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Paris and Vienne.





Paris and Vienne.

THYSTORYE OF THE NOBLE RYGHTE VALYAUNTE AND
WORTHY KNYGHT PARYS/ AND OF THE
FAYR VYENNE THE DAULPHYNS
DOUGHTER OF VYENNOYS/



FROM THE UNIQUE COPY PRINTED BY WILLIAM CAXTON
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WITH A PREFACE, GLOSSARY, AND NOTES.



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P R E F A C E .

FOR a bibliographical or literary notice of the romance of PARIS AND VIENNA, here republished for the first time from the most ancient English version, there are scarcely any materials. It is unmentioned by Fauchet, Ellis, and Dunlop. It is too late in date by a half-century or so to have found a place in the invaluable *History of French Literature*, produced under the auspices of the Benedictines of Saint-Maur, and now continued by the French Academy. Our English Warton alludes to it only in the most cursory manner, and had evidently never seen a copy in any language.

This is much to be regretted, I think, for in the whole compass of early romantic fiction of a chivalric character, I do not remember at any time to have met with a book so peculiarly simple and unaffected in its structure and style as this. I will scarcely go so far as to say that probability is never violated; in a work of the kind such could not well be expected to be the case; but, assuredly, there is a freedom, which must charm, from many of the vices which beset such productions: extravagance of conceit, tediousness of digression, far-fetched incidents, and turgid phraseology. On the contrary, the narrative is neither involved nor irksome, and many of the thoughts and turns of expression have a naturalness, which, in a composition of the period, is as fascinating as it is rare.

PARIS AND VIENNA is a prose tale of knight-errantry, of Catalonian origin, at a date when the dialects of Catalonia and Provence were still more distinct from each other than they are at present. About 1430, it was translated from the Catalonian into Provençal proper by somebody whose name has not been preserved; and in 1459, Pierre de la Sippade rendered the romance out of Provençal into French. He, curiously enough, apologizes for any defects in his work, using the plea that he was not a Frenchman by birth, but was born and bred in the city of Marseilles.

From France it seems to have communicated itself very rapidly to Italy, Germany, and Holland. From France, however, I apprehend, and not from Holland, it came over to us. My reason will be given elsewhere.

The oldest impression hitherto discovered in any language is an Italian version printed at Treviso in 1482, 4to. This is five years anterior to the earliest known French copy, published at Antwerp by Gerard Leeu, in 1487, a small folio of thirty-nine leaves,¹ and there can be little or no doubt that the editions printed in France have either disappeared, or, (which is scarcely probable, however,) remain to be traced.

Gerard Leeu, who put forth the French version in 1487, ventured in the following year upon a translation in Dutch, which forms a small folio of thirty-six leaves. Lastly, there is the English volume,

¹ This was reprinted at Antwerp, without date, 4to., Gothic letter. See Introduction to the modern edition of the French romance, Paris, 1835, 8vo., of which, by the favour of Henry Huth, Esq., I have a copy before me, beautifully printed on vellum. The title of the edition of 1487 is there given in full from the copy in the Bibliothèque Impériale.

which I am now reproducing *verbatim*, so far as my ability goes, and of which the only copy hitherto seen or traced is among the books bequeathed to the British Museum by George III. This precious relic was purchased by the king at the sale of the library of James West, Esq., in 1773, for £14; it had most probably been Lord Oxford's. It is a small folio of thirty-five leaves, without any regular title-page, and without paging and catchwords. A facsimile of the first leaf accompanies the reprint.¹

In the reign of James I., an independent English version of *Paris and Vienna* was executed by a gentleman connected by marriage with the Mynshulls, but whose name has not transpired. The unknown author of this comparatively modern translation has amplified and overlaid his original, to which indeed he has not acknowledged any obligation on the title or in the prefatory matter. Keeping merely the main thread of the story in sight, and enlarging and altering the details as he went on at pleasure, the writer, perhaps, felt justified in withholding from his friends and the public the fact that his plot and chief incidents were borrowed. The first edition, to the best of my knowledge, was in 1620, 4to., and there are four others.²

¹ Caxton's version is not, as it has been assumed, a literal one or a true one, except in a substantial sense. I shall, in the Notes at the end of the present volume, point out some of his departures from his (as I conjecture) French original, and also some of his omissions. Brunet, in the latest edition of his *Manuel du Libraire*, refers to two early Italian poems in *ottava rima* on the subject. It may be proper to mention that, besides the impressions of *Paris and Vienna* already described, there were many of more recent date; it continued to be reprinted, both in France and Italy, till the end of the seventeenth century.

² These are all sufficiently, perhaps, described in the editor's "Handbook to Early English Literature," *in voce*.

Of Caxton's translation, which is far more interesting and valuable to us, as exhibiting the romance in something like its pristine shape and simplicity, we are led to conjecture, by a fragment existing among Mr. Douce's books in the Bodleian, that there was a reprint by Caxton's apprentice and successor, Wynkyn de Worde, about 1510. The fragment is noticed by Dibdin in his edition of Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities*, but he mistook it for Caxton's own impression of 1485.

Certainly, not the least remarkable feature, in the literary history of *Paris and Vienna*, is the honour which it received, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, at the hands of Jean de Pino, Bishop of Rieux, who turned the romance into Latin for the edification of the two sons of the Chancellor Duprat. The bishop happened to be at Venice about 1516, in the quality of ambassador from Francis I. to the Republic, and there he caused his book to be printed. It is a large 8vo. of fifty-six leaves, without pagination, and is dedicated to the noble youths whom it was designed, from its elegant style and wholesome moral, to benefit and instruct. An early copy was transmitted to Paris, where it was immediately republished in the same form.

The MSS. of the work are by no means numerous; nor am I aware of any existing in England. In the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, no fewer than five are preserved, all of the fifteenth century, and two of them quite late in that century. It was from one of these that M. Alfred de Terre-basse chiefly derived the text of his edition of Paris, 1835, 8vo. It bears the number 7534, and is a 4to. volume on vellum, in long lines, with one miniature in two compartments. It at one time formed part of the fine old library collected by the earlier kings of France at Blois, and removed to Fontainebleau by Francis I, and thence by Henry IV. to Paris.

This precious MS. is far more correct than the printed copies, of which the value entirely consists in their excessive rarity, and typographical excellence.

The only other fiction connected with the Viennois—a district of France, part of which formed the most ancient settlement made in that kingdom by Italians¹—is, so far as my information extends, a long romance in verse, by Bertrand Le Clerc, entitled, *Le Roman de Girard de Vienne*. A fine MS. of this, on vellum, with rich illuminations, is among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum. It is written in double columns, in a hand of the thirteenth century.²

Warton, in his *Observations on the Faery Queene*, cites a passage from Skelton,³ to show that *Paris and Vienna* formed one of the popular tales of chivalry in that poet's time, and if the mention he introduces of our hero and heroine should not be thought perfectly conclusive evidence, the point is somewhat strengthened by the enumeration of *Paris and Vienna* in Bishop Douglas's *Palis of Honour*, 1553, (but written many years before), among the retinue of Venus.⁴

The present legend preserved sufficient notoriety in this country, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, to induce its selection for dramatic treatment and representation at court. We are indebted to Malone for the fact that *Paris and Vienna* was shown on Shrove Tuesday, 1571, at night, by the children of Westminster, before the queen.

W. C. H.

Kennington, Dec. 16, 1867.

¹ Allou, *Monumens des Différens Ages observés dans la Haute-Vienne*, 1821.

² Warton, *H. E. P.* ed. 1824, i. 149, *note a*.

³ Phylip Sparowe, in Dyce's *Skelton*, i. 71.

⁴ Dyce's *Skelton*, ii. 140.

[PROLOGUE OF PIERRE DE LA SIPPADE.]

1459.

ALANUS who was very sage hath written in the book of his doctrines an axiom [vne auctorité] which in Latin expressed: Hoc crede quod tibi verum esse videtur, etc. and is as much as to say, translated out of Latin into French: Tu croyras les choses qui te sembleront estre vraies. And I undertake this theme in the present case, because I have all my life taken pleasure in the reading of romances and chronicles of the ancient histories, as of the life of Lancelot, of Tristan, of Florimond, of Guy of Warwick, who performed many brave acts in their life, according to what I have found in writing, in many particulars, and I have found some [en ay trouuees] which it is very impossible to believe. And several other books I have seen; but among them I have selected a writing in the Provençal tongue, which was drawn from another book written in the Catalan language [dialect], in which was contained the life of a baron, who was called Godfrey Dalençon, who was Dauphin of Vienne, and had a daughter who was called Vienne, who was a paragon of beauty. And how a knight, who was called Paris, son of a baron, whom they called Messire James, was enamoured of the said Vienne, so that, to do her honour, he achieved in his life-time many valiant things, as you will hear by-and-bye. And because the matter is reasonable and

tolerably credible, and the story is pleasing, for it is very good to relate the brave deeds which our ancestors [les anciens] accomplished long ago, I have undertaken to draw the history for you from Provençal into French. I beg to request of all those who shall read the said book, that if they find anything in it written which is unpolished [qui ne soit bien feant], that they will pardon my defects, and amend them according to their judgment, for my capacity is not sufficient for the proper handling and treating of such matters, and also, inasmuch as I am not French by birth, but was born and bred in the city of Marfeilles; and will you be pleased to take notice, that I belong to [the parish of] Saint-Pierre, whence I take the name of La Sippade; and this book was, at the outset, written in the year a thousand *iiij*^c *xxxij*, the third day of the month of September, as appears from the copy from which this book is taken, which commences by the hand of Guillaume le Moign, the *xvi*th day of the month of January, a thousand *iiij*^c *lix*.¹]

¹ Translated from the French edition of 1835. It is omitted by Caxton. Guillaume Le Moign, or William the Monk, was the copyist employed by Sippade.

Paris and Vienna.

¶ *Here begynneth thystorye of the noble ryght valyaunt & worthy knyght Parys/ and of the fayr Vyēne the daulphyns doughter of vyennoys/ the whyche suffred many aduersytees bycause of theyr true loue or they coude enioye the effect therof of eche other/*

IN the tyme of kynge Charles of Fraunce the yere of our lord Ihesu Cryst M CC lxxj/ was in the londe of vyennoys a ryche baron daulphyn and lord of the lond that was named fyr Godefroy of alaunson & was of the kynges kynrede of fraunce/ the whiche daulphyn was ryzt myghty and a grete lord bothe in hauoyr and in landes/ & was a ryght wyse man/ in so moche that for his grete wysedom he was moche made of/ bothe of the kynge of fraunce & of al the lordes & barons of his courte/ soo that noo thyng was doon in the fayd royame but that he was called therto/ & had to his wyf a moche fayre lady whiche cleped was dame dyane whyche was of so grete beaulte that she was wel worthy & dygne to be named after that fayre sterre þ' men calle dyane that appyareth & sheweth a lytel afore the day/ and also she was replenyfshed of all noblenes & gentylnes that a lady may or ought to haue/ The fayd daulphyn thenne and this noble lady dyane were vij yere to gyder wythoute yssue that moche they desyred to haue/ and prayed our lord bothe nyght & day that they myght haue chyl-dren playfaunt and redy to hys deuyne seruyce/ and our lord thorough

hys benygnyte herde theyr prayer/ and after hys playfyr gaf vnto them the viij yere of theyr maryage a ryght fayr doughter for the whyche/ grete gladnes & Ioye was made thorough all the daulphyns londe/ and the chylde was baptyfed with grete honour & Ioye/ & in token of grete loue they named hyr vyenne by caufe the cyte where ſhe was borne in was called vyenne/ and thys doughter was delyuerd vnto a noble lady for to be nouryſhed wyth hyr/ the whyche lady was of the fayd cyte and had a lytel doughter of the age of vyenne the whyche was named yſabel/ & ſo the fayre vyēne was nouryſhed wyth the fame yſabel from hyr tender age vnto many yere after/ & ſoo grete loue was bytwene them bothe that they called eche other ſyſters/ & the fayre vyenne grewe and encreaced euer in ſouerayn beawte & gentylneſſe/ ſo that the renomee of hyr excellent beawte flouryſhed not onely thurgh al fraūce but alſo thurgh al the Royame of england & other contrees/ It happed after ſhe was xv yere of age that ſhe was deſyred to maryage of many knyȝtes & grete lordes/ & at that tyme was in the daulphyns courte emonge many hys knyȝtes/ a noble mā of auncyent lygnage & of fayr londes/ the whiche was wel byloued of the daulphyn & of alle the lordes of the lande and was called ſyr Iames/ thys noble man had a moche fayr ſone that had to name Parys/ & hys fader made hym to be taught in al good cuſtommes/ and whan he was xvij yere of age he was adreſſed to the dyſcyplyne of armes/ & demened hym ſelf ſo nobly & worthely in al maner dedes of chyualrye that wythin a ſhorte tyme after he was doubred knyght by the hande of the fayd lord daulphyn/ ¶ Noo fayte of knyghthode ne none aduenture of chyualrye happed after but that he founde hym ſelf at it in ſoo moche that the renommee of hym ranne thurgh al the world & men fayd he was one of the beſt knyȝtes þ' myght be founde in ony contree/ & helde hym ſelf ryght clene in armes and lyued

chastly & Ioyefully/ & had euer aboute hym fowles hawkes and houndes for hys dysporte to alle maner of huntyng suffyfaunt ynough for a duc or for an erle/ and thurgh hys prowesse and hardynes he was acqueynted & knowen of many other grete lordes/ and emonge alle other he was gretely and louyngly acqueynted with a yonge knyght of the cyte of vyenne that hyght Edward/ and were bothe of one age and moche loued eche other/ and as two brethern of armes wente euer to gyder there as they knewe ony Ioustyng or appertyse of armes to be had for to gete honour/ ¶ And wete it wel that besyde theyr worthynes in armes they were good musycyens playeng vpon alle maner Instrumentes of musyke/ and coude synge veray wel/ but Parys passed in al poyntes¹ his felowe Edward/ Notwythstondyng Edward was amerous al redy of a noble lady of the courte of braban/ but Parys as yet knewe nought of amorouste but not longe after Venus the goddes of loue fyred his thouzt with the hert vnto a noble yong lady/ that is to wete the fayre vyenne the daulphyns daughter of vyennoys that was his lyege lord/ & the more he growed toward his flouryng age þ^e more he was espryfed & brennyng of her loue for the grete beaute þ^e was in hyr/ But Parys thought euer in hys herte that this loue was not wel lykly ne cordable/ ¶ For he was not of so hyghe lygnage as the noble mayden vyenne was of/ & therefore Parys kept hys loue secrete that none shold perceyue it sauf Edward his trusty felowe to whom he brake & shewed his counceyl And the fayre vyenne perceyued not that parys was amerous of hyr/ nor parys also durst neyther shewe nor say nothyng to hyr of hyt/ but the more that he sawe hyr the more grewe þ^e fyre of loue within hym self/

¹ Caxton has ponytes.

¶ *How Parys and Edward hys felowe played wyth dyuers Instrumētes
by nyght tofore the chambre of vyenne/*

Parys thenne & edward wyth one accorde dysposed them self for to gyue somme melodyous myrthe to the noble mayde vyenne/ and wyth theyr musycal Instrumentes/ as recourders/ they yede by nyght tyme to gyder toward that parte of the castel where as the fayre vyenne laye in hyr chambre/ and there they sange ful swetely and sowned melodyously theyr musycal Instrumentes and pypes/ and certeyn the melodye of their songes and the sowne of theyr Instrument was so playfaunt & so swete that it passed al other melodye/ And whan the daulphyn and his wyf & the fayre vyenne theyr doughter herde this swete and melodyous sowne/ as wel of mā's wyces as of dyuers Instrumētes they had grete Ioye and took grete playsyr at it & had grete desyre to knowe what they were that so grete solace and Ioye made tofore theyr castel/ and for to wete & knowe what they were the daulphyn assygned a day of a feste at the whyche he sente for alle maner mynstrellys in hys londe/ charging them vpon grete payne that they shold come for to playe before hym and hys barons in hys castel of vyenne/ & whan they were al come they played and sange in theyr best wyse/ but emong them were not foūde tho mynstrelles that the lord daulphyn sought fore/ wherof he was sorouful & desyred more to knowe what they were than he dyd afore/ And whan vyenne herde alle the mynstrellys of the londe that sowned at þ' feste she sayd to ysabel hyr damoysele & preuy felowe/ by my fayth swete syster these mynstrellys playen nouzt to the regarde of them that were wonte to come before our chambre/ & me dysplayseth moche that I may not knowe them/ for certeynly they come not hyther for nought/ for they loue outhur you or me/

WHan the daulphyn vnderstode hys doughters wordes he wyllyng to playse hyr sayd vnto hyr that yf .it were possyble she shold knowe what they were that soo fange euery nyght before hyr chambre/ wherfore he ordeyned x men of armes and commaunded them to hyde them self pryuely there as the sowne was herde/ & that they shold brynge to hym other by force or otherwyse them that made that swete melodye/ Now came the nyght that the ij yonge knyghtes Parys & Edward that no thyng knewe of thembushment that was layed for them came with theyr Instrumentes toward the castel & there they began to syng & sowned theyr Instrumentes so melodyously that grete playfyr it was to here/ & whan they had songe and wold haue retorned thyder as they were come fro/ the x knyghtes lepte & cam forth and salewed them curtoyfle sayeng that they nedes must come wyth them for to speke with their lord the daulphyn/ Thenne sayd Parys to them/ Fayr lordes abyde a lytel whyle/ yf it playse you & of vs ye shal haue an anfuer Thenne wente Parys & edward a parte and spake to gyder/ ye see fayr brother sayd Parys to Edward in what party we be now and I wold not that ye shold haue by me ony dysplayfyr nor harme/ but soo moche I telle you that or I shold suffre me to be ledde tofore the daulphyn I had leuer deye/ therfore fayr brother aduyse we what is beste for to do/ & edward heryng parys wordes sayd/ brother myn haue noo fere of no thyng and lete vs doo as ye wyl/ Thenne sayd they to the x men of armes lordes thurgh your curtosye suffre vs to retorne thyder as we came fro/ for we be at my lord the daulphyns playfyr & of all the lordes & barons of his courte but in ony maner as for thys tyme we may not fulfyllle hys commaundement/

WHan the sayd x men of armes saw the ij knyghtes dyfobeyffaunt/
 they anfuerd to them ye shal now come to hym other wyth
 your wylle or by force/ and bygan to pulle oute theyr swerdes & came
 ayenst the two yonge knyghtes that naked were from al armes sauf
 theyr swerdes and theyr bowclers/ wherwyth they couerd them and so
 manfully deffended theyr bodyees that they hurte & wounded fore
 al the ten armed men in so moche that they maad them alle to voyde
 and flee fro the place whether they wold or not/ ¶ And on the
 morowe erly the ten men of armes came tofore the daulphyn alle
 wounded and fore hurt/ And they recounted to hym how two yonge
 men onely had arayed them so and how they nedes must flee for fere
 of theyr lyues/

Wherof the daulphyn was ryght angry to see them so fore hurt &
 took grete dysplayfyr of it/ and thought wel that the sayd two yonge
 knyghtes were of grete strengthe and vertue/ wherfore he comanded
 an hondred men to be redy for to espye & take them the nyght
 folowyng yf they came ageyn charging that none hurte shold be
 doon to them/ but after theyr songe doon/ they shold be brought
 vnto hym/ but thys enterpryse came to none effect/ for the two yonge
 knyghtes came not ageyn but kepte alle that they had doon secrete/
 whan the fayre vyēne sawe that she myzt not knowe what these
 mynstrellys were she thought they were somme grete lordes that were
 amerous of hyr/ & she & hyr damoyfel yfabel spake of none other
 thyng than of these mynstrelles and had grete playfyr to talke of
 them/ Parys feyng he durst not say nor shewe the grete loue that he
 had to the fayr vyenne/ thought he wold hyde hys courage from
 hyr/ wherfore he took acqueyntaunce wyth the byshop of Saynt
 Laurence the whyche lerned hym holy scrypture/ The daulphyn

thenne feyng hys doughter ful tryste & penyful for thys that she myght not knowe the sayd mynstrelles that so melodyously played tofore hyr chambre/ he ordeyned a Ioustyng place wythin his cyte of vyenne and made lystes and scaffoldes to be sette vp & sente his herauldes in fraunce in Englund and in normandye to anounce & shewe vnto al knyghtes and gentylnmen that wold doo faytes of armes and of chyualrye for loue of al ladyes and damoyelles/ that the Ioustes shold be holden the fyrst day of may/ in the cyte of vyenne/ And he that shold doo best in armes/ shold haue of the Daulphyns doughter a shelde of crystalle of grete valurr/ and a garlond wyth rofes and floures of fyn gold/ And wete ye wel that vyenne the noble and fayr mayden was ryght gladde of the Ioustes that hyr fader ordeyned for hyr sake/ Fro grete talent and desyre she had to knowe hym that was soo ameraus of hyr/ and she thought he wold be at the sayd fyrst day of may at vyenne/

¶ After the messagers that had pronounced the Ioustes were comen ageyn to the cyte of vyenne/ the moost parte of the knyghtes and gentylnmen of the Royame of Fraunce of Englund and of Normandye made them redy for to come to the cyte of Vyenne to the sayd Ioustes/ ¶ And in especyal many noble barons of the royame of Englund & of france that ameraus were of the fayre vyenne for the renomme of hyr grete beaulte/ came to the sayd Ioustes wyth ryche and noble araye/ emonge whome was Iohan duc of bourbon neuuew to the kyng of fraūce Edward the kynges sone of englund/ Anthony sone to the erle of prouence/ Gherard the marquys sone of Mountferat/ and wyllyam sone to the duc of Carnes/ Paris thēne knowing this noble assemble and the Ioustes that shold be the fyrst day of May thought in hym self whether he shold goo thyder or not/ but the grete loue that he had to the fayre vyenne constrayned hym therto/

Neuertheles he took counceyl of Edward his felowe the whyche answerd to hym/ yf ye goo I wyl holde you companye thyder/ but we must departe secretly that we be not knowen/ and anone they made redy theyr harnoyes & pourueyed theym of good horses whiche they harneyfed al in whyt/ & none other token they had on them whereby they myght be knowen sauf that they were arayed al in whyt & one lyke that other/ The day of the Ioustes thēne approched & al the lordes & barons afore sayd cam ij dayes before the feste to þ^e cyte of vyenne where the daulphyn for loue of them dyd doo make a noble scaffold where as the fayre vyenne was rychely arayed/ & al that sawe hyr were ameruaylled of hyr grete beaute To that feste came many noble knyghtes & squyers clothed and arayed rychely after the guyse of theyr contree/ & there were many mynstrellys playeng vpon al maner Instrumentes/ & many good syngars whyche the noble mayde vyenne herkened ful wel For hyr hert was onely sette to thynke how she myght knowe hym that was hyr louer/ parys thenne came thyder and was ordeyned for to serue at the daulphyns table where vyenne satte/ & wete ye wel that ful graciously and curtoysly he serued and kerued before hyr/

¶ *How Parys gate the prys of the Ioustes in the cyte of Vyenne/*

WHan the day was comen that the lordes knyghtes & gētylmen shold Iuste for loue of the ladyes/ Parys & Edward yede to a secrete place where they armed them secretly and fyn came to the lystes with theyr badges & tokens and were horsed and armed ful rychely and wel/ Alle other knyghtes there were knowen by theyr armes/ but the two whyt knyghtes were vnknowen/

