealked face with woful teares besprent,
Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)
In woe and playnt reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that droppes of water weares;
So dented wer cher cheekes with fall of teares.

Her iyes swollen with flowing streames aflote,
Wherewith her lookes throwen up full piteouslie,
Her forceles handes together ofte she smote,
With doleful shrikes, that echoed in the skye:
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,
That in my doome was never man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begon as she.

I stoode agast beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour so distreynd in hart,
That while my heares upstarted with the sight,
The teares out streamde for sorowe of her smart:
But when I sawe no ende that could aparte
The deadly dewle, which she so sore dyd make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake.

Unwrap thy woes what ever wight thou be,
And stint betime to spill thy selfe wyth playnt;
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure with sorowe thus attaynt.
And with that worde of sorrowe all forfaynt
She looked up, and prostrate as she laye
With piteous sound loe thus she gan to saye.

Alas! I wretche whom thus thou seest distreyned
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,
Sorrowe I am, in endeles tormentes payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake:
Where Pluto god of hel so griesly blacke
Doth hold his throne, and *Letheus* deadly taste
Doth rieve remembraunce of eche thyng forepast.

Whence come I am, the drery destinie
And luckeles lot for to bemone of those,
Whom fortune in this maze of miserie
Of wretched chaunce most wofull myrrours chose
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Theyr pope, theyr power, and that they thought most sure
Thou mayest soone deeme no earthly joy may dure

Whose rufull voyce no sooner had out brayed
Those woful woordes, wherewith she sorrowed so,
But out alas, she shryght and never stayed,
Fell downe, and all to dasht her selfe for woe.
The cold pale dread my lymes gan overgo
And I so sorrowed at her sorowes eft, [reft.
That what with griefe and feare my wittes were

I stretcht my selfe, and strayt my heart revived,
That dread and dolour erst did so appaie;
Lyke him that with the fervent fever stryves
When sickness seekes his castell health to assaie:
With gathered spirites so forst I feare to avaie:
And rearing her with anguishe as I ferdest,
My spirits return'd, and then I thus begonne.

O Sorrowe alas! sith sorrowe is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertayne,
In vayne it were to seeke to ceas the same:
But as a man hym selfe with sorrowe slayne,
So I, alas! do comfort thee in payne,
That here in sorrowe art forsonke so depe
That at thy sight I can but sigh and wepe.

I had no sooner spoken of a stike,
But that the storm so rumbled in her breſt,
As Eolus could never roare the like.
And showers downe rayned from her iyen so fast,
That all bedreynt the place, till at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of rayne doth swage the stormy wynde.

For furth she placed in her fearfull tale:
Cum, cum, (quod she) and see what I shall shew,
Cum heare the playning, and the bytter bale
Of worthy men, by fortune overthrowe.
Cum thou and see them rewing all in rowe.
They were but shades that erst in minde thou rolde
Cum, cum with me, thine eyes shall them beholde.

What could these wordes but make me more agast:
To heare her tell whereon I musde while ere:
So was I mazed therewyth, tyll at the last,
Musing upon her wurdes, and what they were,
All sodaynly well lessoned was my feare:
For to my minde returned howe she telde
Both what she was, and where her wun she helde.

Whereby I knewe that she a goddesse was,
And therewithall resorted to my minde
My thought that late presented me the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here we finde,
Of thousand woes to silly men assynde:
And howe she nowe byd me come and behoide,
To see with iye that erst in thought I rolde.

That downe I fell, and with al reverence
Adored her, perceyving nowe that she
A goddesse sent by godly providence,
In earthly shape thus showed herself to me,
To wayle and rue this worldes uncertaynetye:
And while I honoured thus her godheds might,
With playning voyce these wurdes to me she shryght:

I shall the guyde first to the griefly lake,
And thence unto the blissful place of rest,
Where thou shalt see and heare the playnt they make,
That whilom here bare swinge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the unrest
That thou must byde before thou canst arayve
Unto the dreadfull place where these remayne.

with these wurdes as I nprayſed ſtood,
gan to folowe her that ſtrayght furth paced,
I was ware, into a deſert wood
owe were cum: where hand in hand im-
braced,
d the way, and through ſhe thicke ſo traced
it I had beene guided by her might,
s no way for any mortall wight.

e, while thus amid the deſert darke,
aſſed on with ſteppes and pace unmette:
nbling roar confuſde with howle and bark
gs, ſhoke all the ground under our feete,
ſtroke the din within our eares ſo deepe
lſe diſtraught unto the ground I fell,
ght retourne, and not to viſite hell.

e forthwith uplifting me apace
ved my dread, and with a ſtedfaſt minde
ne come on, for here was now the place,
lace where we our travayle ende ſhould finde.
ewith I aroſe, and to the place aſſynde
nde I ſtalke, when ſtrayt we approched nere
dredfull place, that you wil dread to here.

ydeous hole al vaſte, withouten ſhape,
idleſs depth, orewhelmde with ragged ſtone,
ougly mouth, and griſly jawes doth gape,
to our ſight confounds it ſelfe in one.
entred we, and yeding forth, anone
orrible lothly lake we might diſcerne
acke as pitche, that cleped is Averne.

idly gulfe where nought but rubbiſhe grows,
fowle blacke ſwelth in thickned lumpes
lyes,
h up in the ayer ſuch ſtinking vapors throwes
over there, may flye no fowle but dyes,
kt with the peſtilent ſavours that aryſe.
r we cum, whence forth we ſtill dyd pace,
cadful feare amid the dreadfull place.

firſt within the portche and jawes of hell
diepe Remorſe of Conſcience, al beſprent
teares: and to her ſelfe oft would ſhe tell
wretchednes, and curſing never ſtent
b and ſigh: but ever thus lament,
thoughtful care, as ſhe that all in vayne.
ld weare and waſte continually in payne.

yes unſtedfaſt rolling here and there,
rld on eche place, as place that vengeauns
brought,
as her minde continually in feare,
d and tormented with the tedious thought
oſe deteſted crymes which ſhe had wrought:
dreadful cheare and lookes thrown to the
ſkye,
yng for death, and yet ſhe could not dye.

ſawe we Dread al tremblyng how he ſhooke,
foot uncertayne proferd here and there:
mde of ſpeache, and with a gaſtly looke
ht every place al pale and dead for feare,
ap borne up with ſtarting of his heare,
Stoynde and amazde at his owne ſhade for deed,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Revenge gnaſhing her teeth for yre,
Deviſing means howe ſhe may vengeaunce take,
Never to reſt tyll ſhe have her deſire:
But frets within ſo far forth with the fyer
Of wreaking flames, that now determines ſhe,
To dye by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Revenge with bloudy foule pretence
Had ſhowed her ſelfe as next in order ſet,
With trembling limmes we ſoftly parted thence,
Tyll in our iyes another ſight we met:
When fro my hart a ſigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing alas upon the wofull plight
Of Miſerie, that next appeared in ſight.

His face was leane, and ſumdeale pyned away,
And eke his handes conſumed to the bone,
But what his body was I can not ſay,
For on his carkas rayment had he none,
Save cloutes and patches pieced one by one.
With ſtaffe in hande, and ſkrip on ſhoulders caſt,
His chiefe defence agaynſt the winters blaſt.

His foode for moſt, was wylde fruytes of the tree,
Unles ſumtimes ſum crummes fell to his ſhare:
Which in his wallet long, God wote, kept he,
As on the which full dayntlye would he fare.
His drinke the running ſtreame: his cup the bare
Of his palme cloſed: his bed the hard colde
grounde.
To this poore life was Miſerie ybound.

Whoſe wretched ſtate when we had well behelde
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtful cares, furth then our pace we helde;
And by and by, an other ſhape apperes,
Of greedy Care, ſtil bruſhing up the breres,
His knuckles knob'd, his fleſhe depe dented in,
With tawed handes, and hard ytanned ſkyn.

The morrowe graye no ſooner had begunne
To ſpreade his light even peping in our iyes,
When he is up and to his worke yrunne:
But let the nightes blacke miſtye mantels riſe,
And with fowle darke never to much diſguyſe
The fayre bright day, yet ceaſſeth he no whyle,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heavy Slepe the coſin of death
Flat on the ground, and ſtill as any ſtone,
A very corps, ſave yelding forth a breath.
Small kepe took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom ſhe lifted up into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a living death,
So dead alyve, of lyef he drewe the breath.

The bodyes reſt, the quyete of the hart,
The travayles eaſe, the ſtill nightes ſeer was he,
And of our life in earth the better parte,
Reuen of ſight, and yet in whom we ſee
Thinges of that tide, and ofte that never be.

Without respect esteeming equally
Kyng Cresus pompe, and Irus povertie.

And next in order sad Old Age we found
His heard all hoare, his iyes hollow and blynde,
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him affinde
To rest, when that the sisters had untwynde
His vitall threde, and ended with theyr knyfe
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broken and hollow playn,
Rewe with him selfe his ende approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched minde torment
With swete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And freshe delites of lusty youth forwaste.
Recounting which, how would he sob and shrike:
And to be yong againe of Jove beseke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be
That time forpast can not retourne agayne,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he:
That in such withered plight, and wretched paine,
As elde (accompanied with his lothsom trayne)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe.
He might a while yet linger forth his lief;

And not so soone descend into the pit,
Where death, when he the mortall corps hath slayne,
With retchles hande in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoye agayne
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylayne
In depth of darknes waste and weare to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seene him sobbing, howe he stoode
Unto himselfe, and howe he would bemone
His youth forepast, as though it wrought hym good
To talke of youth, al wer his youth foregone,
He would have mused, and mervayled muche whereon
This wretched age should life desyre so fayne,
And knowes ful wel life doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt he was, tooth shaken, and blere iyed,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on fower,
With olde lame bones, that ratled by his syde,
His skalpe all pilde, and he with elde forlore:
His withered fist stil knocking at deathes dore,
Tumbling and driveling as he drawes his breth;
For briefe, the shape and messenger of death.

And fast by him pale Maladie was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomake, savor, and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meat but brothes alone.
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sicknes past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisickes cure.

But oh the deleful sight that then we see.
We turnde our looke, and on the other side
A griesly shape of Famine mought we see,
With greedy lookes, and gaping i cryed,
And roard for meat as she should the:
Her body thin and bare as any bone.
Wharto was left nought but the case

And that alas was knawen on every
All full of holes, that I ne mought re
From teares, to see how she her armes
And with her teeth gnash on the bone
When all for nought she fayne would
Her starven corps, that rather seemde:
Then any substaunce of a creature ma

Great was her force whom stanewa stay,
Her tearyng nayles scratching at all s
With gaping jawes that by no means
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count eche sinow,

On her while we thus firmly fixt our i
That bled for ruth of such a drery sigh
Loe sodaynelye she shryght in so huge
As made hell gates to shyver with the
Wherewith a dart we sawe howe it di
Ryght on her breast, and therewithal p
Enthryling it to rave her of her breath

And by and by a dum dead corps we sa
Heavy and colde, the shape of death ar
That dauntes all earthly creatures to his
Agaynst whose force in vayne it is to s
Ne pieres, ne princes, nor no mortall w
No townes, ne realmes, cities, ne strong
But al perforce must yeeld unto his pow

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumphe estsones the same h
That most of all my feares affrayed me:
His bodie dight with nought but bones p
The naked shape of man there sawe I pla
All save the flesh, the synowe, and the

Lastly stoode Warre in glitteryng armes
With visage grym, sterne lookes, and hewed:
In his right hand a naked sworde he had,
That to the hiltes was al with bloud emb
And in his left (that kinges and kingdome
Famine and fyer he held, and therewyth
He razed townes, and threwe downe to all.

Cities he sakt, and realmes that whilom s
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,
He overwhelmde, and all theyr fame dew
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never
Tyll he theyr wealth, their name, and al
His face forehewed with woundes, and side
There hunge his terge with gashes deye

In mids of which, depaynted there we founde
Deadly Debate, al ful of ſnaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,
Out breathing nought but difcord every where.
And round about were portrayed here and there
The hugie hoftes, Darius and his power,
His kynges, prynces, his pieres, and all his flower;

Whom great Macedo vanquifht there in fight,
With diepe flaughter, difpoyling all his pryde,
Pearft through his realmes, and daunted all his
might.
Duke Hannjball beheld I there befide,
In Cannas field, victor howe he did ride,
And woful Romaynes that in vayne withftoode,
And Conful Paulus covered all in bloode.

Yet fawe I more, the fight at Trafimene,
And Trebery fyeld, and eke when Hannibal
And worthy Scipio laft in armes were feene
Before Carthago gate, to trye for all
The worldes empyre, to whom it fhould befal.
There fawe I Pompeye, and Cefar clad in armes,
Theyr hoftes alyed, and al theyr civil harmes.

With conquerours hands forbathde in their owne
blood,
And Cefar weeping over Pompeyes head.
Yet fawe I Scilla and Darius where they ftoode,
Theyr great crueltie, and the diepe bludfhed
Of frendes: Cyrus I fawe and his hoft dead,
And howe the queene with great defpyte hath
flonge
His head in bloud of them fhe overcome.

Xerxes the Percian kyng yet fawe I there,
With his huge hoft that dranke the rivers drye,
Difmounted hilles, and made the vales uprere,
His hofte and all yet fawe I flayne perdye.
Thebes I fawe all razde howe it dyd lye
In heapes of ftones, and Tyrus put to fpoyle, [foyle.
With walles and towers flat evened with the

But Troy, alas! (me thought) above them all,
It made mine iyes in very teares confume,
When I beheld the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathful wyl of Gods was come:
And Jove's unmooved fentence and foredome
On Priam kyng, and on his towne fo bent.
I could not lyn, but I muft there lament.

And that the more fith Deftinie was fo fterne
As force perforce, there might no force avayle,
But fhe muft fall: and by her fall we learne,
That cities, towres, wealth, world, and al fhall
quayle. [vayle,
No manhoode, might, nor nothing mought pre-
Al wer there preft, ful many a prynce and piere,
And many a knight that fold his death full deere.

Not wurthy Hector wurthyeft of them all,
Her hope, her joye; his force is now for nought.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale;
The hugie horfe within thy walles is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy knightes that whilom fought
In armes amyd the fyeld, are flayne in bed,
Thy Gods defylde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames upfpring, and cruelly they crepe
From wall to roofe, til all to cindres wafte;
Some fyer the houfes where the wretches flepe,
Sum rufhe in here, fome run in there as faft.
In every where or fword or fyer they tafte.
The walles are torne, the towers whurld to the
ground;
There is no mifchiefe but may there be found.

Caffandra yet there fawe I howe they haled
From Pallas' houfe, with fpereled trefle undone,
Her wriftes faft bound, and with Greeks rout em-
paled:
And Priam eke in vayne howe he did runne
To armes, when Pyrrhus with defpite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the bayne
Of his fonnes blud before the altare flayne.

But howe can I defcryve the dolefful fight,
That in the fhylde fo livlike layer did fhyne!
Sith in this world I think was never wyght
Could have fet furth the halfe, nor halfe fo fyne.
I can no more but tell howe there is feene
Fayer Ilium fall in burning red gledes downe,
And from the foyle great Troy Neptunus towne.
[drawe,
Herefrom when fcarce I could mine iyes with-
That fylde with teares as doth the fpryngyng well,
We paffed on fo far furth tyl we fawe
Rude Acheron, a lothfome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs up fwelth as blacke as hell,
Where grifly Charon at theyr fixed tide
Still ferries ghoftes unto the farder fide.

The aged god no fooner Sorowe fpyed,
But hafting ftrayt unto the banke apace
With hollow call unto the rout he cryed,
To fwarve apart, and geve the godeffe place.
Strayt it was done, when to the fhoar we pace,
Where hand in hand as we then linked fafte,
Within the boate we are together plafte.

And furth we launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan with the unwonted weght, the rufty keele
Began to cracke as if the fame fhould finke.
We hoyfe up maft and fayle, that in a whyle
We fet the fhore, where fcarcely we had while
For to arryve, but that we heard anone
A thre found barke confounded al in one.

We had not long furth paft, but that we fawe,
Blacke Cerberus the hydeous hound of hell,
With briftles reard, and with a thre mouthed jawe,
Foredinning the ayr with his horrible yel.
Out of the diepe dark cave where he did dwell,
The goddeffe ftrayt he knewe, and by and by
He peafte and couched, while that we paffed by.

Thence cum we to the horrour and the hel,
The large great kyngdomes, and the dreadful
raygne
Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,

The wyde waste places, and the hugye playne:
The waylinges, shrykes, and sundry sortes of payne,
The syghes, the sobbes, the diep and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all resounding playnt and moane.

Here pewled the babes, and here the maydes unwed
With folded handes theyr sory chaunce bewayled;
Here wept the gyltles slayne, and lovers dead,
That slewe them selves when nothing else avayled:
A thousand sortes of sorrowes here that wayled
With sighes and teares, sobs, shrykes, and all ysfere,
That (oh, alas!) it was a hel to heare.

We stayed us strayt, and wyth a rufull feare,
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes
The vapored teares downstilled here and there,
And Sorowe eke in far more woful wyse,
Looke on with playnt, up heaving to the skyes
Her wretched handes, that with her crye the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme us round about.

Loe here (said Sorrowe) prynces of renowne,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheele
Now layed ful lowe, like wretches whurled downe,
Even with one frowne, that stayed but with a smyle,
And now beholde the thing that thou erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt heare
Recompt the same to Kesar, King, and Pier.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloke of blacke al pilde and quite forworre,
Wringing his handes, and Fortune ofte doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her skorne.
With ghastly lookes as one in manner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, stretcht handes he joynes as fast,
With ruful chere, and vapored eyes upcast.

His cloke he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His heare al torne about the place it laye,
My hart so molte to see his griefe so great,
As felingly me thought it dropt awaye:
His iyes they whurled about withouten staye,
With stormy syghes the place dyd so complayne,
As if his hart at eche had burst in twayne.

Thryse he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thryse the sighes did swallowe up his voyce,
At eche of which he shryked so wythal
As though the heavens vied with the noyse:
Tyll at the last recovering his voyce,
Supping the teares that all his brest beraynde,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he playnde.

THE COMPLAYNT

OF

HENRYE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Who truſtes to much in honour's higheſt trone
And warely watche not ſly dame Fortune's ſnare:
Or who in courte will beare the ſwaye alone,
And wyſely weygh not how to wyeld the care,
Beholde he me, and by my death beware:
Whom flattering Fortune falſely ſo begylde,
That loe ſhe ſlewe, where erſt ful ſmooth ſhe ſmylde.

And Sackevylle ſith in purpoſe nowe thou haſt
The woful fal of prynces to diſcryve,
Whom Fortune both uplyft, and gayn downe caſt,
To ſhewe thereby the unſurety in this life,
Mark wel my fal, which I ſhall ſhewe belyve,
And paynt it furth that all eſtates may knowe:
Have they the warning, and be mine the woe.

For noble bloud made me both prince and pier,
Yea pierles too, had reaſon purchaſt place,
And God with giftes endowed me largely here.
But what avayles his giftes, where fayles his grace:
My mothers ſyer ſprong of a kyngly race
And calde was Edmund Duke of Somerſet,
Bereft of lyfe ere tyme by nature ſet.

Whoſe faythful hart to Henry ſyrt ſo wrought,
That never he hym in weale or woe forſooke,
Tyl laſtly he at Tewxbury fyeld was cought
Wherewith an axe his violent death he toke:
He never could Kyng Edwardes party brooke,
Tyll by his death he vouchte that quarell good,
In which his ſyer and graundſyer ſpylt theyr bloud.

And ſuch was erſt my fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle, by name that Humfrey hyght,
Who ever preſt dyd Henries parte avaunce,
And never ceaſt tyl at Saynt Albones fight
He loſt his lyfe, as than did many a knyght:
Where eke my graundſyer Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded ſore, and hardly ſkapte untane.

But what may boote to ſtay the ſiſters three?
When Atropos perforce wil cut the threde:
The doleful day was come when you might ſee
Northampton fyeld with armed men oreſpred,
Where fate would algates have my graundſyer dead:
So ruſhing furth amyds the ſyerceſt fight,
He lived and dyed there in his maſters ryght.

In place of whom, as it befel my lot,
Like on a ſtage, ſo ſtept I in ſtrayt waye,
Enjoying there but wofully, God wot,
As he that had a ſlender part to playe:
To teache therby, in earth no ſtate may ſtay,
But as our partes abridge, or length our age,
So paſſe we all, while others fyll the ſtage.

For of my ſelfe, the drery fate to playne,
I was ſometime a prince withouten pier,
When Edward Fift began his ruful raygne,
Ay me, then I began that hatefull yeare,
To cumpas that which I have bought ſo deare:
I bare the ſwynge, I and that wretched wyght,
The Duke of Gloceſter that Rychard hyght.

For when the fates had reft that royal prince
Edward the Fourth, chiefe myrrour of that name,
The Duke and I faſt joyned ever ſince,
In faythfull love, our ſecrete driftes to frame:
What he thought beſt to me ſo ſeemde the ſame,
My ſelfe not bent ſo much for to aſpyer,
As to fulfyl that greedy Dukes deſyre;

Whose restiess minde sore thyrsting after rule,
When that he sawe his nephewes both to ben
Through tender yeares as yet unfit to rule,
And rather ruled by theyr mothers kyn,
There sought he first his mischyefe to begyn,
To plucke from them theyr mothers frendes assynde,
For wel he wist they would withstand his mynde.

To folowe which, he ran so headlong swyft,
With eygrr thyrst of his desired draught,
To seeke theyr deathes that fought to dashe his dryst,
Of whom the chiefe the queenes allyes he thought,
That bent thereto with mountes of mischiefe fraught,
He knewe theyr lyves would be so sore his let,
That in theyr deathes his only helpe he set.

And I most cursed caytief that I was,
Seeing the state unstedfast howe it stood,
His chief complyce to bryng the same to passe,
Unhappy wretche, consented to theyr blood:
Ye kinges and piers that swim in worldly good,
In seeking blud the ende advert you playne,
And see if bloud ey alke not blud agayne.

Consyder Cyrus in your cruell thought,
A makeles prynce in ryches and in myght,
And weygh in minde the bloudy dedes he wrought,
In sheading which he set his whole delyght:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wyght,
He whose huge power no man might overthrowe,
Tomyris queen with great despite hath slowe.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe she cast into a vessel fraught
With clottered bloud of them that felt her force.
And with these wordes a just reward she taught:
Drynke nowe thy fyll of thy desyred draught.
Loe marke the fine that did this prynce befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Behold Cambises and his fatal daye,
Where murders mischiefe myrrour like is left:
While he his brother Mergus cast to slaye,
A dreadful thing, his wittes were him bereft.
A sword he caught, wherewith he perced eft
His body gored, which he of liefe benooms:
So just is God in all his dreadfull doomes.

O bluddy Brutus, rightly didst thou rew,
And thou Cassius justly came thy fall,
That with the swurd wherewith thou Cesar slewe
Murdrest thy selfe, and reft thy life withall,
A myrrour let him be unto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meede:
For murder crieth out vengeance on your seede.

Loe Bessus, he that armde with murderers knyfe,
And trayttrous hart agayns his royall king,
With bluddy handes bereft his maysters life,
Advert the fine his fowle offence dyd bryng:
And lothing murder as most lothly thing,
Beholde in him the just deserved fall,
That ever hath, and shall betide them all.

What booted him his false usurped raygne,
Whereto by murder he did so ascende?
When like a wretche, led in an yron chayne
He was presented by his chiefest frende
Unto the foes of him whom he had slayne:
That even they should venge so fowle a gylt,
That rather sought to have his bloud yspyt.

Take hede ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, which though it sleepe a while,
And not disclosde, as it doth seeld befall,
Yet God that suffreth silence to beguyle
Such gyltes, wherewith both earth and ayre ye file,
At last discryes them to your fowle deface,
You see the examples set before your face.

And deepely grave within your stony hartes,
The drery dewle that myghty Macedo,
With teares unfolded wrapt in deadly smartes,
When he the death of Clitus sorowed so,
Whom erst he murdred wyth the deadly blowe,
Raught in his rage upon his frende so deare,
For which beholde loe how his pangs appeare.

The launced spear he writhes out of the wound,
From which the purple blud spins on his face:
His heynous gylt when he returned found,
He throwes him selfe upon the corpes alas,
And in his armes howe ofte doth he imbrace
His murdred frende? and kyssyng him in vayne,
Furth flowe the fluds of salte repentant rayne.

His frendes amazde at such a murder doen,
In fearful flockes begyn to shrynke away.
And he thereat with heapes of grief sorenoen,
Hateth him selfe, wishing his latter daye.
Nowe he him selfe perceyved in lyke strayt,
As is the wilde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others, and him selfe adred.

He calles for death, and loathing lenger lyfe,
Bent to his bane, refuseth kyndely foode:
And ploungde in depth of death and dolours styfe,
Had quelde him selfe, had not his frendes wyth stoode.
Loe he that thus had shed the gyltleles blud,
Though he were kyng and Cesar over all,
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This prynce whose pyer was never under sonne,
Whose glystening fame the earth did overglyde,
Whych with his power welnye the world had wonne,
His bluddy handes him selfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to have dyed:
The wurthy prynce deemed in his regarde
That death for death could be but just reward.

Yet we that were so drowned in the depth
Of diep desyre to drinke the gyltelcs blud,
Lyke to the wulfe, with greedy lookes that kepte

re, to feede on deadly foode,
ghted in the ſtate we floode,
arre in all our blynded trayne,
we ſawe not our deſtruction playne.

none whoſe life could ought forlet
l purpoſe to his pas to cum.
hy knyghtes we headed at Pomfret,
d wot) withouten lawe or doome.
ven bleedes to tell you al and ſome,
Lord Haſtinges when he feared leaſt,
was murdred and oppreſt.

s upreught, that threatned moſt our
:k,
to ſayle much ſurer in the ſtreame:
: fayring as ſhe were at becke,
ir lap the rule of all the realme.
res ſtrayt depoſde were by the game;
vaunſt to that we bought full deare,
l king, and I his chyefeſt pyer.

; wonne our long deſirid pray,
m king that he might make me chieſe,
we ſtrayt his ſellie nephews twaye
:s pompe, to woful priſoners lyfe:
t nowe ſtynt was all furder ſtryfe.
king, and I chief ſtroke did beare,
but we, yet whe more cauſe to feare?

bloud which we unjuſtly ſhed,
abes deveſteſt from theyr trone,
: traytours raygning in theyr ſted,
burdens preſſed us upon,
us ſo by our ſelves alone,
he felon that purſued by night,
ie buſhe as his ſoe were in ſight.

ing ſtate, nowe dreading loſſe of life,
recke at every blaſt of wynde,
dreames through dread of murdrers
e,
ven then revengement were aſſynde.
thought ſo is the guylty minde
and never feeleth eaſe or ſtay,
feare of that which followes aye.

hat judge his doome upon the death
elius that in bed was ſlayne:
wight the cruell murder leyeth
ſonnes that in his chamber layen,
that by the proofe perceyveth playne,
vere found faſt ſleeping in theyr bed,
le them gyltles of this blud yſhed.

it could not be, that they which brake
of God and man in ſuch outrage,
thwith them ſelves to ſlepe betake:
nought the horror and the rage
haynous gylt, could never ſwage,
uffer them to ſlepe or reſt,
breath one breath out of theyr breſt.

he griefe of conſcynce evermore,
hart it is ſo diepe ygrave,
nay neyther ſlepe nor reſt therefore,
Ne thynke one thought but on the dread they have.
Styl to the death fortoſſed with the wave
Of reſtles woe, in terror and diſpeyre,
They lead a lyef continually in feare.

Like to the dere that ſtryken with the dart,
Withdrawes him ſelfe into ſome ſecrete place,
And feeling green the wound about his hart,
Startles with panges tyl he fall on the graſſe,
And in great feare lyes gaſping there a ſpace,
Furth braying ſighes as though eche pange had brought
The preſent death which he doeth dread ſo oft.

So we diepe wounded with the bluddy thought,
And gnawing wurme that grieved our conſcience ſo,
Never took eaſe, but as our hart furth brought
The ſtrayned ſyghes in wytnes of our woe,
Such reſtles cares our fault did well beknowe:
Wherewith of our deſerved fall the feares
In every place rang death within our eares.

And as yll grayne is never well ykept,
So fared it by us within a while.
That which ſo long wyth ſuch unreſt we reapt,
In dread and daunger by all wyt and wyle
Loe ſee the fine, when once it felt the whele
Of ſlipper fortune, ſtay it mought no ſtowne,
The wheele whurles up, but ſtrayt it whurleth downe.

For having rule and riches in our hand,
Who durſt gaynſay the thing that we averde?
Wyl was wyſedome, our luſt for lawe dyd ſtand,
In ſorte ſo ſtraunge, that who was not afeard
When he the ſound but of Kyng Rychard heard?
So hateſull wart the hearyng of his name,
That you may deeme the reſidewe by the ſame.

But what awaylde the terror and the fear,
Wherewyth he kept his lieges under awe?
It rather wan him hatred every where,
And fayned faces forſt by feare of lawe:
That but while fortune doth with favour blaw
Flatter through fear: for in their hart lurkes aye
A ſecrete hate that hopeth for a daye.

Recordeth Dioniſius the kynge,
That with his rigor ſo his realme oppreſt,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bryng
His ſubjects under, as him lyked beſt:
But loe the dread wherewyth him ſelfe was ſtreſt,
And you ſhall ſee the fine of forced feare,
Moſt myrrour like in this proud prynce appeare.

All were his head with crowne of golde yſprad,
And in his hand the royal ſcepter ſet,
And he with pryncely purple rychely clad,
Yet was his hart wyth wretched cares orefret:
And inwardly with deadly fear beſet,
Of thoſe whom he by rygour kept in awe,
And ſore oppreſt with might of tyrants lawe.

Agayneſt whoſe feare, no heapes of golde and glie,
Ne ſtrength of garde, nor all his hired power,

Ne prowde hyghe towers that preaced to the skye,
His cruel hart of safetie could assure:
But dreading them whom he should deeme most sure,
Hym selfe his beard wyth burning brand would [cear,
Of death deservde so vexed him the feare.

This might suffice to represent the fine
Of tyrantes force, theyr feares, and theyr unrest.
But hear this one, although my hart repyne
To let the sound once syink wythin my brest;
Of fell Phereus, that above the rest,
Such lothsum crueltee on his people wrought,
As (oh alas) I tremble wyth the thought.

Sum he encased in the coates of beares,
Among wylde beastes devoured so to be:
And sum for preye unto the hunters speares,
Lyke savage beastes withouten ruth to dye.
Sumtime to encrease his horrible crueltye,
The quicke with face to face engraved hee,
Eche others death, that eche mought living see.

Loe what more cruell horror mought be found,
To purchase feare, if feare could staye his raygne?
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him, to feare the lyke agayne.
And so he dyd full ofte and not in vayne:
As in his life his cares could wytnefs well
But moste of all his wretched ende doth tell.

His owne dere wyfe whom as his life he loved,
He durst not trust, nor proche unto her bed,
But causing fyrst his slave with naked sworde
To go before, him selfe with tremblyng dread
Strayt foloweth fast, and whorling in his head
His rolling iyen, he searcheth here and there
The diepe daunger that he so fore did feare.

For not in vayne it ranst yll in his brest,
Sum wretched hap should hale him to his ende.
And therefore alwaye by his pillowe prest
Had he a sworde, and with that sworde he wende,
In vayne (God wote) all peryls to defende:
For loe his wife foreyrked of his rayne,
Sleeping in bed this cruell wretche hath slayne.

What should I more now seeke to say in this?
Or one jot farder linger furth my tale?
With cruel Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula, Domician, and all
The cruell route? or of theyr wretched fall?
I can no more, but in my name advert
Al earthly powers beware of tyrants hart.

And as our state endured but a throwe;
So best in us the staye of such a state
May best appeare to hang an overthrowe,
And better teache tyrantes deserved hate
Than any tyrantes death to fore or late.
So cruell seemde this Rychard Thyrd to me,
That loe my selfe now loathde his crueltee.

For when, alas! I saw the tyrant kyng
Content not only from his nephewes twayne
To ryve worldes blysse, but also al worldes beyng,
Saunce earthly gylt yeausing both be slayne.
My hart agreyved that such a wretch should raygne,
Whose bluddy brest so salvaged out of kynde,
That Phalaris had never so bluddy a minde.

Ne could I brooke him once wythin my brest,
But wyth the thought my teeth would gnash wythal:
For though I earst wer his by sworne behest;
Yet when I sawe mischiefe on mischiefe fall,
So diepe in blud, to murder prynce and all,
Ay then thought I, alas, and wealaway,
And to my selfe thus mourning would I say.

If neyther love, kynred, ne knot of bloud,
His own alegeaunce to his prynce of due,
Nor yet the state of trust wherein he stoode,
The worldes defame, nor nought could turn him true. [rue?
Those gyltleles babes, could they not make him
Nor could theyr youth, nor innocence withal
Move him from reving them theyr lyfe and all?

Alas, it could not move him any jote,
Ne make him once to rue or wet his iye,
Sturde him no more than that that styrreth not:
But as the rocke or stone that wyl not plye,
So was his hart made hard to crueltye,
To murder them; alas I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that which this fell wretche hath wrought.

That nowe when he had done the thing he sought,
And as he would, complysht and cumpast all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slaye his prynce and all,
Then seemde he fyrst to doubte and dreade us all.
And me in chiefe, whoes death all meanes in myght,
He sought to wurke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harmes upharbard in his brest,
With envyous hart my honour to deface,
As knowing he that I whych woted best
His wretched dryftes, and all his cursed case,
If ever sprang within me sparke of grace,
Must nedes abhorre him and his hatefull race:
Now more and more can cast me out of grace.

Which sodayne chaunge, when I by secrete chaunce,
Had well perceyved by proofe of envious frowne,
And sawe the lot that did me to advaunce
Hym to a kyng that sought to cast me downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne:
Syth present choyse lay cast before myne iye,
To wurke his death, or I my selfe to dye.

And as the knyght in fyeld among his foes,
Beset wyth swurdes, must slay or there be slayne:
So I, alas, lapt in a thousand woes,
Beholding death in every syde so playne,
I rather chose by sum slye secrete trayne
To wurke his death, and I to lyve thereby,
Than he to lyve, and I of force to dye.

Which heavy choyse so hastened me to chose,
That I in parte agryeved at his disdayne,
In part to wreke the dolefull death of those
Two tender babes, his sillye nephewes twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be slayne,
With paynted chere humbly before his face,
Strayght tooke my leave, and rode to Brecknocke place.

And there as close and covert as I myght.
My purposed practise to his passe to bryng,
In secrete dryftes, I lingred day and night:
All howe I might depose this cruell kyng,
That seemd to all so much desyred a thyng,
As thereto trusting I empryside the same;
But to much trusting brought me to my bane.

For while I nowe had fortune at my becke,
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares, alas, least looking for a checke,
She mated me in turning of a ball:
When least I feardc, then nereft was my fall,
And when whole hoastes wer prest to stroy my foen,
She chaunged her chere, and left me post alone.

I had uprayside a mighty band of men,
And marched furth in order of array,
Leadyng my power amyd the forest Dene,
Agaynst that tyrant banner to displaye:
But loe my souldiers cowardly shranke away.
For such is fortune when she lyst to frowne;
Who seemes most sure, him sooneft whurles she downe

O let no prynce put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in fayth of gyddy peoples mynde,
But let all noble men take hede by me,
That by the proofe to well the payne do synde:
Loe, where is truth or trust? or what could bynde
The vayn people, but they will swarve and swaye,
As chaunce bryngs chaunge, to dryve and draw that way?

Rome, thou that once advaunced up so hye,
Thy staye, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast nowe throwen him to depth of miserye,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
He compteft it not an horryble offence:
To reven him of honour and of fame.
That wan it thee, when thou hadst lost the same.

Beholde Camillus, he that erst revyved
The state of Rome, that dyeng he dyd synde,
Of his own state is nowe alas depryved,
Banisht by them whom he dyd thus det bynde:
That cruel folke, unthankeful and unkynde,
Declared wel theyr false inconstancye,
And fortune eke her mutability.

And thou Scipio, a myrrour mayst thou be
To all nobles, that they learn not too late,
Howe they once trust the unstable commontye,
Thou that recuredst the torne dismembred state,
Even when the conquerour was at the gate,
Art now expide, as though thou not deserved
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserved.

Ingrateful Rome hast shewed thy crueltye,
On hym, by whom thou lyvest yet in fame,
But not thy dede, nor his desert shall dye,
But his owne wurdes shal witnes aye the same:
For loe hys grave doth thee most justly blame.
And with disdayne in marble sayes to thee:
Unkynde countrey, my bones shalt thou not see.

What more unwurthy than this his eryle:
More just than this the wofull playnt he wrote:
Or who could shewe a playner proofe the while,
Of moste false fayth, than they that thus forgot
His great desertes: that so deserved not:
His cindres yet loe, doth he them denye,
That him denyed amongst them for to dye.

Milciades, O happy hast thou be,
And well rewarded of thy countrey men.
If in the fyeld when thou hadst forst to flye
By thy prowes, thre hundred thousand men,
Content they had bene to eryle thee then:
And not to cast thee in depth prison so,
Laden wyth gyves to ende thy lyse in woe.

Alas howe harde and steely hartes had they,
That not contented there to have thee dye,
With fettred gyves in pryson where thou laye,
Increast so far in hateful crueltye,
That buryall to thy corps, they eke denye
He wyl they graunt the same tyll thy sonne have
Put on thy gyves to purchase thee a grave.

Loe Hanniball as long as fired fate,
And bryttle fortune had ordayned so,
Who ever more advauntst his countrey state
Then thou, that lyvedst for her and for no moe:
But when the stormy waves began to grow,
Without respect of thy desertes erwhile,
Art by thy countrey throwen into exyle.

Unfrendly Fortune, shall I thee now blame:
Or shal I faulte the fates that so ordayne?
Or art thou Jove the causer of the same?
Or crueltie her selfe, doth she constrayne?
Or on whom els alas shal I complayne?
O trustles world I can accusen none,
But fyckle fayth of commontye alone.

The polipus nor the chameleon straunge,
That turne them selves to every hewe they see,
Are not so full of bayne and fickle chaunge
As is this false unstedfast commontye.
Loe I alas with mine adversitie
Have tryed it true, for they are fled and gone,
And of an host there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought playne
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares bewepen and complayne
My hateful hap, styll lookyng to be slayne.
Wandryng in woe, and to the gods on hye
Cleapyng for vengeance of this treacherye.

And as the turtle that hath loſt her make,
Whom grypyng ſorowe doth ſo ſore attaynt,
With doleful voyce and ſound whych ſhe doth make
Mourning her loſſe, fylles all the grove with playnt;
So I, alas! forſaken, and forſaynt,
With reſtles foote the wud come up and downe,
Which of my dole al ſhyvering doth reſowne.

And beyng thus alone, and all forſake,
Amyd the thycke, forwandred in deſpayer,
As one diſmayed ne wyſt what waye to take,
Untyll at laſt gan to my mynde repayer,
A man of mine called Humfrey Banaſtar:
Wherewyth me feeling much recomforted.
In hope of ſuccour to his houſe I fled.

Who beyng one whom earſt I had upbrought
Even from his youth, and loved and lyked beſt,
To gentrye ſtate avaunciug him from nought;
And had in ſecrete truſt above the reſt,
Of ſpecyal truſt nowe being thus dyſtreſt
Full ſecreatly to him I me conveyed
Not doubting there but I ſhould fynde ſome ayde.

But out alas on cruell trecherye,
When that this cayticf once an ynklyng hard,
How that Kyng Rychard had proclaymde, that he
Which me deſcryed ſhould have for his rewarde
A thouſand poundes, and farther be preſarde,
His truthe ſo turnde to treaſon, all diſtaynde,
That fayth quyte fled, and I by truſt was traynde.

For by this wretch I beyng ſtrayt betrayed,
To one John Mitton, ſhiriffe of Shropſhire then,
All ſodaynely was taken, and convayed
To Saliſbury, wyth rout of harneſt men,
Unto Kyng Rychard there encamped then:
Faſt by the citye with a myghtye hoſte
Withouten doome where head and lyfe I loſt.

And with theſe wordes, as if the are even there
Diſmembred had his head and corps aparte,
Dead fel he downe: and we in woful feare
Stoode mazed when he would to lyef revert:
But deadly griefes ſtill grewe about his hart,
That ſtyll he laye, ſumtyme revived wyth payne,
And wyth a ſygh becuming dead agayne.

Mydnyght was cum, and every vitall thing
With ſwete ſound ſlepe theyr weary lyms did reſt,
The beaſtes were ſtill, the lytle hyrdes that ſyng,
Nowe ſweetely ſlept beſides theyr mothers breſt:
The olde and all were ſhrowded in theyr neſt.
The waters calme, the cruel ſeas did ceas,
The wuds, the fyeldes, and all thinges held theyr peace.

The golden ſtars wer whyrlde amyd thyer race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling lyght,
When eche thing neſtled in his reſtyng place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleaſure of the nyght:
The hare had not the greedy houndes in ſight,
The fearfull dear of death ſtood not in doubt,
The partrydge drept not of the falcons foot.

The ougly beare nowe myndeth not the baite,
Nor how the cruell maſtyves do hym tear;
The ſtag lay ſtill unrouſed from the brake,
The fomy boar feard not the hunters ſpear.
All thing was ſtill in deſert, buſh, and brear.
With quyet heart now from their travaile reſt,
Soundly they ſlept in midſt of all their reſt.

When Buckyngham amidſt his plaint oppreſt,
With ſurgyng ſorowes and with pinching paines
In ſort thus ſowned, and with a ſigh he ceſt,
To tellen furth the treachery and the trayne,
Of Banaſtar, which him ſo ſore diſtrayne,
That from a ſigh he falles into a ſounde,
And from a ſounde lyeth ragyng on the ground.

So twiching wer the panges that he aſſayed,
And he ſo ſore with rufull rage diſtraught,
To thinke upon the wretch that hym betrayed,
Whom earſt he made a gentylman of naught,
That more and more agreved with this thought,
He ſtormes out ſighes, and with redoubled ſore,
Stroke with the furies, rageth more and more.

Who ſo hath ſeene the bull chaſed with dartes,
And with dyepe woundes forgald and gored ſore,
Tyl he oppreſſed with the deadlye ſmartes,
Fall in a rage, and runne upon his foe,
Let him I ſaye, beholde the ragyng woe
Of Buckyngham, that in theſe grypes of grefe
Rageth gaynſt him that hath betrayed his lyfe.

With blud red iyen he ſtareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as cloute:
When loe my lymmes were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde ſtoode ſtyll in dread and doute,
While I mought ſee him throwe his armes about:
And gaynſt the ground him ſelfe plounge with ſuch force,
As if the lyfe forth wyth ſhould leave the corps.

With ſmoke of ſyghes ſumtyme I myght beholde
The place al dymde, like to the mornyng myſt:
And ſtrayt agayne the teares how they downrolde
Alongſt his cheekes, as if the ryvers hyſt:
Whoes flowing ſtreemes ne wer no ſooner whiſt,
But to the ſtars ſuch dreadfull ſhoutes he ſent,
As if the trone of mighty Jove ſhould rent.

And I the while with ſpirites wel nye bereft,
Beheld the plyght and panges that dyd him ſtraine;
And howe the blud his deadly colour left,
And ſtrayt returnde with flamyng red agayne.
When ſodaynly amid his ragyng payne,
He gave a ſygh, and with that ſygh he ſayed:
O! Banaſtar, and ſtrayt agayne he ſtayed.

