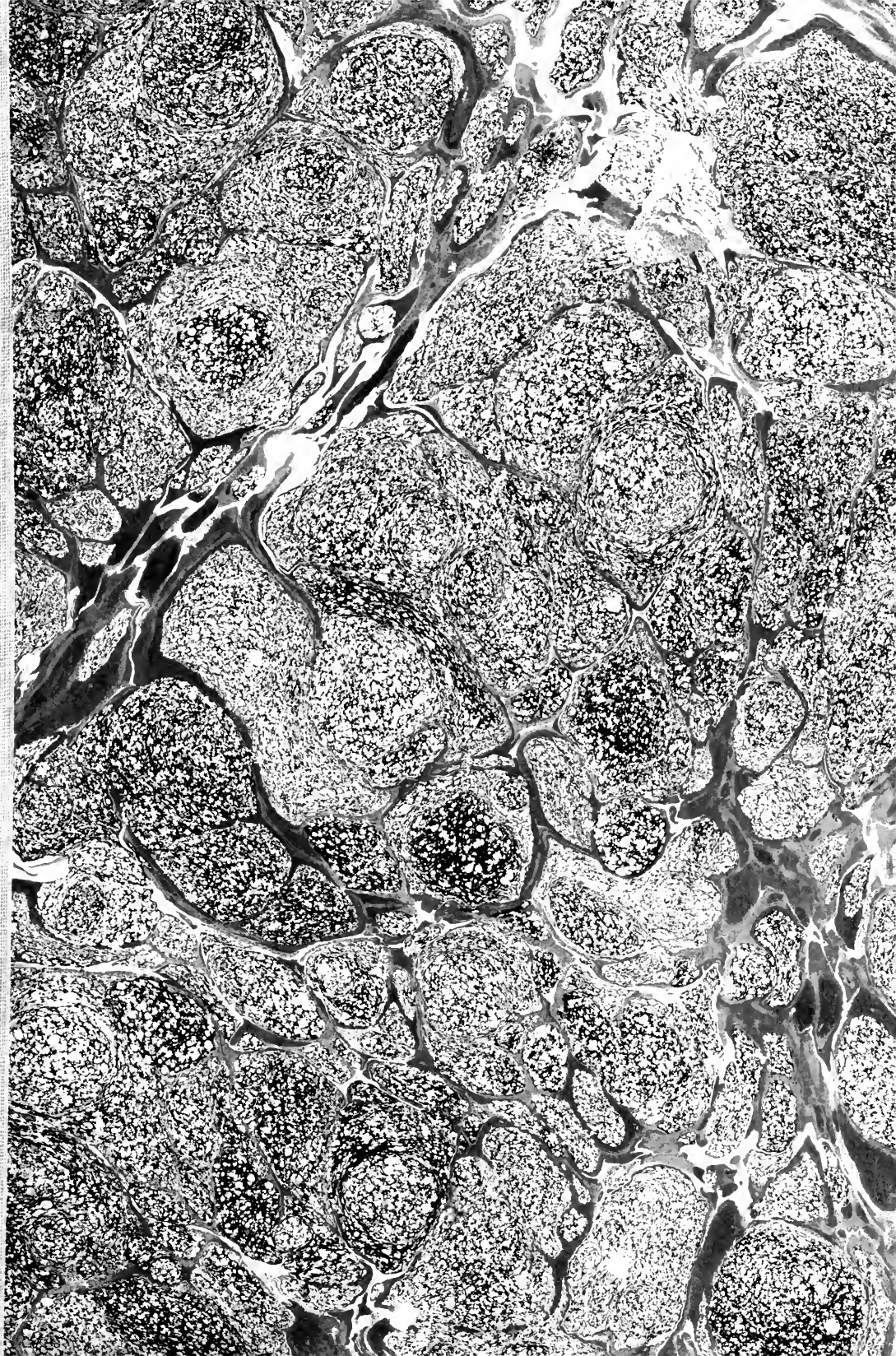


Alice Monroe Ireland 1884.

POEMS

BY

THOMAS HOCCLEVE,

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED:

SELECTED FROM A MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF

GEORGE MASON.

WITH A PREFACE, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. ROWORTH,

FOR LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCXCVI.

TO

THAT INTELLIGENT

FRIEND OF LITERATURE,

GEORGE JOHN EARL SPENCER,

THESE POEMS OF HOCCLEVE

MOST SATISFACTORILY

THEIR EDITOR INSCRIBES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE MS., from which theſe Poems are ſelected, came into the hands of the editor at the well-known auction of Dr. Aſkew's MSS. in 1785. By the arms on both ſides of the cover the book appears to have belonged to Henry Prince of Wales, ſon to James the firſt. The circumſtance of moſt of the poems not being known to exiſt elſewhere has induced the editor to ſpecify the contents of the MS. in his preface---that any other poſſeſſor of any of theſe pieces may know them to be the ſame, and have the option of communicating intelligence upon the ſubject.

ERRATA.

Page 19. line 10. after *editions* insert *by Berthelet.*
25. line 15. *ſcarſe-ly* ſhould be printed *ſcar-ſe-ly.*
27. line penult. in notes, for *a*blative read *o*blative.
30. turn the comma at the end of v. 36 into a colon.
31. v. 54. for *grace re-concyle* read *gra-ce reconcyle.*
37. v. 138. for *deer* read *deere.*
43. v. 230. for *fogete* read *forgete.*
52. v. 374. for th*i*r read th*e*r.
53. v. 392. for n*e* read n*o*.
54. v. 405. for *diſpleaſaunt* read *diſpleſaunt.*
58. line 3. after IL insert ESTOIT.

Errors merely *literal* (as co*m*entator, *W*intownis, &c.) are not particularly ſet forth.

PREFACE.

THIS publication contains ſix poems, ſelected out of ſeventeen, which make the whole of a Mſ. in the editor's poſſeſſion, and were all written by THOMAS HOCCLEVE. He is more generally called OCCLEVE; but his name is here ſpelt as it ſtands in the Mſ. wherever this poet ſpeaks of himſelf.

Particulars of HOCCLEVE's life have been very ſparingly tranſmitted to us: ſome of thoſe too, which we have, are totally inconſiſtent with many of his ſentiments, as delivered by him in his poetry. Alſo the very time of his birth, and the duration of his exiſtence, are left exceedingly at large by all who mention him. Yet both of theſe may be pretty nearly aſcertained from what will occur in this ſelection. It is moſt probable, that HOCCLEVE was born about the year 1370. The reaſons for this concluſion will be fully ſet forth in notes

to the paſſages, whence the inference is drawn. From what our poet ſays of himſelf*, he has been ſtiled CHAUCER's diſciple. The age he was of, when firſt honoured by the notice of this great maſter, does not appear; but according to the computation of his birth, he muſt have been thirty years old when CHAUCER died.

PITTS ſays, that HOCCLEVE ſtudied the law at *Cheſter's Inn*, and was a writer to the *Privy Seal* for twenty years. His reſidence at "Cheſtres† Inne by the Stronde" is teſtified by himſelf in the introduction to his poem *de regimine principum*. That he belonged to the *Privy Seal* for a conſiderable length of time in the younger and middle part of his life, is almoſt manifeſt from paſſages in the poems now publiſhed. When he quitted this office, or what means of ſubſiſtence he afterwards had, cannot be ſo clearly determined. PITTS ſeems to inſinuate, that he was provided for by HUMPHREY Duke of Gloceſter, ſaying, "that he wonderfully

* See teſtimonies of CHAUCER in URRY's edition, and WARTON's *Engliſh Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 43.

† This was one of the buildings pulled down to make room for the firſt erection of *Somerſet Houſe*; but (according to DUGDALE's *Orig. Jurid.*) was once the town reſidence of the *Biſhops of Litchfield*, who were formerly called biſhops of *Cheſter*. [See SPELMAN's *Remains*, p. 212 at bottom, and WRIGHT's edition of Heylin's *Help to Engliſh Hiſtory*, p. 58 and 60 and 130.] This accounts for the name of the edifice; but at what time it was converted into an Inn for law-ſtudents, and whether it was only made a part of Stronde Inn, are circumſtances not ſpecified either in DUGDALE or SPELMAN.

"celebrated

"celebrated this patron in his verſes." Both theſe things may poſſibly be true; but no ſpecific vouchers are adduced for either---by PITTS. Mr. WARTON indeed ſtrengthens the latter aſſertion by ſaying, "OCCLEVE in this poem [*de regimine principum*] and in others, often celebrates HUMPHREY Duke of Gloceſter*." In theſe *others* (not ſeen by the editor) Mr. WARTON probably had grounds for what he advanced; but the poem *de regimine principum* makes no mention of HUMPHREY: nor was it at all likely that it ſhould; ſince, at the time of HOCCLEVE's promulgating that work, HUMPHREY was neither Duke of Gloceſter, nor of an age to be a patron. In the editor's Mſ. are two little poems, which were ſent with this piece, one to the Prince of Wales (afterwards HENRY V.) and the other to Prince JOHN *afterwards* Duke of Bedford. There are paſſages of the poem to Prince JOHN, which almoſt imply *his* being then under a tutor: and HUMPHREY was the *youngeſt* of the princes. In all the ſeventeen pieces (contained in the editor's Mſ.) there is certainly not a word of HUMPHREY. Whatever was the ſource of HOCCLEVE's ſupport in the latter period of his life, it is pretty evident from the laſt poem in this ſelection, that he could be little ſhort of eighty years of age at the time of his writing it. One of the dates aſſigned to his æra in TANNER's

* Hiſt. of Eng. Poet. vol. ii. p. 44.

Bibliotheca is 1454; which is very likely to have been the year of his deceaſe.

BALE tells us, "that OCCLEVE had imbibed the religious "tenets of WICLIFF and BERENGARIUS;" and ſeemingly quotes a paſſage from WALSINGHAM to prove it. As the paſſage ſtands in the printed copies of WALSINGHAM, it has been grievouſly miſ-quoted by BALE. The hiſtorian is ſpeaking of WICLIFF in the year 1381, and ſays of him "reaſſumens "damnatas opiniones Berengarii et OCKLEFE." This paſſage would make Wicliff an Ocklefian, inſtead of Ocklefe a Wicliffian, and could never relate to our HOCCLEVE, then a boy not twelve years old. Indeed from comparing Walſingham with himſelf in his *Ypodeigma Neuſtriæ*, and with the Monk of *Eveſham's* Life of Richard II. the words "et "Ocklefe" ſeem rather ſome blundering interpolation. Our author had ſo little imbibed the tenets of that early reformer, that he frequently ſhews himſelf much too violent againſt Wicliff's followers.

So many circumſtances of HOCCLEVE's private life are diſplayed in the ſelected poems, that the editor's principal inducement, for giving theſe particular pieces to the public, has ariſen from his obſerving ſuch kind of matter to be contained in them. Private anecdotes in the leaſt degree characteriſtical are always amuſing; and when they bring us

acquainted

acquainted with peculiar habits and manners after the intervention of centuries, can hardly fail of interesting readers of curiosity. The subject of the chief poem in this publication is the poet's own dissipated life. Nor is his propensity to extravagance unaccountable, since the example of the *second* Richard's court was always before his eyes in his youth. Hardynge's Chronicle plainly sets forth the excessive profusion of that unfortunate monarch.

Truly I heard Robert Ireleffe say
Clerke of the greencloth, that to the houſehold
Came every day, for the moſt part alway
Ten Thouſand folk by his meſſes told
That followed the houſe ay as they wold,
And in the kechin three hundreth ſervitours,
And in eche office many occupiours.

And Ladies faire with their gontilwomen,
Chamberers alſo and launderers
Thre hundreth of them were occupied then.
There was great pride among the officers,
And of all men for paſſyng their compeers,
Of rich array and much more coſtious
Than was before, or ſith, and more precious.

Yomen

Yomen and gromes in clothe of ſilke arayed
Sattyn and damaſk, in doublittes and gouns,
In cloth of green and ſcarlet, for unpayed.
Cut worke was great, both in court and townes,
Bothe in mens hoodes, and alſo in their gounes,
Broudur and furres, and goldſmith werke ay new
In many a wyſe eche day they did renewe.

The poetical merit of our author has been variouſly eſtimated by thoſe that have treated of it. It would be idle to refer to Pitts or Bale, as arbiters in this way; but WILLIAM BROWNE had an eaſy vein of harmonious poetry, and cannot well be ſuppoſed an incompetent judge on the ſubject. He has incorporated into his *Shepherd's Pipe* (publiſhed in 1614) a whole poem written by HOCCLEVE, tranſlated from *Geſta Romanorum*, and entitled *The Story of Jonathas*. BROWNE ſoon after ſays,

Well I wot, the man, that firſt
Sung this lay, did quench his thirſt
Deeply, as did ever one,
In the Muſes' Helicon.

Mr. WARTON (in his Diſſertation on *Geſta Romanorum*) directly diſſents from the writer of theſe praiſes: yet his chief

chief reaſon for doing ſo ſeems not to be warranted by the real ſtate of the fact. His words are, "he [HOCCLEVE] has "given no ſort of embelliſhment to his original." Had Mr. WARTON found fault with the poet's *mode* of embelliſhment, the editor would have felt a diffidence in a contrary opinion to that of ſo able a critic; but the general negation is certainly unfounded. HOCCLEVE indeed adheres cloſely to the ſubſtance of the ſtory, yet embelliſhes it in various places by judicious inſertions of his own, and of which there are no traces at all in his original. The tale would abſolutely appear in certain parts of it as if it had been mutilated, were it not for theſe additional touches. In ſome of them there is a ſtrain of pleaſantry ſimilar to that of PRIOR; and which the modern poet in one inſtance probably copied. At the meeting of Jonathas with his paramour, HOCCLEVE ſays, that he

rowned * in her ear,
Nat wot I what, for I ne cam nat there.

PRIOR ſays in *Downhall*,

And Morley moſt lovingly *whiſper'd* the maid.
The maid! was ſhe handſome? why truly ſo-ſo:
But what Morley *whiſper'd*, *we never ſhall know.*

* Whiſpered.

PRIOR

PRIOR had acceſs to the Harleian Library, where he might as eaſily have ſeen the *Shepherd's Pipe*, as he did *The Not-browne Mayde*.

In his preceding volume of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry Mr. WARTON had ſpoken unfavourably of the talents of HOCCLEVE: he had called him "a feeble writer, as a poet," and gone ſo far as to ſay, "the *titles* of his pieces indicate a "coldneſs of genius." And might not ſuch a remark be ſaid to *indicate* ſome degree of prejudice? Many an admirable poem would ſtand in danger of being conſigned to oblivion, if an *index expurgatorius* ſhould be framed from the bare inſpection of *titles*. The very perſon here ſtigmatiſed for coldneſs of genius is (a few pages after) deſervedly commended by his cenſurer, for expreſſing great warmth of ſenſibility in ſome lines to the memory of Chaucer.

Mr. WARTON's final ſentence againſt HOCCLEVE is grounded on ſuppoſing in him a total want of "invention "and fancy." The editor of the preſent ſelection by no means preſumes to enter into competition with the judgment of ſo eminent and ingenious a writer; and, as far as evidence was equally open to both, acquieſces in the deciſion of an infinitely ſuperior authority. But there are ſtrong reaſons for believing, that none of the poems in the editor's Mſ.

(except

(except two of the ſhorteſt, already mentioned as ſent to the Princes) could ever have been ſeen by Mr. WARTON*. Of the remaining fifteen the *title* only of one (in the words *de ſuis prodigalitatibus)* is in TANNER; but, where the poem itſelf exiſted, TANNER could give no intimation. The late Mr. TYRWHITT, whoſe accuracy in reſearches of this kind needs not be expatiated upon, knew of no other Mſ. in which any of theſe fifteen pieces were to be met with. Now had ſome of theſe, eſpecially ſome of the preſent ſelection, been ſeen by Mr. WARTON, the editor really thinks, that this diſcerning critic would have perceived more originality in HOCCLEVE, than he deemed him poſſeſt of, and conſequently have held him in a ſomewhat higher degree of eſtimation. There is at leaſt through the whole of this Mſ. a negative merit, which Mr. WARTON muſt have accounted ſingular in a poet of ſo early a period: ſince this very merit is alledged by himſelf againſt allowing the authenticity of the poems called Rowley's. I mean, there are no anachroniſms, "no incongruous combinations" in all theſe † poetical remains.

I now

* It may be aſked, why the editor did not offer Mr. Warton the uſe of this Mſ.? It was not in the editor's poſſeſſion, till a few years after Mr. Warton had publiſhed his third and laſt volume.

† The editor does not aſſert, that HOCCLEVE was always free from any defect of this ſort. In his *Letter of Cupid* (publiſhed with Chaucer) this heathen god talks of *angels* and the *twelve apoſtles*, of the *Virgin Mary* and the *Devil*. But this *Letter* might

have

I now proceed to give the reader a lift of the contents of the Mſ. whence this ſelection is made, and which ſeems to have been written about the middle of the 15th century.

CONTENTS OF THE MS.

A *Complaint of the Virgin Mary* ought to be number

I. but wants the beginning, which was probably an illuminated leaf, and torn out for the ſake of the illumination. To prevent this imperfection of the volume from being manifeſt at firſt ſight, ſome proprietor has tranſpoſed the remainder of this piece into the middle of the next, and inſerted it after the ſecond leaf of what was properly the *ſecond* poem, but of which the *beginning* now ſtands *firſt*. This fragment contains twenty-nine ſtanzas of ſeven lines each, and ends thus:

for your redemptioun.

Cette compleynte paramount feuſt tranſlatee au comandement de Madame de Hereford* que dieu pardoynt.

This

have been loſt, or not known for *Hoccleve's*, and was probably one of his moſt youthful compoſitions. There are in the editor's Mſ. 2200 verſes on 17 different ſubjects, entirely clear of that abſurdity, which Mr. WARTON deemed inſeparable from the productions of *Hoccleve's* æra. If the contents of this Mſ. had been all the remains of its author, they might have been made uſe of as a very ſtrong argument in reply to Mr. WARTON's.

* *Madame de Hereford* was probably Anne, daughter to Thomas of Woodſtock, Duke

[This French colophon, and moſt of the titles following, cannot poſſibly be quite ſo old as the poems, to which they are reſpectively annext: ſome of them perhaps were not older than the Mſ.]

II. Cette feuſt fee au temps q̄ le R. H. la vt q̄ dieu ꝑdoint feuſt a Hampton ſur ſon primer paſſage vers Harflete.

This title (ſtanding firſt in the Mſ.) belongs to a balade addreſt to Sir John Oldcastell; from whoſe critical ſituation at the time, as well as from the notoriety of the ſubject, this balade may appear one of the propereſt for publication. But the editor has rejected it, as too great an impoſition on the patience of his readers. It conſiſts of ſixty-four eight-line ſtanzas, and is much more of a theological diſputation, than a poetical exerciſe: one ſtanza may ſerve for a ſample of its argumentation:

Duke of Gloceſter; who, on the death of her mother the Dutcheſs, in October 1399, ſeems to have aſſumed the title of Counteſs of Hereford. The Lady ſpoken of as ſuch in Hardynge's Chronicle (198 b) could not well have been any other.

Right as a ſpectacle' helpith feeble ſighte,
Whan a man on the book redith or writ,
And cauſith him to ſee bet* than he mighte;
In which ſpectacle his ſighte nat† a bit
But gooth thurgh‡, and on the book reſtith it;
The ſa=me may men of ymáges ſeye:
Thogh the ymá=ge nat the ſeint be, yit
The ſighte us myngith || to the ſeint to preye.

So little does Hoccleve in this poem incline to Wicliffian principles, that in the zeal of papiſtical orthodoxy he adviſes Oldcastell to leave off ſtudying "holy writ," and read *Lancelot de Lake* §, or *Vegece*¶, or *the Siege*** *of Troie or Thebes*. But if he will needs read the bible, he ſends him to *Judicum*, *Regum*, *Joſue*, *Judith*, *Paralipomenon*, and *Machabe* †† ; than which he tells him,

Mo=re autentic ſhalt thow fyn=de noon‡‡,
Ne§§ mo=re pertinent to chivalrie.

* Better. † Not. ‡ Through. || Reminds. See Lye's Junius. *Ming.*

§ A famous book of chivalrie. ¶ Vegetius.

** Poems on each of theſe ſubjects were afterwards written by Lydgate; but the books here recommended were moſt likely to have been Latin or French.

†† In other words, *Judges*, *Kings*, *Joſhua*, *Judith*, the *Chronicles*, and the *Machabees*.

‡‡ None. §§ Nor.

In

In the ſame poem we have the following line:

Ye medle' of al thyng, ye moot* *ſhoo the goos.*

This ſaying is ſtated in modern books of proverbs to be *Scottiſh.* As there are alſo a few other words and phraſes uſed by HOCCLEVE, which are ſtill current in ſome northern counties, and which do not occur in other writers co-temporary with our poet, it might incline us to imagine, that he was of northern parentage†.

This ſecond poem begins,

The laddre of hevene-------

III. La male regle de T. Hoccleve
ſtands firſt in the preſent ſelection.

IV. Ceſte balade enſuante feuſt faite au tres noble Roy H. le v^t q̄ dieu pardoint le jour q̄ les Seigneurs de ſon Roialme luy firent lour homages a Kenyngton
contains five eight-line ſtanzas, and begins,

The kyng of kynges--------

* Muſt.

† In confirmation of this conjecture it may be obſerved, that HOCCLOUGH is the name of a pariſh in Northumberland. At the ſame time it muſt be owned, that there are other pariſhes in more ſouthern counties whoſe names approach full as near to that of HOCCLEVE, and that many words and phraſes which now exiſt only in the north, might in old times have been general over the iſland.

V. Ceſtes

V. Ceſtes balades enſuyantes feurent faites au tres noble Roy H. le quint q̄ dieu pardoint, & au tres honorable compaignie du Jartier.

The two balades, here coupled by a double title, conſiſt of four eight-line ſtanzas each, and the firſt begins,

To yow, welle of honur------

VI. Ad beatam Virginem.

A penitential hymn of fifteen eight-line ſtanzas, beginning

Modir of lyf------

VII. Ceſte balade enſuyante feuſt faite toſt apres que les oſſes du Roy Richard feurent apportez a Weſtmenſter

contains ſix eight-line ſtanzas, and begins,

Wher as that this land-------

VIII is the laſt of the ſelection.

IX. Ad beatam Virginem.

A prayer to the Virgin for her interceſſion; before the concluſion of which, Saint John is admitted to an equal ſhare of the poet's adoration. Addreſſes to the Virgin in former times

times were couched in phrafes ftrangely figurative. *Godric* (hermit of *Finchale)* in the twelfth century ftyles her "Chriftes Bur" [chamber]: in the fifteenth our courtly writer to the Privy Seal converts this *chamber* into a *palace*, and calls the Virgin "Paleys of Cryft." The piece contains twenty feven-line ftanzas, and begins,

Modir of God------

X. Ce feuft mys en le livre de Mons'. Johan lors nomez ore Regent de France & Duc de Bedford.

This piece has already been mentioned, and exifts in one of the Mfs. in the Britifh Mufeum of the poem *de regimine principum.* It contains three nine-line ftanzas, and begins,

Unto the rial------

XI has no title. It is a mere petition in verfe to a clerical Lord Chancellor* for a patent to have arrearages paid, contains three eight-line ftanzas, and begins,

Fadir in God------

XII. Ceftes balade & chanceon, &c.
fecond in the felection.

* The Archbifhop of Canterbury [Fitzalan a younger fon of an Earl of Arundel] was Lord Chancellor for three years from 1407.

XIII. Cefte

XIII. Ceſte balade enſuyante feuſt miſe en le fin du livre del Regiment des princes

(already mentioned, as addreſt to Henry V. when Prince of Wales) is in all the Mſs. of HOCCLEVE's chief poem, which are perfect at the concluſion, though Number X. ſeems only to have been preſerved in the Royal Mſ. [17 D XVIII.], and in the editor's. The piece contains three eight-line ſtanzas, and begins,

O litil book------

XIV. Item au Roy, &c.

fourth in the ſelection.

XV. A. de B, &c.

fifth in the ſelection.

XVI. Ceſte balade enſuyante feut par le Court, &c.

third in the ſelection.

XVII. Ceſte balade enſuyante feuſt tranſlatee au commandement de mon meiſtre Robert Chichele*.

This tranſlated poem is a religious meditation, conſiſting of twenty ſtanzas; the firſt of which being tolerably poetical is here tranſcribed at length.

* A perſon of this name was twice (in 1411 and 1421) Lord Mayor of London, and probably brother to Henry Chichele made Archbiſhop of Canterbury by Henry V.; indeed he is expreſsly called ſo in Wright's edition of Heylin. Weever (p. 409) gives us the inſcription on his monument, which records his general benevolence.

As

As that I walkid in the monthe of May
Beſyde a grove, in an hevy muſýnge,
Flowers diverſe I ſy* right freſh and gay,
And briddes† herde I eek luſtyly‡ ſynge,
That to myn her=te yaf‖ a confortynge:
But evere' o § thoght me ſtang unto the herte,
That dye I ſholde and had=de no knowýnge,
Whan=ne¶, ne** whidir†† I ſholde hennes‡‡ ſterte §§.

LANGUAGE.

Hoccleve's language was chiefly Chaucerian, but had ſome real or ſeeming peculiarities of his own in it. Such of theſe as are *general* will be now treated of; thoſe that are *particular* will be conſidered in the notes to the paſſages where they occur.

The liberty taken by our early printers, of modernizing to their own time (totally or partially) many things that they printed, makes it exceedingly difficult to aſcertain with preciſion the exact ſtate of our language at any former period. Neither are Mſs more infallible in this reſpect, unleſs

* Saw. † Birds. ‡ Merrily. ‖ Gave. § One.
¶ When. ** Nor. †† Whither. ‡‡ Hence.
§§ Depart ſuddenly.

nearly co-eval with the production of the works themſelves. Thus there muſt be a degree of uncertainty in all that can be ſaid about this matter.