The daulphyn thenne commaunded that euery one shold mustre

or the Iouftyng began along the felde tofore the ladyes & damoyfelles/ and soo they mostred rydyng tofore the scaffold of the fayre vyenne & were so nobly & rychely armed & arayed/ and so godely men they were that euery one fayd/ the floure of knyghthode may now be seen in thys place/ a emonge al other prynces Edward of Englund was moost amerous of al & ryght renōmed in armes/ The pucelle Vyenne seyng alle these noble knyghtes/ fayd to hyr damoyfel yfabel/ Fayr syster whyche of them al thynke you that moost dooth for the loue of me/ & yfabel ansuerd/ honourable lady me semeth he that bereth the lyon of gold in his armes dooth more for your loue than the other/ Certes fayd vyenne yonder two whyt knyghtes that here none armes in theyr sheldes are more to my fantasye than ony of the other alwaye/ we shal see now what they can doo/ Thēne were the knyghtes redy to do fayte of armes/ And fyrst an hardy & valyaunte knyght that bare in hys armes a crowne of gold bygan the fyrst cours/ & ayenst hym ranne the good knyght edward parys felowe & recoūtrede eche other so vygorously þ^t they brake bothe theyr speres/ many other mette eche other sodaynlye gyuyng grete strokes/ somme were ouerthrowen to the erthe & somme brake theyr speres worthely & kept theyr sterops ryght valyauntly/ the other recountred eche other so manfully that bothe hors and man were caste to the grounde/ For euery man dyd hys best to gete worshyp there/ Edward the kynges sone of englund bare hym ful wel and had the better vpon many a knyzt there/ but the strong knyzt parys broched hys hors toward hym/ and mette hym so vygorously that atte ende he ouerthrewe hym & had the better of hym wherof he gate grete worshyp and was moche prayfed for hys grete prowesse/ Thys Iouftyng lasted tyl souper tyme/ & whan þ^e euen cam many of them were wery of the Iouste & rested them/ but parys dyd thēne more of armes shewyng

his meruayllous prowesse than he had doon of al that day in so moche that none durst approche hym ne withstonde his appertyse in armes/ & so moche he dyd that thonour & prys of the Ioustes rested & abode in hym that day/

*How the shelde of crystal & the garlond with floures of gold were
yeuen to Parys as to the best doer in faytes of armes/*

THe feste ended/ grete worshyp & loenge abode to þ^e ij knyȝtes with þ^e whyt armes/ and Parys was ledde vnto the scaffold there as vyēne was the whyche delyuerd hym the shelde of crystal & the garlond wyth floures of gold that she helde in hyr honde/ & thenne parys with Edward his felawe departed thens in the secretest wyse that they coude and wente to vnarme them to þ^e place where they fyrst armed them self/ The barons and knyghtes that were there spake wel of the prowesse & of the chyualrye of the knyghtes with the whyt armes so that the daulphyn & the other grete lordes had grete desyre to knowe what they were & to haue theyr acqueyn-
taunce/ but they departed so secretly fro the felde that no man knewe where they were become nor what waye they toke

AFter al thys was thus doon the knyghtes returned in to theyr contrees spekyng euer of the ryal feste and chere that the daulphyn had doon to them/ & of the prowesse of the whyt knyghtes & of the ryght souerayn beaute and nobleffe of vyenne/ And in the mene whyle there moeued a stryf betwyxte the barons & knyȝtes of Fraunce and of Englund For somme were there that were amerous of the daughter of the duc of Normandye/ and somme were that loued and bare oute the bealute ¹ of the syster of the kyng of Englund/

¹ Query *beaulte*.

fayeng she was fayrer than Vyenne was/ and other were there that helde contrarye oppynyon sayeng that the daulphyns doughter vyenne passed in beaute al other wynmen in the world/ and for this reason was grete debate & stryf betwyxte the knyghtes of fraunce & them of Englund for the beaute of these thre damoyelles/

¶ Euer multeplyed & grewe more the bruyt and the renōme of the daulphyn by cause of the Ioustes and tournoyment doon in his cyte of vyenne/ wherof he had grete Ioye/ for they had be moche honourable and playfaunt to al knyghtes/ And Vyenne euer thought in hyr self who myght he be that had gotten the worshyp and prys of the Ioustes and sayd to yfabel/ Neuer truste me dere suster but þ^e knyzt to whom I haue yeuen the shelde of crystal and my garlond is he that so swetely sange for the loue of me tofore our chambre/ for myn hert gyueth it me/ and by my fayth syster he is ful noble and worthy/ & in alle hys dedes ryght curtoys and gentyll as we myght haue seen whylere wherfor I say you my swete syster that in hym I haue putte the rote of myn entyere herte/ my wyll and al my loue/ nor neuer I shal haue playfyr ne Ioye vnto þ^e tyme that I knowe what he is/ for my loue is al hys/ & of what so euer estate he be of I neuer shal take myn herte fro hym/ ¶ Thenne began she to wayle and syghe for the loue of hym ful tenderly/ for tyl now she had not felte the sparkles of loue that sprange out of hyr hert/ but parys knewe nothyng herof þ^t she defyred to haue hym & to knowe what he was/ but he kepte hys loue secrete in hys hert/ For he durst not shewe it vnto hyr wherfore he ledde hys lyf in grete trystesse and forowe he went euer in the felawshyp of the byfshop of faynt Laurence & made semblaunte of nothyng And Iames the fader of Parys that had seen the noble feest and the ryal Ioustes in the cyte of vyenne/ wenyng to hym that hys sone parys had not ben there was

ful fory & had grete dysplayfyr of it and fayd/ Fayr sone Parys I am in a grete malencolye & in a thought for you that ye be not so loyeful ne mery as ye were wonte to be/ here afore tyme I sawe you euer redy to the Iouftees and to al maner faytes of chyualrye for to gete honour/ & I now see you al chaunged syn ye took acqueyntaunce wyth thys bysshop for lothe I were to see you bycome a man of relygyon as I fere he wyl brynge you to/ and ryght wrothe I am that ye were not at that noble and ryal tournoyment that hath be holden in vyenne for the sake of alle the ladyes of thys londe/ wherfore dere sone I praye you to take hede to your self that ye lese not your good renomme/ your worshyp ne the prayfing also that ye gate afore tyme/ and that ye spende not your yongthe in ydleneffe/ And Parys heryng alle thys ansuerd noo thyng to hys fader but abode styll penfyfull thynkyng on þ^e beaute of vyēne/

NOw fayth thystorye that as ye haue herde aboue a grete stryf befyl among the knyghtes aforefayd for the loue of the thre damoyfelles afore fayd/ For the erles sone of Flaundes was grete wrothe for thys cause wyth the Duc of brennes and had beten & hurte fore eche other so that none myȝt make the pees betwyxte theym/ For eyther of hem mayntened & bare oute the beaute of his lady ¶ It happed thenne that fyue knyghtes hardy and valyaunte came forth the whyche fayd that they were redy to fyght and for to proue by force of armes that Florye the dukes doughter of Normandye was the fayrest damoyfel of alle the world/ And Incontynent stert vp fyue other knyghtes that said & mayntened that constaunce the kynges syfter of englond was the fayrest/ And forthwyth other v knyghtes rose vp that mayntened and vphelde the beaute of vyenne aboue alle other wymmen in the world in so moche that thys debate

cam to the knowleche of the kyng of Fraunce whiche sayd that herof myght growe a grete trouble and dyscorde emong his barons & other lordes/ Soo fente he worde to them that they shold come toward hym and that he shold gyue suche a sentence vpon theyr stryf that they al shold be therof contente/ the whyche message plesed them wel and came alle toward hym assone as they myght/ And whan they were come tofore the kyng they spake of theyr stryf/ But anone the kyng ordeyned a Ioustes for the loue of the sayd thre ladyes/ & made his maundement that they al shold come wyth theyr armes and hors for to Iouste the viij day of septembre in the cyte of parys/ and they that shold do best in armes at that day they shold haue the prys & the worshyp of the feste and the lady on whos beaute they helde with shold be reputed and holden for the fayrest damoyfel of alle the world/ The kyng of Fraunce thenne fente worde to the faders of the forfayd thre ladyes prayeng them to come atte same feste and that eyther of them shold brynge wyth hym a present of rycheffe the which thre presentes shold be yeuen in the worshyp of their thre daughters to the best doer in armes in token of vyctorye/ And thus the kyng of englond fyrst sent for hys syster Constaunce a fayre crowne of gold alle sette wyth perllys and precyous stones of grete value/ The duc of Normandye for loue of hys daughter Florye fente a ryght fayre garlond sette wyth dyuers perllys & precyous stones moche ryche and of grete extymacyon/ And the daulphyn for loue of hys daughter¹ vyenne fente a moche ryche coler of gold al enuyronned wyth precyous stones of dyuers colours/ the whiche was worth a ryght grete trefour/ And these thre Iewellys were delyuerd to the kyng of Fraunce/ The forfayd knyghtes thenne made them redy and apparaylled al thynges accordyng to the Ioustes/ & in ryche

¹ Caxton has *doughrer*.

araye came al to the cyte of Parys/ and wete ye wel that in Fraunce was not seen afore that day fo grete nobleffe of barons and knyghtes as were there affembled/ for there were the moost hye prynces & barons of englond of Fraunce and of Normandye and eyther of them dyd sette al hys wytte and entendement to vpholde and bere oute that they had purposed and sayd/ and euery baron gaf hys lyuerey that they shold be knowen eche fro other/ & the bruyt & renōme was that my lady constaunce shold haue thonour of that feste for thys that many a fayre and hardy knyght made them redy to mayntene the quarelle of hyr beaulte/ but neuertheles eyther of these thre partyes hoped to haue the worshyp of the feste/ & parys that was in vyenne the cyte/ and that wel knewe the grete apparaylle of thys feste/ took counceyl of Edward hys felawe whether he shold goo to parys or not/ And Edward counceyllled hym to goo thyder/ so that he wente secretly/ & sayd yf ye goo thyder secretly and yf god gyue you grace that ye gete the worshyp of the feste/ grete wele & good shal come to you therby/ and yf ye goo and be knowen the daulphyn and the other lordes shal not preyse you soo moche as they shold yf ye were vnknownen for cause that ye be not of so grete lygnage as they be/ another is yf ye goo openly and that my lady vyenne happeth to haue thonour of the feste by your prowesse/ she shal nought be sette by/ confyderyng the other grete lordes that shal be there procedyng your degree/ & yf she gete the worshyp of the feste by a knyght vnknownen the loue and honour shal growe the more in hyr courage toward hym that thus hath doon for hyr sake/ wherfore I counceyl you to goo thyder in the moost secretest wyse that ye may/ for my truste is that ye shal gete grete worshyp there/ and but yf ye goo/ truste me I shal make my self redy to goo thyder for you/ For I wyl be lothe to see the beaulte of my lady vyēne to be rebuked

At these wordes graunted Parys to goo to the fayd Ioustes/ and whan he was redy & had al thynges accordyng to a noble knyght he departed in the secretest manere that he myght toward the cyte of parys where as the kyng of Fraunce maad grete prouysyon of alle maner metes and of al other thynges necessarye to suche a ryal feste/ And in the myddes of the cyte of parys he ordeyned the place where the knyghtes shold Iouste and dyd doo make many fayre scaffoldes for the ladyes and damoyelles to be sette on/ for to beholde the Ioustyng/ Also he dyd do make thre baners ful fayre and ryche/ the fyrst baner was whyt/ and there was wryton vpon hit in letters of gold/ vyenne daughter to my lord godfroy of alenfon daulphyn of vyennoys/ the second baner was rede/ and was wryton theron in letters of gold/ Constaunce the kynges syster of england/ The thyrd baner was whyt and in letters of gold was wryton theron/ Florye daughter to the duc of normandye/ and these iij baners were pyght vp at the thre cornes of the felde/ and wete ye that so grete prees was there that the peple took theyr place vpon the scaffoldes ij dayes afore the feste for to see the grete peple & the fayr ordynaunce that there was/

WHAN it was so that the lordes were redy of alle thynges that were necessarye/ and were departed fro theyr contrees they assembled al at parys the xiiij day of septembre/ and neuer tofore was seen so grete a companye of nobles/ For fro alle partyes was comen grete chyualrye/ the some for to do armes/ and the other for to see the feste whyche was moche sumptuous and noble/ & whan the day assygned came of the Ioustes/ On the mornyng erly he dyd doo sette these thre Ioyaulx or Iewels in the baners/ The whyche shone and resplendysshed moche merucilloufly for the nombre of perles & pre-

cyous stones that were in the baners/ Now it shold be ouerlonge to recyte of the barons and of the knyghtes that were in that Iourneye/ For many were comen thyder fro the royame of spayne/ of aragon and of many other contrees for to proue their strengthe and perſones/ and for to mayntene the barons that mayntened the thre ladyes maydens/ Of whome we shall reherce of the pryncypallest here after the shortest wyſe we may/ And whan it came in the mornynge that euery man was armed & apparaylled in the felde/ and that the kyng of Fraunce was sette in hys hrete¹ ſcaffolde/ and began to fay al alowde and moche meruayllouſly/ that alle the people myght here and vnderſtonde/ Knyghtes and barons that been here for to do the fayte of armes goo ye eueryche vnder that baner that he wyl mayntene for the loue of hys lady/ and we gyue in comaundement that this felde be of loue and of curtoſye/ as it to you apperteyneth/ how be it we wyl wel that eche of you do valyantly hys armes and hys chyualryes for that damoyſell whyche he wyl mayntene/ And he that ſhal wynne the felde ſhal haue the prys and thionour of the feſte/ and that lady or damoyſel ſhal be mayntened and allowed for the moost fayre damoyſel of the world/ and ſhal haue the prys and thionour of them of Englonde of Fraunce & of Normandye/ and that to thys noo man be ſo hardy to gaynſay vpon the payne to loſe his lyf/ And yet after thys he ſayd/ ye ſee here a fayre crowne the whyche the quene of Fraunce hath ordeyned/ to thende that it be delyuerd to the fader of the damoyſel that ſhal haue the prys and honour of the felde and of the Iouſtes/ And the knyght that ſhal gete the prys and thionour of the Iouſtes ſhal haue all the thre baners and the thre Iewels that been in them/ & comaunded that the baner

¹ Query *grete*.

of Normandye shold fyrst make hys mustre/ & nexte the baner of Constaunce and thenne that of Vyenne/

¶ And fyrst vnder the baner of Normandye wère they that folowe/ that is to wete Iohan sone of therle of Flaunders/ Phelyp of bauyers newew of the kyng of Fraunce/ Edward sone of the duke of bourgoyne/ Iohan erle of Armynak/ Balaxe brother of the marquys of Saluce Geffroy duc of pycardye/ And after them came many other wel armed & habylled/ After came the baner of Cōstaunce/ the whiche accompanied Iohan sone of the duc of bremeos/ Gastamons of gastre brother of the erle of foyes/ Anthonye alegre sone of the duc of Carnes/ Larer newew of the duc of bourgoyne/ The honourable Iohan of braban/ Salamon de launson brother of therle of the marche/ and after them came many other barons and knyghtes/ and thēne after came the baner of the fayr vyēne/ the whyche accompanied hughe sone of the duc of Bourbon/ Edward sone of the kyng of Englund/ Wylliam sone of the duc of barry/ Antonye sone of the counte of prouynce/ Parys sone of syr Iaques of vyenne/ Dormando of monferrant sone of the marquys/ thre sones of the duc of Carnes/ Iohan peryllous duc of Normandye/ & after them came many other barons and knyghtes wel armed & wel horsed/ And whan the mustre was made/ euery baner retorned in to hys place/ whyche moche noble and meruayllous thyng was it to see and to byholde the nobleffē of the barons & knyghtes soo wel horsed and armed as they were/ And the daulphyn and syr Iaques fader of Parys were comen for to see the feste & the Ioustes/

¶ *How Parys wan the prys at the Ioustes in the cyte of Parys,*

WHan thenne it came to the houre of tyerce began the Ioustes/
and cam in to the felde moche nobly armed Iohan sone of
therle of flaundes/ & ageyn hym came Iohan sone of the duke of
brennes & coped to gyder so fyerfly þ^t they brake theyr speres/ and
Iohan sone of therle of flaunders tombled to therthe vnder hys
hors/ & after ayenst Iohan de brennes came Edward sone of the duke
of bourgoyne/ These ij knyghtes bete down puyssauntly Iohan de
brennes/ vnto the tyme þ^t there came ayenst hym Iohan peryllous
duc of Normandye/ whyche smote hym wyth soo grete force that he
ouerthrewe hym vnder hys hors & brake hys arme & put hym in
suche estate that he wyft not whether it was day or nyght/ and ayenst
Iohan peryllous came Anthonye alegre sone of the duc of carnes/ and
dyd so moche prowesse wyth his persone that he conquerd Iohan
peryllous and v other knyghtes myghty men of his partye whom he
smote to the erthe by force of armes/ After came ageynst anthonie
alegre Geffroy of pycardye and smote anthonie in suche wyse that he
fyl to the erthe/ & vj other stronge knyghtes of hys partye/ and
after dyd soo meruayllous feates of armes/ that euery man sayd that
he had thonour of the felde/ And thēne came the free knyght parys
ayenst geffroy beryng lowe hys spere/ & they gaf so grete strokes that
the knyghtes and horses wente al to therthe/ wherfor the kyng sayd/
that sythe bothe two were throwen to the erthe/ that they shold
retorne ageyn to the Ioustes/ & parys wyth a grete desyre consented/
and soo bothe returned & came rennyng/ And Parys gaf to geffroy
so grete a stroke/ that hys hors flode and thenne geffroy ouerthrewe
to the erthe/ but by cause that the hors flode it was sayd that the
hors was cause that he ouerthrewe/ For moche they mayntened

geffroy and fayd that he was not vaynquysshed/ & that it shold be wel doon that they shold Iuste ageyn/ And by cause that Parys was not knowen ther was none that mayntened hym ne susteyned/ neuertheles the kyng of fraunce knewe wel that geffroy was vaynquysshed loyally & wel/ For he had wel seen the aduenture/ & wold do no wronge vnto the knyght whyche was of grete strengthe and myght/ and anone sente to hym an heraulde whyche fayd to hym in the name of the kyng of fraunce/ that the kyng had wel seen & wel knewe that Parys had vaynquysshed hys knyght/ Notwythstondyng yf he wold yet ones retorne to the Iuste by hys nobleffe that he shold do hym self grete honour And thenne Parys maad hys ansuer sayeng that the beaulte of my lady vyēne was so grete that in al the world was none to hyr lyke/ that yf it pleased the Kyng I am redy for to furnyssh the Iouistes for hys loue ayenst the knyght yet another tyme/ and to Iuste tyl that geffroy shold be vaynquysshed/ & that was wythoute ony gaynfayeng/ & the heraulde returned and tolde it to the kyng/ wherof the kyng was wel contente & fayd that the knyght ought to be somme grete lord/ For he was of grete valoyr and puyssaunce and spake moche swetely and curtoysly/ And after Parys chaunged and took another hors/ whyche Edward hys felowe had made redy for hym & returned to the Iustes/ & smote to gyder wyth soo grete myght/ that by veray force geffroy went to therthe vnder hys hors ryght euyl hurte/

THenne whan it came toward euen the Iouistes were so grete thycke and stronge that al the thre partyes as wel of one as of other were throwen down to the erthe/ that there abode no moo of the partye of vyenne but parys alone/ and of the partye of normandye thre knyghtes stronge and puyssaūt and they were Balaxo brother

of the marquys of Saluces/ Iohan fone of the erle of Armynack/ and phelyp of bauyere/ & of the partye of conftaunce other thre ftronge & myghty/ that is to wete Iohan of braband/ larer neuwe of the duc of bourgeyn/ and Salamon dalanfon brother of þ^e counte de la marche and they fayd that the Iuftes fhould abyde tyl on the morne/ for they were moche wery/ and whan parys faw that they wold haue retorned/ he fewtred hys fpere/ and there cam ayenft hym balaxo brother of the marquys of faluces/ And Parys at the fyrft ftroke ftroke hym down to the erthe vnder hys hors/ and in lyke wyfe dyd to the other v/ and moche nobly & valyauntly he wanne thonour of the Iuftes and of the felde/

¶ *How the kyng commaunded that the thre baners wyth the iij Iewellys fhould be gyuen to Parys champyon of vyenne/*

THe Iouftes fynyffhed Parys wanne the beaute of hys lady the fayre vyenne/ and he was ledde to the fcaffolde where as the kyng was/ & the other grete lordes & knyghtes & there were delyuerd to hym the thre baners & the thre Iewellys that were in them/ & Parys fhewed them thurgh all the felde/ in fygne that the fayd vyenne had goten thonour for to be the fayreft damoyfell that was in alle the world by the fame yonge knyght/ and whan Parys had the thre fayr baners and the thre ryche Iewellys/ he and Edward hys felowe departed out of the cyte of parys and oute of fraunce the mooft fecrete wyfe that they myght/ & retorned in to dalphyne/ Parys retorned in to the companye of the forfayd byffhop of Saynt Laurence/ as he had not been at the fefte/ & alwaye he demaunded tydynges of the Iuftes that were made in fraunce/ and who had thonour of the Iouftes/

WHan the feste was made al the barons & knyghtes that were there had grete desyre to knowe who was he that so valyauntly & so nobly had wonne the Iourneye & the honour of the Iustes for to doo to hym worshyp/ but they coude neuer knowe hym/ wherof they had grete dysplayfyr/ & fayd that the knyght was of grete wyfedom/ by cause he wold not be knowen/ And after this the barons & knyghtes took leue of the kyng/ and retorned in to theyr londes al dyscomforted/ by cause they had not gotten the honour of the feste/ and yet were they more angry by cause they knewe not to whome the honour was gyuen of the feste ne of the Iustes/ The kyng of Fraunce whyche moche loued the dolphyn made to hym grete feste & moche grete honour/ And the kyng delyuerd to hym the crowne that the quene had gyuen/ for to gyue to hyr that shold haue the honour of the Ioustes/ to thende that he shold gyue it vnto hys doughter vyenne in sygne & token that she was the moost fayr damoyfel of the world/ & whan al thys was doon/ the dolphyn and the fader of parys retorned in to dolphyne in moche grete honour and grete¹ Ioye/ whan vyenne knewe that hyr fader came she came and mette hym as she was accustomed/ Thenne whan the dolphyn sawe hyr/ he kyssed hyr & sette on her hede the crowne whyche the kyng had gyuen hym/ and tolde to hyr how she had goton the honour for to be the moost fayrest damoyfell of the world/ and loo here is the fayr crowne that the quene of fraunce sendeth to you in token that ye haue gotten the honour/ Notwythstondyng fayr doughter/ that ye haue had many contrarye therto/ but ye haue had a good deffendour & ryȝt stronge and hath wel quyted hym in your nede/ For of eche partye were abyden thre knyghtes moche stronge

¹ Caxton has *grere*.