Dead laye his corps as dead as any ſtone,
Tyll ſwellyng ſyghes ſtormyng within his breſt
Uprayſde his head, that downe ward ſeil as one,
With lookes upcaſt, and ſyghes that never ceſt:
Furth ſtreamde the teares, recordes of his unreſt.
When he wyth ſhrykes thus groveling on the ground,
Ybrayed theſe wordes with ſhryll and dolefull ſound.

and earth, and ye eternal lampes
the heavens wrapt, wyl us to reſt,
yghtPhebe, thatcleareſt thenightesdampes,
the playntes that in theſe pangesoppreſt
wretche unlade out of my breſt.
me yeald my laſt wordes ere I part,
u, I call to record of my ſmart.

ou, Alecto, feede me wyth thy foode,
hy ſerpentes from thy ſnaky heare,
relyeſe wel fittes me in this moode,
e my playnt with horror and wyth feare,
age afreſhe thy venomd worme arear.
ou Sibilla, when thou ſeeſt me faynte,
thy ſelfe the gyde of my complaynt.

u, O Jove, that with thy depe ſordoome
e the earth, and raygne above the ſkyes,
rekeſt wronges, and geveſt the dreadful
loome
: the wretche that doth thy trone deſpyſe,
: theſe wurdes, and wreake them in ſuch
wyſe,
en and earth may witneſſo and beholde,
ipes of wrath upon this wretche unfolde.

Banaſter, gaynſt thee I clepe and call
e gods, that they juſt vengeaunce take
, thy bloud, thy ſtayned ſtocke and all:
to thee, above the reſt I make
nble playnt, guyde me that what I ſpeake
thy wyll upon thys wretche to fall,
, Banaſtar, wretche of wretches all.

l to God, that cruel diſmal daye,
ive me lyght fyrſt to behold thy face,
wle eclipſe had reſt my ſyght away:
happy hower, the tyme, and eke the place,
ne and moone, the ſters, and all that was
aſpectes helping in ought to thee,
th, and ayer, and all accurſed bee.

ou, caytief, that like a monſtar ſwarved,
nde and kyndenes, haſt thy mayſter lorne,
neyther truth, nor truſt wherein thou ſer-
ved,
leſertes, could move, nor thy fayth ſworne
all I curſe, but wyſh that thou unborne
ie, or that the earth had rent in twaye,
allowed thee in cradle as thou laye.

did I even from thy tender youth
to bryng thee up: dyd I therefore
he oath of thy undoubted trouth?
ce thee up, and truſt thee evermore?
ing thee that I ſhould dye therefore?
he, and wurſe than wretche, what ſhal I
ay,
p and curſe gaynſt thee and thyne for aye?

e thou, diſdaynd of every wyght,
nted at where ever that thou goe,
rous wretche, unwurthy of the light,
eſtemed: and to encreaſe thy woe,
nd be hatefull of thy name alſo;

And in this ſort with ſhame and ſharpe reproche,
Leade thou thy life till greater grief approch.

Dole and deſpayer, let thoſe be thy delight,
Wrapped in woes that can not be unfolde,
To wayle the day, and wepe the weary night,
With rayny iyen and ſyghes can not be tolde,
And let no wyght thy woe ſeeke to withholde:
But coumpt thee wurthy (wretche) of ſorrowes
ſtore,
That ſuffryng much, oughteſt ſtill to ſuffer more.

Deſerve thou death, yea be thou demed to dye
A ſhamefull death, to ende thy ſhamefull lyſe:
A ſyght longed for, joyfull to everye iye,
Whan thou ſhalt be arraygned as a thief,
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy lyef,
With trembling toung in dread and dolors rage,
Lade with white lockes, and fowerſkore yeres of
age.

Yet ſhall not death delyver thee ſo ſoone
Out of thy woes, ſo happye ſhalt thou not bee:
But to the eternal Jove this is my boone,
That thou may live thine eldeſt ſonne to ſee
Reſt of his wits, and in a fowle bores ſtye
Te ende his dayes in rage and death diſtreſt,
A wurthy tumbe where one of thyne ſhould reſt.

And after this, yet pray I more, thou may
Thy ſecond ſonne ſee drowned in a dyke,
And in ſuch ſorte to cloſe his latter daye,
As heard or ſeen earſt hath not bene the lyke:
Yſtrangled in a puddle not ſo deepe
As halfe a foote, that ſuch hard loſſe of lyſe,
So cruelly chaunſt, may be thy greater gryefe.

And not yet ſhall thy hugie ſorrowes ceaſe;
Jove ſhal not ſo withholde his wrath fro thee,
But that thy plagues may more and more increas;
Thou ſhalt ſtill lyve, that thou thy ſelfe mayſt ſee
Thy deare doughter ſtroken with leproſye:
That ſhe that earſt was all thy hole delyght,
Thou now mayſt loath to have her cum in ſight.

And after that, let ſhame and ſorrowes gryefe
Feede furth thy yeares continually in wo,
That thou mayeſt live in death, and dye in lyef,
And in this ſorte forewayld and wearyed ſo,
At length thy ghoſt to parte thy body ſo:
This pray I Jove, and wyth this latter breath,
Vengeaunce I aſke upon my cruell death.

This ſayd, he floung his retchles armes abrode,
And groveling flat upon the ground he lay,
Which with his teeth he al to gnaſht and gnawed:
Depe groanes he ſet, as he that would awaye.
But loe in vayne he dyd the death aſſay:
Although I thinke was never man that knewe,
Such deadly paynes where death dyd not enſewe.

So ſtrove he thus a while as with the death,
Nowe pale as lead, and colde as any ſtone.
Nowe ſtyl as calme, nowe ſtorming forth a breath
Of ſmoaky ſyghes, as breath and al were gone:
But every thing hath ende: ſo he anone

Came to him ſelfe, when wyth a ſygh outbrayed,
With woful cheare theſe woful wurdes he ſayd.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this?
Who reſt my wyts? or howe do I thus lye?
My lims do quake, my thought agaſted is,
Why ſyghe I ſo? or whereunto do I
Thus grovel on the ground: and by and by
Uprayſde he ſtoode, and wyth a ſygh hath ſtayed,
When to him ſelfe returned, thus he ſayed.

Suffiſeth nowe this playnt and this regrete,
Whereof my hart his bottome hath unfraught:
And of my death let pieres and princes wete
The wolves untruſt, that they thereby be taught.
And in her wealth, ſith that ſuch chaunge is wrought,
Hope not to much, but in the myds of all
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as fortune would permyt the ſame,
I lyved in rule and ryches wyth the beſt:
And paſt my time in honour and in fame;
That of miſhap no feare was in my breſt:
But falſe fortune whan I ſuſpected leaſt,
Dyd turne the wheele, and wyth a dolefull fall
Hath me bereft of honour, life, and all.

Loe what avayles in ryches fluds that flowes:
Though ſhe ſo ſmylde as all the world wer his:
Even kinges and keſars byden fortunes throwes
And ſimple ſorte muſt bear it as it is.
Take hede by me that blithd in balefull bliſſe:
My rule, my riches, royall blud and all,
Whan fortune frounde, the feller made my fall.

For hard miſhaps that happens unto ſuch,
Whoes wretched ſtate earſt never fell no chaunge,
Agryve them not in any part ſo much,
As theyr diſtres to whome it is ſo ſtraunge,
That all theyr lyves nay paſſed pleaſures raunge:
Theyr ſodayne wo that ay wield welth at will,
Algates their hartes more pearcingly muſt thrill.

For of my byrth, my blud was of the beſt,
Fyrſt borne an Earle, than Duke by due diſcent:
To ſwinge the ſway in court amonge the reſt,
Dame Fortune me her rule moſt largely lent:
And kynd with corage ſo my corps had blent,
That loe on whom but me dyd ſhe moſt ſmyle:
And whom but me lo, dyd ſhe moſt begyle?

Now haſt thou heard the whole of my unhap,
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cauſe of all my care:
In wealth and wo, how fortune dyd me wrap,
With world at will to win me to her ſnare.
Byd kynges, byd keſars, byd all ſtates beware,
And tell them this from me that tryed it true:
Who reckles rules, right ſoone may hap to rue.

A GLOSSARY.

A, which is commonly called the indefinite article, is really nothing more than a corruption of the Saxon adjective *ane* or *an*, before a substantive beginning with a consonant.—It is sometimes prefixed to another adjective, the substantive to which both belong being understood, *e. g.* A Frere there was, a wanton and a mery. —It is also joined to nouns plural taken collectively, as, an hundred frankes, a thousand frankes, —and to such as are not used in the singular number, as a listes. So the Latins said *Unæ literæ*, Cic. ad Att. v. 9, and the French formerly *unes lices*, *unes lettres*, *unes tréves*. *Froissart*, v. i. c. 153, 237, v. ii. c. 78

A, *prep.* before a gerund, is a corruption of on. To go a begging, i. e. on begging. The prep. is often expressed at length; on hunting ben they ridden; To ride on hawking.—In the same manner, before a noun it is generally a corruption of on or in; *e. g.* a'bed; a'fire; a'Goddes name; a'morwe; a'night; a'werke; though in some of these instances perhaps it may as well be supposed to be a corruption of at.—A, in composition, in words of Saxon original, is an abbreviation of af or of, of at, of on or in, and often only a corruption of the prepositive particle ge or y. In words of French original it is generally to be deduced from the Latin ab, ad, and sometimes ex

A, *interj.* ah!

Abacke, *adv. Sax.* backwards

Abaist, *part. pa. Fr.* abashed, ashamed

Abate, *v. Fr.* to beat down

Abawed, *part. pa. Fr.* esbai, astonished; I was abawed for marvelle. *Orig.* Moult m'esbahy de la merveille

Abegge, abeye, abie, *v. Sax.* to suffer for

Abet, *n. Sax.* help

Abide, *v. Sax.* to stay

Abidden } *part. pa*
Abiden }

Abit *for* abideth

Able, *adj. Fr.* fit, proper

Abote, *part. pa.* of abate

Abought, *part. pa.* of abegge

Abouten, *prep. Sax. on-bucan*, about

Abraide, *v. Sax.* to awake, to start. See Braide

Abraide, *pa. t.* awaked, started.

Abrede, *adv. Sax.* abroad

Abrege, *v. Fr.* to shorten, to abridge

Abroche, *v. Fr.* to tap, to set abroach; spoken of a vessel of liquor

Abusion, *n. Fr.* abuse, impropriety

Accesse, *n. Fr.* properly the approach of a fever, a fever

Accidie, *n. Fr.* from Ἀκηδία, *Gr.* negligence; arising from discontent, melancholy, &c.

Accord, *n. Fr.* agreement

Accord, *v. Fr.* to agree

Accordeden, *pa. t. pl.*

Accordant, } *part. pr.*
According, }

Accuse, *v. Fr.* to discover

Achate, *n. Fr.* purchase

Achatour, *n. Fr.* a purchaser, a caterer

Acheked, *part. pa. Sax.* choked

Acheve, *v. Fr.* to accomplish

Ackele, (akele) *v. Sax.* to cool

Acloye, *v.* may perhaps mean to cloy, to embarrass with superfluity

Acoiè, *v. Fr.* to make quiet

Acomberd, *part pa. Fr.* encombered

Acroke, *adj. Fr.* crooked, awkward.

Adawe, *v. Sax.* to awake

Ado, *v. Sax.* to do; it is used to express the Fr. à faire, to have ado; to have to do; and don all that they han ado. *Et faicent ce qu'ils doivent* faire.

Adon, (corruption of of-don) *part. pa. Sax.* done away

Adon, *pr. n.* Adonis

Adoun, *adv Sax.* downward

Adrad, adrade, *part. pa.* of adrede, *v. Sax.* afraid

Adriane for Ariadne, *pr. n.*

Advertence, *n. Fr.* attention

Advocacies, *n. pl. Fr.* law-suits

Advocas, *n. pl. Fr.* lawyers, advocates

Afered, aferde, *part. pa. Sax.* afraid, frightened

Affecte, *n. Lat.* affection

Affermed, *part. pa. Fr.* confirmed

Affie, *v. Fr.* to trust

Affray, *v. Fr.* to affright

Affray, *n. Fr.* disturbance, fear

Affriken, *pr. n.* the elder Scipio Africanus

Afile, *v. Fr.* to file, polish

Aforen, aforne, afore, *adv. prep. Sax. æt-foran*, before.

Again, *prep. Sax.* against, toward, *adv*
Agaste, *v. Sax.* to terrify
Agast, for agasted, *part. pa.* terrified
Agathon, *pr. n.* I have nothing to say concerning this writer, except that one of the same name is quoted in the prol. to the tragedie of Cambises, by Thomas Preston. There is no ground for supposing, with Gloss. Ur. that a philosopher of Samos is meant, or any of the Agathoes of antiquity
Ageins, *prep.* against
Agen, *adv.* again
Agilte, *v. Sax.* to offend, to sin against
Agilte, for agilted, *pa. t.* sinned
Ago, agon, for ygon, *part. pa. Sax.* gone, past
Agree, *Fr.* à gré, in good part
Agrese, (a'grese) in grief
Agrege, *v. Fr.* to aggravate
Agreved, *part. pa. Fr.* injured, agrieved
Agrise, *v. Sax.* to shudder, to make to shudder
Agrose, *pa. t.* shuddered, trembled
Agroted, *part. pa.* cloyed, surfeited; agrotone with mete or drinke. *Ingurgito.* Prompt. parv.
Aguiler, *n. Fr.* a needle-case
Ajust, *v. Fr.* to apply
Akehorns, *n. pl. Sax.* acorns
Aknowe, *part. pa. Sax.* to ben aknowe; I am aknowe; I acknowledge
Al, alle, *adj. Sax.* all; al and som, the whole thing, at al, in the whole; over all, through the whole; in alle manere wise, by every kind of means; at alle rightes, with every thing requisite
Alain, *pr. n.* a poet and divine of the 12th century. Beside his *Planctus Naturæ*, or Plaint of Kinde, which is here quoted, he wrote another poem in Latin verse, called Anticlaudianus. For the rest of his works see *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Alanus de Insulis*
Alder, aller, *gen. ca. pl.* of all; it is frequently joined in composition with adjectives of the superl. deg. *e. g.* alderfirst; alderlast; alderleveſt; first, last, dearest of all
Al, all, *adv. Sax.* generally answers to the Lat. *omnino*; al alone, quite alone; al hol, entire; al holly, entirely; all in one, at the same time; all newe, anew; al only, solely, singly. It is sometimes used elliptically for although, or all be it that; all tell I not now as now his observances; all be ye not of o complexion
Alarged, *part. pa. Fr.* estargi, given largely
Alauns, *n. pl.* a species of dog. They were much esteemed in Italy in the 14th century. *Gualv. de la flamma*, [ap. Murator. Antiq. Med. Æ. t. 11. p. 394,] commends the governors of Milan, "quod equos emissarios equabus magnis commiscuerunt, et procreati sunt in nostro territorio Destrarii nobiles, qui in magno pretio habentur. Item *Canes Alanos* altæ staturæ et mirabilis fortitudinis nutrire studuerunt".
Alayne, *n. Fr.* allay, a mixture of base metal
Albification, *n. Lat.* a chemical term for making white [salt
Alcaly, *n. Arab.* a chemical term for a species of
Alchymistre, *n. Fr.* alchymist
Aldrian, *pr. n.* a star on the neck of the lion, Sp.
Ale and bred. This oath of Sire Thopas on ale and bred was perhaps intended to ridicule the solemn vows which were frequently made in the days of chivalry to a peacock, a pheasant, or some other noble bird. See *M. de Sainte Palaye, Sur l'anc. cheval. Mem. II. 122.* I will add here, from our own history, a most remarkable instance of this strange practice. When Edward I. was setting out upon his last expedition to Scotland in 1306, he knighted his eldest son and several other young noblemen with great solemnity. At the close of the whole, (says Matthew of Westminster, p. 454,) "Allati sunt in pompaticâ gloria duo *cygni* vel *olores* ante regem, phalerati retibus aureis vel fistulis deauratis, desiderabile spectaculum intuentibus. Quibus visis, Rex *votum vovit Deo coeli et cygnis* se proficisci in Scotiam, mortem Johannis Comyner fidem læsam Scotorum vivus sive mortuus vindicaturus," &c. This practice is alluded to in Dunbar's wish, *that the kye were Johne Thomsonnis mare*, ms. *Maitland*, f. 5;

I wold gif all that ever I have
To that condition, so God me saif,
That ye had *vowit to the swan*
Ane yeir to be Johne Thomsonnis mare.

And so in the Prol. to the Contin. of The Cant. T. the Hosteler says—I make a vowe to the peacock ther shall wake a foule mist
Alege, *n. Fr.* to alleviate
Alegeance, *n. Fr.* alleviation
Aleis, *n. Fr.* alise, the lote tree
Alembikes, *n. pl. Fr.* vessels for distilling, stills
Ale-stake, *n. Sax.* a stake set up before an alehouse by way of sign
Aleye, *n. Fr.* an alley
Algates, Algate, *adv. Sax.* always; toutesois
Algezir, *pr. n.* a city of Spain
Alight, *v. Sax.* to descend; alight, *pa. t.* he alighted
Alisandre, *pr. n.* Alexandria, a city in Egypt
Allege, *v. Fr.* to alledge
Almagest, *pr. n.* the Arabs, called the Μεγάλη Σύνταξις of Ptolomee Almagesthi or Almegisti, a corruption of Μεγίστη. See D'Herbelot, in v.
Almandres, *n. pl. Fr.* almond trees
Almesse, *n. Sax.* from the Lat. Gr. ἐλεημοσύνη, alms, Almesses, *pl.*
Alnath, *pr. n.* the first star in the horns of Aries, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name, Sp.
Alonde, (a'londe) on land
Along, *prep. Sax.* whereon it was along, by what it was occasioned; on me is nought along thine evil fare, thy ill fare is not occasioned by me
Alosed, *part. pa. Fr.* praised
Aloue, *v. Fr.* to allow, to approve, his dedes me to alowe for his hardynesse, therefore hath alow him litle, or lysten to his reason
Alowe, *adv. Sax.* low
Alpes, *n. pl.* bulfinches
Als, *conj. Sax.* also, as

ning, a chemical term for mixing of
ilver with any metal
trie, *n. Fr.* embassy
s, two aces at dice, *Fr.*
, *part. pr. Fr.*
, *v. Fr.* to mend
:, *v Fr.* to lessen
, *part. pa. Fr.* moved
r. n. the city of Amiens
, *prep. Sax.* at, or in the middle
v. Sax. ill, badly. See Mis
e, *v. Fr.* to admonish, to advise
adv. Sax. together, at the same time, at
ne place, *Du.* 298, ever among, ever at
ne time, *Conf. Am.* 114, b.
, *prep. Sax.* among
:, *n. Fr.* an amorous woman.—And eke
l by [r. be] amorettes.—*Car aussi bien sont*
ttes, orig.
, is perhaps put by mistake for merrily.
:d, *part. pa. Fr.* killed
, on the morrow [sions
logies, *n. pl. Fr. Gr.* ambiguous expres-
on, *prep.*
. *Lat.* a maid-servant
. *Fr.* anchor
. *Sax.* if
n. a kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at
dle. See *Gloss. to M. Paris*, in v. *Analacius*
v. for ones, once
v. Sax. to hang up
ed, *part. pa. Fr.* reduced to nothing
in the night
. *Sax.* an anchorite or hermit
r, *n.* a priest employed solely in singing
s, or anniversary masses for the dead
it, *part. pa. Lat.* foretold
Fr. hurt, trouble
, to hurt, to trouble
adj. hurtful, unpleasant
. *Sax.* an anthem
lian, the title of a Latin poem by Alanus
ilis. See *Alain*
is, *pr. n.* Antilochus, *Du.* 1064. [anthems
iere, *n. Lat. Gr.* a book of antiphones or
. *Sax.* an anvil, *Du.* 1165.
Sax. either, one of two. It usually signi-
: of many
t. pa. Fr. paid, satisfied
. *Fr.* See Apeire
ax. metaphorically a fool, the monke put
mannes hode an ape, and in his wife's
e monk made a fool of the man and of
e too—Win of ape.
. *Fr.* to impair, to detract from; our
apeires—to be impaired, to go to ruin.
j. Fr. open, prive and apert, in private
public
: opics, *n. pl. Fr.* opiates
, *part. pa. Fr.* made pale
:, *v. Fr.* to prepare
e, *n. Fr.* an appearance
ve, *v Fr.* to perceive
rings. *n. pl.* perceptions
v. Fr. to desire, to covet

Appose, *v. Fr.* to object to, to question. It seems to be a corruption of oppose
Approver, *n. Fr.* an informer
Aprentise, *n. pl. Fr.* apprentices, novices
Aqueintable, *adj. Fr.* easy to be acquainted with
Aquite, *v. Fr.* to pay for
Arace, *v. Fr.* to draw away by force
Arande, *n. Sax.* a message
Araye, *n. Fr.* order, situation, clothing, equipage
Araye, *v. Fr.* to dress, to dispose.
Arblasters, *n. pl. Fr.* arbalestres, engines to cast darts, &c
Archangel, *n.* the herb so called; a dead nettle, Gloss. Ur.—In the orig. it is mesange, the bird which we call a titmouse
Archebishop, *n. Sax. Lat.* an archbishop
Archedeken, *n. Sax. Lat.* an archdeacon
Archediacre, *n. Fr.* Archdeacon
Archewives, wives of a superior order
Ardure, *n. Fr.* burning
Arede, *v. Sax.* to interpret, *Du.* 289. See Rede
Areise, *v. Sax.* to raise
Arerage, *n. Fr.* arrear
Aresone, *v. Fr.* arraisoner, to reason with
Areste, *n. Fr.* arrest, constraint, delay
Areste, *v. Fr.* to stop
Arette, *v. Fr.* to impute to
Argoil, *n. Fr.* potters clay
Ariete, *pr. n.* Aries, one of the signs in the zodiac
Aristotle, *pr. n.* a treatise on perspective under his name is mentioned by Vincent of Beauvais in the 13th century, *Spec. Histor.* l. iii. c. 84. *Extat etiam liber, qui dicitur, Perspectiva* Aristotelis
Arivage, *n. Fr.* as arivaile
Arivaile, *n. Fr.* arrival
Ark, *n. Lat.* a part of the circumference of a circle
Arme, *n.* may perhaps be put for defence, security
Arm-grete, *adj. Sax.* as thick as a man's arm
Armipotent, *adj. Lat.* mighty in arms
Armles, *adj. Sax.* without an arm
Armorike, *pr. n.* Basse Bretagne in France, called anciently Britannia Armorica
Armure, *n. Fr.* armour
Arn, *pl. n.* of am, *v. Sax.* are
Arnolde of the newe town, *pr. n.* of a physician and chemist of the 13th century. See *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Arnaldus Villanovanus*
Aroume, seems to signify at large; arowme, or more utter, remote. deprope. seorsum. Prompt. Parv. [cessively
A'row, in a row, probably from the *Fr.* rue, suc-
Arsmetrike, *n. Lat.* arithmetic
Arte, *v. Lat.* to constrain
Artelries, *n. pl. Fr.* artillery
As, *adv. Sax.* also; *omnino sic.* As fast, very fast; as swith, very quickly, immediately [say
Ascaunce, askow, aside, sideways;—as if, as if to
Ashen, *n. pl. Sax.* ashes
Aslake, *v. Sax.* to slacken, to abate
Aspe, *n. Sax.* a sort of poplar
Aspen, *adj.* of an asp
Aspie, *v. Fr.* to espy
Aspre. *adj. Fr.* rough, sharp
Asprenesse, *n.* sharpness
Assaut, *n. Fr.* assault

Affege, *n. Fr.* siege
Afleth, *n. Fr.* sufficient, enough
Affise, *n. Fr* situation
Assoile, *v. Fr.* to absolve, to answer, assoileth, imp. m. 2d pers. pl.
Assomoned, *part. pa.* summoned
Assure, *v. Fr.* to confide
Asterte, *v. Sax.* to escape, to release; asterte for asterted, *part. pa.*
Astoned, astonied, *part. pa. Fr.* confounded, astonished
Astrelabre, *n. Fr.* astrolabe
Astrologien, *n. Fr.* astrologer
Aswoved, *part. pa. Sax.* stupified, as in a dream
Aswone, in a swoon
At, atte, *prep. Sax.* at after souper, as soon as supper was finished; at day, at break of day; at on, of one mind
Atake, *v. Sax.* to overtake—for ataken, *part. pa.*
A'thre, in three parts
Attamed, *part. pa. Fr. entamé*, opened, begun, tasted, felt, disgraced
Attempre, *adj. Fr.* temperate
Attemprely, *adv. Fr.* temperately
Attour, *n. Fr.* head-dress
Attry, atterly, *adj. Sax.* poisonous, pernicious
A'twinne, a'two; in two, asunder
Avale, *v. Fr.* to lower, to let down, to fall down
Avance, *v. Fr.* to advance, to profit
Avant, *n. Fr.* boast
Avantage, *n. Fr.* advantage
Avante, *v. Fr.* to boast
Avaunt, *adv. Fr.* forward
Auctoritee, *n. Lat.* a text of Scripture or of some respectable writer
Auctour, *n. Lat.* a writer of credit
Avenaunt, *adj. Fr.* becoming
Aventaile, *n. Fr.* the fore part of the armour *Sk.* the aperture for breathing in a helmet
Aventure, *n. Fr.* adventure
Averrois, *pr. n.* Ebn Roschd, an Arabian physician of the 12th century. See *D'Herbelot* in v. *Roschd.*
Avicen, *pr. n.* Ebn Sina, an Arabian physician of the 10th century. See *D'Herbelot* in v. *Sina*
Aught, *n. Sax.* any thing. It is sometimes used as an adverb; if that the childes mother were aught she, can he ought tell a merry tale or twein?
Aught, *pa. t.* of owe, as ought
Aught-where, *adv. Sax.* any where
Augrim, a corruption of Algorithm
Augrim stones, the pebbles or counters which were anciently used in numeration
Avis, *n. Fr.* advise
Avisand, *part. pr.* observing
Avise, *v. Fr.* to observe; aviseth you, imp. m. 2d pers. pl.; look to yourselves, take care of yourselves
Avision, *n. Fr.* vision
Aumble, *n. Fr.* an ambling pace
Aumener, *n. Fr.* aumoniere, a purse
Aumere, *n.* aumere of silke, bourse de soy, orig. It seems to be a corruption of aumener.
Auntre, *v. Fr.* corruption of aventure, to adventure
Auntrous, *adj.* adventurous
Aurora, the title of a Latin metrical version of several parts of the Bible by Petrus de Riga, Calon of Rheims, in the 12th century. Leyser, in his *Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi.* p. 692—736, has given large extracts from this work, and among others the passage which Chaucer seems to have had in his eye

> Aure Jebal varios ferramenti notat ictus.
> Pondera librat in his. Con sona quæque facit.
> Hoc inventa modo prius est ars musica, quamvis
> Pythagoram dicant hanc docuisse prius.

Avouterer, avouter, *n. Fr.* an adulterer
Avouterie, avoutrie, *n.* adultery
Avow, *n. Fr.* vow
Auter, *n. Fr.* altar
Awaite, *n. Fr.* watch
Awaiting, *part. pr.* keeping watch
Awaped, *part. pa. Sax.* confounded, stupified
Awayward, *adv. Sax.* away
Awreke, *v. Sax.* to revenge
Axe, *v. Sax.* to ask
Axing, *n.* request
Ay, *adv. Sax.* ever
Ayel, *n. Fr.* grandfather
Ayen, *adv.* and *prep.* again
Ayenst, *prep.* against
Ayenward, *adv. Sax.* back

B

Ba, *v.* seems to be formed from basse, *v. Fr.* to kiss
Bacheler, *n. Fr.* an unmarried man, a knight, one who has taken his first degree in an university
Bachelerie, *n. Fr.* knighthood, the bachelerie, the knight
Bade, *pa. t.* of bede
Badder, *comp. d.* of bad, *adj. Sax.* worse
Bagge, *v.* to swell, to disdain, *Sk.*; rather perhaps to squint
Baggingly, *adv.* seems to be the translation of a *lorgneyant*, squintingly
Baillie, *n. Fr.* custody, government
Baite, *v. Sax.* to feed, to stop to feed
Balance, *n. Fr.* doubt, suspense, I dare lay in balance all that I have, I dare wager all that I have
Bale, *n. Sax.* mischief, sorrow
Bales, *r. balais*, *pr. n. Fr.* a sort of bastard ruby
Balkes, *n. pl. Sax* the timbers of the roof
Balled, *adj.* smooth as a ball, bald
Bandon, *n. Fr.* See Du Cange in *v.* Abandons. To her bandon, to her disposal; a son bandon, orig.
Bane, *n. Sax.* destruction
Barbe, *n.* a hood or muffler which covered the lower part of the face and the shoulders. See Du Cange in *v.* Barbuta
Baren, *pa. t. pl.* of bere, *v. Sax.* bore
Bargaine, *n. Fr.* contention
Bargaret, *n. Fr.* bergerette, a sort of song

:, *n. Sax.* the lap
:-cloth, an apron
n. Fr. a bar of a door, a ſtripe
ne, *adj. Sax.* barren
ok, *n. a.* a baſiliſk
n. Fr. a kiſs
g, *part. pr.* ſewing ſlightly
ed, *part. pa. Fr.* embattled
, for bothe
v. Sax. we ſhould rather ſay to baſk
, *adj. Fr.* joyous
rie, baudrie, *n.* pimping, keeping a bawdy-
ſe
, *adj.* dirty, with baudy cote, *Lydg. Tra.* b.
. 26. b.
l, *pr. n. Fr.* originally a bay horſe; a horſe
eneral
indow, a large window, probably ſo called,
uſe it occupied a whole bay, *i. e.* the ſpace
veen two croſsbeams
p. Sax. by
: been, *part. pa. Sax.*
iemblant, *Fr.* fair appearance
ire, *Fr.* fair Sir, a mode of addreſs
lde, *part. pa. Sax.* covered with blood
te, *v. Sax.* to ſtain
v. Fr. to nod
pe, *v. Sax.* to catch
ed, *part. pa. Sax.* made a fool of. See Daffe
v. Sax. to order, to bid, to offer, to pray; to
: his necke, to offer his neck for execution
, *v. Sax.* to make to dote, to deceive. See
e
le, *adj. Sax.* confined to bed
ate, *part. pa.* drenched, thoroughly wetted
n. pl. Sax. bees
for befell, *pa. t.* of befall, *v. Sax.*
n, beforne, *adv.* and *prep. Sax.* before
l, *part. pa. Fr.* beguiled
, *part. pa.* of bego, *v. Sax.* gone; wel begon,
good way; wo begon, far gone in wo;
ſe begon, in a worſe way; with gold begon,
ted over with gold, *à or paintes*, orig.
ne, *part. pa.* of beginne, *v Sax.* begun
e, *n. Sax.* half, ſide or part
:, *n. Sax.* to promiſe
, *v. Sax.* to promiſe
e, *part. pa. Sax.* coloured. See Hewe
te, *v. Sax.* promiſe
te, *part. pa.* promiſed
ten, *pa. t. pl.* promiſed
:, *n. Sax.* behoof, advantage
l, *part. pa. Sax.* tricked, laughed at
wne, *v. Sax.* to confeſs
y, *Fr.* good friend
, *n. Sax.* belief; his beleve, his creed
dj. fem. Fr. fair
v. Sax. to roar
nere, *Fr.* good cheer
ſaude, F. iii. 707, the fair Iſaude, the miſ-
of Triſtan; ſhe is called Iſoude
n. Sax. bellows
n. pl. Sax. trumpets
of. m. Sax. to be, *pr. t. pl.* are, *part. pa.*

Benched, *part. pa.* furniſhed with benches
Bende, *n. Fr.* a band or horizontal ſtripe
Bending, *n.* ſtriping, making of bands or ſtripes
Bene, *n. Sax.* a bean, and-al n'as wurth a bene
Benedicite! *Lat.* an exclamation, anſwering to our bleſs us! it was often pronounced as a triſyllable, Bencite!
Benigne, *adj. Fr.* kind
Benime, *v. Sax.* to take away
Beniſon, *n. Fr.* benediction
Benomen, *part. pa.* of benime, taken away
Bent, *n. Sax.* the bending or declivity of a hill
Berained, *part. pa. Sax.* rained upon
Berde, *n. Sax.* beard; to make any one's berde, to cheat him.
Bere, *n. Sax.* a bear
Bere, *v. Sax.* to bear, to carry; to bere in or on hand, to accuſe falſely, to perſuade falſely; to bere the belle, to carry the prize
Bere, *n. Sax.* a bier, a pillowbear
Bering, *n. Sax* behaviour
Berme, *n. Sax.* yeſt
Bernard, *pr. n.* L. W. 16. St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux in the 12th century. Our author alludes to a proverbial ſaying concerning him, *Bernardus ipſe non vidit omnia.* See Hoffman in v.
Bernard, *pr. n.* a phyſician of Montpelier in the 13th century
Berne, *n. Sax.* a barm
Beſant, *n. Fr.* a piece of gold, ſo called becauſe firſt coined at Byzantium, now Conſtantinople, *Sk.*
Beſeke, *v. Sax.* to beſeech
Beſet, beſette, *part. pa Sax.* placed, employed
Beſey, *part. pa.* of beſee, *v. Sax.* beſeen; evil beſey, ill-beſeen, of a bad appearance; richly beſey, of a rich appearance
Beſhet, *part. pa. Sax.* ſhut up.
Beſhrewe, *v. Sax.* to curſe
Beſide, *prep. Sax.* by the ſide of
Beſmotred, *part. pa. Sax.* ſmutted
Beſpet, *part. pa. Sax.* ſpit upon
Beſtadde, beſtad, *part. pa. Sax.* ſituated; it is ſometimes uſed in an ill ſenſe for diſtreſſed
Beſte, *n. Fr.* a beaſt
Beſty, *adj. ſup. Sax.* beſt
Beſy. *adj. Sax.* buſy
Bet, bette, *adv. comp.* for better
Betake, *v. Sax.* to give, to recommend to
Betaught, *pa. t.* recommended to
Bete, *v. Sax.* to prepare, make ready; to bete fires, to make fires—to mend; to heal; to bete nettes, to mend nets; to bete ſorwe, to heal ſorrow
Bete, *v. Fr.* to beat
Beteeche, *v.* as betake
Beth, *imp. m. 2d perſ. pl. Sax.* be ye
Betid, betidde, *pa. t. et part.* of betide, *v. Sax.* happened
Betoke, *pa. t.* of betake, recommended.
Betraiſed, *part. pa. Fr.* betrayed; thei have betraiſed thee
Betwix, betwixen, *prep. Sax.* between
Bewepe, *v. Sax.* to weep over
Bewrey, bewrie, *v. Sax.* to diſcover

Beye, *v. Sax.* to buy. See Abeye
Beyete, *part. pa. Sax* begotten
Bialacoil, *pr. n. Fr.* Bel-accueil, courteous reception
Bibbed, *part pa. Lat.* drunk
Bible, *n Fr.* any great book
Bicchel bones, used in playing a particular kind of game of hazard
Bidde, *v.* as bede
Bie, *v. Sax.* to suffer. See Abeye
Bigine, *pr. n Fr.* Beguine, a nun of a certain order. See *Du Cange* in v. *Beghinæ*
Biker, *n Sax.* a quarrel
Bilder, *n. Sax.* a builder; the bilder oke, the oak used in building
Bill, *n.* a letter
Bimene, *v. Sax.* to bemoan
Bint, for bindeth
Birde for bride, *n. Sax.*——hir chere was simple, as birde in bour, *i. e.* as bride in chamber—*simple fut comme une espouse*, orig.
Bismare, *n. Sax* abusive speech; and bold, and abiding, bismares to suffer
Bit, for biddeth
Bitore, *n. Fr.* a bittern
Bitrent, *part pa.* twisted, carried round; perhaps from the *Sax. circumdare*
Biwopen, *part. pa.* of bewepe, drowned in tears.
Blancmanger, *n. Fr* seems to have been a very different dish in the time of Chaucer, from that which is now called by the same name. There is a receipt for making it in ms. Harl. one of the ingredients is the brawne of a capon teased small
Blandise, *v. Fr.* to flatter
Blanche severe. See *Cotgrave* in v. *Fievres blanches;* the agues wherewith maidens that have the greensickness are troubled; and hence *il a les fievres blanches*, either he is in love or sick of wantonness
Ble, *n. Sax* colour
Blee *pr. n* a forest in Kent. *Ur.*
Bleine, *n Sax.* a pustule
Blend, *v. Sax.* to blind, to deceive
Blend, *pa. t.* of blend
Blent, *pa. t.* of blenche, *v. Sax.* shrinked, started, aside
Blered, *part. pa. Sax.* in its literal sense is used to describe a particular disorder of the eye, attended with soreness and dimness of sight; but more commonly, in Chaucer, a man's eye is said to be blered, metaphorically, when he is any way imposed upon
Bleve, *v. Sax.* to stay
Blin, *v Sax.* to cease
Blisse, *v Sax.* to bless
Blive, belive, *adv Sax.* quickly
Blosme, *n. Sax.* blossom, *v* to blossom
Blosmy, *adj* full of blossoms
Bob-up-and down, *pr. n.* of a town in the road to Canterbury: it is not marked in the common maps
Bobance, *n Fr* boasting
Boche, *n Fr* bosse, a swelling, a wen or boil
Bode, bo en, *part. pa.* of bede, *v. Sax.* bidden, commanded
Bode, *pa. t.* of bide, *v. Sax.* remained
Bode, *n. Sax.* a stay or delay, an omen
Bodekin, *n. Sax.* a dagger
Boece, *pr. n.* Boethius. His most popular work, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, was translated by Chaucer certainly before 1381, and probably much earlier; the reflections on predestination (of which there is no trace in the Filostrato) are almost entirely taken from Bo. *v. pr.* 3.
Boiste, *n. Fr.* a box
Boistous, *adj. Sax.* boisterous, rough,
Boistously, *adv.* roughly
Bokeler, *n. Fr.* a buckler
Bokeling, *part pr. Fr.* buckling
Boket, *n. Sax.* a bucket
Bolas, *n.* bullace, a sort of plumb or sloe
Bole armoniac, Armenian earth, *Fr Gr.*
Bollen, *part pa.* of bodge, *v. Sax.* swolten
Bolt, *n. Sax.* an arrow, bolt-upright, straight as an arrow
Bone, *n. Sax.* a boon, petition, he bade hem alle bone, he made a request to them all.
Boras, *n Fr.* borax
Bord, *n. Fr.* a border; the side of a ship; over bord
Borde, *n Sax.* a table
Bordel, *n. Fr* a brothel—bordel-women, whores
Bordellers, *n. pl.* keepers of bawdyhouses
Borel, *n. Fr.* bureau, coarse cloth of a brown colour. See *Du Cange* in v. *Burellus*
Borel, *adj.* made of plain coarse stuff—borel folk, borel men, laymen.
Borwe, *n Sax.* a pledge; hath laid to borwe; hath pledged; have here my seith to borwe; have here my faith for a pledge; Seint John to borwe; St. John being my security.
Bosard, *n. Fr.* a buzzard, a species of hawk used for sporting
Bosse, *n Fr* a protuberance
Bost, *n. Sax* pride, boasting
Bost, *adv* aloud; he cracked bost
Bote, *n. Sax.* remedy, help, profit
Bote, *v. Sax.* to help
Bote, *pa. t.* of bite, *v. Sax.* bit
Boteles, *adj. Sax.* bootless, remediless
Botel, bottelle, *n. Fr* bottle
Boterflie, *n. Sax.* a butterfly
Bothe, *adj. Sax.* two together; our bothe labour, the labour of us two together; *nostrum amborum labor*
Bothe, *conj.* is generally used to copulate two members of a sentence, but sometimes more.

And rent adoun bothe wall, and rafter—
To whom bothe heven, and erthe, and see,
is sene.

So the Greeks sometimes used Αμφότερον. *Od.* O ;8.
Αμφότερον κυδός τε καὶ ἀγλαΐη, καὶ ὀπωπή
Bothum, *n. Fr.* bouton, a bud, particularly of a rose
Bougeron, *n. Fr.* a Sodomite
Boughton-under-blee, *pr. n.* of a town in Kent
Bouke, *n. Sax.* the body
Boulte, *v Sax.* to sift, to separate the flour of wheat from the bran

adj. Sax. ready; and bade hem all to be
ie
, n. Fr. goodneſs
, n. Fr. a jeſt,
, v. Fr. to jeſt.
n, n. Fr. a ſtaff,
n. Sax. a houſe, a chamber
n. Sax. a bow; a dogge for the bowe; a
uſed in ſhooting.
, a blow
n. Fr. armour for the arm
rdin, *pr. n.* Thomas Bradwardine, Arch-
p of Canterbury in 1349. His book *De
Dei*, to which our author alludes, is in
. See *Tanner* in *v. Bradowardinus*
n. Sax. a ſtart
v. Sax. to awake, to ſtart. See Abraide.
of his wit he braide, he ran out of his ſen-
to take off
n. Brit. bragod, a ſweet drink made of
vort of ale, honey, and ſpice: it is ſtill in
Wales. Richards in *v.* Bragod
n. a wood uſed in dying to give a red co-
See Huetiana, p. 268. In the inventory
the effects of Henry V. Rot. Parl. H.
n. 20, is the following article, 11 *Graundes
du Bracile*, pris VIS. VIIID.
. Sax. a coarſe mantle
n. Sax. breeches
n. Sax. breadth; in brede, abroad
adj. Sax. furious
, *v. Sax.* to burn—Brent, *pa. t.* & *part.*
t
ngly, *adv. Sax.* hotly
n. pl. Fr. briars
v. Sax. to burſt
l, *adj.* the ſenſe is much more clear than the
etymology.
n. Fr. properly what is given to a beggar;
is given to an extortioner or cheat,
inf. m. Fr. to beg, or perhaps to ſteal.—
Rot. Parl. 22 E. IV. n. 30, have ſtolen and
d ſignetts, (cygnets.) And ſo in P. P.
b. a bribour ſeems to ſignify a thief, as
rs, pilors, and pikeharneis, are claſſed to-
er; and ſtill more plainly in Lydg. Tra.
l

ho ſaveth a theſe whan the rope is knet—
ith ſome ſafe turne the bribour will him
quite.

lſo ancient Scottiſh Poems, p. 171, ſt. vii. l. 3
res. Upon ſecond thoughts I believe that
s wrong in adopting this word from mſ. C.
nd that we ſhould rather read, with other
;

Certaine he knew of briberies mo.

, *n. Sax.* a marriage feaſt
, *n. pl. Sax.* birds
n. Fr. contention
n. Sax. breach, ruin
e, *adj.* See Breme

Brocage, *n.* a treaty by a broker or agent
Broche, originally the tongue of a buckle or claſp; and from thence the buckle or claſp itſelf.
Broided, *part. pa. Fr.* braided, woven
Brokking, *part. pr.* throbbing, quavering
Bromeholme, *pr. n.* a priory in Norfolk
Bronde, *n. Fr.* a torch
Broſten, *part. pa.* of breſte
Brotel, *adj. Sax.* brittle
Brotelneſſe, *n.* brittleneſſe
Brotherhed, *n. Sax.* brotherly affection
Brouded, *part. pa. Fr. brodé* embroidered
Brouken, *inf. m. Sax.* to brook, enjoy, uſe
Buckes horne, a buck's horn; to blow the buckes horne is put for any uſeleſs employment.
Buffette, *n. Fr.* a blow
Bugle-horn, *n.* a drinking veſſel made of horn.—Gloſſ. *Ur.* derives it from *buculæ cornu*; the gloſſ. to Anc. Scott. Po. explains bowgle to mean a buffalo. I have been told that in ſome parts of the north a bull is now called a boogle.
Bumble, *v. Sax.* to make a humming noiſe; it is uſed to deſcribe the noiſe made by a bittern
Burdoun, *n. Fr. bourdon*, a humming noiſe, the baſs in muſick
Buriels, *n. pl. Sax.* burying places
Burned, *part. pa. Fr.* burniſhed
Burnel the aſſe. The ſtory ſuppoſes that the prieſt's ſon, when he was to be ordained, directed his ſervant to call him at cockerowing, and that the cock whoſe leg he had formerly broken having overheard this, purpoſely refrained from crowing at his uſual time, by which artifice the young man was ſuffered to ſleep till the ordination was over.
Burnette, *n. Fr. brunette*, cloth dyed of a brown colour. See *Du Cange* in *v. Burnetum.*
Buſk, a buſh
Butte, but, *adv.* & *conj. Sax.* but, ſed—unleſs, *niſi*, I ne'ere but loſt, *non eſſem niſi perdita*—only; which that am but lorne.
But, *prep. Sax.* without, gloſſ. *Ur.* I cannot ſay that I have myſelf obſerved this prepoſition in Chaucer, but I may have overlooked it. The Saxons uſed it very frequently, and how long the Scottiſh writers have laid it aſide I am doubtful. It occurs repeatedly in Bp. Douglas; but ſpot or fault, p. 3 l. 53; poete but pere, p. 9. l. 19; but and ben, p. 123, l. 40, without and within; *but an and binnan*, originally, I ſuppoſe, *bi utan and bi innan*. By and with are often ſynonymous.
Buxome, *adj. Sax.* obedient, civil
Buxumly, *adv. Sax.* obediently
By, *prep. Sax.* has ſometimes the ſignification of in; by the morwe, in the morning or daytime; by his life, in his lifetime. It is ſometimes uſed adverbially; by and by, near hard by.—By and by, *ſigillatim*, *Prompt. Parv.* theſe were his wordes by and by, *i. e.* ſeverally, diſtinctly; and ſo perhaps this phraſe ſhould be underſtood in the paſſages above quoted.
Byforne. See Beforne
Byleve, *v. Sax.* to ſtay

Byraft, *part. pa.* of byreve, *v. Sax.* bereeved, taken away
Byword, *n Sax.* a proverb

C.