HOCCLEVE's uniform* adherence to the old *hem* and *hir*, and never uſing the more modern *them* and *their* to the middle of the fifteenth century, may appear ſingular to thoſe, who ſee writings of the ſame period generally printed with the more modern words. But there is great likelihood, that others, beſides HOCCLEVE, continued the ſame practice. In LYDGATE's *Story of Thebes* (printed with Chaucer in 1561) *hem* and *her* run through the whole of it. There may indeed be a particular propriety in Lydgate's adhering to theſe *old* words in his *Story of Thebes*, ſince he introduces it as told at the ſame time with the *Canterbury Tales:* conſequently it required to be clothed preciſely in the language of that æra. From Dugdale's edition of LYDGATE's *Dance of Death*, and Mr. Reed's of his *Chichevache and Bicorne*, and a Mſ. of his *Legende of Seinte Margarete* in the editor's poſſeſſion, it ſhould ſeem as if he had uſed the new

* That HOCCLEVE *uniformly* uſed theſe old words may be doubted, becauſe *them* and *their* conſtantly occur in his *tale of Jonathas*, as printed in BROWNE's *Shepherd's Pipe*. But the royal Mſ. of *Jonathas* in the Britiſh Muſeum (17 D VI) has *hem* and *hir* throughout.

words

words and the old promiſcuouſly*. Such is alſo the uſage in other authentic remains of Hen. Vth's reign, as printed by Hearne†. *Them* conſtantly occurs in the metrical Boetius (Taviſtock edition) written in 1410: which would certainly be ſuſpicious, if it was not partly confirmed by Thorpe's trial in 1407, according to the copy of it (in State Trials) ſaid to be written by Thorpe himſelf. Leſs credit is to be given to the accuracy of the editions of GOWER's *Confeſſio Amantis*, which was finiſhed by him in 1393. Indeed it is only for ſome pages at the beginning of theſe editions, that we ſee *them* and *their*; nor are theſe words to be found at all in the Mſ. of GOWER [Reg. 18 C. XXII.] At whatever period *them* got a footing in our language, *hem* certainly continued to hold a place in it ſo late as 1486; for we frequently meet with this old word in the metrical book of *hunting*, printed together with the treatiſe on *hawking* at St. Albans in that year‡.

Many

* The word *them* indeed in all theſe three copies of Lydgate's poems occurs but in one *(Dance of death)* and there only once.

† Verſes on the battle of Agincourt with *Thomas de Elmham*, and the earl of Cambridge's letter with *Foro-Julienſis*.

‡ 1486. This St. Albans edition is one of the moſt remarkable books in the annals of Engliſh typography. Yet in the variorum Shakſpeare of 1785, and alſo in a later edition of it, a note to the ſecond part of Hen. VI. (act 2) tells us,

 that

Many of Mr. TYRWHITT's grammatical hints on the language of CHAUCER may ſerve equally for HOCCLEVE. The latter uſes the plural of the preſent tenſe in *en*, as tormen*ten*; and of the preterit, as ſeid*en*; alſo the infinitive, as withdraw*en*; and the participle, as found*en*. This termination however is ſubject to two alterations: the firſt, when the *e* is omitted on account of a preceding *o*, as in *doon*; the other, when the *n* is cut off---a liberty often practiſed by old Engliſh writers, even with words which ſtill retain the *n* in modern language. Thus we ſee *take*, *throw*, and *be* uſed by HOCCLEVE, as participles.

The termination *th** was uſed by Hoccleve in the ſecond perſon plural of the imperative, as *beeth*, *keepith*, *dooth*. Mr.

that Juliana Barnes's book of *hawking* was *firſt* printed at Weſtminſter 1496. This Weſtminſter edition was indeed the *firſt* of an additional treatiſe on *fiſhing*: but could any comentator take *fiſhing* for *hawking*?

* It may not be here out of the way to obſerve, that the termination in *s* of the third perſon ſingular of the preſent tenſe was in uſe at the very beginning of the 14th century. This appears from a metrical pſawter (deemed by Selden of the age of Edward II.) of which there are ſome extracts in *Weever*, p. 153. About the middle of the ſame century *Laurence Minot*, and other verſifiers ſome years later, extended this termination to the *plurals* both of indicative and imperative. That ſuch termination was moſt intelligible to the common people in Hoccleve's days, may be concluded, from its occurring no leſs than four times in the ſhort proclamation for apprehending Sir John Oldcaſtell. The ſame formation may be found (once at leaſt for rime-ſake in the word *accrews*) in Hardynge's chronicle, and not unfrequently in the St. Albans edition of Juliana Barnes; yet it was ſo generally avoided by the beſt writers of *old* Engliſh, that it may be regarded as a proof of inferiority of ſtyle in any author before the 16th century.

TYRWHITT

TYRWHITT calls this termination *eth*; which would not ſuit the Mſ. of *Hoccleve*, where it is much oftener *ith*. Whether this variation was the author's own, or only that of the Mſ. is more than the editor can venture to pronounce. Of two royal Mſs of the poem *de regimine principum*, one [17 D. XVIII, which Mr. Warton calls the beſt] has always *ith* in the ſame words, that the other [17 D XIX] has *eth*. This variation equally takes place in the third perſon ſingular of the indicative.

Mr. TYRWHITT muſt have known, that in Chaucer's time, and even earlier, ſome nouns (not ending in *e*) formed their plurals by the mere addition of *s*. In the prologue alone to the Canterbury Tales are, *nations*, *ſeſſions*, *coverchiefs*, *pariſhens*, and *achatours*; none of which words come within a rule of contraction, afterwards mentioned by that learned editor. Conſequently what he ſays (vol. iv. p. 31) is a little defective with regard to plurals, though perfectly accurate as to genitive caſes. All thoſe plural nouns of three ſyllables, accented on the firſt, which Mr. TYRWHITT* remarks were diſſyllables by contraction in Chaucer, are neceſſarily diſſyllables in the editor's Mſ., as *ſervants*: though the ſame word, when accented upon the *ſecond*, is written and pronounced a tri-

* Lee his note on *palmere's*, p. 110.

ſyllable,

ſyllable, as *ſervántes*. This innovation, inaſmuch as it makes the letters accord with the ſound, appears to be an improvement---at leaſt in orthography.

The infinitives after ſome particular verbs (as *bid)* have generally in the preſent times no *to* prefixt to them: this omiſſion of *to* before an infinitive ſeems to have been practiſed by HOCCLEVE after moſt verbs indiſcriminately.

GLOSSARY.

In a volume of ſo little bulk, as the preſent is, there can be no excuſe for ſparing any pains in compoſing the *gloſſary*, which may tend to render it more uſeful. It therefore generally refers to the paſſages, which contain the words needing explanation. A view of the context often gives better information of the import of a word, than does any expoſition by the gloſſariſt. The editor of *Wintownis Cronykil* might have been content with ſtating his reaſons for omitting ſuch references himſelf, without carping at the preferable mode adopted by Mr. TYRWHITT. Mr. Macpherſon's argument againſt ſuch a ſerviceable addition goes much more to the point of form, than to ſubſtance. If a gloſſariſt is able in a ſmall compaſs to rival the lexicographer, why ſhould he not? more eſpecially, when he happens to treat of words,

words, which come not within the plan of any lexicographer whatever? This method of making a gloſſary ſerve in ſome reſpect as a verbal index to the work itſelf, is a conſiderable help to all thoſe, who are diſpoſed to be ſtudiers of language. Confining the advantage of ſuch a labour merely to the peruſal of a ſingle book, is depriving the literary world of a benefit, almoſt infinitely more extenſive.

The actual uſage of words by his author, and the conſequential inſtruction to be derived from it by readers of old Engliſh, being the points principally conſidered by the editor in his gloſſary, he has no recourſe to mere etymological derivations, except when requiſite for proof, or for illuſtrating an expoſition.

He thinks it needleſs, to load the gloſſary with words, that were created by the regular formation of verbs, which was then uſed, and which has partly been deſcribed in this preface. He obſerves the ſame rule in regard to other words, which will be further adverted to in the following ſection on orthography.

He looks upon it as ſuperfluous, to explain any word, whoſe old ſignification is properly given in Johnſon's dictionary---which, with all its faults, ſhould be in every reader's hands, till the public is provided with a better. If the

the ſame word is uſed in different ſenſes, only thoſe that are obſolete are taken notice of in the gloſſary.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

The editor makes a point of omitting nothing in the pieces here publiſhed, which he finds in his Mſ. If he adds but ſo much as a letter, which the metre calls for, he prints it in italics.

He has ſcrupulouſly adhered to the practice of the Mſ. in dividing ſome words which are now conſtantly one, as *un to*, *wher as*, *ther of*, &c. It makes the edition a faithful copy of old orthography.

The reader will frequently meet with a duplication of vowels, as in *aart*, *weel*, *ooth*, &c. but as this does not ſeem to make any alteration in ſound, or number of ſyllables, no further notice will be taken of it.

Y is frequently put for *i*, *w* for *u*, and *y* or *i* for *e*.

Little variations of ſpelling that are common in books of the laſt century, and others from which no ambiguity can be occaſioned, are left to be diſtinguiſhed by the reader's ſagacity.

VER-

VERSIFICATION.

It may be uſeful, to add a few obſervations to what Mr. TYRWHITT has already laid down on the *verſification* of Chaucer.

Excepting one or two inſtances, where triſyllables accented on the firſt, and ending in *es*, are reduced to diſſyllables, and which will be marked by an apoſtrophe, the final *es* (throughout HOCCLEVE) always makes a ſyllable of itſelf, and is never loſt in the preceding one. Flou=res, and her=tes may ſerve for examples.

The final *en* follows the ſame rule, as in know=en: alſo the final *ed*, as in cle=ved.

The letter *e* in the middle of a word often makes a ſyllable, where moderns would not think of pronouncing one, as in ſcarſe=ly*. Where the *e* is not pronounced, it is ſometimes abſolutely omitted, as in *likly* and *ſhaply:* it is not omitted indeed in *every*, becauſe that word ſeems always to have been a diſſyllable in metre. The reader is deſired to take for granted that this middle *e* makes a ſyllable, wherever no mark indicates the contrary.

* This mode of pronunciation is to be found in SPENSER, who makes ſa=fe=ty a triſyllable in F. Q. B. iii. C. 5. ſt. 36.

There are many ſyllables in modern language, which are ſtill allowed to be ſuch by grammarians, but are always loſt by contraction in general pronunciation, or in verſe. Theſe however were uſually diſtinct ſyllables in old Engliſh, and muſt be regarded as ſuch in HOCCLEVE. Thus we read preci=ous, cotidi=an, ſapi=ence, confuſi=oun. This rule not being without exception, a mark of contraction is added where it is otherwiſe; as in victoriôus.

This diviſion of ſyllables is ſometimes carried ſtill further: thus *ie* is but one ſyllable, as in verif*ie*; but add a conſonant and it is ſometimes two, as in mortifi=ed *: and even without an additional conſonant by changing *i* into *y*, as in gy=e.

Particular diſtinctions of pronunciation will be pointed out by marks, but the reader no further appriſed of the *general ones*.

The editor cloſes this preface with a thankful acknowledgment of having received many very uſeful hints, communicated by the judicious author of the *Curialia*.

* Thus tri=ed is a diſſyllable in SPENSER, F. Q. B. iii. c. 9. ſt. 25.

LA

I.

LA MALE REGLE DE T. HOCCLEVE.

[THE MIS-RULE OF T. HOCCLEVE.]

O Precious treſor incomparáble,
O ground and roo=te of proſperitee,
O excellent richeſ=se commendáble
Aboven al=le that in eer=the be,
Who may ſuſtee=ne thyn adverſitee? 5
What wight may him avante of worldly welthe,
But if he fully ſtand in grace of thee,
Eerthely god, piler of lyf, thow helthe?

Whil

V. 5. *Adverſitee* is both here and elſewhere uſed by Hoccleve in the ſenſe of *adverſe influence:* See alſo Chaucer's R. R. 5547. "Fortune's adverſity" is in ſome verſes of the time of Hen. VIII. printed with Robert of Gloceſter, p. 580.

V. 6. *Him avante.*] This verb, by the uſage of it in Chaucer and Hoccleve, ſeems to have required the ablative caſe with it.

V. 8. Mr. WARTON thought it a ſufficient objection to the authenticity of Row-

ley,

Whil thy pow=ér and excellent vigoúr
(As was pleſant un to thy worthyneſſe) 10
Regned in me, and was my governóur,
Than was I wel; tho felte I no dureſſe,
Tho farſid was I with hertes gladnéſſe:
And now my body empty is, and bare
Of joie, and ful of ſeekly hevyneſſe, 15
Al poore of eſe, and ryche of evel fare.

If that thy favour twyn=ne from a wight,
Smal is his eſe, and greet is his grevánce.
Thy love is lyf, thyn ha=te fleeth downright.
Who may compley=ne thy diſſeverance 20

Bettre

ley, that "we have long and laboured invocations to Truth, to Hope, to Content, "and other divinities of the pagan creed, or rather of the creed of modern poetry." Here however we have a whole poem addreſt to the *divinity* Health, not indeed the *pagan* one (for Hygeia was a * female) but *of a poetical creed*, which exiſted half a century previous to the date attributed to Rowley.

* There is indeed mention in PAUSANIAS of a *male* deity of health, who was worſhipt in various parts of Greece by various names, one of which was *Teleſphorus*: but it can hardly be imagined, that HOCCLEVE was at all acquainted with the work of this Greek author.

V. 11. *Regned.*] "Which *regne* in mannys body." *Dives and Pauper.* Pre. i. ch. 2.

V. 20. *Complcyne.*] The word *complain* in its active ſenſe of *lament* is to be found even in Johnſon's Dictionary, with an example from Dryden. The propriety of ſuch

Bettre than I, that of myn ignorance
Un to ſeekneſſe am knyt, thy mortal fo?
Now can I know=e feeſ=te fro penánce,
And whil I was with thee cowde I nat ſo.

My grief and biſy ſmert cotidián 25
So me labouren and tormenten ſore,
That what thow art now wel remembr' I can,
And what fruyt is in keepynge of thy lore.
Had I thy pow=er knowen or this yore,
As now thy fo compellith me to knowe, 30
Nat ſholde his lym han cleved to my gore
For al his aart, ne han me broght thus lowe.

ſuch uſage is there doubted, but was frequent in old Engliſh. "I dar not *compleyne* his fortune" is in Tiptoft Erle of Wirceſtre's tranſlation of Cicero de amicitiâ.

The fall of prynces he did alſo *compleyne*.

LYDGATE'S *prol. to Bochas.*

V. 25. *Biſy*, troubleſome: one of its ſenſes in Johnſon's Dictionary.

V. 31. *Lym* is certainly not uſed here in the ſame literal ſenſe, which old gloſſaries attribute to it, but rather means *active miniſter*, or *inſtrument*.

——————— that he come and defend us
Foles fro theſe feends *lyms*.

P. Ps. *Viſion*, laſt paſſus.

"Oft tymes the feend and the feendes *lyms* teach well."

Dives and Pauper, Pr. i. ch. 46.

V. 31 and 32. Lines like theſe might well occaſion W. BROWNE to ſay of HOCCLEVE, in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century,

There are few ſuch ſwaines as he
Now adayes for harmonie.

But

But I have herd men ſey=e longe ago,
Proſperitee is blynd, and ſee ne may;
And verifie I can wel, it is ſo, 35
For I myſelf put have it in aſſay,
Whan I was weel, cowde I conſidere it? nay:
But what? me longed aftir novelrie,
As yeeres yon=ge yernen day by day;
And now my ſmert accuſith my folíe. 40

Myn unwar yow=the knew nat what it wroghte,
This woot I wel, whan fro thee twynned ſhee:
But of hir ignorance hir ſelf ſhee ſoghte,
And knew nat, that ſhee dwellynge was with thee.
For to a wight were it greet nycetee 45
His lord or freend witýngly for toffende,
Leſt that the weighte of his adverſitee
The fool oppreſſe, and make of him an ende.

V. 36. *Put have* for *have put.* Ver. 37. *Conſidere it* pronounced *conſidrit.*

V. 38. *But what?*] This phraſe is uſed by Wicliff (Philipp. ch. 1. v. 18.) as the tranſlation of *quid enim*, which is the literal verſion of the Greek: *what then* are the words in the preſent teſtament.

Me longed.] Oblative caſe for nominative formerly frequent.

V. 43. *Soghte.* See Gloſſary.

V. 44. *Dwellynge was with thee.*] In familiar language at preſent, *living with a perſon* often means *being his domeſtic ſervant.*

From

From hennes foorth wole I do reverence
Un to thy name, and hold of thee in cheef; 50
And wer=re ma=ke, and ſharp reſiſténce
Ageyn thy fo and myn, that cruel theef,
That undir foo=te me halt in meſcheef,
So thow me to thy grace re=concyle:
O! now thyn help, thy ſocour and releef, 55
And I for ay miſ reu=le wole exyle.

But thy mercy exce=de myn offenſe,
The keene aſſautes of thyn adverſárie
Me wole oppreſ=ſe with hir violence.
No wondir, thogh thow be to me contrárie; 60
My luſtes blynde han cauſid thee to varie
Fro me, thurgh my folié and imprudénce;
Wherfore I wret=che cur=ſe may and warie
The ſeed and fruyt of chyldly ſapiénce.

V. 49. *Do reverence* is the ſame kind of phraſe as *do homage.*

V. 50. *Hold of thee in cheef* alludes to *tenures in capite.*

V. 53. *Meſcheef* means *diſtreſs.* "Releve pore folke in theyr *myſcheef.*" *Dives and Pauper.*

My

As for the mo=re paart yowthe is rebél 65
Un to reſon, and hatith hir doctryne,
Regnyn=ge which, it may nat ſtan=de wel
With yowthe, as far as wit can ymagýne.
O yowthe allas! why wilt thow nat enclyne,
And un to reuled reſoun bow=e thee, 70
Syn reſoun is the verray ſtreigh=te lyne,
That ledith folk un to felicitee?

Ful ſeelde is ſeen, that yow=the takith heede
Of perils, that been likly for to fall;
For have he take a purpos, that moot neede 75
Been execut, no conſeil wole he call;

V. 67. *Regnynge which* muſt ſignify *which being predominant.* But here is a grammatical irregularity, not unfrequent with HOCCLEVE. There is no regular antecedent to *which:* ſome expreſſion muſt be ſupplied (ſuch as *averſion to reaſon)* which conveys the aggregate ſenſe of the two preceding lines.

V. 73. *Yowthe* in this place ſeems intended to mean perſonally *a youth* (or young man) as repreſentative of youth in general. Though *he* in all its caſes is frequently ſubſtituted for *it,* yet the repetition here of ſuch uſage for many lines together, the whole tenour of the paſſage, and the apoſtrophe at the concluſion, concur in denoting perſonification. There certainly however is a manifeſt confuſion of gender, between the *female* perſonage in verſes 42, 3, 4, and the *male* one here.

His

His ow=ne wit he deemeth beſt of all,
And foorth ther with he renneth brydillees,
As he that nat betwixt hony and gall
Can ju=ge, ne the wer=re fro the pees. 80

All othir mennes wittes he deſpiſith;
They anſweren no thyng to his entente;
His rakil wit only to him ſouffyſith;
His hy preſumption nat liſt conſente
To doon, as that Salomon wroot and mente, 85
That red=de men by conſeil for to werke:
Now, yow=the, now thou ſo=re ſhalt repente
Thy lightlees wittes dull, of reſon derke.

My freendes ſeiden un to me ful ofte,
My mis reu=le me cau=ſe wolde a fit, 90
And redden me in eſy wyſe and ſofte
A lyte and ly=te to withdrawen it:

V. 88. *Of reſon derke.*] Not illumined by reaſon.
----- *derked* his memory and reaſon.
LYDGATE's F. of P. II. ch. viii.

But that nat migh=te ſynke in to my wit,
So was the luſt y-rooted in myn herte:
And now I am ſo rype un to my pit, 95
That ſcarſely I may it nat aſterte.

Who ſo cleer y=en hath, and can nat ſee,
Ful ſmal of ye availlith the office.
Right ſo, ſyn reſon yoven is to me
For to diſcerne a vertu from a vice, 100
If I nat can with reſon me chevice,
But wilfully fro reſon me withdrawe,
Thogh I of hir ha=ve no benefice
No wondir, ne no favour in hir law.

Reſon me bad, and redde as for the beſte 105
To ete and drynke in tyme attemprely;
But wilful yow=the nat obei=e leſte
Un to that reed, ne ſet=te nat ther by:

V. 96. The two negatives *ſcarſely* and *nat*, inſtead of making an affirmative, according to the Saxon idiom ſtrengthen the negation.

V. 98. *Smal* is here uſed adverbially for *little*; and in Shakſpeare's time *ſmall* was leſs diſtinguiſhed from *little* than it is at preſent: "by ſmall and ſmall" is a phraſe in Richard II. *Ye* was probably pronounced *eye*; and *him* muſt be underſtood after *availlith*.

I take

I take have of hem bothe outrageoûſly,
And out of ty=me ; nat two yeer or three, 110
But twenty wyntir paſt continûelly
Exceſſe at borde hath leyd his knyf with me.

The cuſtume of my repleet abſtinence,
And greedy mowth (receite of ſwich outráge)
And hondes two (as woot my negligence) 115
Thus han me gyded and broght in ſervâge
Of hir, that werre=i=eth every age ;
Seekneſſe I mee=ne, riotoures whippe,
Habundantly that paieth me my wage,
So that me neither daun=ce liſt ne ſkippe. 120

The

V. 111. *Twenty wyntir* very nearly fixes the year of HOCCLEVE's birth : for from another paſſage this poem will appear to have been written late in 1406. Suppoſing then theſe twenty years to reach back to his age of 16, he muſt have been born in 1370. This accords with his ſaying (v. 209) that his "yeeres be but yonge." Unleſs we make the twenty winters go back to his age of 16, we muſt make him above 80, when he wrote the laſt poem of this ſelection. Putting *wynter* for the plural *years* was common. "This twenty winter" is in Thorpe's trial :

And a tawny taberde of *twelve wynter* age

is a line in P. P. *Viſions*.

V. 112. *Leyd his knyf with* was probably a proverbial phraſe for *bore company at meals*.

V. 117. *Worre=i=eth.*] Obeied is made into four ſyllables by Lydgate

I obe=i=ed unto his biddynge. *Storie of Thebes*.

V. 119. *Wage* in the ſingular number being ſtill a northern idiom, and certainly not common with old Engliſh writers, affords a kind of preſumptive evidence of

The outward ſigne of Bachus and his lure,
That at his do=re hangith day by day,
Excitith folk to taaſte of his moiſtúre
So often, that men can nat wel ſeyn nay.
For me, I ſeye I was enclyned ay 125
With outen daunger thidir for to hye me,
But if ſwich char=ge up on my bak lay,
That I moot it forber as for a ty=me :

Or but I we=re nakidly beſtad
By force of the penylees maladie: 130
For thanne in her=te cowde I nat be glad,
Ne luſt had noon to Bachus houſe to hie.
Fy! lak of coyn departith compaignie ;
And hevy purs with her=te liberál
Qwenchith the thriſty hete of hertes drie, 135
Where chinchy her=te hath ther of but ſmal.

HOCCLEVE's northern birth. Yet the great latitude of poetical licenſe for rime-ſake, and the practice of uſing ſingulars for plurals in other nouns, render the proof very diſputable. Wage is uſed in the ſame way for rime-ſake in BARCLAY's *Ship of Fools*—

For your great labour ſay what is your *wage*.

V. 127. Thus Chaucer:

That *charge upon my bak* I wole endure.

Clerkes Tale.

V. 136. *Ther of*] Here ſeems to be a ſimilar kind of grammatical irregularity with what is taken notice of in v. 67 : *of* moſt probably relates to *qwenching*.

I dar

I dar net telle, how that the freſh repeir
Of Venus femel, luſty children deer,
That ſo goodly, ſo ſhaply were, and feir,
And ſo pleſant of port and of maneere, 140
And fee=de cowden al a world with cheere,
And of atyr paſſyngly wel byſeye,
At Poules heed me maden ofte appeere
To talke of mirthe, and to diſporte and pleye.

Ther was ſweet wyn ynow thurgh out the hous 145
And wafres thik=ke: for this compaignie,
That I ſpak of, been ſumwhat likerous;
Wher as they mowe a draght of wyn eſpie,

V. 138. is nearly copied from CHAUCER's *Squires Tale:*

Now dauncen luſty Venus children dere.

V. 143. When biſhops licenſed ſtews, the apoſtle Paul's head might be a proper ſign for a brothel: the faſhion however of that time decently omitted prefixing the word *Saint.*

V. 146. *Wafres*] Whatever ſort of cake was meant by this word, it ſeems to have given a double name to a trade; ſince Chaucer ſpeaks of a *wafeyer*, and Pierce Plowman of *wafreſters.* Liſton manour (Eſſex) was bound to find *wafres* at the King's Coronation. Weever's *Fun. Mon.* 659, and Beck. *Ten.* 26.

———. *Thikke* means *in plenty*, as in 'thick and threefold.'

Sweete,

Sweete, and in wirkynge hoot for the maiſtrié,
To warme a ſtomak with ther of they drank. 150
To ſuffre' hem paie had been no courteſie:
That charge I took, to wyn=ne love and thank.