and puyffaunte/ and on your partye was left but one knyght onely whyche vaynquysshed al the other/ wythout ony token/ and is departed alle secretly that no man knewe hym ne the kyng of fraunce hath no knowleche of hym/ but he hath borne awaye wyth hym the thre baners & the iij Jewellys that were in them & also the prys & thonour of the feste/ wherfore fwete & fayr doughter ye wote neuer to whom to gyue thankynges of so moche honour as hath be doon for you/ but I praye to god of heuen & to the glorious vyrgyn marye/ that it playse hym to gyue to hym good & honour/ Ioye & excellence & in alle his feates vyctorye/ lyke as he is chyef & hede of al honour and of al chyualrye in thys world For I neuer sawe ne herde of knyght that so gracyoufly and so curtoyfly bare hym in his armes & in his chyualryes/ And whan vyēne herde speke of these tydynges/ & sawe the grete honour & prys that she had gotten and al was comen by this noble knyght/ she sayd to yfabeau hyr damoyfel/ My suster sayd I not to you wel but late/ that I was byloued by the moost noble and valyaunt knyght of fraunce/ & by my fayth my fwete suster/ this is he þ' so fwetely songe & that wanne the Iustes in this cyte & bare with hym the shelde of crystal & my garlonde/ and went his waye so that noo man myght knowe hym/ aduyse you wel fayr suster what honour is comen to me by his prowesse & by his bounte/ I may wel be fory & dolant/ whan I may not knowe who he is/ & myn herte is moche heuy & myn entendement that I neuer can fynde the moyen to see & knowe hym/ and yet she sayd/ Certes my fwete suster yfabeau/ I byleue that my dayes be shorte/ & that I shall deye of somme cruel & fals deth for the grete desplayfyr that I haue contynuelly in my herte/ for I can none other thyng doo but wepe & waylle/ & alwaye to contynue in forouful lyf & heuy but none aperceyued it but onely hyr damoyfel yfabeau/

THe fader of parys whyche had ben with the dolphyn in that feste had not seen there hys sone Parys/ wherof he had grete forowe in his herte/ for he had seen that he was accustomed to be in al noble Iustes/ but thenne he sawe hym goo with the bysshop of faynt Laurence/ and dysposed hym not to doo armes as he was wonted/ wherfor he sayd to hym on a day My sone I had hoped to haue had in the grete consolacyon/ but now thou b[r]yngest me in to grete heuynesse and dysplayfyr/ whan I see that thou wylt not departe from thys bysshop wherfor I praye the that þ^u leue hym/ & doo soo that it may be to me playfaunt and to the honneste/ Parys herde hym wel/ but he gaf not a word to anfuer The fader of Parys seyng thys went to his secrete felowe Edward and sayd to hym/ I see wel that the grete amytye & loue that ye haue to my sone/ and knowe ye for certayn that I haue in my hert grete melancolye whan I remembre that Parys hath had grete honour & fame of chyualrye/ and now I see that he gooth al wyth thys bysshop/ and leteth hys hawkes/ his houndes and hors to deye for hongre/ wherfore I praye you that ye wyl gyue me somme counceyl/ whyche am soo meschaunt that I deye for forowe/ And whan he had sayd these wordes/ Edward had pyte of hym/ & comforted hym the beste wyse he coude/ and departed fro hym/ and wente strayte to hys felowe Parys and sayd to hym I knowe wel that loue constrayneth the so strongely/ that thou hast noo power ouer thy self/ wherfore thy lyf may not longe endure/ And also thy fader and thy frendes ben euyl contente ayenst the/ and I say to the that for to be vertuous and valyaunt it playfeth moche to god/ And for the loue of one woman thou doost moche desplayfyr to thy fader/ And also for noo persone what someuer he or she be/ thou oughtest not to lese the wele & renomee that thou hast of chyualrye/

It appyereth not in the/ that thou haft any vertu or courage/ wherfore I praye the that thou wylt do somme thyng that it may be playfaunt to thy fader whych hath defyred & prayed me that I shold soo say to the/ whan parys had herde al this/ he anfuerd to edward and fayd to hym/ I knowe wel that these thynges that thou haft fayd to me been vertuous & honnest/ but they been to me greuouse/ for to put me from the thoughtes in whyche I am contynuelly/ Neuertheles I praye the that thou gyue me counceyl what is beste that I doo/ Thenne fayd edward it shold wel playse me/ yf it were thy playfyr that we shold goo in to braband/ For it is vj monethes passed that I haue not seen my lady/ & there shall we do armes/ by which we may gete fame and honour/ & paris agreed therto sayeng that he was contente yf it played hym so to do/ & Incontynent they made redy theyr harnoys & horses and alle thynges necessarye to them/ & or Parys departed he put in hys chambre al the thynges & pryfes that he had wōne by chyualryes & closed them fast in his chābre/ & delyuerd the keye to his moder & prayed hir moche derly that she shold not open it/ ne suffre þ^t any persone shold entre therin/ And after they wente toward Braband/ where as they dyd grete feates of chyualrye & Ioustes wherof they gate grete honoure and worshyp/ and were moche prayfed of ladyes and damoyfellys/ And parys made countenance for to haue abyden in braband for the loue of edward but hys herte drewe vnto the fayre Vyenne/ whome he so moche loued in hys herte secretely/

¶ *How Dyane and vyenne hyr doughter wenten to vyfite the fader of Parys the whyche was seek/*

Now it happened that duryng thys tyme that Parys and Edward duelleden in Braband/ the fader of Parys fyl in to a sekeneffe of feures or accesse/ And the cause came of the thought that he had of hys sone Parys/ And he beyng seek the doulphyn wente on a day to see hym/ and demaunded the cause of hys maladye/ and comforted hym the best wyfe that he coude/ and after retorned home/ and fayd to hys wyf that it were wel doon that she shold goo see and vyfite messyre Iaques whyche was seke/ And forthwyth Incontynent my lady dyane/ hyr doughter Vyenne and yfabeau hyr damoyfel wyth a grete companye wente to the castel of Syr Iaques/ and falewed hym moche nobly as it wel apperteyned/ & the best wyfe that they myght

¶ And whan they were in the chambre where messyre Iaques was and laye/ Dame dyane demaunded hym of his sekeneffe And messyre Iaques fayd that al hys dysease came for hys sone Parys/ by cause he losfe so hys tyme/ and that he went alway wyth the byfshop of Saynt laurence/ wherof I fere me that he shal become a man of relygyon/ I haue no moo chyldren but hym/ I wote not what I shall doo wyth the goodes that god hath gyuen to me/ And my lady dyane comforted hym and fayd that hys sone was moche wel byloued of the doulphyn/ & that he had moche grete amytye of many grete lordes/ barons & knyghtes/ & also she fayd that emong al thynges he shold ordeyne for hys helthe/ & after all thys the moder of parys prayed hyr that it myght playse hyr to come see the castel/ and she ansuerd that she moche desyred it Thenne the moder of parys shewed hir al the castel/ & ledde hir in to an halle al ful of armes and abylemens

of warre for to fyght in batayll/ After she ladde hyr in to another¹ halle where as were many hawkes/ faulcens/ and many other fowles of chace/ And after in to many other halles & chambres rychely arayed whyche were ouer longe to reherce/ And after the moder of Parys shewed vnto hyr the chambre of Parys where that he slepte/ wherin were many abyments/ whyche shold wel suffyse þ^e chambre of a grete prynce And in the sayd chambre were two grete standardes couerd after the guyse of Fraunce/ That one was ful of clothe of gold and fylke/ and that other of harnois and of many other thynges/ Thenne sayd Vyenne to yfabeau/ by my fayth fayr fyfter I haue noo grete meruaylle of thys yonge knyght Parys though of hym be maad grete mencyon/ For thordynauce of thyse thynges shewe wel that he is of grete valure/ And in byholding of these thynges she fawe a couerture of an hors alle whyte/ And hyr femed that it was the same that the knyght bare that wanne the prys of the Ioustes that was made in the cyte of Vyenne/ and that had the shelde of crystal & the garlond which she tolde to yfabeau And yfabeau anfuerd to hyr/ neuer thynke ye foo/ For all day been made semalable² couertures and tokenes whyte/ wherof ye may wel be deceyued/ Vyenne enforced alle waye hyr self to tuke³ better hede/ and of the grete Ioye that she had she sayd to hyr moder/ Madame I am a lytel crased and sodeynly taken/ wherfore yf it playse you I wold fayne reste a lytel in this chambre/ and late me be alle allone wyth my fuster yfabeau/ for I wyl haue none other/ and anone eche body auoyded oute of the chambre/ and yfabeau dyd shytte the dore that none myght come in/ ¶ Thenne sayd vyenne now we shal see yf we may fynde ony thyng that we may haue better knowleche of/ For myn herte fayth yes/ After that they

¹ Caxton has *anothrr*.

² Query *semblable*.

³ Query *take*.

had ferched and vyfyted alle the chambre/ they cam on a fyde of the chambre where they fonde a lytel dore/ of whyche henge a lytel keye by a thwonge/ and anone they opened the dore and entred therin And there was a lytel chambre whyche was xij foot longe/ and was an oratorye/ where as was the mageste of our Lord Ihesu Cryst vpon a lytel aulter and at eche corner was a can[del]styeke of syluer/ and thyder cam Parys for to make hys sacrefyse whan he aroos/ and whan he wente to hys bedde/

¶ And there were the thre baners that the noble knyght Parys had wonne in the cyte of Parys/ And the thre Iewellys of the thre damoyelles aforefayd/ And in the same place was also the shelde of Crystal and the garlond that Vyenne delyuerd to hym whan he wāne the prys at the Iouistes in the cyte of vyenne/ And all these he kepte secreete in that place/ And whan vyenne sawe these thynges/ she was sure that Parys was he whome she had so moche defyred to knowe/ and that soo moche honour had doon to hyr/ and for the grete Ioye that she had/ she sette hyr down on the grounde/ and there abode a grete whyle/ and coude not speke a word/ And after she spake to yfabeau/ & fayd my swete syster/ blessyd and preyed be our lord of thys good Iourney/ For me thynketh I shold neuer departe oute of thys chambre/ Alas I haue so longe abyden to knowe/ who he was that so swetely played in his Instrumentes so nygh vnto me/ and now he is so ferre/ & thenne yfabeau began to repreue hyr and fayd to hyr/ Swete lady I praye you that ye say ne do ony thyng whiche myght torne you to folye/ and be ye ruled by wysedom and reason/ For not wythstondyng that parys haue so moche good & vertues/ yet ye ought to confyder that he is not egal to you in lygnage ne in estate/ For I knowe wel that many noble & puyssaunt lordes haue demaunded you in maryage/ & loue you & do grete

thynges for you/ and also thonour of Parys whyche is your vayffal
 and subget is not egall ne worthy vnto you/ ¶ Thenne vyenne
 was moche angry on yfabeau and began to fay/ A veray god I am
 wel dyscomforted and deceyued by the/ that thus agayn sayest me
 of hym that I so longe haue desyred to knowe/ Alas I had supposed
 that in noo thyng ye wold haue dysplayfed me/ And in good fayth
 I fay to the/ that this man I wyl loue and demaunde/ and I promyse
 the in good fayth/ that yf thou ony more gaynsfaye me I shal flee my
 self/ and thenne thou shalt be cause of my deth/ For I wyl not lese
 hym that I haue so longe loued/ but I fay to the for trouthe/ that yf
 thou euer fay to me fuche wordes of my frende parys/ that thou shalt
 neuer after haue space to fay them ageyn another tyme/ for yf thou
 confydereft wel hys noble condycyons and custommes/ thou sholdest
 preyse hym better than thou doost/ And knowest thou not wel that
 the kyng of fraūce wold that it had coste hym half hys Royame that
 hys sone Lowys were as valyaunte as parys is/ ¶ And also there
 be many notable lordes that desyre to knowe his name/ and to haue
 hys amytye/

¶ Thenne take hede and byholde by my fayth yf euer thou sawe man
 that myght be compared to hym/ certaynly alle vertues been in hym/
 And sythe that fortune hath brought me to hys loue/ he is worthy to
 haue my loue/ and yet mere than is in me/ And haue I not reafon
 & cause thēne to loue hym/ whyche hath doon to me so grete good
 and honour and doubtyng noo peryl of hys persone/ and is it not wel
 grete worshyp to my fader to haue for vaiffal and subget the beste
 knyght that is in all the world For in alle the world is noo knyght
 that I wold forsake parys fore/ ne oone that hath doon so moche for
 me/ And thus to speke of the feates of Parys she doude¹ not stynte/

¹ Query *coude*.

¶ Thenne came two damoyelles knockyng at the chambre dore fayeng/ Vyenne ye must come to my lady/ And yfabeau sprange oute fayeng that she shold come anone/ And vyēne seyng that she must nedes departe fro thens sayd to yfabeau/ My suster syth we must departe hens late vs take somme of these Iewellys/ and we shal kepe them secretly tyl that Ptrys¹ be comen and we shal see what countenaunce he shal make in hym self ¶ Thenne they took the colyer and the whyte baner of vyenne and other Iewellys and hydde them vnder theyr clothes/ and wente in to the chambre of messyre Iaques/ but vyenne desyred gretely to speke with paris and thought longe or he came home/ And in the mene whyle messire Iaques recouerd of his maladye and bycam alle hool wherof Vyenne had grete Ioye but she durst not shewe it/

¶ *How Parys and Edward returned oute of braband/*

A Fter certeyn tyme that Parys had be in Braband wyth hys felowe Edward/ he desyred strongly to see the fayr vyenne/ For the loue of hyr deftrayned hym moche strongly/ ¶ Neuertheles he durst not telle it to hys felowe/ to thende that he shold take noo dysplayfyr of hys departyng/ And sone after the space of v dayes Parys receyued a letter that hys fader was feek/ & thēne he sayd to Edward/ Ryght dere brother & felowe/ pleseth it you to wete that my fader is fore feke/ & me semeth it were good that we departed yf ye consente but I praye you that ye take noo desplayfyr² in thys departyng/ for yf it playse god we shal sone retourne/ And edward seyng the Iuste reason of Parys and hys good wylle/ sayd to hym that

¹ Query *Parys*.

² Caxton has *desplayryr*.

he was wel content & plefyd/ wherfore Incontynente they departed oute of braband and came in to the cyte of vyenne/ of whos comyng messyr Iaques had fouerayn playsyr specyally/ by cause he had herde that Parys hys sone had doon valyauntly feates of armes/ ¶ Now it happed that whan Parys was arryued at home wyth hys fader lyke as he was accustomed/ Allewaye tofore or he wente to hys bedde/ he wente to make hys orysons and prayers/ and after he aduysed yf he lacked ony thyng/ and fonde that tho thynges that he loued beste were taken awaye/ wherof he was moche angry/ and quasi half in despayr in suche wyse that alle the nyght he coude not slepe And whan it came in the mornyng he came to hys moder and sayd/ Moder how is it that ye haue not kepte my chābre cloos and shytte/ For I lacke certayn thynges whyche I wold not gladly lese/ and haue for them grete dysplayfir/ To whom hys moder anfuerd/ My sone by my fayth there neuer entred therin persone/ but on a tyme whan your fader was seek came my lady dyane and hyr doughter vyenne/ and whan they had vyfyted your fader/ they wente al aboute for to see thys castel/ and thenne they entred in to your chambre/ But I can not thynke that they took ony thyng for they taryed not longe/ sauf onely vyenne whyche taryed onely allone sauf hyr damoyfel/ by cause she was euyl at ease at hyr hert/ wherfore my sone I praye you to take noo dysplayfir/ And thenne Parys sayd to hym self/ yf none other theef haue taken it sauf she I shal not be dyscouerd/ Neuertheles I wote neuer yf Vyenne hath taken it awaye for ony thyng/ ¶ And after he arayed hym self and cladde hym moche nobly/ & wente to do the reuerence to the daulphyn/ and to dame Dyane/ And after to Vyenne theyr doughter/ And the dolphyn receyued hym moche curtofly/ ¶ And the daulphyn demaunded hym tydynges and of many other thynges/

¶ And whan the fayre lady Vyenne sawe parys of the grete desyre that she had to see hym/ and of the grete loue that she bare to hym/ alle hyr chere was coloured lyke a fresshe rose in the monthe of Maye/ and coude not be contente ne fylled to beholde hyr fayre loue and frende Parys/ And the more she byhelde hym/ the more grewe and encreaced hyr loue toward hym ¶ And Parys beyng tofore the dolphyn on his knee moche humbly durst not loke on Vyenne/ But in hys herte he had grete payne/ And who had wel byholden hym/ had wel seen in his vyfage hys thought/ And after that the dolphyn had demaunded hym of that it plased hym Parys took leue of the dolphyn and of my lady dyane & of vyenne theyr doughter & returned home to hys faders hous/

A Fter a fewe dayes Vyenne in sliche wyse as loue destrayned hyr said to hyr damoyfel ysabeau/ my suster knowe ye for trowth that me semeth that parys is moche pensyf/ and I byleue that it is for hys thynges whyche he fyndeth not in his oratorye/ me semeth it is beste that we lete hym haue knowleche that we haue them/ Isabeau answerd/ it were wel doon soo/ but that it be doon honestly and secretelly/ Thenne sayd vyenne I shal aduise the manere After certeyn dayes vyenne sayd to hyr moder/ Madame I lete you wete that I am a lytel charged in my conscyence/ & I wold fayn confesse me to somme good persone/ And it is tolde me that the bysshop of saynt laurence is a moche honest man & deuoute/ wherfore madame I praye you to sende for hym þ' I myght speke wyth hym/ And my lady dyane seyng the good wylle of hyr doughter sente for to fetch the bysshop/ And vyenne confessyd hyr to hym moche deuoutely spekyng alwaye of our lord & of hys commaundementes/ & after that she was confessyd/ she prayed þ' bysshop that he wold come ageyn

on the morne/ for she fonde grete comferte in his wordes/ & that she wold telle hym somme thynges in grete secrete/ And on the morne the byfshop came ageyn to vyenne/ & vyēne fayd to hym thus/ My ghoostly fader somme thynges haue been taken away in a place/ the whiche longen to parys sone of messyre Iaques/ And the persone that hath them hath therof conscyence/ And therefore I praye you as moche as I may/ that by your benygnyte ye say to hym that yf he may/ he come to morne hyther wyth you/ & the byfshop whyche aduyfed hym noo thyng of thentencyon and thought of vyēne said that he shold brynge hym wythoute faute/

¶ *How vyenne dyscouerd hyr courage to Parys*

ON the morne the byfshop came moche dylygently & brought parys wyth hym/ And vyenne salewed parys wythoute to make ony semblaunte of loue/ and parys rendred his salewes ageyn moche humbly/ And thenne Vyenne wythdrewe hyr fro the byfshop and the other/ and said to parys It is not longe fythe ye were goon in to braband/ and that I accompanied my lady my moder for to goo vyfyte your fader whyche thenne was feek/ & we saue and byhelde al the castel vntyl we came to your oratorye & there I saue certayn Iewellys whyche moche wel pleased me and I took them & haue kepte them vntyl thys present tyme/ And I shal now rendre them to you ageyn/ & therfor I praye you that yf I haue doon ony dysplayfyr or maad ony defaulte that ye wyl pardonne me/ for I promyse to you by my fayth that I haue doon it for none euyl/ To whome parys answerd humbly and wyth grete reuerence & fayd moche curtoysly/ Madame by your curtosye ye came to vyfyte my fader/ of whyche vyfytacyon not onely my fader/ but alle our frendes

haue receyued grete & fouerayn honour/ wherfore myn excellent lady/ my fader/ my moder/ and I been alle youres/ and alle that we haue also/ And yf by aduenture your ladyshyp had ony playfyr to take of my Iewellys/ I ensure you by my fayth/ that myn hert hath therin moche gretter playfyr thā hert of man may thynke and yet more shold haue yf the sayd Iewellys were better the half than they be/ Soo thenne I praye you ryght honourable damoyfel that ye wyl pardōne me For not al onely these Iewelles whyche been of lytel valewe but my fader my moder and I been al youres/ and al redy to obeye to your feruyce/ and knowe ye verayly that it is not longe fythen/ that the sayd Iewels were by a frensſhe knyght gyuen to me/

THenne sayd Vyenne ye nede not to say to me fro whens these Iewels ben comen/ For I knowe them as wel as ye/ And vyenne sayd/ I meruaylle me gretely how ye so longe haue hydde your loue fro me/ I praye you as moche as I may/ and by the fayth that ye haue toward me that ye say to me the trouthe of that whyche I shal demaunde you/ for moche I desyre it to knowe/ ¶ Thenne sayd Parys ryght honourable damoyfel/ ye ought not to praye me/ where ye haue power to commaunde me/ For alle that/ your ladyshyp shal plese to demaunde me/ I shal say to you the trouthe wyth good hert & good wylle/ Thenne sayd vyenne I wyl fyrst that ye say the trouthe/ that yf ye were he/ that in sūche a yere cam euery nyght syngyng and sownyng Instrumentes so swetely tofore my chambre After I wyl that ye telle me yf ye wāne the Iustes that were made the fyrst day of may in this cyte/ And yf ye bare away the shelde of crystal and the chapelet whyche I haue seen in your oratorye/ After I wyl that ye say to me/ yf ye wanne the Iustes the xvij day of septembre whyche were made in the cyte of parys/ where as were so

many noble knyghtes & barons/ & yf ye had gotten there the iij baners whyche I haue feen in your oratorye/ & I praye you that ye telle to me/ yf ye haue doon to me fuche feruyce/ for fuche thynges ye ought not to hyde/ And yf by aduenture ye haue doon them for the loue of my fader or of hys courte/ we be moche holden to you & be bouēden to thanke you/ And yf by aduenture for ony lady or for the loue of me ye haue doon it/ I thanke you as moche as I may/ and it is wel reafon that ye therfore be rewarded/ And yet fayd Vyenne to Parys/ knowe ye for trouthe/ that it is long fythe that I haue defyred to knowe/ & yet defyre strongly to knowe it/ wherfore yf ye wyl do me ony playfyr/ I praye you that ye fay to me the trouthe/ wythout leuyng of ony onely thyng or word/

THēne fayd parys moche humbly with grete shamefastnes that he had to vtter the folye that he had enterpryfed/ Ryght honourable and fayr lady I am not worthy to be named hym whiche hath doon thys/ whyche it hath pleased you to demaunde of me/ but notwythſtondyng that I be a man of lytel eſtate I humbly ſupplie you that in caas ye ſhal fynde dysplayfyr in my wordes that it playſe you to pardonne me/ and that ye take noo dysplayfyr in that I ſhal fay/ for your nobleſſe ſhal not be the laſſe in valure/ For my caas enforceth me to fay that/ whyche is to me folye to thynke/ Thenne Parys al ſhamefaſt and in grete reuerence knelyng vpon hys knee fayd/ Ryght worſhypful damoyfel parys your Indigne ſeruaunt is he of whome ye haue ſpoken & demaunded/ & ſhal to you obeye and ſerue in al thynges that ye haue me demaunded/ For ſythe that I haue had ony remembraunce/ my wylle & my thought hath be ſubmyſed to your perſone and ſhal be as longe as I ſhal lyue/ Thenne fayd vyenne/ Parys my ſwete frende it is not now tyme that I make

anfuer to your wordes/ for it shold be ouerlonge to recounte/ But that not wythstondyng I wyl wel that ye knowe that your loue destrayneth me so strongely/ that there is no thyng in the world that I loue soo moche as you/ wherfore abyde in good hope loyously/ for yf it playse god ye shal see that thys whyche I say shal be trewe/ Thenne sayd parys/ Madame who may thynke the loyousste in whyche I am by your anfuer whiche is to me ryght swete/ For I neuer supposed to haue had so swete an anfuer of you/ but for to haue endured in payne & in languysshing/ For not onely to me/ but vnto a kyng shold be ouer moche to haue your loue/ & I praye god that I may doo suche thynges as may be to you playfaunt/ and that I neuer lyue to do to you thyng that shold displayse you/ ne torne you to melancolye/ & thus departed that one fro that other in gretter loue than tofore/ and took terme to see eche other ageyn as hastily as they myght/ and vyenne returned more loyously than she shewed/ and wente in to hyr moders chambre/ and after the byfshop departed/ & parys accompanied hym vnto his paleys and took leue of hym/ & returned home vnto hys faders lodgyng/ & after tolde to edward hys felowe/ alle the parlament that he had had wyth vyenne/ & Edward sayd to hym/ fayre brother and frende/ herein is no lape ne truffes/ but I praye you that ye do your thynges secretly for there ben many false tonges And Vyenne was moche more loyous than she had ben accustomed/ and Parys also/ And the sayd Parys & edward hys felowe made grete chyualryes & dyd grete armes/ whyche were moche playfaunt to the fayre vyenne/ Thenne it happed that after certeyn tyme feyng the dolphyn that hys doughter was come to xv yere of age/ treated for to gyue to hyr an husbond/ And many tymes he had ben requyred of many noble prynces but by cause he had but hyr onely and no moo fones ne doughters/ vnnethe he wold

consente And in treatyng thus of maryage Parys herde somme thynges wherof he was fore ennoyed in hym self/ and thought/ why thynke not I to haue this noble lady whyche is so moche defyred of so many noble prynces & barons/ and fore bewaylled hym self/ and dyd soo moche that he spake to vyenne and sayd/ O swete Vyenne/ where is your fayr and agreable promesse that ye made to me whan I departed fro you/ and how may it be/ that your fader speketh for to marye you/