Cacche, *v.* to catch
Cadence, *n. Fr.* a ſpecies of poetical compoſition
Cairrud, *pr. n.* of a city in Bretagne
Caitif, *n. & adj. Fr. chetif*, a wretch, wretched
Calcination, *n. Fr.* a chemical proceſs by which bodies are reduced to a calx
Calculed, *pa. t. Fr.* calculated
Caleweis, probably miſwritten; the original has *la poire du caillonel.* Cotgrave ſays that *caillonēt* is the name of a very ſweet pear
Calidone, *pr. n.* it ſhould be Lacedomie
Caliophia, *pr. n.* We ſhould rather read Calypſa, with the two Bodl. mſſ. for Calypſo.
Calle, *n. Fr.* a ſpecies of cap
Camaille, *n. Fr.* a camel
Cameline, *n. Fr.* a ſtuff made of camel's hair
Campſe, *adj. Fr.* flat
Can, *v. Sax.* to know. See Conne
Cananée *adj. Fr.* Cananean
Cane, *pr. n.* Cana in Galilee
Canel, *n. Fr.* canal, channel
Canelle, *n. Fr.* cinnamon
Canevas, *n. Fr.* canvas
Canon, the title of Avicenne's great work. See *D'Herbelot* in v. *Canun*
Cantel, *n. Sax.* a fragment
Capel, *n. Lat.* a horſe
Capitaine, *n. Fr.* a captain
Capitolie, *n. Lat.* the Capitol at Rome
Cappe, *n. Lat.* a carp or hood; to ſet a man's cap, to make a fool of him.
Captif, *adj. Fr.* captive
Cardiacle, *n. Fr. Gr.* a pain about the heart
Carectes, *n. pl. Lat. Gr.* characters
Carſe, *pa. t.* of carve, *v. Sax.* cut
Carle, *n. Sax.* a churl, a hardy country fellow
Carmes, *n. pl. Fr.* Carmelite friars
Carole, *n. Fr.* a ſort of dance
Carole, *v. Fr.* to dance, in caroling, in dancing
Carpe, *v.* to talk; by carping of tonge, by ſpeech
Carraine, *n. Fr.* a carrion, dead or putrified fleſh
Carrike, *n. Fr.* a large ſhip
Carte, *n. Sax.* a chariot
Carter, *n. Sax.* a charioteer
Cas, *n. Fr. cas*, chance, upon *cas*, by chance
Cas, *n. Fr. caſſe*, a caſe, quiver
Caſſiodore, *pr. n.* Caſſiodorus, a Roman ſenator and conſul, ſeveral of his works are extant. See *Fabric. Bibl. Lat.* and *Bibl. Med. Æt.*
Caſt, *n. Sax.* a contrivance
Caſte, *v.* to throw, to contrive
Caſteloigne, *pr. n.* Catelonia in Spain
Caſuel, *adj. Fr.* accidental
Catapuce, *n. Fr.* a ſpecies of ſpurge
Catel, *n. Fr.* goods, valuable things of all ſorts
Caterwawed. To gon a caterwawed ſeems to ſignify the ſame as to go a caterwawing, or caterwawling, as it has been called by later writers.
Caught, *pa. t. & part.* of catch
Cavilatioun, *n. Fr.* cavil
Cecile, Cecilie, *pr. n.* Cecilia
Ceiſe, ceſe, are miſprinted for ſeiſe, *v.* to lay hold of.
Celerer, *n. Lat. Celeyarius*, the officer i ſtery who had the care of the proviſi
Celle, *n. Lat.* a religious houſe, it ſeem for a man's head
Celſitude, *n. Fr.* highneſs
Cenſer, *n. Fr.* an incenſe pot
Cenſing, *part. pr. Fr.* fumigating with i
Centaurie, *pr. n.* of an herb
Cercle, *v. Fr.* to ſurround
Cercles, *n. pl. Fr.* circles
Cerial, *adj. Fr.* belonging to the ſpecies led *cerrus*, Lat. *cerro*, Ital. *cerre*
Certain, *adj. Fr.* is uſed ſometimes as a ſ of unces a certain, a certain of gold, tain number of ounces, a certain quant
Certain, certes, *adv.* certainly
Ceruſe, *n. Fr.* whitelead
Ceſed, *part. pa.* for ſeiſed, is uſed in a le to that he be ceſed therwith, till t poſſeſſed thereof, till he have ſeiſin t
Ceſſe, *v. Fr.* to ceaſe
Chace, *v. Fr.* to chaſe, to purſue,
Chafe, *v. Fr.* to grow warm or angry
Chaffare, *n. Sax.* merchandiſe
Chaffare, *v. Sax.* to merchandiſe
Chaire, *n. Fr.* a chair; the chair or pu profeſſor or preacher.
Chalons, blankets, or coverlets, probably from being made at Chalons
Chamberere, *n. Fr.* a chambermaid
Champartie, *n. Fr.* a ſhare of land, a p in power. Lydgate has the ſame c Tra. 139, b. viii. 17.
Clantepleure, *n. Fr.* a ſort of proverbial for ſinging and weeping ſucceſſiv Lydg. Tra. ſtan. the laſt, where he his book is

Lyke chantepleure, now ſinging now

In mſ. Harl. 4333, is a ballad which tr this expreſſion: it begins *Mo..lt pleure chante que ne fait chante pleure*
Chanterie, *n. Fr.* an endowment for the of a prieſt to ſing maſs agreeably to pointment of the founder. There we five of theſe chanteries eſtabliſhed at S which were ſerved by fifty-four prieſt Hiſt. pref. p. 41.
Chapman, *n. Sax.* a merchant or trader
Chapmanhede, *n. Sax.* the condition of man or tradeſman
Char. *n. Fr.* a chariot
Charboucle, *n. Fr.* a carbuncle
Charge, *n. Fr.* a load, burthen, buſineſs of it n'ere no charge; it were no harm: there is no charge, from which there i ſequence to be expected; of that no ch matter for that
Charge, *v. Fr.* to weigh, to incline on ac

weight—which chargeth not to say, which it is of no importance to say
Chargeant, *part. pr.* burthensome
Charmeresse, *n. Fr.* an enchantress
Chastelaine, *n. Fr.* the wife of a chastelain or lord of a castle
Chastie, *v. Fr.* to chastise
Chaunteclere, *pr. n.* of a cock
Checkere, *n. Fr.* a chessboard
Chees, *pa. t.* of chese, *v. Sax.* chose
Cheffis, we should read chefes. The orig. has fromages
Cheke, a term at chess, to give notice to the opposite party that his king, if not removed or guarded by the interposition of some other piece, will be made prisoner: it is derived originally from the Persian *shâh*, *i. e.* king, and means, take care of your king. See Hyde, Hist. Shahilud, p. 3, 4.
Chekelatoun, a robe of state
Chekemate, or simply mate, is a term used at chess when the king is actually made prisoner, and the game consequently finished. The Persian phrase is *shâh mât*, *i. e.* the king is conquered. See Hyde, Hist. Shahilud, p. 152
Chelaundre, *n. Fr.* a goldfinch
Chepe, *v. Sax.* to cheapen, to buy
Chepe, *n.* cheapness
Chepe, *pr. n.* Cheapside in London
Cherche, *n. Sax.* a church
Chere, *n. Fr.* countenance, appearance, entertainment, good cheer
Cherice, *v. Fr.* to cherish
Cherisance, *n. Fr.* comfort
Cherl, *n. Sax.* a man of mean birth and condition
Cherisk, *adj.* illiberal
Ches, *n. Fr.* the game of chess
Chese, *v. Sax.* to choose
Chese, for cheseth
Cheste, *n. Lat.* a coffin
Cheste, *n.* debate
Chesteine, *n. Fr.* the chesnut tree, the chesnut fruit
Chevachie, *n. Fr.* an expedition
Chevalrie, *n. Fr.* knighthood, the manners, exercises, and valiant exploits, of a knight
Chevalrous, *adj.* valiant
Cheve, *v. Fr.* to come to an agreement or conclusion; yvel mote he cheve, ill may he end
Chevesaile, *n. Fr.* a necklace
Chevetain, *n. Fr.* chieftain
Chevisance, *n. Fr.* an agreement for borrowing of money
Chiche, *adj. Fr.* niggardly, sparing
Chidersle, *n. Sax.* a female scold
Chidester, *n. Sax.* a female scold
Chiertee, *n. Fr.* tenderness, affection
Chike, *n. Sax.* a chicken
Chimbe, *n. Sax.* the prominent part of the staves beyond the head of a barrel
Chimbe, *v.* to sound in consonance like bells
Chimeny, *n. Fr.* a chimney
Chinche, *adj.* as chiche
Chincherie, *n.* niggardliness
Chirche, *n. Sax.* a church
Chirchereve, *n. Sax.* a churchwarden
Chirchhawe, *n. Sax.* a churchyard
Chirk, *v. Sax.* to chirp as a sparrow
Chirking, *n.* a disagreeable sound
Chit, for chideth
Chivachee, *n.* as chevachie
Chiver, *v. Sax.* to shiver
Cierges, *n. pl. Fr.* wax tapers
Cipioun, *pr. n.* Scipio
Cipris, *pr. n.* Venus
Circes, *pr. n.* for Circe
Citee, *n. Fr.* a city
Citole, *n. Fr.* a musical instrument. Sir John Hawkins, in his very curious Hist. of Musick, v. ii. p. 106, n. supposes it to have been a sort of dulcimer, and that the name is a corruption of the *Lat. cistella*. Beside the passage which he has quoted from Gower, Conf. Am. 178, it is mentioned again in fol. 189, among the instruments which sounded lowe. See also *Du Cange* in v. *Citola*, and *M. de la Ravaliere*, *Poesies du Roy de Navarre*, t. i. p. 248.
Citrin, *adj. Fr.* of a pale yellow or citron colour
Citrination, *n.* a chymical term. *Arnoldus in Rosario*, mss. l. i c. 5; "*Citrinacio* nihil aliud est "quam completa albedinis digestio, nec albedo "est aliud quam nigredinis ablatio." Gloss. Carpent. in v.
Clamben, *pa. t. pl.* of climb, *v. Sax.*
Clapers, *n. pl. Fr.* rabbit-burrows,
Clappe, *v. Sax.* to knock repeatedly, to talk fast
Clapping, *n.* noisy talking
Clapsed, clasped
Clarré, *n. Fr.* wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained till it is clear; it was otherwise called piment, as appears from the title of the following receipt in the *Medulla Cirurgiæ Relandi*, mss. Bodl. 761, fol. 86; "Clarretum bonum, sive pigmentum.—Accipe nucem moschatam, cariosilos, gingebas, macis, "cinamomum, galangum; quæ omnia in pulverem redacta distempera cum bono cum "tertiâ parte mellis; post cola per sacculum, "et da ad bibendum. Et nota, quod illiud "item potest fieri de cerevisiâ."
Clatternden, *pa. t. pl.* of clatter, *v. Sax.*
Clause, *n. Fr.* an end or conclusion
Clew, *v. Sax.* to stroke, he clawed him on the back, he stroked him on the back to encourage him; to claw on the gall, signifies the same as to rub on a sore place
Cled, for clad
Clenesse, *n. Sax.* purity
Clepe, *v. Sax.* to call, to name
Clergie, *n. Fr.* the clerical profession
Clergial, *adj.* learned
Clergion, *n.* a young clerk
Clerk, *n. Fr.* a person in holy orders, a man of learning, a student at the university
Cleves, *n. pl. Sax.* rocks. See Cliffe
Cliffe, *n. Sax.* a rock
Clifte, *n. Sax.* a cleft
Cliket, *n. Fr.* a key
Clinke, *v. Fr.* to ring, *neut.* to tinkle

Clippe, *v. Sax.* to cut hair, to embrace
Clipsy, *adj.* as if eclipsed
Clobbed, *adj. Sax.* like a club
Cloistre, *n. Fr.* a cloister, an enclosure
Clomben, *pa. t. pl.* of climb, *v. Sax.*
Closer, *n. Fr.* an enclosure
Clote-lese, a leaf of the burdock, or clotebur
Clotered, *part pa. Sax.* clotted
Cloue-gilofre, *Fr.* a clove-tree or the fruit of it
Cloutes, *n. pl. Sax.* small pieces
Clum. This word seems to be formed from the *Sax. v.* cluraian, *mussitare murmurare*, to express the mumbling noise which is made by a congregation in accompanying prayers which they cannot perfectly repeat
Coagulat, *part. pa. Lat.* curdled
Cokes bones, a corruption of a familiar oath
Cod, *n. Sax.* a bag
Cofre, *n. Fr.* a chest
Cogge, *n. Sax.* a cockboat. See *Du Cange* in v. *Cago*
Coilone, *n. pl. Fr.* testicles
Coine, *n. Fr.* a piece of money, a quince
Coint. *adj. Fr.* neat, trim
Coke, *n. Lat.* a cook
Cokeney, *n.* a cook
Cokewold, *n.* a cuckold. How this word has been formed is difficult to say, but probably it has some relation to the *Fr. cocu.* In the best mss. of The Canterbury Tales, it is constantly spelled as above, and is always, I believe, to be pronounced as a trisyllable. The author of The Remedy of Love, ver. 288, *sq.* pretends that the true orthography of this word is cockold, according to a most absurd etymology which he has there given of it; an additional proof (if any were wanted) that The Remedie of Love was not written by Chaucer
Col, *n. a.* a common name for a dog
Cold, *v. Sax.* to grow cold
Coler, *n. Fr.* a collar
Colered, *part. pa.* collared, wearing collars
Collation, *n. Fr.* a conference
Collinges, *n. pl. Fr.* embraces round the neck
Coltish, *adj. Sax.* playful as a colt
Columbine, *adj. Lat.* belonging to a dove, dove-like
Combre-world, *n.* an incumbrance to the world
Combust, *adj. Lat.* burnt, a term in astrology when a planet is not more than 8° 30′ distant from the sun.
Come, for cometh
Commensal, *n. Fr.* a companion at table
Commune, *n. Fr.* commonalty
Communes, *n. pl.* commoners, common people
Compaignable, *adj. Fr.* sociable
Compame, for compagne
Compas, *n. Fr.* a compass a circle; the Trine compas, the Trinity; an appellation borrowed, as it seems, from the common emblem of that mystery, a circle circumscribing a triangle—contrivance
Compasment, *n.* } contrivance
Compassing, *n.* }
Compass, *v.* to contrive, he compassed his thoughts he contrived in his thought
Compenable, *adj.* as compaignable
Compere, *n. Fr.* a gossip, a near friend
Complin, *n. Fr.* complie, evensong, the last service of the day, singing in general
Compowned, *part. pa* composed, put together
Compte, *n. Fr.* account
Concete, *n. Fr.* conception, apprehension
Condescende, *v. Fr.* to yield
Condise, *n. pl. Fr.* conduits
Confecture, *n. Fr.* composition
Confuse, *adj. Fr.* confounded, he became so confuse, he conneth not loke
Conjecte, *v. Lat.* to project
Conisaunce, *n. Fr.* understanding
Conjure, *v. Fr.* to adjure
Conne, *v. Sax.* to know, to be able; I shal not conne answere; I shall not know how—or be able, to answer; thou shalt never—Con, knowen, thou shalt be never able to know—to conne thank, to be pleased or obliged, *sçavoir gre, Fr.* to conne maugre, to be displeased, *sçavoir mal gré*, orig.
Conseil, *n. Fr.* counsel
Consentant, *part pr. Fr.* consentant of this cursednesse, consenting to *i. e.*
Conserve, *v. Fr.* to preserve
Consistory, *n. Fr.* signifies usually an ecclesiastical court, pontus, any court of justice
Constablerie, *n. Fr.* a ward or division of a castle under the care of a constable. *Du Cange* in v. *Constabularius castri*
Conteke, *n. Sax.* contention
Contenance *n. Fr.* appearance, pretence
Contract, *part. pa. Lat* contracted
Contrariauntes, *part. pr.* is used in the plural number, according to the French custom, opposing, contradicting
Contrarie, *v. Fr.* to contradict
Contrarious, *adj. Fr.* opposite, perverse
Contrary, *n. Fr.* adversary
Contrefete, *v. Fr.* to counterfeit, imitate
Controve, *v. Fr.* to invent
Contubernial, *adj. Lat.* familiar
Contune, for continue. This is one of those licences, for the sake of rhyme, which universal custom can alone justify. Our Author seems to have been ashamed of it, as I do not recollect to have met with it in The Canterbury Tales. Lydgate has been less scrupulous. See Trag. 1. b. 14. b. 24. b.
Cope, *n. Fr.* cape, a cloak
Coppe, *n. Sax.* the top of any thing
Corage, *a. Fr.* heart, inclination, spirit, courage
Corbettes, *n. pl. Fr.* niches for statues
Cordeth, for accordeth
Cordewane, *n. Fr.* cordouan, Spanish leather so called from Corduba
Cordileres, *n. pl. Fr.* Cordeliers, an order of friars so called from their wearing a cord instead of a girdle
Corinne, *pr. n.*
Cornewaile, *pr. n.* Cornouaille in Bretagne
Corniculere, *n. Lat* an officer in the Roman government. See *Pitisc. Lex. Ant. Rom.* in v. *Cornicularius*

Cornmuse, *n. Fr.* a bagpipe
Corny, *adj. Sax* strong of the corn or malt
Coroune, *n. Fr.* a crown or garland
Corps, *n. Fr.* body
Corpus, *n. Lat.* body, *corpus Domini*, God's body; *corpus Madrian*
Corrige, *v. Fr.* to correct
Corrumpable, *adj. Fr.* corruptible
Corrumpe, *v. Fr.* to corrupt
Corse, *v. Sax.* to curse
Corseint, *n. Fr.* a holy body, a saint, the corsaynt and the kirke
Corven, *part. pa.* of carve, *v. Sax.* cut
Cosin, *n. Fr.* a cousin or kinsman: it is sometimes used adjectively, allied, related
Cosinage, *n. Fr.* kindred
Costage, *n. Fr.* cost, expence
Costeie, *v. Fr.* to go by the coast
Costlewe, *adj.* costly
Costrell, *n.* a drinking vessel. See *Du Cange*, in v. *Castrellus*
Cote, *n. Sax.* a cottage
Cote, *n. Fr.* a coat, cote-armure, a coat worn over armour, upon which the armorial ensigns of the wearer were usually embroidered
Cotidien, *n. Fr.* daily; it is used as a substantive for a *quotidian* ague
Couche, *v. Fr.* to lay
Couched, *part. pa.* laid, couched with perles, laid or trimmed with pearls
Coud, coude, *pa. t.* of conne, knew, was able
Coveite, *v. Fr.* to covet
Covenable, *adj. Fr.* convenient, suitable
Coverchiefs, *n. pl. Fr.* headclothes
Covercle, *n. Fr.* a potlid
Covert, *adj. Fr.* secret, covered
Covine, *n. Fr.* secret contrivances
Coulpe, *n. Fr.* a fault
Count, *v. Fr.* to account, to esteem
Counterpeise, *n. Fr.* a counterpoise, a weight which balances another
Counterpeise, *v. Fr.* to counterpoise
Counterplete, *v. Fr.* to plead against
Counterwaite, *v. Fr.* to watch against
Countour, *n. Fr. comptoir*, a countinghouse *compteur*, an arithmetician, *Du.* 435.
Countretaille, *n. Fr.* a tally answering exactly to another, hence Echo is said to answer at the countretaille
Coure, *v. Fr.* to sit crouching like a brooding hen
Courtepy, a short cloke of coarse cloth
Court-man, a courtier, *homme de cour*, *Fr.*
Couth, couthe, *pa. t.* of conne, knew, was able *part. pa.* known
Cowardise, *n. Fr.* want of courage. As to the etymology of the adj. from which this word has been formed, I think the opinion of Twysden and Somner [*Gloss. ad X. Script.* v. *Fridewite*] much the most probable, who derive it from the barb. Lat. *culum vertere*, to turn tail, to ran away. See *Du Cange* in v. *Culverta* and *Culvertagium*, who rejects the opinion above mentioned, but without suggesting any thing so plausible. Culvert (as it is written in the oldest and best French mss. that I have seen) might easily be corrupted, according to the French mode of pronunciation, into *couart* and *couard*—I have somewhere seen the French language seriously charged with indelicacy for its frequent and wanton use of the word *cul* in composition; nor can the charge be said to be groundless. Beside the numerous instances which will occur to every body, I suspect that this monosyllable makes part of a common and solemn term in our law, imported originally from France. *Culprist* seems to have been a vulgar name for a prisoner, a person taken by that part which is most exposed in running away. Holinshed has expressed the same idea more delicately, vol. iii. p. 842. "The "prentises were caught by the backs, and had "to prison." And so it is expressed in Ancient Scottish Poems, p. 182, ver. 15—Yet Deid [Death] sal tak him be the bak
Coye, *v. Fr.* to quiet, to soothe
Craftesman, *n. Sax.* a man of skill
Crake, *v. Fr.* to crack
Crake, crakel, *v. Sax.* to quaver hoarsely in singing
Crampish, *v. Fr.* to contract violently, as the cramp does, *An.* 170.
Cratching, *n. Sax.* scratching
Crased, *part. pa. Fr. ecrasé*, broken
Creance, *n. Fr.* faith, belief
Creance, *v. Fr.* to borrow money
Create, *part. pa. Lat.* crincled, circularly formed, perhaps from the island, *kringe*, *cirino*, *gyro*
Crepil *n. Sax.* a cripple
Crevasse, *n. Fr.* a chink or crevice
Criande, *part. pr.* of crie, *n. Fr.* crying
Crips, F. iii. as crispe
Crissippus, *pr. n.* I find the title of a work in Montfaucon, *Bibl. Bibl.* p. 513 to which Chaucer may possibly allude; *Chrysippi discipuli Eutlymii, in Joanem encomium*—and again, p. 1314. *Chrysippi Presbyteri laudatio, S. Joannis Baptistæ.* It is not unlikely that a panygerist on the Baptist might be led by his rage against Herodias to say some harsh things of women in general
Crispe, *adj. Lat.* curled
Croce, *n. Sax.* a cross
Crois, *n. Fr.* a cross
Cromes, *n. pl. Sax.* crumbs
Crommed, *part. pa. Sax.* stuffed, crammed [Killian
Crone, *n. Sax.* an old woman; *kronie*, *ovis vetula*.
Crope, cropen, *part. pa.* of crepe, *v. Sax.* crept
Croppes, *n. pl. Sax.* the extremities of the shoots of vegetables; now in the crop, now at the top; croppe and rote, root and branch; the whole of a thing
Crosselet, *n. Fr.* a crucible
Crouche, *v. Sax.* to sign with the cross,
Croude, *v. Sax.* to shove together
Crouke, *n. Sax.* an earthen pitcher
Croun, *n. Fr.* signifies head
Croupe, *n. Fr.* the ridge of the back
Crowes feet, the wrinkles which spread from the outer corner of the eyes: Spenser describes this mark of old age in the same manner, ecl. 12;

And by mine eie the crow his claw doth wright.

Crowned, *part. pa.* wearing a crown; crowned malice, sovereign malice.
Crull, *adj. Sax.* curled
Cucurbite, *n. Lat.* a gourd, a vessel shaped like a gourd, used in distillation
Culpons, *n. pl. Fr.* shreds, logs
Culver, *n. Sax.* a dove
Cuppe, *n. Fr.* a cup; withouten cuppe he drank all his penance, he took large draughts of grief; he made no use of a cup, but drank out of the pot
Curacion, *n. Fr.* cure, healing
Cure, *n. Fr.* care; I do no cure, I take no care
Curfew-time, according to the Conqueror's edict, is said to have been 8 h. p. m. Walsingham, speaking of an event on the 2d of September 1311, mentions 9 h. as the *hora ignitegii.* It probably varied with the seasons of the year
Curious, *adj. Fr.* careful
Curteis, *adj. Fr.* courteous
Customer, *adj. Fr.* accustomed

D.

Daffe, *n. Sax.* a fool; thou doteſt, daffe, quod she, dull are thy wittes
Dagge, *n.* a slip or shred, pierce plough, 6. b.
Dagged, *part. pa.* cut into slips
Dagging, *n.* slitting, cutting into slips
Dagon, *n.* a slip or piece
Damascene, *pr. n.* the country about Damascus
Damascene, *pr. n.* Joannes Mesae Damascenus, an Arabian physician in the 8th and 9th century. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 256.
Dame, *n. Fr. Lat. domina*, mistress, lady, mother
Dampne, *v. Fr.* to condemn
Dan. *n. Fr. Lat. dominus*, lord, was a title commonly given to monks. It is also prefixed by Chaucer to the names of other persons of all sorts; Dan Arcite, Dan Burrnell, Dan Caton
Dance, *n. Fr.* the old dance, the old game. The French have the same phrase, *elle sceit assez de la vieille Danse.* Colgrave
Danger, *n. Fr.* a dangerous situation: in danger, coyness, sparingness, with danger, sparingly.
Dangerous, *adj.* difficult, sparingly
Dante, *pr. n.* See Gloss. in v. Lavender.
Dapple-gray, the colour which is called in Fr. *pommelé*
Dare, *v. Sax.* to stare.
Dares, *pr. n.* of a supposed historian of the Trojan war, *Du* 1070
Darreine, *v. Fr.* desrener, *Lat.* derationare, to contest
Dart, *n. Sax.* a spear or javelin; the dart is sette up for virginitee. There is an allusion to the same custom in *Lydg. Tra.* 26;

> And oft it happeneth he that hath best ron
> Doth not the spere like his desert possede.

Dasen, *pr. t. pl.* of dase, *v. Sax.* grow dim-sighted
Daunt, *v. Fr.* to conquer, that ne with love may daunted be, orig. *qui par amours ne scit dompter*
Dawe, *v. Sax.* to dawn
Dawnening, *n. Sax.* daybreak
Dawes, *n. pl.* for dayes
Daye, *n. Sax.* day, time, at my day, at the day appointed to me; to graunt him dayes of the remenant, to permit him to pay the remainder at certain days by instalments
Deaurat, *part. pa. Lat.* gilded
Debate, *v. Fr.* to fight
Debonaire, *adj. Fr.* courteous, gentle
Decoped *part. pa. Fr.* cut down
Decorate, *pr. n.* Decoratus
Dede, *v. Sax.* to grow dead; *part. pa.* dead
Dedly, *adj. Sax.* devoted to death
Deduit, *n. Fr.* pleasure
Defait, defaited, *part. pa. Fr.* wasted
Defame, *n. Fr.* infamy
Defame, *v. Fr.* to make infamous
Defaute, *n. Fr.* want defautes, *pl.* defects
Defende, *v. Fr.* to forbid, to ransom
Defence, *n. Fr.* prohibition
Definishe, *v. Fr.* to define, to make a definition of,
Degree, *n. Fr.* a stair, or set of steps, rank in life
Deiden, *pa. t. pl* of deye, *v Sax.* died
Deine, for deien, *inf. m.* of deye, *v. Sax.* to die
Deinous, *adj. Fr.* disdainful
Deintee, *n. Fr.* value, a thing of value; hath deintee, values highly; told no deintee of, set no value upon; it was deintee, it was a valuable thing
Deinteous, *adj.* choice, valuable
Deis, *n. Fr.* a wooden floor
Del, *n. Sax.* a part; never a del, not a bit; every del, every part
Dele, *v. Sax.* to divide
Delibere, *v. Fr.* to deliberate
Delicacie, *n. Fr.* pleasure
Delices, *n. pl. Fr.* delights
Delie, *adj. Fr.* delié, thin, slender
Delit, *n. Fr.* delight
Delitable, *adj. Fr.* delectable
Deliver, *adj. Fr.* nimble, *Conf. Am.* 177, b.
Deliverly, *adv.* quickly
Deliverness, *n. Fr.* agility
Delve, *v. Sax.* to dig
Delavy, *n. Lat.* deluge
Demaine, *v. Fr.* to manage
Demaine, *n. Fr.* management
Deme, *v. Sax.* to judge
Demoniak, *n. Fr.* one possest by a devil
Dent, *n. Sax.* a stroke. See Dint
Denwere, *n.* doubt, *Sk.* This interpretation fits well enough with the only passage in which I have found this word; but I should be glad to see some other instance of the use of it.
De par dieux jeo assente, in God's name I agree.
Depart, *v. Fr.* to part, to distribute
Depeint, *part. pa. Fr.* painted
Dequance, *v.* to shake down, q?
Dere, *v. Sax.* to hurt
Dere, *adj. Sax.* dear
Dereling, *n. Sax.* darling
Dereworth, *adj. Sax.* precious, valued at a high rate

idj. Sax. secret
imp. of dere
iii. 270, as deis
orie, n. Fr. a vessel used in chemistry for
ttraction of oils per descensum
m, inf. m. Fr. to describe
, adj. Fr. eager
part. pa. Lat. abandoned, distressed
n. Fr. malicious anger
s, adj. angry to excess
ifly, adv. angrily
, v. Fr. to undress
ie, v. Fr. to vex, to constrain
n. Fr. a war horse, Lat. dextrarius
destruie, v. Fr. to destroy
inat, part. pa. Lat. fixed, determined
, adj. free from debt
dj. Sax. deaf
g, n. Fr. divination
n. Fr. direction
v. Fr. to direct, to order, to relate; at
devise; a point devisé, Fr. with the great-
actness
n. Fr. duty; wele thei stode and did ther
e
probably originally meant a day-labourer
neral, though it may since have been used
enote particularly a superintendent of a
ie. See Du Cange, in v. Daeria, Dayeria,
scalei
. Sax. to dye
n. Sax. a dyer
l, part. pa. Fr. diversified with flourishes, &c.
v. Sax. to dig, to surround with a ditch
r died
a. t. of do, v. Sax. diden, pa. t. pl.
Sax. to tinge
t. Fr. daily food
, n. Fr. bad reputation. See Defame
ble, adj. Lat. easy to be digested
ves, n. pl. Fr. things to help digestion
v. Sax. to dispose, to dress
adj. Fr. worthy, proud, disdainful
. Sax. to dig, to make ditches
ion, n. Fr. enlargement [thunder
. Sax. as dent; thonder-dint, a stroke of
ides, pr. n. of a Greek writer on plants,
e work is extant
y, n. Fr. disorder
ince, v. Fr. to drive back
iture, n. Fr. misfortune
ie, v. Fr. to clear from blame
fiture, n. Fr. defeat
fort, n. Fr. displeasure
forten, v. Fr. to discourage
rte, adj. Fr. at discoverte, uncovered; a
uvert
ous, adj. Fr. disdainful
ese, n. Fr. diminution
ese, v. neut. Fr. to decrease
re, n. Fr. deformity
ted, part. pa. Fr. disinherited, stripped of
ssions
le, part. pa. Fr. with hair hanging loose,
velé

Disjoint, n. Fr. a difficult situation
Disobeisant, part. pr. Fr. disobedient
Disordeined, part. pa. Fr. disorderly
Disordinate, adj. Lat. disorderly
Disordinaunce. n. Fr irregularity
Disparage, n. Fr. a disparagement
Dispence, n. Fr. expense
Disperance, n. Fr. despair
Dispitous, adj. angry to excess. See Despitous
Displesance, n. Fr. displeasure
Dispone, v. Lat. to dispose
Disport, n. Fr. deport, sport, diversion
Disport, v. to divert
Dispreising, part pa. Fr. undervaluing
Disputison, n. Fr. dispute; the clergie of the south made a disputesoun
Distrulily, adv. irregularly
Dissimule, v. Fr. to dissemble
Dissimulings, n. pl. Fr. dissemblings
Dissoned, part. pa. Fr. dissonant
Distaine, v. Fr. to discolour, to take away the colour
Distinct, v. Lat. to distinguish
Distingued, part. pa. Fr. distinguished
Distourbled, p. t. Fr. disturbed
Distreyne, v. Fr. to constrain. See Destreine
Distrouble, v. Fr. to disturb
Disturne, v. Fr. to turn aside
Dite, v. Fr. to dictate, to write
Dites, n. pl. Fr. sayings, ditties
Ditus, pr. n. Dictys Cretensis
Diverse, adj. Fr. different
Diverse, v. to diversify
Divine, n. for divinity
Divinistre, n. Fr. a divine
Do, v. do, for don, part. p.
Doand, part. pr. doing
Dogerel, adj. derived, I suppose, from dog, so that rime-dogerel may be understood to mean what in French may be called *rime de chien*. See Cotgrave in v. *Chien*; *chose de chien*, a paltry thing, a trifle, trash, trumpery
Dogge for the bowe, a dog used in shooting
Doke, n. Sax. a duck
Dole, n. Sax. as del
Dole, n. Fr. grief, mourning
Dolven, part. pa. of delve, v. Sax. buried
Dombe, adj. Sax. dumb
Dome, n. Sax. judgment, opinion
Domesman, n. Sax. a judge
Donet, n. a grammar, the elements of any art, from Ælius Donatus, a Roman grammarian, whose Introduction to the Latin language [*inter Gramm. Vet. Putsch.* p. 1735.] was commonly read in schools; then drave I me among drapers my donet to lerne, *Pierce Plough*, 23. b.
Donmow, pr. n. See *Pierce Plough*, 44. b.
Donne, don, adj. Sax. of a brown or dun colour
Dormant, part. pr. Fr. fixed, ready—*Les vaisseaux qui là dormointa l' ancre*, *Froissart*, v. iii. c. 52
Dortour, n. Fr. a dormitory, or common sleeping-room
Dosein, n. Fr. a dozen
Dosser, n. Fr. a basket to be carried on the back

Dote, *v. Sax.* to be foolish through age or otherwise
Doth, *imp. m. 2d per. pl.* of do, do ye
Douced, may perhaps be a corruption of doucete, which is the name of a musical instrument in a poem of Lydgate's, ms. Bodl. Fairf. 16.

Ther were trumpes and trumpetes,
Lowde shallys and doucetes.

Doughtren, *n. pl. Sax.* daughters
Doutance, *n. Fr.* doubt
Doute, *v. Fr.* to fear
Douteless, douteles, *adv.* without doubt
Doutous, *adj.* doubtful
D'outre mere, *Fr.* from beyond sea, *Du.* 253.
Dowaire, *n. Fr.* dower
Dradde, drad, *p. t.* & *part.* of drede, *v. Sax.* feared
Draf, *n. Sax.* things thrown away as unfit for man's food
Draf-sack, a sack full of draff
Drafty, *adj. Sax.* of no more value than draff
Dragges, *n. pl. Fr.* drugs
Drede, *n. Sax* fear, doubt; withouten drede, without doubt; out of drede, out of doubt
Drede, *v. Sax.* to fear, dred, *pa. t.* for drad
Dredeful, *adj.* timorous
Dredeles, *adv.* without doubt
Dreint, *pa. t.* & *part.* of drenche, drowned
Drenche, *v. Sax.* to drown
Drenche, *v. neut. Sax.* to be drowned
Drerinesse, *n. Sax* sorrow
Drery, *adj. Sax.* sorrowful
Dresse, *v. Fr.* to address, apply
Dretche, *v. act. Sax.* to vex, to trouble
Dretched, *part. pa.* oppressed, troubled, *Conf. Am.* 79
Dretche, *v neut. Sax.* to delay, *Conf. Am.* 178
Dretching, *n.* delay
Drie, *v. Sax.* to suffer
Drife, *v. Sax.* to drive
Drinkeles, *adj. Sax.* without drink
Dronkelew, *adj. Sax.* given to drink, *Pierce Plough* 41
Dronken, *part. pa.* of drink, *v. Sax.* drunk
Drough, *pa. t.* of draw, *v. Sax.* drew
Drovy, *adj. Sax.* dirty
Druerie, *n. Fr.* courtship, gallantry, a mistress. See *Du Cange* in v. *Drudaria.*—The reader may perhaps be not displeased to see the following description of a drut or lover, by Guillem Aesmar, a Provencal poet, ms. Crosts, fol. 219.

Ben paoc ama drut, qi non es gelos,
Et paoc ama, qi non est airos,
Et paoc ama, qi non es solettis,
Et paoc ama, qi non fa tracios;
Mais vaut d amor qi ben est enveios
Un dolz plorar non fait qatorze ris.
Quant eu li quier merce en genoillos,
E la mi colpa et mi met ochaisos,
Et l aigua m cur avel per mer lo vis,
Et ela m fai un regard amoros,
Et eu li bais la bucha els ols amdos,
Adonc mi par un ioi de paradis.

Drugge, *v. Sax.* to drag
Dubbed, *part pa Sax.* created a knight; the phrase is derived from the stroke (with a sword or otherwise), which was always a principal ceremony at the creation of a knight; at dubbon, Island, signifies to strike: this stroke in French was called *la colée.* See *L'Ordene de Chevalerie par Hue de Tabarie*, ver. 244, *seq.* published by M. Barbazan and *Du Cange* in v. *Alapa Militaris*
Duetee, *n. Fr.* duty, what is due to any one
Dulle, *v. act Sax.* to make dull
Dulle, *v neut Sax* to grow dull
Dun is in the mire. See Ray's Proverbial Similes, p. 319, as dull as Dun in the mire. I suppose Dun was a nickname given to the ass from his colour, as well as Burnell
Dure, *Fr.* to endure
Duresse, *n. Fr.* hardship, severity
Dusked, *pa. t. Sax.* grew dark or dim
Dutee, as duetee
Dwale, *n. Sax.* a sleeping potion
Dwellings, *n. pl Sax.* delays; moras, orig.
Dwined, *part. pa. Sax.* wasted

E.

Eared, *part. pa.* ploughed. See Ere
Ebraiske, *adj.* Hebrew
Ecclesiast, *n.* an ecclesiastical person, the book of Ecclesiastes or Ecclesiasticus
Eche, *adj Sax* ælce, each one, every one, of any number
Eche, *v. Sax.* to add, to add to, to encrease
Edippe, *pr n.* Œdipus
Effect, *n Fr.* substance
Eft, *adv. Sax.* again
Eftsone, eftsones, *adv. Sax.* soon after, presently
Egalitee, *n. Fr.* equality
Eger, egre, *adj. Fr.* sharp
Egge, *v. Sax.* to incite
Eggement, *n. Sax.* incitement
Egging, *n.* as eggement
Egremoine, *n. Fr.* agrimony
Eire, for air
Eitel, *n. Sax.* vinegar
Elat, *part pa. Lat* elated
Elde, *n. Sax.* old age
Elde, *v. Sax.* to make old, *v. neut.* to grow old
Elenge, *adj.* strange, *Ur.* It sometimes seems to signify dull, cheerless, as in *Pierce Plough*, 111, b. heavy-chered I yede, and elenge in herte.
Elengenesse, *n.* in the orig. soucy, care, trouble
Elfe, *n Sax* a witch, a faery
Elf-quene, *n.* queen of elves or faeries
Eli, *pr. n.* seems to be put for Elie. See 1 Kings, chap. 19
Elie, *pr n.* Elijah. The Carmelites pretend that Elijah was the founder of their order
Elisee, *pr. n.* Elisha, the disciple of Elijah
Elles, *adv. Sax.* else; elles what, any thing else; elles wher, elsewhere
Elvish, *adj. Sax.* faery-like, fantastick; it sometimes seems to signify shy, reserved
Embelise, *v. Fr.* to beautify

Emboldc, *v. Fr.* to make bold
Emboyſſement, *n. Fr.* ambuſh
Embrouded, *part. pa. Fr.* embroidered
Eme, *n. Sax.* uncle
Emforth, *prep. Sax.* even with; emforth my might, even with my might, with all my power; emforth my wit, to the utmoſt of my underſtanding: it is a corruption of evenforth, which occurs at length in *Pierce Plough*, 66, b. evenforth with thyſelſe
Empeire, *v. Fr.* to impair, hurt
Emperice, *n. Fr.* emperefs
Emplaſtre, *v. Fr.* to plaſter over
Emplie, *v.* to infold, to involve; implicat, orig.
Empoiſoner, *n. Fr.* a poiſoner
Empreſſe, *v. neut. Fr.* to crowd
Emprife, *n. Fr.* undertaking
Empte, *v. Sax.* to empty
Embattelled, *part. pa. Fr.* indented like a battlement
Enbibing, *part. pr. Lat.* imbibing
Enboſed, *part. pa. Fr. emboſqué*, ſheltered in a wood, *Du.* 353
Enboſſed, *part. pa. Fr. emboſſé*, raiſed
Enbrace, *v. Fr.* to take hold of
Enbraude, *v. Fr.* to embroider
Encenſe, *n. Fr.* incenſe
Encenſe, *v. Fr.* to burn incenſe, to burn incenſe to
Enchaufing, *n. Fr.* heat
Encheſon, *n. Fr.* cauſe, occaſion
Encorporing, *part. pr. Fr.* incorporating
Endelong, *prep. Sax.* along, *adv.* lengthways
Endetted, *part. pa. Fr.* indebted
Endite, *v. Fr.* to dictate, relate
Endoute, *v. Fr.* to doubt, to fear
Endrie, *v. Sax.* to ſuffer
Enee, *pr. n.* Æneas
Eneidos, *pr. n.* Virgils Æneis
Enfamined, *part. pa. Fr.* hungry
Enfecte, *v. Fr.* to infect, *part. pa.* infected
Enforce, *v. Fr.* to ſtrengthen
Enforced, *part. pa.* conſtrained by force
Enfortune, *v. Fr.* to endow with a certain fortune
Engendrure, *n. Fr.* generation
Engined, *part. pa. Fr.* racked, tortured
Engluting, rather enluting, ſtopping with clay
Engregge, *v. Fr.* to aggravate
Engreve, *v. Fr.* to hurt
Enhaunſe, *v. Fr.* to raiſe
Enhaunſed, *part. pa.* raiſed
Enhort, *v. Fr.* to exhort
Enlaced, *part. pa. Fr.* entangled
Enlangoured, *part. pa. Fr.* faded with langour
Enleven, *num. Sax.* eleven
Enlumine, *v. Fr.* to illuminate
Enoint, *part. pa. Fr.* anointed
Enſeled, *part. pa. Fr.* ſealed up, kept ſecret
Enſpire, *v. Fr.* to inſpire
Enſure, *v. Fr.* to aſſure
Entaile, *n. Fr.* ſhape
Entailed, *part. pa. Fr.* carved
Entalente, *v Fr.* to excite
Entend, *v. Fr.* to attend
Entendement, *n. Fr.* underſtanding
Entente, *n. Fr.* intention
Ententif, *adj. Fr.* attentive
Enterchangeden, *pa. t. pl. Fr.* exchanged
Entermedled, *part. pa. Fr.* intermixed
Entermete, *v. Fr.* to interpoſe
Enterpart, *v. Fr.* to ſhare
Entetched, *part. pa. Fr. entaché*; it is applied indifferently to things and perſons marked or endowed with good or bad qualities: entetched and defouled with yvel, ſtained and defiled with evil; the beſt entetched, endowed with the beſt qualities
Entree, *n. Fr.* entry
Entremees, *n. pl. Fr.* choice diſhes ſerved in between the courſes at a feaſt, *Cotg.*
Entrike, *v. Fr.* to deceive, to entangle
Entuned, *part. pa. Fr.* tuned
Entunes, *n. pl. Fr.* ſongs, tunes, *Du.* 309.
Envenime, *v. Fr.* to poiſon
Enveniming, *n.* poiſoning
Envie, *v. Fr.* to vie, to contend, *Du.* 406
Environ, *adv. Fr.* about, *Conſ. Am.* 239, b.
Environ, *v. Fr.* to ſurround
Envoluped, *part. pa. Fr.* wrapt up
Envyned, ſtored with wine
Epiſtolis, *Lat.* epiſtles
Equipolences, *n. pl. Fr.* equivalents
Er, *adv. Sax.* before, before that
Erande, *n. Sax.* a meſſage, an errand, *Du.* 134.
Ere, *v. Fr.* to plough
Ereos, for Eros, *pr. n. Gr.* Love
Erke, *adj. Sax.* weary, ſick,
Erly *adv. Sax.* early
Erme, *v. Sax.* to grieve
Ermin, *adj.* Armenian
Erneſt, *n. Sax.* zeal, ſtudious purſuit of any thing
Erneſtful, *adj.* ſerious
Erratike, *adj. Fr.* wandering, applied to the planets
Erraunt, *part. pr. Fr.* ſtrolling, applied to a thief
Ers, erſe, *n. Sax.* the fundament
Erſt, *adv. ſuperl.* of er, firſt, at erſt, at firſt, for the firſt time; it is ſometimes redundant, long erſt or, long before
Ertheles, *adj. Sax.* without earth
Eſchaunge, *n. Fr.* exchange
Eſcheve, eſchuè *v. Fr.* to ſhun, to decline
Eſculapius, *pr. n.* a book of medicine under his name is mentioned by *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* t. i p. 56, n.
Eſe, *n. Fr* pleaſure
Eſe, *v.* to accommodate
Eſement, *n.* relief
Eſie, *adj.* gentle, light; eſie ſighes, which paſſage Lord Surrey has copied, Songes, &c. p. 12, "and "eaſy ſighes, ſuch as folkes draw in love."
Eſier, *comp. d.* lighter; of eſier avail; of lighter or leſs value
Eſilich, *adv.* gently
Eſperus, *pr. n.* Heſperus, a name of the planet Venus
Eſpiaille, *n. Fr.* ſpying, private watching
Eſpirituell, *adj. Fr.* ſpiritual, heavenly
Eſſoine *n. Fr.* a legal excuſe
Eſtat, eſtate, *n. Fr.* ſtate, condition, adminiſtration of government

Estatelich, *adj.* stately
Estres, *n. pl. Fr.* the inward parts of a building
Eterne, *adv. Lat.* everlasting
Ethe, *adj. Sax.* easy
Evangiles, *n. pl. Fr.* gospels
Even, *adj. Sax.* equal; an even Cristen, a fellow Christian
Evenlike, *adj. Sax.* equal
Evenlike, *adv.* equally
Ever, *adv. Sax.* always; ever in on, continually in the same manner; ever lenger the more, where this elliptical phrase is expressed at length.
Everich, *adj. Sax.* every one of many, each of two
Ew, *n. Sax.* yew
Exaltat, *part. pa. Lat.* exalted
Exametron, is explained by the context to signify a verse of six feet; it usually signifies the heroic verse, but here, I suppose, must be understood to mean the iambic, in which the ancient tragedies were commonly versified.
Executour, *n. Fr.* executioner
Executrice, *n. Fr.* a female executioner
Exorcisations, *n. pl. Fr.* exorcisms, conjurations
Expans yeres, "In this and the following verses "the poet describes the Alphonsine astronomical "tables by the several parts of them, wherein "some technical terms occur which were used "by the old astronomers, and continued by the "compilers of those tables. Collect years are "certain sums of years, with the motions of the "heavenly bodies corresponding to them, as of "20, 40, 60, &c. disposed into tables; and expans "years are the single years, with the motions of "the heavenly bodies answering to them, be-"ginning at 1, and continued on to the smallest "collect sum, as 20, &c. A root or radix is any "certain time taken at pleasure, from which as "an era the celestial motions are to be com-"puted. By proporcionel convenientes are meant "the tables of proportional parts." Gloss. *Ur.* "Argument in astronomy is an arch whereby "we seek another unknown arch proportional "to the first." *Chambers*
Expectaunt, *part. pa. Fr.* waiting
Expleite, *v. Fr.* to perform
Ey, *n. Sax.* an egg; but as it were a grypes aye, *Conf. Am.* 22
Ey, *interj.*
Eyen, *n. pl. Sax.* eyes
Eyre, *for* air
Eyrish, *adj.* aerial, belonging to the air

F.