Of loves aart yit touchid I no deel;
I cow=de nat, and eek it was no neede:
Had I a kus, I was content ful weel, 155
Bettre than I wolde han be with the deede.
Ther on can I but ſmal, it is no dreede;
Whan that men ſpeke of it in my preſénce,
For ſhame I wexe as reed as is the gleede.
Now wole I torne ageyn to my ſenténce. 160

V. 151. *Suffre*] Here, and in other places, Hoccleve removes *e* to the end of the word to get rid of a ſyllable.

V. 154. *It was no nede*] In modern language *it* ſhould be *there*; but ſuch was the old phraſeology. "*It* is no nede, that I diſpute long with you of deth." *Tullye of old age*, printed by Caxton.

V. 155. *Kus*] There can hardly be a ſtronger inſtance of the promiſcuous uſe of vowels in old Engliſh than in this word. *Kuſs* is uſed by GOWER,

(Yet wole he ſtele a *kuſs* or two. B. v. f. 119. b.)

and by LYDGATE in his *Fall of Princes*, and by CAXTON in *the Proud Lady of Love*, and by SKELTON in *Speak Parrot*. The more uſual word in the old writers was *kiſſe*; but Chaucer for rime's ſake (in the *Clerkes Tale*) uſes *keſſe*. Wicliff's word is *coſſe*, which accords with the Saxon.

Of

Of him, that hauntith taverne of cuſtúme,
In ſhor=te wordes the profýt is this
In double wyſe; his bagge it ſhal conſume,
And make his ton=ge ſpeke of folk amis:
For in the cup=pe ſelden founden is, 165
That any wight his neigheburgh commendith.
Beholde and ſee, what ávantage is his,
That God, his freend, and eek him ſelf offendith!

But oon avantage in this cas I have:
I was ſo ferd with any man to fighte, 170
Cloos kepte I me; no man durſte I deprave
But rownyngly: I ſpak no thyng on highte:
And yit my wil was good, if that I mighte
For lettynge of my manly cowardyſe,
That ay of ſtrokes impreſſid the wighte: 175
So that I dur=ſte medlen in no wyſe.

V. 165, &c. There is great affinity between this remark and the following lines on the ſame ſubject:

> Perhaps alas! the pleaſing theme was brought
> From this man's error, from another's fault,
> From topics, which good-nature would forget,
> And prudence mention with the laſt regret.
>
> PRIOR'S *Solomon*.

V. 175. *Wighte* for weight. This is a ſtrong inſtance of the poetical licence of that age in changing a word for the ſake of rime. CHAUCER had previouſly made the ſame alteration. See *Troil.* v. 1385.

Wher

Wher was a gretter maiſtir eek than y,
Or bet acqweyntid at Weſtmýnſtre yate;
Among the tavernéres namely,
And cookes? whan I cam, eerly or late, 180
I pynchid nat at hem in myn acate,
But paied hem as that they axe wolde;
Wherfore I was the welcomer algate,
And for a verray gentil man y-holde.

And if it happid on the ſomere's day, 185
That I thus at the taverne hade be,
Whan I depare ſholde, and go my way
Hoom to the privee ſeel, ſo wowid me
Hete, and unluſt, and ſuperfluitee
To walke un to the brigge and take a boot, 190

V. 177. *y* (ſignifying I) ſeems to be ſpelt in this manner for the ſake of riming in *ſhew* as well as ſound: but it was uſually *Ꝟ* in Wicliff.

V. 185. *Somere's*] This is an inſtance of a word of three ſyllables (accented on the firſt) being reduced to a diſſyllable. Had it been a *plural*, according to the tenour of the Mſ. it would have been written *ſomers*; but no ſuch liberty is here taken with genitive caſes, though they ſeem to have been abridged in the ſame manner ſoon after; as we have for genitives ſingular in FORTESCUE *on Monarchy* the words, *kings*, *ſubjetts*, &c.

V. 188. *Hoom to the privee ſeel*] By this it ſhould ſeem, that ſome of the clerks of the Privy Seal were then reſident at the Office, and that the ſaid Office was not far from the water-ſide. The editor can learn no more.

V. 190. *Brigge*] In later times there was a bridge over a creek, which ran up into the garden belonging to Whitehall: there might have been one there, before that ſpot was a garden.

That

That nat durſte I contrárie hem all three,
But dide all that they ſtired me, god woot.

And in the wyntir, for the way was deep,
Un to the brigge I dreſſid me alſó;
And ther the bootmen took up on me keep, 195
For they my riot kneewen fern ago:
With hem I was y-tuggid to and fro,
So wel was him, that I with wol-de fare.
For riot paieth largely evere mo;
He ſtyntith never, til his purs be bare. 200

Other than maiſtir callid was I never
Among this meynee in myn audience;
Me thoghte I was y-maad a man for ever:
So tikelid me that nyce reverence,
That it me ma-de larger of deſpence, 205
Than that I thoghte han been. O Flateríe,
The guyſe of thy traiterous diligence
Is folk to meſcheef haaſten and to hie.

V. 192. *Stired me*] That is, *ſtirred me to.*

V. 206. *Thoghte* ſeems to be uſed in the ſenſe of *meant to:* indeed it is only the omiſſion of *to* (common with Hoccleve) which makes the phraſeology differ from modern.

V. 208. Before *haaſten* there is another elliptical omiſſion of *to.*

Al be it that my yeeres be but yonge,
Yet have I ſeen in folk of hy degree, 210
How that the venym of Faveles tonge
Hath mortifi=ed hir proſperitee,
And broght hem in ſo ſharp adverſitee,
That it hir lyf hath alſo throwe adoun:
And yit ther can no man in this contreé 215
Unnethe eſchu=e this confuſioún.

Many a ſervant un to his lord ſeith,
That al the world ſpekith of him honoúr,
Whan the contrarie of that is ſooth in feith;
And lightly leeved is this loſengour: 220
His hony wordes wrappid in erroúr
Blyndly conceyved been, the more harm is.

V. 211. *Faveles.*] *Cajolerie* is the trueſt explanation of *Favel*, as given by CARPENTIER in his Supplement to Du Cange. *Favel* is perſonified both in P. P's. *Viſions*, and in SKELTON's *Bouge of Courte*. The gloſſariſt to *Pieces of Popular Poetry* (publiſhed 1791) explains *favel* by the general word *deceit*, and unfortunately refers the reader to *Bouge of Courte*; whereas in that poem *Favel* and *Diſceyte* are diſtinct perſonages; though the latter (for the ſake of rime) is firſt called *ſubtylte*. In BARCLAY's Ecclogues we read of

Flatterers, and liers, *coriers of fafell.*

PUTTENHAM too calls *Curry-favel* a figure in poetry (p. 154). Both theſe authorities confirm the ſame gloſſariſt's conjecture about the expreſſion of *currying favour*.

V. 219. *Contrarie*] This ſeems to be an inſtance of what Mr. TYRWHITT has remarked in CHAUCER; that two quick ſyllables ſometimes make but one in metre.

Oh!

O! thow, Favele, of leſynges auctoúr,
Cauſiſt al day thy lord to fare amis.

The combreworldes clept been enchantoúrs 225
In bookes, as that I have or this red,
That is to ſey=e, ſotil deceyvoúrs
By whom the peple' is mis gy=éd and led,
And with pleſan=ce ſo foſtréd and fed,
That they fogete hem ſelf, and can nat feele 230
The ſoothe of the conditiôn in hem bred
No mo=re, than hir wit were in hir heele.

Who ſo that liſt in the book of natúre
Of beeſtes re=de, therin he may ſee,
If he take hee=de un to the ſcriptúre 235
Wher it ſpekth of meermáides in the ſee,
How that ſo inly mirie ſyngith ſhee,
That the ſhipman ther with fallith a ſleepe,

V. 232. *Hir wit were in hir heele* muſt have been an old proverb.

V. 233. *The book of nature of beeſtes.*] Whatever book is here vouched, its author ſeems to have been more credulous than Pliny; who ſpeaks of the ſame quality attributed to *Sirens*, and not worthy of belief. Nat. Hiſt. lib. xi.

V. 237. *Shee* has no proper antecedent; but muſt either mean *one* of the *meermaides*, or be uſed like a plural.

And by hir aftir devoured is he.
From al ſwich ſong is good men hem to keepe. 240

Right ſo the feyned wordes of pleſánçe
Annoyen aftir, thogh they pleſe a tyme
To hem that been unwyſe of governance.
Lordes, beeth waar, let nat Favel you lyme;
If that yee been envolupid in cryme, 245
Yee may nat dee=me men ſpeke of you weel:
Thogh Favel peynte her tale in proſe or ryme,
Ful holſum is it truſte her nat a deel.

Holco=te ſeith up on the book alſo
Of ſapience, as it can teſtifie, 250
Whan that Ulixes ſaillid to and fro
By meermaides, this was his policie:
All eres of men of his compaignie
With wex he ſtop=pe leet, for that they noght
Hir ſong ſholde hee=re, leſt the armonie 255
Hem might un to ſwich deedly ſleep han broght,

V. 240. This final line of the ſtanza is very much in the manner adopted by Spenſer.

V. 248. *Truſte.*] That is *to* truſt. Another omiſſion of *to* before an infinitive.

V. 249. *Holcote.*] See the Gloſſary.

And

And bond him ſelf un to the ſhippes maſt.
So thus hem all ſaved his providence.
The wys man is of peril ſore agaſt.
O flaterie, o lurkyng peſtilence, 260
If ſum man dide his cure and diligence
To ſtoppe his eres fro thy poeſie,
And nat wolde herkne' a word of thy ſenténce,
Un to his greef it were a remedie.

Ah nay! al thogh thy ton=ge wer ago, 265
Yit canſt thou gloſe in contenance and cheere;
Thou ſupportiſt with lookes evere mo
Thy lordes wordes in e=che mateere

V. 261. *If ſum man.*] This idiom of uſing the ſingular inſtead of plural number was not very uncommon. " *Sum* foreſter may bring moo men to the feld, than " may *ſum* knight, or *ſum* eſquier." Forteſcue *on monarchy*, p. 22.

Dide his cure and diligence.] Thus in Lydgate.

Full beſily *did her diligence.*
Storie of Thebes.

V. 262. *Poeſie* ſeems to mean *muſical enchantment*, as LYDGATE calls Amphion's building Thebes with his harp ---- darke poeſie.

263. *Herkne* is here turned into a monoſyllable by tranſpoſition of letters, as ſuffre, v. 151. For its meaning ſee the gloſſary.

Althogh

Althogh that they a my=te be to deere :
And thus thy gyſe is ; privee and appert 270
With word and look among our lordes here
Preferred be, thogh ther be no diſſert.

But whan the ſobre, treewe, and weel avyſid
With ſad viſage his lord enformeth pleyn,
How that his governan=ce is deſpyſid 275
Among the peple', and ſeith him as they ſeyn,
As man treewe oghte un to his ſovereyn,
Conſeillynge him amende his governance,
The lordes her=te ſwellith for deſdeyn,
And bit him voi=de bly=ve with meſchance. 280

V. 269. *A myte* is uſed elliptically for *at a mite*. So in LYDGATE's *Troy-book* "deare inogh *a mite*."

V. 270. *Privee and appert.*] *Perſons in private and public capacities* is the only ſenſe of theſe words ſuitable to the context. *A privee man* is explained by TYRWHITT, *a man entruſted with private buſineſs*, and *appert* means *public*. In the next century we meet with a corruption of this phraſe, "privy or pearte." So it ſtands in a ſatire on Wolſey, entitled *Rede me, &c.*

V. 271. *With* is put for *by*, as in Lydgate :

With kynges and prynces in every regyon
Greatly preferred.
Prol. to Bochas.

V. 276. *Seith* uſed actively like *tells :* as LYDGATE in *Troy-book*, "loke thou *ſay him ſo*."

V. 278. *Amende* ſhould have *to* before it now, but was probably then as intelligible without.

Men

Men ſetten nat by trou=the now adayes,
Men love it nat, men wole it nat cheríce,
And yit is trou=the beſt at all aſſayes:
Whan that falſe Favel, ſouſtenour of vice,
Nat wi=te ſhal how hi=re to chevýce, 285
Ful boldely ſhal trouthe hire heed up bere.
Lordes, leſt Favel you fro we=le tryce,
No lenger ſouffre' hir neſtlen in your ere.

Be as be may, no more of this as now;
But to my mis reu=le wole I refeere; 290
Wher as I was at e=ſe weel ynow,
Or exceſſe un to me leef was and deere,
And or I kneew his erneſtful maneere:
My purs of coyn had reſonable wone;
But now ther in can ther but ſcant appeere: 295
Exceſſe hath ny exyled hem echone.

V. 285. *Hire.*] This word is very ſeldom made a diſſyllable; but the metre abſolutely requires it ſhould be ſo in this line: it ſeems almoſt as neceſſary too in a line of *Chaucer;*

Becauſe that he ſer was from *hi=re* ſight. v. 3395.

V. 291. *Wher as.*] Tyrwhitt ſays in his gloſſary "*wher* in compoſition ſometimes ſignifies *which.*" Thus *wher as* here may ſignify *as to which*---referring to *mis-reule* in the line before. There is the ſame uſage of *wheras* in Caxton's *Proud Lady of love.* ch. i.

V. 294. *Coyn* muſt in this place be conſidered as a plural (like *yere* and *wyntir*), elſe there can be no grammatical ſenſe in the laſt line of the ſtanza.

The

The feend and exceſ-ſe been convertíble
As enditith to me my fantaſié.
This is my ſkill, if it be admittíble :
Exceſſe of mete and drynke is glotoníe, 300
Glotonie awakith malencolié.
Malencolie engendryth werre and ſtryf,
Stryf cauſith mortel hurt thurgh hir folíe :
Thus may exceſ-ſe reve a ſoule hir lyf.

No force of al this : go we now to wacche 305
By nighterta-le out of al meſúre,
For as in that fin-de cowde I no macche
In al the privee ſeel with me tendure ;
And to the cuppe ay took I heede and cure,
For that the dryn-ke appall ſhol-de noght : 310
But whan the pot emptid was of moiſtúre
To wake aftirward cam nat in my thoght.

But whan the cuppe had thus my nee-de ſped,
And ſumdel mo-re than neceſſitee,
With repleet ſpirit wente I to my bed 315
And bathid ther in ſuperfluitee ;

But

But on the morn was wight of no degree
So loothe as I to twyn=ne fro my cowche,
By aght I woot---aby=de, let me ſee,
Of two as looth I am ſeur kowde I towche. 320

I dar not ſeyn, Prentys and Arundel
Me countrefete, and in ſwich wach go ny me;
But often they hir bed loven ſo wel,
That of the day it drawith ny the pry=me
Or they riſe up; nat can I tell the ty=me 325
Whan they to bed=de goon, it is ſo late.
O Hel=the lord, thou ſeeſt hem in that cry=me,
And yit thee looth is with hem to debate.

V. 320. *Towche*, that is, make mention. This ſenſe of *touch* with *on* joined to it is in Johnſon's dictionary; but formerly it was followed by *of*: "*touch* and ſpeke both *of* Aſcanius and *of* Silvius." RASTELL's *Cronicle*.

Though I have touched *of* this enormitie.

BARCLAY's *Ship of Fools*.

V. 321. *Prentys and Arundel.*] Whether theſe two gentlemen belonged to the Privy Seal, or not, ſeems doubtful: had they been in the ſame department with Hoccleve, they would moſt likely have been mentioned in the next poem.

V. 324. *Pryme*. See the Gloſſary.

And why? I n'at: it ſit nat un to me,
That mirour am of riot and exceſſe, 330
To knowen of a goddes pryvetee:
But thus I ymagyne, and thus I geſſe;
Thow meeved art of tendre gentilneſſe
Hem to forber, and will hem nat chaſtyſe,
For they in mirthe and vertuous gladnéſſe 335
Lordes reconforten in ſundry wyſe.

But to my purpos: ſyn that my ſeeknéſſe,
As wel of purs as body, hath refreyned
Me fro Taverne and othir wantoneſſe,
Among an heep my name is now deſteyned; 340
My grevous hurt ful litil is compleyned,
But they the lak compleyne of my deſpenſe.
Alas! that evere knyt I was and cheyned
To éxceſſe, or him dide obedience.

Deſpenſes large enhaunce a mannes loos, 345
Whil they endure; and whan they be forbore,

V. 331. *Goddes pryvetee.*] LYDGATE ſays of Amphiorar,
was alſo ſecree
With the *Goddes*, knowing her *privetee*. St. of Th.

V. 335. *Vertuous.*] The word here ſeems to mean *ſalubrious*. We ſtill uſe 'the *vertue* of medicines.' Lydgate ſpeaks of '*vertuous* plente.' *Fall of* Ps. B. iv. ch. 14.

His

His name is deed; men keepe hir mowthes cloos
As nat a peny had he ſpent to fore:
My thank is qweynt, my purs his ſtuf hath lore,
And my carkeis repleet with hevyneſſe: 350
Be waar, Hoccleve, I re=de thee therefóre,
And to a me=ne reu=le thow thee dreſſe.

Who ſo paſſyn=ge meſu=re deſyrith
(As that witneſſen ol=de clerkes wyſe)
Him ſelf encombrith often ſythe and myrith, 355
And for thy let the me=ne thee ſouffyſe:
If ſwich a cónceit in thyn her=te ryſe,
As thy profyt may hindre' or thy renown
If it were execut in any wyſe,
With manly reſoun thriſ=te thow it down. 360

Thy rentes annuel, as thou wel wooſt,
To ſcar=ce been greet coſtes to ſuſteene;
And in thy cofre pardee is cold rooſt;
And of thy manuel labour, as I weene,

V. 349. *My thank* muſt mean *thanks due to me.* So Lydgate has

Leſeth oft his thank.

Fall of Ps. B. v. ch. 17.

V. 364. *Manuel* muſt be a diſſyllable, and was therefore likely to be pronounced man*w*el: *u* and *w* were often confounded, as in d*u*ell, frequent in Maundevile. The ſame kind of pronunciation might take place in the word *continuelly*, v. 111.

Thy lucre' is ſwich, that it unneth is ſeene, 365
Ne felt; of yyftes ſeye I eek the ſame:
And ſte=le, for the guerdon is ſo keene,
Ne darſt thow nat, ne begge alſó for ſhame.

Than wolde it ſee=me, that thow borwid haaſt
Mochil of that, that thow haaſt thus deſpent 370
In outrage and exceſſe and verray waaſt.
Avy=ſe thee; for what thyng that is lent
Of verray right moſt hoom ageyn be ſent;
Thow thir in haaſt no perpetuitee:
Thy dettes pai=e, leſt that thow be ſhent, 375
And or that thow ther to compellid be.

Sum folk in this cas dreeden more offenſe
Of man for wyly wrenches of the lawe,
Than he dooth either god or conſciénce;
For by hem two he ſettith nat *an* hawe. 380

V. 377. *Folk---dreeden.*] Here *folk*, as a noun of multitude, has a verb *plural*; yet is regarded as *ſingular*---by *he* in the third and fourth lines of the ſtanza.

V. 380. *An* (not in the Mſ.) is wanted for the metre. In the laſt poem of the Mſ. is "*nat worth an hawe.*" *At* is omitted, as in v. 269. before *a mite*, and as in CHAUCER's R. R. 5730.

they ſett nat *a leke.*

If

If thy conceit be ſwich, thow it withdrawe
I rede, and voide it clene out of thyn herte;
And firſt of god, and ſyn of man have awe,
Leſt that they bo=the ma=ke thee to ſmerte.

Now lat this ſmert warnyn=ge to thee be; 385
And if thow maiſt heer aftir be releeved
Of body and purs, ſo thow gy=e thee
By wit, that thow no mo=re thus be greeved.
What riot is, thow taaſtid haaſt and preeved.
The fyr, men ſeyn, he dreedith that is brent; 390
And, if thow ſo do, thow art wel y-meeved:
Be now ne lenger fool, by myn aſſent.

Ey! what is me? that to my ſelf thus longe
Clappid have I! I tro=we, that I rave.
Ah nay! my poo=re purs and peynes ſtronge. 395
Have artid me ſpeke, as I ſpoken have.

V. 386. *Releeved* ſeems here to be uſed in a ſenſe a little different from its common one. As in the following line of Earl Rivers:

Thingis derked to light hit dooth *releve.*

Alſo in P. Ps. *Viſions*, paſſus 18:

And that death in them fordid, my deth ſhal *releve.*

V. 393. *What is me?*] An ellipſis for *what is come to me?*

Who

Who ſo him ſhapith mercy for to crave,
His leſſon moot recorde in ſundry wyſe;
And whil my breeth may in my body wave,
To recorde it unnethe I may ſouffyſe. 400

O god, o Helthe, un-to thyn ordenance,
Weleful lord, meekly ſubmitte I me;
I am contryt, and of ful repentánce,
That evére' I ſwymmed in ſwich nycetee,
As was diſpleaſaunt to thy deitee: 405
Now kythe on me thy mercy and thy grace;
It ſit a God been of his gra-ce free;
Foryeve, and nevere wole I eft treſpace.

My body and purs been at ones ſeeke,
And for hem bothe I to thyn hy nobléſſe, 410
As humblely as that I can, byſeeke
With herte unfeyned; reewe on our diſtreſſe;
Pitee have of myn harmful hevyneſſe;
Relee-ve the repentant in diſeſe;
Deſpende on me a drope of thy largéſſe 415
Right in this wyſe, if it thee like and pleſe.

V. 407. *It ſit a god.*] Gower fol. 9.
It ſit a preeſt.

Lo!

Lo! lat my lord the Fourneval I preye
(My noble lord, that now is treſoreér)
From thyn hyneſ-ſe have a tokne' or tweye
To pai-e me that due is for this yeer 420
Of my yeerly ten pounds in theſchequeér;
Nat but for Michel ter-me that was laſt:
I dar nat ſpeke a word of ferneyeer,
So is my ſpirit ſimple' and ſore agaſt.

I kep-te, nat to be ſeen importúne 425
In my purſuyte; I am ther to ful looth:
And yit that gy-ſe ryf is and comúne
Among the peple now, withouten ooth;

V. 417. *Fourneval.*] Thomas Nevil (Lord Furnival jure uxoris) was conſtituted (jointly with Sir John Pelham) Treaſurer of the kingdom, by both Houſes of Parliament in 1405. See Parliamentary Hiſt. vol. ii. p. 85. See alſo DUGDALE's Mon. Ang. vol. ii. p. 938. col. ii. where this ſame perſon is called "Treaſorer of England."

V. 423. *Ferneyeer* (as explained in the gloſſary) means the foregoing year. In the margin of the MS. is this note: "annus ille fuit annus reſtrictionis annuitatum." Of the year 1405 there is a ſtatute in old French and not tranſlated (7 H. IV. ch. 16.) which ſtops the payment of annuities *lately granted*, to ſecure it to thoſe of older date. By the paſſage in the poem, and by the note, it ſhould ſeem, that HOCCLEVE had one of theſe late grants, and that the ſtatute continued in force only for a twelvemonth. This line (together with that which mentions the treaſurerſhip of Lord Furnival) almoſt fixes the date of this poem to the cloſe of 1406, or very beginning of 1407.

V. 428. *Withouten ooth.*] This phraſe ſeems to mean *beyond occaſion for an oath* to my aſſertion. *Withouten langage* in the Corpus Chriſti play means *no need to ſay more.*

As

As the ſhamelees cravour wole, it gooth,
For eſtaat real can nat al day werne; 430
But poo=re ſhamefáſt man ofte is wrooth;
Wherfo=re for to cra=ve moot I lerne.

The proverb is, *the doumb man no land getith:*
Who ſo nat ſpekith, and with neede is bete,
And thurgh arghnéſſe his ow=ne ſelf forgetith, 435
No wondir thogh an othir him forgete;
Neede hath no lawe, as that the Clerkes trete;
And thus to cra=ve artith me my neede,
And right wole eek, that I me entremete,
For that I axe is due, as god me ſpeede. 440

V. 431. For the ſenſe of *wrooth* here, ſee the gloſſary.

V. 435. *His owne ſelf*] This expreſſion may ſerve to confirm WALLIS's opinion, that *ſelf* was a ſubſtantive. Mr. TYRWHITT held the contrary in his vindication of his *appendix to Rowley*; but allowed, that *ſelf* had been made a ſubſtantive of in the 16th century: he had not (when he wrote this vindication) ſeen the editor's Mſ. Any other ſuch inſtance, either in the 15th century, or earlier, the editor acknowledges that he has not found; yet he cannot conceive, but that this ſingle authority is an undeniable one.

And

And that, that due is, thy magnificence
Shunneth to wer=ne, as that I byleeve ;
As I ſeide, reew=e on myn impotence,
That likly am to ſter=ve yit or eeve,
But if thow in this wy=ſe me releeve : 445
By coyn I ge=te may ſwich medecyne,
As may myn hur=tes al=le that me greeve
Exy=le cleene, and voi=de me of pyne.

V. 442. *Shunneth* with an infinitive after it, though not very common, is as modern as Waller,

> The lark, that *ſhuns* on lofty boughs *to build*
> Her humble neſt, &c.

II.

CESTES BALADE ET CHANCEON ENSUYANTZ FEURENT FAITES A MON MEISTRE H. SOMER QUANT IL SOUZTRESORER.

[THE BALADE AND SONG FOLLOWING WERE WRITTEN TO MY MAISTER H. SOMER*, WHEN HE WAS UNDER-TREASURER.]

THE Son=ne with his bemes of brightnéſſe
To man ſo kyndly is and noriſhynge;
That lakkyng it day ne=re but dirknéſſe;
To day he yeveth his enlumynynge,

* HENRY SOMER was made a Baron of the Exchequer, Nov. 8th, 1408 [See DUGDALE's Series]. This poem muſt conſequently have been older than that period: how much, cannot well be aſcertained; but the editor conceives its moſt probable date to be the cloſe of the year 1407.