WHan vyenne herde Parys speke in thys manere/ she sayd to hym parys yf my fader speke to me of maryage/ it is noo grete meruaylle/ for I may not deffende hym/ Neuertheles I haue not consented to ony maryage/ And ye knowe wel that maryage is nothyng worth/ wythout the consentyng of bothe partyes/ wherfore I praye you to be contente/ for I promyse to you that I shal neuer haue man in mariage but you/ and I wold that it shold be shortly accomplyshed yf it pleased god/ honestly & lustly and not in synne ne in ordure/ Therefore I wyl that ye assaye one thyng/ which shal be moche dyffycyle to doo and ryght peryllous/ but neuertheles it byhoueth that it be doon/ thēne sayd Parys/ honourable lady/ that whyche shal playse you to commaunde me/ I shal accomplishe it with good hert though I shold deye/ & thenne sayd Vyenne/ I wyl that Incontynent ye say to your fader/ that he goo to my lord my fader/ and requyre hym that he gyue me in maryage to you/ and that herein ther be no deffaute/ & whan Parys herde the wyll & defyre of vyenne/ he was quasi al abasshed & sayd/ Ryght honourable lady & how/ wyl ye that I deye thus/ I praye you yf it playse you/ that it be not doo/ Thenne vyēne sayd sette ye so lytel by me/ that ye wyl not enterpryse this/ Alas where is your entendement/ Certes

it must nedes be doon/ Incontynent Parys anfuerd/ worshypfull lady/ sythe it playfeth you/ I shal accomplysse your cōmandement though I shold deye therfore an hondred thousand tymes & thus took leue of vyenne and wente to hys fader Incontynent and sayd to hym/ Dere fader alwaye ye haue shewed to me grete loue/ wherfore I byseche almyȝty god that he rewarde you lyke as I desyre/ Dere & honourable fader I wold praye you of one thyng/ and by cause it is doubtous I wyl that ye promyse it to me tofore I say it to you/ for ellys I wyl not say it vnto you/ & hys fader sayd to hym/ My sone there is nothyng in the world that I may doo for the/ but I shal accomplysse it by the grace of god/ therfor say to me thy playsyr & wylle/ & thenne parys tolde to hys fader a parte of the pryete and promesse that he had wyth vyenne/ by cause he shold wyth the better wylle doo that/ whyche he wold requyre hym/ Thenne sayd parys to his fader/ the prayer that I praye & requyre you is/ that it playse you to say to the dolphyn/ that he gyue to me hys doughter to wyf and in maryage/ And I humbly byseche you that herein ye wyl not faylle me/ & messire Iaques heryng hys sone thus speke almoost he was fro hym self for the grete folye ^p^t he sayd to hym/ & he sayd in repreuyng hym that he neuer shold speke more of that fayte/ for he wold not deye for hys doughter/ and that he shold demaunde of hym somme other thyng/ for it were grete folye to speke to hym of suche a thyng/ And parys sayd worshypful fader/ as moche peryllous is it to me as to you/ therfor I am not abasshed thugh ye reffused to doo it/ But loue enforceth and constreyneth me so strongely/ that I am half confused/ and am as wel contente that he do it not/ as to doo it/ but that ye do your deuoyr onely/ and so longe parys prayed hys fader/ that he¹ promysed hym to doo it/

¹ Caxton has *be*.

¶ *How messire Iaques demaūded of the doulphyn hys doughter vyenne
in maryage for hys sone Parys/*

THenne went messire Iaques to the dolphyn all chaunged of colour and sayd to hym/ My ryght redoubted and souerayn lord a certeyn requeſte is made to me/ whyche I muſt fay vnto you/ the whiche me ſemeth is of paſſyng lytel reaſon/ and therefore it muſt be at your mercy/ and in caas ye fynde therin dyſplayfyr/ that ye pardonne me/ and to take noo regarde to my grete folye/ The doulphyn truſtyng in the grete wyſedom of meſſire Iaques graūted hym to fay what ſomeuer he wold/ Thenne ſayd meſſire Iaques/ Myn hye and ſouerayn lord/ Parys my ſone hath prayed me ſo moche that I ſhold requyre of you vyenne your doughter to be hys wyf/ the whiche thyng is not onely to fay/ but alſo to thynke grete preſumpſyon and grete folye/ but the loue of my ſone conſtrayneth me ſo ſtrongely/ that by force I muſt fay it to you/ And ſodeynly the doulphyn was moeued in grete felonnye/ and wold not ſuffre hym to ende hys wordes/ but repreued hym moche hardly ſayeng/ vylayne & vaſſal that thou arte/ how kepeſt thou my worſhyp/ by god I ſhal wel chaſtyſe you/ that ye ſhal neuer thynke ſuche thynges/ and commaunded hym that Incontynent he ſhold departe thens/ and that neuer he ne hys ſone ſhold come in hys ſyght/ wherfore meſſire Iaques departed thens moche rebuked holdyng down hys heed/ and returned in to hys hous/ & tolde to hys ſone Parys al that had be ſayd and doon bytwene hym & the Doulphyn/ wherof Parys thanked moche hys fader/

THe doulphyn wente in grete thouzt thurgh the paleys hauyng grete Indygnacyon and alle angry in soo moche that none durst speke to hym ne come in his waye/ and he beyng thus in thys manere he sente for his doughter vyēne & made hyr to come to hym/ and sayd to hyr/ we haue had wordes of grete dysplayfyr/ Thys vyllayne messyre Iaques hath sayd to vs that we shold gyue you to wyf and in maryage to hys sone Parys/ Aduyse you what wysedom it were/ by god or that I shold do it/ I wold rather make you a nonne or a menchon/ & it shal not be longe to/ but that ye shal be hyely maryed/ so that ye shal holde you contente/ & here I swere to you that yf it were not for the grete feruyces that he hath doon to me Incontynent I shold do smyte of hys hede/ & whan vyenne sawe hyr fader in so grete angre ayenst messyre Iaques & hys sone/ she sente for to seche Edward for to come speke to hyr/ & whan Edward was come Vyenne sayd to hym/ Edward it is soo that my fader is moche angry ayenst messyre Iaques & ayenst parys wherof I haue grete dysplayfyr & haue grete doubte that my fader wyl do somme harme to Parys/ & therefore I wyl that ye say to hym/ that he kepe hym self in the moost secretest wyse that he may/ and I shal also see the manere yf I may appease his felonnye and angre/ Thenne edward Incontynent took leue of vyenne/ & went & sayd to paris all that vyenne had sayd to hym & sayd fayr brother/ me semeth that it were good that ye departed oute of this contrey for to absente you for a space of tyme For it may be that to the doulphyn shal longe endure hys angre/ as I vnderstonde by that whyche vyenne hath sayd to me/ Thenne answerd Parys/ sythe that ye haue counceylled me soo I shal fo do/ not wythstondyng that it shal be to me a forouful & an heuy departyng/ but er I departe I shal take leue of Vyenne though I shold deye/

THenne Parys dyd soo moche that he spake vnto vyenne on a derke nyght at a lowe wyndowe/ where as they myght wel fay what they wold/ I am certeyn sayd vyenne that my fader hath wylle to hurte you/ wherof I lyue in grete melancolye/ For in al the world is no thyng that I loue so moche as you/ & yf by aduenture ye deye I wyl not lyue/ Thenne sayd parys/ honourable¹ lady it femeth me beste that I departe fro hens a certeyn tyme tyl my lord your fader be more peafed & hath passed hys euyll wylle/ how be it/ that it shal be to me a moche sorouful thyng to wythdrawe me fro you/ For my lyf shal be moche heuy/ Neuertheles I shal accomplyfhe your wylle in alle that ye shall commaunde me/ what someuer come therof/ And vyēne seyng the good wylle of parys after many wordes she sayd to hym/ Parys my frende I knowe well the grete loue that ye bere to me/ & sythe it so is/ I fwere to you by my fayth/ that ye shal neuer departe fro thys cyte wythoute that I goo wyth you/ For it is my wylle/ wherfore affone as ye may/ make you redy of al thynges necessarye/ and fynde ye the manere that we may escape oute of the royame of fraunce/ and that we may goo in to somme other lordshyppe/ where as we may lyue Ioyously and surely Neuertheles tofore or we departe from hens I wyl that ye promyse two thynges/ The fyrst is/ that ye touche not my body vnto the tyme that we be lawfully maryed/ The second is that ysabeau parte in al the goodes that we shal haue/ and other thyng wyl I not as for thys present tyme/ but that onely our departyng may be shortely/ and I shal pourueye somme Iewels & money for our necessitye/ and al thys Parys promysed to hyr/ and eche departed fro other for tadresse suche thynges as to them shold be necessarye/

¹ Caxton has *banourable*.

WHan Parys was departed fro vyenne he wente to a man named George and sayd to hym/ George my frende alwaye I haue trusted in you/ and haue alwaye loued you/ wherfore I praye you now that to thys that I shal say you ye faylle me not/ for I promyse you ye shal not lese therby/ and George promysed to hym to doo al that shal be to hym possyble wyth ryght good hert/ & thenne Parys sayd to hym/ knowe ye for cartayn that I haue wrath & rancour to a man of thys toune for certayn desplayfyr that he hath doon to me/ wherfor I wyl flee hym/ and Incontinent as I haue slayne hym/ I wyl departe out of the royame of Fraunce/ wherfore I praye you þ^t ye wyl goo to Aygues mortes/ & that ye there make redy a galeye furnysshed of al thynges necessarye tyl that we be arryued there as we wold be/ And also I praye you that ye doo ordeyne fro hens to aygues mortes fro v myle to v myle alwaye good horfes redy to thende that we may surely reffeshe vs yf it be nede/ & also I wyl that ye do thys as secretly as ye may/ and loo here is money ynough for to furnyssh these sayd thynges/ George sayd/ I shal doo al thys gladly/ And Incontinent made hym redy/ & whan he came to aygues mortes he hyred a galeye/ and establisshed al the passages/ and dyd wel al that parys had charged hym/ & came ageyn/ and tolde to parys how he had pourueyed al that he had charged hym/ wherof parys was moche Ioyous/ & anone parys wente and tolde to Vyenne that alle thynges that she had comaunded were doon/ And thēne they concluded that the nexte nyght folowyng that at a certeyn houre eche of them shold be redy/ thēne he took leue of hyr and wente home/ and bad George to take two hors out of hys stable/ and that he shold saddle them and abyde hym wythoute the cyte in a certayn place tyl he shold

come/ & Edward the felowe of Parys wyfte noo thyng of alle thys/
wherof he was moche abaffhed and meruaylloufly angry whan that
he knewe it/

¶ *How parys ladde awaye vyenne and ysabeau by nyght/*

WHAN Parys was pourueyed of money and of al other thynges
beyng to them necessarye/ he wente allone the secretest wyfe
þ^t he myzt and came to the place empyrfed at the houre taken/ and
he made a tokene whiche vyenne knewe And anone vyenne and
ysabeau cladde them in mannes araye & lepen oute of þ^e castel by
a fauce porte/ and so came these two damoyfelles to the place
where as parys was allone/ whyche awayted vpon theyr comyng/ &
Incontynent they departed and went where as theyr horfes were
whom they took & rode as faste as they myght/ and george rode
alwaye tofore by cause to knowe wel the waye/ and whyles they thus
rode/ aroos a storme wyth a grete rayne whyche endured tyl on the
morne at nyght/ and thenne they arryued nygh vnto a lytel towne/
but they entred not by cause they wold not be knowen/ and wente &
lodged them in a lytel chyrche nygh vnto the toun/ where they
fonde a chapelayn whiche receyued them gladly the best wyfe he
myght/ & thenne whan the nyght came Parys and the chapelayn
flepte in a lytel hous Ioynyng to the chyrche/ George and parys
feruaunte slepten in the stable with the bestes/ And vyenne and
ysabeau slepten in the chyrche/ and in the mornyng erly they wente
lyghtly to horfback/ & rode tyl they came nyghe vnto a ryuer/
whyche was ryfen hye by cause of the rayne that had fallen/ Thenne
parys was moche angry by cause he sawe wel that it was moche
peryllous/ & fayd to George/ that he shold serche & aduyse fomme

good place where they myght passe ouer/ & george wythdrewe hym a lytel from them/ and chaas a place whiche thought hym good/ and took the ryuer wyth hys hors/ And whan he was in the myddes of the strete hys hors faylled hym that he was drowned and hys hors also/ ¶ Parys seyng that george was drowned was moche fore abafshed/ and durst make noo seinblaunte/ by cause that fayre vyenne shold haue noo melancolye/ And after Vyenne demaunded of Parys where george was bycomen/ and parys answerd to hyr/ that he had sent hym for to ferche somme good passage/ and they wold torne in to the chyrche ageyn tyl George were comen/ And vyenne answerd to hym that it playfed to hyr wel soo to doo/ For she had grete doubte and fere for to passe the water/ ¶ And whan they were in the chyrche/ Parys was moche aferde to abyde longe in that place/ for he sawe that it was not sure/ wherfore he demaunded the chapelayn/ yf they myght in ony wyse passe that water/ And the chapelayn sayd not in thre dayes tyl the water were decreed and aualed/

¶ And parys sayd to hym that he shold goo in to the towne to feche and see yf he myght fynde ony men that wold make a brydge soo that they myzt passe/ And that he shold spare for no money/ For I shal paye to them as moche as they wyl haue/ & the chapelayn sayd that he shold doo hys beste/ Thus dyd Parys noo thyng but thynke how they myght passe the ryuer/ Now leue we Parys and torne we to the doulphyn/ whych had lost his fayre daughter vyenne/

¶ *How the doulp[h]yn dyd doo ferche and feche vyenne by hys seruauntes/*

ON the morne that vyēne was loste & departed fro the hous of hyr fader/ & that the doulphyn knewe it/ he supposed to haue goon oute of hys wytte/ & al the courte was troubled/ & fente

hastily men on horsback & a fote by dyuers partyes the moost
 secretly that he myght/ & prayed them that they shold brynge
 home to hym vyenne quyck or dede/ It happed by aduēture that
 one of his men a fote that was sente to feche Vyenne came in to the
 towne where as the chapelayn was comen to feche men to make the
 brydge/ The foteman demaunded euery man yf they had seen two
 damoyfelles whyche were fledde fro the doulphyns courte/ Thēne
 the chapelayn said to hym that it was not longe syth suche tweyne
 departed wyth other men ¶ And the man supposed that the sayd
 chapelayn had sayd it in Iape or in mockyng/ And sayd that the
 Doulphyn was moche angry/ and had sworne that yf ony mā or
 woman knewe where they were and shewed it not/ that he shold
 make them to lose theyr hedes/ And whan the chapelayn herde these
 wordes he remembred hym of them that were hyd in hys hous/ And
 in grete drede sayd to hym/ that he shold tarye there a lytel/ & that
 for the loue of my lord doulphyn he wold gladly feche for them/
 and assone as he myght fynde tydynges of them he shold lete hym
 wyte/ And so departed fro thens/ and returned home ageyn/ and
 tolde al thys to parys/ and what he had herde in the toune/ sayeng
 also that he doubted that it was for them of hys companye/ wherfore
 he sayd to hym ferthermore/ fyr I praye you that ye departe from
 hens/ and suffre not that I lese my lyf/ but take ye the beste coun-
 ceyl ye can/ For there ben fyfty men on horsback that feche you/
 whan Parys herde hym say this it nedeth not to demaunde yf he
 were heuy and melancolyous/ and for the grete sorowe that he had
 he chaunged al his colour/ And he sayd to the chapelayn/ I praye
 you that ye tarye a lytel & I shal make you an ansuer/ & thenne
 Parys went to vyenne/ for to telle to hir al thys feat/ And whan
 vyenne sawe hym entre/ and so chaunged in hys colour sayd to paris/

what tydynges brynge ye whyche are so pale and your colour
chaunged/ I praye you as hertely as I can that it playse you to telle
me/ Thenne Parys sayd to hyr The tydynges that I brynge ben euyl
for you and for me/ For shortly shal be accomplished our aduen-
ture and therefore I wyl flee my self/ and also he said complaynyng/
O god how my lyf is sorowful and heuy to haue brought thys excel-
lent lady as ye ar in suche daunger/ O good god why gaf thou not
to me the deth tofore or that I fette hir out of hyr faders hous/ O
alas my fader and my moder what shal befall of you/ whan the
doulphyn shal knowe/ that I haue stolen from hym hys doughter/
¶ O my good felowe Edward why counceylled not I wyth the tofore
or I had doon thys folye And after he retorned to vyēne sayeng/ and
what shal falle of you my lady/ whan your fader shal see you/ Certes I
thynke that how cruel that he be/ whan he shal see your noble persone/
his hert shal not suffre to do you ony harme/ O god almyghty do to
me that grace þ' I onely may bere the payn of this fayt & none other/
O lady vnhappy was that day for you and for me whan fyrst ye had
acquyntaunce of me/ And whan Parys had fynysshed hys com-
playnte/ he tolde to Vyenne al that the chapelayn had sayd to hym/
And forthwyth as a persone despayred/ took hys swerde and wold
haue ryuen it thurgh hys body/ And Vyenne as vertuouse and valy-
aunte took to hyr hert/ and took the swerde fro hym and comforted
hym and sayd/ ¶ O free knyght/ my loye/ my lyf/ and my solace/
what wyl ye doo/ knowe ye not wel/ that who that sleeth hym self
wytyngly/ sleeth the soule and the body/ and yf ye deye/ I assure
you I shal deye also/ and so shal ye be cause of my deth as wel as of
your owne O Parys where is your wysedom and your prowesse/ Now
whan ye shold haue mooste strengthe & moost vertuous courage ye be
aferde/ O my knyght thys is noo newe thyng that the persones that

lyuen in thys world haue trybulacyons/ of what someuer lygnage they be/ Certes thys is not the courage of one so valyaunte knyght as ye be/ For now whome that ye ought to comforte/ she must now comforte you/ And therfor my fayr brother and frende I praye you as moche as ye may/ that Incontynente ye departe fro hens/ and that ye goo your waye/ and yf ye do not so I shal flee my self wyth your swerde/ For your departyng is as greuous to me/ as myn shal be to you/ but it byhoueth to eschewe of two euyls the werfe/ And also ye ought to confydere one thyng/ that not wythstondyng the grete faulte and trespaas that I haue made to my fader/ yet therefore he shal not put me to deth/ confydered the grete loue that he hath alway had toward me/ and yf ye were taken/ I wote wel that ye and I shold bothe deye/ And yet I haue good hope/ that myn entencyon shal come vnto a good ende/ For be ye sure though he neuer pardonne me/ I shal neuer haue other husbond but you and that I promyse you by my fayth/ But alle waye of one thyng I praye you/ that for none other lady ye forgete not me/ And whan ye shal be in another contreye wryte vnto me of your aduenture/ And to thende that ye the better remembre me loo here is a ryng of gold wyth a dyamonde/ the which I praye you that ye wyl kepe for the loue of me

¶ *How Parys departed from Vyenne/ and lefte hyr in the chyrche/*

AFter moche other langage paris kyssed vyēne wyth grete syghes and thoughtes/ and she comforted hym the best wyse she myght/ in prayeng our lord Ihesu Cryste that in short tyme she myght see hym/ lyke as hyr herte desyred moost of ony thyng that was in the world/ And thenne Parys departed fro Vyenne wyth grete sorowe and heuynesse/ And took his waye wyth hys seruante

tyl he came to the ryuer where they coude not tofore haue passed/ and as despayred doubted noo thyng but entred therin/ and the water was soo aualed that they passed wythoute ony peryl/ And they rode two dayes wythoute ony mete/ for they durst not passe thurgh ony toun/ And they passed tyl they came to aygues mortes/ And there he founde the galeye that george had hyred/ whyche anone he took/ and so longe faylled and rowed tyl that they arryued at Gene/ Parys made meruayllous countenaunces in the galeye/ that alle they that were therin/ had supposid he had be a fool/ for allewaye he was pensyf/ and ymagynatyf/ and vnnethe wold speke ne say a word/ ¶ Thenne whan he was at gene he hyred hym a lodgyng & lyued there in grete heuynesse & forowe/ Now leue we to speke of Parys and retorne we to vyenne whyche abode in the chapelayns hous

¶ *How vyenne was founde in the chyrche by a foteman/ and how she was brought ageyn to hyr fader/*

WHAN Parys was departed fro vyenne she abode allone wyth yfabeau making the grettest forowe of the world that it was a grete pyte to byholde/ lyke as she had as leef to deye as to lyue. And whan she was wel wery of wepyng/ and that it was force that she must retorne to the mercy of hyr fader the doulphyn/ she appeased hyr self/ And anone the chapelayn went for to feche the foteman and brought hym in to the chyrche/ And whan Vyenne sawe hym/ she knewe hym wel/ For she had oftymes seen hym in hyr faders hows/ And thys man sayd to hyr alle hys charge/ & that many knyghtes were oute for to feche hyr/ And Vyenne sayd to hym goo & telle them that thou hast founden me here/ & brynge them hyther/ Thenne the man wente & fonde the knyghtes that thenne were

comen in to the towne/ and tolde to them how he had foūden hyr/ & that they shold come with hym & he wold brynge them to the place where she was/ whan þ^e knyȝtes herde these tydynges anon eche made grete haste tyl they cam to hyr/ thēne whā they were tofore vyenne they falewed hyr and sayd to hyr that the doulphyn had doo feche hyr in dyuers contreyes/ and after they comforted hyr/ and sayd that she shold not be aferde of hyr fader/ for he wold doo to hyr noo desplayfyr/ for he¹ shal haue so grete Ioye/ whan he shal see you/ that he shal pardonne you and appease hys yre/

¶ And than Incontyent they wente to horsbacke/ and brought forth the chapelayn wyth hyr to thende that he shold excuse hyr tofore hyr fader/ and tolde how she was pure and clene of hyr body/

Now fayth thystory that whan Vyenne was comen tofore hyr fader the doulphyn/ he made toward hyr heuy and euyll chere/ But not wythstondyng Vyenne kneled down on bothe hyr knees to the erthe sayeng and in wepyng/ Redoubted fader I see wel and knowe in my self that I haue mespryed and faylled toward you/ wherof I haue grete desplayfyr/ Neuertheles folyfthe loue hath enforced me to loue hym/ whyche is wel worthy to be byloued of the moost grettest lady of the Royame of fraunce allewaye seen the noblenes that is in hym/ For I wene that in alle the world is none to hym lyke ne pareylle/ ¶ And also I thynke that I am not the first that haue trespaced by semblable reafons/ wherfore redoubted fader I am in your mercy/ and take of me vengeaunce/ fuche as shal playse you/ and to me chastyfement/ and example to other Neuertheles I wyl wel that ye knowe and that I swere by my soule/ that I am as