Fable, *n. Fr.* idle discourse
Faconde, *n. Fr.* eloquence
Facounde, *adj.* eloquent *Du.* 926.
Faerie, *n. Fr.* the nation of Faeries. Enchantment, the work of faeries; king of Faerie; quene of Faerie; contree of Faerie
Fain, *adj. Sax.* glad; than was I as fayne as foule of fayre morowe, *Pierce Plough*, 47, b.
Fain, *adv.* gladly
Faine, *v. Fr.* to feign, to dissemble; to swinke and travail he not faineth, he does not feign or pretend only to labour, *i. e.* he labours seriously.
Fairehede, *n. Sax.* beauty
Faitour, *n. Fr.* a lazy idle fellow, *Pierce Plough*, 32 b. 33 b. faitard, faiteur, un paresseur, *pigr. Lacombe*
Falding, a kind of coarse cloth, *Sk.* He derives it from the A. S feald, plica: however that may be Helmoldus [*Chron. Slav.* l. i. c. 1,] speaks of *indumenta lanea* (probably coarse enough) *quæ nos appellamus faldones*; and *fallin* in Irish, according to Lhuyd, signifies a mantle. Giraldus Cambr. [*Topog. Hibern, dist.* 3. c. 10,] describes the Irish as clothed in *phalingis laneis, vice palliorum.* Faldyng cloth, *Amphibalus. Birm. Prompt. Parvi* Row cloth, as faldyng and other like. *Endromis Amphibalus ibid.* See *Du Cange*, in v. *Amphibalus*
Fall, *for* fallen, *part. pa.*
Falsen, *v. Fr.* to falsify, to deceive
Falwe, *adj. Sax.* yellow
Falwes, *n. pl. Sax.* harrowed lands
Famuler, *adj. Lat.* domestic
Fan, *n.* the quintaine, which is called a fan or vane, from its turning round like a weathercock. See *Du Cange* in v. *Vana, Menestrier sur les tournois, Dict. Etymol.* in v. *Quintaine*, and *Kennet's Parech.*
Fande, *pa. t.* of finde, *v. Sax.* found
Fane, *n.* a weathercock
Fantasie, *n. Fr.* fancy
Fantome, *n. Fr.* any false imagination; *et dirent plusiers qui'ls avoient esté en* fantosme. *Froissart*, v. i. c. 63
Farce, *v. Fr.* farder, to paint
Fardel, *n. Fr.* a burthen
Fare, *v. Sax.* to go; to fare wel, to speed, to be happy
Fare, *n.* seems to have been derived from the French v. faire, whenever it can be interpreted by the word ado; this hote fare; for which the wardein chidde and made fare; what amounteth all this fare? betwixt us: wo nedeth no strange fare; and leve this nice fare. In other instances it follows the sense of the Saxon v. fare, as in the compound words welfare, thoroughfare, &c.
Faren, fare, *part. pa.*
Fares, *for* fareth
Faring, *part. pr.*
Farme, *n. Sax.* food, a meal. See *Spelman* in v. *Firma*
Farse, *v. Fr.* farcir, to stuff
Fathe, *n.* See Lathe
Faute, *n. Fr.* want
Fawe, *adj. Sax.* glad; as fain
Fay, *n. Fr.* faith
Fayre, *adj. Sax.* fair
Fayre, *adv.* fairly, gracefully
Feblesse, *n. Fr.* weakness
Fecche, *v. Sax.* to fetch
Fee, *n. Sax.* money. It seems to signify inheritable possessions, in contradistinction to money or moveables

. *Fr.* to infeoff, to present
. *Fr.* to feign
. *Sax.* cruel, destructive
n. *Sax.* fellow, companion
iip, *n. Sax.* company
ipe, *v.* to accompany
. *Sax.* a field
pa. t. pl. of felle, *v. Sax.* felled, made to

. *Sax.* many
Sax. to feel, to have sense, to perceive
Sax. skin
n Fr. all sorts of criminal violence
adj. Fr. cruel
, *pr. n.* the country of Amazons
iitee, *n. Fr.* womanhood
Sax. an enemy, the devil
ie, *adj.* devilish
n. the name of the sections of Avicenne's work intituled *Canum*. See *Canon*
part. pa. Fr. infeoffed
. *Sax.* far
mp. further
superl. furthest
red, *part. pa.* of fere, terrified
rde, *pa. t.* of fare
pa. t. pl.
Sax. a companion, a wife, in fere, together in company
r fire
Sax. fear
Sax. to terrify
, ferforthly, *adv. Sax.* far forth
dj. Sax. strange
e, *for* pharmacie, *n. Fr.* a medicine
. *Fr.* a farm
re, *n. Lat. infirmarius*, the officer in a religious house who had the care of the infirmary,
nge in v.
dv. Sax. before
. *Fr.* fierce
Du 654, *seq.* the piece at chess next to the which we and other European nations he queen, though very improperly, as has observed. *Pherz* or *Pherzân*, which Persian name for the same piece, signifies ing's chief counsellor or general. *Hist.*
ud. p. 88, 9
, *n. Sax.* a farthing, any very small thing; thing—of grese, not the smallest spot of

Sax. fist
Fr. feast
g, *part. pr. Fr.* feasting
adj. used to feasts
. *Sax.* a vetch
Fr work
dj. well made, neat
adv. neatly, properly
t, *part. pa.* of fecche
Fr. faith
Fr. a fair or market
n. Fr. trust
Sax. a fiddle
fell, *pa. t.* of fall

Finch, *n. Sax.* a small bird; to pull a finch, was a proverbial expression, signifying to strip a man by fraud of his money, &c.

> If I may gripe a riche man
> I shall so *pulle* him, if I can,
> That he shall in a fewe stoundes
> Lese all his markes and his poundes.—
> Our maidens shall eke plucke him so
> That him shall neden fethers mo.

> Withoute scalding they hem *pulle*.

Find, *v. Sax.* to find, to supply. Fint, *for* findeth
Fine, fin, *n. Fr.* end
Fine, *v. Fr.* to cease
Fine, *adj. Fr.* of fine force, of very necessity
Fit. *n. Sax.* a division or short portion of a poem. See Gloss. *Percy* in v.
Fittingest, *adj. sup. Sax.* most fitting
Fixe, *adj. Fr.* fixed
Flaie, *for* fley, *pa. t.* of flee, flew
Flaine, *part. pa.* of flaie, *v. Sax.* flaied or flead,
Flambe, *n. Fr.* flame
Flatour, *n. Fr.* a flatterer. *Conf. Am.* 154, b.
Flawe, *adj.* yellow, from the *Lat. flavus*. Gloss. *Ur*
Flecked, *adj.* spotted
Fleckering, *part. pr.* See *Flicker*
Flee, *v. neut. Sax.* to fly
Fleen, *n. pl. Sax.* fleas
Fleme, *v. Sax.* to banish
Flemed, *part. pa.*
Flemer, *n.* banisher
Flete, *v. Sax.* to float, to swim
Flete, *for* fleteth
Fleting, *part. pr.*
Flicker, *v. neut. Sax.* to flutter
Flit, *v. neut. Sax.* to fly; *elle fuit*, orig.
Flit, *v. act. R.* to remove
Flitering, *part. pr.* floating, *fluitantus* orig.
Flitted, *part. pr.* removed, shifted
Flo, *n. Sax.* an arrow, Flone, *pl.*
Flockmel, *adv. Sax.* in a flock
Florein, *pr. n.* a species of gold coin
Flotery, *adj. Sax.* floating
Flotte, *v. Fr.* to float,
Flotte, *v.* as flete
Floureles, *adj.* without flower
Flourette, *n. Fr.* a small flower
Floyting, playing on the flute
Foine, *v. Fr.* to make a pass in fencing, to push
Foison, *n. Fr.* abundance
Foled, *part. pa. Sax.* foaled
Folehardiness, *n. Fr.* rashness,
Fole-large, *adj. penult*, foolishly liberal
Folie, *n. Fr.* folly
Folily, *adv.* foolishly
Folwe, *v. Sax.* to follow
Foly, *adj.* foolish
Fond, *adj. Sax.* foolish
Fond, *pa. t.* of find
Fonde, *v. Sax.* to try
Fong, *v. Sax.* to take
Fonne, *n. Sax.* a fool

Fonnie, *v.* to be foolish
Font-stone, *n. Sax.* a font for baptizing
For, *prep. Sax. pro. Lat. pour. Fr.*; it is frequently prefixed to verbs in the infinitive mood in the French manner; for to tellen; for to don; *pour dire, pour faire*; for to han ben, *pour avoir été*. It sometimes signifies against; for percing of his herte, against, or to prevent, piercing; for steling of the rose; against stealing. See *Pierce Plough*; 31. some shall sowe the sacke for shedding of the wheate, *i. e.* to prevent shedding
For, *conj. Sax. quia, Lat. pour ce que, Fr.* because that; for him luste to ride so; for she wolde virtue plese; for I teche
For, in composition, has various powers; it is most commonly intensive of the signification of the word with which it is joined, as in fordronken, fordry, forfered, &c.; sometimes privative, as in forboden, foryete; and sometimes only communicative of an ill sense, as in forfaite, forfare, forjuged, &c.
For, *Fr.* and ver, *Belg.* have similar powers in composition
Forbere, *v. Sax.* to abstain
Forboden, *part. pa.* of forbede, *v. Sax.* forbidden
Forbrake, *pa. t.* broke off; abrupi, orig.
Forbrused, *part. pa. Fr.* sorely bruised
Force, *n. Fr.* no force, no matter; I do no force, I care not; I do no force of your divinitee, I care not for your divinity; no force of deth, no matter for death; they yeve no force, they care not; *de fruit avoir ne fait* force. orig.
Forcutte, *v. Sax.* to cut through
Fordo, *v. Sax.* to do away, to ruin
Fordon, fordo, *part. pa.* undone
Fordrive, (fordriven) *part. pa. Sax.* driven away
Fordronken, *part. pa. Sax.* very drunken
Fordry, *adj. Sax.* very dry
Fordwined, *part. pa. Sax.* wasted away
Fore, (foren) *part. pa.* of fare, *v. Sax.* gone
Fore *prep. Sax.* is seldom used by itself; in composition it has the power of before.
Forein, *n.* a jakes, Gloss. *Ur* from *Sk.*; the context seems rather to require that it should signify an outward court or garden
Foreweting, *n. Sax.* foreknowledge
Forewote, forewete, *v. Sax.* to foreknow
Forfaite, *v. Fr.* to misdo
Forfare, *v. Sax.* to fare ill
Forfered, *part. pa. Sax* much afraid
Forgifte, *n Sax.* forgiveness
Forgon, *inf. v. Sax.* to omit, to lose
Forgrowen, *part. pa. Sax.* overgrowen
Forjuged, *part. pa. Fr.* wrongfully judged
Forkerve, *v. Sax.* to carve or cut through
Forlaft, *part. pa. Sax.* left off entirely
Forlese, *v. Sax.* to lose entirely
Forlete, *v. Sax.* to give over, to quit
Forlore, (forloren) *part. pa. Sax.* utterly lost
Forloyne, *n. Fr.* forlonge, a term of the chase, which signifies that the game is far off, *Du.* 386
Forme, *adj. Sax.* first; Adam our forme father
Formest, *adj. sup. Sax.* first. *Du.* 892
Formell, A. F. 371, is put for the female of any fowl, more frequently for a female eagle
Forpined, *part. pa. Sax.* wasted a way, tormented
Forsake, *v. Sax.* to deny
Forshapen, *part. pa. Sax.* transformed
Folshronke, (forshronken) *part. pa. Sax.* shrunk up
Forsleuthe, forslouthe, forslugge, *v. Sax.* to lie through sloth
Forsongen, *part. pa. Sax.* tired with singing
Forster, *n. Fr.* a forester
Forestraught, *part. pa. Sax* distracted
Forthby, *adv. Sax.* forward by
Forther, *v. Sax.* to further, to advance
Forthinke, *v. Sax.* to grieve, to vex
Forthought, *pa. t.* of forthinke
Forthren, *inf. m.* of forther
Forthy. *conj. Sax.* therefore
Fortroden, *part. pa.* of fortread, *v. Sax.* treden down
Fortuit, *adj. Fr.* accidental
Fortune, *v. Fr.* to make fortunate, to give good or bad fortune
Fortunous, *adj.* proceding from fortune
Forwaked, *part. pa. Sax.* having waked long
Forwandred, *part. pa. Sax.* having wandred long
Forwelked, *part. pa. Sax.* much wrinkled
Forwept, *part. pa. Sax.* having much wept
Forwered, *part. pa. Sax.* worn out
Forewerie, *adj. Sax.* very weary
Forword, (foreword) *n. Sax.* a promise or covenant
Forwounded, *part. pa. Sax.* much wounded
Forwrapped, *part. pa.* wrapped up
Foryelde, *v. Sax.* to repay
Foryete, *v. Sax.* to forget
Foryetten, *part. pa.*
Foster, *n. Fr.* as foster
Fostred, *part. pa.* of foster, *v. Sax.* nourished
Fostring, *n.* nutriment
Fote-hot, immediately
Fote-mantel, means, I suppose, a sort of riding-petticoat, such as is now used by market-women
Fother, *n. Sax.* a carriage-load; an indefinite large quantity
Foudre, *n. Fr.* lightning
Foule, *v. Sax.* a bird
Found, *pa. t.* of find, supplied
Founde, *v.* as fonde
Foundred, *pa. t.* of founder, *v. Fr.* fell down
Fowertie, *num. Sax.* forty
Foxerie, *n.* foxish manners
Fra, for fro, *prep. Sax.* from; it is sometimes used adverbially, till and fra, to and fro
Fraine, *v. Sax.* to ask
Franknet, *n. pl. Sax.* spots, freckles
Franchise, *n. Fr.* frankness, generosity
Frank, *n.* a denomination of French money; answering at present to the *livre Tournois*
Frankelein, *pr. n.*
Fraught, *v. Sax.* to freight, load a ship
Fre, *adj. Sax.* willing, unconstrained, at liberty, liberal, bountiful
Fredom, *n. Sax.* as franchise
Freeltee. *n. Fr.* frailty
Fregius, for Phrygius

Fremde, fremed, *adj. Sax.* strange, to frend he to fremed, *Pierce Plough*, 79
Frenetike *adj. Fr.* frantick
Frenseie, *n. Fr.* a frenzy
Frere, *n. Fr.* a frier, *Pierce Plough*, 12. a. b.
Freshe, *v. Fr.* to refresh
Fret, *n. Fr.* a band
Fret, frette, *part. pa. Fr.* fraught, filled, or perhaps wrought in a kind of fretwork: a sort of blazon is called *fretté*; and through the fret full of falshede—we should read—a trouthe fret full of falshede
Frete, *v. Sax.* to eat, devour
Freting, *part. pr.*
Frette, (freted) *part. pa.*
Freyne, *v. Sax.* as fraine
Frise, *pr. n.* Friezland
Frote, *v. Fr.* to rub
Frounceles, *adj. Fr.* without wrinkle
Froward, *adj. Sax.* averse
Fro ye, from you; ye is put for you, that fro ye may rhyme, in appearance at least, with joye and Troye
Fructuous, *adj. Fr.* fruitful
Fruitestere, *n. Sax.* a female seller of fruit
Ful-drive, *part. pa.* fully driven, completed
Fulke, (*Fr.* folke) *n. Sax.* people
Fulsumnesse, *n. Sax.* satiety
Fumetere, *pr. n.* of a plant, fumitory, *fumaria—purgat bilem et humores adustos. Ray's Synopsis.*
Fumositee, *n. Fr.* fumes arising from excessive drinking
Fundament, *n. Fr.* foundation
Furial, *adj. Fr.* raging
Fusible, *adj. Fr.* capable of being melted
Fy, *interj. Fr.* I say fy, I cry shame

G.

Gabbe, *v. Fr.* to talk idly, to lie; gabbe I of this? *num id mentior?*
Gacides, is probably a misprint for *Æacides*, though I do not know what Chiron had any right to that title
Gadling, *n. Sax.* an idle vagabond
Gadred, *part. pa. Sax.* gathered
Gailer, *n. Fr.* gaoler
Gaillard, *adj. Fr.* brisk, gay
Gaitre-beries, berries of the dog-wood tree, *cornus fœmina*
Galaxie, *pr. n.* the Milky Way, a track in the heavens so called
Gale, *v. Sax.* Galan Lax, signifies *canere.*
Galfride, *pr. n.* Geoffrey of Monmouth, Geoffrey Vinsauf. See *Gaufride*
Galice, *pr. n.* a province of Spain, the famous shrine of St. James at Compostella was in Galicia
Galingale, *pr. n.* sweet cypress
Gallien, Galian, *pr. n.* Galen
Galoche, *n. Fr.* a shoe
Galpe, *v. Sax.* to gape, to yawn
Galping, *part. pr.* gaping, yawning
Galwes, *n. pl. Sax.* the gallows
Gan, *pa. t.* of ginne, *v. Sax.* began
Gannen, *pl.*
Gar, *v. Sax.* to make
Gardebrace, *n. Fr.* armour for the arm
Gargate, *n. Fr.* the throat
Garisoun, seems to be used as a *v.* to heal; the orig. has garison, a. n. healing, recovery
Garnement, *n. Fr.* a garment
Garner, *n. Fr.* a granary or storeroom
Garnison, *n. Fr.* a guard or garrison
Gastnesse, *n. Sax.* gastlinesse
Gate, gatte, *pa. t.* of get, *v. Sax.* gat, begat
Gate, *n. Sax.* a way; went her gate, went her way
Gatisden, *pr. n.* John Gatesden, author of a medical work, entitled *Rosa Anglicana*, in the 14th century. See *Tanner* in v.
Gaude, *n. Fr.* jest, gaudes, *pl.* ridiculous tricks
Gaufride, *pr. n.*
Gaure, *v.* to stare, for them that gaured and cast on me their sight *Lyd. Gra.* b. ix. f. 22. b.
Gawain, *pr. n.* nephew to King Arthur by his sister, married to King Lot: so says the Brit. Hist. which goes under the name of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and I believe it will be in vain to look for any more authentick genealogist of all that family; he is there called Walganus. The Fr. romancers, who have built upon Geoffrey's foundations, agree in describing Gawain as a model of knightly courtesy: to this his established character our author alludes
Gayler, *n. Fr.* as gailer
Geant, *n. Fr.* giant; the crane the geant
Gear, *n.* See gere
Gende, for gent
Genelon, *pr. n.* of one of Charlemagne's officers, who by his treachery was the cause of the defeat at Roncevaux, the death of Roland, &c. for which he was torn to pieces by horses. This at least is the account of the author who calls himself Archbishop Turpin, and of the romancers who followed him, upon whose credit the name of Genelon or Ganelon was for several centuries centuries a synonymous expression for the worst of traitors. Our Author alludes to his treachery, and to his punishment. See also *Du.* 1121.
Gent, *adj. Fr.* neat, pretty
Genterie, *n. Fr.* gentility
Gentil, *adj. Fr.* in its original sense means welborn, of a noble family, "Il y avoit un Chevalier, "Capitaine de la ville:—point *gentilhomme* n' "estoit:—et l'avoit fait, pour sa vaillance, le "Roy Edouard Chevalier," *Froissart*, v. ii. c. 77. It is commonly put for civil, liberal, gentlemanlike
Gentilesse, *n. Fr.* follows the significations of gentil
Geomancie, *n. Fr.* divinations by figures made on the earth
Gere, *n. Sax.* all sorts of instruments; of cookery, of war, of apparel, of chemistry; in hir quainte geres, in their strange fashions
Gerie, gerful, changeable, probably from the *Fr.* girer, to turn round: gierful
Gerlond, *n. Fr.* a garland, the name of a dog

Gesse, *v. Sax.* to guess
Gest, *n. Sax.* a guest
Gestes, *n. pl. Lat.* actions, adventures
Gestour, *n.* a relater of jests
Get, *n. Fr.* geste, fashion, behaviour; with that false get, with that cheating contrivance
Gethe, for goeth
Gie, *v. Sax.* to guide
Gigges, *n. pl.* irregular sounds produced by the wind, &c. Gigue, *Fr.* signified a musical instrument like a fiddle, and from thence a sort of light tune, *Menage* in v. It is probably a word of Teutonic original. See Junius
Gilbertin, *pr. n.* an English physician of the 13th century. See *Fulbricius, Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Gilbertus de Aquilla*
Gilt, *part. pa. Sax.* gilded, of the colour of gold
Gilt, *n. Sax.* guilt
Gilour, *n. Fr.* a deceiver
Gilte-les, *adj. Sax.* free from guilt
Giltif, *adj. Sax.* guilty, *Conf. Am.* 62, b.
Gin, *n. Fr.* engine, contrivance
Gingiber, *n. Fr.* ginger
Ginne, *v. Sax.* to begin
Gipciere, *n. Fr.* a pouch or purse
Gipe, *n. Fr.* an upper frock or cassock
Gipon, *n. Fr.* a short cassock
Girde, *v. Sax.* to strike, to smite; this word is perhaps the original of gride in Spenser. See Obs. on Spens. v. ii. p. 62
Girdelstede, *n. Sax.* the waist, the place of the girdle
Girles, *n. pl. Sax.* young persons either male or female
Girt, *part. pa.* of girde; thurgh girt, smitten through
Gisarme, *n. Fr.* a battleax. See *Du Cange* in *Gisarma*
Gise, *n. Fr.* guise, fashion; at his owen gise, in his own manner, as he would wish
Gite, *n. Fr.* a gown
Giterne, *n. Fr.* a guitar
Giterning, *n.* playing on a giterne
Glade, *v. Sax.* to make glad
Glader, *n.* one that maketh glad
Gladsom, *adj. Sax.* pleasant
Glase, for glose
Glase, *v. Sax.* to put glass into windows, *Du.* 323
Glasinge, *n.* glasswork, *Du.* 327
Gle, *n. Sax.* mirth, music; glees, *pl.* musical instruments
Glede, *n. Sax.* a burning coal; gledes, *pl.* sparks of fire
Gleire, *n. Fr.* the white of an egg
Glent. *pa. t.* glanced
Gleve, *n. Fr.* glaive, a lance
Glimsing, *n.* glimmering
Gliteren, *par. t. pl.* of gliter, *v. Sax.*
Glode, *pa. t.* of glide, *v. Sax.* she glode forth as an adder doth, *Conf. Am.* 105
Glombe, *v. Sax.* to look gloomy
Glose. *n. Fr.* a comment or interpretation
Glose, *v.* to comment or interpret, to speak tenderly, to flatter
Gloton, *n. Fr.* a glutton
Gloweden, *pa. t. pl.* of glow, *v. Sax.*
Gnarre, *n.* a hard knot in a tree
Gnat, *n. Sax.* is put for any little worthless thing
Gniding, *part. pr. Sax.* rubbing
Gnosse, *n.* an old cuff, a miser, Gloss. *Ur.* I know not upon what authority
Gnowe, *pa. t.* of gnawe, *v. Sax.*
Go, *v. Sax.* means sometimes to walk, in contradistinction to riding
Go, (gon) *part. pa.*
Gobbet, *n. Fr.* a morsel, a bit
God, *n. Sax.* God toforne, God going before; Deo favente, Goddes armes two; Goddes bones, vulgar oaths. A' Goddes half. See Halfe
Gode, good, *n. Sax.* wealth, goods
Gode-les, *adj.* without money or goods
Godelyhede, *n. Sax.* goodness
Godeness, *n. Sax.* at godeness, at advantage; and so we should read where the editt. have at godemes, the orig. has *en bon point*
Godsib, *n. Sax.* a gossip, a godfather
Gosish, *adj.* foolish, from the *Fr.* gosse, dull stupid
Gold, *n.* a flower commonly called a turnsol. Gower says that Leucothea was changed

> Into a floure was named golde,
> Whiche stont governed of the sonne.
> *Conf. Am.* 121. b.

Gold-hewen, *adj. Sax.* of a golden hue or colour
Goldsmithrie, *n. Sax.* goldsmiths work
Golet, *n. Fr.* the throat or guilet
Goliardeis, *Fr.* This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Golias, the real or assumed name of a man of wit toward the end of the 12th century. He wrote the *Apocalypsis Golia*, and other pieces, in burlesque Latin rhymes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map. See *Tanner's Bibl. Brit.* in v. *Goliardus*. In several authors of the 12th century, quoted by *Du Cange*, the *Goliardi* are classed with the *juculares et buffones*
Gomme, *n. Fr.* gum
Gon, *inf. m. Sax.* to go; so mote I gon, so may I fare well; so mote I ride or go, so may I fare well riding or walking, *i. e.* in all my proceedings. See Go.—Gon, *par. t. pl. part. pa.* gone,
Gonfanon, *n. Fr.* a banner or standard
Gong, *n. Sax.* a littlehouse, a jakes
Gonne, *n.* a gun
Gonnen, gonne, *pa. t. pl.* of ginne
Gore, *n.* It has been suggested to me by a learned person, whom I have not the honour to know, that gore is a common name for a slip of cloth or linen, which is inserted in order to widen a garment in any particular place. *Gore* of a cloth, *lacinia, Prompt. Parv.* See also the glossary to Kennet's *Paroch. Antiq.* in v. Gore. This sense will suit very well with the context, unless we suppose that gore is there put for shirt, because shirts have usually gores in them; the expression would certainly be very awkward, and unlike Chaucer's general manner, but in this place (The Rime of Sire Thopas) he may be

supposed to have taken it purposely from one of those old romances which are the objects of his ridicule.

Gose, for goes, goeth
Gospellere, *n. Sax.* evangelist
Gossomer, *n.* a thin cobweb-like substance which flies about in the air
Gost, *n. Sax.* spirit, mind
Goth, *imp. d. perf. pl.* go ye
Governaille, *n. Fr.* government, steerage
Goune-cloth, cloth enough to make a gown
Gourd, *n.* a vessel to carry liquor, perhaps so called from its shape
Gower, *pr. n.* an eminent English poet, to whom Chaucer directs his Troilus and Creseide
Grace, *n. Fr.* favour; sory grace, harde grace, misfortune

So full of sorowe am I, sothe to sayne,
That certainly no more hard grace
May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

So Hercules, ap. Eurip. Hę.

Γιγνω καλων δη, κ'ουκ' εσθ' ὁστις θη.

The criticism of Longinus, sect. xl. is perhaps equally applicable to both passages.—With harde grace, is to be understood as spoken in a parenthesis of the cherl, misfortune attend him! See With. Save your grace, with your favour; *sauvre votre grace*
Gracious, *adj. Fr.* agreeable, graceful
Grame, *n. Sax.* grief, anger; selle it to gode or grame
Grammere, *n. Fr.* grammar
Grand mercie, *Fr.* great thanks
Grane, *n. Fr.* a grain, a single seed
Grange, *n. Fr.* a farm-house
Grapinel, *n. Fr.* a grappling-iron
Gratche, is perhaps the same with graithe, if not mistaken for it. Gloss. *Ur.* See Greithe. The orig. has—*s'avoure comme beguyne.*
Graunson, *pr. n.*
Grave, *v. Sax.* to carve, to engrave
Grave, (graven) *part. pa.* buried
Gre, *n. Fr.* pleasure, satisfaction, from *gratus, Lat.* to receive in gre, to take kindly; the gre, the prize.—From *gradus, Lat.* it signifies a step or degree
Grede, *n. Sax.* a greedy person
Grede, *v. barb. Lat.* to cry
Grein, *n. Fr. grein de Paris, de Paradis,* orig. grains of Paradise, a sort of spice; grain of Portingale, a sort of scarlet dye called kermes or vermilion
Greithe, *v. Sax.* to prepare, make ready
Grenehed, *n. Sax.* childishness
Grese, *n. Fr.* grease
Grete, for grede
Grette, *pa.* of grete, *v. Sax.* greeted, saluted
Greves, *n. pl. Sax.* groves
Grille, *adj. Fr.* horrible, grymm, gryl, and horryble; *horridus, Prompt. Parv.*
Grint, for grindeth
Grinte, *pa. t.* of grind, *v. Sax.* ground; grint with his teeth, gnashed with his teeth
Grinting, *n.* grinding, gnashing

Gris, *n. Fr.* a species of fur
Grisly, *adj. Sax.* dreadful
Groche, *v. Sax.* to grutch, to murmur
Groff, *adj. Sax.* flat on the ground
Groine, *n. Fr.* the snowt of a swine, a hanging lip
Groine, *v.* to hang the lip in discontent
Grone, *v. Fr.* to groan, to grunt
Gront, *pa. t.* groaned
Grope, *v. Sax.* to search, to examine by feeling
Grot, *n.* a coin worth fourpence
Grounden, *part. pa.* of grind
Groyning, *n.* discontent. See Groine
Guerdon, *n. Fr.* reward, recompense
Guerdon, *v.* to reward
Guerdonles, *adj.* without reward
Guido, *pr. n.* Guido de Columpnis, Guido dalle Colonne, of Messina in Sicily, a lawyer and a poet, died about 1290. *Quadrio,* vol. ii. p. 160. His history of the Trojan war, to which our Author refers, was written in Latin, and finished in 1287. I have there intimated my suspicion that he translated it, for the most part, from a French romance of Benoit de Sainte More. However that may have been, Guido's work is certainly the original from which the later writers of the middle ages have generally taken their accounts of Trojan affairs. It was translated into Italian in 1324 by Filippo Ceffi, a Florentine, [*Quadrio,* vol. vi. p. 475.] A French translation is also extant, in which it is said to be "translatée, en "François, *premierement* du commandement "du Maire de la cité de Beauvais, en nom et "en honneur de Karles le Roy de France, l'an "mil. ccc. quatre vingtz," [ms. Reg. 16 F. ix.] This is probably the French translation mentioned by Lydgate in the Prologue to his Boke of Troye, which is a mere paraphrase in verse of Guido's history, with some digressions and additions of his own. Lydgate's work was finished (as he tells us himself at the end) in 1420.

H.

Habergeon, *n. Fr.* a diminutive of hauberg, a coat of mail
Habilitee, *n. Fr.* ability
Habitacles, *n. pl. Fr.* places of habitation
Habite, *v. Fr.* to dwell
Habundant, *part. pr. Fr.* abundant
Hackenaie, *n. Fr.* an ambling horse or pad
Hacking, *n. Fr.* cutting in pieces
Hadden, *pa. t. pl.* of have
Haf, *pa. t.* of heve, *v. Sax.* heaved, raised
Haie, hay, *n. Fr.* a hedge
Haile, *n. Sax.* health, welfare
Hailes, *pr. n.* of an abbey in Gloucestershire
Haire, *n. Fr.* a haircloth
Hakeney, *n. Fr.* as hackenaie
Haketon, *n. Fr.* a short cassock without sleeves
Halden, for holden, *part. pa.* of hold
Halfe, *n. Sax.* a side, a part; a' Goddes half, *Du.* 370, on God's part, with God's favour; a' this halfe God, on this side of God; four halves, four sides
Hali, *pr. n.* an Arabian physician, *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 27.

Halke, *n. Sax.* a corner
Halpe, *pa. t.* of help, *v. Sax.*
Hals, *n. Sax.* the neck
Halse, *v. Sax.* to kiss round the neck—to conjure
Halt, *pa. t.* of hold, *v. Sax.* held or kept
Halt, for Holt, *i. e.* holdeth, *Du.* 621.
Halte, *v. Fr.* to go lamely, *Du.* 622.
Hame, for home, *n. Sax.*
Hamele, *v. Sax.* to hamstring, to cut off
Hamers, *n. pl. Sax.* hammers, *Du.* 1164.
Han, *inf. m.* of have, *v. Sax.*
Hanselines, appears from the context to mean a sort of breeches
Happe, *n. Sax.* chance
Happe, *v.* to happen
Hard, *adj. Sax.* hard; harde grace, misfortune. See Grace. It is used adverbially
Harde, *v. Sax.* to make hard
Hardely, (hardily) *adv. Fr.* boldly, *adv. Sax.* certainly
Harding, *n. Sax.* hardening
Harie, *v. Fr.* to hurry; to harie and drawe
Haried, *part. pa.* hurried; *ils feroient harier en grand manere. Froissart*, v. i. c. 225.
Harlot, *n.* was anciently applied to men as well as women
Harlotries, *n. pl.* ribaldries
Harneis, *n. Fr.* armour, furniture
Harneise, *v. Fr.* to dress
Harow, *interj.*
Harpour, *n. Fr.* a harpour. In the act of resumption, 28 H. VI. there is a proviso in favour of John Turges, harpour with the queen, for the reversion of an annuity of 10 marks, after the death of William Langton minstrel
Harwed, *p. t.* of harwe, *v. Sax.* harrassed, subdued
Hasardour, *n. Fr.* a player at hazard, a gamester
Hasardrie, *n. Fr.* gaming in general
Haselwode. All the passages in which this word occurs plainly allude to the same proverbial saying, which appears to have been used in scorn or derision of any improbable hope or expectation; why it was so used is beyond my reach to discover: it may be proper, however, to mention that in T. iii. 892, ms. *Harl.* 3943, reads—Haselwode is shaken—and that the passage, T. v. 1174, is an imitation of the following in the Filostrato.

Ma Pandero seco tacitamente
Ride di cio che Troylo dicea——
Chel si fusse sembiante facea
Di crederlo, e dicia, *di mungibelo*
Aspetta il vento questo tapinello.

Hastif, *adj. Fr.* hasty
Hastifly, *adv.* hastily
Hate, *v. Sax.* to be named
Hauberk, *n. Fr.* a coat of mail
Haunce, *v. Fr.* to raise, to enhance
Haunt, *n. Fr.* custom, practice
Haunte, *v. Fr.* to practise
Haunteden, *pa. t. pl.* practised, frequented
Hautein, *adj. Fr.* haughty, loud, a hautein faucon, a highflying hawk, faulcon haultain, *Fr.*
Haven, *inf. m.* of have, *v. Sax.*; it is more commonly abbreviated into han
Havoir, for avoir, *n. Fr.* wealth
Hawe, *n. Sax.* a hawthorn berry, a fa churchyard
He, *pron. Sax.* is often prefixed in all proper names emphatically, accordi Saxon usage; he Moses, he Tityus. so frequently used for *is* in all cases
Hed, *n. Sax.* head; on his hed, on pain his head
Hedde, *for* hidde, (hidden)
Hegges, *n. pl. Sax.* hedges
Heisugge, curruca, a little bird which i to hatch the cukoo's egg, and to be by the young cukoos, *Sp.*
Hele, *v. Sax.* helan, to hide
Hele, *v. Sax.* hælan, to heal, to help
Hele, *n. Sax.* health
Heleles, *adj.* helpless
Helise, *pr. n.* Elysium
Helmed, *part. pa. Fr.* armed with an he
Helowis, *pr. n.* Eloisa the mistress of A See a summary of their history in *Rose*
Hem, *obl. c. pl.* of he, them. See Him
Hemself, hemselve, hemseiven. See Self
Henchmen, *n. pl.* pages. See a note on summer Night's Dream of Shakespea sc. 2. last edit.
Hende, hendy, *adj. Sax.* civil, courteous
Henen, henne, hennes, hens, *adv. Sax.* h
Heng, *pa. t.* and *part.* of hang
Hennesforth, *adv. Sax.* henceforth
Hente, *v. Sax.* to take hold of, to catch
Hent, *pa. t. & part.*
Hepe, *n. Sax.* a heap; to hepe; togethe heap—the fruit of the dogrose
Heraud, *n. Fr.* a herald
Herbergage, *n. Fr.* lodging
Herbergeours, *n. pl. Fr.* providers of lod harbingers
Herberwe, *n. Sax.* an inn, a lodging—the pl the sun: it rather means, I think, a lark herber, an arbour
Herberwe, *v. Sax.* to lodge
Herd, hierde, *n. Sax.* a keeper—herdeg shepherd-boys
Herdes, *n. pl.* coarse flax; herde, fibra lini,

That not of hempe ne heerdis was.

So this ver. is written in ms. *Hunter*; th has only—*elle ne fut de bourras*
Here, for hire, *pron.*
Here, *adv. Sax.* in this place
Here, in composition, signifies this, with cluding any idea of place; heregaines, this; herebefore, before this
Here, *v. Sax.* to hear—Herd, herde, *pa. t.* Herden, *pa. t. pl.*
Here, *n. Sax.* hair
Heren, *adj.* made of hair
Herking, *part. pr.* of herke, *v. Sax.* hearki
Hermes, *pr. n.* a chymical treatise under is extant in the *Theat. Chemic.* t. iv. *Bibl. Gr.* l. 1. c. 10. *Hermes Ballenus*, a different person from him just men cannot tell
Herne, *n. Sax.* a corner

Heronere, *n. Fr.* a hawk made to fly only at the heron
Heronsewes, *n. pl. Fr.* young herons
Herte, for hurt, *v. Sax. Du.* 883
Herte, *n. Sax.* heart; herteblood, heart's blood; herte-spone
Herteles, *adj.* without courage
Hertly, *adj.* hearty
Hery, *v. Sax.* to praise
Herying, *n.* praise
Heste, *n. Sax.* command—promise
Het, hette, *pa. t.* of hete, *v. Sax.* heated
Hete, *v. Sax.* to promise, to be called, *Du.* 200 See Highte
Hetheneſſe, *n. Sax.* country of heathens
Hething, *n. Sax.* contempt, all is thy hething fallen upon thee
Heve, *v. Sax.* to heave, to raise—*v. neut.* to labour
Heved, *n. Sax.* head; every virtue in my heved; so I apprehend this line should be read, instead of in me heved
Heven-quene, *n. Sax.* the queen of heaven, the Virgin Mary
Hew of Lincoln, *pr. n.*
Hewe, *v. Sax.* to cut—*v. neut.* he that heweth to hie, with chippes he may lese his sight; so in the *Conf. Am.*

Full ofte he heweth up so hye,
That chyppes fallen in his eye.