And cauſith al fruyt for to wexe and ſprynge : 5
Now ſyn that ſon=ne may ſo moche availl,
And mooſt with Somer is his ſojournynge,
That ſeſoun bontevous we wole aſſail.

Glad cheerid Somer, to your governaill
And gra=ce we ſubmitte al our willýnge ; 10
To whom yee freendly been, he may nat faill
But he ſhal have his reſonable' axýnge :
Aftir your good luſt be the ſeſonynge
Of our fruytes ; the laſ=te myghelmeſſe
The tyme of yeer was of our ſeed ynnýnge ; 15
The lak of which is our greet hevyneſſe.

We truſte up on your freendly gentilleſſe,
Yee wole us helpe, and been our ſuppoaill :
Now yeve us cauſe ageyn this criſtemeſſe
For to be glad, o lord ! whether our taill 20

Shall

V. 8. *Aſſaill*, that is, with importunity.

V. 18. *Suppoaill*] See the gloſſary.

V. 20. *O lord*] Somer ſeems to be here addreſt as a deity, in the ſame manner as Health in the former poem.

—— *Whether* appears in this place only to have the power of making the ſentence interrogative. It is uſed in the ſame manner by Wicliff. " If his ſone axe him breed,

Shall ſoo=ne make us with our ſhippes ſaill
To port ſalut? if yow liſt, we may ſynge,
And elles moot us bo=the mourne and waill
Till your favour us ſen=de releevýnge.

We your ſervántes Hoccleve, and Bailláy, 25
Hethe and Offor=de, yow byſeeche and preye,
Haſtith our herveſt as ſoone as yee may;
For fere of ſtormes our wit is aweye;

breed, *whether* he wole take him a ſtone?" Mat. ch. 7. This is but one inſtance of many, that might be produced from the ſame book.

V. 21, &c. *With our ſhippes ſaill to port ſalut?*] *Port ſalut* was a kind of proverbial expreſſion, and ſo uſed in the tranſlation of *Cicero de ſenectute* printed by CAXTON; but the *ſhippes* that were to be procured by their *taill* (or exchequer tally) to carry them to this ſafe port, were moſt probably *nobles* (the gold coin which had a *ſhip* for the reverſe), ſince our author certainly uſes *ſhippes* in this ſenſe in the next poem.

V. 25. HOCCLEVE, &c.] By the poet's naming himſelf firſt, we may conclude, that he was the ſenior in office of the four.

V. 28. *Our wit is aweye*] So in GOWER,

out of him ſelfe *awey*. Fol. 35.

By the rimes of the four firſt lines of this ſtanza, there ſeems to have been a diſtinction of ſound between the ſyllables *ay* and *eye* which we are not now aware of: or elſe rimes were expected to match to the ſight as well as to the ear. Of this indeed we have ſeen inſtances already, and ſhall meet with more. HOCCLEVE was exacter in his rimes than even moſt modern poets.

Were

Were our ſeed inned, wel we mighten pleye,
And us deſporte, and ſynge, and make game; 30
And yit this rowndel ſhal we ſynge and ſeye
In truſt of yow, and honour of your name.

Somer, that rypeſt mannes ſuſtenance
With holſum hete of the Sonnes warmnéſſe,
Al kynde of man thee holden is to bleſſe. 35

Ay thankid be thy freendly governance,
And thy freſh look of mirthe and of gladnéſſe.

Somer, that rypeſt mannes ſuſtenance
With holſum hete of the Sonnes warmnéſſe,
All kynde of man thee holden is to bleſſe. 40

V. 31. *Rowndel*] From v. 33 to the end of this poem is a ſample of old Engliſh *roundels*, which Cotgrave defines "a rime, or ſonnet, that ends as it begins." A ſpecimen of the *rime* in the definition may ſeem in CHAUCER'S *Knight's Tale*, v. 1512, 13, 14; and of the *ſonnet* here. Cotgrave's definition is incomplete, by making no mention of the *repetition of the burden* in the middle. In this reſpect the definition in *dictionaire des Trevoux* (adopted by Johnſon) is more to the purpoſe; but neither does that exactly correſpond with this Engliſh relique, for it makes the ſonnet conſiſt of thirteen lines; of which eight accord to one rime, and five to another: here we have fourteen lines in all, and nine of them to one rime. This roundel is what is called *chanceon* in the title to the piece.

To

To hevy folk of thee the remembránce
Is ſalve and oynement to hir ſeeknéſſe ;
For why we this ſhul ſynge in criſtemeſſe :

Somer, that rypeſt mannes ſuſtenance
With holſum hete of the Sonnes warmnéſſe, 45
Al kynde of man thee holden is to bleſſe.

V. 43. *For why*] See the gloſſary.

III.

CESTE BALADE ENSUYANTE FEUST PAR LA COURT DE BONE COMPAIGNIE ENVOIEE A LONURE SIRE HENRI SOMER CHAUNCELLER DE LESCHEQUER ET UN DE LA DITE COURT.

[THIS BALADE FOLLOWING WAS BY THE COURT OF GOOD COMPANY SENT TO HIS HONOUR SIR HENRY SOMER CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AND ONE OF THE SAID COURT.*]

WORSHIPFUL Sir, and our freend ſpecial,
(And felawſe in this cas we call yow)
Your lettre ſent un to us cleerly al
We haſve red, and underſtanden, how

It

* *Said Court* the editor apprehends muſt mean the *Court* ſo called in the beginning of this title, and not the Exchequer; becauſe, though Henry Somer was made a

It is no wit to your conceit, as now, 5
U=ſe the ru=le foorth as we been inne,
But al an othir ru=le to begynne :

Reherſynge, how in the place of honoúr,
The Temple, for ſolace and for gladnéſſe
(Wher as nat ogh=te uſid been erroúr 10
Of over mochil waaſt or of exceſſe)
Firſt wern we foundid to u=ſe largeſſe

Baron of that Court in 1408, he could hardly remain ſo after being appointed its Chancellor. When his latter promotion took place, does not appear; but there was a new appointment of a baron in 1409, another in 1410, and of three more in 1414; either of which might be in the room of Somer. This *Company* ſeems to have been formed of members of the *Middle Temple*. The *Temple* is mentioned in the poem; and *Cheſtre's Inn* (where HOCCLEVE ſtudied the law) appears to have then belonged to the *Middle Temple*. Though the editor can throw very little light upon the particular cuſtom of the feaſt here treated of; yet he gives the piece to the public, as a ſingular curioſity in its way, and perhaps more intelligible to abler antiquaries, than to himſelf. It certainly is not publiſhed to ſet off the poetical talent of its author, being merely an epiſtolary altercation verſified, and in a ſtyle for the moſt part much embarraſſed.

V. 5. *No wit* ſeems another way of ſpelling *no whit*: but take *wit* for *ſenſe*, and the paſſage will be equally intelligible. *Uſeth no wyite* is a phraſe in Caxton's *Chivalry*.

V. 6. *Uſe*] Another omiſſion of *to* before the infinitive.

In

In our deſpenſes; but for to exceede
Reſon we han, eſpyed yee nat beede.

Yee allegge eek, how a rule hath be kept 15
Or this, which was good as yee have herd ſeyn;
But it now la=te ceſſid hath and ſlept,
Which good yow thynkith were up take ageyn;
And, but if it ſo be, our Court certeýn
Nat likly any whyle is to endure, 20
As hath in mow=the many a cre=atúre.

Yee wolden, that in conſervacioun
Of our honour, and eek for our profýt,
That thentente of our old fundacioun
Obſerved migh=te been, and to that plyt 25
Be broght as it was firſt, and paſſe al qwyt

V. 13. *To exceede*] At the *Middle Temple* an additional diſh to the regular dinner is ſtill called *exceedings*: to which appellation Maſſinger alludes (in the Picture) by the expreſſion of "feſtival exceedings;" but his editor Coxeter, not knowing the origin of the phraſe, thinks 'exceeding feſtivals' had been better.

V. 14. *Eſpyed yee nat beede.*] that is, *you do not ſay has been ſeen by you.*

V. 18. *Yow thynkith* is the ſame kind of phraſe as *me thinks: yow* is the oblative caſe, and not the nominative.

V. 26. *Paſſe al qwyt out of the daunger*] This phraſeology was common with old writers. Fabian has it in a paſſage, where *daunger* is uſed more peculiarly, than by Hoccleve: he is ſpeaking of two ſheriffs impriſoned in the 38th year of Hen. III. and ſays, "how they *paſſyd out of the kynges daunger*, I fynde not."

Out of the daunger of outrageous waaſt,
Leſt with ſcorn and repreef feed us ſwich taaſt.

Un to that en=de ſix=e ſhippes grete
To yeve us han yee grauntid and behight, 30
To bye ageyn our dyner flour or whete;
And beſide it, as reſon wole and right,
Pai=e your lagh, as dooth an othir wight,
That by meſu=re rulith him and gyeth,
And nat as he, whom outra=ge maiſtrieth. 35

In your lettre contened is alſó,
That if us liſt to chaunge in no maneére
Our neew=e gy=ſe, ne twyn=ne ther fro,
The fir=ſte day of May yee wole appeere;
That day yee ſet=te be with us in feere; 40
And to keepe it yee wo=le be reedý.
This is theffect of your lettre ſoothlý.

V. 29. *Six ſhippes grete* can mean nothing elſe in this paſſage, than *ſix whole nobles*; which Hoccleve calls ſhips for the reaſon already given in the note to II. 21.

V. 40. *Sette be*: that is, *appoint to be*.

To

To the which in this wy=ſe we anſwére:
Exceſ=ſe for to do be yee nat bownde,
Ne noon of us, but do as we may bere; 45
Up on ſwich rù=le we nat us ne growńde.
Yee been diſcreet, thogh yee in good habownde:
Dooth as yow thynkith for your honeſtee;
Yee and we all arn at our libertee.

At our laſ=te dyner, wel knowen yee, 50
By our Stywardes limitacion,
(As cuſtume of our Court axith to be,
And ay at ou=re congregacion
Obſerved) left al excuſacion,
Warned yee wern for the dyner arraye 55
Ageyn thorſday next, and nat it delaye.

We yow nat holde avyſid in ſwich wyſe,
As for to make us deſtitut that day
Of our dyner, take on yow that empryſe:

V. 48. *Yow thynkith.*] See note to v. 18.

V. 50. *At our laſte dyner, &c.*] By the whole of this ſtanza it may be inferred, that each dinner had a Steward, who then appointed the time for the next dinner. Alſo a new Steward ſeems to have been appointed at the ſame time, who bore a conſiderable ſhare of the charge. This (we may preſume) was now Sir Henry Somer.

V. 56. *Delaye* means *to delay.*

V. 59. *Take* for *or to take.*

If

If your luſt be, dryveth exceſſe away; 60
Of wy-ſe men mochil folke ler-ne may;
Diſcretion meſurith every thyng;
Deſpende aftír your pleaſance and lykýng.

Enſaumpleth us, let ſeen and us miroúre:
As that it ſeemeth good to your prudénce, 65
Reu-le that day, for the thank ſhal be youre;
Dooth, as yow liſt be drawe in conſequence;
We truſten in your wys experience:
But keepith wel your tourn, how ſo befall,
On thorſday next, on which we awayte all. 70

V. 64. *Let ſeen and us miroure*, for *and let us ſee a pattern.* This tranſpoſition of *and* is very unuſual; yet there does not ſeem any other way of making ſenſe of the paſſage, but by putting *let ſeen* by itſelf, and making *miroure* a verb—for which laſt uſage the editor can find no trace of an authority.

V. 67. *As yow liſt be draw in conſequence.*] The meaning is, 'as it pleaſes you to have drawn into a precedent.'

V. 70. *Awayte* is here uſed in a neutral ſenſe, like *wait.* Lydgate uſes it in the ſame way in his *Troy-book:*

Medea, to *awayte* upon her knight, &c.

IV.

AU ROY.

[TO THE KING*.]

VICTORIÔUS kyng, our lord ful gracious,
We humble li=ge men to your hynéſſe
Meekly byſeechen you, o kyng pitóus,
Tendre pitee have on our ſharp diſtreſſe:
For, but the flood of your rial largéſſe 5
Flowe up on us, gold hath us in ſwich hate,
That of his love and cheertee the ſcantnéſſe
Wole arte us three to trotte un to Newgate.

* Moſt probably Hen. V. and towards the end of his ſhort reign.
The poem is ſelected, to ſhew the continuance of HOCCLEVE's pecuniary diſtreſſes.

V. 8. *Us three* probably includes two of our poet's three joint-petitioners to the Undertreaſurer, that are named in No. II. v. 25, 6.

Benigne

Benigne li=ge Lord, o havene and yate
Of our confort, let your hy worthyneſſe 10
Oure indigences ſoftne and abate ;
In yow lyth al, yee may our greef redreſſe.
The ſom=me, that we in our bill expreſſe,
Is nat exceſſif, ne outrageous ;
Our long ſervice alſo berith witnéſſe 15
We han for it be ful laborious.

O li=ge Lord, that han be plentevous
Un to your liges of your grace algáte,
Styntith nat now for to be bontevous
To us your ſervants of the ol=de date : 20
God woot, we have been ay eerly and late
Lovyn=ge li=ge men to your nobléſſe ;
Lat nat the ſtrook of indigence us mate,
O worthy Prin=ce, mirour of prowéſſe.

V. 13. *We in our bill expreſſe.*] By this it appears, that theſe verſes only accompanied a more regular petition [bill] preſented to the King.

V. 20. *The olde date.*] This expreſſion makes it probable, that the verſes were written towards the concluſion of this reign: by which time Hoccleve might have been in his office 25 years; for the ſtoppage of his annuity in the laſt reign, implies, that he had a grant from Richard II. [See note to v. 423.]

A de

V.

A de B, & C de D, &c. *

SEE heer my maiſtr' Carpenter, I yow preye,
How many chalenges ageyn me be;
And I may nat delivre' hem by no weye,

* This is not the title to the poem, but written in the margin, even with the firſt line. Under theſe initials is alſo this marginal note. "Ceſte balade feuſt ten-"drement conſideree, & bonement executee."

V. 1. *Carpenter.*] Roſs of Warwick ſays, that *John Carpenter* (made in 1443 Biſhop of Worceſter) was recommended for promotion by Henry V. on his death-bed. He might therefore be in circumſtances to aſſiſt Hoccleve early in the next reign. By a patent of the 5th of Henry VI. printed in the laſt part of the third volume of DUGDALE's *Monaſticon* (p. 177, col. 2.) it appears, that a *John Carpenter* (probably the ſame) was one of the executors of the famous *Richard Whityngton.*

So me werreyeth coynes ſcarſetee,
That ny couſin is to neceſſitee; 5
For why un to yow ſeeke I for refut,
Which that of confort am ny deſtitut.

Tho men, whos names I above expreſſe,
Fayn wolden that they and I evene were;
And ſo wolde I, god take I to witnéſſe. 10
I woot wel, I moot heere, or elles where
Reckne' of my dettes, and of hem anſwere;
Myn her=te for the dreede of god and awe
Fayn wolde it qwyte, and for conſtreynt of lawe.

But by my trou=the nat wole it betyde: 15
And therfore, as fair as I can and may,
With aſpen her=te I preye hem abyde,
And me reſpy=te to ſum lenger day;
Some of hem grante, and ſome of hem ſeyn nay;

V. 5. *Couſin.*] And very *coſyns* through haſty cruelte
To the wode furies infernall.
LYD. *Fall of* Ps.

V. 8. *Above*, that is, in the initials at the top of the laſt page.

V. 14. *It* anſwering to *dettes* is a confuſion of number; which grammatical inaccuracy old Engliſh writers were indeed frequently guilty of.

And

And I ſo ſore ay dreede an aftir clap, 20
That it me reveth many a ſleep and nap.

If that it lykid un to your goodnéſſe
To be betwixt *hem* ánd me ſwich a mene,
As that I migh=te kept be fro duréſſe,
My hevy thoghtes wólde it voi=de clene. 25
As your good pleſance is, this thyng demene
How wel that yee doon, and how ſoone alſo
I ſuffre may in qwenchynge of my wo.

V. 21. *Many a* both here, and in III. 21, makes but two ſyllables; as is always the caſe in MILTON, and frequently in SPENSER.

V. 23. *Hem*, though not in the Mſ. is clearly required both for ſenſe and metre.

V. 28. *Suffre.*] See Gloſſary.

VI. *

GO litil pamfilet, and ſtreight thee dreſſe
Un to the noble rootid gentilleſſe
Of the mighty prince of famous honoúr,
My gracious Lord of Yorke, to whos nobléſſe
Me recommande with hertes humbléſſe, 5
As he that have his grace and his favoúr
Fownden alway, for which I am dettoúr
For him to preye; and ſo ſhal my ſimpléſſe
Hertily do un to my dethes hour.

Remem-

* This poem has no title, but ſoon diſcovers itſelf to have been ſent and addreſt to Richard Duke of York, father to Edward IV.

The nine-line ſtanzas (of which it conſiſts) were not very common with our old poets; and even in thoſe few of the kind the arrangement of rimes was moſtly different from what it is here: but DUNBAR's *Golden Terge* exactly correſponds with the metre of this poem.

V. 1. *Pamfilet.*] Whether this word relates ſingly to the preſent poem, or to a number of the poet's other pieces accompanying it, is not ſo clear. HOCCLEVE calls his poem *de regimine principum* alſo a *pamfilet.* SKELTON ſpeaks of a *noble pamphelet.*

V. 6. *He.*] A grammatical irregularity for *him.* See Gloſſary.

His grace and his favour fownden alway, &c.] Here we have a plain acknowledgment

Remembre his worthyneſſe I charge thee, 10
How ones at London deſired he
Of me, that am his ſervant and ſhal ay,
To have of my baládes ſwich plentée,
As ther weren remeynynge un to me,
And for nat wole I to his wil ſeyn nay, 15
But fulfille it as ferfoorth as I may,
Be thow an owter of my nycetee
For my good lordes luſt and game and play.

My lord byſeeke eek in humble manéere
That he nat ſouffre thee for to appeere 20
In thonurable ſighte or the preſénce
Of the noble princeſſe, and lady déere,
My gracious lady, my good lordes feere,
The mirour of wománly excellence;
Thy cheer is naght, ne haaſt noon eloquence 25
To monſtre thee before hir y-en cleere:
For myn honóur were holſum thyn abſénce.

ment of a long ſeries of obligations. The poet's addreſs to his friend Carpenter ſeems to have been the lateſt of his complaining ſtrains. It is therefore by no means improbable, that the latter part of his life was rendered comfortable by the liberality of the Duke of York.

V. 12. *Shal* uſed elliptically for *ſhal be*. See TYRWHITT's gloſſary to Chaucer.

V. 25. *Haaſt.*] *Thou* is underſtood.

Yit

Yit ful fayn wolde I have a meſſageer
To recomman=de me with herte enteer
To hir benigne and humble wommanhede; 30
And at this tyme have I noon othir heer
But thee, and ſmal am I for thee the neer;
And if thow do it nat, than ſhal the dede
Be left, and (that nat kepte I) out of drede
My Lord, nat I, ſhal have of thee poweer; 35
Axe him licénſe, up on him crie and grede.

Whan that thow haſt thus doon, than aftirward
Byſee=che thow that worthy Prince Edward,
That he thee leye apart, for what may tyde,
Leſt thee behol=de my maiſtír Picard. 40
I war=ne thee, that it ſhal be ful hard
For thee and me to halte on any ſyde,
But he eſpie us: yit no force; abyde;
Let him look on; his herte is to me ward
So freendly, that our ſha=me wole he hyde. 45

V. 40. *Picard* (of whom the editor has found no mention elſe-where) muſt have been the name of Edward's tutor. Edward was but ſeven years old in 1449; at which period HOCCLEVE's age could be little ſhort of eighty.

If

If that I in my wrytyn=ge foleye
(As I do oft, I can it nat withſeye)
Meetrynge amis, or ſpeke unſyttingly,
Or nat by juſt peys my ſentences weye,
And nat to thordre' of endytyng obeye, 50
And my colours ſette of=te ſythe awry,
With al myn her=te wole I buxumly,
It to amende and to correcte, him preye;
For undir his correction ſtande y.

Thow foul book un to my Lord ſeye alſó, 55
That pryde is un to me ſo greet a fo,
That the ſpectacle fórbedith he me,
And hath y-doon of ty=me yere ago;
And for my ſigh=te blyve haſtith me fro,

V. 50. *Thordre* is *the ordre* in the Mſ.; but metre requires the contraction; and, that being the caſe, the Mſ. authoriſes this mode of junction by many ſimilar ones.

V. 51. *Colours.*] Thus Lydgate in his *Fall of Princes* ſpeaks of Chaucer's

" *colours* of ſwetenes,"

and ſays of himſelf,

Of freſh *colours* I toke no manere hede.

V. 57. *The ſpectacle.*] This word (both here and in the lines cited in the preface) muſt mean nearly the ſame as is now called *a pair of ſpectacles*. So thought the late worthy optician, Mr. Adams, whoſe profeſſional judgment and truly communicative diſpoſition the editor had availed himſelf of upon the ſubject. SKELTON in his *Crown of laurel* has the plural *ſpectacles*.

And

And lakkith that that ſholde his confort be, 60
No wondir thogh thow ha=ve no beautée.
Out up on pry=de, cauſer of my wo !
My ſighte is hurt thurgh hir adverſitee.

Now ende I thus: the holy Trinitee,
And our Lady the bleſſid mayden free, 65
My Lord and Lady have in governance,
And grante hem joie and hy proſperitee,
Nat to endure oonly two yeer or three,
But a thouſand: and if any pleſánce
Happe migh=te on my poo=re ſouffiſſance 70
To his proweſſe and hir benignitee,
My lyves joie it were, and ſuſtenance.

V. 65. *Free* ſeems to have been an uſual epithet beſtowed on the Virgin:

----- annunciation of owre lady *fre*
----- purification of owre lady ſo *fre*.

JULIANA BARNES *on hunting*.

AN

EXPLANATION

OF THE

REFERENCES AND ABBREVIATIONS

USED IN THE GLOSSARY.

The ſmall figures, when by themſelves, refer to the correſponding lines in the *firſt* poem; when they have Roman numerals prefixt, then to thoſe of the poem pointed out by the ſaid numerals.

Immediately after each word to be explained is an abbreviation, denoting the part of ſpeech; as *v.* for verb, *n.* for noun, &c.

Alb. The St. Alban's edition of the book on hawking, hunting, and Cootarmuris, in the year 1486.

Carp. Carpentier's Supplement to the Gloſſary of Du Cange.

Caxt. Caxton.

Ch. Chaucer.

C. C. Pla. Corpus Chriſti Play, printed in Stevens's Monaſticon.

Div. & Pau. Dives & Pauper, Pynſon's edition, 1493.

Doug. Vir. Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's Virgil by Ruddiman.

E. R. Earl Rivers's Moral Proverbs, printed by Caxton.

Fab. Fabyan's Chronycle.

Fort. Forteſcue on Monarchy.

G. Gower.

Hylt. Walter Hylton's Scala Perfectionis, Notary's edition, 1507.

L. Lydgate.

M. V. Maundevile's Voyage.

M. L. D. Manning's edition of Lye's Dictionary.

P. L. Gloſſary to Peter Langtoft by Hearne.

P. P. Pierce Ploughman's Viſions.

Prompt. Promptorium, &c. printed by Pynſon in 1499, but compiled in 1440.

R. G. Gloſſary to Robert of Gloceſter, by Hearne.

Spen. Spenſer.

Tipt. Tiptoft Earl of Worceſter's Tranſlation of Cicero de Amicitiâ, or elſe his other tract printed by Caxton with it.

Tyr. Tyrwhitt's Gloſſary to Chaucer.

Wic. Wicliff's Teſtament according to the edition of it by Lewis. The *Gloſſary* there annext to it omits many of its obſolete words.

☞ denotes a word not to have been uſed (as far as the editor can diſcover) by any other author than HOCCLEVE.

GLOSSARY.

A.

ABOVEN (*prep.*) 4. Above. *G.* and *L.*

Abyde (*v.*) 319. V 17. VI 43. Stay. *Wic.*

Acate (*n.*) 181. Purchaſe. *Tyr.* Achate.

Accuſith (*v.*) 40. Diſcovers. *Tyr.*

☞ Admittible (*adj.*) 299. Admittable. This does not ſeem to have been a real word, but only a change of a vowel by poetical licenſe for the ſake of rime.

Adverſitee, (*n.*) 5. 47. VI 63. See note to 5.

Agaſt (*part.*) 259. 424. Terrified. *Tyr.*

Ageyn (*prep.*) 52. II 19. III 31. 56. V 2. Againſt. *Tyr.*

Ago (*part.*) 265. Gone. *Tyr.*

Al (*adv.*) 16. 192. III 7. Quite. *Tyr.*

—— (*conj.*) 209. Although. *Tyr.*

Al day See day.

Algate (*adv.*) 183. IV 18. Always. *Tyr.*

Amis

Amis (*adv.*) 164. 224. Ill. *Tyr.*

Appall (*v.*) 310. Grow flat. *L.*

> Which never ſhall *appallen* in my minde,
> But alwaie *freſhe* been in myne memorie.
>
> *Prol. to Storie of Thebes.*

Pall as a verb neuter is ſtill uſed in the ſame ſenſe.

Appert——See privee.

☞ Arghneſſe (*n.*) 435. Indolence. *Arg.* for indolent may be found in *M. L. D. Supp.* Forming ſubſtantives by the addition of *nes* was the practice of other writers; for in Cootarmuris we have *longnes* and *brodenes.*

Armonie (*n.*) 255. Harmony. *L.*

Arn (*v.*) III 49. Are. *Tyr.*

Arte (*v.*) IV 8. Conſtrain. *Tyr.*

Artith 438.