¹ Caxton has *be*.

pure and clene of my body as I was that day that I departed fro hens/
And loo here is the chapelayn whyche can say to you the trouthe/
And thenne the chapelayn tolde how she came wyth iij men of whom
that one was a moche fayre knyght yonge & curtoys the whyche I
byleue is drowned in passyng a ryuer/ And they were in myn hous/
and the two damoyfelles slept to gyder in the chyrche/ and the
knyght slepte wyth me/ And the other two slepte in the stable with
the horses/ Thenne whan the doulphyn herde these tydynges he had
ryzt grete playfyr/ of which he made noo femblaunte/ and gaf to the
chapelayn moche money & grete yestes/ and bad hym retorne/
¶ After the doulphyn took vyenne by the hande/ in repreuyng hyr
moche gretely/ and lad hyr in to hyr moders chambre wyth yfabeau/
for hir moder was feke of the grete sorowe that she had for hyr
doughter/ and there the moder blamed them bothe two/ And yfabeau
sayd that vyenne was as pure and clene of hyr body as she was the
day that she departed/ Alas sayd the doulphyn/ thou hast put vs in
the moost grettest shame of þ^r world And I promyse that alle they
that haue consented therto shal be wel punysshed/ and in especyal
that euyl traytre Parys whych is cause of al thys fayte and yf euer I
may haue hym I shal make dogges deuoure hym and also bothe ye
tweyne shal suffre therefore grete penytence/ Thenne sayd vyenne
wepyng/ I see wel and knowe that ye haue entencion to do to me
moche gryef and harm/ and I see wel that my lyf shal not longe en-
dure/ Therefore I swere to you in good fayth/ that there is noo man
in the world that I so moche loue as I doo hym whom ye so menace
and thretene/ For in hym I haue my thought & courage wythoute
euer to faylle hym/ and yf ye shortly gyue to me my penaunce/ so
moche shortly shal be my deth/ And yf ye suffre me to endure it
longe/ so moche more shal I bere it/ and my soule shal be the more

sure tofore almyghty god/ & knowe ye for certayn that for hym and
hys loue I am redy to deye/

Thēne the doulphyn yssued out of the chambre in grete Indygna-
cyon/ and commaunded that the fader of Parys shold be put in an
euyl pryson/ And that al hys goodes shold be taken fro hym/ And
also that vyenne & ysabeau shold be enclosed in a chambre/ and that
wel lytell mete shold be gyuen to them/ and moche he menaced and
thretened them/ and thus they abode a longe tyme in that chambre/
and contynuelly Vyenne dremed of Parys/

¶ And whan she myght haue ony space to speke to Edward felowe
of Parys/ she requyred hym that he shold serche yf he myght haue
ony tydynges of parys/ and that he shold lete hyr knowe therof/
¶ In thys maner vyenne passed hyr tyme in grete sorowe & in grete
thought alle waye desyryng for to here somme tydynges of that noble
knyght Parys/

WHan Vyenne had ben a grete tyme in thys manere/ The
doulphyn bythought hym that thenne hys daughter Vyenne
had been wel chaftyfed/

¶ And thenne the Doulphyn fader of Vyenne ordeyned that she
came oute of pryson/ And thēne he purposed to gyue to hyr an
husbond/ and sette hyr in hyr fyrst estate/ wherof alle the courte was
mochē Ioyous/ and in especyal Edward felowe of Parys/ ¶ And
after certayn tyme the doulphyn wrote to the Erle of Flaunders that
he wold doo marye hys daughter vyēne wherupon he requyred hym
that he wold gyue to hym counceyll in thys mater/ For it was vnto
hym chargeable/ And duryng the tyme that vyenne was oute of
pryson hyr herte was neuer in reste/ but euer she was heuy and so-
rouful for hyr swete and faythful frende parys/ whome she myght

not see/ and knewe not whether he were dede or a lyue/ And whan the doulphyn fawe hyr so heuy/ On a day he sayd to hyr/ My fwete doughter/ wherfore be ye so sorouful/ gyue your self to playsyr/ For as to me I remembre nomore the thynges passed/ And there is noo thyng in the world that ye demaunde me but I shal doo it for you/ And thenne vyēne whyche had not forgotten Parys sayd to hym/ Honourable fader yf I were sure of the thynges passed that they were forgotten by you/ I shold be more sure than I am/ but I hyleue fermely/ that ye haue them yet in your remembraunce/ For ye holde alwaye messyre Iaques in pryson the fader of Parys/ whyche is not culpable of ony parte of thys dede ne cause/ And yf ye wold do to me soo moche grace that ye wold pardonne hym and rendre to hym al hys goodes & thynges I shold be moche Ioyous/ And the doulphyn for the playsyr of hys doughter sayd to hyr/ that it wel played to hym/ and Incontyn[en]t the doulphyn dyd do delyuer messyre Iaques out of pryson/ and dyd do retorne to hym al hys goodes and thynges that had be taken from hym/ wherof messyre Iaques had grete playsyr/ for yf he had abyden lenger in pryson he had be dede for hungre/ for there was none that comforted hym but edward/ whiche comforted hym the best wyfe he myght/ & gaf to hym dayly that whyche was necessarye for hys lyf/ whan vyenne knewe that messyre Iaques was oute of pryson/ she was moche Ioyeful and had grete playsyr/ Neuertheles al the consolacyon of vyenne was whan she myght speke wyth edward of hyr loue Parys/ And thus she passed hyr tyme in ryght grete payne and heuynesse the beste wyfe she myght/

WHan the Erle of flaunders had redde the letters of the doulphyn & vnderstood that he wold marye his doughter vyēne

whych was of the age of xv yere/ he trayted that she shold haue of two barons that one/ that is to wete the sone of the kyng of england/ or the sone of the duke of bourgoyne/ whyche thenne had grete renomnee in fraunce/ and that was for the grete prowesse that was in hym/ and the sayd erle made thys sayd traytye/ & sente word vnto the doulphyn/ that hym semed best that the sone of the duc of bourgoyn were beste for hyr/ by cause that it shold be grete playfyr to the Kyng of fraunce/ and that he was a noble knyght and of grete prowesse/ and whan the doulphyn had receyued these letters fro therle of Flaunders/ he sente to the kyng of fraunce to wyte of hym whyche shold best playse hym of these two prynces aforefayd that shold haue his doughter/ For whome that he wold shold haue hyr/ wherof þ^e kyng had grete playfyr/ and reputed it to hym grete honour/ And he sente to hym worde/ that it shold playse hym best that he maryed wyth the sone of the duc of bourgoyn hys neuwe/ and in so doying he shold doo to hym ryght grete playfyr/ and wold do as moche for hym whan tyme and place requyreth/ And seyng the doulphyn the wylle of the kyng of fraunce sente worde to therle of flaunders/ that he had counfeylled wyth hys barons/ & also that it was the wylle of the kyng of fraunce that his doughter shold be maryed to the sone of the duc of bourgoyne/ And thenne therle laboured so moche in thys mater that he made the sayd sone of the duc to agree as for hys partye/

¶ *How Parys sente a letter to hys felowe Edward/*

NOW late vs leue to speke of thys mater/ and retorne we vnto Parys whyche abode in the cyte of gene moche heuy/ and whyles thys maryage was in trayty Parys dwelled in gene oute of al

Ioyes and playfaunfes worldly/ & al for the loue that he had to the fayr vyenne whome he had soo moche at his hert/ And abode alwaye in hys lodgyng allone/ and bycame so deuoute and soo humble toward god/ that it was grete meruaylle/ and also for the good countenaunces that he made he was moche wel byloued of al the peple of the cyte and they helde hym for a noble man/ and sayd he must nedes be the sone of a grete lord/ And Parys beyng in thys manere had grete desyre to haue tydynges of vyenne/ and what was hyr aduenture/ And anone ordeyned two letters/ that one to hys fader/ & that other to hys felawe Edward/ Of whyche the letter to hys fader sayd in thys manere/

RYght dere & honourable syr and fader playse it you to wete that I am moche forouful and heuy of my cruel aduenture/ and also I endure grete heuynes/ forowe and afflyctyon/ doubtyng that for me ye haue suffred grete payne and trybulacyon/ and I late you wete that I am at genes/ & dwelle in a lodgyng allone depofed fro al Ioyes and consolacyons mondayne/ For myn entedement is to ferue gcd and our lady fro hens forth/ & purpose that ye shal see me nomore/ for I wyl departe & goo thurgh the world to seche holy pylgrymages/ And yf by aduenture I shal deye tofore that ye shal see me/ I praye you that it may playse you that I deye not in your euyl wylle/ but humb[ly] byseche you that it playse you to pardonne me/ and to gyue to me your benedyctyon/ Also dere syr and fader I praye you & suplye that my dere brother and felowe Edward ye wyl take in my name and place/ and that he be recommaunded as your sone in stede of me/ as wel in your herytage as in other thynges/ and the grace of the holy ghoost be wyth you/ Recomaunde me to my moder &c/ And the letter of Edward sayd thus/

DEre and special brother and synguler frende edward the peryl of paris and of hys aduenture is pourfyewed of alle euyl and cruel fortune/ I comaunde me to you as moche as I may say or thynk Neuertheles lyke as we haue ben accustomed to wryte letters of loue and of chyualrye/ Now I must wryte letters anguyfshous of sorowe and of euyl fortune/ for alas I am vnhappy al allone in a strange contre/ & exyled fro al Ioyes and fro alle playfyr/ and out of al worldly playfaunce thynkyng nyght & day on the bele vyenne/ the whyche I thynke that for me hath suffred mortal sorowe/ and I say to you that yf I knewe that for me she suffred payne and sorowe I shold be in despayr/ for I am worthy for to be punysshed cruelly for that fayte & none other wherfore I praye god and alle hys sayntes that she may be kepte from al euyl/ and gyue hyr grace to prospere in al good and honour lyke as she is worthy and myn herte desyreth/

¶ My dere broder & felowe the moost dere thynges that I loue in thys world is fyrst the fayr and fwete vyenne/ & next you to whom I praye you yf it may be in ony wyse that ye wyl say to hyr in my name/ how that I am lyuyng in genes/ Passyng my lyf moche heuy and sorouful for thabfence of hyr noble persone/ and for the cruel & euyl fortune that hath pourfyewed me/ and also say ye to hyr that I crye hyr mercy/ & that it may playse hyr to pardonne me/ yf by me she haue ony dysplayfyr and god knoweth myn entencion/ & in what trybulaciō I lyue And syth that it hath not playfed to our lord/ that we accomplyfhe not our desyre & wylle/ we ought to bere it pacyently/ And also ye shal say to hyr/ that I praye and suplye her as moche as I may that she yet take no husbond/ vnto the tyme that she shal see thende of our aduenture/ & after thys I praye you dere broder of the consolacyon of my fader & my moder/ and that ye be to them as a sone/ For seyng the loue that alwaye we haue had to

gyder I haue wryton to my fader/ that in the stede of me he take you for hys sone/ and that after hys lyf/ he wyl leue to you hys herytage/ for so moche broder & felowe I praye & byseche you that ye be to theym humble and obeyssaunt/ & the better parte shal be youres/ and yf by aduenture ye wryte to me ony letter late the letter be kepte in my faders hous/ þ^e holy ghoost haue you in hys kepyng/ And he delyuerd thys letter to a courrouer whyche wythin fewe dayes was at vyenne/ and secretly delyuerd hys letters to edward the good knyght/ whan Edward had receyued these letters and knewe that paris was a lyue/ he had ryght as grete Ioye as ony man coude thynke or byleue. Neuertheles he helde þ^e courrouer secretly in his hous to thende that the dolphyn shold not knowe therof/ and whan he had herde the letters/ he went to the hous of messyre Iaques the fader of the noble parys & sayd to hym/ ¶ Messyre Iaques I brynge to you thys letter/ And whan messyre Iaques had redde the letter/ he coude not be sacyat of redyng/ he took so grete playsyr therin/ ¶ After that he had redde it at his playsyr/ he prayed Edward to wryte to hym an ansuer wel at large of alle that was byfallen syth hys departing/ & thys doon edward departed fro hym/ & wente vnto beale vyenne/ whome he fonde moche heuy and forouful for hir loue and frende parys/ and Edward sayd/ honourable lady/ & how is it/ that ye be thus heuy/ and vyenne sayd to hym/ alas fayr broder Edward/ I haue good reafon and cause to be heuy. For myn herte abydeth thynkyng day & nyght on my good knyght Parys/ and I knowe not whether he be alyue or dede/ of whyche thyng I moche desyre to knowe/ For yf he be deed I am cause therof/ And certes yf he be dede I may not lyue after hym/ yf our lord wold doo soo moche grace that he be a lyue/ fayn wold I knowe in what londe he is/ to thende that I myzt fende to hym a lytel money/ soo that he haue

noo necessitye for hys persone/ And edward sayd to hyr/ Madame what wyll ye gyue me/ yf I telle te you good tydynges and sure of hym/

¶ Thenne sayd Vyenne/ by my fayth there is noo thyng that I haue in thys world/ whyche I may gyue wyth myn honour/ but that I shal gyue it to you Thenne sayd Edward/ loo here is a letter whyche he hath sente to me/ and whan vyenne sawe the letter she opened it and redde it al allonge/ & whan she had redde it she had soo grete Ioye/ that hyr semed god had appyered to hyr/ and the Ioye that she had in hyr hert shewed wel in hyr vyfage/ For fythe that she departed fro parys she had not so good vyfage ne chere as she had thēne & whan the solace had ynough endured Edward sayd to hyr Madame gyue to me ageyn my letter/ that I may make to hym an ansuer/ And Vyenne sayd it pleseth me moche that ye make to Parys my swete frende an ansuer/ but surely the letter shal remayne wyth me/ Thenne he sayd/ Madame haue ye not promysed to gyue to me that thyng that I shal demaunde you/ yes sayd she/ Thenne edward sayd I desyre ne wyll haue none other thyng/ but that ye gyue to me my letter/ for assone shal I gyue to you my lyf/ but and yf ye wyl demaunde ony other thyng/ I wyl wel/ Thēne sayd Edward I am contente that the letter abyde wyth you/ & after he ordeyned another letter to Parys which sayd in this manere/

¶ *How Edward sente ansuer of his letter to Parys/ whyche abode in the cyte of genes/*

RYght dere brother frende and felowe parys/ your fader and your moder grete you wel/ the whiche haue suffred for you moche dysease/ payne and desplayfyr/ and in especyal your fader

whiche hath longe been in pryson & alle hys goodes were taken fro hym/ and also I certefye you that by the grace of god and at the request and prayer of Vyenne/ the doulphyn hath pardoned hym alle hys euyl wylle/ and delyuerd hym oute of pryson & restored to hym alle hys goodes ageyn/ And plese it you to wete fayre brother that vyenne hath had so moche Ioye and so grete playfyr whan she had knowleche that ye were a lyue/ that it is wonder to byleue/ For al hyr consolacyon was for to haue tydynges of you/ & she recommaundeth hyr to you as moche as she may/ & hath moche grete desyre to see you & also prayeth you not to wythdrawe you fro hyr ne fro that contreye/ but that ye wryte ofte to hyr of your estate/ And she fendeth to you an eschaunge of thre thousand floryns/ of whiche she wyl that ye take your playfyr & Ioye/ for al hyr hope is in you/ Also ye shal vnderstonde that she hath be kepte in pryson a certayn tyme, but thanked be god she is now oute/ Also I haue shewed to hyr your letter/ whyche she reteyneth/ and after that she had redde it/ I myght neuer haue it ageyn/ but she sayd/ that she had leuer to lese al that she had/ than the said letter & ye shal knowe that the doulphyn treateth a maryage for hyr the which is the sone of the duc of bourgoyn/ & he hopeth fro day to day/ that it shal be accomplyshed/ Neuertheles I truste soo moche in vyenne/ seyng þ' whiche she hath sayd to me/ that she wyl neuer haue other husbond but you/ wherfore lyue ye forth Ioyoufly in hope/ Dere brother I thanke you as I can or may for the presentacyon that ye haue doon for me/ your soule be wyth god/ to whome I praye that he kepe you in hys holy warde & protectyon &c/ whan thys letter was wryten he delyuerd it to the courroure/ whyche made hasty Iourneyes so that he arryued at genes/ where as the good knyzt Parys dwelled and abode/

WHAN the noble paris had redde the letter/ & knewe that vyenne had been in pryson/ almoost for sorowe he was oute of his wytte curfying his euyl fortune/ & after he curfed the day that he was borne & moche dyscomforted hym self/ & also he curfed the doulphyn fayeng/ O cruel fader and vnconnyng/ how may your hert suffre to put in pryson hyr that is soo noble a creature/ whyche is ful of al vertues/ that is the fayre vyenne/ whyche is noo thyng cause of thys fayte/ For I my self onely haue doon it/ & ought to bere allone the penaunce/ alas & wherfore dyd not god to me so moche grace/ that I had be taken in stede of hyr/ O fayre vyenne what haue I doo for you/ whyche haue suffred soo moche payne for me/ Thus he made a grete whyle hys sorowe in wepyng strongely/ After Parys fawe that the fayr vyenne was retorned in to hyr fyrst estate/ wherof he was moche Ioyous/ & whan he had receyued the eschaunge that vyenne had sente hym he hyred a moche fayr hous & cladde hym honestly & rychely & took acqueyntaunce & amytye wyth the grettest & beste of the cyte/ in so moche they dyd hym moche good and honour/ & thus duellyd parys a grete whyle/ alway remembryng in hys hert the loue of vyenne/ for alleway hys loue encreaced/ And every moneth they wrote letters eche to other/ of whyche here is made noo mencyon/ for it shold be ouer longe to reherce/ & torne we here in to flanders for the fayte of the maryage of the excellent vyenne/

NOW fayth thystorye that whan therle of Flaunders had accorded the maryage with the duc of bourgoyn he made redy hys sone and apparaylled hym of companye and of horfes/ and lete it be knowen to the doulphyn/ that he shold make redy al thyng necef-

farye & that he shold hastely fende to hym his sone whan the doulphyn herde these tydynges that he/ whome he so moche desyred shold come he was moche Ioyous/ and Incontynent dyd doo make redy many grete & meruayllous festes/ & duryng the same dyd doo make redy hys sone the duc of bourgoyne/ horses and peple for to accompanye hym whiche was a fayre thyng to see/ ¶ And after sent hym to therle of flaunders/ whyche receyued hym wyth grete Ioye & wyth grete honour & fested hym two dayes/ and delyuerd to hym hys sone in his companye/ and sente hym to the doulphyn/ & whan the doulphyn knewe theyr comyng/ he dyd do make redy to receyue hym/ and whan they were by a day Iourneye nygh vnto vyenne/ he rode oute wyth moche grete chyualrye/ & receyued them with moche grete Ioye and playfyr/ & eche made grete feste to other whyche were ouer longe to recounte/ Neuertheles tofore that the doulphyn came to the sone of the¹ duc of bourgoyn/ hee & hys wyf entred in to the chambre of vyenne to whome the doulphyn sayd/ Fayr doughter it was the playfyr of god that I & your moder were to gyder vij yere wythoute hauyng ony chylde/ and in the viij yere our lord comforted vs wyth you/ in whom we haue al our affectyon/ For we haue neyther sone ne doughter but onely you/ ne suppose neuer to haue/ so we truste that by you we haue one/ It is trewe that² so as god wyl and hath ordeyned we wyl assemble you to a moche honou[ra]ble maryage/ the whiche to vs playseth moche/ for I ensure you the doughter of the Kynge of Fraunce hath moche desyred to haue hym/ that ye shal haue/ for god hath endowed hym with so moche good & honour as hert of knyght may haue/ thus to the playfyr of god/ & of the vyrgyn marye/ we haue made the maryage of the sone of the duke of bourgoyne & of you/ wherfor we

¹ Caxton has *fre*.

² Caxton has *thot*.

praye you/ that therto ye wyl gyue your good wylle & playfyr/ and also that ye wyl haue the maryage agreable/ Thenne vyenne anfuerd to hyr fader/ Honourable fader & lord I wote wel that thys that ye entende is for my wele & prouffyt/ But not wythstondyng that I be in age for to marye/ & that in thys maryage I shold receyue honour more than I am worthy/ Neuertheles I shal not yet be maryed for yf we haue not thys man/ yf it playse god we shal haue another as good or better/ And thynke ye not myn honourable lord/ that I say thys for ony excusacyon/ but it is sythen xv dayes that I haue be euyl dysposed of my persone/ & the maladye that I haue causeth me to take noo playfyr for to be maryed/ For I haue auowed vnto god neuer to be maryed to thys man ne to none other/ as longe as I shal be in thys maladye/ ¶ Thenne thought the dolphyn that vyenne sayd it for shamefastnes/ Neuertheles he trauaylled hyr every day wyth fayre wordes that she shold consente to thys maryage/ but it auaylled nothyng all that he dyd/ for the wylle of hir was more in parys than in ony man of the world/

THenne on the morne the sone of the duc of bourgoyne/ & the sone of the erle of Flaunders entred in to the cyte of vyenne/ wherof the doulphyn had grete Ioye & playfyr/ and thys feste endured wel fyftene dayes/ that they dyd no thyng/ but daunce/ synge/ and dyd other dyuers playfyr/ and duryng thys feste the doulphyn sayd to the sone of the duke of bourgoyn to thende that he shold thynke none euyl by cause he abode so longe or he myght espouse hys doughter/ ¶ Fayr sone I praye you & byseche that ye take you to playfyr and Ioye/ And gryeue you noo thyng of thys longe abydyng here/ for certayn my doughter is so feke/ that vnethe she may speke/ whyche doth to hyr grete desplayfyr and shame/

for fayn she wold be out of hyr chambre/ And thenne the sone of the duc of bourgoyne as he that¹ mente but good fayth/ byleued it lyghtly/ Neuertheles the doulphyn dyd nothyng nyzt ne day/ but admonestyd hys doughter one tyme in fayr wordes/ and another tyme in menaces/ but in no wyse he coude make hys doughter to consente/ And comaunded that she shold nothyng haue but brede & water and vyenne abode one day soo in thys manere/ and al thys dyd the doulphyn/ to thende that she shold consente to the maryage/ and alwaye he dyd to hyr more harme & payne/ & vyenne was alwaye more harde/ and ferther fro hys desyre/ wherof the doulphyn had moche grete dysplayfyr/ and not wythoute cause/ & feyng the Doulphyn that hys doughter was soo Indurate/ he thought that by somme good moyen he wold sende home ageyn the sone of the duc of bourgoyne for he doubted that yf he abode longe/ that this feat myght be dyscouerd/ and he gaf to hym fayr Iewellys/ and after sayd to hym/ Fayre sone I wyl that ye take noo dysplayfyr in that I shal say to you/ Me semeth wel that at thys tyme this maryage may not goo forth of you and of my doughter/ for after that I sec/ & as me semethe the wyll of god is ferther than I wold at thys tyme/ For he wyl not that the maryage of you and of my doughter take now effecte/ wherfore I haue ryght grete dysplayfyr in my hert onely for the loue of you/ Thenne the sone of the duc of bourgoyne feyng that at that tyme he myght doo noo thyng/ toke leue of the Doulphyn and returned in to his contree by cause that Vyenne was not in helthe/ and promysed that assone as he myght knowe that she shold be hool/ he wold retorne for to accomplyshe the mariage lyke as the doulphyn had promysed to hym/

¹ Caxton has *but*.