Hewe, *n. Sax.* colour, appearance
Hewed, *part. pa.* coloured
Hext, *adj. superl. Sax.* highest; hegh, heghest heghst, hext. In the same manner next is formed from negh
Hidous, *adj. Fr.* dreadful
Hidously, *adv.* terribly
Hie, *v. Sax.* to hasten
Hie, *n.* haste, diligence; in or on hie, in haste
Hie, highe, *adj. Sax.* high
Hierdesse, *n. Sax.* a shepherdess. See Herde
Highen is perhaps miswritten for highe
Hight, *n. Sax.* heighth, on hight seems to signify —aloud, in a high voice; *en haut, Fr.*
Highte, *v. Sax.* called
Him, *obl. c.* of he, is often used alone in that reciprocal sense, which is generally expressed by the addition of the adj. self; than hath he don his frend ne him no shame, *i. e.* nor himself; as he him laid and clad him and bare him.—It is also frequently put without the usual preposition him to grete shame; to great shame of him; she falleth him to fete, she falleth at the feet of him; she swore him, she swore to him: hem and hire are used in the same manner
Himself, himselve, himselven. See Self
Hinderest, *superl. d.* of hind, *adv. Sax.* hindmost
Hine, *n Sax.* a servant in husbandry, a hind
Hine, *n. Bal. Vil.* 35, should probably be hiene: the gall of an hyena was used to cure a certain disorder of the eye, *Plin. N. H.* l. xxix. c. 38.
Hippocras, *pr. n.* Hippocrates
Hir, *pron. poss. Sax.* their
Hire, *obl. c.* of she, *pron. Sax.* is often put for herself, and without the usual preposition. See Him
Hire, *pron. poss. Sax.* her
Hireself, hireselve, hireselven. See Self
Hirs, *pron. poss. Sax.* theirs
Historial, *adj. Fr.* historical
Ho, *interj. Fr.* commanding a cessation of any action
Hochepot, *s. Fr.* a mixture of various things shaken together in the same pot
Hoker, *n. Sax.* frowardness
Hokerly, *adv.* frowardly
Hold, *n. Sax.* a fort or castle
Hold, *v. Sax.* to keep to hold in honde, to keep in suspense to amuse in order to deceive
Hold, holden, *part. pa.* obliged
Hole, hol, *adj. Sax.* entire, whole, sound
Holly, *adv.* entirely, wholly
Holour, *n. Sax.* a whoremonger
Holt, *n. Sax.* a grove or forest
Holt, for holdeth
Homly, *adj Sax.* domestic—plain, simple
Homlineſſe, *n. Sax.* domestic management, familiarity
Honde, *n. Sax.* a hand; an honde-brede, an hand's breadth; withouten honde, without being pulled by any hand—Honden, *pl.*
Honest, *adj. Fr.* means generally, according to the French usage, creditable, honourable, becoming a person of rank
Honestetee, honestee, *n. Fr.* virtue, decency—good manners
Hong, *v. Sax.* to hang
Hont, *n. Sax. Du.* 385, as hunt
Hony-swete, *adj. Sax.* sweet as honey
Hope, *v. Sax.* to expect
Hoppesteres, *n. pl. Sax.* dancers
Hord, *n. Sax.* treasure—a private place fit for the keeping of treasure
Hore, hoor, *adj. Sax.* hoary, gray
Horowe, *adj. Sax.* foul
Horriblete, *n. Fr.* horribleness
Hors, *n. pl. Sax.* horses
Horse, *adj. Sax.* hoarse, *Du.* 347.
Horsly, *adj.* is applied to a horse, as manly is to a man
Hospitalers, *n. pl. Lat.* religious persons of both sexes who attended the sick in hospitals—knights Hospitalers of different orders. See *Du Cange* in v. *Hospitalarius*
Host, *n. Fr.* an army
Hostelere, *n. Fr.* an innkeeper
Hostelrie, *n. Fr.* an inn or lodging-house
Hostilements, *n. pl* household furniture
Hote, *adj. Sax.* hot
Hote, hoten *part. pa.* of hete, called
Hove, *v. Sax.* to hover
Hound-fish, *n. Sax.* the dog-fish
Houne, *n.* for hound, thus said both here and houne, *i. e.* hare and hound, all sorts of people
Houped, *pa. t. Fr.* hooped or hollowed
Housel, *n. Sax.* the eucharist
Housel, *v.* to administer the sacrament—to hen houseled, to receive the sacrament
Howve, *n. Sax.* a cap or hood
Hulfere, *n. Sax.* holly
Hulstred, *part. pa. Sax.* hidden
Humblehede, *n. Sax.* humble state

Humblesse, *n. Fr.* humility
Humbling, *n.* a humming; *bommelen bombilari, bombum edere, Kilian;* hence our humble-bee
Hunt, *n. Sax.* a huntsman
Hurtle, *v. Fr.* to push
Husbandrie, *n. Sax.* thrift, economical management
Husbond-man, *n. Sax.* the master of the family
Hust, *adj. Sax.* silent, whist
Hylde, *v. Sax.* to pour
Hylled, *part. pa. Sax.* hidden. See Hele

I.

I, at the beginning of a word, in the common edit. and even the ms. of Chaucer, is often used to express a corruption of the Saxon prepositive particle Ge, which in this edit. of The Canterbury Tales, is always expressed by *y*; all such words therefore occurring in the Works of Chaucer not contained in this edition, should be looked for either under *y* or under their second letters
Jacobin, *pr. n.* a gray frier
Jacke Straw, *pr. n.* the noise made by the followers of this rebel, to which our Author alludes, he had probably heard himself; it is called by Walsingham, p. 251; "Clamor horrendissimus, "non similis clamoribus quos edere solent homines, sed qui ultra omnem æstimationem "superaret omnes clamores humanos, et maxime posset assimulari ululatibus infernalium "incolarum." Many Flemings *(Flandrenses)* were beheaded by the rebels *cum clamore consueto. Walsingham*, ibid.
Jambeaux, *n. pl. Fr.* boots, armour for the legs
Jane, *n.* a coin of *(Janua)* Genoa; it is put for any small coin
Jangle, *v. Fr.* to prate, to talk much or fast
Jangle, *n.* prate, babble
Jangler, janglour, *n.* a prater
Janglerresse, *n.* a female prater
Jape, *n. Sax.* a trick, a jest
Jape, *v.* to jest—to cheat, to laugh at
Japer, *n.* a common jester or buffoon
Japerie, *n.* buffoonery
Jape-worthy, *adj.* ridiculous
Ich, iche, *pron. Sax.* I. so the ich, so the iche, so may I prosper
Idel, *adj. Sax.* idle, fruitless; in idel, in vain
Idolastre, *n. Fr.* an idolater
Jeopard, *v.* to hazard, to put in danger
Jeopardie, *n.* danger
Jeoperdise, *Du. 666.*
Jeremie, *pr. n.* Jeremiah
Jerome, *pr. n.* Our Author has made much use of a treatise of St. Jerome *contra Jovinianum*
Jestes, *n. pl.* as gestes
Jewerie, *n. Fr.* a district inhabited by Jews
Jewise, *n.* judgment, punishment; it may have been formed by corruption either of the Lat. *judicium* or the Fr. *justice*
Ik, *pron. Sax.* I. See Ich
Ilion, *pr. n.* the citadel of Troy
Ilke, *adj. Sax.* same
Imaginatif, *adj. Fr.* suspicious
Imped, *part. pa. Sax.* planted
Impes, *n. pl. Sax.* shoots of trees
Impetren, *pr. t. pl. Fr.* obtain by prayer
Importable, *adj. Fr.* intolerable—impo
Importune, *adj. Fr.* troublesome
Impossible, *adj Fr.* used as a substantive
In, *prep. Sax.* upon, in with, within
Incombrous, *adj. Fr.* cumbersome
Inconstance, *n. Fr.* inconstancy
Inde, *adj. Fr.* azure-coloured
Indigne, *adj. Fr.* unworthy
Ineched, *part. pa. Sax.* inserted
Inequal, *adj. Fr.* unequal
Infortunat, *adj. Lat.* unfortunate
Infortune, *n. Fr.* misfortune
Ingot, *n.* a mould for casting ingots
Inhabit, *part. pa. Fr.* inhabited
Inhilde, *v. Sax.* to pour in. See Hylde
Injure, *n. Fr.* injury
Inly, *adv. Sax.* inwardly, deeply, thoro
Inne, *prep. Sax.* in
Inne, in, *n. Sax.* a house, habitation, lo
Inned, *part. pa. Sax.* lodged
Innereste, *adj. sup. Sax.* inmost
Innocent, *adj. Fr.* ignorant
Inseled, *part. pa. Fr.* attested under seal
Inset, *part. pa. Sax.* implanted
Interminable, *adj. Fr.* infinite
Inwitte, *n. Sax.* understanding
Joce, *pr. n.* or Josse—Sanctus Judocus w of Ponthieu. *Vocab. Hagiol.* prefixed nage, *Etymol. Fr.*
Joconde, *adj. Fr.* joyous, pleasant
Jogelour, *n. Fr.* a juggler
Joinant, *part. pr. Fr.* joining
Joine, *v. Fr.* to enjoin
Jolie Robin, the name of a dance, *de la Beau Robin*, orig.
Jolif, *adj. Fr.* jolly, joyful
Jombre, *v.* to jumble
Jonglerie, *n.* should rather be janglerie, i See Jangle
Jossa, *interj.* seems to be partly formed fr Fr. *ea*, come hither
Jovis, *pr. n.* Jupiter
Journee, *n. Fr.* a day's journey, a day's w
Joustes, *n. pl. Fr.* justs
Joweles, *n. pl. Fr.* jewels
Joye, *v. Fr.* to enjoy
Ipocras, *n. Fr.* wine mixed with spices a ingredients, so named, because it is through a woollen cloth called *the sleeve* *pocrates.* See Clarre
Ire, *n. Fr.* anger
Irous, *adj.* passionate
Isaude, *pr. n.* See Belle Isaude—She is *Yseut* by Bernard da Ventador, m fol. 67;

Tant trag pena d'amor,
Q'anc *Tristan* l'amador
Non sofret maior dolor
Per *Yseut la blanda.*

And so in *Fabliaux*, &c. t. i. p. 251; *blonde.* Petrarch calls her *Isotta*, *Amore*, iii. 82. A late French writer, he has been pleased to style *Isabeau*

laurs, [t. ii. p. 323,] having quoted a celebrating the love of Triſtan à Iſault, ry coolly—*C'eſt une alluſion à* quelque which is juſt as if a commentator up- d ſhould ſay of the epiſtle from Paris to that it alludes to ſome Greek ſtory
d perſ. neut. gend. Sax. is uſed inſtead of ſhe
n. Italy
pr. n. Gibraltar
a veſſel for holding ale or wine
the book of Judges; ſo *Metamorphoſeos* for the Metamorphoſis of Ovid, and for the Æneis of Virgil
r. a judge
the month of July
n.
n. as jeopardie
n. Fr. jeopardy
Fr. a judge
pr. n. The law referred to is in the xi. tit. 25, *De medicantibus validis*
r. n. the Roman ſatiriſt

K.

n. Lat. a calendar, a guide or director
n. pl. Lat. the firſt day of the month, inning of any thing
n. a term of reproach
ax. too cool
kemped, *part. pa. Sax.* combed
n. Sax. a tub
r. n. See his life in all the edit. of the Golden Legend
ax. care, attention
o take care
n. a corruption of coverchief
pl. Fr. battlements
ax. watercreſſes; of paramours ne raught a kers, he cared not a ruſh for love: uſed in the ſame ſenſe
Sax. a carver
ax. to kiſs
t. kiſſed
T. iii. as cacche
Fr. to cover, it ſignifies to cover
Sax. a little cake
pa. t. & part. of kithe, made known, ed
ax. to kick
x. kindred; by my ſader kin, by my fa- indred
of the ſame nature
ax. nature
v. naturally
n. kindred
Sax. a tunick or waiſtcoat, in kirtels e other wede; *qui eſtoient en pure* cottes,
Sax. to ſhew, to make known, ne kithe uſie, nor ſhew to her any jealouſy
rt. pa. See Kid
t. Sax. cut
n. pl. Sax. trifling tricks: the word have been formed from the knacking ing of the fingers uſed by jugglers. See *Cotg.* in v. *Mataſſiner des mains* and *Niquet*—— trifling words, p. 215
Knappe, *n.* a ſhort ſleep, a nap
Knarry, *adj. Sax.* full of gnarres or knots
Knave, *n. Sax.* a ſervant, properly a boy-ſervant—a knave-child, a male child—this boie knave, *ce garcon*, orig.
Knedde, *part. pa.* of knede, *v. Sax.* kneaded
Kneen, knene, *n. pl. Sax.* knees
Knet, *part. pa.* as knit
Knight, *n. Sax.* a ſervant, generally a ſervant in war, a ſoldier—a dubbed knight
Knighthode, *n.* valour
Knit, *part. pa. Sax.* joined, bound—agreed
Knobbes, *n. pl. Sax.* excreſcencies in the ſhape of buds or buttons. See Knoppe
Knoppe, *n. Sax.* a button—a roſebud
Knopped, *part. pa.* buttoned, faſtened
Knotte, *n. Sax.* a knot: in ſome inſtances it is uſed in the ſenſe of *noeud, Fr.* for the chief point or head of a matter
Knotteles, *adj. Sax.* without a knot, without any thing to obſtruct or retard the paſſage
Knowe, for knee
Knowleche, *v. Sax.* to acknowledge
Knowleching, *n.* knowledge
Konning, *n.* as conning, cunning
Kyke, *v. Sax.* to look ſteadfaſtly; kijcken, Teut. *ſpectare*, Kilian

L.

Labbe, *n.* a blab, a great talker
Labbing, *part. pr.* blabbing
Laced, *part. pa. Fr.* tied, bound
Lacert, *n. Fr.* a fleſhy muſcle, ſo termed from its having a tail like a lizard
Lache, *adj. Fr.* ſluggiſh
Lacheſſe, *n. Fr.* ſlackneſs, negligence
Lad, ladde, *pa. t.* of lede, *v. Sax.* led, carried
Laft, *pa. t. & part.* of leve, *v. Sax.* left
Laie, *n.* T. i. as lay
Laied, *part. pa.* of lay, *v. Sax.*; with orfreys laied, *i. e.* trimmed: ſo this word is frequently uſed by Hollinſhed, vol. iii. p. 1317; laid with gold lace—laid on with red ſilke and gold lace—laid about with ſilver lace. See Couched
Laine, *inf. v. Sax.* to lay
Lainers, *n. pl. Fr.* ſtraps or thongs
Lake, *n.* it is difficult to ſay what ſort of cloth is meant; laeken, *Belg.* ſignifies both linen and woollen cloth, *Kilian*
Lakke, *n. Sax.* a fault, a diſgraceful action, want
Lakke, *v.* to find fault, to blame
Lamben, *n. pl. Sax.* lambs
Langure, *v. Fr.* to languiſh
Lapidaire, a treatiſe on precious ſtones ſo entitled; probably a French tranſlation of the Latin poem of Marbodus *De Gemmis*, which is frequently cited by the name of *Lapidarius, Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Marbodus*
Lappe, *n. Sax.* a ſkirt or lappet of a garment
Large, *adj. Fr.* ſpacious, free, prodigal; at large, at liberty; til that was prime large, till prime was far ſpent
Largely, *adv.* fully
Las, *n. Fr.* a lace—a ſnare

Lasse, las, *adj. comp. Sax.* less
Latche, *n.* as las
Latered, *part. pa. Sax.* delayed
Lathe, *n.* a barn; it is still used in Lincolnshire, *St.* In. F. iii. where the edit. have rathe and sathe, the mss. give the true reading—lathe
Laton, *n. Fr.* a kind of mixed metal of the colour of brass
Laude, *n. Lat.* praise
Laudes, the service performed in the fourth or last watch of the night; "dicuntur autem laudes, quod illud officium laudem præcipue "sonat divinam," &c. *Du Cange* in v. *Laus* 2. The same service was often called Matins. *Idem* in v. *Matutini*
Laved, *part. pa. Fr.* drawn; spoken of water taken out of a well
Lavender, *n. Fr.* a washerwoman or laundress. In the passage of *Dante* which is here quoted, Envy is called

La meretrice, che mai dall' ospizio
Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti,
Morte commune, e delle corte vizio.
Inf. xiii. 64.

Laverock, *n. Sax.* a lark
Launcegay, *n.* a sort of launce
Launcelot du Lake, an eminent knight of the Round Table, whose adventures were the subject of a romance begun by Chrestien de Troyes, one of the oldest of the romance poets, and finished by Godefrois de Leigni. See *Fauchet*, l. ii. c. 10, 11. They have been repeatedly printed in French prose, and make a considerable part of the compilation called *Mort d' Arthur*: his accomplishments as a courtier and a man of gallantry have been alluded to before. Signor Volpi, in his notes upon Dante, *Inf.* v. 128, has most unaccountably represented Lancilotto as *innamorato di Ginevra, moglie del Re Marco*. If there be any faith in history, Ginevra was the wife of King Arthur. The story in Dante, which is the occasion of Signor Volpi's note, is a curious one; it is alluded to by Petrarch, *Trionfo d' Amore*, iii. 82;

Vedi Ginevra, Isotta, e l' altre amanti,
E *la coppia d' Arimino*.——

Launde, *n. Fr.* a plain not ploughed
Lavoures, *n. pl. Fr.* lavers
Laureat, *adj. Lat.* crowned with laurel
Laureole, *n. Fr.* spurge-laurel
Laurer, *n.* laurel
Laus, *adj. Sax.* loose; laus, lland. *solutus*. This is the true original of that termination of adjectives so frequent in our language in les or less. *Confuetud. de Beverly*, ms. *Harl.* 560. "Hujus "sacrilegii emenda non erat determinata, sed "dicebatur ab Anglis Botalaus, i. e. *sine emen-"da*." So Chaucer uses boteless, and other words of the same form, as detteless, drinkeless, giltless, &c.
Lawe, *adj.* for low
Laxatif, *n. Fr.* a purging medicine
Lay, *n. Sax.* law, religious profession
Lay, *n. Fr.* a species of poem
Lay, *pa. t.* of lie, or ligge layen, *pl.*
Lazar, *n. Fr.* a leper
Leche, *n. Sax.* a physician; leche-craft, the skill of a physician
Leche, *v.* to heal
Lecherous, *adj.* provoking lechery
Lechour, *n. Fr.* a lecher
Lectorne, *n. Lat.* a reading-desk
Leden, *n. Sax.* language
Ledge, *v.* as allege
Lees, *n. Fr.* a leash by which dogs are held
Lees, *adj. Sax.* false; withouten lees, without lying, truly
Lefe, *adj. Sax.* pleasing, agreeable; al be him lothe or lefe, though it be unpleasing to him or pleasing—for lefe ne lothe, for friend nor enemy; he turned not—for leve ne for lothe. It sometimes signifies pleased; I n'am not lefe to gabbe, I am not pleased to prate, I take no pleasure in prating
Lefull, *adj.* lawful
Legge, *v. Sax.* to lay
Legge, *v. Fr.* to ease, as alege
Leie, *v. Sax.* to lay
Leiser, *n. Fr.* leisure, opportunity
Leite, *n. Sax.* light; thonder-leite, lightning
Leke, *n. Sax.* a leek; it is put for any thing of very small value
Lemes, *n. pl. Sax.* flames
Lemman, *n. Sax.* a lover or gallant, a mistress
Lendes, *n. pl. Sax.* the loins
Lene, *adj. Sax.* lean
Lene, *v. Sax.* to lend, to grant
Lenger, *adv. comp. Sax.* longer
Lente, *pa. t.* of lene
Lenten, *n. Sax.* the season of Lent
L'envoy, *Fr.* was a sort of postscript sent with poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call the moral of them. The six last stanzas of The Clerkes Tale are in many mss. entitled *L'envoy de Chaucer à les mariz de nostre temps*. See also the stanzas at the end of The Complaint of the Black Knight, and of Chaucer's Dreme
Leon, *n. Lat.* a lion
Leonine, *adj.* belonging to a lion
Leopart, lepart, *n. Fr.* a leopard
Leos, *n. Gr.* people
Lepande, *part. pr.* of lepe, *v. Sax.* leaping
Lepe, lep, for lepeth, *3d pers. sing.*
——for leped, *pa. t.*
Lepe, *pr. n.* a town in Spain
Lere, lerne, *v. Sax.* to learn, to teach—Lerd, *p. t.* & *part.*
Lere, *n. Sax.* the skin
Lese, *n. Fr.* as lees; in lustie lese, in love's lust
Lese, *adj. Sax.* as lees
Lese, *v. Sax.* to lose
Leseth, *2d pers. pl. imp. m.* lose ye
Lesing, *n. Sax.* a lie, a falsity
Lesinges, *pl.*
Lest, list, lust, *n. Sax.* pleasure
Leste, liste, luste, *v.* to please; it is generally used as an impersonal, in the third person only, for it pleaseth or it pleased; him luste to ride so, it pleased him to ride so; wel to drink us lste, it pleased us well to drink; if you lste, if it please you; me list not play, it pleaseth me not to play

Leste, *adj. Sax. superl. d.* least, at the leste way, at the leste, at least
Leste, for last
Let, *v. Sax.* to leave, to omit; to leave, to permit; let thy japes be; let the Sompnour be, to cause, to hinder
Lete, *pr. n.* the river Lethe
Letgame, *n. Sax.* a hinderer of pleasure
Lette, *n.* delay, hinderance
Lettowe, *pr. n.* Lithuania
Lettred, *adj. Fr.* learned
Lettrure, letterure, *n. Fr.* literature
Lettuarie, *n. Fr.* an electuary
Leve, *v.* for live
Leve, *n. Sax.* desire, inclination
Leve, *adj.* dear. See Lefe
Leve, *v. Sax.* to believe—Leveth, *imp. m. 3d perf. pl.*; leveth me, believeth me; leveth is misprinted for leseth

He leseth more than ye may doe.

So this verse should be written:

Plus y pert-il que vous ne faictes. Orig.

Leve is also misprinted for lene
Leveles, *adj. Sax.* without leave
Leven, *n. Sax.* lightning
Lever, *comp. d.* of lefe, more agreeable; it were me lever, I hadde lever, hire hadde lever
Levefell, *n.* a leafy seat, an arbour. I am by no means satisfied with the explanation here given of this word, the interpretation of it in the *Prompt. Parv.* will not help us much; "*Levecel* seforn a windowe or other place, *umbraculum.*"
Lewed, lewde, *adj. Sax.* ignorant, unlearned, lascivious
Leye, *v. Sax.* as legge, to lay, to lay a wager
Leyes, *pr. n.* Layas in Armenia
Leyte, *n. Sax* flame. See Leite
Liard, *pr. n.* belonged originally to a horse of a gray colour
Licenciat, *n. Lat.* seems to signify that he was licensed by the Pope to hear confessions, &c. in all places, independently of the local ordinaries
Liche-wake, *n.* the custom of watching with dead bodies
Lide, *pr. n.* Lydia
Lieges, *n. pl. Fr.* subjects
Lien, *pr. t. pl.* of lie or ligge
Lien, *part. pa.* of lie or ligge, lain
Lies, *n. pl. Fr.* lees of wine, &c.
Lieth is misprinted for leyeth
Lifly, *adv. Sax.* like the life
Ligeance, *n. Fr.* allegiance
Ligge, lie, *v. neut. Sax.* to lie down
Ligging, *part. pr.* lying
Light, *v. Sax.* to enlighten—to make light or pleasant—*v. neut.* to descend, to alight
Ligne, *n. Fr.* lineage, lineal descent; ligine should probably be lignee, to rhyme to compagnee
Ligne aloes, lignum aloes, a very bitter drug
Like, liken, *v. Sax.* to compare
Like, *v. Sax.* to please; if you liketh, if it pleaseth you; it liketh hem, it pleaseth them
Likerous, *adj. Sax.* gluttonous, lascivious
Liking, *part. pr.* pleasing
Liking, *n.* pleasure
Limaile, *n. Fr.* filings of any metal
Lime, *v. Sax.* to smear as with birdlime
Limed, *part. pa.* caught as with birdlime
Limed, *part. pa. Fr.* polished as with a file
Limer, *n. Fr.* limier, a bloodhound, *Du.* 362, 5.
Lime-rod, a twig with birdlime
Limitation, *n. Lat.* a certain precinct allowed to a limitour
Limitour, *n.* a friar licensed to beg within a certain district
Limmes, *n. pl. Sax.* limbs
Linage, *n. Fr.* family
Linde, *n. Sax.* the limetree
Lisse, *n. Sax.* remission, abatement
Lisse, *v. neut. Sax.* to grow easy
Lissed, *part. pa.* of lisse, *v. Sax.* eased, relieved
Liste, *v.* See Leste
Listeneth, *imp. m. 3d perf. pl.* of listen, *v. Sax.* hearken ye
Listes, *n. pl. Fr.* lists, a place enclosed for combats, &c.
Litargo, *n. Fr.* white lead
Lite, *adj. Sax.* little
Lith, *n. Sax.* a limb
Lith, for lieth
Lithe, *adj. Sax.* soft, flexible, *Du.* 953.
Lithe, *v. Sax.* to soften
Lither *adj. Sax.* wicked; [in the edit. it is lithy,] luther and quede. See Quade
Litherly, *adv. Sax.* very ill
Litling, *Sax.* very little
Livand, *part. pr. Sax* living
Live, *n. Sax.* life; on live, in life, alive; lives creature, living creature; lives body, living body
Lodemanage, Lodesterre, } See the statute 3 Geo. I. c. 13, where loadmanage is used repeatedly in the sense of pilotage
Lodesmen, *n. pl. Sax.* pilots
Loft, *adv. Sax.* on loft, on high, aloft
Loge, *n. Fr.* a lodge, habitation
Logged, *part. pa. Fr.* lodged
Logging, *n.* lodging
Loke, *v. Sax.* to see, to look upon
Loken, Loke, *part. pa.* of loke, *v. Sax.* locked, shut close, *Conf. Am.* 29, his one eye anon was loke
Loller, *n.* a lollard
Lollius, *pr. n.* a writer from whom Chaucer professes to have translated his poem of Troilus and Creseide
Londe, *n. Sax.* land
Londenoys, a Londoner, one born in London
Lone, *n. Sax.* a loan, any thing lent
Long, *v. Sax.* to belong; longing for his art, belonging to his art, to desire
Long. See Along
Loos, los, *n. Fr.* praise; loses, *pl.*
Lord, *n. Sax.* a title of honour given to monks, as well as to other persons of superiour rank; lordes is used in the sense of lordings
Lordings, *n. pl.* sirs, masters, a diminutive of lords
Lordship, *n. Sax.* supreme power
Lore, *n. Sax.* knowledge, doctrine, advice
Lorel, *n. Sax.* a good-for-nothing fellow. Skinner supposes it to be derived from the Lat.

lurco; and in the *Promptorium Parvulorum losel*, or *lorel*, or *lurden*, is rendered *lurco*; but *lurco*, I apprehend, signifies only a glutton, which falls very short of our idea of a lorel: and besides, I do not believe that the word was ever sufficiently common in Latin to give rise to a derivative in English. One of Skinner's friends deduces it with much more probability from the Belg. [rather Sax.] loren, lost, *perditus*

Lorne, *part. pa.* of lese, *v. Sax.* lost, undone

Los, *n. Sax.* loss

Losed, *part. pa. Sax.* loosed

Losed, *part. pa. Fr.* praised

Losenge, *n. Fr.* a quadrilateral figure of equal sides but unequal angles, in which the arms of women are usually painted; losynges seems to signify small figures of the same form in the fret-work of a crown

Losengeour, *n. Fr.* a flatterer

Loteby, *n.* in the orig. *campaigne*, a private companion or bedfellow; the concubines of priests are called their lotebies; perhaps it may be derived from the Sax. loute, to lurk

Loth, *adj. Sax.* disagreeable, odious

Lother, *comp. d.* more hateful

Lothest, *superl. d.* most unwilling

Lothly, *adj.* loathsome

Love-dayes, *n. pl.* a day appointed for the amicable settlement of differences, was called a love-day

Love-drinke, *n. Sax.* a drink to excite love

Love-longing, *n. Sax.* desire of love

Lovesome, *adj. Sax.* lovely

Lough, *pa. t.* of laugh, *v. Sax.* laughed

Louke. In *Pierce Plough.* 20, wrong is called a wicked luske, and I learn from Cotgrave, that luske is a synonymous word to lowt, lorel, &c.; so that perhaps louke may be still another term for an idle good-for-nothing fellow. See *Cotg.* in *v. Luske, Eng.* and in *v. Loricard, Falourdin, Fr.*

Loure, *v. neut. Sax.* to look discontented

Louring, *part. pr.*

Loute, *v. Sax.* to bow, to lurk

Low, *n.* for law

Lowlyhede, *n. Sax.* humility

Lucan, *pr. n.* the Roman poet

Luce, *n. Lat.* the fish called a pike

Lucina, *pr. n.* the moon

Lulled, *pa. t.* of lull, *v. Sax.* invited to sleep

Lumbardes, *n. pl.* bankers, remitters of money

Lunarie, *pr. n.* of a herb, moonwort

Lure, *n. Fr.* a device used by falconers for calling their hawks

Lure, *v. Fr.* to bring to the lure

Lusheburghes, base coins, probably first imported, as Skinner thinks, from Luxembourgh. They are mentioned in the Stat. 25. E. III. c. 2. "La monoie appellé Lucynbourg," and in *Pierce Plough.* fol. 82. b.

As in Lushburgh is a luther alay, yet loketh like Sterling.

Lust, *n.* See Lest

Luste, *v.* See Leste

Lustyhede, *n. Sax.* pleasure, mirth

Luxurie, *n. Fr.* lechery

Lynian, *pr. n.* a learned correspondent, to whom I am obliged for other useful hints, has suggested to me that Fabricius, upon the authority of Salini, has placed the death of Joannes Lignanus in 1383, *Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. This furnishes an additional reason for believing that the Canterbury Tales were composed, or at least collected into a body, after that period

M.

Mace, *n. Fr.* a club

Machabe, *pr. n.* the books of the Maccabees

Macrobes, *pr. n.* Macrobius, *Du.* 284; the author of the commentary on the Somnium Scipionis of Cicero

Madde, *v. Sax.* to be mad

Madrian. I have found that the French Saint called Materne—but Mr. Steevens has much more probability, supposes that the precious body by which the Host swears was of St. Mathurin. See his story in The Legende, edit. 1527, by Winkin de Worde, 151, b.: "Than toke they *the preste* "and enoynted it with moche reverence "when they had laid it in the erth, "morowe they came to the sepulture "found *the holy body* above the erth and "to the same sepulture, and than were "all abasshed, and wyst not what to do" seems the knights who had brought his France had promised that if he died journey he should be sent back and "where as they had taken him," and fore his body would not stay in the grave it was deposited, according to promise France, where it afterwards worked miracles

Mafeie, *Fr. ma foy*, by my faith

Magicien, *n. Fr.* a magician

Magike, *n. Fr.* magic; magike, natural

Mahownd, *pr. n.* Mahomet. See *Du Cange*

Maille, *n. Fr.* a coat of mail

Mainte, *part. pa.* as meint

Maintenance, *n. Fr.* behaviour, *Du.* 834.

Maisondewe, *Fr.* maisondieu, an hospital

Maister, *n. Fr.* a skilful artist, a master; strete, the chief street; maister-temple, chief temple; maister-tour, the principal

Maisterful, *adj.* imperious

Maisterie, maistrie, *n. Fr.* skill, skilful management, power, superiority

Love wol not be constreined by mastrie
Whan maistrie cometh the god of love anon
Beteth his winges, and farewell he is gone.

I cite these elegant lines as I omitted to do before that Spenser has inserted them in Faery Queen, b. ii. c. 1, st. 25. with very alteration, and certainly without any improvement:

Ne may love be compell'd by mastery
For soon as mastery comes sweet love doth flye
Taketh his nimble wings, and soon is gone.

A maistrie, a masterly operation; as *maitre*, for the maistrie

Maistresse, *n. Fr.* mistress, governess

Maiſtriſe, *n. Fr.* maſterly workmanſhip
Make, *n. Sax.* a fellow, a mate, a huſband, a wife; make or metche, compar. *Prompt. Parv.*
Make, *v. Sax.* to compoſe or make verſes, to ſolace him ſometimes as I do whan I make, *Pierce Plough.* 60. to make a man's berde, to cheat him
Make, why make ye your backes! we ſhould read—nake, *i. e.* make naked; *cur inertes terga nudatis?* orig.
Maked, *part. pa.* made
Makeleſs, *adj. Sax.* peerleſs, without a fellow
Making, *n.* poetry; makinges, *pl.* poetical compoſitions; and thou medleſt with makings, *Pierce Plough.* 60.
Malapert, *adj.* pert, forward; the word ſeems to be evidently of French original, though I do not recollect to have ſeen it uſed by any French writer. Appert, *adj. Fr.* ſignifies expert, &c. *Cotgrave*
Male, *n. Fr.* a budget or portmanteau
Malefice, *n. Fr.* enchantment
Male-talent, *n. Fr.* ill-will
Maliſon *n. Fr.* malediction, curſe; I gyve it my maliſoun
Malt, *pa. t.* of melt, *v. Sax.* melted
Malveſie, *pr. n.* Malmſey wine
Malure, *n. Fr.* misfortune
Manace, *n. Fr.* a threat
Manace, *v.* to threaten
Manacing, *n.* threatening
Manciple, *n.* an officer who has the care of purchaſing victuals for an inn of court. The name is probably derived from the Lat. *manceps*, which ſignified particularly the ſuperintendant of a public bakehouſe, and from thence a baker in general. See *Du Cange* in *v. Manceps* 2. The office ſtill ſubſiſts in ſeveral colleges as well as inns of court.
Mandement, *n. Fr.* mandate
Manere, *n. Fr.* carriage, behaviour, kind or ſort; a *manere* Latin, a kind of Latin; ſwiche a maner love-drinke, ſuch a ſort of love-potion; ſwiche maner rime
Mangonel, *n. Fr.* an engine uſed to batter walls
Manie, *n. Fr. Gr.* madneſs
Manniſh, *adj. Sax.* human, proper to the human ſpecies—maſculine, proper to man as diſtinguiſhed from woman; in this laſt ſenſe when applied to a woman it is a ſtrong term of reproach
Manor, *n. Fr.* dwelling, *Du.* 1004.
Manſuete, *adj. Fr.* gentle
Mantelet, *n. Fr.* a ſhort mantle
Marcian, *pr. n.* Martianus Capella
Marcian, *adj.* martial, under the influence of Mars
Mareis, *n. Fr.* a marſh
Margarite, *n. Fr.* a pearl
Marie, mary, *n. Sax.* marrow; marie-bones, marrowbones
Market-beter, I am enclined to believe that this word is to be underſtood in a ſenſe ſimilar to that in which the *Fr.* phraſes *Batreles rues*—and *Bateur de pavez*. are uſed; *Batre les rues*, to revel, jet, or ſwagger, up and down the ſtreets anights; *Bateur de pavez*, a jetter abroad in the ſtreets—a pavement-beater. See *Cotgrave* in *v. Bateur, Batre, Pavé;* ſo that he was a market-beter atte full, may mean perhaps—he was uſed to ſwagger up and down the market when it was full—a circumſtance which ſuits very well with the reſt of his character:—*Market-dæbar. Circumforaneus, Prompt. Parv.*
Markis, *n. Fr.* a marquis
Markis, for markiſes, *gen. ca. ſing.*; in the ſame manner Peneus is put for Peneuſes; Theſeus for Theſeuſes; Venus for Venuſes; Ceres for Cereſes; Melibeus for Melibeuſes: Perhaps it might have been proper to add a mark of apocope to the words ſo abbreviated. As to the preſent method of expreſſing the genitive caſes of nouns ending in *s* by adding another *s* with a mark of ſyncope, as Peneus's, Theſeus's, Venus's, &c. it ſeems abſurd, whether the addition be intended to be pronounced or not. In the firſt caſe the *e* ſhould not be cut out; in the ſecond the *s* is quite ſuperfluous. But the abſurdity of this practice is moſt ſtriking when the genitives of monoſyllable nouns are thus written, an ox's horns, an aſs's ears, a fiſh's tail, St. James's park; notwithſtanding that the *e*, which is thus directed to be cut out, is conſtantly and neceſſarily to be pronounced, as if the ſeveral words were written at length, oxes, aſſes, fiſhes, Jameſes
Markiſeſſe, *n. Fr.* the wife of a marquis
Marte, *pr. n.* Mars
Martire, *n. Fr.* martyrdom, torment
Martire, *v. Fr.* to torment
Mary, Marie, *pr. n.* a vulgar oath; by Mary
Maſe, *n.* a wild fancy
Maſe, *v. neut.* to doubt, to be confounded
Maſedneſſe, *n.* aſtoniſhment, confuſion
Maſelin, *n.* rather mazerin, a drinking-cup. See *Du Cange* in *v. Mazer*
Mate, *part. pa.* of mate, *v. Fr.* dejected, ſtruck dead; ſo feble and mate, *Conf. Am.* 127, b.
Matire, for matere, *n. Fr.* matter
Maugre, malgre, *Fr.* in ſpite of; maugre all thy might; maugre thin eyen; maugre hire hed—The original of this expreſſion appears more plainly in the following paſſages, I drede thou canſt me grete maugre

> Car je cuide, que me ſcavez
> *Mal gré.* Orig.

Malgre his, with his ill will, againſt his will; *mal gré lui.*
Mavis, *n. Sax.* a thruſh
Mavis is probably a miſtake for muis, *n. pl. Fr.* the orig. has *cent* muys *de froment;* the Paris muid contains ſomething more than five quarters Engliſh
Maumet, *n.* an idol
Maumetrie, *n.* the religion of Mahomet; idolatry
Mawe, *n. Sax.* the ſtomach
Maximian, *pr. n.* the author of ſix elegies which have been frequently printed under the name of Gallus: he is ſaid by Fabricius [*Bibl. Lat.* t. i. p. 297, *ed. Patav.*] to have lived under the Emperor Anaſtaſius, q. I. or II.? A tranſlation or rather abridgment of theſe elegies in Engliſh verſe is in mſ. *Harl.* 2253.

May, *v. Sax.* to be able, physically, morally. See Mowe

May, *n. Sax.* a virgin; of Mary, moder and may, a young woman

Maydenhed, *n. Sax.* virginity

Meaneliche, *adj. Sax.* moderate; *mediocribus*, orig.

Mebles, *n. pl. Fr.* moveable goods

Mede, *n. Sax.* reward, a meadow

Mede, methe, meth, *n. barb. Lat.* mead, a liquor made of honey

Medle, *v. Fr.* to mix

Medlee, *adj.* of a mixed stuff or colour

Meinie, *n. Fr.* houſehold attendants, an army—*Harlewaynes meyne.* This obſcure phraſe, I think, may be underſtood to relate to a particular ſet of ghoſtly apparitions which were uſed to run about the country at night, and were called in French *La meſgnie de Hellequin* or *Herlequin.* The fulleſt account that I have ſeen of them is in *L'hiſtoire de Richard ſans paour, Duc de Normandie, qui fut fils de Robert le Diable.* In one of his rides he meets with three black knights whom he engages: "Et quand les "Chevaliers veirent le ju mal party pour eux "ils monterent a cheval et s'enfuyrent;—et "Richard—chevaucha apres eux; et ainſi qu'il "chevauchoit il appercent une dance de gens "noirs qui s'entretenoyent. Adonc luy ſou-"vint *de la meſgnie de Hellequin*, dont il avoit "autres foys ouy parler." The title of the next chapter (4) is *Cy diviſe de la meſgnie de Hellequin et qui il eſtoit.* He is there ſaid to have been a knight who, having ſpent all his ſubſtance in the wars of Charles Martel againſt the Saracens, lived afterwards by pillage. "Adonc il avint qu'il mourut et fut en "danger d'eſtre damme, mais Dieu luy fit pardon, "pource que il avoit bataille contre les Sarra-"zins et exaulce la foy. Si fut condamne de "Dieu que pour un tems de termine luy et "ceux de ſon ſignage ſeroient penitence et "yroient toute la nuit parmy la terre, pour "leurs penitences faire et endurer pluſieurs "maux et calamitez." The belief of ſuch apparitions was certainly of great antiquity in Normandy, as they are mentioned by Ordericus Vitalis under the title of *familia Herlechini*, in a moſt extraordinary ſtory related by him, l. viii. p. 695, *and.* 1091; and I ſuſpect that in a paſſage quoted by *Du Cange* in *v. Herlinini*, from *Petr. Bleſens*, ep. 14, we ſhould read *Herlikini* inſtead of *Herlinini.*—Gervaſe of Tilbery, who wrote in 1211, mentions another ſet of apparitions which were called *familia Arturi. Of. Imper. Dec.* ii. c. 12; "In ſylvis Brittanniæ "majoris aut minoris conſimilia contigiſſe re-"ferunt, narrantibus nemorum cuſtodibus, "quos *foreſtarios*—vulgus nominat, ſe alternis "diebus circa horam meridianam, et in primo "noctium conticinio ſub plenilunio lunâ lu-"cente, ſæpiſſime videre militum copiam ve-"nantium et canum et cornuum ſtrepitum, "qui ſciſſitantibus ſe *de ſocietate et familiâ Ar-"turi* eſſe affirmant." He had juſt ſaid that Arthur, not long before, had been ſeen in a palace, *miro opere conſtructo*, in a moſt delicious valley in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, where he had reſided ever ſince the time of his ſuppoſed death, *vulneribus quotannis recrudeſcentibus.*

Meint, *part. pa.* of menge, *v. Sax.* mixed, mingled

Meke, *adj. Sax.* meek, humble

Meke, *v.* to become meek

Meles, *n. pl. Sax.* meals, dinners, &c. *Du.* 612.

Mele-tide, *n. Sax.* dinner-time

Melle, *v. Fr.* to meddle

Melle, *n.* for milie

Memorie, *n. Fr.* remembrance; to be drawn to memorie; to be recorded;

> And for to drawe into memorye
> Her names bothe and her hiſtorye.
>
> *Conf. Am.* f. 96.

Memorie, *v.* to remember

Mendiants, *n. pl. Fr.* friars of the begging orders

Mene, *v. Sax.* to mean, to intend

Mene, *n. Fr.* moyen, a mean or inſtrument; where the orig. has *mezzano*, a procurer. *Menes, pl.*

Mene, *adj.* middle

Menivere, *n. Fr.* a ſort of fur

Mercenrike, *pr. n.* the kingdom of Mercia

Mercia, *pr. n.* Marſayas is probably meant, but our poet, I know not upon what authority, has turned him into a female

Merciable, *adj. Fr.* merciful

Meritorie, *adj Fr.* meritorious

Merke, *n. Sax.* a mark, an image; all the merke of Adam, all the images of Adam, all mankind

Merke, *adj. Sax.* dark

Merlion, *n. Fr. emerillon*, a merlin, a ſort of hawk

Mervaille, *n. Fr.* wonder, marvel

Mery, *adj. Sax.* merry, pleaſant

Mes, at gode mes, ſhould probably be at godeneſs; the orig. has *en bon point.* See Godeneſs

Meſe, *n.* for meſſe

Meſel, *n. Fr.* a leper

Meſelrie, *n. Fr.* leproſy

Meſſage, *n Fr.* a meſſenger

Meſſageric, *pr. n.* a fictitious attendant in the temple of Venus; Boccace calls her Ruffiania, *Theſeida*, b. vii.