Artid (*part.*) 396.

As ſeems often to be redundant, like *as* in the modern phraſe *as yet.* See 65. 182. 289. 307.

Aſſautes (*n.*) 58. Aſſaults. *Tyr.*

Aſterte (*v.*) 96. Eſcape. *Tyr.*

Attemprely (*adv.*) 106. Temperately. *Tyr.*

Avantage (*n.*) 167,9. Advantage. *Tyr.*

Avante (*v.*) 6. Boaſt. *Tyr.*

Auctour (*n.*) 223. Source. *Wic.*

Avyſe [with *thee*] (*v.*) 372. Look to thyſelf. *Tyr.*

Avyſid (*part.*) 273. III 57. Adviſed. *Doug. Vir.*

Awayte (*v.*) III 70. See the note.

Axe (*v.*) 182. 440. VI 36. Aſk. *Tyr.*

Axith

Axith (*v.*) III 12. Requires. *Div. & Pau.*

Axynge (*n.*) II 12. Requeſt. *Tyr.*

B.

Beede (*v.*) III 14. Say. *R. G.* See *bud* in the addenda to *M. L. D.* where one of the interpretations of *beodan* is *prædicare.*

Behight (*part.*) III 30. Promiſed. *Tyr.*

Benefice (*n.*) 103. Benefit. *Wic.* I. *Tym.* ch. 6. and *Div. & Pau.* Pr. iii.

Bere (*v.*) 286. III 45. Bear. *Tyr.*

Berith IV 15.

Beſtad (*part.*) 129. Circumſtanced. *Spen.*

Bet (*adv.*) 178. Better. *Tyr.*

Bete (*part.*) 434. Beaten. *L.*

Bill (*n.*) IV 13. Petition. *L.*

This was the *byl,* which that Ihon Bochas
Made unto Fortune.

Fall of Ps. B. vi. ch. 1.

Bit (*v.*) 280. Bid. *Tyr.*

Blyve (*adv.*) 280. VI 59. Quickly. *Tyr.* Blive.

Bond (*pret.* of *bind*) 275. Bound. *Wic.*

"Held Jon and *bond* him." Mark, ch. 6.

Bontevous* (*adj.*) II 8. IV 17. Bounteous. *L.* Bountevous.

* The letter *v* in this word, and in others of the ſame formation, was probably pronounced like an *f*; ſince in *Maundevile's Voyage* we meet with plenti*f*ous, and coſti*f*ous.

Boot

Boot (*n.*) 190. Boat. *Wic.*

Boot-men 195.

Borwid (*part.* of *borwe*) 369. Borrowed. The verb *borwe* (but in another of its old ſenſes) is in *C. C. Pla.*

Brent (*part.* of *brenne*) 390. Burnt. *Tyr.*

Brigge (*n.*) 190. 194. Bridge. *M. V.*

☞ Brydillees (*adj.*) 78. Without bridle. —*lees* was the ſame privative termination, as the modern *leſs.*

But (*conj.*) 57. 129. IV 5. Unleſs. *Tyr.*

But if (*conj.*) 7. 445. III 19. Unleſs. *P. L.*

Buxumly (*adv.*) VI 52. Submiſſively. *Tyr.*

Bye (*v.*) III 31. Buy. *Wic. L.* and *Fort.*

Byſeeke (*v.*) 411. VI 19. Beſeech. *Tyr.*

Byſeye (*part.*) 142. Beſeen. *Tyr.*

C.

Carkeis (*n.*) 350. Carcaſe. The word *carkes* is in Fabyan.

Ceſſid (*part.*) III 17. Ceaſed. *Tyr.*

Chalenges (*n.*) V 2. Claims. *Wic.* Chalange.

Charge (*n.*) 127. Buſineſs of weight. *Tyr.*

Cheef 50. See the note.

Cheer (*n.*) 266. Appearance. *Tyr.* Chere.

———— VI 25. Courteſy. *R. G.*

Cheerid (*adj.*) II 9. *Glad cheerid.* Of a pleaſant aſpect. *L.* has

Hidouſly *chered*, and ugly for to ſee.

Storie of Thebes.

Cheertee (*n.*) IV 7. Regard. *L.*

Cherice (*v.*) 282. Cheriſh. *Tyr.*

Chevice

Chevice (*v.*) 101. 285. Bear up. See *Carp.* in *chevir.* *Chevice* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by HOCCLEVE in his *Letter of Cupid,* printed with CHAUCER; and alſo in CHAUCER'S *Complaint of Mars,* where Urry's gloſſariſt (not underſtanding the word) would alter it to *cherice.*

Chinchy (*adj.*) 136. Niggardly. *Ch. R. R.* 6002.

Chyldly (*adj.*) 64. Of a child. *L.*

In *chyldly* wy-ſe on her gan to ſmyle.

Fall of Ps. II. ch. 22.

This word (having no proper ſubſtitute in modern language) is worth reviving.

Clappid (*part.*) 394. Talked quick. *Tyr.*

Theyr tunge *clappith.* *L.* *Chichevache and Bycorne.*

Clept (*part.* of *clepe*) 225. Called. *Tyr.*

Combreworldes (*n.*) 225. Encumbrances to the world. *Tyr.*

Compleyne (*v. active.*) 20. 342. Bewail. *L.* and *Tipt.*

Compleyned (*part.*) 341.

Comune (*adj.*) 427. Common. *L.* and *Tipt.*

Conceit (*n.*) III 5. Conception. *Tyr.* Concete.

Confort (*n.*) IV 10. V 7. VI 60. Comfort. *L.*

Conſeil (*n.*) 76. 86. Counſel. *Tyr.*

Conſeillynge (*part.*) 278. Counſelling. *P. L.*

Contenance (*n.*) 266. Countenance. *L.*

Contened (*part.*) III 36. Contained. *Wic. prol. to apocal.*

Contrarie (*v.*) 191. Oppoſe. *Wic.*

Contree (*n.*) 215. Country. *M. V.*

Cotidian (*adj.*) 25. Daily. *Tyr.*

Countrefete (*v.*) 322. Imitate. *Tyr.* Contrefete.

☞ Cravour (*n.*) 429. One that craves.

Cure (*n.*) 261. 309. Care. *Tyr.*

Cuſtume (*n.*) 113. 161. III 52. Cuſtom. *Caxt.*

D.

Dar (*v.*) 137. 321. 425. Dare. *Wic.*

Daunger (*n.*) 126. Coyneſs. *Tyr.*

Day (*n.*) 185. V 18. Time. *Tyr.*

Al day 224. 430. Always. *L.*

Day by day. 39. 122. Continually. *Wic.*

Debate (*v.*) 328. Combat. *Spen.*

Well could he turney, and in liſts *debate.*

F. Q. B. II. C. 1. ſt. 6.

Delivre (*v.*) V 3. Diſcharge. *Wic.*

Demene (*v.*) V 26. Manage. *Tyr.* Demaine. See *Carp.* Diſmanare.

Departith (*v.*) 133. Separates. *M, V.*

" Departethe Ytaillé and Greece." ch. 5.

Deprave* (*v.*) 171. Vilify. *L.*

Derke (*adj.*) 88. Dark. *Wic.* and *L.*

Deſpenſe (*n.*) 205. 342. Expence. *Tyr.* Diſpence.

Deſpenſes. 345. III 13.

Deſporte (*v.*) II 30. Divert. *Tyr.* Diſport.

* The editor is much miſtaken, if this verb is not uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Shakſpeare, even in a paſſage which Johnſon has cited, as an inſtance of its other meaning [to corrupt].

Who lives, that's not

Depraved, or *depraves?*

Timon, act i.

Let any reader only look at the context both before and after. Even Johnſon ſhews in the ſame dictionary, that Shakſpeare uſed *depravation* for *defamation.*

Deſteyned

Desteyned (*part.*) 340. Disparaged. *Doug. Vir.* Distene.

Dettes (*n.*) 375. V 12. Debts. *L.*

Dettour (*n.*) VI 7. Debtor. *Wic.* and *Tipt.*

Dide (*v.*) Did. *Wic.* and *M. V.* and *L.*

Dirknesse (*n.*) II 5. Darkness. *L.*

Displesaunt (*adj.*) 405. Displeasing. *Tyr.*

Dissert* (*n.*) 272. Desert or Merit. *M. V.*

Disseverance (*n.*) 20. Separation. *Doug. Vir.*

Doumb (*adj.*) 433. Dumb. *Wic.*

Dreede (*n.*) 157. Doubt. *Out of drede.* VI 34. Without Doubt. *Tyr.*

Dresse (*v.*) 352. Apply. VI 1. Address. *Tyr.*

Dressid me (*pret.*) 194. Took my way. *L.*

Drope (*n.*) 415. Drop. *L.*

Duresse (*n.*) 12. Hardship. *Tyr.*

——— V 24. Harm. *L.*

For winter Storms might do them no *duresse.*

Fall of Ps.

E.

Effect (*n.*) III 42. Substance. *Tyr.*

Eft (*adv.*) 408. Again. *Tyr.*

Elles (*adv.*) II 23. Else. *Elles where.* V 11. Elsewhere. *Tyr.*

Encombrith (*v.*) 355. Distresses. *L.*

Enditith (*v.*) 298. Dictates. *Tyr.*

* *Dis* for *de* was formerly used in other words derived from the French: Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* has *dis*solate, and *dis*grade.

☞ Enlumynynge (*n.*) II 4. Illumination. *L.*

Enteer (*adj.*) VI 29. Entire. *L.*

Entent (*n.*) 182. Intention. *Tyr.*

Entremete (*v.*) 429. Interpoſe. *Tyr.* Entermete.

Envolupid (*part.*) 245. Wrapt up. *Tyr.*

Erneſtful (*adj.*) 293. Zealous. *M. L. D. Earneſt* interpreted by *ſtudioſus.*

Eſchue (*v.*) 216. Eſchew or avoid. *G.* and *L.*

Evere mo (*adv.*) 199. 267. Evermore. *G.*

Execute (*part.*) 76. 359. Put in execution. *L.*

Ey (*interj.*) 393. *Tyr.*

F.

Farſid (*part.*) 13. Stuffed. *Tyr.*

Favell (*n.*) 244, 7. 284, 7. Favele. 223. Cajolery or flattery by words. *Carp.* Faveles (*gen. ca.*) 211. See the note.

Feere (*n.*) VI 23. Wife. *In feere.* III 40. In company. *Tyr.*

Feith (*n.*) 219. Truth. *Alb.* in *Cootarmuris*: *As feith is* 'as is the truth.'

Felawe (*n.*) III 2. Companion. *Tyr.*

Femel (*n.*) 138. Family. *Doug. Vir.*

Ferd (*part.*) 170. Afraid. *Tyr.*

Ferfoorth (*adv*) VI 16. Far forth. *Tyr.*

Fern ago (*adv.*) 196. Long ago. *P. P.* 80. b.

Ferneyeer (*n.*) 423. The former year. This explication is thoroughly ſubſtantiated by the marginal annotation in the Mſ.; for which ſee the note. It alſo accords with *Tyrwhitt's* conjectural explanation of the ſame word in CHAUCER's *Troilus*; only that it is there (perhaps unneceſſarily) ſuppoſed a *plural.* The interpretation of this word by *Urry's* gloſſariſt, who takes it on

on Skinner's authority to be a corruption of *Fevriere* [February], is almoſt ridiculous.

Folie (*n.*) 40. 62. 303. Folly. *Tyr.*

☞ Foleye (*v.*) VI 46. Trifle. *Carp.* Folier.

For like the French *pour* before infinitives. *Tyr.*

—— (*conj.*) Becauſe that. *Tyr.*

For thy (*conj.*) 356. Therefore. *Tyr.*

For why (*conj.*) II 43. V 6. Wherefore. *Wic.* Luk. ch. 12. v 3. *Div. & Pau.* Pr. viii. ch. i. towards the end. Alſo *Hylt.* in a few places. This ſenſe of *for why*, which accords beſt of any with the two paſſages in HOCCLEVE, is, notwithſtanding its analogy with the foregoing article, very rare in old writers: the *why* in general (except where the two words make the whole of an interrogative ſentence) is redundant, and makes no alteration in the accuſtomed ſenſes of *for*.

Force (*n.*) 130. Neceſſary conſequence. *Doug. Vir.* *No force.* VI 43. No Matter. *Tyr.* *No force of.* 305. No matter for. *Tyr.*

Foryeve (*v.*) 408. Forgive. *Div. & Pau.*

Foſtred (*part.*) 229. Nouriſhed. *Tyr.*

Free (*adj.*) VI 65. Liberal. *Tyr.*

Fro (*prep.*) From. *Tyr.*

Fundacioun (*n.*) III 24. Foundation. *L.*

G.

Gentilleſſe (*n.*) II 17. Liberality. VI 2. Dignity. *Tyr.*

Geſſe (*v.*) 332. Gueſs. *Tyr.*

Gleede (*n.*) 159. Burning coal. *Tyr.*

Good (*n.*) III 47. Goods or Wealth. *Tyr.*

Governaill

Governaill (*n.*) II 9. Governance. *Ch.*

Grede (*v.*) VI 36. Cry loudly. *Tyr.*

Guerdon (*n.*) 367. Retribution. *L.*

Fraud quit with fraud is *guerdon* covenable.

Fall of Pr. II. ch. 30.

Gye (*v.*) 387. Guide. *Tyr.*

Gyed 228. Gyeth III 34.

Gyſe (*n.*) 270. 427. Guiſe or faſhion. *Tyr.*

H.

Habownde (*v.*) III 47. Abound. *L.*

Habundantly (*adv.*) 119. Abundantly. *Hylt.*

Halt (*pret.* of *hold.*) 53. Held or kept. *Tyr.*

Han for haven (*plur.* or *inf.* of) Have. *Tyr.*

He (*pro.*) VI 6. Him. *P. L.* This indeed ſeems to have been a common phraſeology. " *He* that moche hath moche behoveth." *Dives & Pauper.* ch. 4.

—— is in all in its caſes uſed for it. *Tyr.*

Hem (*pro.*) Them, and Themſelves. *Tyr.*

Hennes (*adv.*) 49. Hence. *Tyr.*

Herkne (*v.*) 263. Hear. *L.*

When Thelamon *herkened* had his tayle.

Highte (*n.*) On highte. 172. Aloud. *Tyr.* who gives his interpretation only as a conjecture, but which is clearly confirmed by this paſſage in Hoccleve. Indeed Spenſer uſes theſe words in the ſame ſenſe.

F. Q. B. V. C. 4. ſt. 45.

Him is frequently uſed for himſelf. *Tyr.*

Hir

Hir (*pro.*) Her, and their. *Tyr.*

Hire (*pro.*) Her.

——————— 285. Herſelf.

Holcote (*prop. name.*) 249. Robert Holcote was a voluminous theological writer in the time of Ed. III. His latin treatiſe on the Wiſdom of Solomon, which is referred to by HOCCLEVE, was printed at ſeveral places on the Continent in the fifteenth century. The reader that would know more of him, may conſult TANNER's *Bibliotheca Britann.* and FABRICIUS in his *Bibl. lat. med. & inf. ætatis.*

Holſum (*adj.*) 248. II 34. VI 27. Wholſome. Good. *L.*

Hondes (*n.*) 115. Hands. *Tyr.*

Honeſtee (*n.*) III 48. Honour. *Wic.* I Cor. ch. 12.

How (*adv.*) V 27. In ſuch manner as. *R. G.*

☞ Humblely* (*adv.*) 411. Humbly.

Humbleſſe (*n.*) VI 5. Humility. *Tyr.*

I.

Importune (*adj.*) 425. Troubleſome. *Tyr.*

Inly (*adv.*) 237. Thoroughly. *Tyr.*

Inne (*prep.*) III 6. In. *Tyr.*

K.

Keep (*n.*) 195. Care. *Tyr.*

Kepte (*pret.* of *kepe.*) 425. Took care. *Tyr.*

* This manner of forming adverbs extended formerly to ſome others, which are for ſound's ſake entirely left off. Thus in the will of Hen. IV. (preſerved in Weever p. 208) we have the word *whollily.*

Knyt

Knyt (*part.*) 22. 343. Bound. *Tyr.* Knit.

Kus (*n.*) 155. Kiſs. *G.*

Kythe (*v.*) 406. Make known. *Tyr.* Kithe.

L.

☞ Lagh* (*n.*) III 33. Juſt ſhare. *M. L. D.* interprets the ſaxon word by *jus.*

Larger (*adj.*) 205. More prodigal. *Tyr.* Large.

Lat (*v.*) Let. *M. V.*

Leef (*adj.*) 292. Pleaſing. *Tyr.* Lefe.

Leet (*v.*) *Stoppe leet*, 254. Made ſtop. *M. V.*

" He *leet* ſetten 12 greet ſtones." ch. 6.

Leeved (*part.*) 220. Believed. *Tyr.* Leve.

Lenger (*adv.*) 288. 392. Longer. *Tyr.*

——— (*adj.*) V 18. *L.*

Leſte (*pret.*) 107. Liked. *Tyr.*

Leſynges (*n.*) 223. Lies. *Tyr.*

Lettynge (*n.*) 174. Hindrance. *L.*

☞ Lightlees (*adj.*) 88. Void of light. See Brydillees.

Likerous (*adj.*) 147. Liquoriſh. *M. L. D.*

Liſt (*v.*) 84. 233. Likes. *Tyr.*

——— (*imperſonal*) 120. II 22. III 37. 67. It pleaſes. *Tyr.*

Loos (*n.*) 345. Praiſe. *Tyr.*

* This word has the ſame orthography in an extract (ſee Weever p. 153) from an old Metrical pſauter, in the Bodleian Library: but there its ſenſe exactly correſponds with that of the modern word *law.*

Lore

Lore (*part.* of *lere.*) 349. Loſt. *G.*

The loſs is had, the lucre is *lore.* B. IV.

Loſengour (*n.*) 220. Flatterer. *Tyr.*

Luſt (*n.*) II 13. III 60. VI 18. Pleaſure. *Tyr.*

Luſty (*adj.*) 138. Lovely. *P. L.*

Lym 31. See the note.

Lyte. A lyte and lyte. 92. *L.* in *Troy-book* uſes *a lyte* adverbially for 'a 'little,' and *lyte and lyte,* for 'by little and little'.

M.

Magnificence (*n.*) 441. Dignity. *L.*

Maiſtir (177. 201.) ſeems to have been an honorary appellation. *Wic.* "And to be clepid of men *maiſtir.*" Mat. ch. 23.

——— has *my* prefixt to it, when uſed in addreſſing any perſon. V 1. VI 40.

Maiſtrie (*n.*) *For the maiſtrie* 149. In the beſt manner. *M. V.* ch. 26. *The maiſtrie* for *the excellence* was common: ſo in *G.*

——— *The maiſtrie*
Is, that a man himſelf defende
Of thynge, which is nat to commende. B. III.

Maiſtrieth (*v.*) III 35. Maſters. *L.*

Malencolie (*n.*) 301,2. Melancholy. *L.*

Maneere (*n.*) 140. III 37. VI 19. Manner. *P. L.* and *L.*

Mate (*v.*) IV 23. Fell. *Carp.* Mater.

Mateere (*n.*) 268. Matter. *Tyr.*

May (*v.*) II 27. V 16. VI 16. Have the power. *Tyr.*

Ne may 34. Cannot.

Meetrynge (*part.*) VI 48. Making metre. *L.*

Falſely *metryd* both of ſhorte and longe. *Troy-book.*

Meeved (*part.*) 333. Moved. *L.*

Mene (*adj.*) 352. Middle. *Tyr.*

——— (*n.*) 356. Moderation. V 23. A mean. *Tyr.*

Meſchance (*n.*) *With Meſchance.* 280. With a curſe on you. *Tyr.* With.

Meſcheef (*n.*) 53. 208. Misfortune. *Tyr.* Miſchefe.

Meſſageer (*n.*) VI 28. Meſſenger. *L.*

Meſure (*n.*) 306. III 34. Moderation. *Tyr.*

Meynee (*n.*) 202. People. *P. L.*

Michel 422. Michaelmas.*

Mirie (*adj.*) 237. Merry. *P. L.*

Moche (*adv.*) II 6. Much. *Tyr.*

Mochil (*adj.*) 370. III 11. 61. Much. *Tyr.*

☞ Monſtre (*v.*) VI 26. Exhibit. *Carp.* Monſtrant.

Moot (*v.*) 75. 398. V 11. Muſt. *Tyr.* Mote.

——— II 23. Uſed imperſonally.

More (*adj.*) 65. Greater. *Tyr.*

Moſt (*v.*) 373. Muſt. *Tyr.*

Mowe (*v.*) 148. May. *Tyr.*

Myghelmeſſe II 14. Michaelmas. *Div. & Pau.*

N.

Naght (*n.*) VI 23. Nothing. *Tyr.* Naught.

Nat (*adv.*) Not. *Tyr.*

* Michel and Maſſe might formerly make two words; as we have *Martyn maſſe* in *R. G.*

Ne

Ne (*adv.*) Not. (*conj.*) Nor. *Tyr.*

Neer (*adv.*) VI 32. Nigher. *Tyr.* Nere.

Neigheburgh (*n.*) 166. Neighbour. *E. R.* Neighburgh.

Nere (*v.*) II 3. Were not. *Tyr.*

Nightertale (*n.*) 306. Night-time. *Tyr.*

Nobleſſe (*n.*) 410. IV 22. VI 4. Dignity. *Tyr.*

Noght (*adv.*) 254. 310. Not at all. *Tyr.* Nought.

Noon (*adj.*) 132. III 45. VI 25. 31. None. *Alb.*

N'ot [for *ne wot*] (*v.*) 329. Know not. *Tyr.*

Novelrie (*n.*) 38. Novelty. *Tyr.*

Nyce (*adj.*) 204. Fooliſh. *Tyr.* Nice. The contemptuous word *nizy* had probably this original.

Nycetee (*n.*) 45. 404. VI 17. Folly. *Tyr.* Nicetee.

O.

Of (*prep.*) 387. IV 18. In. *R. G.*

Of tyme* (*adv.*) VI 58. Oftentimes. *Alb.* in *Cootarmuris.* Indeed *of* in old Engliſh ſometimes ſignified *oft.* *R. G.*

Ofte ſythe (*adv.*) VI 51. Oftentimes. *R. G.*

Oinement (*n.*) II 42. Ointment. *Tyr.*

On (*prep.*) VI 70. In. *Tyr.*

Ones (*adv.*) 409. VI. 11. Once. *Tyr.*

Only (*adv.*) 83. Solely. *Tyr.*

Oon (*adj.*) 169. One. *Alb.*

* *Oftyme* is printed as one word in Caxton's edition of Tiptoft, and in Pynſon's of Dives & Pauper.

Or (*adv.*) 292,3. 325. 376. Ere. *Tyr.*

—— (*prep.*) 29. 226. 444. III 16. Before. *Tyr.*

Out (*interj.*) VI 62. *Tyr.*

Outrage (*n.*) 114. 371. III 35. Excefs. *Prompt.*

Outrageous (*adj.*) III 27. IV 14. Exceffive. *L.*

Outrageoufly (*adv.*) 109. Exceffively. *M. V.*

☞ Owter (*n.*) VI 17. Completion. This conjectural interpretation is here hazarded, on the ftrength of the old French verb *outrer*; one of the fenfes of which is *achever* in *Carp.*

P.

Pamfilet (*n.*) VI. 1. Pamphlet. See note. Johnfon grounds his *literal* etymology *(par un filet)* of the modern word on Caxton's having printed it *paunflet:* but here we may fee, that the older orthography was different.

Pardee (363) is an oath. *Tyr.*

Paffyngly (*adv.*) 142. Exceedingly. *Wic.*

Pees (*n.*) 80. Peace. *Tyr.*

Peys (*n.*) VI 49. Weight. *P. L.* Peis.

Piler (*n.*) 8. Pillar. *Tyr.*

Pitous (*adj.*) IV 3. Compaffionate. *Tyr.*

Play (*n.*) VI 18. Sport. *Tyr.*

Plentevous (*adj.*) IV 17. Abounding. *Wic.* To make clear fenfe of this paffage in HOCCLEVE, the reader fhould likewife turn to article *Of.*

Plefance (*n.*) 229. 241. III 63. V 26. VI 69. Pleafure. *Tyr.*

Plefant (*adj.*) 10. 140. Pleafing. *L.*

Poefie (*n.*) 262. See the note.

Port falut II 22. See the note.

Poules

Poules 143. Paul's. *Tyr.*

Preeved (*part.*) 389. Proved. *L.*

Privee 270. See the note.

Privetee (*n.*) 331. Secret meaning. *Wic.*

Pryme (*n.*) 324. Nine o'clock in the morning. Gloſſariſts by no means accord in their explication of this word: but it ſeems next to impoſſible, that *pryme* ſhould have been limited to one and the ſame determinate import. Hearne (ſee *underne* in *P. L.*) proves it to have meant "ſix o'clock in the "morning." Mr. Tyrwhitt proves as clearly, that it ſtood for "the whole "firſt quarter of an artificial day." Neither of theſe ſenſes are applicable to the paſſage in HOCCLEVE: but, as Hearne has ſhewn, that *pryme* ſignified a fixt point of time at the *beginning* of Mr. Tyrwhitt's period, it may alſo be inferred from HOCCLEVE, that it was likewiſe uſed for the *cloſe* of it. Though the editor is unable to produce any other paſſage equally deciſive on this head, yet he certainly has met with ſuch as are not repugnant to Hoccleve's uſage of *pryme.* That a word of this kind may have had ſo great a latitude of ſignification, is almoſt evident from the vague and various uſages of *morning* in modern language. Alſo by a paſſage in LYDGATE's *Troy-book* it ſeems highly probable, that our anceſtors had a *pryme* of the night, as well as of the day: Medea finds, that the time of the moon's ſhining will be,

a quarter paſſed after *pryme.*

Pyne (*n.*) 448. Grief. *Tyr.*

Q.