¶ *How the doulphyn dyd doo enprysonne vyēne by cause that she wold not consente to the maryage to the sone of the duke of bourgoyne/*

AFter certayn dayes that the sone of the Duke of bourgoyn was departed fro the cyte of vyenne/ the doulphyn for grete displayfyr that he had dyd do come tofore hym the mayster Iayler of hys pryson/ and dyd doo make wythin hys paleys a lytel pryson derke and obscure/ and he dyd do put vyenne and yfabeau in to that pryson/ and commaunded that they shold haue nothyng to ete but brede and water/ and one damoyfel in whome the dolphyn trusted shold brynge it to them And in thys manere vyenne & yfabeau passyd their tyme in grete forowe/ And thynke not that for thys pryson/ the hert of vyenne wold in ony wyse consente to the wylle of hyr fader/ but alway encreaced wyth hyr þ^e wylle toward hir fwete frende Parys/ and wyth fwete wordes she comforted yfabeau sayeng/ My dere suster abasshe you not for thys derkenes/ for I haue confydence in god/ that ye shal haue yet moche welthe/ For my fayr suster/ It is a moche ryghtful thyng that for the good knyzt parys whyche for me suffreth so moche payne/ that I suffre thys for hym/ and also I fay to you that al the paynes of this world be nothyng greuous to me whan I thynke on hys fwete vyfage/ And in thys manere that one comforted that other/ in spekyng alle day of the valyaunte knyght Parys/

¶ *How the sone of the duc of bourgoyn departed fro hys contreye for to come see the fayre lady Vyenne/*

WHan the sone of the duc of bourgoyne had abyden longe tyme in hys contree/ On a day he had grete thought of vyenne/

& that was for the grete beaute of hyr/ and it dysplefed hym moche that at hys beyng there he had not feen hyr/ and fo concluded to goo & fee hyr/ and it was not longe after that he cam to the dolphyn and the doulphyn receyued hym moche gladly and with grete honour/ Thenne prayed he the dolphyn that it myght plefe hym to shewe to hym vyenne also feke as she was/ For in the world was nothyng that he soo m^{ch}e defyred to see as hyr/ And the doulphyn feyng the wylle & defyre of hym wold noo lenger hyde hys courage/ but fayd to hym/ My fayr sone by the fayth that I owe to god/ I haue had grete defyre that thys maryage shold be made/ but my doughter for thys present tyme wyl take noo husbond ne be maryed wherfore I haue grete desplayfyr and that for the loue of you/ & to thende that ye knowe/ that it holdeth not on me/ I swere to you that sythe ye departed fro thys toun/ I haue doon hyr to be kepte in a pryson derke and obscure/ and hath eten nothyng but brede and water onely/ and haue sworn that she shal not goo oute of pryson tyl she shal consente to haue you in maryage/ And thus I praye you that ye take noo desplayfyr/ yf at thys tyme ye see hyr not/ for ye may not faylle to haue grete maryage/ in caas that this faylle you and thenne he anfuerd/ honourable fyr I praye you moche hertely/ fyth that it is so/ that er I retorne I may speke to hyr/ and I shal praye hyr as moche as I shal mowe/ and shal see yf by ony manere I may conuerte hyr fro hyr wylle/ thenne sayd the doulphyn he was contente/

Thenne he sente to his doughter clothyng and vestymentes for to clothe hyr/ and also mete for to ete/ For in two monethes she had eten but brede and water/ wherof she was moche feble/ and that shewed wel in her vyfage/ & thus he dyd by cause she shold consente to the maryage/ And thenne it was concluded/ that the sone of the duc of bourgoyne shold come see hyr & speke with hyr/ and thenne

whan Vyenne sawe thys and had receyued all & knewe that the sone of the duc of bourgoyne shuld come & speke wyth hyr she said to yfabeau hir damoyfel/ fayr suster beholde how my fader & moder wene by these vestymentes & thys henne that I shold ete to deceyue me and put me fro my purpoos/ but god forbode that I shold do so/ & thenne she took the henne/ & sayd to hyr that brought it/ fyth it playfeth to the sone of the duke to come & speke to me/ fay ye to hym that he may not come these iij dayes/ & whan he cometh that he brynge with hym the bysshop of Saynt laurens/ She that had brought to hyr the henne sayd alle thys vnto the doulphyn and to dame dyane hir moder/ ¶ Thenne vyenne took the two quarters of the henne and put them vnder hyr arme hooles/ and helde them there so longe/ that they stonken moche strongely/ ¶ And whan it came to the thyrd day/ the bysshop of Saynt Laurence and the sone of the Duke of Bourgoyne camen for to see vyenne/ and or they entred they opened a treylle whyche gaf lyght in to the pryson/

¶ Thenne whan the sone of the duc sawe Vyenne in the pryson he sayd to hir by grete pyte that he had/ Noble vyenne how wyl ye deye thus for hungre soo folyly by your owne defaulte/ ¶ And knowe ye not wel that your fader hath gyuen you to me to haue to my wyf/ wherfore I lyue in grete payne/ and in moche grete sorowe for the duresse of your courage/ wherof ye doo ryght grete synne/ And doubtte ye not that god punyssheth you for thynobedyence that ye doo to your fader and to your moder/ wherfore I praye you fayre Vyenne to telle to me for what cause ye wyl not haue me in maryage to your husbond/ Doubte ye that whan ye shall be wyth me/ that ye may not serue god as wel as ye now do that suffre thys payne/ I promyse you by my fayth þ^t ye shal haue playfaunces and lybertees in al the maners that ye shal conne demaunde/ Thenne I praye you

that ye wyl not here deye fo doloroufly/ and yf ye wyl not doo it for the loue of me/ yet at the leste do it for the loue of your fader and of your moder whyche lyue for you in grete forowe and in grete heuy-
neffe wherfore ye ought to haue pyte on them/

WHan Vyenne had herde these wordes she was quasi abafshed and sayd fyr sauynge your honour I am maryed/ how be it ye knowe hym not whome I haue in myn hert/ And also I knowe and graunte ryght wel that ye be worthy to haue one moche gretter and more hye a lady than I am/ and I late you wete that for hym that I defyre I shold suffre more payne than I fele/ And therefore I praye you that fro hens forth ye speke to me no more of thys mater/ And also I am fo euyl dysposed in my persone that yf it endure in me/ my lyf shal not be longe/ and yf it were honeste I shold shewe it you and than shold ye see how it stondeth wyth me/ Neuertheles approche ye ner to me/ & ye shall the better byleue me/ And the sone of the duke of bourgoyne & the byfshop of faynt laurence approched vnto vyenne/ fro whom yssued soo grete a stenche/ that vnnethe they myght suffre and endure it/ whiche fauour came fro vnder hyr arme holes of the two quarters of the henne/ whiche were roten/ And whan vyenne sawe that they had felte ynough of the stenche she sayd to them/ lordes ye may now knowe ynough in what aduenture I am dysposed/ Thenne they took leue hauyng grete compaffyon on hyr/ And they sayd to the dolphyn that vyenne was thēne half roten and that she stanke/ and demed in them self that she myght not lyue longe/ and that it shold be grete damage of hyr deth for the fouerayn beaute that was in hyr/ And Incontynent the sone of the duc of bourgoyn took hys leue of the doulphyn/ and returned in to hys contrey/ and

recounted to hys fader the lyf of vyenne/ wherof alle they that herde hym had grete pyte in theyr herte/

WHan the doulphyn fawe that the maryage was broken/ by the deffaulte of his doughter Vyēne/ he fware that she shold neuer departe fro thens/ but yf she wold consente to hys wylle/

And so she abode longe tyme in that pryson where she had grete thought and sorowe for hyr swete and trewe frende parys/ & hyr defyre was on noo thyng but for to here tydynges of parys hyr loue/ But in the estate that she was in/ no man myght brynge hyr tydynges/ And Edward the felowe of Parys seyng that Vyenne abode in soo grete payne/ and that none durst speke to hyr/ he had in his herte grete sorowe/ & was moche moeued of grete pyte/ and also for the grete loue that he had to parys/ And concluded to make a chapel in the chyrche that touched the palays of the doulphyn and in a corner he dyd do dygge so depe that it was nyghe to the foundement of the pryson/ wherein vyenne was/ and by cause he wold not haue the thyng dysclofed/ he wold that they shold dygge no ferther/ and whan the chapel was achyeued and fynnyshed/ Edward alle allone dygged hym self so ferre/ that he made an hole/ by whyche he spake to vyenne whan he wold whyche caue was made so secretly that no man myzt apperceyue it/ Soo it happed on a day Edward byhelde vyēne thurgh this hole/ & falewed hyr/ & thenne whan vyenne herd hym & knewe hym/ she had so grete Ioye & consolacyon/ that she femed that she was ryfen fro deth to lyf/ & the fyrst tydynges that Vyenne demaunded of hym were yf he knewe ony tydynges of parys & edward tolde to hir that it was not longe fyth/ that he had receyued a letter fro hym/ wryton at genes/ Thenne said vyēne al wepyng to hym/ alas whan shal þ^e day come that I shal

see hym/ & that doon I wold be cōtente that god shold do his wyll of me/ for none other thyng I defyre in this world/ Alas fayr brother what semeth you of my lyf & of this fayr-chambre in whyche I dwelle in/ certeynly I byleue veryly/ that yf parys knewe it/ þ' for his loue I suffre thus moche sorowe/ that the hert of hym shold swelte for sorowe/ and after she tolde to Edward the parlament that she had with the sone of the duc of bourgoyne/ & also of the henne/ & prayed hym þ' he wold sende worde of al thys to parys & that she recommaunded hyr to hym/ & also that she had none other hope in thys world but in hym/ Edward brought to hyr euery day fro thēne forthon mete & drynke/ & al that was necessarye to hyr/ for hyr lyf/ & comforted hyr with fayr wordes the best wyse he myght/ & Edward wrote al playnly to parys/ how for hungre she shold haue been dede/ ne had he ben/ whyche dayly pourucyed for hyr al that was to hym necessarye/ and he wrote to hym alle the manere that Vyenne had holden wyth the sone of the Duke of Bourgoyne And that thys fayre lady Vyenne defyred noo thyng in this world but for to see hym onely And also that she prayed hym that he shold not departe oute of the contree that he was in/

WHAN the noble Parys had receyued the letter fro Edward and knewe that vyenne abode in pryson/ it is no nede to demaunde yf he had grete desp[er]ayfyr/ & almoost was in suche caas/ as to lese his wytte for sorowe/ And on that other parte he had grete drede that she shold be maryed in eschewyng of the grete harme & payne that she suffred/ and herein he was pensyf nyght and day/ sayeng to hym self/ I see wel that I may not escape but that vyenne must nedes be maryed/ and by that moyen hyr loue and myn shal faylle/ Alas now see I wel that now me byhoueth noo hoope ne truste/

Alas caytyf and vnhappy what shal byfalle of me/ I shal goo so ferre/ that fro hyr I may neuer here tydynges/ ne also she fro me/ and after this he bygan ageyn hys complaynte sayeng/ O veray god of heuen wherfore hast thou not doon to me soo moche grace/ that in the stede of hyr I myght suffre the payne that she suffreth for me/ ¶ O cruel fortune ful of cruel tormente/ and what hath vyēe doon or made that she must suffre so greuous penaunce/ Alas were it not more reason/ Iustyce and cause that I whyche haue doon alle thys euyl bere the punycyon/ certes yes/

¶ *How Parys sente a letter to Edward hys felowe/*

AFter that he had made hys cōplaynte/ he wrote a letter vnto Edward/ doying hym to wyte how he had fouerayn sorowe for vyēe whiche was in pryson/ and he thanked hym of the goodnes and dylygence that he had doon toward hyr/ in prayeng hym that he neuer wold faylle hyr/ but contynuelly ayde and helpe hyr/ ¶ And after he wrote to hym how for veray dysplayfyr and melancolye he wold goo in to somme straunge contreye/ And that fro than forthon he shold sende to hym noo moo letters/ And that he neuer retche for to here moo tydynges fro hym/ nomore than of a deed persone/ ¶ Thenne whan Edward had receyued these letters fro Paris and knewe that he wold estraunge hym fro that contree of genes/ and wold goo in to a strange contreye he was moche wroth and fore agryeued/

¶ And thenne Incontyent parys¹ wente and tolde it to the fader and moder of Parys/ wherof they toke so grete sorowe that they supposed to haue losse theyr wytte/ And after edward wente and tolde

¹ Query *Edward.*

it also to vyenne/ whcrof it nedeth not to demaunde the grete sorowe that she had/ for it was so grete and ouermochē/ that yf edward had not comforted hyr/ she had been dede/ And thenne she complayned to ysabeau sayeng that sythen she neuer entended to here tydynges of hyr loue Parys she was ryght wel contente to deye and that she wold neuer more haue playfyr of no thyng that was in thys world/ and that thenne she wold that she were dede/ And ysabeau comforted hyr alwaye

¶ *How parys wente to shyppe at venyse/ for to goo to the holy sepulcre in Iherusalem/*

After that paris had sent the letter to Edward Incontynent he departed fro genes wyth hys seruante/ and wente to venyse where he took shyppyng/ and saylled so ferre that he cam to alexandrye/ where he abode a space of tyme/ & after in that contrey he enformed hym & lerned the waye to the moūte of caluarye and of Iherusalem/ and how he myght passe surely/ And afterward Parys concluded to goo in to that contrey a pylgrymage/ but tofore or he took hys waye/ he lerned for to speke the langage of moores/ And whan Parys coude wel speke mouryske/ he and his varlet took the waye toward ynde/ Ande so ferre laboured by theyr Iourneyes/ that they arryued in the londe of prester Iohan/ In whyche he dwelled a longe tyme And in that whyle hys berde grewe longe/ and after he took the habyte of a more/ and also lerned alle the custommes and maners of the contree/ And he had alle waye faste byleue in our lord Ihesu Cryste/ and in the glorious vyrgyn marye hys swete moder/ And thus abydyng in thys maner he had grete wylle to goo to Iherusalem to the holy sepulture/ for to see the holy fayntuaryes/ & for taccomplysſhe the holy pylgremage/ Thēne whan he was in

Iherufalem/ he fette al his courage in deuocyon/ & bycam fo deuoute that it was meruaylle/ and prayed contynuelly our lord that by the meryte of his passyon he wold gyue to hym saluacyon of hys soule/ & consolacyon for his body & also for fayr vyenne/ & after he departed fro thens and wente in to Egypte/ and arryued in the contree of the soudan/ & hys money bygan to faylle/ & hyred hym a litel hous wherin he dwellyd moche heuy and sorouful for hys Infortune/ And also he had grete desplayfyr whan he sawe other tryumphe and wexe lordes/ Now it happed on a day that parys wente to playe and dysporte hym out of the toun in the felde/ and there mette with the fawconners of the soudan/ whyche came fro hawkyng/ and emonge them was one fawcon moche seke/ and that fawcon the soudan loued beste of alle the other/ Thenne demaunded Parys of the fawconner what sekeneffe the fawcon had/ And the fawconner sayd to hym that he wyft not/ Thenne sayd paris truly yf he contynue in the maladye that he hath he shall not lyue thre dayes/ but yf ye doo that I shal say to you/ and yf he be not hole therwyth he shal neuer be hole/ Thenne sayd þ^e fawconner to hym/ I praye you that ye wyl telle me what I shal do for I enSURE you faythfully/ that yf ye may make hym hole/ it shal mowe auaylle you and me also and that I promyse you/ for the soudan had leuer lose the beste cyte that he hath than this fawcon/ Thenne Parys wente and fought certayn herbes/ and gaf them to the fawconner and bad hym to bynde them to the feet of the fawcon/ and so he dyd/ and sone after the fawcon amended and becam as hole as euer he had be tofore/ wherof þ^e soudan was moche Ioyous/ and for loue of thys fawcon/ the soudan made the fawconner a grete ferd¹ in hys courte/ Thenne the fawconner seyng that by the moyen

¹ Query *lord*.

of parys he had gotten thys lordshyp/ he dyd to hym moche playfyr/
 & shewed to hym as grete amytye and frendshyp as he¹ had ben hys
 brother/ & brought hym in the grace of the souldan/ and was re-
 ceuyed in to hys courte/ & the souldan loued hym soo wel/ that he
 gaf to hym grete offyce/ and mayntened hym in grete honour/ ye
 shal vnderstonde that in thys tyme regned a moche holy pope/ the
 whych was named Innocent/ and was a moche holy persone & de-
 nououte/ And it plesed soo hym that he gaf oute a croysee/ ayenst the
 fals myscreauntes & hethen men/ to the ende that the name of our lord
 Ihesu cryst were more sayntefyed and enhaunced thurgh out al crys-
 tyente/ And therefore was maad a grete counceyl emonge the car-
 dynals and prelates/ & was concluded by theyr parlament that thys
 croysee shold be wryton to the kyng of fraunce/ and to other kynges
 crysten/ dukes/ Erles and other grete lordes/ and so was it doon/

¶ *How the doulphyn came toward the kyng of Fraunce/*

WHAN the kyng of france had receuyed the letters fro the
 pope/ Incontynēt he sente for the doulphyn of vyennoys/ that
 he shold come and speke wyth hym/ the whiche Incontynēt came at
 his commaundement/ Thenne the kyng fayd to hym/ Syr Godefroy/
 we haue made you to come hyther/ for ye be one of þ^e moost wyfest of
 our courte/ & also ye be of our lygnage/ And we late you wete that
 our holy fader the pope hath wryton to vs that he hath yeuen a
 croysee ayenst the mescreaūtes wherfore we for the loue and reuerence
 of god entēde for to goo thyder/ Neuertheles we haue aduyfed/ that
 ye shold goo fyrst in to thoo partyes/ & we praye you for the loue

¹ Caxton has *be*.

and reuerence of god that ye take on you the charge for to espye the contrees and also the passages/ Thenne the doulphyn sayd/ I am redy & apparaylled to do your comaundement wyth good wylle/ But how shal I mowe doo it for to passe surely emonge the hethen peple/ For yf they apperceyue in ony wyse that I goo for to espye theyr contree/ I shal not conne escape/ but that I must deye by cruel deth yf god kepe me not/ Thenne sayd the kyng ye may goo and your companye surely clothed in habyte of pylgryms/ for ye knowe wel that thys is not the fyrst tyme/ that many crysten men haue been in the holy londe/ wherfor I praye you yet eft ones that in þ^e name of Ihesu cryst that ye make you redy for to goo thyder/ and take wyth you of our knyghtes as meny as it shal playse you/

¶ Thenne the doulphyn feyng the wylle of the kyng/ and that Incontynent he must departe/ he sente letters to hys wyf/ that he wold goo in to the holy londe to seche the holy sayntuaryes & pylgrymages/ and prayed hyr that she moche wysely shold gouerne hys londe/ & that vyenne hys doughter shold not escape oute of pryson tyl he retourned for in shorte tyme he wold come ageyn/

¶ *How the Doulphyn took hys shyppe for to goo in to Iherusalem;*

AFter that the doulphyn had taken hys shyppe/ & passed in to Surrye and damaske/ to Iherusalem and in many other places/ & had aduyfed and espyed moche wysely and wel alle the contree/ And enquiryed of the crysten men that dwellyd there many thynges/ without dyscoueryng his wylle and entente/ Neuertheles somme euyl crysten men for to gete money tolde it vnto the souldan of babylone/

¶ Thenne whan the souldan knewe it/ he maad noo femblaunte/ but Incontynent he made all the passages to be kept where as the pyl-

gryms went by in fuche manere as the doulphyn was taken & alle hys companye wyth hym in a place called Ramon not ferre fro Iherusalem/ whyche was brought tofore the fouldan/ and he ordeyned that the doulphyn shold be tormented and pyned/ The doulphyn seyng hym self in fuche a poynte fayd that they shold not tormente hym/ and he wold say to them the trouthe/ & thus he recounted to the fouldan how the Pope had gyuen oute a croyfee ayenst them/ & how he was comen to espye the contreye/ whan the fouldan sawe thys/ he fayd that he wold aduise hym of what deth he wold do hym to deth/ in maner that al other shold take enfaumple/ And commaunded that anone he shold be ledde in to alyfandrye/ & there to be put in to an harde pryson/ and also that none shold gyue to hym but brede and water/ Thenne the doulphyn was brought in to Alyfandrye/ & was put in to an hard and stronge toure/ & there he suffred a myferable lyf/ and had kepars that kept hym nyzt and day/ Thus was the doulphyn in grete forowe/ thynkyng neuer to yssue out of þ' pryson but dede/ Neuertheles the Pope and the kyng of Fraunce dyd ofte tymes grete payne to haue hym out by fynaunces/ but they myght not haue hym/ ¶ For the fouldan fayd that he shold do on hym fuche punycyon/ that al other shold take enfaumple/ Now late vs leue to speke of the doulphyn/ and retorne we to Parys that knewe no thyng of these tydynges

Now recounteth thyfstorye that parys was in babylone lyke as ye haue tofore herde/ whyche knewe noo thyng of thys fayte/ So it happed that by aduenture ij freres relygyous fought thyndulgences of the holy lande & aryueden in babylone/ where they wold see the feygnorye & the puyssaunce of the fowdan/ For thenne the fowdan helde hym in Babylone wyth moche grete puyssaunce/ These

two freres were of these partyes/ whyche beyng in tho partyes it happed as they wente in the towne parys fonde them/ Thenne parys falewed them & demaunded of these partyes and sayd to them in thys manere/ After that I haue herde say emonge you crysten men ye haue a Pope/ the whyche is moche stronge & puyffaunt/ And also ye haue many kynges/ & grete lordes/ & so grete townes cytees and castellys/ that I haue merueyll how ye suffre that we that be not of your lawe haue the feygnorye of the holy lande whiche ought to apperteyne to you as ye say/ And whan the freres had herde Parys thus speke/ they were fore aferde/ And one of them ansuerd in the langage of moure/ For they wyft none other but parys was a moure/ & so dyd al they of the contrey/ & he sayd to hym/ Syr I byleue wel that ye haue herd say/ that in our partyes been assembled grete compaynes of peple & men of warre for to come in to thyse partyes/ by cause that our holy fader the Pope/ hath graunted oute a croysee/ and in the tyme whyles our men of warre assembled/ the kyng of fraunce whiche is the gretteft of crystyente/ sente a noble baron whyche is named the doulphyn of vyennoys for to vyfyte and espye these partyes/ Thenne he beyng in these partyes/ the souldan sette men in fuche places where as the pylgryms were accustomed to passe/ And sodeynly he dyd do take hym in a cyte named Ramon/ and after sente hym in to Alyfandrye/ and there sette hym in an euyl pryson/ wherein I suppose that he be dede/ and thus for thys cause/ the fayt was dyscouerd/ Thenne sayd Parys how is that lord named/ Thenne sayd the frere/ he is named godefroy of Allaunson doulphyn of vyennoys/ And whan parys herde thys he was moche abasshed/ but he made noo semblaunter/ And thought in hys hert/ that hys aduenture myght yet come to good and effecte/ Thenne he demaunded them of many thynges/ and sayd to them/ that he wold more speke

to them another tyme/ and demaunded them where they were lodged/
and they tolde hym more for drede than for louc/ for they thought
he wold haue doon to them somme harme/