Meſſe, *n. Fr.* the ſervice of the maſs

Meſte, *adj. Sax. ſuperl. d.* as moſte

Meſurable, *adj. Fr.* moderate

Meſure, *n. Fr.* moderation

Metamorphoſeos, Metamorphoſoſe, Ovid's Metamorphoſis. See Judicum

Mete, *adj. Sax.* fitting, convenient

Mete, *n. Sax.* meat; during the metes ſpace, during the time of eating

Mete-borde, *n. Sax.* an eating-table

Metely, *adj.* proportionable

Mete, *v. Sax.* to meet, to dream

Mette, met, *pa. t.* dreamed; I mette, me mette, I dreamed

Metriciens, *n. pl.* writers in verſe

Mevable, *adj. Fr.* moveable

Mewe, *n. Fr.* a cage for hawks while they mewe or change their feathers, a cage in general, or any ſort of confinement; in mewe, in ſecret

Mewet, *adj Fr.* mute; in mewet, dumbly, ſpeaking inwardly

Micher, *n.* a thief, lierres orig. mychin or pryvely ſtelyn ſmale things; *furripio, Prompt. Parv.*
Might, *pa. t.* of may, *v. Sax.* was able, mighten, *pl.*
Might, *part. pa.* if godely had he might, if he had been able with propriety
Might, *n. Sax.* power, ſtrength
Milkſop, *n.* an effeminate fellow
Milne-ſtones, *n. pl. Sax.* millſtones
Minde, *n. Sax.* remembrance, *Conf. Am.* 148, as the bokes maken minde
Mine, *v. Fr.* to penetrate
Miniſtralles, *n. pl. Fr.* minſtrels
Miniſtres, *n. pl. Fr.* officers of juſtice, miniſters, minſtrels
Minoreſſe, *n.* a nun under the rule of St. Clare, *Du Cange* in v. *Minoriſſa.* It is not clear, however, why Chaucer has likened Hate to a ſiſter of this order; his original gave him no authority
Minour, *n. Fr.* a miner
Minſtralcie, *n. Fr.* muſic, muſical inſtruments
Mirrour, *n. Fr.* a lookingglaſs
Mirtheles, *adj. Sax.* without mirth
Mis, *adv.* ill, amiſs; it is often to be ſupplied to a ſecond verb, having been expreſſed in compoſition with a former; if that I misſpeke or ſay; that hire miſdoth or faith; there is nothing misſaide nor do, *Du.* 528
Mis, *n.* a wrong
Miſ-accompted, *part. pa.* miſreckoned
Miſ-aventure, *n.* misfortune
Miſ-aviſe, *v.* to adviſe wrongly
Miſ-boden, *part. pa.* of miſ-bede, injured
Miſ-borne, *part. pa.* of miſ-here, miſbehaved
Miſchance, *n. Fr.* misfortune; with miſchance. See With
Miſchefe, *n. Fr.* misfortune
Miſcoveting, *n.* ſhould probably be miſcompting; meſcompter, orig.
Miſ-departe, *v.* to diſtribute, wrongly
Miſericorde, *n. Fr.* mercy, pity
Miſ-eſe, *n.* uneaſineſs
Miſ-foryave, *pa. t.* of miſ-foryave, miſgave
Miſ-gied, *part. pa.* of miſ-gie, miſguided
Miſ-gon, Miſ-go, *part. pa.* of miſ-go, gone wrong
Miſ-happing, *part. pr.* falling amiſs
Miſ-lede, *v.* to conduct amiſs
Miſ-lived, *part. pa.* having lived to a bad purpoſe
Miſ-metre, *v.* to ſpoil the metre of verſes by writing or reading them ill
Miſ-ſate, *pa. t.* of miſ-ſit, miſbecame
Miſ-ſayde, *part. pa.* of miſ-ſaye, ill-ſpoken of
Miſ-ſayer, *n.* an evil ſpeaker
Miſſe, *v. Sax.* to fail
Miſſe-metre, *v.* See Miſ-metre
Miſtake, *v.* to take a wrong part, to tranſgreſs; meſprendre, orig.
Miſtere, *n. Fr.* trade, occupation—condition of life; what miſtere men ye ben, what kind of men ye are—need
Miſtihede, *n. Sax.* darkneſs
Miſtily, *adv. Sax.* darkly
Miſtriſt, *v.* for miſtruſt
Miſ-waie, *n.* a wrong way
Miſ-went, *part. pa.* of miſ-wende, gone amiſs
Miſ-write, *v.* to write wrong
Mitaine, *n. Fr.* a glove
Mitche, *n. Fr.* a manchet, a loaf of fine bread
Mite, *n. Sax.* a ſmall worm
Mixen, *n. Sax.* a dunghill
Mo, for me
Mo, for more, *adj. comp. adv. comp.*
Mochel, moche, *adj. Sax.* great in quantity, in number, in degree—*adv.* much, greatly
Moder, modre, *n. Sax.* mother—the matrix or principal plate of the aſtrolabe, *Aſtr.*
Moiſon, *n. Fr.* harveſt, growth
Moiſt, moiſty, *adj. Fr.* new
Mokel, *n.* may perhaps ſignify ſize, magnitude, as michel ſeems to be uſed in that ſenſe in *Pierce Plough.* 89, b. of one michel and might
Moleſtie, *n. Fr.* trouble
Molte, *pa. t.* of melte, *v. Sax* melted, *part. pa.*
Monche, *v.* to chew
Mone, *n. Sax.* the moon—lamentation
Moneſte, *v. Fr.* to admoniſh
Monours, *n. pl. Fr.* coiners: in the orig. it is *faulx monnoyeurs*
Monſtre, *n. Fr.* a monſter or prodigy—a pattern
Mood, *n. Sax.* anger
Morcels, *n. pl. Fr.* morſels
More, *adj. comp Sax.* greater in quantity, in number and degree—*adv. comp.* it is uſually joined to adjectives and adverbs to expreſs the *comp. deg.*
Mormal, *n.* a cancer or gangreene
Morter, *n. Fr.* a ſort of waxlight
Mirtiſie, *v. Fr.* to kill, (ſpeaking of quickſilver)
Mortrewes, *n.* Lord Bacon, in his Nat. Hiſt. c. 48, ſpeaks of a mortreſs made with the brawn of capons ſtamped and ſtrained. He joins it with the cullice (*coulis*) of cocks. It ſeems to have been a rich broth or ſoup, in the preparation of which the fleſh was ſtamped or beat in a mortar, from whence it probably derived its name, *une mortreuſe*, though I cannot ſay that I have ever met with the French word
Morwe, *n. Sax.* the morning; in the morning of the following day—To-morwe, I believe, always means the following day, and it includes the whole day; to-morwe at night
Morwening, *n. Sax.* the morning, morweninges, *pl.*
Moſel, *n. Fr.* the muzzle, mouth of a beaſt
Moſte, *adj. ſuperl. Sax.* greateſt in quantity, in number, in degree—*adv. ſuperl.* it is uſually joined to adjectives and adverbs to expreſs the ſuperlative degree
Moſt, *v. Sax.* muſt; Moſten, *pl.*
Mote, *v. Sax.* muſt, may; Moten, *pl.*
Mote, *n. Sax.* an atom
Mothes, *n. pl. Sax.* moths
Motif, *n. Fr.* a motive, incitement
Mought, *pa. t.* of mowe, *v. Sax.* might
Moule, *v. Sax.* to grow mouldy
Mouled, *part. pa.*
Moun, for mowen, *pr. t. pl.* of mowe, *v. Sax.* may
Mountance, *n. Fr.* amount in value; in quantity; not full the mountance of a mile, *Conf. Am.* 187.
Mourdant, *n. Fr.* the tongue of a buckle
Mowe, *v. Sax.* may, to be able. Mowen, *pl.*—it is ſometimes uſed in the *inf. m.* which thou

shalt not mowe suffre, which thou shalt not be able to endure—to mowen suche a knight done live or die, to be able to make such a knight to live or die—she should not con ne mow attaine, she should not know nor be able to attain

Mowe, *n. Fr.* a distortion of the mouth; what do I than but laugh and make a mowe? *Lydg. Tra.* 137.

Mowing, *n.* ability. In the following passage it seems to be used as a *gerund;* that shrewes weren dispoiled of mowing to don yvel

Much, muchel. See Miche

Muckre, *v. Sax.* to heap

Mue, *v. Fr.* to change

Muet, *adj. Fr.* dumb, mute

Mullok, *n. Sax.* dung, rubbish

Multiplication, *n. Fr.* the art of making gold and silver

Multiplie, *v. Fr.* to make gold and silver

Musard, *n. Fr.* a muser or dreamer

Muse, *v. Fr.* to gaze

Myself, myselve, myselven. See Self

N.

Na, for no

N'adde, for ne hadde, had not

Naile, *n. Sax* a nail; by nailes, by Goddes nailes, an oath

Nakere, *n.* a kind of brazen drum used in the cavalry. See *Du Cange* in *v. Nacara*

Nale, *n. Sax.* an alehouse. But I am the less inclined to adopt Skinner's explanation of this word, because I observe that ale alone is commonly put for an alehouse, and I cannot find that nale is ever used, except where it follows the preposition atte. In the passage in *Pierce Plough.* 32, b. the *Cotton* ms. *Vesp. B.* xvi. has at the ale; and so in *Pierce Plough.* 26, b. with idle tales at the ale.—Robert of Brunne's translation of *Manuel des Pechées*, ms. *Bodl.* 2313, fol. 1;

In gaymes, in festys, and at the ale.

fol. 38. Or yf thou leddest any man to the ale. I suspect therefore that nale, in those few passages in which it is found, should be considered as merely a corruption which has arisen from the mispronunciation and consequent miswriting of atte nale for atten ale. A similar corruption seems to have taken place in the name of that celebrated personage in our law Mr. John A-Noke, whose original appellation, I believe, was John Atten Oke, as that of his constant antagonist was John Atte Stile *sim.* Atte Stile is a name in *Pierce Plough.* 23, b. and there are many others of the same form, as Atte-cliff, Atte-ley, Atte-well, Atte-wood, &c. That the letter *n* is apt to pass from the end of one word to the beginning of another, we have an instance in newt, which has certainly been formed, by corruption, from an ewt or eft; and perhaps nedder, *n. Sax.* may have been formed in the same way from an adder: the word in the Teutonic is adder, as we write it now, without the initial *n.* The same corruptions have happened in other languages. See the notes of Signor Redi upon his *Bacco in Toscana*, p. 133, 4, 5, 182, 3.

N'am, for ne am, am not.

Name, *pa. t.* of nime, *v. Sax.* took

Nappe, *v. Sax.* to sleep. See Knap

Narcotickes, *n. pl. Fr. Gr.* drugs causing sleep

Narwe, *adj. Sax.* close, narrow; whan they hem narwe avise, when they closely consider their conduct

Nas, for ne was, was not

Naso, *pr. n.* P. Ovidius Naso. See Ovid

Nat, *adv. Sax.* not

Natal, *adj. Lat.* presiding over nativity

Natheleſſe, natheles, *adv. Sax.* not the less, nevertheless

Nation, *n. Fr.* nation—family

Naught, nought, *n. Sax.* nothing

———, *adv.* not, not at all, it may more properly perhaps be considered as a noun used adverbially. See Nothing

Nay, *adj. Sax.* it seems to be used sometimes as a noun; it is no nay, it cannot be denied

Nay, *v.* to deny

Ne, *adv. Sax.* not; ne had he ben holpen, had he not been helped

Ne, *conj. Sax.* nor

Nece, *n. Fr.* a niece—a cousin

Necessaire, *adj. Fr.* necessary

Nede, *n. Sax.* need, necessity

Nede, *v.* is generally used as an impersonal; it nedeth thee nought teche; nedeth him no dwale; neded no more to hem to go ne rid

Nedeful, *adj.* distrest, indigent

Nedely, *adv.* necessarily

Nedes, nede, *adv.* necessarily; it is usually joined with must

Nedder, *n. Sax.* an adder; Neders, *pl.*

Neighe, *adj. Sax.* nigh

Neighe, *v.* to approach, to come near

Nekke, *n. Sax.* the neck; nekke-bone

Nempne, *v. Sax.* to name

Ner, *adv. Sax.* near

Nere, *comp. d.* nigher; never the nere, never the nigher; nere and nere, nigher and nigher; ferre ne nere, later nor earlier

N'ere, for ne were, were not; n'ere it, were it not; n'ere the friendship

Nerfe, *n. Fr.* nerve, sinew

Neshe, *adj. Sax.* soft, tender; Nesch and hard

Nete, *n. Sax.* neat cattle

Nether, *adj. comp. Sax.* lower

Nettle in dock out. See Raket

Neven, *v. Sax.* to name

Nevew, *n. Fr.* a nephew—a grandson

Newe, *adj. Sax.* new, fresh

Newe, *adv.* newly; newe and newe, again and again; all newe; of newe, newly, lately; all new, anew, afresh

Newe, *v.* to renew

Newed, *part. pa.* renewed

Newefangel, *adj.* desirous of new things

Newefangelneſſe, *n.* inconstancy

Nexte, *superl. d.* nighest; it generally signifies the nighest, following, but sometimes the nighest preceding

N'hath, for ne hath, hath not

Nice, *adj. Fr.* foolish

Nicetee, *n.* folly; do his nicetee; so the French use *faire folie*
Nifles, *n. pl.* trifles
Nigard, *n.* a stingy fellow
Nigardie, *n.* stinginess
Nightertale, night-time
Night-spel, *n. Sax.* a night-charm
N'ill, for ne will, will not
N'is, for ne is, is not
N'iste, for ne wiste, knew not, *sing.*; n'isten, for ne wisten, knew not, *pl.*
Nobledest, *pa. t. and perf. sing.* of noble, *v. Fr.* ennobledest
Noblesse, *n. Fr.* dignity, splendour
Nobley, *n.* as noblesse
Nocked, *part. pa.* notched
Noie, *n. Fr.* hurt, trouble
Noie, *v.* to hurt, to trouble
Noise, *v. Fr.* to make a noise
N'olde, for ne wolde, would not
Nombre, *n. Fr.* number
Nomen, nome, *part. pa.* of nime, *v. Sax* taken
Nompere, *n.* an arbitrator. See the passage quoted above in *v.* Lovedaie. The sense of this word is established by the *Prompt. Parv.* nowmper or owmper, Arbiter, Sequester. If the etymology of it were as clear, we might be able to determine which of the two methods of writing it is the best; custom has long declared for the latter. The modern word is umpire; and in *Pierce Plough*, 25, b. the edit. read—an umper, but the *Cotton* ms. *Vesp. B.* xvi. has—a numper. I cannot find that any such word is used, in the same sense, in any other of the Gothic or romance languages: it has been supposed by some to be a corruption of *un pere*, *Fr.* which I can hardly believe; and perhaps the reader will be as backward to admit of a derivation of it from the *Fr. nonpai*, an odd or third person, which an arbitrator generally is. This however is the most probable etymology that has occurred to me, and I see that the compiler of the statutes for the University of Oxford (whoever he was) had the same idea, for he expresses the word umpire in his Latin by impar, tit. xv. § 14. *Index, impar, aut arbitrator, in quácunque causâ electus*
Non, *adj. Sax.* not one, none
Non, *adv. Fr.* not; absent or non; whether ye wol or non
None, *n. Fr.* the ninth hour of the natural day, nine o'clock in the morning; the hour of dinner
Nones, for the nones
Nonne, *n. Fr.* a nun
Norice, *n. Fr.* a nurse; in other passages, it is printed by mistake for norie, *n.* a foster-child, *alumnus*
Nortelrie, *n.* nurture, education
Nosethirles, *n. pl. Sax.* nostrils
N'ot, for ne wot, know not
Notabilitee, *n. Fr.* a thing worthy of observation
Note, *n. Sax.* need, business
Note, *n. Fr.* a musical note; to cry by note, to cry aloud, in a high tone
Notemuge, *n.* nutmeg
Notes, *n. pl. Sax.* nuts

Not-hed, a head like a nut
Nother, *conj. Sax.* nor, neither
N'other, *adj. Sax.* for ne other; neither n'other, nor one nor other; he n'is in neither n'other habite; *neutro est habitu*, orig.
Nothing, *adv. Sax.* not, not at all
Nouches, *n. pl.* It is probable, I think, that *nouche* is the true word, and that *ouche* has been introduced by a corruption the reverse of that which has been taken notice of in *Nale*. See *Du Cange* in *v. Nochia* and *Nusca*, and *Schilter*, Gloss. *Teut.* in *v. Nuosci*, from whence it appears that *nuschin*, *Teut.* signifies *fibula*, a clasp or buckle. As these were some of the most useful instruments of dress they were probably some of the first that were ornamented with jewels, by which means the name by degrees may have been extended so as to include several other sorts of jewels; the same thing may have happened in the case of the word broche, [see above] which indeed seems originally to have been a French expression for *nouche*
Nought, *n.* & *adv. Sax.* See Naught
Nouthe, *adv. Sax.* now
Novelries, *n. pl. Fr.* novelties
Now, *adv. Sax.* now and now, once and again; now adayes, in these days
Nowel, *n. Fr.* Christmas
Noysaunce, *n. Fr.* offence, trespass

O

O, for ho. See Ho
O, *adj.* for on, one; in the curious old ballad on the battle of Lewes, [*Anc. Poet.* v. ii. p. 4. l. 10.] oferling should be written, I believe, o ferling, *i. e.* one farthing
Obeysance, *n. Fr.* obedience; obeysing
Obeysant, *part. pr. Fr.* obedient; obeysing
Obsequies, *n. pl. Fr.* funeral rites
Observance, *n. Fr.* respect
Observe, *v. Fr.* to respect, to pay regard to
Occident, *n. Fr.* the west
Octavien, *pr. n.* I do not suppose that Augustus is meant, but rather the fabulous emperour who is the subject of a romance entitled *Octavian Imperator*, ms. *Cotton, Calig.* ii. See *Percy's Catalogue*, n. 18. The same Octavian, I apprehend, was celebrated in a piece of Arras hangings which made part of the furniture of Henry V. and is thus described in the inventory, *Rot. Parl.* 2. Hen. VI. Item 1 *autre pece d arras D or q comence en l estorie*, Le Octavion Roy de Rome
Ocy, ocy, the nightingale's note
Oerthrow, for overthrow, *part. pa. Sax.* overthrown
Oetus, *pr. n.* Æetes
Of, *adv. Sax.* off
Offended, *part. pa Fr.* hurt
Offensioun, *n.* offence, damage
Offertorie, *n. Fr.* a part of the mass
Offring, *n. Fr.* offering at mass
Oft, ofte, *adv. Sax.* often: often-sith, oftentimes
Oinement, *n. Fr.* ointment
Oiisaunt, *n. Fr.* elephant

Oliveres, *n. pl. Fr.* olive-trees
Omer, *pr. n.* Homer
On, *prep. Sax.* in; on live, in life, alive; on twelve, in twelve; on hunting; on hawking. See A, *prep.*—upon; on to see, to look upon. Licurgus daughter, fairer on to sene—so this line is written in ms. *Bodl.*
On, *adj. Sax.* one; after on, alike; they were at on, they were agreed; ever in on, continually; I mine on, I single, I by myself; and thus I went widewher walking mine one; non saw but he one; all him one
Onde, *n. Sax.* zeal, malice; ny the and onde
Oned, *part. pa. Sax.* made one, united
Ones, *pl.* of on; we three ben alle ones, we three are all one
Ones, *adv. Sax.* once; at ones, at once, at the same time
Onhed, *n. Sax.* unity
Only, *adv. Sax.* al only, solely
Ony, *adj. Sax.* any
Open-ers, *n. Sax.* the fruit of the medlar tree
Open-heded, *adj.* bareheaded
Opie, *n. Fr.* opium
Oppresse, *v. Fr.* to ravish
Oppressed, *part. pa.*
Oppression, *n.* rape
Or, *adv. Sax.* er, before
Oratorie, *n. Fr.* a chapel, a closet
Ordal, *n. Sax.* judicial trial. See *Kilian* in *v. Oordeel*, and Hickes *Dissert. Epist.* p. 149. It is possible however that Chaucer may have used this word in its more confined sense, for a trial by fire or water, without considering whether such trials were practised at Troy.
Orde, *n. Sax.* a point
Ordered, *part. pa.* ordained in holy orders
Orders four, the four orders of mendicant friars
Ordinance, *n. Fr.* orderly, disposition
Ordinat, *part. pa.* orderly, regular
Ore, *n. Sax.* grace, favour
Orwell, *pr. n.* a seaport in Essex
Orfrays, *n. Fr.* gold embroidery. See *Du Cange* in *v. Aurifrigia*
Orient, *n. Fr.* the east
Origenes, *pr. n.* In the list of Chaucer's Works he says of himself, that

> He made also, gon is a grete while,
> Origenes upon the Maudelaine——

meaning, I suppose, a translation into prose or verse of the homily *de Mariâ Magdalenâ*, which has been commonly, though falsely, attributed to Origen. V. *Opp. Origenis*, t. ii. p. 291, ed. Paris, 1604. I cannot believe that the poem entitled The Lamentation of Marie Magdaleine, which is in all the editions of Chaucer, is really that work of his; it can hardly be considered as a translation or even imitation of the homily, and the composition, in every respect, is infinitely meaner than the worst of his genuine pieces
Orisont, *n. Fr.* the horizon
Orloge, *n. Fr.* a clock or dial
Orpiment, *pr. n.* a mineral so called
Other, *adj. Sax. alter, Lat.* the other of two; others, *gen. ca.*
Other, *adj. Sax. alius, Lat.*
Other, *conj. Sax.* or either
Ouche. See Nouche
Over, *prep. Sax.* above; over all, in every case, on every side
Over, *adj. Sax.* upper
Overest, *superl. d.* uppermost
Over-gret, *adj. Sax.* too great
Over-ladde, *part. pa.* overborn; do not the people oppresse nor overlede, *Lydg. Tra.*
Over-live, *v. Sax.* to outlive
Over-merily, *adv. Sax.* too merrily
Over-moche, *adj. Sax.* too great
Over-nome, *part. pa.* of over-time, *v. Sax.* overtaken
Over-spradde, *pa. t. Sax.* overspread
Overte, *adj. Fr.* open
Overthrew, *pa. t.* of overthrow, *v. neut. Sax.* fall down
Overthrowing, *part. pr. Sax.* falling headlong; by overthrowing way, *præcipiti viâ*, orig.; and therfore clepeth Cassiodore poverte the moder of ruine, that is to say, the moder of overthrowing or falling doun
Over-thwart, *adv. Sax.* across, over against
Over-timeliche, *adv. Sax.* too early
Ovide, *pr. n.* Our Author seems to have been well acquainted with the best part of Ovid's works; most of the histories in his Legends of Good Women are taken from the Epistolæ Heroidum or the Metamorphoses; that of Lucrece shews that he had read the Fasti
Ought, *n. Sax.* any thing, *adv.* See Aught. The difference has arisen merely from the different usages of writing *a* or *o* for one
Ought, *pa. t.* of owe
Oughten, oughte. From hence, as it seems, has been formed a new verb ought, which is very commonly used in the present tense for owe in both numbers. Ought is also used as an *imperf.* in the *pr.* and *pa. t.*; wel ought us werke, well behoveth it us to work; hem oughte have gret repentance, it behoved them to have great repentance
Ounding, *n. Fr.* waving, imitating waves
Oures, *pr. poss. Sax.* ours
Out, *interj. Sax.* away
Out, *adv. Sax.* out and out, throughout
Outhees, *n. Lat. barb.* outcry; and born to London brigge full hie with outheys
Outrage, *n. Fr.* violence
Outraie, *v. Fr.* to fly out, to be outrageous
Out-rede, *v. Sax.* to surpass in counsel
Outrely, *adv. Fr.* utterly
Out-renne, *v. Sax.* to outrun
Outstraught, *pa. t.* of outstretch, *v. Sax.* stretched out
Out-taken, *part. pa.* taken out, excepted; out-taken Crist en loft, Christ in heaven being excepted; out-take Carleon that was in Arthurs tyme
Owe, *v. Sax. debeo*; owen, *pl.*
Owen, owne, *part. pa.*
Owhere, *adv. Sax.* any where
Owndie, *adj. Fr.* waving
Oxenforde, *pr. n.* Oxford
Oyse, *pr. n.* a river in Picardy

P.

Pace, *v. Fr.* to pass away, to surpass
Page, *n. Fr.* a boy-child, a boy servant
Paie, *n. Fr.* liking, satisfaction
Paie, *v. Fr.* to please, to satisfy, to pay; paide, *part. pa.* pleased, payed
Paillet, *n. Fr.* a couch, (properly of straw)
Paindemaine, *n. Fr.* a sort of bread
Paire, *v. Fr.* to impair; if I speke ought to paire her loos, *i. e.* to impair their credit or reputation; so this line is written in edit. 1542, and ms. *Hunter*
Palamedes, *pr. n.* not the son of Nauplius, one of the Grecian commanders at the war of Troy, but a knight of the Round Table, called Palomides in *Mort d' Arthur*, the unsuccessful rival of Tristan, for the love of *la Belle Isoude*. See *Mort d' Arthur*, b. ii. which seems to be compiled chiefly from the *Roman de Tristan*
Palasins, *n. pl. Fr.* ladies palasins, ladies of the court; in the orig. *palatines*. See *Du Cange* in v. *Palatini*
Palatie, *pr. n. Palathia* in *Anatolia. Sp.*
Pale, *n.* a perpendicular stripe in heraldry
Pale, *v. Fr.* to make pale
Paleis, *n. Fr.* a palace
Pulfreis, *n. pl. Fr.* horses for the road, where stedes are horses for battle; ne large palfrey esy for the nones
Paling, *n. Fr.* imitating pales
Palladion, *n. Gr.* the image of Pallas at Troy
Palled, *part. pa. Fr.* made pale
Palmeres, *n. pl.* pilgrims to foreign parts
Palmerie, *pr. n.* Palmyra in Syria
Pamphilus, *pr. n.*
Pampred, *part. pa.* pampered, made plump. See *Jun. Etymol.* who derives it from the *Fr. pampre*, a vine branch full of leaves
Pan, *pr. n.* the Heathen deity
Pan, *n. Sax.* the skull, the head
Panter, *n. Fr.* a net
Papelard, *n. Fr.* a hypocrite
Papelardie, *n. Fr.* hypocrisy
Paper-white, *adj.* white as paper
Par, *prep. Fr.* par amour, with love; par compagne, for company; par chance, by chance; par cuere, by heart, *memoriter*
Paraboles, *n. pl. Fr.* parables, the Proverbs of Solomon
Parage, *n. Fr.* kindred
Paraille, *n. Fr.* apparel
Paramour, paramours, *n. Fr.* love, gallantry, a lover of either sex
Paraventure, *adv. Fr.* haply, by chance
Paraunter, corruption of paraventure
Parcæ, *n. pl. Lat.* the Fates
Parcel-mele, *adv.* by parcels or parts
Parde, pardiaux, a common French oath, which most of the personages in Chaucer express very frequently in English, with as little ceremony as the Greeks used their ναὶ Δία, and with as little meaning too
Pardoner, *n. Fr.* a seller of pardons or indulgences
Parements, *n. pl. Fr.* ornamental furniture or clothes
Parentele, *n. Fr.* kindred
Parfay, *Fr. par foy*, by my faith
Parfei, as parfay
Parfit, *adj. Fr.* perfect
Parfitly, *adv.* perfectly
Parfourme, *v. Fr.* to perform
Parishens, *n. pl. Fr.* parishioners
Paritorie, *n. Fr. Lat.* the herb parietaria, or pellitory of the wall
Parlement, *n. Fr.* an assembly for consultation, a consultation
Parten, *inf. m. Fr.* to take part
Partie, *n. Fr.* a part, a party in a dispute
Parvis, *n. Fr.* a portico before a church, *Du Cange* in v. *Paradisus* 1. It appears that books were commonly sold *au Parvis devant Notre Dame* at Paris. At London the *Parvis* was frequented by Serjeants at Law. See *Fortescue de Laud. leg. Ang.* c. li. "Post meridiem curiæ non tenentur; sed "placitantes tunc se divertunt ad Pervi-"sum et alibi, consulentes cum Servientibus "ad Legem et aliis consiliariis suis." There is a difference of opinion where the parvis at London, to which the lawyers resorted, was situated; Somner supposes it to have been in Old-Palace-yard, before Westminster-hall, Gloss. in X *Script.* v. *Triforium*; but others, with more probability, think it was what Dugdale calls The Pervyse of Pawles. When the Serjeants had dined in any of the inns of court, St. Paul's lay much more conveniently for an afternoon consultation than Westminster-hall
Pas, *n. Fr.* a footpace; his horse—on which he rode a pas ful softely
Pass, *v. Fr.* to surpass, to excel, to judge, to pass sentence
Passant, passing, *part. pr.* excelling
Patren, *inf. m.* to pray, properly to repeat the *Pater noster*
Pavade, *n.* a weapon of offence
Paumes, *n. pl. Fr.* the palms of the hands
Pax, to kisse the pax: for an account of this ceremony, see *Du Cange* in v.
Payen, *adj. Fr.* Pagan
Paynes, *n. pl.* Heathens
Paysaunce, *n.* pausing or stopping, Gloss. *Ur.* q.?
Pecunial, *adj.* pecuniary, paid in money
Pees, *n. Fr.* peace; when used as an interjection, it signifies the same as hold thy pees, be silent
Peine, *n. Fr.* penalty; up peine of deth. See Up.—Grief, torment, labour
Peine, *v. Fr.* to torture, to put to pain; she peined hire, she took great pains
Peise, *v. Fr.* to poise, to weigh
Pell, *n.* a house, a cell, *Sp.* and *Sk.* f. a palace, Gloss. *Ur.* q.?
Pellet, *n. Fr.* pelotte, a ball
Penance, *n. Fr.* repentance, pains to be undergone by way of satisfaction for sin, pain, sorrow
Penant, *n. Fr.* a person doing penance
Pencell, *n. Fr.* pennoncel, a small streamer
Penible, *adj.* industrious, pains-taking
Penitencer, *n. Fr.* a priest who enjoins penance in extraordinary cases
Penmark, *pr. n.* a place in Bretagne

Penner, *n.* a pencase. In the inventory of the goods of Henry V. *Rot. Parl.* 2 H. VI. n. 15, m. 13, is the following article, *Un penner' et 1 ynkhorn d' arg.' dorrez*; and again, m. 20, 1 *penneré et* 1 *corne covert du velvet bloy*

Penon, *n. Fr.* a streamer or ensign

Pens, *n. pl. Sax.* pennies

Pensell, *n.* as pencell

Pensifehed, *n.* pensiveness

Peper, *n. Lat.* pepper; to brewe peper, seems to be an expression for the preparation of a hot pungent liquor which should burn the throats of the drinkers; in the orig. it is—*dames le brasseront tel poivre*

Peple, *n. Fr.* people

Peplish, *adj.* vulgar

Perche, *n. Fr.* a pearch for birds

Percel, *adv.* parcel

Perda, as *pardé*

Pere, *v.* to appear

Pere, *n. Fr.* a peer, an equal

Peregal, *adj.* equal

Peregrine, *adj. Fr.* wandering

Pereles, *adj.* without an equal

Perjenete, *n.* a young pear

Pernasa, *pr. n.* Mount Parnassus

Perrie, *n. Fr.* jewels, precious stones

Persaunt, *part. pa. Fr.* piercing

Perse, *pr. n.* Persia

Perse, *adj. Fr.* sky coloured, of a blewish gray

Perselee, *n. Sax. Lat.* parsley

Persone, *n. barb. Lat.* a man, generally a man of dignity, a parson or rector of a church

Pertelote, *pr. n.* of a hen

Perturbe, *v. Fr.* to trouble

Perturbing, *n.* disturbance

Pervinke, *n. Sax. Lat.* the herb periwinkle

Pery, *n. Fr.* a pear tree

Pese, *n. Fr.* as pees

Peson, *n. pl. Sax.* peas

Pesible, *adj.* peaceable

Peter Alfonse, Piers Alfonse

Petrark, *pr. n.* Our author has inserted a translation of the 102d sonnet of Petrarch into his Troilus and Creseide; it is not in the Filostrato: there seems to be no sufficient reason for believing that Chaucer had ever seen Petrarch.

Peytrel, *n. Fr.* the breastplate of a horse

Phisike, *n. Fr.* medicine

Phisiologus, *pr. n.* There was a larger work with the same title in prose, which is frequently quoted by Vincent of Beauvais

Phiton, *pr. n.* the serpent Python

Phitonesse, *n. barb. Lat.* a witch

Pie, *n. Fr.* a magpie, a pratting gossip or tell-tale

Pierrie, *n. Fr.* jewels, precious stones

Piggesnie. The Romans used *oculus* as a term of endearment; and perhaps Piggesnie, in vulgar language, only means *oculus*, the eyes of that animal being remarkably small

Pight, *pa. t.* of pike, *v. Sax.* pitched

Pike, *v. Sax.* to pitch, to pick, as a hawk does his feathers, to steal, to peep

Pike, *n. Sax.* a fish so called

Pikerel, *n. Sax.* a young pike

Pilche, *n.* toga pelli

Piler, *n. Fr*

Pille, *v. Fr*

Pilled, rath

Pillours, *n.*

Pilwe, *n. Sa*

Pilwe-bere,

Piment, *n.* honey

Pinche, *v.* pinche at any flaw

Pine, *n. Sax*

Pine, *v. Sax*

Pined, *part.*

Pipe, *v. Sax* lese, is pu said of a See Bucke

Pistell, *n. Sa*

Pitance, *n.* means an given to commons.

Pith, *n. Sax.*

Pitous, *adj.* compassio

Pitously, *adv*

Plage, *n. La*

Plages, *n. pl* plages of t

Plain, *n. Fr.*

Plain, *adj.* si verb

Plain, *v.* to

Plaine, *v. Fr*

Plainliche, *a*

Plat, platte, it is often full plat a

Plate, *n.* a fla for the bre breast and

Play, *n. Sax.*

Play, *v.* to stage, to p a pilgrima ing on a pil

Ple, *n. Fr.* an

Plein, *adj. Fr*

Plenere, *adj.*

Plesance, *n. F*

Plesinges, *n.p*

Plete, *v. Fr.*

Pleting, *n.* pl

Plie, *v. Fr.* to

Plight, *n.* con

Plight, *pa. t.* plucked

Plighte, *v. Sa*

Plighte, *pa. t.*

Plite, *v.* to pl

Plite, *n.* condi

Plungy, *adj. F*

dj. Fr. of Apulia, anciently called Poile.
me's dogter Conversane in Poyle to wyve he

Fr. the principal busines, a stop or full
in good point, in good case or condition;
it devise, with the greatest exactness; at
o brest, in point for to brast, ready to

. Fr. a style or pencil for writing
inf. m. v. Fr. to prick with any thing
l
r. a pocket, a bag. See Pouche
Fr. to thrust
a pulley
Sax. a halberd, *bipennis. Prompt. Parv.*
Fr. any ball or round thing, the top of
d
adj. Fr. spotted with round spots like ap-
ppled; pomelee gris, of a dapple-gray co-

. This word may either be considered as
utive from pouple, a puppet, or as a cor-
of papellot, a butterfly
Fr. a puppet
, *n.* a parrot; *papegaut*, Fr. *papegacy*, Belg.
lo, Ital.
dj. Fr. nicely dressed
. joly poper, a bodkin, according to *Sp.*
who however produce no authority for
terpretation. The name seems to be fit-
pistol
o look earnestly, poren, *pr. t. pl.*
for poure
. *Gr.* is used in the sense of—a coronary,
em deduced from another
, *pr. n.* of a species of marble, porphyry
r. carriage, behaviour
e, *n. Fr.* a falling gate, a portcullis
a breviary, *Du Cange* in v. *Portiforium*
a rheum or defluction obstructing the
atarris, corisa, Promp. Parv.
r. to suppose; I pose I had sinned so
r. to push
rt. pa.
ers, *n pl. Lat.* an invidious name for such
s communities as were endowed with
cc. the mendicant orders professed to live
upon alms
x. a prop or support
r. power
n. Fr. an apothecary
Fr. a crutch, a walking-stick
adj. Fr. strong, powerful
. *Fr.* a principal magistrate
. *Fr.* pocket, pouch
Fr. powder, poudres, *pl.*
. *Fr.* poverty; it is to be pronounced po-
he final *e* being considered as an *e* femi-

Fr. the poulse
n. St. Paul
l, *part. pa.* punched with a bodkin
to make a noise with a horn
, *n. Fr.* to buy, to provide
n. Fr. acquisition, purchase
l.

Poure, *v.* as pore
Poure, *adj. Fr.* poor
Pourtraie, *v. Fr.* to draw a picture
Pourtraiour, *n.* a drawer of pictures
Pourtaiture, a picture or drawing
Practike, *n. Fr.* practice
Preamble, *n. Fr.* preface
Preambulatioun, *n.* preamble
Precious, *adj. Fr.* over nice
Predestiné, *n. Fr.* predestination
Predication, *n. Fr.* preaching, a sermon
Prees, *n. Fr.* a press or crowd
Prese, preve, *n. Fr.* proof, trial; at preve, on trial; with evil prese, evil may it prove. See With
Prefect, *n. Fr. Lat.* a governor or principal magistrate
Preise, *n. Fr.* commendation
Preise, *v. Fr.* to commend, to value
Prentis, *n. Fr.* an apprentice
Prentishode, *n.* apprenticeship
Preparat, *part. pa. Lat.* prepared
Prés, *adv. Fr.* near, so I suspect this word is to be understood; of prés, *i. e.* at hand, close; *de prés, Fr.* or perhaps of prés may be put for in a prees. See Prees
Prese, *v. Fr.* to press or crowd
Present, *v. Fr.* to offer, to make a present of; and with the wine she gan hem to present; and smote his head of, his fader to present
Presentarie, *adj. Lat.* present
Prest, *adj. Fr.* ready
Pretend, *v. Fr.* to lay claim to
Preterit, *adj. Fr.* passed
Preve, *v. Fr.* to try, to demonstrate by trial
Preve, *v. neut.* to turn out upon trial
Prick, *n. Sax.* a point, a pointed weapon
Prick, prike, *v. Sax.* to wound, to spur a horse, to ride hard
Prickasour, *n.* a hard rider
Pricking, *n.* hard riding
Prideles, *adj. Sax.* without pride
Prie, *v.* to look curiously
Prikke, *n.* See Prick
Prime, *adj. Fr. Lat.* first; at prime temps, at the first time; at prime face, at first appearance
Prime, *n.* the first quarter of the artificial day; half way prime, prime half spent; prime large, prime far advanced
Primerole, *n. Fr.* a primrose, *Conf. Am.* 148. b.
Primetemps, *n. Fr.* spring
Pris, *n. Fr.* price, praise; it be prys, or it be blame, *Conf. Am.* 165
Privé, *adj. Fr.* private; privé and apert, private and public; privé man, a man entrusted with private business
Prively, *adv.* privately
Privetee, *n.* private business
Processe, *n. Lat.* progress
Professioun, *n. Fr.* the monastic profession
Proheme, *n. Fr. Gr.* a preface
Proine, *v. Fr.* provigner; it seems to have signified originally to take cuttings from vines, in order to plant them out; from hence it has been used for the cutting away of the superfluous shoots of all trees, which we now call pruning,

and for that operation which birds, and particularly hawks, perform upon themselves, of picking out their superfluous or damaged feathers. In allusion to this last sense, Damian is said to proine and pike himself. Gower, speaking of an eagle, says,

For there he pruneth him and piketh,
As doth an hauke, whan him wel liketh.
Conf. Am. 139.

Prolle, *v.* to go about in search of a thing
Provable, *adj. Fr.* capable of being demonstrated
Provende, *n. Fr. præbenda, Lat.* a prebend, a daily or annual allowance or stipend. See *Du Cange* in v. *Præbenda*
Provendre, *n.* a prebendary
Proverbe, *n. Fr. Lat.* a prudential maxim
Proverbe, *v.* to speak proverbially
Provoitry, *n. Fr.* the office of provost or prefect; *præfectura*
Prow, *n. Fr.* profit, advantage
Prowesse, *n. Fr.* integrity
Pruce, *pr. n.* Prussia
Pruce, *adj.* Prussian
Pruned *pa. t.* as proined
Ptholomee, *pr. n.*
Puella and Rubeus, the names of two figures in geomancy, representing two constellations in heaven: Puella signifieth Mars retrograde, and Rubeus Mars direct, *Sp.*
Pulchritude, *n. Lat.* beauty
Pullaile, *n Fr.* poultry
Pulled hen, I have been told since that a hen, whose feathers are pulled or plucked off, will not lay any eggs; if that be true, there is more force in the epithet than I apprehended
Punice, *v. Fr.* to punish
Pure, *adj. Fr.* mere, very
Pured, *part. pa.* purified
Purfiled, *part. pa. Fr.* worked upon the edge
Purpos, *n. Fr.* purpose, design, proposition in discourse
Purprise, *n. Fr.* an enclosure
Purveyance, *n. Fr.* foresight, providence, provision
Purveye, *v.* to foresee, to provide
Puterie, *n. Fr.* whoredom
Putours, *n. pl.* whoremongers
Pythagoras, *pr. n.*

Q.

Quad, quade, *adj. Teut.* bad; none quad, nothing evil
Quaile-pipe, *n.* a pipe used to call quails
Quaire, *n. Fr.* a quire of paper, a book
Quakke, *n.* seems to be put for an inarticulate noise occasioned by any obstruction in the throat
Qualme, *n. Sax.* sickness, the noise made by a raven
Quappe, *v.* to tremble, to quake
Quarels, *n. pl. Fr.* square arrows
Queint, *n.* See *Junii Etymolog.* in v.
Queinte, *adj. Fr.* strange; I made of that lese full queint, he made it strange, cunning, artful, trim, neat
Queinte, *pa. t.* and *part.* of quench, *v. Sax.* quenched
Queintise, *n.* trimness, neatness, excessive trimness, cunning
Quelle, *v. Sax.* to kill, to destroy
Queme, *v. Sax.* to please; wel me quemeth, *Conf. Am.* 68
Quene, *n. Sax.* a queen, a harlot
Querne, *n. Sax.* a handmill
Querrour, *n. Fr.* one that works in a stone quarry
Queste, *n. Fr.* a prayer or demand
Quest-mongers, *n. pl* packers of inquests or juries
Quethe, *v. Sax.* to say, to declare; I quethe him quite, is a translation of an old technical term in the law *Clamo illi quietum*; the original Fr. has only *Je quitte*
Quik, *adj. Sax.* alive
Quikkest, *superl. d.* speediest; the quikkest frere, the most expeditious way
Quiken, *v. Sax.* to make alive
Quiked, *part. pa.* made alive
Quiked, *pa. t.* of the same v. used in a neuter sense, became alive
Quinible, *n.* is the instrument, I suppose, which is called in barb. Lat. *quinterna* and *quintoria*. See *Du Cange* and *Carpentier* in v. *Quinternizare*, and *Mebus, Vita d' Ambr. Camald. lyrâ, lituitâ, quintariâ, ribebâ, avenâ, tibiisque*
Quishin, *n. Fr.* a cushion
Quistron, *n.* a beggar, Gloss *Ur.* I rather believe it signifies a scullion, *un garçon de cuisine*
Quite, *adj. Fr.* free, quiet
Quite, *v. Fr.* to requite, to pay for, to acquit
Quitte, *part. pa.* requitted
Quitely, *adv.* freely, at liberty
Quod, *pa. t.* of quethe, said
Quoke, *pa. t.* of quake, *v. Sax.* trembled, shook

R.