Qweynt (*part.*) 349. Quenched. *Tyr.* Queinte

Qwyte (*v.*) V 14. Pay. *Tyr.* Quite.

Rakil

R.

Rakil (*adj.*) 83. Headſtrong. *L.*

Real (*adj.*) 430. Royal. *Tyr.*

Rebel (*adj.*) 65. Diſinclined. *L.*

Such as be *rebell* for to do pleſaunce.

Fall of Ps.

Receite (*n.*) 114. Receptacle. *L.*

Reconforten (*v.*) 336. Comfort. *Tyr.*

Recorde (*v.*) 398. 400. Remember. *Tyr.*

Rede (*v.*) 382. Adviſe. *Tyr.*

Redde (*pret.*) 86. 105.

Redden (*plur.*) 91.

Reed (*n.*) 108. Advice. *Tyr.*

—— (*adj.*) 159. Red. *L.*

☞ Refeere (*v.*) 290. Revert. This ſenſe of the verb *refer* deviates in ſome degree from any the editor has met with.

Refut (*n.*) V 6. Refuge. *Tyr.*

Regned (*v.*) 11. Was predominant. *L.*

Regnynge (*part.*) 67.

Releeved (*part.*) 386. See the note.

Releevynge (*n.*) II 24. Relief. *Div. & Pau.*

Renneth (*v.*) 78. Runs. *Tyr.*

Repeir (*n.*) 137. Reſort. *Tyr.*

Repreef (*n.*) III 28. Reproof. *Tyr.*

Reſoun (*n.*) 70, 1. 360. Reaſon. *Wic.*

Reve (*v.*) 304. Deprive of. *P. L.*

Reveth. V 21.

Rewe

Rewe (*v.*) 412. 443. Have compaſſion. *Tyr.*

Rial (*adj.*) IV 5. Royal. *L.*

Richeſſe (*n.*) 3. Wealth. *Tyr.*

Riotoures (*n.*) 118. Intemperate liver's. *Fab.*

Rowndel (*n.*) II 31. See the note.

☞ Rownyngly (*adv.*) 172. In a whiſper. *E. R.* has *rownyng* the participle.

Rypeſt (*v.*) II 33. Ripeneſt. *L.*

When Ceres hath full *ryped* every grain.

Troy-book V. ch. 36.

S.

Sad (*adj.*) 274. Steady. *M. V.* ch. 14.

Salomon 85. Solomon. *Wic.*

Salut II 22. See Port.

☞ Scantneſſe (*n.*) IV 7. Scantineſs.

Seeke (*adj.*) 409. Sick. *Caxt.*

Seekly (*adj.*) 15. Sickly. *Caxt.*

Seekneſſe (*n.*) 22. 118. 337. II 42. Sickneſs, *M. V.*

Seelde (*adv.*) 73. Seldom. *L.* and *Tipt.*

Seith (*v.*) 276. Tells. *M. V.*

Selden (*adv.*) 165. Seldom. *Tyr.*

Self (*pro.*) 280. Selves. *Tyr.*

Sentence (*n.*) 160. Purport. See *Tyr.*

Servage (*n.*) 116. Servitude. *Prompt.*

Sette by (*v.*) 108. Rate. *Tyr.*

Setten by 281. Settith by 380.

Seur

Seur (*adj.*) 320. Sure. *E. R.*

Shal VI 12. See the note.

Shamefaſt (*adj.*) 431. Modeſt. *Tyr.*

Shapith (*v.*) 397. Makes ready. *Tyr.* Shapen.

Shent (*part.*) 375. Ruined. *L.*

Sholde (*v.*) Should. *R. G.*

Shul (*plur* of *ſhal*) II 43. Shall. *Tyr.*

Simpleſſe (*n.*) VI 8. Simplicity. *Tyr.*

Sit for Sitteth (*v. neut. imperſonal*) 329. Suits. *Tyr.*

——————— (*v. act. imperſonal*) 407. The ſimilarity of figure in *f* and *ſ*, joined to ſimilarity of ſignification, has induced ſome of the ableſt antiquaries to doubt this meaning of the verb *ſit*, and to ſuppoſe it an error for *fit*. Thus HEARNE in an old proſe extract (which he has inſerted in his Gloſſary to Peter Langtoft under the word *to name)* meeting with the participle *ſitting*, conjectures, that it ought to have been *fitting*. Yet this very participle occurs in this ſenſe no leſs than eight times in LYDGATE's *Fall of Princes*; and all parts of the ſame * verb in the ſame ſenſe are to be found in moſt of the beſt authors of the 14th, and 15th, and even the beginning of the 16th centuries: for this very participle is ſo uſed in one of Barclay's eclogues, and in Froyſſart. Theſe inſtances are far too numerous to have ariſen from errors of the pen; and the preterit *ſate* differs ſufficiently from

* In the printed edition of the prologue to *Cicero de amicitiâ* tranſlated by *Tiptoft*, the word ſetteth occurs in the ſame ſenſe, but is probably an error of Caxton's preſs for *s*itteth: as the latter word (ſo uſed) appears three times after in the ſame work.

ſit

ſit to deſtroy ſuch a ſuppoſition: but this preterit is frequently uſed in the ſame way, of which take an inſtance from Chaucer:

It *ſate* her wonder wel to ſing.

R. R. 750.

The modern verb *ſuit* being both *active* and *neuter*, and alſo *imperſonal*, ſeems the genuine repreſentative of the old *ſit*—not yet totally obſolete; for we ſtill ſay, '*ſits* well or ill upon.'

Skill (*n.*) 299. Reaſon. *Tyr.* This uſage of *ſkill* is as modern as SHAKSPEARE's *Winter's Tale:*

You have
As little *ſkill* to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't.

The paſſage is properly explained by WARBURTON; whoſe explanation is adopted by Johnſon and Steevens. Yet JOHNSON in his Dictionary gives no ſuch ſenſe of *ſkill*, but produces this very paſſage as an example of its other ſenſes. One ſhould really ſuſpect, that the lexicographer had not collected his authorities for himſelf, nor even reviſed them when collected for him. Such a ſuppoſition might clear him of downright ſtupidity, but to the impeachment of his common honeſty—in dealing with the public. Let however his moral failings be

interred with *his* bones.
Men's literary deeds live after them,

and are proper ſubjects of animadverſion, when an author's natural deceaſe has entitled his *literary character* to an

EPITAPH*.

HERE, PEACEABLE AT LAST,
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
OF DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON:
THE POET,
THE CRITIC,
THE PERIODICAL ESSAYIST,
THE NOVELLIST,
THE POLITICO-POLEMIC,
THE LEXICOGRAPHER,
TOPOGRAPHER,
BIOGRAPHER.
THE PUBLIC TASTE,
(PATRON OF EVERY NOVELTY)
CHERISHED HIS WRITINGS FOR A WHILE,
AS MOST EXTRAORDINARY SPECIMENS
OF PEDANTIC VERBOSITY:
EVEN THE MATCHLESS INSIPIDITY OF RASSELAS
WAS TOLERATED.
HIS POLITICAL AND POETICAL TENETS
DIFFERED WIDELY FROM EACH OTHER.
A BIGOTED EDUCATION
HAD TAUGHT HIM TO MAINTAIN
LONG-EXPLODED ABSURDITIES
IN MAXIMS OF GOVERNMENT:

* This epitaph was written very ſoon after Dr. Johnſon's death, while Newſpapers were perpetually peſtering the public with idle anecdotes about him.

HIS

HIS OWN FAILURES IN POETRY
RENDERED HIM A PERFECT LEVELLER
THROUGHOUT THE REGION OF THE MUSES.
INCOMPETENT CRITIC FROM HEBETUDE,
CREDULOUS RETAILER OF CALUMNIES,
ILLIBERAL IN HIS CENSURES,
CYNICAL IN HIS EXPRESSIONS,
HE ACQUIRED THE LITERARY TITLE OF
SNARLER GENERAL.

TO THE MANES OF POETS AUGUST,
WHOM JOHNSON SLANDERED IN THEIR GRAVES,
BE THIS AN EXPIATORY OFFERING.

Sleeth (*v.*) 19. Slays. *Tyr.* Sle.

Smal (*adv.*) 98. 157. VI. 32. Little. See the note to 98.

Smert (*n.*) 25. 40. 385. Smart. *L.*

Smerte (*v.*) 384. Smart. *Tyr.*

Socour (*n.*) 55. Succour. *L.*

Soghte (*v.*) 43. Paid homage to. *L.*

O Lady Venus, whom I have *ſought.*

Temple of Glaſs.

" To *ſeche* that ydole" means *to worſhip* it. *M. V.* ch. 16.

Sonne (*n.*) II 1, &c. Sun. *Tyr.*

Soothly (*adv.*) III 42. Truly. *Tyr.*

Sotil (*adj.*) 227. Subtle. *L.*

Souffiſance (*n.*) VI 70. Sufficiency or ability. *Tyr.* Suffiſance. *E. R.* has *ſouffyſance* for ſufficiency.

Souffyſe (*v.*) 356. Suffice. *Div. & Paup.*

Souffyſe (*v. neut.*) 400. *L.*

Souffyſith 83.

Souſtenour (*n.*) 284. Suſtainer or ſupporter. *L.* Suſtenour. *Fall of Ps.* III. ch. 25.

Spectacle (*n.*) VI 57. See the note.

Sterve (*v.*) 444. Periſh. *Tyr.*

Styntith (*v.*) 200. Gives over. *L.*

——— (*imperative plur.*) IV 19.

Stywardes (*n.*) III 51. Steward's. *C. C. Pla.* and *M. V.*

Sumdel (*adv.*) 314. Somewhat. *Tyr.* Somdel.

Suppoaill (*n.*) II 18. Support. *L.* has the ſame word in his *Storie of Thebes*; but Dr. Morell in his common place book (which is now in the editor's poſſeſſion) has unaccountably copied Lydgate's word, as if it was *ſupportayle*. With a ſlight variation of orthography *ſuppowail* is in HARDYNGE's, and in WYNTOWN's chronicles; and the gloſſariſt to the latter derives it from the old French *apuyal*; but how that ſhould form the firſt ſyllable of the Engliſh word, is rather difficult to conceive.

Suſteene (*v.*) 5. 362. Suſtain. *L.*

Swich (*adj.*) Such. *Tyr.*

Syn (*conj.*) 71. 99. II 6. Since. *Ch.*

Syn that my life ne may no longer dure. *Kn. Ta.*

—— (*adv.*) 337. *Tyr.* Sin.

——— 383. Next. *L.*

T.

Taille (*n.*) II 20. Tally. *Tyr.*

Taverneres (*n.*) 179. Keepers of taverns. *Tyr.*

Tendure

Tendure (*v.*) 308. To endure. *L.*

Than, Thanne (*adv.*) Then. *Tyr.*

Theffect (*n.*) III 42. The effect. *L.* See Effect.

Thentente (*n.*) III 42. The entente. *L.* See Entente.

Theſchequeer (*n.*) 421. The Exchequer. *P. L.*

Thidir (*adv.*) 126. Thither. *Tyr.*

Thikke (*adj.*) 146. In great quantity. *Ch.*

As *thikke* as motes in the ſunne beme. v. 6450.

Tho (*adv.*) 12. 13. Then. *Tyr.*

—— (*pro.*) V 8. Thoſe. *Tyr.*

Thonourable (*adj.*) VI 21. The honourable.

Thordre (*n.*) VI 50. The order. *Caxt.*

Thriſte (*v.*) 360. Thruſt. *Tyr.* Threſte.

Thriſty (*adj.*) 135. Thirſty. *Div. & Pau.*

Thurgh (*prep.*) Through. *Tyr.*

Thurgh out (*prep.*) 145. Throughout. *Tyr.*

To (*adv.*) 269. 362. Too. *Tyr.*

— (*prep.*) 45. In. *Tyr.*

To fore (*adv.*) 348. Before. *G.*

Toffende (*v.*) 46. To offend.

Tokne (*n.*) 419. Token. *M. V.*

Treſor (*n.*) 1. Treaſure. *E. R.*

Treſoreer (*n.*) 418. Treaſurer. *Caxt.*

Trete (*v.*) 437. Declare. *Alb.* "Where this mater ſhall be moor playnli *tretit.*" *Cootarmuris.*

Trowe (*v.*) 394. Believe. *Tyr.*

Tryce (*v.*) 287. Thruſt. *Tyr.*

Tweye (*adj.*) 419. Two. *Tyr.*

Twynne

Twynne (*v.*) 17. 318. III 38. Depart. *Tyr.* Twinne.
Twynned (*pret.*) 42.
Tyde (*v.*) VI 38. Happen. *L.*

U.

Venym (*n.*) 211. Venom. *L.*
Verray (*adj.*) 71. 184. 371,3. Very. *Wic.*
Vertuous (*adj.*) 335. Salubrious. *M. V.* ch. 15.
Unluſt (*n.*) 189. Idleneſs. *Div. & Pau.* " To mainteyne them in *unluſt*, " and in bodily eaſe. Pr. vii. ch. 22.
Unnethe (*adv.*) 216. 365. 400. Scarcely. *Tyr.*
☞ Unſittyngly (*adv.*) VI 48. Unſuitably. *L.* and *Fab.* have *unſittynge.*
Unwar (*adj.*) 41. Unwary. *P. L.*
Voide (*v.*) 382. V 25. Put away. *L.*

When quene Vaſty was *voided* for her pride.

Fall of Ps. III. ch. 26.

——— 448. Clear. *Tyr.*
——— (*v. neut.*) 280. Go away. *Tyr.*

W.

Wacch (*n.*) 305. 322. Late revel. *L.*

The wynter he ſpent in lechery,
In *watch* and ryot.

Fall of Ps. V. ch. 15.

Soon after he repeats the three, and calls them
Nyght exceſſe, ryot, and lechery.

Wafres

Wafres (*n.*) 146. See the note.

Warie (*v.*) 63. Revile. *Doug. Vir.*

Weene (*v.*) 364. Think. *Tyr.* Wene.

Wel was him 199. Well off was he. See *Tyr.*

Wele (*n.*) 287. Prosperity. *Tyr.*

Weleful (*adj.*) 402. Able to make happy. *Tyr.* and *Tipt.*

Wern [for weren] (*v.*) III 12. 55. Were. *L.*

Werne (*v.*) 430. 442. Refuse. *Tyr.*

Werre (*n.*) 80. 302. War. *Tyr.*

Werreith (*v.*) 117. V 4. Worries. *L.*

Wexe (*v.*) 159. II 5. Wax or grow. *Tyr.*

Weye (*v.*) VI 49. Weigh. *Div. & Pau.*

Whan, whanne (*adv.*) When. *Tyr.*

Which (*pro.*) V 7. Who. *Wic.*

Wighte (*n.*) 175. Weight. *Tyr.*

Willynge (*n.*) II 10. Supplication. This word seems to have the same meaning in Rastell's Chronicle: "His lordes in Normandye sent unto "kyng Henry [the first] his brother *wyllynge* for to come into Normandye."

Wite (*v.*) 285. Know. *Tyr.*

With (*prep.*) 271. See the note.

Withseye (*v.*) VI 47. Deny. *Tyr.*

Wityngly (*adv.*) 46. Knowingly. *Div. & Pau.*

Wole (*v.*) Will. Wolde (*pret.*) Would. *Tyr.*

Wommanhede (*n.*) VI 30. Womanly dignity. *Tyr.*

Wone (*n.*) 294. Heap. *Tyr.*

Woot (*v.*) Know, Knows, Knew. *Tyr.* Wot and Wote.

Woost. 361. Knowest.

Wowid

Wowid (*v.*) 188. Wooed. *Tyr.*

Wrecche (*n.*) 63. A wretch. *Wic.*

Wrenches (*n.*) 378. Quirks. *Tyr.*

Wrooth 431. Chagrined. There are many paſſages in *L.* and in *Hylt.* where this ſenſe ſeems much more applicable to *wroth*, than that of *angry*. It probably has the ſame meaning too in BARCLAY's *Ship of Fools*:

Be the poore *wroth*, or be he well apayde.

Y.

Y is frequently prefixt to verbs and participles without altering their ſignification. This practice very much prevails in Lydgate's *Troy-book*.

Y (*pro.*) 177. VI 54. I. *Wic.*

Yate (*n.*) 178. VI 9. Gate. *Tyr.*

Y-doon (*part.*) VI 58. Done. *R. G.*

Ye (*n.*) 98. Eye. Yen. (*plur.*) 97. VI 26. There was formerly great variation in the manner of ſpelling this noun: nor has the editor met with it any where exactly ſimilar to that of the Mſ. *Yhen* in the Mſ. of Lydgate's *Legend of Seinte Margarete* comes the neareſt.

Yeer (*n.*) 110. VI 68. and Yere. VI 58. Years. *Tyr.*

Yernen (*v.*) 39. Earneſtly deſire. *Tyr.*

Yeve (*v.*) III 30. Give. Yeveth. II 4. *Tyr.*

Y-holde (*part.*) 184. Holden. *L.*

Yiftes (*n.*) 366. Gifts. L.

Y-maad (*part.*) 203. Made. *L.*

Ynow

Y-meeved (*part.*) 391. Actuated. *L.*

Y-meeved only of trouth and of reſon.

Storie of Thebes.

Ynow (*adv.*) 145. 291. Enough. *Tyr.*

Yore (*adv.*) 29. Of a long time. *Tyr.*

Yoven (*part* of *yeve.*) 99. Given. *Tipt.*

Y-rooted (*part.*) 94. Rooted. *L.*

Y-tugged (*part.*) 197. Conveyed. *M. L. D.* Teogan, *ducere.*

F I N I S.

INDEX OF POEMS.

LATELY PUBLISHED,

AN

ESSAY

ON

DESIGN IN GARDENING, &c.

INCLUDING

A DISQUISITION

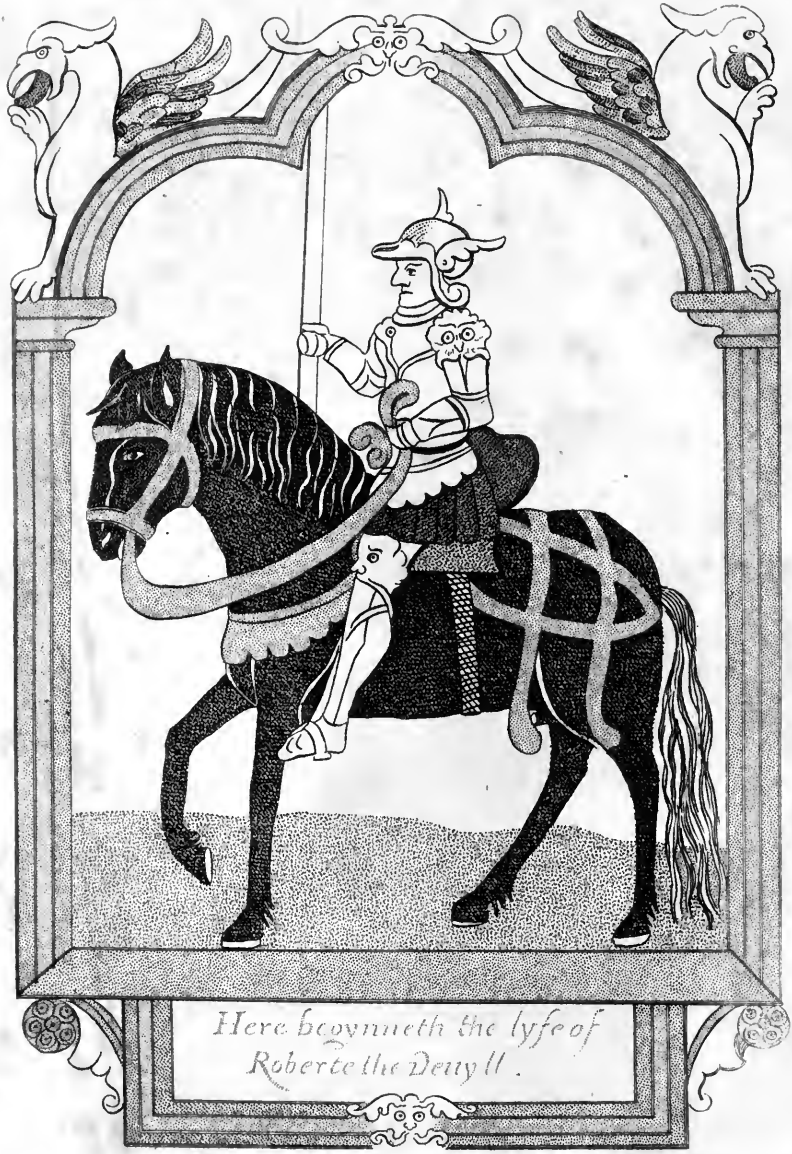
ON

BOWERS,

AND ON

THE OLD MEANING OF THAT WORD.

BY GEORGE MASON.


Here beynneth the lyfe of
Roberte the Deuyll.

Roberte the Deuyll.

A

METRICAL ROMANCE,

FROM AN

Ancient Illuminated Manuſcript.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR I. HERBERT.

1798.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS MS of "Robert the Deuyll," appears to have been tranſcribed word for word, from an edition in quarto, printed either by *Wynken de Worde* or *Pynſon*, of which I have ſeen a fragment conſiſting of ſix leaves; theſe have been collated with the MS to which is prefixed this note.

"No mention is made of this edition in "Mr. Herbert's Typographical Antiquities. "Nor have I ever ſeen a complete copy or "heard of one: it is probable that the im-"preſſion was deſtroyed in the Fire of Lon-"don. There are no cuts in the fragment.

"The

" The Drawings in the MS ſeem to be of
" the time of Elizabeth or James I.

" The MS. was formerly in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Ratcliffe."

Mr. Herbert has, in p. 228 and 229 given the contents of the ſeveral chapters, *as it ſeems a curioſity*, from an edition by W. de Worde, extant among Bp. More's books, in the Public Library, Cambridge, (D. 5. 2.) in proſe, coinciding exactly in matter with this, and finiſhing

" Thus endeth the Life of Robert the Devil,
" That was the Servant of our Lord,
" And of conſcience that was full evil:
" Imprinted in London by Wynkyn the Worde."

In Bibl. Rawlinſoniana No. 881, 22 Jan. 1727-8, is " *The Famous Hiſtorical Life of* " *Robert* II. *Duke of Normandy, ſurnamed*

" *for*

" *for his monſtrous birth and behaviour,* Robin " the Divell, *4to. London* 1599."

Robert II, the ſixth Duke of Normandy was the ſon of Richard III, fifth Duke of Normandy, and father of William ſurnamed the Conqueror; ſee the genealogical tables, as mentioned in Typog. Antiq. p. 978, note t. and A. Mundy's Brief Chronicle of the Succeſs of Times, p. 343.

Mr. Warton in his Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry, vol. I. p. 189, note n, ſays there is an old French proſe Romance, Robert le Diable, firſt printed in 1496, often quoted by Carpentier; and a French Morality in MS. " *Comment il fut enjoient a Robert le Diable,* " *fils du Duc de Normandie, pour ſes Mesfaits,* " *de faire le fol ſans parler & depuis N. S. eut* " *merci de lui*" Beauchamp Recherches Th. Fr. p. 109. Another Romance in French

on

on this ſubject is in vol. I. of the *Bibliotheque Bleue*, 3 vol. 12mo. *Liege*, 1787. Theſe are probably the ſame Robert.

An old Engliſh Morality *on this tale* under the title of Robert Cicyll, was repreſented at the High Croſs in Cheſter in 1529. A MS of which poem on vellum, is mentioned alſo by Mr. Warton to exiſt in Trinity College Library, MSS No. lvii. fol. But doubt if the Oxford MS has any connection with or reſemblance to, The Story of "Robert the Deuyll."

I. Herbert.

LONDON,
1ſt Sept. 1797.

THE

THE

LYFE

OF

Roberte the Deuyll.

LYSTEN lordinges that of marueyles lyke to heare
Of actes that were done ſometyme in dede
By oure elders that before vs were
How ſome in myſcheiffe their lyfe dyd leade
And in this boke may ye ſe yf that ye will rede
Of one Robert the deuyll, borne in Normandye
That was as uengeable a man as myght treade
On goddes grounde for he delyted all in tyranye.

A Duke ſometyme in Normandye there was
Full uertuous and deuoute in all hys lyuynge
And in almoſe dedes, he yede in the waye of grace
Of knyghtlye maners, and manfull in iuſtynge
A Lordlye parſone, alſo courtes in euery thynge
Hys dwellynge was at Nauerne vpon ſayne
At Chryſtmas to honoure that holy tyme
Open houſholde he kepte, and to pleaſe God was [fayne.

A feaſte he helde vpon a certayne daye
Lordes come thyther of greate renowne
And as they ſate at dyner a knyght gan ſaye
Vnto the Duke, and on hys knees kneled downe
My lorde he ſayd ye be owner of many a towne
Yet haue ye no lady, nor none heyre
After your dayes to reioyce youre grounde
Therfore gett youe a princes that ys yonge and fayre.

Wyueles longe ſaid the duke haue I taryed
And lyued ſole withoute any mate
I ſe well yt ys youre wyll that I ſhoulde be maryed
But yet woulde I haue one to myne eſtate
Accordynge, for and I ſhoulde take
A Lady of nobler bloude than I am
Or elſe of lower degre, ſoone ſhoulde I forſake
Myne owne worſhip, and lyue lyke no man.