WHan Parys was departed fro the freres/ he was moche penyf
how and in what maner he myght goo in to Alexandrye for
to see the doulphyn/ & how he myght gete hym oute of pryson/ and
so moche he thought on his fayte/ that he purposed to goo to the
hoftry where the freres were lodged/ and soo wente thyder/ & whan
the freres sawe hym/ they were fore aferde Thenne parys took them
by the handes/ and ladde them to solace thurgh þ^e cyte spekyng of
many thynges alwaye in the langage of moure/ & sayd to them/ I
haue grete desyre to see that crysten knyght whiche is in alexandrye
For I haue alwaye had good wylle to the crysten men/ peradventure
I myght yet wel helpe hym/ & yf ye wyl come with me I promyse
you by my lawe/ that I shal make you good chere/ & doubte ye
nothyng/ and thenne whan the freres herde hym thus speke they
wyft not what to ansuer/ they had so grete fere/ Neuertheles they
trustyng in the mercy of god/ they promysed hym/ that they shold
goo wyth hym/ though they shold deye/ & prayden god in theyr
courage that he wold graunte grace that he myght come oute of
pryson/ Thenne Parys had grete playsyr of the ansuer of the freres
& wende neuer to see þ^e houre/ that he myght be wyth the doulphyn
for to see the ende of his aduventure/ and so departed fro the freres/
and wente straye to the faulconner of the souldan wyth whom he had
grete knowleche/ & fayd to hym/ Seynour I thanke you of the grete
honour/ curtosye & gentylnes that ye haue do to me/ & playse it
you to wyte that I wyl departe fro hens in to alysandrye/ and I pro-
myse to you that for your loue I shall not tarye longe/ but that I

shal retorne hyther ageyn/ And by cause I am there vnknownen/ and that I neuer was there/ I praye you ryght humbly/ that I myzt haue a maundement of the fouldan/ that he commaunde to the gouernours that I may goo thorough alle hys londe surely/ For ye knowe wel that one may not kepe hym ouer wel fro euyl peple/ Therefore I praye you and requyre that ye wyl gete me fuche a maundement/ and also that ye wyl commaunde me humbly to the good grace of my lord the fouldan/ and forthwyth the faulconner wente to the fouldan and made hys requeste for Parys/ & Incontynent the fouldan graunted hym al hys defyre/ sayeng that it moche desplayfed hym/ of the departyng of parys & yf he wold abyde & dwelle in hys courte he wold make hym a grete lord/ Thenne the faulconner sayd/ Dere fyr he hath promysed me/ that in short tyme he shal retorne/ Thenne the fouldan dyd do make the maundement lyke as he wold deuyse/ chargyng al his lordes offycers & subgettes of townes cytees & castellys of his londe that they shold do to hym grete honour/ & that they shold gyue & delyuer to hym al that shold be necessarye to hym wythout takyng ony money or ony other thyng of hym/ And also the fouldan gaf to Parys many ryche clothes & vestymentes of cloth of gold and of fylke/ and also he gaf to hym grete trefour/ prayeng hym that he shold not longe tarye/ but hastely retorne ageyn/ & promysed hym that he shold make hym a grete lord/ and delyuerd hys maundement/ the whyche was sealed wyth the propre seale of the fouldan/ and fygnd wyth hys owne hande

WHan Parys had receyued alle these thynges that the fouldan had gyuen to hym/ he took leue of hym and of hys courte & went with the freres in to Alexandrye/ Incontynent after he was

comen he shewed the maundement to the admyral/ the whyche anon after he had seen it dyd grete honour to Parys/ and delyuerd to hym a fayr lodgyng pourueyed of al thynges necessfarye/ and delyuerd another to the freres/ Thadmyral came euery day to see parys in hys lodgyng for to do hym honour and companye/ and wente & rode to gyder thorough the cyte/ and by cause that Parys was rychely clad/ euery man made to hym grete honour and sayd that he femed wel to be the sone of some grete moure And on a day as they rode in the cyte they passed forth by the toure where as the dolphyn was in pryson/ ¶ Thenne Parys demaunded of the admyral what toure it was that was so fayre/ Thenne he tolde to hym þ' it was a moche cruel pryson & terryble In whyche the souldan helde a prysonner a grete lord & baron of the theste¹/ whyche was comen for tespye these contreyes/ Thene sayd parys I praye you late vs goo see hym/ & the admyral sayd he shold gladly/ Thenne they alyghted fro their horses/ & entred in to the pryson/ and whan parys sawe the doulphyn/ he had in hys hert grete desplaysyr/ by cause of the myferable & forouful lyf that he suffred/ & Parys demaūded of þ^e kepars what man he was/ And they sayd/ that he was a grete baron of Fraunce/ Thenne sayd parys/ vnderfondeth he mouryshe/ and they sayd nay/ but that notwythstondyng yf he wold speke to hym/ that they shold fynde tourchemen ynough/ Thenne sayd Parys he wold retorne another day for to demaunde of hym of the partyes of the weste/ & prayed thadmyral to gyue comandement to the kepars/ that as ofte as he shold come/ that they shold shewe hym to hym/ & Incontynent he comanded lyke as parys had desyred/ & thenne they departed/ & a fewe dayes after parys retorned and came to the pryson

¹ Query *weste*.

and brought one of the freres wyth hym that coude speke mouryſke/
 & whan they were wythin the pryſon/ paris ſayd to the frere that he
 ſhold ſawe hym curtoſly/ Neuertheles the frere knewe noo thyng
 that parys coude ſpeke frenſhe/ Thenne the frere ſayd to the doul-
 phyn/ that that lord was come for to vyſyte hym/ & that he loued wel
 cryſten men/ & that he was wel in the grace of the ſouldan/ and that
 he truſted ys moche in hym as in ony man of hys contreye/ & thus
 the frere demaunded many thynges of the doulphyn in the name of
 parys/ and ſayd yf he myght doo for hym he wold gladly

WHan the doulphyn herde the relygious frere thus ſpeke in the
 perſone of the moure/ he was moche abaffhed in hys courage/
 byſechyng our lord that he wold put hym in ſuche courage & good
 wyll for to brynge hym out of pryſon Parys deſyred to here tyd-
 ynges of the fayr vyenne ſayd to the frere/ that he ſhold aſke of the
 doulphyn yf he had ony wyf or chyldren/ Thenne the dolphyn
 began to wepe/ & ſaid that he had a wyf/ & a doughter holden for
 the fayreſt of Fraunce/ whom he helde in pryſon bycauſe ſhe wold
 take noo huſbond/ Thenne paris began to comforte hym by the
 mouthe of the frere/ ſayeng that he ſhold take alle in pacyence/ &
 god ſhold yet ones delyuer hym oute of pryſon/ by whyche wordes
 the doulphyn was ſo reioyced & Ioyous/ that hym ſemed that god
 had appyered to hym/ & the doulphyn ſayd to the frere that it was
 grete pyte that the moure was not cryſten/ & prayed our lord that he
 wold gyue to hym puyſſaunce to kepe hym in that good wyll that
 he had & ſo departed that one fro that other moche comforted/
 Thenne parys ſayd to the kepars that he had founde ſo grete playſyr
 in the pryſonner/ that he wold ofte tymes come for to dysporte hym
 and they ſayd whan it playſed hym he ſhold retorne & be welcome/

and thenne parys fayd to the freres that were in þ' place yf I thought to be sure of you/ I thynke wel to fynde the moyen to brynge thys pryfonner out of pryson/ & the freres were moche admerueyelled of thys whiche parys had fayd to them/ and they fayd to hym/ by the fayth that we owe to our god/ that of vs ye nede not to doubte/ & in caas that ye be in wylle late vs affaye but it must be doon secreately/ for ye see wel how many kepars been there contynuelly/ Thenne fayd Parys I shal gyue to you good counceyl and remedye of alle thys/ but I wyl haue two thynges/ The fyrst thyng is I wyl that ye goo wyth me/ That other is that he shal gyue to me my lyuyng honourably in hys contre/ for I am in grete doubte whan I haue delyuerd hym/ and shal be in hys contreye that he wyl sette nought by me/ and I can noo mestyer ne crafte/ and soo I myght be wel deceyued/ Therefore yf he wyl assure me/ & that he wyl gyue to me a yeste suche as I shal demaunde hym whan I shal be in hys contreye/ I shal delyuer hym & shal leue my contree for loue of hym/ & ye may see in what estate I am/

ON the morne Parys and the freres came in to the pryson & the frere recounted al thys to the doulphyn/ & whan the doulphyn vnderstood thys/ hym thought that god bare hym awaye/ & fayd/ I thanke god & thys moure of the good wylle that he hath toward me/ For I neuer dyd hym seruyce ne playsyr wherfore he ought to do so moche for me/ Neuertheles I hope that is the playsyr of god that he shal delyuer me oute of pryson/ I am redy to swere vpon the body of Ihesu Cryst or I euer departe from hens/ that affone as I shal be in myn owne lande I shal mayntene hym in more gretter estate/ than he ne is here and I wyl that he doo alle hys wylle of al my londe/ for it shal suffyfe to me onely that I haue a lyuyng

for me and my wyf/ and I shal do al that he wylle/ and so fay ye to hym on my behalue/ And thenne the frere tolde al to parys that whych the doulphyn had sayd and promysed to do/ and to thende that parys shold be more sure/ he sayd to the frere that he shold brynge tofore hym the body of our lord Ihesu cryst/ and that tofore hym he shold swere to holde alle that he promysed/ and the frere tolde it to Parys/ and the doulphyn sware it tofore Parys to accomplyshe alle that he had promysed And whan he had sworne/ to the ende that Parys shold be the better contente/ the doulphyn receyued the precyous body of our lord Ihesu Cryst/ sayeng that it shold be to the dampnacyon of hys soule/ in caas that he accomplyshed not al that he had promysed whan they shold be in his londe/ and whan thys was doo parys and the freres departed fro the doulphyn/ and wente to the porte/ for to wyte yf there were ony fuste that wold come hytherward/ and by aduenture they fonde a fuste/ and Parys wyth the freres spake to the patrone/ and promysed hym a M besaunts of gold yf they wold lete haue passage fyue perfones/ The Patron seyng the grete trefour/ sayd to them that he was contente/ but he wold haue half at the porte/ and sayd to them/ lordes I praye you make you redy/ For in caas that the moures of thys londe fonde vs we shold be al dede ¶ Thenne sayd Parys make your self al redy/ for thys nyght at mydnyght I shal come/ And after thys Parys retorned to hys lodgyng & dyd do make redy moche vytayll and the best wyne that he coude gete & he with the freres maad prouysyon of alle other thynges and mantellys and towellys/

WHan al was redy parys wente to the kepars of the pryson and sayd/ I thanke you many tymes of the playfyr that ye haue doon to me/ I wyl now departe fro hens for to retorne to my lord

the fouldan/ but for your loue I wyl soupe wyth you thys nyght and praye yow that we may soupe to gyder/ & they answerd that it wel pleased them for his loue. Thenne Parys fente for the vytayll & for the wyn/ and after it was come/ they souped to gyder/ And the kepars which had not been accustomed to drynke wyn/ dranke so moche that they alle were dronke/ & Incontynent leyd them down to slepe/ & slepte so faste/ that for noo thyng they coude not awake them/ & whan parys sawe that/ he sayd to the freres/ that they shold vnfeter the doulphyn/ & that they shold opene the yates of the pryson/ & yf ony of the kepars awake I shal flee hym/ Thenne the freres began to vnfetere the doulphyn wyth grete drede/ prayeng god to be theyr ayde and helpe/ And whan the doulphyn was loos he cladde hym lyke a moure. After Parys flewe alle the kepars one after another by cause yf they awoke they shold not come after them/

THys doon/ the doulphyn wyth parys and his varlet/ and the two freres camen to the porte/ and hastely entred in to the fuste which was al redy/ and wonde vp theyr faylle/ and by the helpe of god began so fast to faylle that wythin fewe dayes they arryueden in a place that thenne was crysten and there the doulphyn wente a londe by cause he was moche greued and annoyed as wel of the see/ as for the harme that he had suffred in pryson/ and there borrowed money/ and fro thens came in to cypres/ where was a kyng whyche had dwellyd in the courte of the kyng of fraunce. The whiche as sone as he knewe that the doulphyn of vyennoys was come/ he went to mete hym and prayed hym that he wold come and lodge in hys paleys/ And the doulphyn wente thyder/ wherof the kyng had grete Ioye/ & there he made hym grete chyere/ for many tymes they had seen eche other in þ^e kynges court of Fraunce/ and after the kyng

demaunded hym of his aduventure/ & the doulphyn recounted it to hym al alonge/ and bycause of the comyng of the doulphyn he made moche grete feste/ and receyued hym moche hyely/ and made hym to foiourne there as longe as it playfed hym/ And whan the doulphyn had foiourned there at his playfyr/ he took leue of the kyng and of al hys courte/ thankyng hym moche of the grete playfyr þ^t he had doon to hym/ The kyng feyng that the doulphyn wold departe/ he gaf to hym grete yestes/ and dyd do arme two galleyes whyche accompanied hym/ and brought hym vpon the see/ and had soo good wynde that in fewe dayes after they brought hym in to aygues mortes/

WHan the doulphyn was arryued/ the knyghtes of the doulphyne herde it anone/ and forthwyth maad them redy & went to horsback & mette wyth hym at aygues mortes/ & there receyued hym in grete honour/ & so came forth the ryzt waye to vyenne/ and for Ioye of hys comyng/ al they of the cyte made a moche noble and meruayllous feste/ whyche endured wel fyftene dayes/ & the playfyr & Ioye was so grete emonge them by cause they had recouerd theyr lord/ that noo man shold and coude haue thought it/ Parys in alle this wyse neuer chaunged hys vesture ne clothyng but contynuelly wente to maffe/ and by the commaundement of the doulphyn the people dyd hym grete reuerence & honour/ so moche that parys was ashamed therof/ and spake noo thyng but mouryke/ And he had a grete berde/ and made to noo persone of the world ony knowleche/ and after a whyle of tyme/ the doulphyn for taccomplyfhe that he had promysed to parys by the frere/ dyd do say to parys and do demaunde yf he wold haue the feygnourye of hys londe and contree/ For he was al redy for taccomplyfhe that/ whyche he had

promysed/ And Parys made to hym anfuere/ that he shold kepe styлле hys londe/ Thenne the doulphyn dyd do demaūde hym yf he wold haue hys doughter vyenne/ and parys made the frere to say ye/ for that pleased hym wel/ And thenne they wente to hyr/

¶ Thenne whan they were tofore Vyenne the frere spake first Madame ye knowe wel that my lord your fader hath ben a grete whyle in pryson/ and yet shold haue been/ ne had haue been/ thys moure/ whyche hath faued hym/ puttyng hys persone in ryght grete peryl and daunger for the loue of my lord your fader/ And thus ye may wel knowe how moche he is holden to hym/ & by cause herof your fader is subget to hym euer/ wherfore your fader prayeth you that vpon al the playfyr that ye wyl doo for hym/ that ye wyll take hym for your husbond/ And he shal pardonne all the desplayfyr that euer ye dyd to hym/ whan the frere had fynyfshed his wordes/ vyenne anfuere to hym sayeng/ The byfshop of saynt laurence knoweth wel that is here present that it is longe syth that yf I wold haue be maryed/ I myght haue ben maryed wyth more honour vnto my fader/ than vnto this moure/ for the sone of the duc of borgoyne had espoused me yf I wold haue consented but god hath put me in suche a maladye/ that I may not longe lyue in this world/ & euery day my maladye encreaceth & so enpayreth me that I am half roten wherfor I praye you to say to my fader that he holde me excused/ for at thys tyme I wyl not be maryed/ Thenne they took theyr leue of vyenne & recounted alle thys to the doulphyn/ Thēne the doulphyn sayd to the frere that he shold say it to the moure/ & so the frere tolde it al to parys/ and thenne parys which was aferde to lese the loue of vyenne/ wente for to see hyr in the pryson with the frere & the byfshop of saynt laurence/ Thenne whan Parys sawe vyenne in that dysposycyon/ he had moche grete sorowe & grete merueylle/ and thenne he

made the frere to falewe hyr in hys name/ and vyenne anfuerd vnto hys gretyng ryght curtoyfly/ & the frere fayd in the name of parys/ Madame ye knowe wel I haue delyuerd your fader oute of pryfon/ wherof ye ought to haue synguler playfyr/ & yet he shold haue been there yf I had not haue been and holpen hym oute/ & he pardoneth you with good hert and good wyll alle the desplayfyr that euer ye dyd ageynst hys playfyr/ And prayeth you that ye take me for your husbond/ and wyll that we haue the lordshyp of the doulphyne/ and therfor I praye you/ that neyther ye nor I lose not thys honour/ ¶ And yet more though thys were not/ ye ought not to dyfobeye the commaundementes of your fader/ ¶ And thenne vyenne anfuerd to the frere as to the persone of Parys fayeng/ I knowe well that ye haue delyuerd my fader oute of pryfon/ Not wythstondyng my fader shal haue suche regarde ageynst you that ye shal lese noo thyng/ ¶ And I wote wel that ye be a man of grete lygnage/ & are thorthy¹ to haue a gretter lady than I am/ But the byshop of seynt Laurence whyche is present knoweth wel that for the maladye that I am in/ I may not longe lyue/ & thene fayd the frere in his name this is by cause I am a moure that ye refuse me/ I promyse you that I shal become crysten/ but I thynke wel that yf ye knewe who that I am/ and what I haue lefte for to brynge your fader oute of pryfon/ that ye wold preysse me more than ye doo/ knowe ye for certeyn that your fader shal be pariured/ for he hath promysed that ye shal be my wyf wherof ye shal haue blame/ therefore yf it playse you graunte ye hym hys wyll/ Thenne fayd vyenne/ lord I haue herd fay moche good of you/ & that ye be he that haue doon so moche for my fader/ but neuertheles in the maladye in the whyche I am/ none ought to coun-

¹ Read *worthy*.

ceyl me to take an hufbond/ For my lyf may not longe endure/ and by caufe that ye may knowe that I fay trouth approche ye ner to me/ & ye fhall fele and fmelle in what dyfpofycyon I am of my perfone/ And thenne they approuched ner to hyr/ and vyenne had put two quarters of an henne vnder hyr two arme hooles/ and there yffued fo grete ftenche that the byfshop ne the frere myght not fuffre it/ Neuertheles the ftynche was to parys a good odour/ for he fmellyd it not & fayd I wote not what ye fmelle/ for I fele none euyl fauour/ And they meruaylled ftongely/ by caufe he felte not the odour/ And the frere fayd in parys name/ For this odour fhall I neuer leue you & I affure you I fhall neuer departe fro hens vntyl ye haue contented to that your fader wyl/ and vyenne anwerd moche angrely & fayd by the fayth that I owe to god I fhall rather rene wyth my hede ayenft the walle that I fhall make my brayn yffue oute of my mouth/ & fo fhall ye be the occafyon of my dethe/ Thene fayd the frere ye fhall not fo doo madame/ For I promyfe you fro hens forth/ that I fhall neuer fpeke more to you/ fythe that it is not your wylle ne pleyfyr/ but atte lefte of one thyng I praye you/ that this nyght ye aduyfe you/ and I fhall retorne to morn for to haue of you an anfuere/ and ye fhall take counceyll of your felowe/ and I praye to god that ye may be wel counceylled/ and alle thefe thynges fayd the frere in the name of parys to vyenne/ And after they took theyr leue of vyenne/ and fayd alle to the doulphyn/ wherof he was thenne moche dyspleafed/ and bad the frere to telle it alle vnto Parys for to excufe hym/ and that he fhould not leue the blame on hym/ ¶ And whan they were departed fro vyenne/ fhe fayd to ysabeau/ My fayr fufter/ what femeth you of the wyfedom of my fader/ that thynketh that I fhould take thys moure to my hufbond/ and haue refused the fone of the Duke of bourgoyne/ but god forbede that euer in my lyf

I haue other lord than Parys to myn husbond/ whome I hope yet to haue/ & yfabeau sayd/ Certes Madame I wote not what to say of your fader whyche wold gyue you to a moure in maryage/ I haue therof grete thought/ for he hath sayd that he shal retorne to morn to see you/ and hath sayd that ye shold remembre and aduyse you/

¶ *How Parys came to see vyenne in the pryson/ and how she knewe hym/*

AND on the morn betymes Parys cladde hym moche more rychely than he had be accustomed/ & gyrde wyth a moche ryche swerde/ and came to the pryson with the frere and the frere sayd to hyr/ Madame we been returned for to knowe your good answer/ and your entencion/ And vyenne anfuerd/ lordes myn entencion is that I shal neuer breke my promesse that I haue made/ For I haue auowed that I shal neuer take husbond/ ne goo oute of this pryson/ but dede sauf hym to whome I haue promysed/ and therefore retorne ye in good tyme ¶ Thenne sayd the frere/ by my fayth I wote not what to say/ for it is grete dommage that ye suffre so moche sorowe & payne/ and fyth it is thus your wylle & that ye wyl none otherwyse do/ Neuertheles the moure prayeth you/ that it may playse you to do to hym so moche grace/ that fyth ye wyl not take hym in maryage/ that ye wyl were thys rynge for the loue of hym/ Now thys rynge was the fame rynge that vyenne gaf to parys whan he departed fro hyr in the hows of the chappelayn/ and vyenne by cause they shold nomore come ageyn took the rynge/ & whan she had receyued the rynge/ parys sayd to the frere/ I praye you that ye tarye a lytel wythoute/ For I wyl see what countenance she wyl make of the rynge/ and the frere sayd gladly/ Neuertheles he mer-

uaylled moche/ and Incontynent the frere wente oute/ and vyenne began to beholde the ryngē/ and whan parys sawe that vyenne byhelde the ryngē so strongly/ he began to speke in hys playne tongue/ and sayd/ O moche noble lady why be ye so moche admeruayled of that ryngē/ Thenne sayd vyenne/ Certes to my femyng I sawe neuer a fayrer/ ¶ Thenne sayd parys/ Therefore I praye you that ye take therin playfyr for the more that ye byholde it the more ye shal prayse it/

WHAN Vyenne herde the moure thus speke/ thēne she was more admeruaylled than tofore/ and was as a persone al abafshed and sayd/ Alas am I enchanted/ & what is thys that I see and here speke And in sayeng these wordes she wold haue fledde for fere oute of the pryson/ by cause she herde the moure so speke/ thenne sayd parys/ O moche noble lady vyenne/ meruaylle ye noo thyngē/ ne haue ye noo doubtē/ lo here is parys your true seruante/ and vyenne was thēne abafshed more than tofore/ Certes sayd she this may not be but by werke enchanted/ & parys sayd/ Noble lady hit is none enchanted werke/ For I am your seruante parys whyche leste you with ysabeau in fuche a chyrche/ & there ye gaf to me the dyamond whiche now I haue delyuerd to you and there ye promysed to me that ye wold neuer take husbond but me/ and be ye noo thyngē admeruaylled of the berde ne of the vesture that I were/ for they take awaye the knowleche of me/ & many other wordes sayd parys to vyenne/ by whyche she knewe clerely that he was parys and for the fouerayn loue that she bare to hym/ & for the grete Ioye that she had/ she began to wepe in hys armes/ and tembrace and kyffe hym moche swetely/ and there they comforted eche other wyth swete wordes/ & so abode longe tyme/ vyēne coude not ynough kyffe hym