Ra. *n. Sax.* a roe deer
Racine, *n. Fr.* a root
Rad, radde, *pa. t.* of rede, *v. Sax.* advised, explained, *Du.* 281
Radevore, tapestry; *ras.* in *Fr.* signifies any stuff, as *ras de Chalons, ras de Gennes, ras de Vore et Fas*, may be a stuff made at such a place. Gloss Fr. There is a town in Languedoc called *Le Ras*, but I know not that it was ever famous for tapestry
Rafles, *n. pl. Fr.* plays with dice
Rafte, *pa. t.* of reve, *v. Sax.* took away
Rage, *v. Fr.* to toy wantonly
Ragerie, *n.* wantonness
Ragounces, should probably be jagonces, as in the orig. *Fr.* the precious stones called jacinths or hyacinths
Raines, *pr. n.* the city of Rennes in Bretagne
Rake-stele, *n. Sax.* the handle of a rake
Rakel, *adj.* hasty, rash
Rakelnesse, *n.* rashness
Raket, to play racket, nettle in dock out, seems to be used as a proverbial expression, signifying to

be inconstant; what the original of the phrase may have been, is not so clear
Ramage, *adj. Fr.* wild
Rammish, *adj. Sax.* rank like a ram
Rampe, *v. Fr.* to climb; she rampeth in my face, she rises against me, flies in my face
Ran, *pa. t.* of renne, rannen, *pl.*
Rape, *adv.* quickly, speedily
Rape, *n.* haste
Rape, *v. Sax.* to take captive; to rape and renne, to seize and plunder. See Renne
Rasis, *pr. n.* an Arabian physician of the 10th century. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 46, in v. *Albubecar*
Raskaile, *n.* a pack of rascals
Rated, *part. pa.* chidden
Rathe, *adv. Sax.* soon, early, speedily
Rather, *comp. d.* sooner
Rathest, *superl. d.* soonest
Rather, *adj. Sax. comp. d.* former
Ratouns, *n. pl. Fr.* rats
Raught, *pa. t.* ofræcan, *v. Sax.* reached; on his way he raught, he sprang forth on his way.
Raught, *pa. t.* of reccan, *v. Sax.* cared, recked
Raveners, (ravinours) *n. pl* plunderers
Ravine, *n. Fr.* rapine; soules of raven, birds of prey
Ravisable, *adj. Fr.* ravenous
Ravishing, *part. pr. Fr.* rapid; with a ravishing sweigh; *rapido turbine*, orig. See Swegh
Raunson, *n. Fr.* ransom
Rayed, *part. pa.* streaked or striped, *Du.* 252
Real, *adj. Fr.* royal
Realler, *comp. d.* more royal
Reallich, *adv.* royally
Realtee, *n.* royalty
Rebekke, *pr. n.* Rebecca
Rebekke, *n. Fr.* a musical instrument
Rechased, *pa. t. Fr.* a term in hunting, *Du.* 579
Recche, rekke, *v. Sax.* to care
Reccheles, *adj.* careless
Reccheleſnesse, *n.* carelessness
Reclaime, *v. Fr.* a term in falconry for bringing the hawk to the fist by a certain call
Reclaiming, *n.* calling, in the sense of reclaime
Recomfort, *v. Fr.* to comfort
Record, *n. Fr.* witness, testimony
Recorde, *v. Fr.* to remember; it sometimes seems to be used in a technical legal sense, for what is called to enter upon record in judicial proceedings
Recreandise, *n. Fr.* signifies fear, cowardice, desertion of principle
Recreant, *adj.* one who yields himself to his adversary in single combat; for the full import of these two words, see *Du Cange* in v. *Recredentia*
Recure, *n. Fr.* recovery
Recured, *part. pa. Fr.* recovered
Redde, red, *pa. t.* of rede, *v. Sax.*
Reddour, *n. Fr.* strength, violence
Rede, *n. Sax.* advice, counsel, a reed
Rede, *v. Sax.* to advise, to read, to explain, *Du.* 279
Rede, *adj. Sax.* red
Redoute, *v. Fr.* to fear
Redouting, *n.* reverence
Redresse, *v. Fr.* to recover, to make amends for
Refect, *part. pa. Lat.* recovered
Refiguring, *part. pa. Fr.* figuring again
Refrain, *n. Fr.* the burden of a song
Refraining, *n.* the singing of the burden of a song
Refreide, *v. Fr.* to cool
Refrete, *n.* the same as refrain, in *Ber.* it is printed corruptly frefreit
Refte, rifte, *n. Sax.* a chink or crevice
Refute, *n. Fr.* refuge
Regals, *n. pl. Fr.* royalties
Regard, *n. Fr.* at regard of, with respect to, in comparison of
Regne, *n. Fr.* a kingdom
Rehete, *v. Fr.* rehaiter, to revive, to cheer
Reheting, *n.* according to several mss. and all the reheting of his sikes sore; some mss. and most of the printed editions read richesse instead of reheting, Gloss. *Ur.* Richesse, though almost as aukward an expression as the other, is more agreeable to the corresponding passage in the Filostrato—

E sospir che gli avea a gran dovicia—

and one can hardly conceive that it could come from any hand but that of the author. I can make no sense of reheting; but at the same time I must allow, that it is not likely to have been inserted by way of a gloss [orig.
Reile, *v. neut.* to roll; reileth diversely; vogatur,
Reines. See Raines
Rejoie, *v. Fr.* to rejoice
Reke, *v. Sax.* to exhale
Reken, *v. Sax.* to reckon, to come to a reckoning
Rekes, *n. pl. Sax.* ricks (of corn)
Relaies, *n. pl. Fr.* fresh sets of hounds, *Du.* 362
Relese, *n. Sax.* what is left
Relees, *n. Fr.* release
Religiousite, *n. Fr.* persons of a religious profession, the clergy
Relike, *n. Fr.* a relic, relikes, *pl.*
Remenant, *n. Fr.* a remnant, a remaining part
Remes, *n. pl. Fr.* realms
Remissails, *n. pl. Fr.* orts, leavings
Remorde, *v. Fr.* to cause remorse, to afflict
Remuable, *adj. Fr.* moveable, inconstant
Remue, remewe, remeve, *v. Fr.* to remove, *Conf. Am.* 164. b.
Remued, *pa. t.*
Renably, *adv. Fr.* reasonably
Renegate, *n. Fr.* an apostate from Christianity
Reneie, *v. Fr.* to renounce, to abjure
Renges, *n. pl. Fr.* ranks, the steps of a ladder
Renne, *v. Sax.* to run, to rend
Renomee, *n. Fr.* renown
Renovelaunce, *n. Fr.* a renewing
Renovelle, *v. Fr.* to renew
Rent, *v. Sax.* to tear or rend
Repaire, *n. Fr.* resort
Repaire, *v. Fr.* to return
Repentant, *part. pr. Fr.* repenting
Represe, repreve, *n. Fr.* reproof [sing
Repression, *n.* seems to be put for power of repres-

Requere, *v. Fr.* to require
Rere, *v. Sax.* to raise
Rescous, *n. Fr.* rescue
Rescowe, *v. Fr.* to rescue
Reson, *n. Fr.* reason, proportion
Resons, *n. pl. Fr.* discourses
Respite, *n.* may perhaps be put for respect
Respiten, *inf. m. Fr.* to grant a respite, to excuse
Resport, *n.* is probably put for respect
Reste, *n. Sax.* repose
Reste, *v. Sax.* to repose, to cease from labour
Retenue, *n. Fr.* retinue; at his retenue retained by him
Rethor, *n. Fr. Lat.* an orator or rhetorician
Reve, *n. Sax.* a steward or bailif
Reve, *v. Sax.* to take away
Revel, *n. Fr.* entertainment, properly during the night, sport, festivity
Revelour, *n.* a reveller
Revelrie, *n.* pleasure
Revers, *adj. Fr.* contrary
Reverse, *v. Fr.* to overturn
Revert, *v. Fr.* to turn back
Revest, *v. Fr.* to clothe again
Rew, *n.* a row or line; on a rew, in a line; all by rew. See *A'row*
Rewake, *v. Sax.* to waken again
Reward, *n. Fr.* regard, respect; take reward of thin own value, have regard to thine own value; in reward of, in comparison with. See Regard
Rewe, *v. Sax.* to have compassion, to suffer, to have cause to repent
Reyes, *n. pl.* dances in use among the Dutch. *Reye*, Belg. *Chorea celerior, chorea in longam seriem*, Kilian
Reysed, "Les Gandois firent une *rese* sur les "marches de Haynault, et dedans le pays pille-"rent, bruslerent, et firent moult de maux." *Mem. de la March.* p. 384, where a note in the margin says, "*Reyse* en bas Alemand," signify "un *voyage* ou *course*."
Ribaninges, *n. pl.* seems to signify borders
Ribaude, *n.* a poor labourer; but the word generally implies profligacy of manners, as well as meanness of condition. See *Du Cange* in v. *Ribaldus*
Ribaudrie, *n.* ribaldry, indecent words or actions
Ribibe, *n.* a sort of musical instrument
Ribible, *n.* a small ribibe
Richard, *pr.* I have vindicated the character of this heroic prince from an aspersion which was first cast upon him, I find, by Mr. Rymer, in consequence of a mistaken construction of a passage in Hoveden; I am tempted to add here the beginning of a poem which, having been composed after his death, by Anselem Faydit, must stand clear of all suspicion of having been either begged or bought

For chausaes et tot lo maior dan,
El maior dol, las! q eu anc mais agues,
Et zo, don dei toz temps plaigner ploran,
M aven a dir en chantar et retraire,
De cel q era de valorz caps et paire.
Li reis valenz *Rizard*, reis des Engles,
Es morz; ai Deus! cals perda et cals danz es!
Can estraing moz et qan greu per audir!
Ben a dur cor toz hom co po sofrir.
Morz es li reis, et son passat mil an
Qanc tan pros hom no fo ne nol vit res,
Ne ia mais hom non et del sen senblant,
Tan larcs, tan pros, tan ardiz, tals donaire;
Q Alixandres lo reis, qe venqi Daire,
No cuit qe tan dones ni tan messes,
Ni an Charles ni Artus tan valgues,
Q'a tot lo mon sen fez, qi n vol ver dir,
Als us doptar et als altres grazir.
Ms. *Crusts*, fol. 111.

Richesse, *n. Fr.* wealth; richesses, *pl.* riches
Riddeled, *part. pa.* plaited, Gloss. *Ur.*
Ridden, *part. pa.* of ride; he is ridden, they be ridden, he had ridden
Ride, *v. Sax.* he rideth him
Riding, *n.* probably a procession
Rife, rive, *v. Sax.* to thrust through
Right, *n. Sax.* a right or due; at alle rightes, at all points
Right, *adj.* good, true
Right, *adv.* truly, rightly, exactly, completely; it is frequently joined to adjectives, as the adverbs well and full are, to augment their force
Rime, *n. Fr.* a composition in rhyme; hence the title of The rime of Sire Thopas. Rime-dogrel. See Dogerel
Rimeyed, *part. pa. Fr.* composed in rhyme or verse
Rimpled, *part. pa. Sax.* wrinkled
Ring, *v. Sax.* to make to sound, *v. neut.* to sound
Rise, *n. Sax.* small twigs of trees or bushes
Rishe, *n. Sax.* a rush
Rist, for riseth
Rit, for rideth
Rivage. See Arivage
Rive, *v. neut. Sax.* to split, to fall asunder
Riveling, *part. pr. Sax.* wrinkling; *ruyffelen*, Belg. *rugare*, Kilian
Roche, *n. Fr.* a rock; roches, *pl.*
Rode, *n. Sax.* the cross; rode-beem; it is also called the rode-tree, from its being made of wood
Rode, *n. Sax.* complexion
Rody, *adj. Sax.* ruddy
Rose, *pa. t.* of rise; rose should probably be rose
Rogge, *v. Sax.* to shake; roggyn or mevyn, *agito*, *Prompt. Parv.*
Roigne, *n. Fr.* a scab, mange
Roignous, *adj. Fr.* scabby, rough
Rokette, *n. Fr.* a loose upper garment
Roking, *part. pr.* of rokke or rogge, *v. neut. Sax.* shaking, trembling; roggyn or waveryn, *vacillo*, *Promp. Parv.*
Rombel, *n.* a rumbling noise, rumour
Rome, *v. Sax.* to walk about
Rondel, *n. Fr.* a rhyme or sonnet which ends as it begins, *Cotgrave*
Rone, *pr. n.* Rouen in Normandy
Rone, *pa. t.* of rain, *v. Sax.* rained
Ropen, *part. pa.* of repe, *v. Sax.* reaped
Rosalgar, red arsenic, a preparation of orpiment *Chambers* in v. *Realgar*. It should rather per-

s have been written Rysalgar, with mss. c. 1; he Latin name is *risigallum*
, *adj.* rosy
n. Fr. a rosebush
ed, *adj.* red as a rose
n. Sax. a root
a root in astrology
n. a musical instrument. See *Du Cange* in *Cocta.* Notker, who lived in the 10th cen-, says that it was the ancient *psaltarium*, but ed in its shape, with an additional num- of strings, *Schilter*, in v. *Rotta*
n. Fr. practice; by rote, by heart, *par rotine*,
v Sax. to rot
part. pa.
, *n. Sax.* the rudder of a ship
t, for raught, *pa. t.* of recche
v. Sax. to lie close; but now they rucken in nest *Comf. Am.* 72.
v. neut. Sax. to roll, to run easily; where e copies have royle. See Reile
, *n. Sax.* room, space
, *adj.* wide, spacious
r, *comp. d.* wider
evall, *pr. n.*
ie, *n. barb. Lat.* a common hackney horse. *Du Cange* in v. *Runcinus*
el. *n. Fr.* a sort of song. See Rondel—a cir- figure
n. Fr. a company
v to assemble in a company
v. Fr. to snore, to roar,
, *n. Sax.* compassion, the object of compas-
les, *adj.* without compassion
a line of writing. See Rew
dj. Sax. rough,—he loked wel rowe
, *v. Sax.* to whisper
See Puella
, *n. pl. Fr.* rubies
g, *part. pr.* of rucke, or rouke, *v. Sax.* ly- lose
n. Sax. complexion. See Rode
k, *n. Sax.* a bird called robin red-breast
pr. n. a Greek physician, of whose works are extant. See *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* l. iv. c.
adj. rough
pr. n. the fox is called Dan Russel, from his olour, I suppose

S.

s, *n. pl. Fr.* small sacks
freres, friars wearing a coarse upper gar-, called *saccus*, *Mat. Paris*, *ad. an.* 1257; dem tempore novus ordo apparuit Londini quibusdam fratribus ignotis et non prævi-, qui, quia *saccis* incedebant induti, *Fratres cati* vocabantur."
. *Fr.* a sacred solemnity
j. Sax. grave, steady, sorrowful, repent-

Sadly, *adv.* steadily, carefully; this messenger drank sadly ale and wine; this messenger applied himself to drink, ale and wine
Sadness, *n.* gravity, steadiness
Saffron, *v Fr.* to tinge with saffron
Saie for seie, *pa. t.* of se *v. Sax.* saw
Saile, *v. Fr.* to assail
Sailours, *n. pl.* may mean dancers, from the *Lat. Fr.*; so in *Pierce Plough*, 68, for I can—neither saylen, ne saute, ne syng, to the gyterne: the lines which Chaucer has here translated are not in the best edit. of the *Rom. de la Rose*, Paris, 1735, but they are quoted by Junius, *Etym. Ling. Angl.* in v. *Timbesters*, from an edit. of 1529;

> Apres y eut farces joyeuses,
> Et batelleurs et batelleuses,
> Qui de passe passe jouoyent.
> Et en l'air ung bassin ruoyent,
> Puis le scavoyent bien recuillir
> Sur ung doy, sans point y faillir.

where it is plain that the author is speaking of jugglers rather than dancers
Saine, for seine, *part. pa.* of se, *v. Sax.* seen
Saine, *pr. n.* the river Seine
Salade, *n. Fr.* a sort of armour for the breast
Salades, *n. pl. Fr.* sallads of herbs
Salewe, salue, *v. Fr.* to salute
Salued, *part. pa.*
Saluinges, *n. pl.* salutations
Samite, *n. Fr. Gr.* a rich silk. See *Du Cange* in v. *Examitus*
Sanguin, *adj. Fr.* of a blood-red colour
Sarlinisse, should perhaps be sarsinisse, from the *Fr. sarrasinois*, a sort of fine silk used for veils. See *Du Cange* in v. *Saracenicum* and *Saracenum*. It is still called sarcenet
Sarpleres, *n. pl.* packages of a larger size than sacks. See *Du Cange* in v. *Sarplerium*. *Surpillére*, *Fr.* a piece of canvas, &c. to wrap or pack up wares in. *Cotgrave*
Saten, *pa. t. pl.* of sit, *v. Sax.*
Satalie, *pr. n.* the ancient Attalia
Save, *n. Lat.* the herb sage
Sauf, *adj. Fr.* safe. See *Vouche*—saved or excepted
Saveté, *n. Fr.* safety
Saule, for soule
Savour, *v. neut. Fr.* to taste, to relish
Savouring, *n. Fr.* the sense of tasting
Savourous, *adj.* sweet, pleasant
Sausesleme, a composition, of which two of the ingredients are brimstone and quicksilver
Sautes, *n. pl. Fr.* assault
Sautrie, *n. Fr. Gr.* a musical string instrument. See Rote
Sawe, *n. Sax.* speech, discourse,——a proverb or wise saying
Say, for sey, *pa. t.* of se, *v. Sax.* saw
Scall, *n. Sax.* a scale or scab
Scalled, *adj.* scabby, scurfy
Scantilone, *n. Fr.* a pattern, a scantling
Scarce, *adj. Fr.* sparing, stingy
Scariot, *pr. n.* Judas Iscariot

Scarmiſhe, *n. Fr.* a ſkirmiſh, a battle
Scathe, *n. Sax.* harm, damage
Scatheful, ſcatheliche, *adj.* pernicious
Scatheles, *adj.* without harm
Sclaundre, *n. Fr.* ſlander
Sclendre, *adj.* ſlender
Scochons, *n. pl. Fr.* ſcutcheons of arms
Scolaie, *v. Fr.* to attend ſchool, to ſtudy
Script, *n. Fr.* a writing
Scriptures, *n. pl. Fr.* writings, books
Scriven-like, like a ſcrivener or writing-maſter; *comme une eſcrivain*
Seames, *n. pl. Sax.* ſeams *futura*
Secree, *adj. Fr.* ſecret
Secreneſſe, *n.* privacy
Seculer, *adj. Fr.* of the laity, in oppoſition, to cle-[rical,
Sede, *v. Sax.* to produce ſeed
See, *n. Fr.* a ſeat, ſees, *pl.*
See, *v. Sax.* to ſee; God you ſee; God him ſee; may God keep you or him in his ſight; God you ſave and ſee; to look; on to ſee—to look on—that ye wolden ſometime frendly on me ſee; that ye would ſometimes look friendly on me
See, *n. Sax.* the ſee; the grete ſee. A learned friend has ſuggeſted to me, that the ſea on the coaſt of Paleſtine is called The Great Sea in the Bible, [See *Numb.* xxxiv. 6, 7, *Joſh.* xv. 12,] which puts the meaning of the appellation in this paſſage out of all doubt
Sege, *n. Fr.* a ſiege
Seie, ſey, *pa. t.* of ſee, *v. Sax.* ſaw, *part. pa.* ſeen
Seignorie *n. Fr.* power
Sein, *part. pa.* of ſee, *v. Sax.* ſeen
Seinde, *part. pa.* of ſenge, *v. Sax.* ſinged
Seint, *n. Fr.* ceinct, a girdle
Seintuarie, *n. Fr.* ſanctuary
Seke, *v. Sax.* to ſeek
Seke, *adj. Sax.* ſick
Selden, *adv. Sax.* ſeldom, ſelden time
Sele, *n. Fr.* a ſeal, ſeles, *pl.*
Self, ſelve, *adj. Sax.* anſwering to the *Belg.* ſelf, the *Fr. même*, the *Lat. ipſe*, and the *Gr.* Αυτος. With the article prefixed, it anſwers to the *Lat. idem* and the *Goth. ſamo*, from whence our ſame; in the ſelve moment, in the ſame moment; in the ſelve place, in the ſame place.—Theſe two uſages of the *adj.* ſelf, when joined to a ſubſtantive, might be confirmed by the uniform practice of all our writers from the earlieſt times down to SHAKSPEARE, but as they are both now obſolete, I choose rather to take this opportunity of adding a few words, upon the uſage of the *adj.* ſelf, when joined to a pronoun, in which light only it appears to have been conſidered by Wallis, when he pronounced it a ſubſtantive, anſwering nearly to the Latin *perſona* —Dr. Johnſon, in his Dictionary, has very rightly eſtabliſhed the primary ſignification of ſelf to be that of an adjective; but in its connexions with pronouns he ſeems rather inclined to ſuppoſe it a ſubſtantive; firſt, becauſe it is joined to poſſeſſive or adjective pronouns, as my, thy, her, &c.; and, ſecondly, bec uſe it has a plural number, ſelves, contrary to the nature of the Engliſh adjective. —The latter reaſon, I think, cannot have much weight, when it is remembered that the uſe of ſelves, as the plural number of ſelf, has been introduced into our language ſince the time of Chaucer. Selven, which was originally the accuſative ca. ſing. of ſelf, is uſed by him indifferently in both numbers; I myſelven; ye yourſelven; he himſelven. The former reaſon alſo will loſe its force, if this ſhall be admitted, that in their combinations with ſelf, the pronouns my, thy, her, our, your, are not to be conſidered as poſſeſſive or adjective, but as the old oblique caſes of the perſonal pronouns, I, thou, ſhe, we, ye. According to this hypotheſis the uſe of theſe combinations, with reſpect to the pronouns, is almoſt always ſoleciſtical, but not more ſo than that of himſelf in the nominative caſe, which has long been authoriſed by conſtant cuſtom; and it is remarkable that a ſoleciſm of the ſame ſort has prevailed in the French language, in which *moi* and *toi*, the abl. caſes of *je* and *tu*, when combined with *même*, are uſed as ungrammatically as our my and thy have juſt been ſuppoſed to be when combined with ſelf. *Je l' ai vu moi-même*, I have ſeen it myſelf; *tu le verras toi-même*, thou ſhalt ſee it thyſelf; and ſo in the accuſative caſe, *moi-même* is added emphatically to me, and *toi-même* to *te*.——It is probable, I think, that theſe departures from grammar in both languages have been made for the ſake of fuller and more agreeable ſounds. *Je-même*, *me-même*, *tu-même*, and *te-même*, would certainly ſound much thinner and more languid than *moi-même* and *toi-même*; and myſelf, thyſelf, &c. are as clearly preferable, in point of pronunciation, to Iſelf, meſelf, thouſelf, theeſelf, &c. though not all, perhaps, in an equal degree. It ſhould be obſerved that itſelf, where a change of caſe in the pronoun would not have improved the ſound, has never undergone any alteration
Selle, *n. Fr.* celle, cell
Selle, for ſille, *n. Sax.* a door-ſill or threſhold
Selve, *adj.* See Self
Sely, *adj. Sax.* ſilly, ſimple, harmleſs
Seiyneſſe, *n. Sax.* happineſs
Semblable, *adj. Fr.* like
Semblaunt, *n. Fr.* ſeeming, appearance
Semeliche, ſemely, *adj. Sax.* ſeemly, comely
Semelieſte, *ſuperl. d.*
Semelyhede, *n.* ſeemlineſs, comelineſs
Semiſoun, *n. Lat.* a low or broken tone
Semicope, *n* a half or ſhort cloak
Sen, ſene, *inf. m.* of ſe, *part. pa.*
Send, for ſendeth
Sendall, *n.* a thin ſilk. See *Du Cange* in v. *Cendatum*
Senek, *pr. n.* Seneca the philoſopher
Senge, *v. Sax.* to ſinge
Senior, *pr. n.*
Sentence, *n. Fr.* ſenſe, meaning, judgment
Septe, *pr. n.* Ceuta, formerly Septa, in Africa, over-againſt Gibraltar
Sepulture, *n. Fr.* grave
Serapion, *pr. n.* Joannes Serapion, an Arabian phyſician of the 11th century, *Fabric. Bibl. Gr.* t. xiii. p. 299

Sere, *adj. Sax.* dry
Sergeant, *n. Fr.* a squire attendant upon a prince or nobleman, a sergeant of the lawe. His name is derived from his having been originally a servant of the king in his law business, *serviens ad legem*, just as *serviens ad arma*. The king had formerly a sergeant in every country. *Spelman* in v. *Serviens*
Seri, *n. Fr.* series
Sermoning, *n. Fr.* preaching
Servage, *n. Fr.* servitude, slavery
Servand, *part. pr.* of serve, serving
Serve, *v. Fr.* to serve. to behave to
Set, for setteth; for sette, *pa. t.*
Setewale, *n. Sax.* the herb valerian
Sethe, *v.* to boil
Sethe, for sethed, *pa. t.*
Sette, *v. Sax.* to place, to put; setteth him doun, placeth himself on a seat; yet sette I cas, yet I put the case, or suppose—to put a value on a thing, to rate; I n'olde sette his sorrow at a myte, I would not value his sorrow—to sette a man's cappe, to make a fool of him. Sette, *pa. t.*
Seurement, *n. Fr.* security, in a legal sense
Seuretee, *n. Fr.* certainty, surety, in a legal sense
Sewe, *v. Fr* to follow
Sewes, *n. pl. Fr.* dishes
Seye. See Seie
Shadde, *pa. t.* of shede, *v. Sax.* fell in drops
Shadde, *pa. t.* of shade, *v. Sax.* shaded, covered with shade
Shadowy, *adj. Sax.* unsubstantial
Shaft, *n. Sax.* an arrow
Shal, *auxil. v. Sax.* is used sometimes with an ellipsis of the infinitive mood, which ought to follow it, beth swiche as I have ben to you and shal, *i. e.* shall be; first tell me whither I shal, *i. e.* shall go; yet all is don or shal, *i. e.* shall be done
Shale, *n. Sax.* a shell or husk; but all n'is worthe a nutte shale
Shalmies, *n. pl.* shalms, musical string instruments, otherwise called psalteries or sautries. See Rote
Shame, *n. Sax.* shames dethe, a death of shame, a shameful death; to York he did him lede, schames dede to deie
Shamefast, *adj. Sax.* modest
Shape, *n. Sax.* form, figure
Shapelich, *adj. Sax.* fit, likely
Shapen, shape, *part. pa* of shape, *v. Sax.* formed, figured, prepared
Shawe, *n. Sax.* a shade of trees, a grove
Shefe, *n. Sax.* a bundle; a sheaf of arrows; sheves, *pl.* of corn
Shefeld, *pr. n.* Sheffield in Yorkshire
Sheld, *n. Sax.* a shield; sheldes, *pl.* French crowns, called in *Fr ecus*, from their having on one side the figure of a shield
Shemering, *n. Sax.* a glimmering
Shend, *v. Sax.* to ruin
Shendship, *n.* ruin, punishment
Shene, *adj. Sax.* bright, shining
Shent, *part. pa.* of shend
Shepen, *n. Sax.* a stable
Shere, *v. Sax.* to cut—to shave
Sherte, *n. Sax.* a shirt. I hadde lever than my sherte; I would give my shirt, *i. e.* all that I have—It seems to mean the linen in which a new-born child is wrapped; that shapen was my dethe erst than my sherte.

> O fatel fustren, whiche or any clothe
> Me shapen was, my destinee me sponne—

> Sens first that day that shapen was my sherte.
> Or by the fatal fuster had my dome.—

Alas! that I ne had brought her in my shert! it seems to be put for skirt, (or lap) which perhaps was the original word.
Shete, *v. Sax.* to shoot
Shetes, *n. pl. Sax.* sheets
Shette, shet, *v. Sax.* to close or shut. Shette, shet, *pa t.* and *part.* so was hire herte shette in hire distresse, so was her heart overwhelmed with her distress
Shift; *v. Sax.* to divide
Shilde, shelde, *v. Sax.* to shield; God shilde! God shield or forbid
Shipman, *n. Sax.* a mariner, the master of a barge
Shiver, *n. Sax.* a small slice
Shode, *n. Sax.* the hair of a man's head
Shode, *part. pa.* of shoe, *v. Sax.* shod, having shoes on
Shove, *pa. t.* of shove, *v. Sax.* pushed
Shonde, *n. Sax.* harm
Shope, *pa. t.* of shape
Shore, *part. pa.* of shere
Short, *v. Sax.* to make short
Shot, *part. pa.* of shette, shut
Shoter, *n. Sax.* a shooter. The yew tree is called shoter, because bows are usually made of it
Shottes, *n. pl. Sax.* arrows, darts, any thing that is shot
Shove, showve, *v. Sax.* to push; shove, *part. pa.*
Shrewe, *v. Sax.* to curse
Shrewe, *n. Sax.* an ill tempered curst man or woman; shrewes, *pl.*
Shrewed, *adj. Sax.* wicked; shreude folk
Shrewednesse, *n. Sax.* ill-nature
Shrift, *n. Sax.* confession
Shrifte-faders, *n. pl. Sax.* father confessors
Shright, for shricheth, shrieketh
Shright, *pa. t.* of shrich, *v. Sax.* shrieked
Shrive, *v. Sax.* to make confession
Shriven, *part. pa.* I have ben shriven this day of my curat; I have made my confession this day to my curate
Shroude, *v. Sax.* to hide
Shulde, *pa. t.* of shal, should; shulden, *pl.*
Shullen, shuln, shul, *ind. m. pr. t. pl.* of shal
Sibbe, *adj. Sax.* related, allied
Sie, for seie, saw
Sift, *v. Sax.* to shake in a sieve
Sigh, for seie, saw
Sighte, *pa. t.* of sike, sighed
Signe, *v. Fr.* to appoint
Signifer, *n. Lat.* the zodiac
Signifiaunce, *n. Fr.* signification
Sike, *adj. Sax.* sick: it sometimes seems to be used as a noun, for sickness
Sike, *v. Sax.* to sigh

Squames, *n.pl. Lat.* scales
Squaimous, squeamish
Squier, *n. Fr.* a squire
Squier, *v.* to attend as a squire
Squierie, *n.* a number of squires: and alle ther squierie; and of his squierie gentillemen auhtene
Stace, *pr. n.* Satius the Roman poet
Stacke, *n. Sax.* a stack of wood, &c.
Stacke, *pa. t.* of stick, *v. Sax.* stuck
Staff-sling, means, I suppose, a sling fastened to a staff. *Lyd. Tra.* 39, b. describes David as armed

With a *staffe slynge*, voyde of plate and mayle.

Staker, *v. Sax.* to stagger
Stalke, *v. Sax.* to step slowly; full thefely gan he stalke; and to the bedde he stalketh stylle, *Conf. Am.* 32
Stalkes, *n. pl. Sax.* the upright pieces of a ladder
Stamen, stamin, *n. Fr. estamine*, a sort of woollen cloth
Stant, for standeth
Starfe, *pa. t.* of sterve, died
Stark, *adj. Sax.* stiff, stout
Starlinges, *n. pl.* pence of sterling money
Staunche, *v. Fr.* to stop, to satisfy
Stele, *n. Sax* a handle
Stellifie, *v. Lat.* to make a star
Stente, *v. Sax.* to cease, to desist
Stenten, *part. pa.*
Stepe, *adj.* seems to be used in the sense of deep, so that eyen stepe may signify eyes sunk deep in the head
Stere, *v. Sax.* to stir
Stere, *n. Sax.* a young bullock; a rudder
Stereles, *adj. Sax.* without a rudder
Stereſman, *n. Sax.* a pilot
Sterne, *n. Sax.* a rudder
Sterne, *adj. Sax.* fierce, cruel
Sterre, *n. Sax.* a star
Stert, *n. Sax.* a leap; at a stert, immediately
Sterte, *pa. t.* of sterte, *v. Sax.* leaped, escaped, ran away
Sterting, *part. pr.* leaping, nimbly
Stertling, as sterting
Sterve, *v. Sax.* to die, to perish
Steven, *n. Sax.* voice, sound; a time of performing any action previously fixed by a message, order, summons, &c.; at unset steven, without any previous appointment; they setten steven, they appointed a time
Stewe, *n. Fr.* a small pond for fish, a small closet, stewes, *pl.* stews, baudyhouses
Steye, *v. Sax.* to ascend
Steyers, *n. pl. Sax.* stairs
Stibborne, *adj.* stubborn
Stike, *v. Sax.* to stick, pierce
Stile, *n. Sax.* a set of steps to pass from one field to another; by stile and eke by strete, every where in town and country
Stillatorie, *n. Fr.* a still
Stille, *adj. Sax.* quiet
Stithe, *n. Sax.* an anvil
Stives, as Stewes
Stoble-goos, a goose fed on stubble grounds
Stocked, *part. pa.* confined
Stole, *n. Fr. Lat.* part of the ecclesiastical h worn about the neck. See *Du Cange* in v. S
Stole, *n. Sax.* a stool
Stonden, *part. pa.* of stonde or stande, *v. Sax.*
Stont, for stondeth
Stopen, *part. pa.* of stepe, *v. Sax.* stepped, ad
Store, *n. Fr.* to stock or furnish
Store, *n.* any thing laid up for use; hence phrase to tell no store of a thing, means t sider it as of no use or importance
Storial, *adj. Fr.* historical, true
Storven, *pa. t. pl.* of sterve
Stot, *n. Sax*, probably for stod, a stallion
Stote, *n.* a species of weasel, a polecat
Stound, *n. Sax.* a moment, a short space of t a stound, on a sudden; in stound, shou bably be in a stound: the orig. *Fr.* has
Stoundes, *pl.* times, seasons
Stoundemele, *adv.* momentarily, every mo
Stoupen, should probably be stopen.
Stoure, *n. Sax.* fight, battle
Strake, *v. Sax.* to proceed directly; stracken, en; tendere, *Kilian*
Strange, *adj. Fr.* foreign, uncommon; he t strange, he made it a matter of difficulty
Straughte, *pa. t.* of streche, *v. Sax.* stretche *Am.* 184
Stre, *n. Sax.* straw
Streight, *part. pa.* of strecche, *v. Sax.* stret
Streine, *v. Fr.* to constrain, to press closely
Streite, *adj. Fr.* straight; streite swerd
Stremeden, *pa. t. pl.* of streme, *v. Sax.* f flowed
Stremes, *n. pl.* the rays of the sun
Strene, *n. Sax.* stock, race, progeny
Strengest-faithed, *adj.* endowed with the st faith
Strepe, *v. Fr.* to strip
Strete, *n. Sax.* a street
Strike, *n. Sax.* a line, a streak; a strike of
Stripe, *v. Lat.* stirps, race, kindred
Stripe, *v.* as Strope
Strode, *pr. n.* the philosophical Strode, to jointly with the moral Gower, Chaucer di Troilus, was probably Ralph Strode, of college, Oxford. A. Wood, who had m antiquities of that college a particular c his inquiries, says only of him, "R "*Strode*, de quo sic vetus noster catalogu "fuit et versificavit librum elegiacum "Phantasma Rodulphi. Claruit 1370." of his logical works are said to be e print, *Venet* 1517, 4to. *Tanner* in v. *St*
Strof, *pa. t.* of strive, *v. Fr.* strove, contend
Stronde, *n. Sax.* a shore
Strother, *pr. n.* a town in the north
Stroute, *v.* to strut
Subarbes, *n. pl. Lat.* suburbs
Subfumigation, *n. Lat.* a species of charm b
Subget, *adj. Fr. Lat.* subject
Sublimatorie, *n. Fr. Lat.* a vessel used by ch sublimation, *i. e.* separating certain pa body, and driving them to the top of t in the form of a very fine powder

Substance, *n. Fr.* the material part of a thing
Suckiny, *n. Fr. souquenie*, a loose frock worn over their other clothes by carters, &c.
Sue, *v. Fr.* to follow
Sueton, *pr. n* Suetonius the Roman historian
Suffisance, *n. Fr.* sufficiency, satisfaction
Suffisant, *adj.* sufficient
Sugred, *part. pa.* sweetened as with sugar
Supplie, *v. Fr.* to supplicate
Surcote, *n Fr.* an upper coat or kirtle
Surplis, *n. Fr.* a surplice
Surquedric, *n. Fr.* presumption, an over-weening conceit
Surrie, *pr. n.* Syria
Sursanure, *n. Fr.* a wound healed outwardly only
Surveance, *n. Fr.* superintendance
Suspect, *adj. Fr.* suspected,
Suspect, *n.* suspicion
Suspection, *n.* suspicion
Suster, *n. Sax.* sister; sustren, *pl.*
Swa, *adv. Sax.* so
Swale, *pa. t.* of swell, *v. Sax.* swelled
Swappe, *v. Sax.* to throw down—to strike off—*v. neut.* to fall down
Swart, *adj. Sax.* black, of a dark colour
Swatte, *pa. t.* of swete, *v. Sax.* sweated
Swegh, *n. Sax.* a violent motion
Swelt, *pa. t.*
Swelte, *v. Sax.* to die, to faint
Swerne, for sweren, *pl. n.* of swere, *v. Sax.* swear
Sweven, *n. Sax.* a dream; swevenes, *pl.* it is written swevenis, for the sake of the rhyme
Swiche, *adj. Sax.* corruption of swilke, such
Swinke, *n. Sax.* labour
Swinke, *v.* to labour
Swire, *n. Sax.* the neck; it is more commonly written swere
Swithe, *adv. Sax.* quickly, immediately
Swive, *v. Sax.* to perform the act of generation. See *Junii Etymolog.* in v.
Swoloue, *n. Sax.* a whirlpool
Swonken, *part pa.* of swinkie
Swough, *n. Sax.* sound, noise—a swoon

T.

Tabard. See the quotation from Speght's Gl. *Discourse* &c. n. 6.
Tables, *n pl. Fr.* a game so called—Tables Toletanes, the astronomical tables composed by order of Alphonso, X King of Castile, about the middle of the 13th century, were called sometimes *Tabulæ Toletanæ*, from their being adapted to the city of Toledo
Taboure, *v. Fr.* to drum
Tache, *n. Fr.* a spot or blemish
Taillager, *n. Fr.* a collector of taxes
Taille, *n. Fr.* a tally, an account scored on a piece of wood
Take, *v. Sax.* to deliver a thing to another person
Take, for taken, *part. pa.*
Takel, *n. Sax.* an arrow
Tale, *v. Sax.* to tell stories; and namely when they talen longe *Conf. Am.* 27, b.
Tale, *n.* speech, discourse—reckoning, account; litel tale hath he told of any dreme; he made little account of any dream
Talent, *n. Fr.* desire, affection
Taling, *n.* story-telling
Tane, for taken
Tapes, *n pl. Sax.* bands of linen
Tapinage, *n. Fr. en tapinois*, lurking, sculking about
Tapiser, *n. Fr.* a maker of tapestry
Tapite. *v. Fr.* to cover with tapestry
Tappe, *n. Sax.* a tap or spigot which closes that orifice through which the liquor is drawn out of a vessel
Tapstere, *n. Sax.* a woman who has the care of the tap in a public house; that office formerly was usually executed by women. See *The Adventure of the Pardonere and the Tapstere*, in the *Continuation of The Cant. Tales*
Tare, *pa. t.* of tear, *v. Sax.* tore
Targe, *n. Fr.* a sort of shield
Tars, *n.* cloth of Tars, Tartarium, a sort of silk. See *Du. Cange* in v. *Tarsicus*, *Tartarinus*
Tas, *n. Fr.* a heap
Tasseled, *part. pa.* adorned with tassels
Taste, *v. Fr.* to feel—to examine
Tatarwagges, *n. pl.* the orig. is—*toutes fretelées de crotes*, all bedaggled with dirt
Taverner, *n. Fr.* the keeper of a tavern
Taure, *pr. n.* the constellation Taurus
Tawe, *n. Sax.* tow
Teche, *v. Sax.* teach
Tein, *n.* seems to signify a narrow thin plate of metal, perhaps from the *Lat. Gr. tænia.*
Temps, *n. Fr.* time
Tene, *n. Sax.* grief, *Conf. Am.* 140
Tene, *v.* to grieve, to afflict
Tercelet, tercell, *n. Fr.* the male hawk, the male eagle
Terins, *n. pl.* a sort of singing bird called in *Fr.* tarin. See *Cotgrave* in v.
Termagaunt, *pr. n.*
Terrestre, *n Fr.* earthly
Tery, *adj. Sax.* full of tears
Testeres, *n. pl. Fr.* headpieces
Testes, *n. pl. Lat.* vessels for assaying metals
Testif, *adj. Fr.* headstrong
Tetch, *n.* as Tache
Tewell, *n. Fr.* a pipe or funnel
Textuel, *adj. Fr.* ready at citing texts
Thacke, *n. Sax.* thatch
Thacke, *v.* to thump, to thwack
Than, *adv. Sax. quàm, Lat.*
Thank, *n. Sax.* thankfulness, good will; in thanke— is taken more—

En plus grant gré, sont receus orig.

So the phrases his thankes, hir thankes, answer to the French *son gré, leur gré*
Thanne, than, *adv. Sax.* then
Thar, *v. Sax. imperf.* behoveth
Thatte, that, *pron. dem. Sax.* used as a relative; thatte Seint Peter had; so this verse should be

written—that he mighte, as much as he was able, *quod potuit*.—It is sometimes put, not inelegantly, for the same, with gris, and that the fineſt of the lond, of fiſh and fleſh, and that ſo plenteous; ſhall fall a rain, and that ſo wild wood

Thatte, that, *conj. Sax. quód, Lat.*

The *prep. art. Sax.* The, when prefixed to adjectives or adverbs, in the *compar. deg.* is generally to be conſidered as a corruption of the *ablative ca. ſing.* of the Saxon *art.* uſed as a pronoun. The merier, *eo lætius;* the more mery, *eo lætiores.* Of the ſame conſtruction are the phraſes—yet fare they the werſe, yet fare I never the bet. When the is repeated with a ſecond *comparative*, either *adj.* or *adv.* the firſt the is to be underſtood in the ſenſe of the Lat. *quo.*—The more it brenneth the more it hath deſire—to conſume every thing—*quo magis—eo magis—*

And ay the further that ſhe was in age
The more trewe (if that it were poſſible)
She was to him in love, and more penible,

Sometimes the firſt the is omitted, as in the phraſes ever lenger the werſe; ever lenger the more; for certes if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to wariſhe himſelf the more wold it corrupt—and alſo the wound wold be the werſe for to hele

The *v. Sax.* to thrive

Theodome, *n. Sax.* thriſt, ſucceſs

Thefely, *adj. Sax.* like a thief

Thennes, thenne, *adv. Sax.* thence

Thennesforth, *adv. Sax.* from thennesforth, from that time forward

Theodomas, *pr. n.*

Theophraſt, *pr. n.*

Ther, *adv. Sax.* there, in that place, is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of where

Ther, in compoſition, ſignifies that, without including any idea of place. See Here. Ther abouten, thereagain, therbeforne, therby, therſore, therfro, thergaine, therof, theron, therto, therwith, therwithall

Thewes, *n. pl. Sax.* manners, qualities

Thider, *adv. Sax.* thither, to that place

Thiderward, *adv Sax.* toward that place

Thilke, *adj. Sax.* this ſame, that ſame

Thinke, *v. Sax.* to conſider; it is very frequently uſed as an impersonal in the *pr.* and *pa. t.* in the ſenſe of ſeemeth or ſemed; me thinketh, him thinketh, him thoughte, hir thoughte, how thinketh you? hem thoughte

Thinne, *adj. Sax.* ſlender, ſmall; a thinne imagination, *tenui imagine;* a thinne ſuſpicion, *tenui ſuſpicione*

Thirle, *v. Sax.* to pierce through

This, *pron. demonſt. Sax.* is ſometimes put for the prepoſitive article

Thiſe, *pl.*

Tho, *prep. art. pl.* da. *Sax.* uſed as a demonſtrative pronoun, thoſe

Tho, *adv. Sax.* then

Thole, *v. Sax.* to ſuffer, and what miſchefe and male eaſe Chriſt for man tholed

Thore, is put for there, for the ſake of the rhyme

Thorpe, *n. Sax.* a village

Thoughten, *pa. t. pl.* of thinke, *v. Sax.*

Thrall, *n. Sax.* a ſlave or villain

Thralle, *v.* to enſlave

Thraſte, *pa. t.* of threſte

Thred-bare, *adj. Sax.* having the threads bare, the nap being worn away

Thremote, ſhould be written in two words, thre mote, as in the *Bodl.* mſſ. *Mot. n. Fr.* is explained by Cotgrave to ſignify, among other things, the note winded by a huntſman on his horn

Threpe, *v. Sax.* to call

Threſte, *v. Sax.* to thruſt

Threſwold, *n. Sax.* a threſhold

Threte, *v. Sax.* to threaten

Threttene, *num. Sax.* thirteen

Thridde, *adj. Sax.* third

Thrie, thries, *adv. Sax.* thrice

Thrilled, for thirled, *pa. t.* of thirle

Thringe, *v. Sax.* to thruſt

Thriſte, *pa. t.* of threſte

Thronge, *pa. t.* of thringe

Thropes, for thorpes

Throſtel, *n. Sax.* a thruſh

Throw, *n. Sax.* time; but a throw; but a little while; any throw, any ſpace of time; many a throw, many times

Thruſt, for thurſt, *n. Sax.* thirſt

Thruſty, for thurſty, *adj. Sax.* thirſty

Thurgh, *prep. Sax.* through, by means of

Thurghfare, *n. Sax.* a paſſage

Thurghout, *prep. Sax.* throughout, quite through

Thurrock, *n. Sax.* the hold of a ſhip

Thwitel, *n. Sax.* a whittle, *cultellus*

Thwitten, *part. pa.* chipped with a knife, whittled, *bien dolé*, orig.

Tidde, *part. pa.* of tide, *v. Sax.* happened; thou ſhulde never have tidde ſo faire a grace, ſo fair a fortune ſhould never have happened to thee

Tidife, *n.* the tidiſe is mentioned as an inconſtant bird in the *Leg. of G. W.* ver. 134; as doth the tidiſe for newſangleneſſe. Skinner ſuppoſes it to be the titmouſe

Tickel, *adj. Sax.* uncertain

Til, *prep. Sax.* to, hire till, to her.

Timbeſtere, *n.* is ſuppoſed by Lye, [*Etym. Ling. Angl.* in v.] to mean the ſame with tombeſtere. The orig. French has been quoted above in v. *Sailours*, which Chaucer has thus imitated;

There was many a timbeſtere
And ſailours, that I dare well ſwere
Yeouthe hir craft ſull parfitly.
The timbres up full ſubtilly
Thei caſten, and hent hem full oft
Upon a finger faire and ſoft,
That thei ne failed never mo.

According to this deſcription it ſhould rather ſeem that a timbeſtere was a woman, who plaid tricks with timbres, (baſons of ſome ſort

or other) by throwing them up into the air and catching them upon a single finger; a kind of balance-mistress.