Yf

Yf I ſhoulde nowe wedde, and after repent
And lyue in ſorowe and greate langoure
Than myght I ſaye that fortune had me ſent
A chaunce mysfortunate, diſtaynynge the floure
Of noble fame that ſhoulde encreaſe myne honoure
Wherfore lordes all, accordinge to prudence—
A foreſight ſayeth Salomon ys worthe treaſoure
Yet be ye ruled by fortune a Lady of excellence.

Than ſayde to the Duke a Baron right bolde
My lorde I beſeke youre grace of audyence
The Duke bade hym than ſaye what he woulde
In Burgonye ſayd the Baron ys a ladye of reuerence
Daughter to the Earle, yf yt pleaſe youre magnyfi-
Her for to take, there wyll no man ſaye naye [cence
Than to hys wordes the Duke gave credence
And ſayde I knowe well the Earles doughter that lady
[gaye

In proceſſe that lady to the Duke was maryed
A feaſte was made of greate ſolempnytye
And twelue yeares together they taryed
In wealth and greate proſperytye
Goddes lawe they kepte and lyued vertuouſlye
Yet chylde together had they none
They prayed to god with heart deuoutlye
Yf yt pleaſed hym for to ſende them one.

Euer they prayed, but yt woulde not be
In twelue yeare, chylde had they none
Good dedes they dyd, and gaue almoſe plentye
Alacke ſaid thys Ladye ſhall I lyve alone
Ofte ſhe ſyghed and made greate mone
That no chylde on her body woulde ſprynge
The good Duke alſo ever dyd grone
And ſayed good Jeſu yet heare my cryenge

Lorde ſende me a chylde the worlde to multyplye
The Duke ſayde, yf it be thy wyll
My wyfe ſoroweth in her partye
I feare that ſhe wyll her ſelfe ſpyll
Nothinge to the lorde that ys vnpoſſyble
Nowe heare my prayer for loue of thy mother
Sende me a chylde my petycion to fullfyll
For to be myrry I deſyre none other.

And on a tyme the Duke and Duches walked
In a garden by them ſelfe alone
Eche of them complayned and to other talked
Howe they could haue no chylde, and made much
Full greate, and ſaide joy have we none [mone ;
I curſe them ſaide the Duke that made the maryage
For I had leuer to have lyued ſtyll alone
Chylde have I none, to reioyce myne herytage.

And

And ſaid yf I had be maryed to another ladye
I knowe that I ſhould have had chyldren ynowe
The Duches aunſwered as for her partye
Yf I had chaunged, verylye I trowe [youe
That chyldern I ſhoulde haue had; none haue I by
Let vs thanke god of that he doth vs ſende
For I beleue and do verelye trowe
That all oure ſorowe he may yt amende.

So on a morowe the Duke went on huntynge
Hys hearte was fullfylled all with thought
In hys mynde chydde, and agayne god grudgynge
He ſighed ſore inwardlye and ofte
If he myght haue dyed, nothynge he rought
And ſayde god loueth not me, all in dyſpayre
Many women haue chyldren : but myne nought
Alas I trowe I ſhall have none to be myne heyre

The fende tempted ſoore the Duke tho
That he wyſt not what to do nor ſaye
He left huntynge and homewarde he dyd go
And in to hys chaumber he toke the waye
So there the Duches at the ſame tyme laye
In as greate trouble as her huſbande was
And to her lorde ſaide no chylde I beare maye
I am vnhappye, and therewith ſayde alas.

He

He toke her in hys armes and her kyſte
And of that Lady he had all his pleaſure
And ſo begate a chyld; and yt not wyſte
The Duke to oure Lorde made hys prayer
For to ſende hym a chylde for to gladde hys chere
The ladye ſaide the Deuyll now ſende vs one
For god wyll not oure petycion heare
Therefore I trowe power hath he none

She ſayde yf I be conceyued this houre nowe
I geve yt to the deuyll both ſoule and bodye
Lo thys lady was nere folyſshe I trowe
And fullfylled with great obſtynacye
Her owne ſoule there ſhe dyd put in ieopardye
For that houre ſhe dyd conceyve with a man chylde
That whan he was borne lyued myſcheuouſlye
In thefte and murder lyke a tyraunte wylde

The tyme drewe ſo that nyne monethes was paſt
Than her tyme drewe on verye nye
At the houre of byrth ſhe laboured faſt
More than a moneth the boke doth ſpecyfye
She had many throwes, with many a pytteous crye
Ladyes prayed for her, and gaue almeſe dede
They trowed verelye that ſhe ſhoulde dye
With that our ladye wolde her helpe and ſpede.

And

And aſsone as Robert the deuyll was borne
The ſkyes waxed blacke that it was wonder
And ſodenlye there began a full greate ſtorme
Rayne lyghtenynge with horrible thonder
They feared that the houſe would ryue a ſonder.
Then blewe the wynde with greate power
That they wende the dome had he comen there
For downe wente wyndowes and euery doore.

Halfe the houſe the deuyll pulled downe
Yet at the last the wether waxed cleare
So for dreade thys lady laye in a ſowne
That greate wetherynge ſhe dyd ſore feare ;
Her gentlewomen bade her be of good chere
They told her that the wather was gone and paſt
Then to the churche the chylde they dyd beare
And chryſtened yt Robert at the laſt.

He was as bygge the ſame daye
As ſome chylde of twelue monethes olde
When they came from Churche he cryed all the [waye
That yt made many hym to beholde
Men ſade the chylde loked very bolde
Hys teeth grewe fait when that he ſhoulde ſoucke
The noryſhe nypples ſo harde byte he woulde
That yt went then to her verye hearte roote.

There

There durſt no woman geue hym ſuck in faye
For hys teeth grewe ſo perylloufly e
That the noryſhe nypples be bote a waye
But than they woulde no more byde the ieopardye
So with an horne he was fedde trewlye
At the years ende he could bothe go and ſpeake
The elder he waxed, the more vnhappye
Shrewdnes he woulde do bothe in houſe and ſtreate

Hurte would he do to woman and man
Vngracious was he daye and nyght
Yf he amonge any chyldren came
He woulde them hurte both ſcratche and byte
Caſte ſtones at theyr heades and fyght
Breake their ſhynnes and put ſome eyes oute
Lordes and ladyes of hym had greate delyght
And wende yt had ben but wantonnes withoute [doute.

Mennes chyldren there he dyd muche harme
Of them he hurte ſhrewdelye many a one
Breake bothe legge headde and arme
Therefore he was beloued of none
Hys companye chyldren forſoke everychone
They dyd flee fro him as the deuyll fro holy water
We wyll not haue hym amonge vs to come
They ſayd and he never do; we be gladder.

For

For and the chyldern had ſeen hym come
In to the ſtreate there for to playe
They woulde take theyr legges, and away runne
To theyr fathers as faſte as they maye
Roberte the Deuyll dothe come they would ſaye
For yonge chyldren gave him that name
The chyldren hydde them in corners eucry daye
And to runne from hym they woulde leaue theyr game.

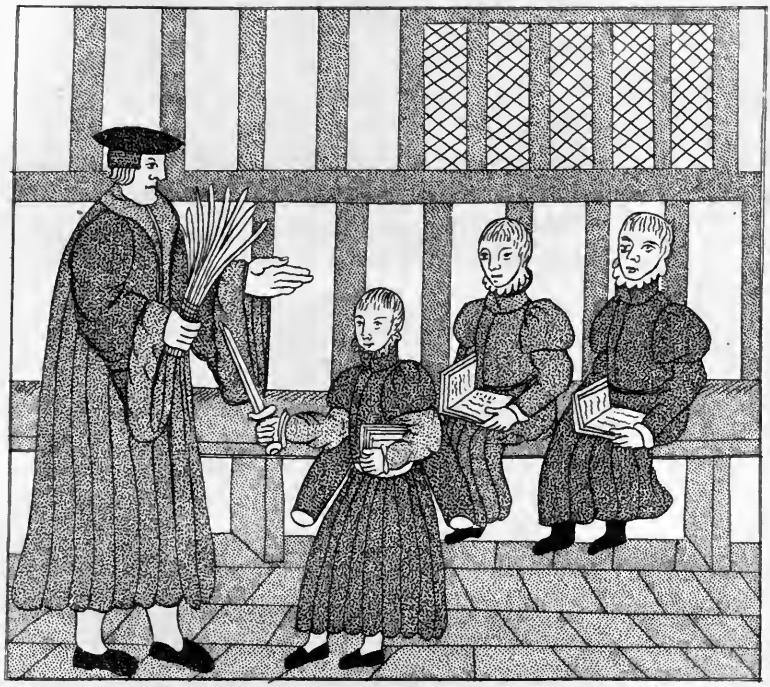
And whan that he was aboute ſeuen yeare of aege
Hys father ſette hym to ſcole in dede
With a dyſcrete man and a ſage
And prayed hys ſonne that he would ſpede
For to learne both to wryte and reade
And to Roberte the deuyll hys father ſayde
Sonne, yf thy lyfe in vertue thoue leade
Than wyll I with the be right well a payed.

Robert the Deuyll wente to ſcole a lytell ſpace
And euer he thought yt to longe ywys
He learned ſo that he was paſt all grace
Yt happened at the laſt he dyd amyſſe
Hys maſter ſayde Syr youe muſte amende thys
Or elles forſothe ye ſhalbe beate
He ſayde yf thou ſmyte me I wyll make the wyſshe
That thou thyne owne fleſhe rather had eate.

Naye ſayde hys maſter ye be to bolde
And toke a rodde for to chaſte hym ſoone,
So to beate hym he ſayde that he woulde
Roberte ſawe what he purpoſed to done
And ſayde ye were better lette me a lone
For with a dagger he thruſt hym in to the bellye
That the bloude ran downe in to hys ſhone
So ſlewe hys maſter, and let hym deade lye.

Whan Robert the Deuyll ſawe hys maſter fall
He ſayde he woulde go to ſcole no more
Hys boke he threwe agaynſt the wall
The deuyll have the whyt that he was ſorye therfore
Alacke he made hys fathers hearte ſoore
When that hys maſter had ſlayne
The Duches curſed the houre that he was bore
She ſayde of hys companye no man ys fayne.

After that there woulde no pryſt hym teache
He folowed uice, he woule be ruled by none
And mocke pryſtes whan they ſhoulde preache
For and he into the church had gone
He woulde ſkorne the clearkes euerychone
And when they ſonge, come them behynde
So threwe duſt in theyr mowthes by one and one
And ſome in theyr eyes to make them blynde.



Yf he ſawe any men or women deuoutlye knele
For to ſerue God with theyr prayer, or ſtande
Pryuelye behynde them woulde he ſteale
And geue them a ſowce with hys hande
To cauſe ſome to yell out theyr tongues longe
Or els he woulde make theyr heades go to grounde
Theyr neckes he hurte ſore he was ſo ſtronge
And many olde folkes he cauſed to ſounde.

Yt was vnpoſſible for a clarke to write
The dedes he dyd that weare full vengeable
Then gentlemen that weare ſadde and dyſcrete
Complayned to hys father withoute fable
The Duke ſayde, to chaſte hym I am not able
Than Robert was brought before hym
He ſayde: Sonne, thy dedes ben reproueable
Thou ſhameſt me and all thy hole kynne.

Thow doeſt all thynge that dyſpleaſeth god
Thy ſcolemaſter thou ſleweſt with a knyfe
Becauſe that he woulde haue beate the with a rodde
To the pryſtes in churche thou doeſt muche greyfe
Full ofte I wyſhe me oute of my lyfe
For thou of thy dedes arte ſo houge and peryllouſe
That chyldren younge bothe mayde and wyfe
Whyche dothe the knowe geueth the theyr curſe

All one with hym, in at the one eare and out at
He was neuer the better daye nor nyght [the other
Hys olde laye kept, he woulde do none other
He was neuer glad but when he dyd fyght
To fwere and lye, theryn he had great delyght
At laft hys mother to her lorde fpake
And fayd yt were beft to make hym a knyght
Thys noble ordre let Robert the deuyll take.

For I truft then he wyll amende
Whan he that greate othe doth heare
Yt wyll make hym forye for that he dyd offende
And the workes of god hereafter for to leare
The Duke confented euen right there
And afked Robert yf he would lyue vnder awe
Of god, and the order of knight-hode beare
He aunfwered I fett not thereby a ftrawe.

At the laft Robert was made a knyght
Hys father bade him take hede of hys othe
To deftroye wronge and to maynteyne right
And do trewe juftyce for leefe or for lothe
For a knyght that in cheualrye goethe
Euer agaynft vice he muft fyght
And fupporte trewe maydens, and he fo dothe
He ys an inherytoure of heaven, goddes own knyght.

Robert

Robert aunſwered, father at youre commandement
I wyll thys greate order vpon me take
But for to chaunge all myne entent
As for my manners I wyll not forſake
All men ſhall not ones me make
For to leaue my cuſtomes olde
I will contynewe and neuer wyll ſlake
Thoughe I therfore my lyfe loſe ſhoulde.

The Duke cauſed a greate iuſtynge to be
Lordes came fro many a farre lande
And Ladyes alſo that runnynge to ſee
He that ſhoulde be moſte doughtye of hande
There was many a knight full ſtronge
That thought theyr clothes of full greate pryce
Yet a gayne Roberte there myght none ſtande
As for worſhip by hym woulde none ryſe.

A fyelde was ordeyned bothe brode and wyde
With lyſtes fayre where they ſhould runne
Tentes were pyght on euery ſyde
Greate was the people that thether come
The daye was fayre, hote ſhone the ſonne
Greate trumpets blewe, the herauldes made theyr [crye
That euery knyght hys deuoure ſhoulde done
For to proue who was moſte myghtye.

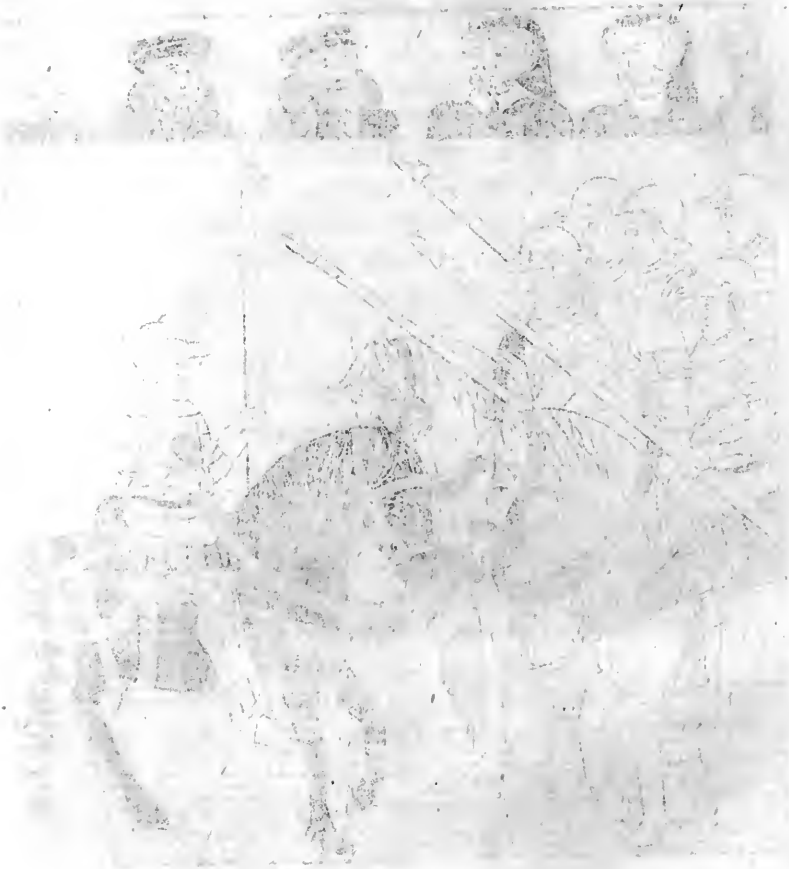
Knightes

Knyghtes then dreſſed them to the fyelde
In ſyluer armoure fayre and bright
Barons doughtye with ſpeare and ſhylde [lyght
With helmes and haubreks that all the ſyelde dyd
Steedes in trappoure the was a goodlye ſyght
Speare heades that a ſtrong cote woulde ſaylle
Clothe of golde in harnes curyonſlye pyght
Worne of haburgin many a ſtronge mayle.

Roberte the deuyll came in as meke as a Lyon
In his fyſte he had a greate ſpeare
Of ſure wodde both toughe and longe
Hys loke ſo grymme many men dyd feare
Alſo that houghe ſtaffe that he dyd beare
Was almoſt as bygge as ſome twayne.
Vnoccupyed ſaide Robert why ſtand we here
For to leaue all worke he woulde full fayne.

The Duke bade them all to begynne
A fayre knyght then feutred hys ſpeare
In fayth ſayde Robert I wyll run to hym
And lyghtly turned hys greate ſtede theare
Eche agayne other ſpeares did beare
Thoſe courſers dyd runne, they ſmote in the fyelde
Hartye were bothe, nought did they feare
That knyght ſmote Robert ſore in the ſhyelde.

That



That the ſtroke made Robert right wrothe
To him he thought to ryde agayne
He feutred hys ſpeare, and forthe he gothe
With hys ſhyelde Robert mette playne
And ſtroke ſo ſoore that he ſmote it euen in twayne
And throughe the knightes ſhulder the ſpeare dyd [runne
I trowe therof Robert was fayne
And aſked yf any more woulde come.

Another knyght thought Robert to aſſaylle
So yode they together with greate raundone
Loth were they bothe for to fayle
And haſtelye theyr ſtedes ſtrongelye dyd runne
So ſwyfte with ſtrenght Robert dyd come
That hys ſpeare ran thorowe the knyghtes bodye
And to the earthe dead fell he downe
All men wondred of Robert trewlye.

The thyrde knyght to the grounde he ſmote
And brake hys horſe backe a ſonder
There was none that myght ſtande a ſtroke
Of hym that daye, nowe the people dyd wonder
To ſe that all knyghtes to hym were vnder
For ſo ſoore Robert dyd them aſſayle (thonder
A man had ben as good to haue be ſmytten with
As to haue a ſtroke of hys hand without faylle.

Thre-

Thre noble Barons he ſlewe there that daye
He fared as he had ben a fyende of hell
As was in earneſte, and not in playe
Fro theyr horſes many knyghtes he fell
And breke theyr armes as the bokes do tell
For he trewe ſo greſelye and ſoore
That they knewe nother wo nor well
On ſtedes myght they ryde never more.

All that he mette, he them down threwe
Yonge nor olde he ſpared none
For pittye had he no more than a Jue
That daye he hurte there many a one
And lyke a boore at the mouth he dyd fome
He fought and ſtroke all while that he was able
In peace he woulde not haue them to ſtande alone
He loued murderers that were euer vengeable.

To kyll and ſlea was all hys delyght
Tenne noble ſtedes backes he dyd bruſt
When that he at theyr maſters dyd ſmyte
Or with hys ſpeare at them dyd thruſt
To fight euer more and more he had luſt
For all hys pleaſure was in deathe ſett
And euer he cryed who wyll more iuſte
The deuyll was in hym no man myght hym lette.

And

And whan hys father ſawe howe in vengeaunce
He was ſett, and woulde no ſad wayes take
In hys thought he toke greate greuance
And bade that all the knyghtes ſhoulde departe
Eche theyr waye, and no more juſtes to make
Than Robert woulde not obey the commaundement
Of hys father, but ſayd ſorowe ſhoulde awake
For then in myſcheif he ſett all hys ententte.

He woulde not go fro the battaylle
But hue and ſlewe on euery ſyde
The ſtronge knightes there he dyd aſſaylle
All the people fledde, they durſt not abyde
The knyghtes all awaye dyde tyde
With lordes and Ladyes euerychone
Robert loughe whan he that ſpyed
Than thought he I will no more go home.

Than Robert rode into the countrey
And robbed and kylled many a one
Maydens and wyues he rauyſhed pytteouſlye
He pulled downe abbeys and houſes of ſtone
For all the Churches that he dyd by come
Thorowe that countrey of Normandye
By hys wyll there ſhoulde ſtande none
For all hys pleaſure was in murder and robberye.

He brente houſes and ſlewe yonge chyldren
Death vpon death was all hys lyfe
The countrey complayned to hys father
Howe theyr ſeruantes were ſlayne with Robertes
Some ſayde he hathe rauyſhed my wyfe [knyfe
And by oure doughters he hathe layne
They prayed the Duke to ſtynte that ſtryfe
Or to flee that lande they would full fayne.

The Duke wepte and ſayde alas
That euer I hym begate on woman
My prayer vnto Jeſu euer was
For to ſende me a chylde for I had none
And nowe gode hath ſente me one
That maketh me full heauy and ſad
The Duches wayled and made great mone
That from her mynde ſhe was nye madde.

The Duke made hys ſeruantes to ryde
To ſeke Robert in Cyttie and in towne
Good watche was layde on euery ſyde
On holte and heath in fyelde and towne
And in euery place that they dyd come
The countrey Robert dyd curſe and blame
And prayed that he myght haue an yll death ſoone
For he the ordre of knyghthode dothe ſhame.

With

With Robert at the laſt theſe men mette
They ſayde that he ſhoulde with them them goo
All aboute Robert ſhortlye they ſette
One aſked hym what he woulde doo
Wylt thou go with vs, he ſayde noo
And drewe hys ſworde and with them dyd fyght
Full greate woundes he gaue one or twoo
And all the reſydue he put to flyght.

And all that he toke he put theyr eyes oute
So bade them go ſeeke theyr way home
And ſerued them all ſo withoute doute
Theſe poore men they made greate mone
So Robert departed and lefte them alone
And ſayde tell my father that yt ys for hys ſake
Then theſe men in tyme to the courte came home
And ſhewed what maſtryes Robert dyd make.

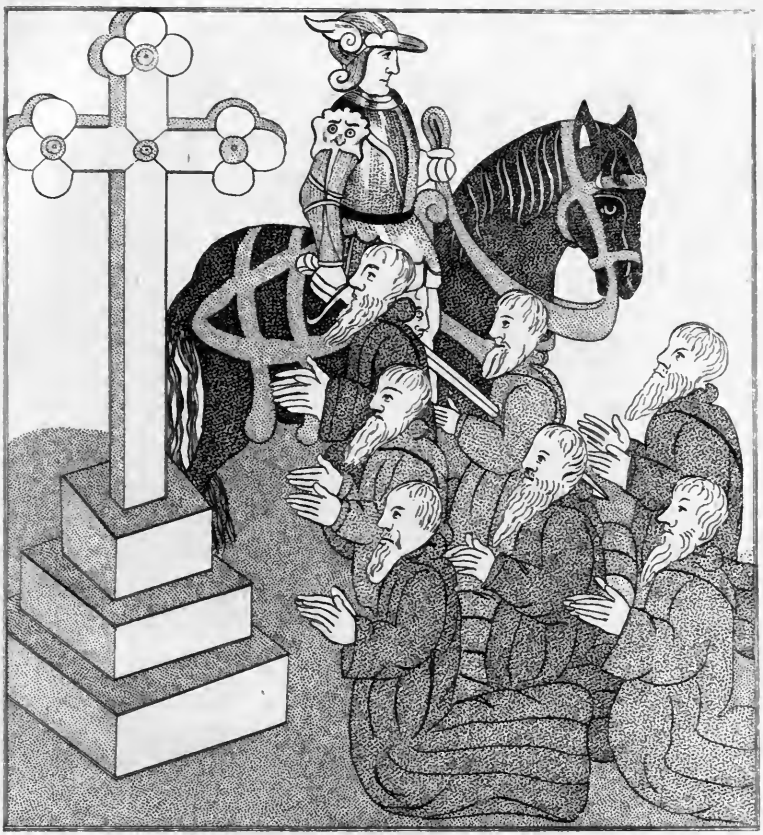
Thys good Duke in hearte was right wo
When he ſawe hys mennes eyes oute
Fore angre he wyſt not what to do
But commaunded all the courte aboute
Counſtables and bayllifes with all theyr route
All men to take hym who ſo maye
And in pryſon to put hym without doute
He charged all men good watche to laye.

So when Robert knewe of thys warke
He gathered a great companye theues yll
He gate hym into a forreſt full darke
Where yt was farre from boroughe or hyll
There he lyued and all dyd he kyll
That he myght ſe in the heath ſo playne
Corne and fruites all dyd he ſpyll
In doynge myſcheif allwaye was he fayne.

Yt was hys pleaſure to eate fleſhe on the frydaye
A dogge dyd faſte as well as he
Poore pylgrymes he kylled goynge by the waye
And holy hermytes that lyued deuoutlye
So on a daye he roſe vppe earlye
And in the forreſt ſeuen hermytes he founde
Before a croſſe knelynge on theyr knee
Of theyr prayers to heauen wente the ſownde.

What holy whoreſones he ſayde be youe
That gapeth vpwardes after the moone
If ye be a thruſt ye ſhall drynke nowe
And oute he drewe hys ſwearde full ſoone
The hermytes wyſt no what to done
But ſuffered death for Jeſus ſake [runne
So throughe one of theyr bodyes hys ſworde dyd
For feare all the other dyd tremble and quake.

Than



Than he ſtrake of theyr heades all
And reioyſed at that peryllouſe dede
In ſcorne he ſayde, ſyrs do youe fall
Patter and praye ye in youre crede
Full ſaſte theſe holy men dyd blede
That Robertes clothes were readde as vermulon
With hys ſworde he thought further to ſpede
In vengeaunce he rought not where he become.

Lo thys caytiffe was blynde and myght not ſee
The cloudes had in clypped the Sunne of grace
Lyke to an apple that the core doſt putryſie
The darke myſtes of uice ſmote hym in the face
He was none of the ſhepe of Iſrael but the kyd of
He exyled pittye as dyd cruel Kynge Pharao [golyas
Heaped full of ſynne, as euer he was
That ſlewe hys own mother, men called hym Nero.