& embrace hym/ and also parys demaunded of hyr of hyr aduenture/
 & she tolde hym alle/ And of alle thys yfabeau had nothyng herde
 of/ for she was faste a flepe by cause she had watched alle the nyght
 byfore/ and for the grete Ioye and swetenes that parys & vyēne de-
 meanted bytwene them she awoke/ and whan she sawe vyenne beyng
 embraced with the moure she sayd/ Madame what is thys that ye do/
 haue ye losse your wytte/ that so embrace this moure/ hath he en-
 charnted you that ye suffre hym soo famylyer wyth you/ and is this
 the fayth that ye kepe to parys/ for whom ye haue suffred so moche
 payne & forowe/ and vyenne sayd/ Swete suster say ye noo suche
 wordes/ but come & take your parte of the solace that I haue/ for
 also wel haue ye founden good aduenture as I haue/ See ye not here
 my swete parys/ whome so moche we haue desyred/ Thenne yfabeau
 approached ner to hym & byhelde hym wel and sawe that it was parys/
 and she wente & kyssed hym/ & demened so moche grete Ioye by-
 twene them thre/ that there is noo persone in the world that myght
 say ne thynke it/ but so abode a grete whyle in thys foulas and Ioye/
 tyl atte laste parys spack/ Swete vyenne it byhoueth that we goo hens
 tofore my lord the dolphyn your fader/ For now fro hens forth it
 is necessarye that he knowe alle our fayte/ Neuertheles I praye you
 to say nothyng/ tyl I desyre you/ and al thre came oute of the pry-
 son/ and fonde the frere whyche meruaylled gretely and alle they to
 gydre wente to the doulphyn/ whyche had souerayn playsyr whan he
 saw them And neuertheles he was moche abafshed how his doughter
 was so come/ and thenne parys sayd to the frere/ Say ye to the doul-
 phyn that I haue conuerted hys doughter to hys wyll and to myn/
 & that it playse hym that she be my wyf/ & the frere sayd soo/
 Thenne the doulphyn sayd to hys doughter/ wyl ye take thys man
 for your husbond/ whyche hath delyuerd me oute of pryson in grete

peryl of hys perfone/ Thenne demaunded vyenne of Parys yf he wold that she shold speke/ and parys sayd ye/ And thenne Vyenne sayd to the doulphyn/ My fader I am redy to do your commaundement and hys/ and praye you to pardonne me & to gyue to me your benedyctyon/ and whan she sayd thus/ hyr fader pardonned hyr and gaf to hyr hys blessing & kyffed hyr/ Thenne sayd vyenne loo here is my good frende Parys whome I haue so moche desyred/ and for whome I haue suffred so moche payne & forowe and fader thys is he that so swetely songe and floyted/ and that wanne the Ioustes in thys cyte/ and bare with hym the shelde of crystal and my garlonde/ & also thys is he that wanne the Ioustes in the cyte of paris and wanne there the thre baners wyth the iij Jewellys/ and went awaye with them wythoute knowyng of ony man/ And also he hath delyuerd you out of pryson puttyng hys lyf in leopardye for you/ and whan the doulphyn vnderstood al thys he was meruayllously glad and Ioyous/ After al thys parys went to his fader/ & whan he sawe hym and knewe that he was hys sone parys/ whome he had so longe desyred to see/ he embraced hym & kyffed hym/ & for the Ioye that he had he coude not speke a word and after alle the other lordes & knyghtes ranne for tembrace & kyffe hym/ and after this Ioye Parys fader sayd to the doulphyn/ ¶ My lord playse it you that I may borowe my sone home to my hous for to see his moder and hys felowe Edward/ ¶ Thenne sayd the doulphyn it playseth me ryght wel onely for thys day/ For to morn I wyl that the maryage of hym & my daughter be made & solempnyfed here/ And thenne messyre Iaques wente with hys sone vnto hys hous/ And whan he was there/ verayly his fader/ his moder/ and hys felowe Edward wyft not where they were for Ioye and playfyr that they had and that was noo wonder/ for they had no moo chyl dren but hym/ and he shold wedde

the doughter of their lord/ and also Parys was in that tyme become
a valyaunte knyght/ and ful of al beaulte/ and for many reasons it
was no meruayll though they had in hym grete Ioye and playfyr/ &
Edward demaunded of hym of hys aduenture/ & many other thynges/
And he recounted and tolde hym alle/

¶ *How Parys espoused and wedded vyenne/ and of the feste
that was there made/*

THenne on the morn the dolphyn gaf his doughter in maryage
to parys And the feste was moche noble and sumptuous/
For moche peple were comen thyder for to see the feste/ and it
endured fyftene dayes/ And the playfyr and solace whyche was doon
for the loue of Parys and of vyenne was soo grete/ that vnnethe it
may be byleued/ whyche parys and Vyenne lyued to gyder a grete
whyle in ryght grete consolacyon and playfyr/ but after thaccom-
plysshement of the maryage/ the fader and moder of parys lyueden
not longe after in thys world/ and Parys had by vyenne hys wyf thre
chyl dren/ that is to wete two fones & one doughter/ And the doul-
phyn ordeyned for them moche noble matrymonye/ And parys after
the deth of hys fader and his moder wold that Edward hys dere
felowe shold be herytyer of al the goodes that hys fader lefte and
gaf to hym ysabeau to hys wyf/ whyche lyued to gyder longe tyme
in grete loue and concorde/ And sone after the doulphyn & hys wyf
deyeden/ And thenne was Parys doulphyn¹ and had the possessyon
of al the feygnourye/ the whyche lyued wyth vyenne in thys world
fourty yere and ledde a good and holy lyf/ in so moche that after

¹ Caxton has *doulybyn*.

thentendement of fomme men they be fayntes in heuen/ & they deyed bothe in one yere/ And femblably Edward and yfabeau deyed bothe tweyne in one yere/ Therefore late vs praye vnto our lord that we may doo fuche werkes in this world/ that in fuche wyfe we may accompanye them in the perdurable glorye of heuen Amen.

¶ Thus endeth thyftorye of the noble and valyaunt knyght parys and the fayr vyenne doughter of the doulphyn of Vyennoyes/ translated out of frenfhe in to englyfhe by wylliam Caxton at westmefre fynyfhed the laft day of Auguft the yere of our lord M CCCC lxxxv and enprynted the xix day of decembre the fame yere/ and the fyrft yere of the regne of kyng Harry the feuenth.

¶ Explicit p Caxton



GLOSSARY AND NOTES.

A veray God, a peculiar adjuration, put into the mouth of a high-born maiden of fifteen. Fr. *vrai Dieu*.

After al thys parys went to his fader. In the French copy, the exultation of "*Messire Jacques*" at the recovery of his lost son, is more quaintly and copiously described than in Caxton's text, for there we are told, "Comment Messire Jacques courroit par les rues tout effraye de ioye de la venue de son fils."

Again say, gainfay.

Aigues-Mortes. A Roman station (*Aque Mortis*), about six miles inland, but accessible to the Mediterranean by a canal of navigable width. Here Louis IX embarked for the Holy Land. The whole of this district (now the French Department of the Gard) is flat and low, and there is a possibility that at one period *Aigues-Mortes* may have been on the sea. The ancient Roman canal is still in existence and use.

Allewaye seen the noblenes that is in hym.

Here we have a French idiom, but in the copy printed by M. Terrebasse the passage does not occur, the narrative,

which is far more copious, being differently conducted.

Arayed, spoiled or discomfited, but more usually, foiled. I have a long note somewhere (perhaps in *Old English Jest-Books*), illustrating the subject, so far as I could at that time. See also Halliwell's *Dict. art.*, *Araye*.

Armynak, Armagnac.

Assemble, v. to draw.

Avayle. i. q. *vayle*, or *rail*, to lower, or diminish. Mr. Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.*, voce *Avayle*) furnishes an example of its use in the present sense.

Baviers, Bavaria.

Bishop of St. Laurence. The French has "*lesvesque de Saint Vincent*," and adds "*et autres gens deuots de religion*."

Body of our lord Ihesu cryst. The bread and wine in the communion.

Brennes, Brienne. There was no Duke of Brienne at so early a period.

Carnes. "*Wyllyam fone to the duc of Carnes*." The French copy reads *Tanes*.

Chargeable, responsible.

Charles of France. There was no King Charles of France in 1271, and the French version says merely, "En cellui temps que le roy Charles regnoit en France," leaving the rest to the imagination. My impression is, that the prince intended was Charles the Simple, or the Fourth, who ascended the throne in 898, and whose son Louis became king in 936. At p. 28 the king's son is explicitly called *Louis*. I cannot reconcile the incidents related here with any other reign. It is tolerably evident that the romance was composed when Dauphiny was a flourishing state, independent of France; and Dauphiny was united to that kingdom in 1349, long before which time the power of its princes had begun to decline. At a period, therefore, so comparatively close to its annexation, the scene of the present story can hardly be laid with a due adherence to probability.

Chere, the face or countenance. So, *to change cheer*, to change countenance.

He made toward byr beuy and euyll chere. In the French copy this is differently put, "—et quant le Daulphin vit sa fille, il la receult moult *celeement* le plus quil peult, sans faire semblant nullement. Car il ne vouloit quilz sceussent rien de son fait."

Contynuelly, immediately.

Constance the kynges syster of england.

I do not know who this lady may have been, as no king of England appears to have had a sister so named. It is probably an example of licence on the part

of the author, and only one among several.

Countenance, a grimace.

Courage. In the French it is the same, and Caxton gave it as he found it. In old French, *courage* = heart or mind. So Cotgrave, who gives an example of its use in this sense much later (1611), "Tu cognois mon courage," that is, "Thou knowest my minde." Mr. Halliwell (*Arch. Dict.*, in voce) says that it is Anglo-Norman. Levins, in his Dictionary, 1570, explains courage to mean *animus*.

Croysee, crusade.

Cypres. Cyprus was an independent kingdom till the close of the fifteenth century, when it was absorbed by Venice. In 1192, Richard I. gave the island to Guy de Lusignan, ex-king of Jerusalem, who may be the person here intended.

Defend, prevent.

Derkenes, cloud of sorrow.

Dolant. The French word is *dolent*, and Caxton's adoption of it seems an argument in support of his having taken his compendium from a French copy. There are several other forms of speech, which tend to show that our prototypographer's original was a French edition, rather than a Flemish or Dutch.

Dolphin of Vienne. In the French copy (1835), it is said that the prince *auoit grant beaulte en soy*, which does not occur in Caxton's text.

Doubting, fearing.

Doubtous, fearful.

Doyng, making. *Doyng hym to wyte.*

Dyane. In the French copy is the additional information that she was the daughter of the Count of Flanders.

Edward, son of the king of England. In the French version the king himself is represented as being at Paris. "Le daulphin, le roy Dangleterre et le duc de Normandie estoient au chaffault," &c. (p. xiv.). The king of England's son is mentioned three or four times. It is probably mere romantic licence; but either Edward III. when Prince of Wales, or his son, the Black Prince, might be intended.

Egal, equal. This is one of the forms which appears to me to show that Caxton resorted to a French edition anterior in date to any at present known. Such another word is *subget* at p. 28.

Embushment, ambushade.

Entendement, mind, faculty; Fr. *entendement*, *Mettre son entendement* = to apply his whole mind.

Entention, fixed design.

Exchaunge. bill of exchange.

Fauce poste. The French copy merely says, "faillirent hors du iardin."

Fayte, feat, fact, deed.

Fellonye, anger. Old Fr.

Fet, fetch. *Fette*, fetched.

Fewter. "— he fewtred bys spere. and there cam ayenst hym," &c. I suspect that this is the true reading in *Robert the Deuyll* (E. E. P. Poetry of England, i. 232), only known to us at present in a not very accurate transcript from some old printed edition:

"He fewtred his spere, and forth he gothe."

In the ed. of *R. the D.* published in 1798, it stands *fewtred*: I conjectured, *fewtred*.

Floyted, played on the flute.

Footman, a servant on foot.

Force, need.

Free knight. Here a knight, I presume, who having received no formal invitation to the tournament, was considered an *outsider*. Paris is so termed at p. 18, because, perhaps, he had come to the meeting secretly, and did not accompany his father, who was unaware of his presence. But elsewhere (p. 75) Vienne calls Paris a *free knight*, evidently signifying, as usual, noble or gentle.

Fust. "A light gally that hath about 16 or 18 oares on a side, and two rowers to an oare."—Cotgrave's *Dict.*, ed. 1650.

Fynaunces, offer of money.

Fyrst day of May. In England, and, perhaps, on the continent, the month of May (and among us June also) was set apart for tournaments. See *Remains of E. P. P. of England*, ii. 109, where a passage is quoted from Harl. MS. 69.

Gene, Genoa.

George. In the French copy, the man's name is Olivier, and the matter is differently managed to some extent. "Quant Paris fut en son hostel il sen vint a vng sien cseuicr, en quel il se foit moult, et auoit nom celui varlet Oliuier," &c.

The whole narrative, indeed, is so altered as to become, in the English volume, a distinct story.

Godfrey d'Alençon. Alençon was alienated from France in the reign of Charles the Simple, to which I refer the story of *Paris and Vienna*. In the romance this Godfrey d'Alençon, Dauphin of Vienne, is described as a *baron*. I can find no account of him.

Grant, consent. "At these wordes graunted Parys," &c. This intransitive use of the word is obsolete.

Havoyr, possession. It is still used in the West of England in a slightly modified form, viz. *having*. The Anglo-Saxon word was *haves*, according to Mr. Halliwell; but in the *Promptorium Parvulorum* (ed. Way), we get *bavure*, *bavinge*, or *hawinge*, all = Fr. *bavoir*. The expression does not occur in Sippade's translation.

He and Edward his felowe departed out of the cyte of parys. This is somewhat differently and much better told in the French of La Sippade: "Paris sen vint deuant le roy et la royne si enclina le chief en prenant congie deulx. Et le roy qui pensoyt que Paris voulsseit aler en son longiz pour soy defarmer, lui donna congie. Adonc Paris hurta son cheual des esperons et sen ala et Edouart le fuiuait apres. Mais ilz ne logierent point en la vile ains passerent dehors la porte si sen vindrent en vne ville qui est a deux lieues de Paris pres ou ils furent bien logiez et bien aiseez."

Heart. "Myn bert gyueth it me." This

is poetical; the meaning is clear. Again, there is much elegance and felicity of expression, where Vienne is made to say, a line further on, "*In hym I haue putte the rote of myn entyere berte.*"

How Parys espoused and wedded Vyenne.

In the French copy it is related, "Comment le roi de France et toute sa Baronnie furent au mariage de Paris et Vienne."

How Parys came to see Vyenne in the pryson, and how she kneue hym.

In the French copy a scene, not found in Caxton's, is here introduced, in which Vienne is represented deploring the loss of Paris at the sight of the diamond ring which she had formerly given to him, and which she now supposed had passed from hand to hand, till it came into the possession of the counterfeit Moor. Then she thought that her vision of Paris was realized. "Et puis tant regardoit lanneau elle affermoit que cestoit celui que vne fois donna a Paris en nom de mariage. Et lors elle dist, or voy ie bien que mon songe est vray, cest que Paris est mort, et apres sa mort cest anel a est transporte dune main a autre tant que finalement il est venu en la main de cest gentil homme, qui me la donne."

Imaginative, full of fancies, thoughtful.

Innocent. This was Innocent III, and the Crusade was published in 1198. A pretty full account of it may be found in my *Venetian History*, chaps. 8, 9. But Michaud is of course more copious.

It may be observed, generally, that the narrative of the travels of Paris is conducted with the indifference to geographical precision usual in works of a romantic character.

John, Duke of Bourbon. This (if the chronology suggested for *Paris and Vienne* be correct) is an example of poetical or romantic licence; for the first Duke of Bourbon, a grandson of Louis IX. of France, was so created by Charles IV. [V.] in 1327, and his grandson was the first duke who bore the name of *John*. Under any circumstances, there appears to be a mistake, for Caxton or his translator adds, that this John was "*neveu to the kyng of fraunce.*" The French copy of 1835 makes no mention of a Duke of Bourbon, but enumerates among the tilers Henry, son of the Duke of Bourbon.

Jousts. The fair Vienne, was, according to the story, "*xv yere of age.*" and it may be considered that the power of dialogue which is given to her is a little overdrawn. But a far more curious circumstance is, that a degree of prowess at the tournaments celebrated in these pages, which would have done honour to paladins, is attributed to youths who, according to the French text, varied in age from fifteen to five-and-twenty! Paris himself was only eighteen, an age at which, in this degenerate era, men do not usually find their physical powers *thoroughly* matured.

Joyouste, joy, or joyousness.

Ladies maidens, unmarried ladies. We should say *maiden ladies*.

Lerne, teach. This is now considered vulgarism; the word appears to have been anciently in use in this causative sense, and thus to have possessed a quasi-transitive signification, which it has since lost.

Livery, badge or device.

Loenge, praise; Fr. *louange*.

Louis. This may possibly refer to Louis IV, who, in 936, became king of France.

Lyghtly, readily, quickly.

Majesty of Our Lord, The Host.

Menchon, i. q. *mynchyn*, a nun. Caxton's text here, as elsewhere, is a mere curtailed paraphrase of the original romance. The phrase, or its equivalent, does not occur there. Caxton seems to discriminate between *nun* and *minchen* (or *mynchen*); but the sense, so far as I am aware, is the same.

Mefchaunt, miserable, through having done ill (really or in fancy).

Musical instruments. Caxton generalizes here; but in the French text the word is *aubades*, which Cotgrave renders, "Morning-musick, such as fiders play into chamber-windows."

Musicians. "*They were good musytyens playeng.*" Music was considered in ancient times rather a separate profession, than as one which appertained to knighthood. At this distant date, the minstrels were a large and important body, with great and valuable privileges (which they too often abused); and it is not

often that we find heroes of romance portrayed as even ambitious of possessing this sort of accomplishment. The French copy has, "car ils chantoient moult bien, et puis iouoient de leurs instrumens chançons melodieuses comme ceux qui de celui mestier estoient les maistres."

Naked. "The two yonge knyghtes that naked were from al armes," &c. Naked merely means *bare*, of course, here; but the term is still applied to a person who is unfurnished with the means of defending himself.

Now recounteth thystorye that parys was in babylone, &c. In the French copy, between the account of the Dauphin's journey to the Holy Land, and his release by Paris from confinement, there is a chapter, omitted by Caxton, or, perhaps, not in the copy he used, showing "comment Vienne dans la prison eult une vision de Paris."

Ordure, impurity or uncleanness. This is French again.

Ought to be, should be by right.

Parlament, conversation. The French copy reads *parlement*, and Caxton or his translator adopted the word without alteration.

Party, lot. The phrase is not in the original, where Paris and Edward are accompanied by a servant (*varlet*), who carries their instruments, and for whose safety they provide, lest he should fall into the hands of the knights, and so

they should be identified. I can find no account of the use of *party* in its present sense in any of the dictionaries; but it seems to be merely the Fr. *partie* from Lat. *partior*, to divide, as by a lottery, or otherwise.

Party, section, division. "Eythre of these thre parties hoped." &c.

Parys had by vyenne hys wyf thre chyl-dren. The French copy says, "Sept enfans, quatre filz et trois filles." It also acquaints us with the fact that Paris became, after his father-in-law's death, Dauphin of Vienne, and reigned till he was ninety years of age, when he abdicated in favour of his eldest son, Godfrey, Vienne and himself devoting the remainder of their lives to heaven. Paris lived to the age of 105, and Vienne, who survived him five months, saw her 97th year.

Parys defyred to here tydynges of the fayr vyenne, &c. This elliptical form is very usual in early English. We should write, "Parys who defyred," &c.

Persons. This word appears to be used here in an uncommon sense. There is no example of its employment in such a way in the ordinary dictionaries (Promptorium, Palsgrave, Cotgrave, Levins, Nares, Halliwell). The meaning is personal, or rather, bodily, qualities.

Prevy felowe. Vienne addresses Isabel by the term, which was in this case nearly equivalent to our *companion*. She was evidently a person of gentle birth, and the dauphin's daughter frequently calls her *sister*.

Presentacyon. representation. Old Fr.

"*Dere brother* (says Edward, alluding to the desire Paris had expressed to his father) *I thank you for the presentacyon that ye haue doon for me.*"

Propre, own = Fr. *propre*, Lat. *proprius*.
Pucelle, maiden.

Pyght, fixed. We have a very vivid little sketch of contemporary feelings and manners, where, a few lines further down, it is said that "*the peple took theyr place vpon the scaffoldes ij dayes afore the feste for to see the grete peple & the fayr ordynauce that there was.*"

Pynd, put to pyne or pain.

Quick, alive.

Ramon. I presume Rama or Ramla, between Jassa and Jerusalem, to be the place intended. The geography of romancists is not always very exact. The French copy reads merely, "en vne ville pres de Iherusalem."

Recourders, recorders. A recorder was a flageolet, with a small bore, in use as late as the end of the seventeenth century.

Repreve, reprove.

Sacrifice, mafs. To sacrifice = to attend the sacrifice of the mafs.

Sette byr down on the ground. The French copy has, "elle dist a sa mere, que fil lui plaifoit elle voudroit vng pou reposer sur le lit de Paris. Tantoft la firent mettre sur le dict lit." Then, when Vienne and Isabel are left by themselves, the former descends from

the bed, and "si fen vint la ou les couvertures blanches estoient, si les vira et regarda de tous costez, puis dist a yabeau: Certes belle seur ie te distie bien que estoient les couvertures que le chevalier qui gaigna le tournoient portoit et maintenoit. Si tu veulx bien regarder cy tu congnoistras que iay dy vray. Et quant elle eut ce dit elle se tourna vers les couvertures et dist que Dieu veuille garder le cheualier qui telles enseignes porte, si les baifa plus de cent fois;" all of which is lost to us in the old English translation.

Serve and kerve. This probably requires no explanation. It is well known that gentlemen and even knights attended on persons of royal blood, and handed the dishes, which were delivered to them by the menials.

Seven years without issue. This passage and many others, are considerably abridged by Caxton, who, without any acknowledgment, took great liberties with his original, unless, which is not probable, he used a text which was already corrupt and mutilated.

Stenebe. "And the sone of the duke of bourgoyne & the byshop of saynt laurence approached vnto ryenne. fro whom ysued soo grete a stenebe, that vnnethe they myght suffre and endure it." In the French copy, the chapter which introduces this scene, so repugnant to modern notions of delicacy, is headed oddly enough, "Comment Vienne faufa dune gentile invention pour se deliurer du filz au duc de Bourgoigne."

Surrye, Syria.

Swelte, *v.* to faint. (A. S.)

There as, whereas. This form is very usual.

Tierce, *tertia*, the third division of the Roman Catholic day, the first being *matins* or *lauds*, the second *prime*, and the fourth *sext*. Tierce is about 9 a.m.

Tourchemen, Turcomen, in the sense of interpreters.

Towellys, towels. The word is found in the same sense as now understood in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*.

Treyll, lattice or grating; Fr. *treille*.

Two galleyes. "The kyng . . . dyd do

arme two galleyes whyche accompanied hym." In the French copy, it is said that these were "deux galees de Gennes qui venoient de Rodes et vouloient aler en Aigues Mortes."

Unconning, insensible, unconscious.

Unnethe, scarcely.

Wende neuer to see þ^r heure. In our modern phraseology, the expression would be, "He thought the time would never come," he was so impatient to see the Dauphin.

Wexe, *v.* to wax, to grow.

Woned, wont.



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* * I have found unquestionable proof that the *Third Book*, first printed for the Percy Society in 1851, was by the author of the First and Second.

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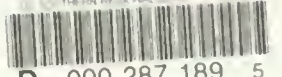
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Several of the more interesting Caxtons will be eventually included, such as Godfrey of Bulloigne, The Life of Charles the Great (already promised), The Life of St. Wenefride, and The Boke of Good Maners. I shall also give The Pinder of Wakefield, from the excessively rare edition of 1632, Pettie's Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure, 1576 (as I announced), and the Life of Joseph of Arimathea, from Pynson's edition.

W. C. HAZLITT.

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