Timbres, *n. pl. Fr* basons. See Timbestere

Tipet, *n. Sax.* a tippet

Tipped, *part. pa.* headed, covered at the tip or top

Tiptoon, *n. pl. Sax.* tiptoes, the extremities of the toes

Tire, *v. Fr.* to pluck, to feed upon in the manner of birds of prey; for loke how that a goshauke tyreth

Tissue, *n. Fr.* a riband

Tite, for tideth happeneth

Titering, *n. Sax.* courtship

Titeles, *adj. Sax* without title

Titus Livius, *pr. n.* the Roman historian

To, *adv. Sax.* too

To, *prep. Sax.* to day, on this day; to morwe, on the morrow, the following day; to yere, in this year.—To, in composition with verbs, is generally augmentative, the helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede, *i. e.* hewe and cut to pieces; the bones they to-breste, *i. e.* break in pieces; to-brosten, to-dashed, much bruised; to-rent, rent in pieces; to-swinke, labour greatly—Sometimes the *adv.* all is added; al-to-rent; all-to-share; entirely cut to pieces; all-to-shent; entirely ruined.

Tofore, toforen, *prep. Sax.* before

Togithers, *adv. Sax.* together

Told, *pa. t.* of tell, *v. Sax.* accounted

Tombestere, *n. Sax.* a dancing woman

Tombesteres, *pl.*

Tomedes, should be written as two words; to mede or to medes, according to the Saxon usage, signifies for reward, in return

Tone, *n. pl. Sax.* toes

Tonne-gret, *adj.* of the circumference of a tun

Toos, *n. pl.* as Tone

Toretes, *n. pl. Fr.* rings

Torne, *v. Fr.* to turn, the devil out of his skinne him torne! may the devil turn him inside out!

Torned, *part. pa.*

Tortous, *adj. Fr.* oblique, winding

Toteler, *n.* a whisperer, *totelar, susurro, Prompt. Parv.*

Totty, *adj. Sax.* dizzy

Tough, *adj. Sax.* difficult; and maketh it full tough, and takes a great deal of pains; or make it tough, or take pains about it; and made it neither tough ne queint; made no difficulty, or strangeness;

> Al be it ye make it never sa tewche,
> To me your labour is in vane.
> MS. *Maitland, The Mourning Maiden.*

> Will. Swane makis wonder tewche
> *Ibid. Peblis to the play.* st. 21.

Tought, *adj. Sax.* tight

Tour, *n. Fr.* a tower

Tourret, *n.* should be written tourette, as in MS. Hunter, a turret or small tower

Tout, *n.* the backside

Towail, *n. Fr.* a towel

Towardes, *prep. Sax.* toward

Towel, *n.* is perhaps put for tewel, a pipe, the fundament

Trace, *n. Fr.* a track or path—a train

Trade, *pa. t.* of tread, *v. Sax.* trod

Tragetour, *n.* as Tregetour

Traie, *v. Fr.* to betray [draw

Trais, *n. pl. Fr.* traits, the traces by which horses

Tramissene, *pr. n.* a kingdom in Africa

Transmewe, *v. Fr.* to transform

Trappures, *n. pl. barb. Lat.* the clothes with which horses were covered for parade. See *Du Cange* in v. *Trappatura*

Trashed, *part. pa.* betrayed

Trate, *n.* Bp. Douglas frequently uses trat for an old woman, *Æn.* vii. 416, *involutus sese transformat aniles*——he renders—and hir in schape transformyt of ane trat

Trave, *n. Fr.* travail, a frame in which farriers put unruly horses

Tre, *n. Sax.* a tree, wood, Cristes tre, the cross

Trechour, *n. Fr.* a cheat

Trede-foule, *n.* a treader of hens, a cock

Tregetour, *n.* a juggler

Trenchant, *part. pr. Fr.* cutting

Trental, *n. Fr.* was a service of 30 masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days, for the dead. *Du Cange* in v. *Trentale*

Trepeget, *n. Fr.* a military engine. See *Du Cange* in v. *Trebuchetum*

Tresse, *n. Fr.* an artificial lock or gathering of hair. See *Du Cange*, in v. *Trica, Trecia*

Tressed, *part. pa.* gathered in a tress or tresses

Tressour, *n.* an instrument used in tressing the hair, or an ornament of it when tressed. See *Du Cange* in v. *Tressorium*

Tretable, *adj. Fr.* tractable

Trete, *v. Fr.* to treat, to discourse

Tretee, *n.* treaty

Tretis, *n.* treaty

Tretis, *adj. Fr.* long and well proportioned

Trewe, *n. Fr.* a truce

Trewe, *adj. Sax.* true faithful

True-love, *n.* Mr. Steevens has very obligingly suggested to me that there is a herb called true-love, according to Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597, p. 328, *Herba Paris*; "One berrie or "herbe truelove—at the very top whereof "come forth fower leaves directly set one "against another, in manner of a Burgunnion "cross, or a true love knot, for which cause "among the auncients it hath been called herbe "true-love" This herb, however, to the best of my remembrance, is rather too large to be carried conveniently under the tongue. A trewlove of the same or another sort is mentioned in the concluding stanza of *The Court of Love*;

> Eke eche at other threw the floures bright,
> The primerose, the violete, and the gold;
> So than as I beheld the royal sight
> My lady gan me sodenly behold,
> And with a trewelove plited many a fold;

She smote me through the very heart as blive,
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

Triacle, *n. Fr.* corruption of theriaque, a remedy in general
Trice, *v. Sax.* to thrust
Trie, *adj.* tried or refined, Gloss. *Ur.*
Trill, *v. Sax.* to twirl, to turn round
—— *v neut.* to roll, to trickle
Trine, *adj. Fr.* triple; trine compas, the Trinity. See Compas.
Trippe, *n.* evidently means a small piece of cheese; *les triper d'un fagot*, in *Fr.* are the smallest sticks in a faggot, *Cotgrave*
Triste, *v.* for truste
Triste, *n.* a post or station in hunting, *Cowell.*— This seems to be the true meaning of the word, though the etymology is not so clear
Trumpe, *n. Fr.* a trumpet
Trompour, *n.* a trumpeter
Tronchoun, *n. Fr.* a spear without a head
Tron, *n. Fr.* a throne
Trophee, *pr. n.* it occurred to me that the reference might possibly be to the original of the Troilus and Cresseide, which according to Lydgate was called Trophe, but I cannot find any such passage as is here quoted in the Filostrato.
Trotula, *pr. n.*
Trouble, *adj. Fr.* dark, gloomy
Troubler, *comp. d.*
Trowandise, for Truandise
Trowe, *v. Sax* to believe
Truandise, *n. Fr.* begging, truanding
Tulle, *v. Sax.* to allure
Tullius, *pr. n.* M. Tullius Cicero
Turkeis, *n. Fr.* a sort of precious stone
Turkeis, *adj. Fr.* Turkish
Turmentise, *n. Fr.* torment
Turves, *pl.* of turf, *n. Sax.*
Twaine, tway, twey, tweine, *numer. Sax.* two
Tweifold, *adj. Sax.* double
Twies, *adv. Sax.* twice
Twight, *pa. t.* & *part.* of twitch, *v. Sax.* pulled, plucked
Twinne, *v. Sax.* to depart from a place or thing
Twinned, *part. pa.* separated
Twire, *v.* twireth seems to be the translation of *susurrat*, spoken of a bird
Twist, *n. Sax.* a twig
Twiste, *v. Sax.* to twitch, to pull hard
Twiste, *pa. t.* twitched

V.

Valence, *pr. n.* Valencia in Spain, Gloss. *Ur.*
Valerie, *pr. n.*
Valerie, Valerius, *pr. n.* Valerius Maximus
Valure, *n. Fr.* value
Varien, *inf. m. v. Fr.* to change, to alter
Varien, variaunt, *part. pr.* changeable
Vassalage, *n. Fr.* valour, courage
Vavasour, *n.* probably a meddling landlord
Vauntour, *n. Fr.* a boaster
Vecke, *n. Ital.* an old woman
Veine-blode, *n.* blood drawn from a vein
Vendable, *n. Fr.* to be sold
Venerie, *n. Fr.* hunting
Venge, *v. Fr.* to revenge
Venime, *n. Fr.* poison, venom
Ventousing, *n. Fr.* cupping
Ver, *n. Lat.* the spring
Verament, *adv. Fr.* truly
Veray, *adj. Fr.* true
Verdegrese, *n. Fr. verd du gris*, the rust of brass, so called from its colour, a gray green
Verdite, *n. Fr.* judgment, sentence
Verger, *n. Fr.* a garden
Vermeile, *adj. Fr.* of a vermilion colour
Vermelet, *adj.* as Vermeile
Vernage, a kind of wine
Vernicle, *n.* diminutive of *Veronike*, *Fr.* a copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, which is supposed to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief preserved in the church of St. Peter at Rome, *Du Cange* in v. *Veronica. Mabill. Form. Angl.* p. 428. *Testam. Joh. de Nevill*, an. 1386. "Item Domino Archiepiscopo Eboren "fratri meo, *i.* vestimentum rubeum de velvet "cum le *Veronike* [r. *Veronike*] in granis rosarum "desuper *brondata*, [r. *broudata*."] It was used for persons returning from pilgrimages to bring with them certain tokens of the several places which they had visited, and therefore the Pardoner, who is just arrived from Rome, is represented with a vernicle sewed upon his cappe. See *Pierce Plough*, 28, b.—

An hundred ampules on hys hatte sette,
Synges of Sinay and shelles of Calice*,
And many a crouch on his cloke and kyes of Rome,
The *Vernicle* before, for men should knowe
And se by hys signes whom he sought haide.

Vernish, *v. Fr.* to varnish
Verre, *n. Fr.* glass
Versifiour, *n. Fr.* a maker of verses, a poet
Vertules, *adj.* without efficacy
Vertuous, *adj. Fr.* active, efficacious
Vessell, *n. Fr. vaisselle*, plate
Ugly, *adj. Sax.* horrid, frightful
Viage, *n. Fr.* a journey by sea or land
Vicary, *n. Lat.* a vicar
Vice, *n. Fr.* the newel or upright centre of a winding staircase
Vigile, *n. Fr.* the eve of a festival, the wake or watching of a dead body
Vigilie, *n. Lat.* as Vigile
Vilanie, *n. Fr.* any thing unbecoming a gentleman
Vinolent, *adj. Lat.* full of wine
Virelaye, *n. Fr.* a round freeman's song, *Cotgrave* There is a particular description of a virelay in the *Jardin de Plaisance*, fol. 12. where it makes the *decima sexta species rhetorice Gallicane*
Virgile, *pr. n.*
Visage, *v. Fr.* to front, to face a thing
Vise, *n.* in ms. *A. veze*; perhaps we should read

* MS. Galice. Perhaps it should be Galice.

rese, a Saxon word signifying violence, impetuosity
Vitaille, *n. Fr.* victuals
Vitellon, *pr. n.*
Unbetide, *v. Sax.* to fail to happen
Unbodie, *v. Sax.* to leave the body
Unbokel, *v Fr.* to unbuckle, to open
Unce, *n. Fr. Lat.* ounce
Uncommitted, *part. pa.* office uncommitted oft anoyeth
Unconning, *part. pr.* ignorant
Unconning, *n.* ignorance
Uncovenable, *adj.* inconvenient
Uncouple, *v.* to go loose, metaphor from hounds
Uncouplinge, *n.* letting loose, *Du.* 377
Uncouth, *part pa.* unknown. See Couth—uncommon, not vulgar, elegant
Uncouthly, *adv.* uncommonly
Undepartable, *adj.* not capable of departing
Underfong, *v. Sax* to undertake
Undergrowe, *part. pa.* undergrown, of a low stature
Underling, *n. Sax.* an inferior
Undermele, *n. Sax.* I am rather inclined to believe, that undermele signifies the time after the meal of dinner, the afternoon; *undermele postmeridies*, *Promp. Parv.*
Undern, *n. Sax.* the third hour of the artifical day, nine of the clock, till it was underne hygh and more, *Conf. Am.* 103, b.
Undernome, *pa. t.* of undermine, *v. Sax.* took up, received
Underpight, *pa. t.* See Pight; he dranke and wel his girded underpight, he drank and stuffed his girdle well
Underspore, *v. Sax.* to raise a thing by putting a spear or pole under it
Understonde, *part. pa.* understood
Undo, *v. Sax.* to unfold
Undoubtous, *adj.* undoubted; *indubitata*, orig. See Doutous [orig.
Uneschauble, *adj. Sax.* unavoidable; *inevitabili*,
Unese, *n.* uneasiness
Un-eth, un-ethes, *adv. Sax.* scarcely, not easily
Unfamous, *adj.* unknown
Unfestliche, *adj.* not suitable to a feast
Ungodely, *adj.* uncivil, ungenteel; that I n'olde holde hire ungodely; orig *que je ne tenisse à vilaine*
Ungreable, *adj.* unpleasant, disagreeable, *ingratas*, orig.
Unhele, *n. Sax.* misfortune
Unhide, *v.* to discover
Unjoine, *v.* to separate, to disjoin
Unkindely, *adv.* unnaturally
Unknowable, *adj.* incapable of being known; *ignorabiles*, orig.
Unletted, *part pa.* undisturbed
Unloven, *v.* to cease loving
Unlust, *n.* dislike
Unmanhode, *n.* cowardice
Unmighty, *adj.* unable
Unperegal, *adj.* unequal, *impar*, orig.
Unpin, *v. Sax.* to unlock
Unpitous, *adj.* cruel; *impia*

Unplite, *v.* to unfold
Unrest, *n.* want of rest, uneasiness, trouble
Unresty, *adj.* unquiet
Unright, *n.* wrong
Unsad, *adj.* unsteady
Unscience, *n.* not science
Unsely, *adj* unhappy
Unset, *part. pa.* not appointed
Unshette, *pa. t.* opened
Unskilfully, *adv. Sax.* without reason; *injuriâ*, orig.
Unslekked, *part pa.* unslacked
Unslept, *part. pa.* having had no sleep
Unsoft, *adj.* hard
Unsolempne, *adj.* uncelebrated; *incelebris*, orig.
Unsperde, *part. pa.* unbolted
Unstancheable, *adj.* inexhaustable; *inexhausta*, orig.
Unstanched, *part. pa.* unsatisfied; *inexplatam*, orig.
Unsufficient, *adj.* insufficient
Unswell, *v.* to fall after swelling
Unthank, *n.* no thanks, ill will
Until, *prep. Sax.* to, unto
Untime, *n.* an unseasonable time
Unto, *adv. Sax.* until
Untretable, *adj.* not admitting any treaty, *bellum inexorabile*, orig. Πολεμος ανηρυκτος
Untressed, *part. pa.* not tied in a tress or tresses
Untriste, for untruste, *v.* to mistrust
Untrust, *n.* distrust
Unusage, *n.* want of usage; *insolentia*, orig.
Unware, *part. pa.* unforeseen
Unweld, *adj.* unwieldy
Unwemmed, *part. pa.* unspotted
Unweting, *part. pr.* not knowing; unweting of this Dorigen, Dorigen not knowing of this
Unwetingly, *adv.* ignorantly
Unwist, *part. pa.* unknown; unwist of him, it being unknown to him, not knowing
Unwit, *n.* want of wit
Unwote, *v. Sax.* to be ignorant
Unwrie, *v.* to uncover
Unyolden, *part pa.* not having yielded
Voide, *v Fr.* to remove, to quit, to make empty
Voide, *v. neut.* to depart, to go away
Voided, *part. pa.* removed
Volage, *adj. Fr.* light, giddy
Volatile, *n. Fr.* wild fowls, game
Volunie, *n. Fr.* will
Volupere, *n.* a woman's cap, a nightcap, *volypere*, *kercher*, *teristrum*, *Promp. Parv.* but *theristrum* signifies, properly, a veil. See *Du Cange* in v.
Vouche, *v. Fr.* vouchen sauf, to vouchsafe; vouchcth sauf, vouchsafe ye; as ye have made present the king vouches it save
Up, *prep. Sax.* upon; ther lith on up my wombe and up my hed; there lieth one upon my belly and upon my head; up peine, upon pain; up peril, upon peril
Up, *adv. Sax.* up on lond, up in the country; up so doun, upside down; the londe was tourned up so doun, *Conf. Am.* 37, 159.—But Pandare up, an elliptical expression, of which it is not easy to give the precise meaning
Upper, *comp. d* higher
Uphaf, *pa. t.* of upheve, *v. Sax.* heaved up
Upheping, *n. Sax.* accumulation; *cumulum*, orig.

Upon, *adv.* he had upon a courtepy of grene, he had on a courtepy, &c or perhaps it is an elliptical expression for he had upon him
Uppereſt, *adj. ſuperl.* higheſt
Upright, *adj. Sax.* ſtraight; upright as a bolt, ſtraight as an arrow: it is applied indifferently to perſons lying as well as ſtanding
Urchon, *n.* a hedgehog
Ure, *n. Fr.* fortune, deſtiny
Ured, *adj.* fortunate; well ured
Uſage, *n. Fr.* experience, practice
Uſant, *part. pr. Fr.* uſing, accuſtomed
Utter, *comp. d.* of out, *adv. Sax.* outward, more out
Utthereſte, *ſuperl. d.* uttermoſt
Utterly, *adv. Fr. outrécement*, thoroughly, entirely
Uttren, *inf. m.* of utter, *v. Sax.* to publiſh
Uttren, *pr. t. pl.* give out, ſell

W.

Wade, *pr. n.*
Wade, *v. Sax. Lat.* to paſs through water without ſwimming, to paſs generally
Waferers, *n. pl.* ſellers of wafers, a ſort of cakes
Wafoures, *n. pl.* wafers, a ſort of cakes
Waget. Upon the whole, I believe that a light waget ſhould be underſtood to mean a light blue colour
Waimenting, *n. Sax.* lamentation
Waine, *n. Sax.* a wagon
Watte, *v. Fr.* to watch
Wake, *v. Sax.* to watch
Walachie, *pr. n.* Walachia
Wala wa! or wa la wa! *interj. Sax.* wo! alas! wala wa the while! alas the time!
Walnete, *n. Sax.* a walnut, *i. e.* a French or foreign nut
Walwe, *v. Sax.* to tumble about, to wallow
Walwing, *part. pr.*
Wan, *pa. t.* of win, *v. Sax.* gained
Wane, *v. Sax.* to decreaſe
Wang, *n. Sax.* a cheek-tooth
Wanger, *n. Sax.* a ſupport for the cheek, a pillow
Wanhope, *n. Sax.* deſpair
Wantruſt, *n. Sax.* diſtruſt
Waped, *part. pa. Sax.* ſtupified
Wardecorps, *n. Fr.* body-guard
Wardein, *n. Fr.* a warden of a college, a guard, a keeper of a gate; wardeins, *pl.* guard, watchmen
Warderere, perhaps a corruption of the French *garde arriere*
Wardrope, *n. Fr. garderobe*, a houſe of office
Wariangles. See *Cotgrave* in v. *Pie* and *Engonée*, where he explains the wariangle to be a ſmall woodpecker, black and white of colour, and but half as big as the ordinary green one
Warice, wariſh, *v. Fr.* to heal; *v. neut.* to recover from ſickneſs
Wariſon, *n.* ſeems to be put for reward; *ſon merite*, orig. *wariſon, donativum, Prompt. Parv.*
Warne, *v. Sax.* to caution, to apprize, to refuſe
Warneſtore, *v.* to furniſh, to ſtore
Warrie, *v. Sax.* to abuſe, to ſpeak evil of
Waſhen, *part. pa.* of waſh, *v. Sax.*
Waſtel-brede, cake-bread, bread made of the finest flour, from the French *gaſteau*, a cake
Waſtour, *n. Fr.* a ſpoiler
Wate, *v. Sax.* to know
Watering of Seint Thomas, a place for watering horſe, I ſuppoſe, a little out of the borough of Southwark, in the road to Canterbury. The ſame place, I apprehend, was afterwards called St. Thomas a Waterings, probably from ſome chapel dedicated to that ſaint. It was a place of execution in Queen Elizabeth's time. *Wood, Ath. Oxon.* i. 229
Watlynge-ſtrete, an old ſtreet in London
Wave, *pa. t.* of weave, *v. Sax.* wove
Wawe, *n. Sax.* a wave
Way, *n. Sax.* is often put for the time in which a certain ſpace can be paſſed through; a furlong way, mile way, any ſhort time—at the leſt wey, ſeems to ſignify no more than at the leſt, at leaſt—a devil way, a twenty devil way
Way, *adv.* away; do way, do away, put away
Waye, *v. Sax.* to weigh, to preſs with weight
Webbe, *n. Sax.* a weaver
Wedde, *n. Sax.* a pawn or pledge; to wedde is a pawn; and leyde to wedde Normandie
Wede, *n. Sax.* clothing, apparel; under wede ſeems to ſignify, ſimply, in my clothing
Wede, *n. Sax.* a weed, an uſeleſs herb
Wehee, a word to expreſs the neighing of a horſe
Weive, *v. Sax.* to forſake, to decline, to refuſe
Weive, *v. neut.* to depart
Weived, *part. pa.* departed
Weke, *v. Sax.* to grow weak
Weke, *adj. Sax.* weak
Wel, *adv. Sax.* well, in a good condition; wel was the wenche with him mighte mete; wel were they that thider might twin: it is joined to other adverbs and adjectives, as full and right are, and ſtill more frequently to verbs, in the ſenſe of the French *bien*
Welde, *v. Sax.* to govern, to wield
Weldy, *adj. Sax.* active
Wele, *adv.* for well
Wele, *n. Sax.* wealth, proſperity
Weleful, *adj.* productive of happineſs
Welefulneſs, *n. Sax.* happineſs
Welke, *pa. t.* of walk, *v. Sax.* walked
Welked, *part. pa.* of weike, *v. Sax.* withered, mouldy
Welkin, *n. Sax* the ſky
Well, *n. Sax.* a ſpring
Welle, *v. Sax.* to flow as from a ſpring
Welmeth, ſeems to be put for welleth, ſpringeth
Welte, *pa. t.* of welde, governed wielded
Wel-thewed, *adj. Sax.* endowed with good qualities
Welwilly, *adj. Sax.* favourable, propitious
Wemme, *n. Sax.* a ſpot, a fault
Wenche, *n. Sax.* a young woman
Wend, for weneu *pa. t.* of wene, thought, intended
Wende, *v. Sax.* to go
Wende, *n. Sax.* gueſs, conjecture, perhaps for wene

Wene, *n. Sax.* guess, supposition; withouten wene, not by supposition, certainly
Wene, *v. Sax.* to think, to suppose
Went, *part. pa.* of wende, gone
Wente, went, *pa. t.* of wende; went at borde, lived as a boarder
Went, *n.* a way, a passage, turn in walking; in bed
Went, for want
Wep, *pa. t.* of wepe, *v. Sax.* wept
Wepely, *adj. Sax.* causing tears
Wepen, *n. Sax.* a weapon
Werche, *n.* & *v.* as Werke
Were, for weren, *ind. m. pa. t. pl.* of am, *v. Sax.* it is sometimes used for had, according to the *Fr.* custom, with reflected verbs, *thise riotoures*—were set hem in a tavern for to drinke—*s'étoient mis, sétoient assis*
Were, *subj. m. pa. t. sing.* e. g. as it were; if on of hem were; whether she were; were it; it were a game
Were, *v. Sax.* to wear, to defend
Were, *n. Fr. guerre*, confusion; his herte in such a were is set, *son cueur a mys en tel* guerre; and in a were gan I wexe and with myself to dispute
Were, *n. Sax.* for catching fish
Weren, *pa. t. pl.* of am. *v. Sax.* were
Werke, *n. Sax.* work; werkes *pl.*
Werke, *v. Sax.* to work
Werne, *v.* as Warne
Werre, *n. Fr.* war
Werrie, *v Fr.* to make war against
Werse, *comp. d.* of ill, *adv. Sax.* worse
Werse, *comp. d.* of bad, *adj. Sax.* worse
Werste, *superl. d.* of bad, worst
Wery, *adj. Sax.* weary
Wesh, *pa. t.* of wash, *v. Sax.* washed
Westren, *inf. m. v. Sax.* to tend toward the west
Wete, *adj. Sax.* wet
Wete, *v. Sax.* to wet
Wete, *v. Sax.* to know
Wether, *n. Sax.* the weather—a castrated ram
Weting, *n. Sax.* knowledge
Weve, *v. Sax.* to weave
Weve, *v. Sax.* to put off, to prevent. See Weive
Wex, *pa. t.* of waxe or wexe, *v. Sax.* waxed, grew
Wexing, *part. pr.* increasing
Weyeden, *pa. t. pl.* weighed. See Waye
What, *pron. interrog. Sax.* is often used by itself as a sort of interjection; what!
What, *pron. indef.* something, a little; what for love and for distress, partly for love and partly for distress; wete ye what? do ye know something? ne elles what? nor any thing else.—What, when joined to a *n. subst.* (either expressed or understood) is a mere *adj.* answering to *qualis*, Lat. *quel*, Fr. what they weren, what men they were; what so, what that, whatsoever
Wheder, *conj. Sax.* whether
Whelm, *v. Sax.* to sink, to depress
Whennes, *adv. Sax.* whence
Wher, *conj. Sax.* whether
Wher, *adv. Sax.* where
Wher, in composition, signifies which. See Here and Ther——Wherfore, wherin, wherthrough, wherwith, when used interrogatively, wherof, wherwith
Whether, *adj. Sax.* which of two
Whette, *part. pa.* of whet, *v. Sax.* sharpened
Whiche, *pron. rel. Sax.* who, whom, *adj.* what, what sort of
While, *n. Sax.* time; in this mene while, in the mean time; how he might quite hire while, how he might requite her time, pains, &c. God can ful wel your while quite
Whilere, *adv. Sax.* sometime before
Whilke, *adj. Sax.* which
Whilom, *adv. Sax.* once, on a time
Whine, *v. Sax.* to utter a plaintive cry
White, *adj. Sax.* fair, specious
White, *v.* to grow white
Who, *pron. interrog. Sax.*
Whos, *gen. ca. sing.*
Who, *pron. rel. Sax.* it is generally expressed by that
Whos, *gen ca. sing.*
Who, *pron. indef.*

> For wel thou wost the name as yet of her
> Amonges the people, as who sayth halowed is

where as who sayth seems to be equivalent to as one should say: the same phrase is sometimes used to introduce a fuller explanation of a passage, as we might use—that is to say—who so, who that, whosoever
Wide-where, *adv. Sax.* widely, far and near
Wierdes, *n. pl. Sax.* the Fates or Destinies
Wif, *n. Sax.* a wife, a woman
Wifhood, *n. Sax.* the state of a wife
Wifles, *adj. Sax.* unmarried
Wifly, *adj. Sax.* becoming a wife
Wight, *n. Sax.* a person, male or female, a small space of time, weight, a witch; wytch cleped wyght mare
Wight, *adj. Sax.* active, swift; of hem that ben deliver and wight, *Conf. Am.* 177, b.
Wightes, *n. pl.* witches
Wike, *n.* for weke
Wiket, *n. Fr.* a wicket
Wikke, *adj. Sax.* wicked
William St. Amour, a doctor of the Sorbonne in the 13th century, who took a principal part in the dispute between the university of Paris and the Dominican friars
Willy, *adj. Sax.* favourable
Wiln, for willen, *pl. n.* of wille, *v. Sax.*
Wilne, *v. Sax.* to desire
Wimple, *n. Fr.* a covering for the neck; it is distinguished from a veil, which covered the head also

> Wering a vaile instede of wimple,
> As nonnes don in hir abbey.

Windas, *n. Fr. guindal*, an engine to raise stones, &c.
Winde, *v. Sax.* to turn round
Winde, as Wende, to go
Winne, *v. Sax.* to gain, to attain

Wirry, *v. Sax.* to worry
Wis, *adv. Sax.* certainly. See Y-wis
Wise, *n. Sax.* manner
Wisly, *adv. Sax.* certainly
Wisse, *v. Sax.* to teach, to direct; so God me wisse, so may God direct me
Wiste, *pa. t.* of wiste, *v. Sax.* knew
Wite, *v. Sax.* to know, to blame, to impute to wite it the ale of Southwark, impute it to the ale of Southwark; or blame the ale of Southwark for it
Wite, *n. Sax.* blame
With, *prep. Sax.* is used in the sense of by; was with the leon frette, was devoured by the lion; in with his thought, in with hire bosom, within his thought, within her bosom; with meschance, with meschance and with misaventure, with sorwe and with meschance; with sorwe, are phrases of the same import as God yeve him meschance, God yeve me sorwe: they are all to be considered as parenthetical curses, used with more or less seriousness; and so are the following phrases, with evil prese, with harde grace, with sory grace
Withholde, *v. Sax.* to stop
Withholden, withhold, *part. pa.* retained, detained
Withsain, *inf. m.* of withsay, *v Sax.*
Withsaye, withseye, *v.* to contradict, to deny
Witnesse, *n. Sax.* testimony, a witness
Witnesfully, *adj. Sax.* evidently
Witte, *n. Sax.* understanding, capacity—to my witte; in my judgment
Wittes, *n. pl. Sax.* the senses of man
Wive, *n.* for wif
Wivere, *n. Sax.* a serpent
Wlatsom, *adj. Sax.* loathsome
Wo, *n. Sax.* wo, sorrow—wo were us; wher me were wo, are expressions derived from the Saxon language, in which us and me were equivalent to *nobis* and *mihi*, without the addition of the *prep.* to
Wo, *adj. Sax.* sorrowful
Wo-begon, far gone in wo. See begon
Wode, wood, *adj. Sax.* mad, violent; for wode, like any thing mad
Wode, *v. Sax.* to grow mad
Wodewale, *pr. n.* of a bird
Wol, *v. auxil. Sax.* to will; it is used sometimes by itself, the *inf. v.* being understood, as she to water wolde, *i. e.* would dissolve into water; and to the wood he wol, *i. e.* will go, ful many a man hath he begiled er this, and wol *i. e.* will beguile
Wolde, *pa. t.* would, wolden, *pa. t. subj. m.* wolde God! God wolde! o that God were willing! ne wolde God! God forbid!
Wold, *part. pa* willed, been willing
Womanhede, *n.* womanhood, the virtue of a woman
Wonde, *v. Sax.* wandian, to desist through fear
Wonde, *pa. t.* may perhaps be deduced from winde, to turn, to bend,

The yerde is bet that bowen wol and winde
Than that that brest.

Wonde, *pa. t.* of wone, dwelled
Wonder, *adj. Sax.* custom, usage, habitation, a heap, an assembly
Wone, *v. Sax.* to dwell
Woneden, *pa. t. pl.* dwelled
Woned, *part. pa.* wont, accustomed
Woning, *n. Sax.* a dwelling
Wonne, *part pa.* of winne, *v. Sax.* woc, ed, begotten
Wont, *part. pa.* of wone, accustomed
Wood, *adj.* as wode
Woodness, *n.* madness
Wordles, *adj. Sax.* speechless
Worldes, *gen. ca.* of world, *n. Sax.* is us sense of the *adj.* worldly; every world my worldes blis
Wort, *n. Sax.* a cabbage, new beer in a fermentation
Worth, *v. Sax.* to be, to go, wo worthe py be, or wo be to! to climb, to mou
Wost, for wotest, knowest
Wote, wot, *v. Sax.* to know, wot, *pa. t.*
Wowe, (rather woe) *v. Sax.* to woo
Woxe, *pa. t.* of waxe, or wexe, *v. Sax.* gr
Woxen, *part. pa.* grown
Wraie, *v. Sax.* to betray, discover
Wrathen, *inf. m. v. Sax.* to make angry
Wrawe, *adj. Sax.* peevish, angry; wrawe, ungoodly
Wrawness, *n.* peevishness
Wray, as wraie
Wreche, *n. Sax.* revenge
Wrenches, *n. pl. Sax.* frauds, stratagems
Wrest, *v. Sax.* to twist; the nightingale great might hire voice began out w turn forcibly
Wrethen, *part. pa.* of writhe—wrethen twisted together; in Urry's edit. it is —within in fere
Wreye, *v.* as wraie
Wrie, *v. Sax.* to cover, to turn, to incline
Wright, *n. Sax.* a workman
Wrine, for wrien, *inf. m.* of wrie
Wring, *v. Sax.* to squeeze so as to expr
Writhe, *v. Sax.* to twist, to turn aside,
Writhing, *n.* a turning
Wronge, *part. pa.* of wring; his hendes later writers have used the same expr distress
Wrote, *v. Sax.* to dig with the snout as sw or like a worm that wroteth in a tree
Wrought, *part. pa.* of worke, *v. Sax.* made

Y.

Y, at the beginning of many words, e verbs and participles, is merely a corr the Saxon ge, which has remained un in the other collateral branches of the language; what the power of it may ha originally, it is impossible, perhaps, no termine: in Chaucer it does not appear any effect upon the sense of a word, there seems to be no necessity for inser glossary such words as yblessed, ygran which differ not in signification from granted, &c. Some, however, of the

inserted, which may serve at least to shew more clearly the extent of this practice in Chaucer's time. Several other words are shortly explained under this letter, of which a more full explanation may be found under their respective second letters

Ya, *adv. Sax.* yea; it is used emphatically with both; ya bothe yonge and olde; ye both faire and good

Yaf, *pa. t.* of yave, *v. Sax.* gave

Yalte, for yelte; yalte him, yieldeth himself

Yare, *adj. Sax.* ready

Yate, *n. Sax.* a gate

Yave, *pa. t.* of yeve, gave

Y-be, *part. pa.* been

Y-beried, *part. pa.* buried

Y-bete, *v. a.* to beat, stamp, imprint

Y-blent, *part. pa.* of blend, blinded

Y-blent, *part. pa.* of blenche, shrunk, started aside

Y-blint, *part. pa.* blinded

Y-bore, *part. pa.* of bere, born, carried

Y-bourded, *part. pa.* jested

Y-brent, *part. pa.* of brenne, burned

Y-chaped, *part. pa.* furnished with chapes, from *chappe, Fr.*

Y-clouted, *part. pa.* wrapped in clouts or rags

Y-corven, *part. pa.* cut. See Corven

Y-coupled, *part. pa.*

Y-crased, *part. pa.* broken

Y-deled, *part. pa.* distributed

Y-dight, *part. pa.* adorned

Y-do, *part. pa.* done, finished

Y-drawe, *part. pa.* drawn

Ye, *adv. Sax.* as Ya; ye wis, yea certainly

Yeddinges, would seem to mean story-telling

Yede, *part. pa.* of yede, *v. Sax.* went

Yefte, *n. Sax.* a gift; yeftes, *pl.*

Yelde, *v. Sax.* to yield, to give, to pay; God yelde you! God reward you!

Yelleden, *pa. t. pl.* of yelle, *v. Sax.*

Yelpe, *v. Sax.* to prate, to boast

Yelte, for yeldeth

Yeman, *n. Sax.* a servant of middling rank; a bailiff—Yemen, *pl.*

Yemanrie, *n.* the rank of yeoman

Yerde, *n. Sax.* a rod or staff, sod, earth

Yere, for yeres, *n. pl. Sax.* years

Yerne, *adj. Sax.* brisk, eager

Yerne, *adv.* briskly, eagerly, early, soon, immediately

Yerne, *v.* to desire, to seek eagerly

Yerning, *n.* activity, diligence

Yeten, *part. pa.* gotten

Yeve, *v. Sax.* to give

Yeven, yeve, *part. pa.* given

Y-falle, *part. pa.* fallen

Y-feined, *part. pa.* lordes hestes may not ben y-feined, the commands of sovereigns may not be executed with a feigned pretended zeal, they must be executed strictly and fully

Y-fette, *part. pa.* fetched

Y-fonden, *part. pa.* found

Y-fostered, *part. pa.* educated

Y-freten, *part. pa.* devoured

Y-geten, *part. pa.* gotten

Y-glosed, *part. pa.* flattered

Y-glued, *part. pa.* glewed, fastened with glew

Y-go, *part. pa.* gone

Y-grave, *part. pa.* buried

Y-halowed, *part. pa.* kept holy

Y-herd, *part. pa.* covered with hair

Y-hold, *part. pa.* beholden

Y-japed, *part. pa.* tricked, deceived

Y-lessed, *part. pa.* relieved. See Lissed

Y-liche, y-like, *adj. Sax.* resembling, equal

Y-liche, y-like, *adv. Sax.* equally, alike

Y-limed, *part. pa.* limed, caught as with bird-lime

Y-logged, *part. pa.* lodged

Y-masked, *part. pa.* mashed or meshed; *masche, Belg. macula retis*, Kilian.

Y-meint, *part. pa.* mingled

Y-mell, *prep. Sax.* among

Ymeneus, *pr. n.* Hymenæus

Ynough, ynow, *adv. Sax.* enough

Yolden, *part. pa.* of yelde, given, yielded, repaid

Yonghede, *n. Sax.* youth

Yore, *adv. Sax.* of a long time, a little before; yore agon, long ago; in olde times yore, of time yore

Yove, *pa. t.* of yeve, gave

Youre, *pron. poss. Sax.* is used for youres

Youres, *pron. poss. Sax.* used generally when the noun to which it belongs is understood or placed before it; he was an old felaw of youres, he was an old companion of yours, *i. e.* of or among your companions

Youthhede, *n. Sax.* youth

Yoxe, *v. Sax.* to hiccough

Y-piked, *part. pa.* picked, spruce

Y-queint, *part. pa.* quenched

Y-reight, *pa. t.* reached

Y-reken, seems to be put for the old *part. pr.* y-rekend, reeking

Yren, *n. Sax.* iron

Y-rent, *part. pa.* torn

Y-ronne, y-ronnen, *part. pa.* run

Y-fateled, *part. pa.* settled, established

Yse, *n. Sax.* ice

Y-served, *part. pa.* treated

Y-sette, *part. pa.* set, placed, appointed

Y-shent, *part. pa.* damaged

Y-shove, *part. pa.* pushed forwards

Y-slawe, *part. pa.* slain

Y-sope, *pr. n.* So the name of the fabulist was commonly written, notwithstanding the distinction pointed out by the following technical verse:

> Ysopus est herba, sed Æsopus dat bona verba

In this and many other passages which are quoted from Æsop, by writers of the middle ages, it is not easy to say what author they mean: the Greek collections of fables which are now current under the name of Æsop were unknown, I apprehend, in this part of the world at the time that Melibee was written: Phædrus too had disappeared: Avienus indeed was very generally read. He is quoted as Æsop by John of Salisbury, *Polycrat.* l. vii. *Ut Æsopo, vel Avieno, credas.*——But the name of Æsop was chiefly appropriated to

the anonymous * author of sixty fables in elegiac metre, which are printed in Nevelet's collection under the title of *Anonymi Fabulæ Æsopicæ*. I have seen an edition of them in 1503 by Wynkyn de Worde, in which they are entitled simply *Esopi Fabulæ*: the subjects are for the most part plainly taken from Phædrus, but it may be doubted whether the author copied from the orig. work of Phædrus or from some version of it into Latin prose. Several versions of this kind are still extant in mss.; one of very considerable antiquity has been published by Nilant, *Lugd. Bat.* 1709, under the title of *Fabulæ Antiquæ*, together with another of a later date, which is pretended to have been made from the Greek by an emperor Romulus, for the use of his son Tiberinus. They all shew evident marks of being derived from one common origin, like what has been observed of the several Greek collections of Æsopian fables in prose; [*Differt. de Babrio.* Lond. 1776,] like them too they differ very much from one another in style, order of fables, and many little particulars; and, what is most material, each of them generally contains a few fables, either invented or stolen by its respective compiler, which are not to be found in the other collections, so that it is often impracticable to verify a quotation from Æsop in the writers of Chaucer's time, unless we happen to light upon the identical book of fables which the writer who quotes had before him.——I have printed in the *Discourse, &c.* n. 29, a fable of The Cock and the Fox, from the Fr. Esope of Marie, which is not to be found in any other collection that I have seen, and which I suppose furnished Chaucer with the subject of his Nonnes Preestes Tale. In the same Fr. Æsop, and in a Lat. ms. *Bibl. Reg.* 15. *A.* vii. there is a fable which I think might have given the hint for Prior's Ladle. A country fellow one day laid hold of a fairy, (*un folet*, *Fr.*) who in order to be set at liberty gave him three wishes. The man goes home and gives two of the his wife. Soon after, as they are eating a chine of mutton, the wife feels a longing the marrow, and not being able to get it wishes that her husband had an iron tool *com li witecoes*, *Fr.* long as the woodtick tract this marrow for her: an excrescence immediately formed accordingly, the hus angrily wishes it off from his own face on wife's.——And here the story is unfinished fective in both copies; but it is easy to that the third and last remaining wish employed by the wife for her own relief fable upon a similar idea, in Fr. verse seen in ms. *Bodl.* 1687, the same, as prehend, with one in the king's library ris, [ms. n. 7989, fol. 189,] which is *Les quatre souhaits Saint Martin*. See *&c.* t. iii. p. 311. The vanity of human is there exposed with more pleasantry the story just cited, but, as it often happ with much less decency

Y-sowe, *part. pa.* sown
Y-spreint, *part. pa.* sprinkled
Y-sticked, *part. pa.* sticked, thrust
Y-storven *part. pa.* dead
Y-take, *part. pa.* taken
Y-teyed, *part. pa.* tied
Y-trespased, *part. pa.* trespassed
Y-vanished, *part. pa.*
Yvel, *adj. Sax.* bad, unfortunate
Yvel, *adv. Sax.* ill
Yvoire, *n. Fr.* ivory
Y-wimpled, *part. pa.* covered with a wimple
Y-wis, *adv. Sax.* certainly
Y-wrake, *pa. t.* wreaked, revenged
Y-wrie, *part. pa.* covered

Z

Zeuxis, *pr. n.* a Grecian painter

* Several improbable conjectures, which have been made with respect to the real name and age of this writer, may be seen in the *Menagiana*, vol. i. p. 172, and in *Fabric. bibl. Lat.* vol. i. p. 376, ed. *Patav.* In the edition of these fables in 1503 the commentator (of no great authority I confess) mentions an opinion of some people that *Galterus Angelicus fecit hunc librum sub nomine Esopi.* I suppose the person meant was Gualterus Anglicus, who had been tutor to William II. King of Sicily, and was Archbishop of Palermo about the year 1170. I cannot believe that they were much older than his time, and in the beginning of the next century they seem to be mentioned under the name of Æsopus among the books commonly read in schools, by Eberhardus Bethuniensis in his *Labyrinthus*, tract iii *de Versificatione*, v. 11. See *Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Ævi.* p. 826. About the middle of the same century (the 13th) Vincent of Beauvais, in his *Speculum Histor.* l. iii. c. 2. gives an account of Æsop, and a large specimen of his fables, *quas Romulus quidam de Græco in Latinum transtulit, et ad filium suum Tyberinum dirigit*; they are all, as I remember, in the printed Romulus.--Soon after the invention of printing, a larger collection of the fables of Æsop was made and published in Germany; it is divided into six books, to which is prefixed a life of Æsop *e Græco Latina per Rimicium facta*. The three first are composed of the sixty elegiac fables of the metrical Æsopus, with a few trifling variations, and to each of them is subjoined a fable on the same subject in prose from Romulus: book iv. contains the remaining fables of lus in prose only. The fifth book has not more than or two fables which had ever appeared before under name of Æsop; the rest are taken from the *Gesta norum*, the *Calilah u Damnah*, and other obscurer s The sixth and last book contains seventeen fables following title, *Sequuntur fabule nove Esopi ex n Remicii*. There has been a great diversity of among learned men concerning this *Remicius* or R (See *Præf. Nilant.*) while some have confounded with the fictitious Romulus, and others have co him as the editor of this collection I have no d the person meant is that *Rinucius* who translated of Æsop by Planudes and ninety-six of his fables the Greek into Latin, about the middle of the 15 tury. (See *Fabric. Bibl. Med. Æt.* in v. *Rinucius*. translation of the epistles of Hippocrates, ms *Bibl.* he is styled in one place *Verdensis*, and in another *nensis*.) All the fables from Remicius which comp ly taken from Rimicius, are to be found in this tra by Rinucius. There is an edition of it printed about 1480, but it might very possibly have come hands of the German collector in ms. some years the first translations of Greek authors were eagerly after and circulated through Europe at that time very few persons were capable of reading the orig

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