Then he lefte theſe ſeuen hermytes deadde
And rode oute of the wodde lyke a wylde dragon
So lyke a bore he threwe vp hys headde
The bloude of the hermytes couered all hys gowne
A ſhepherde he ſawe and rode to hym ſoone
But whan the herdes man dyd hym eſpye
Yt was no hede to bydde hym begone
He ranne hys waye then for feare dyd he crye.

At

At the laſte he the ſhepherde ouertoke in faye
And aſked what tydynges that he woulde tell
The ſhepherd agayne to hym dyd ſaye [hell
I was of youe afrayde I wende ye had come oute of
And as for tydynges, here ys darkenes caſtell
There lyeth the Duches of Normandye
With many a lorde of her counſell
Of all thys greate lande the royalltye.

So Robert came to the towne there the caſtell
The people ſawe one ryde as he had ben madde [ſtode
With a ſworde in hande, and all arayed in bloude
To runne in to houſe euery man was gladde
At the laſt Robert began to waxe ſadde
And ſayde alas that euer he was borne
In murder and myſchief my lyfe haue I ladde
Hys heere of hys heade he thought to haue torne.

Than he was a baſhed ſoore in hys mode
Whan that the people woulde hym not abyde
What yt mente than he vnderſtode
Euery body them ſelfe from hym dyd hyde
Than to the Caſtle gate Robert dyd ryde
Ayd fayne with ſome body he woulde ſpeake
But whan any man hym eſpyede
They ranne awaye as they dyd in the ſtreate.

Than

Than with a heauy hearte downe dyd he lyght
And went ſtreyght into the Caſtell hall
But when the people of hym had a ſight
None durſt hym byde there at all
Many for helpe dyd crye and calle
Hys mother ſawe hym as ſhe ſate at meate
For feare ſhe beganne to fall
And haſted her awaye for to gette.

And when he ſawe hys mother goynge
He ſayde alas Lady mother ſpeake with me
Hys hearte for ſorowe braſt in weepynge
Whan he ſawe her from hym ſo flee
And ſayde to hys mother full pitteouſlye
Lady tell me howe that I was borne
That I haue ledde my lyfe ſo miſcheuouſlye
In the tempeſts of uice with many a greate ſtorme.

Hys mother all unto hym tolde
Howe ſhe gave hym to the fende both ſoule and bodye
And he aſked her howe ſhe durſte be ſo bolde
To gyue hym from god allmightye
I knowe he ſayd that I haue lyued ſynfullye
As euer dyd the emperoure greate Nero
Amende I wyll and for mercye crye
My dedes will I bewaylle wherſoeuer I go.

Hys

Hys mother prayed hym to ſmyte of her headde
For the treſpace ſhe ſayde, that I dyd to thee
I am worthye therefore for to be deadde
To god I offended alſo in obſtynacye
Slea me ſhe ſayde, and I ſorgiue yt thee,
He ſayde, Mother I wyll not do ſo
I had leuer be beaten ſull bytterlye
And on my feate to the worldes ende to go.

Than for woo Robert fell to the grounde
And a greate whyle there he ſo laye
There ſodenlye he roſe in that ſtounde
And ſaide Mother nowe I go my waye
To Rome wyll I hye as faſt as I maye
And prayed her to commende hym to hys father dere
So he deſyred them all for hym to praye
And went forth with a full pytteous chere.

So ſhortly Robert toke hys horſe and rode
Streyght vnto the forreſt to hys companye
Than the Duches that in the Caſtle abode
Shryked full ſore with a full pytteous crye
And ſaide alas lorde to ſynfull am I
All women beware, curſe neuer your chylde
And yf that ye do, then be youe in jeopardye
Alſo in myſcheyff they ſhalbe deſyelde.

Wyth

Wyth that the Duke came into the chaumber
And aſked her why ſhe dyd wepe and wayle
She ſayde Robert youre ſonne hath ben here [fayle
And ſhewed how that he wolde to Rome without
Ah, ſayde the Duke, I feare yt wyll lyttell auayle
He is not able to make reſtytucyon
Alacke ſayd the Duke yet am I gladde ſauns fayle
That he ys wyllynge to make hys confeſſion.

Nowe ys Robert come to the forreſt agayne
And founde hys men all at dyner ſyttynge
To conuerte them to goodnes he would full fayne
And ſayde my ſelowes, with pytteous lamentynge
Let vs remember oure ſynfull lyuynge
And aſke god mercy with greate repentaunce
Yf we leade thys lyfe ſtyll, yt will vs brynge
To hell withoute ende, with horrible vengeaunce.

Let vs remember he ſaide our ſynfull lyfe
We haue murdered people full cruellye
Rauyſhed maydens and many a wyfe
Slayne pryſtes and hermytes full pytteouſlye
And abbeys haue ben dyſtroyed through our robbery
With Nunnes, Ankers, take yt in remembraunce
Howe we put them in ieopardie
Wherfore I dreade hell, with horrible vengeaunce.

Houſes we haue brentte many a one
And ſpylte of chyldren much precyous bloude
Compaſſion there, nor pyttye had we none
In myſcheyff we delyted, and neuer in good
And nowe let vs remember hym that dyed on the rode
That from vs yet hath kept hys ſworde by ſufferaunce
For and we nowe in deathes daunce ſtode
To hell ſhoulde we go, with horrible vengeaunce.

One ſayde Robert, what be youe there
And ſtode up and began hym to ſkorne
Will youe ſee fellowes : the fox wylbe an anker
What maſter, ye be as wyſe as a ſhepe newe ſhorne
I trowe youre buttocke be prycked with a thorne
For your wytt ys oute of temperaunce
I woulde not haue thys tearme aboute borne
That we ſhoulde to hell go with horrible venge-
[aunce.

Another theſe ſaide maſter Roberte, harke
To preache to vs yt ys all in vayne
And what I ſaye, I praye you yt marke
Thys lyfe wyll we leade in wordes playne
Euer yet in theſe workes we haue be fayne
For our ſynne we entende not to do pennaunce
We wyll not forſake thoughe ye ſtryue vs agayne
To hell woulde we rather go with horrible vengeaunce.

Than

Than Roberte ſawe that they woulde not amende
But in myſcheyf there to lyue ſtyll
And to the poore men they wyll ofte offende
Thus then he conſpyred in hys wyll
One after another for to kyll
To make ſhort he kylled them euerychone
He ſayde ye haue be readye euer to do euyll
Therfore alyue wyll I not leaue one.

He tolde them a good ſeruaunte muſt haue good
Nowe do I paye youe after your deſeruynge [wages
There dead in the floore all theyr bodyes ſprayles
Robert ſhutt the doore and they laye within
And ſayde of myſcheyf this ys the endynge
So he thought to ſett the houſe on fyre
But he dyd not, he yede a waye ſighynge
And ſayd alas I haue payde my men theyr hyre.

Than Robert toke hys horſe and bleſſed hym
So throughe the forreſt he toke the waye
Ouer hylles and downes faſt rydynge
Thus rode he ſtyll all a longe daye
And ofte for ſynne he cryed well awaye
Than of an abbaye he had a ſight
Whiche ofte he had robbed in good faye
Alas ſaide Robert there will I lodge to nyght.

For faulte of meate then he hongred fore
And fayde to eate fayne I wolde haue fome
Alacke nowe that euer I was bore
And when the monkes dyd fe hym come
Eche man hys waye faft dyd ronne
And faide here cometh the furyous ferpent
Roberte, which ys I trowe a deuylls fonne
That in murmer and myfcheif hath a greate talent.

Than forthe he rode to the churche dore
And difcended from his horfe right there
So he kneled downe in the floore
And to oure lorde god he made hys prayer
Sayinge, fwete Jefu that bought me dere
Haue mercy on me for that precyous bloude.
That ran from your hearte with longis fpeare
Which ftonge youe in the fide hangynge on the roode.

Then vp he rofe and went to the Abbot
And fayde to hym with pitteoufe lamentynge
I haue bene fo fymple father, that ye well wot
That nowe I feare the fworde that ys lyghtly comynge
Of our lordes vengeaunce for my falfe lyuynge
And of all that I haue offended vnto youe
Forgeue me for hys loue that was hangynge [bowe.
Seuen houres on the crofle and there hys head dyd

And

And when they hearde hym pitteouſlye complayne
And in hys harde hearte toke repentaunce
The monckes all thereof were fayne
So there he tolde them all in ſubſtaunce
Howe he was in wyllynge to ſuffer pennaunce
And to Rome to take hys Journeye
So there he called to hys remembraunce
Of hys lodge and therof toke the abbot the keye.

Thys keye to the Abbot there he toke
And tolde hym that he ſhoulde haue all the treaſure
In the theues lodge yf that he woulde loke
That he had robbed ſynce the fyrſt houre
And ſaide my meynye lyen dead in the floore
The Abbot he prayed to geue hys father the keye
For I wyll not ſlepe one night where I do another
Tyll I in Rome with the pope ſpeke maye.

And praye my father to make reſtytucyon
For me to all them that I dyd offende
I crye hym mercy alſo I am hys ſonne
Hym for to myſcheif alſo I dyd entende
But what thoughe, nowe I truſt to amende
There Robert toke hys leaue of all the hole couent
Hys horſe and hys ſworde he to hys father ſende
And ſo departed and on hys feete forthe wentte.

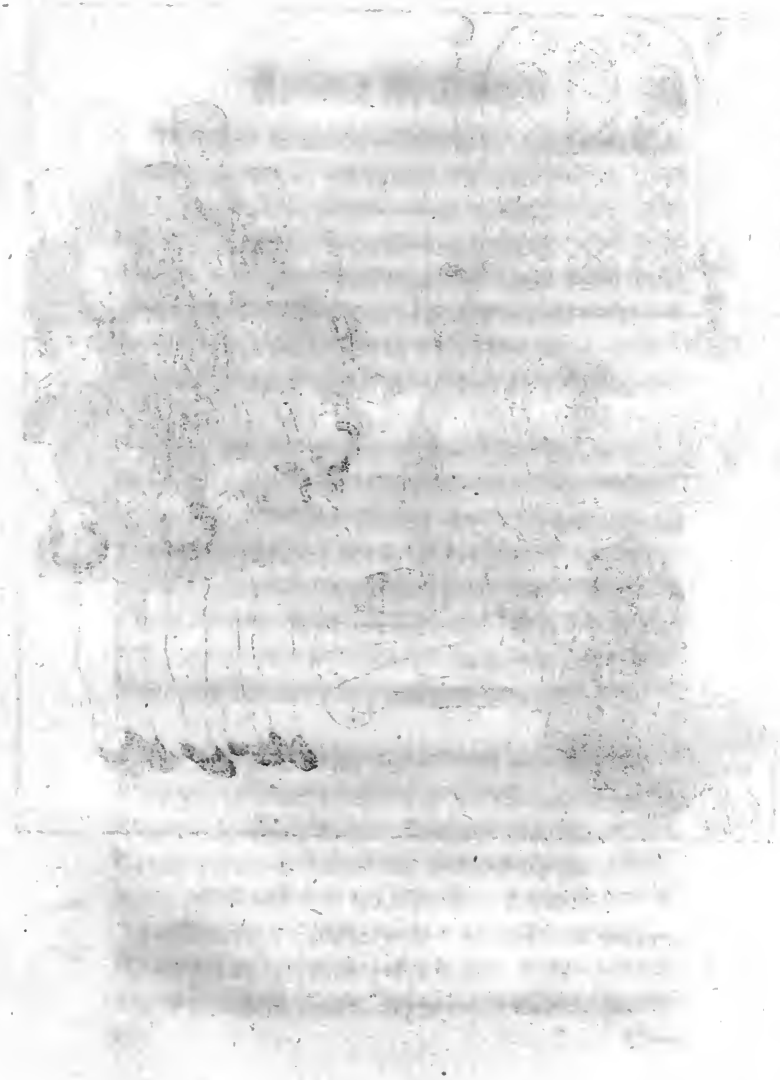
Than

Than rode the Abbot to the Duke of Normandye
And ſhewed of Robert all that was befall
There he delyuered vp the keye
And of hys entente he ſheowid the Duke all
Then he hys men before hym dyd call
And ſayde I wyll ryde and reſtore the goodes agayne
And euery man hys owne haue ſhall
Then were the Dukes ſeruauntes all fayne.

Nowe Robert walked ouer dale and hyll
By holte and heath, many a wery waye
He laboured night and daye euer ſtyll
At the laſt he came to Rome on Sherethurſdaye
All nyght poorely in the ſtreate he laye
And on the good frydaye to churche he went tywis
Towardes the quyere and nothynge dyd ſaye
For that daye the Pope ſayed all the ſeruyce.

The Popes ſeruauntes bade hym go backe
They ſmote Robert and thruſt hym aſyde
Tho to hym ſelf he ſayde, oute alacke
Yet he thought boldlyer for to abyde
Where people were thynneſt there he eſpyed
So preſt amonge them tyll he came to the pope
And fell downe to hys fete and loude there he cryed
As rayne the teares fell fro hys eyes god wotte.

The



The popes ſeruauntes would haue pulled hym aſyde
Oure holy father, yet aunſwered naye
Medle not with hym, lett hym abdyde
That I maye here what he dothe ſaye;
Robert aunſwered I am here thys daye
The ſynfulleſt lyuer that euer was founde
Synce Adam was made in Canaan of clāye
I am the greateſt ſynner that lyued on grounde.

The pope ſayde what art thou good frende
And whye makeſt thoue thys lamentacon
Oh good father ſaide Robert to god I haue offended
I deſyre youe to heare my confeſſion
Of my greate ſynnes the abhomynacon
On them to muſe yt ys vnnumerable
Vice and I reſted all waye in one habytacion
With murder and euery vnthryſtye culpable.

Art thou Robert the deuyll ſayde the pope than
That ys the worſt creatu re of all the worlde yll
Yee yee ſyr ſayde Robert I am the ſame man
Greate myſcheyf haue I do, and muche yll
As to robbe and ſlea, both burne and kyll
The pope ſayd, here in goddes name I thee warne
By uertue of hys paſſion ſtande here ſtyll
Do to me nor my men no maner of harme.

Naye

Naye naye ſayde Robert, neuer chryſten man
Wyll I hurte by night nor daye
The pope toke hym by the hande than
And bade hym hys confeſſion to hym ſaye
Thereto Robert woulde not ſaye naye
But all hys ſynnes confeſſed and tolde
The pope whan he hym hearde dyd quake for fraye
For to heare hys ſynnes hys hearte waxed nye colde.

And tolde howe hys mother gaue hym to the feende
In the houre of hys fyrſt contemplacyon [of hell
The pope ſayd Robert I thee tell
Thou muſt go to an hermyte three miles withoute the
Robert ſayde with good will thys ſhalbe done [towne
Then wente he to the popes gooſtlye father
The pope commaunded hym ſo to done
That the hermyte might hys confeſſion heare.

In the mornynge Robert walked ouer hyll and dale
He was full werye of his labourynge
At the laſte he came in to a greate vale
And founde ſame hermyte ſtandinge
He ſpake with the hermyte, and ſhewed of hys lyuynge
And tolde that he was ſente fro the pope of Rome
But when that holy man hearde hys confeſſion
He ſayed brother ye be right wellcome.

And


Take heede to Robertes pennaunce

And for youre ſynnes euer youe muſte be ſorye
For as yet I will not aſſoylle youe
In a lyttell chappell all nyght ſhall youe lye
Do ye as I do youe councell nowe
Aſke god mercye, and let youre hearte bowe
For all thys nyght I wyll wake and praye
Vnto oure lorde, that I maye knowe
Yf in ſaluacion ye do ſtande in the waye.

So they departed, the hermyte fell on ſlepe
An aungell ſodenlye to hym dyd appeare
And ſaide to Goddes commaundement take good kepe
And of Robertes pennaunce thou ſhalt heare,
He muſte counterfeyt a fole in all manere
The meate that he ſhall eate, he muſte pull yt from [a dogge
And neuer to ſpeake, but as he dombe weare
Thys pennaunce done, he ſhalbe forgeuen of god.

The hermyte with that ſhortlye dyd awake
And called Robert, and ſpaeke to hym [take
And ſaide heare nowe the pennaunce that ye ſhall
God commaundeth the to counterfet a foole in all thinge
Meate none to eate, withoute a dogge do yt brynge
To the in hys mouth, then muſte thou yt eate
No worde to ſpeake, but as bdombe euer beynge
With dogges euery nyght alſo thou muſt ſleepe.

The hermyte ſaid, tyll thy ſynnes be forgeue
Thou muſt do as I haue here ſayde
With thys ſharpe pennaunce thou muſt lyue
Tyll god of hys debtes by the be payde
Forget not thys, in thy hearte let it be layde
At the laſt god wyll ſende the worde agayne
Robert wepte as thoughe he ſhoulde haue dyed
And ſayde thys pennaunce will I do full fayne.

The hermyte bade hym remember althynge
And whan thy ſynnes be cleane forgeuen the
By an Aungell god wyll ſende the warnynge
Nowe maye thou no longer byde with me
Robert bleſſed the hermyte then trewlye
So eche toke theyr leaue of other
Nowe god for euer be wyth the
He ſayd to Robert, nowe farewell brother.

There poore Robert departed fro the hermyte
And bleſſed hym and agayne went to Rome
For to do hys pennaunce in the ſtrete
And whan that he thether was come
Lyke as he had ben a foole he dyd ronne
And lepte and daunced from one ſyde to another
Many folke laughed at hym ſoone
And wende he had ben a foole, they knew none other.

Boyes

Boyes folowed hym throughe the ſtrete
Caſtynge ſtyckes and ſtones at hym
And ſome with roddes hys bodye dyd beate
The chyldren made greate ſhoutes and cryenge
Burges of the cyttie at Robert laye laughynge
Oute of theyr wyndowes to ſe hym playe
The boyes threwe dyrte and myre at hym
Thus contynewed Robert manye a daye.

Thus he played the foole on a ſeaſon
He came on a tyme to the Emperours Courte
And ſawe that the gate ſtode all open
Robert ranne into the hall and beganne to worke
So daunced and lept and aboute ſo ſtarte
At the laſte the Emperoure had pyttie on hym
Howe he taere hys clothes and gnew hys ſhyrte
And bade a ſeruaunte meate hym for to brynge:

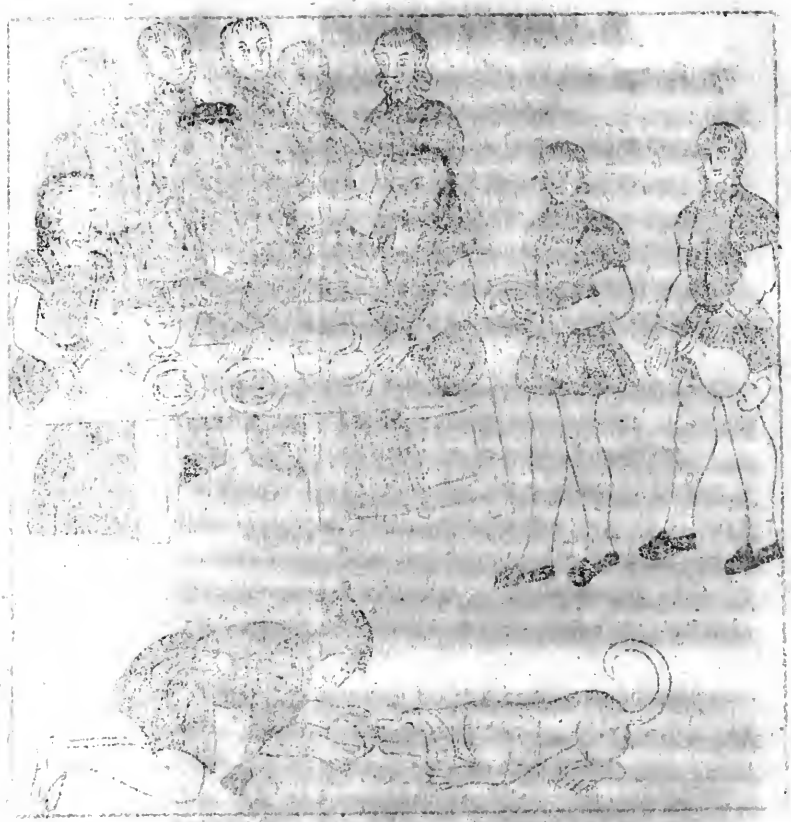
Thys ſeruaunte brought Robert plentye of meate
So proferde hyt hym and ſaide go dyne
Robert ſate ſtyll he woulde not eate
Yet god wotte hys belly greate pyne
At laſt themperoure ſayde yonder ys a hounde of myne
And bade hys ſeruaunte throwe hym a bone
So he dyd, and whan Robert yt had ſpyne
Alack thought Robert, he ſhall not eate yt alone.

He lept from the table and with the dogge faught
And all for to haue the bone awaye
The hounde at the laſt by the fyngers hym caught
So ſtyll in hys mowthe he kepte hys praye,
Whan Robert ſawe that, downe he laye
The dogge gnewe the one ende and Robert the other
The Emperoure laughed whan he that ſawe
And ſayde the dogge and he fought harde together.

The Emperoure ſawe that he was hongrye
And bade to throwe the dogge a hole loffe
Whan Robert ſawe that he was glad greatelye
For to loſe hys parte he was right lothe,
And agayne to the dogge he goeth
So brake the loffe a ſonder and to the hounde
He gaue the one halfe to ſaye the ſothe
And eate the other as the dogge dyd on the grounde.

The Emperoure ſaide, ſyth that I was borne
Sawe I neuer a more foole naturall
Nor ſuche an ydeot ſawe I neuer beforne
That had leuer eate that that to the dogge dyd fall
Rather then that that was proffered hym in the hall
Than Robert toke hys ſtaffe and ſmote at forme and ſtile
What ſorowe was in hys hearte they knewe not all
There men were gladde to ſee hym playe the foole.

At



At the laſt Robert went into a garden
And there he founde a fayre fountayne
He was a thurſt and whan he had dronken
He wente in to hys dogge agayne
To folowe hym euer he was fayne
Thus vnder a ſtayre at nyght laye the hounde
And euer hys pennaunce Robert dyd not dyſdayne
Allwaye hys bed was with the dogge on the grounde.

Whan the Emperoure eſpyed hym lye there
Fett hym a bed to a man dyd he ſaye
And lett yt be layed for hym under the ſtayre
So they dyd and Robert poynted as naye
And woulde have them to beare the bed awaye
Then they fett hym an arme full of ſtrawe
And therupon by hys dogge he laye
All men marueyled that yt ſawe.

Muche myrth and ſporte he made euer amonge
And as the Emperoure was at dyner on a daye
A Jue ſate at the borde, that greate rowme longe
In that houſe beare, and was receyued all waye
Than Roberte hys dogge toke in hys armes in faye
And touched the Jue and he ouer hys ſholder loked backe
Robert ſet the dogges ars to hys mowth without naye
Full ſoore the Emperoure loughe whan he ſawe that.

Robert

Robert ſawe a bryde that ſhoulde be maryed
And ſoone he toke her by the hande
So into a foule donge myxen he her caryed
And in the myre he let her ſtande
The Emperoure ſtode and behelde hym longe
At the laſt Robert toke a quycke Catte
And ranne into the kechyn amonge the thronge
And threwe her quycke into the beefe potte.

Lordes and barons loughe that they coulde not
To ſee hym make myrth withoute harme [ſtande
They ſaide he was the meryeſt in all that lande
With that a meſſenger the Emperoure dydwarne
That aboute rome was many a Saraſyne
And ſaide the Seneſchall hathe gathered a great armye
Becauſe ye wyll not let your daughter haue hym
He purpoſeth all Rome for to dyſtroye.

Thys Emperoure had a doughter that coulde not
The whiche the Seneſchall loued as hys lyfe [ſpeake
And ofte with the Emperoure he dyd treate
For to haue her vnto hys wyfe
And for that cauſe the Seneſchall made thys ſtryfe
Becauſe the Emperoure in nowiſe woulde
Geue hym hys doughter, he ſwere ofte ſythe
Maugre hys head wynne her he ſhoulde.

The

The Emperoure heard of the Saraſyns that were
For to dyſtroye theyr chryſtyan Countrey [come
He made a crye in greate Rome
That younge and olde ſhoulde make readye
As manye as were betwene fyſtene and ſyxtye
Lordes barons and knyghtes drewe out of euery coſt
With an houge companye and a myghtye
They thought for to Fell the Saraſyns greate hoſte.

So forth withall bothe theſe hoſtes mette
Wyth weapons bright and ſtedes ſtronge
So with ſoore ſtrokes together they ſette
Theyr ſpeares braſte in peces longe
Many a doughtye was ſlayne in that thronge
Greate horſes ſtamped in yron wedes
Oure chryſten men were put to the wronge
With woundes depen that full ſore bledes.

Oure lorde on hys ſeruauntes had compaſſion
And ſent an Aungell with horſe and armure
Vnto Robert as he dranke in the garden
There the Aungell bade hym arme hym ſure [dure
And ſaide beſtryde thys good ſtede that longe will en-
And in all haſte go ryde and helpe the Emperoure
Alacke thought Robert nede hath no cure
Than rode he forth the ſpace of an houre.

He

He rode into the thyckeſt of the fyelde
And hue and ſlewe of the Saraſyns a greate numbre
No ſteele nor harburgyn that with hym helde
Hys dentes rouges as yt had ben thonder
He ſmote mennes bodyes cleane a ſonder
Hys ſworde made many a head to blede
That the Emperoure had greate wonder
What knyght yt was that he ſawe ſo doughtye in [dede.

With the helpe of god and Robert that knyght
That daye the Saraſyns loſte the fyelde
And whan that ended was that fyght
Euery man houered and behelde
Where that whyte knyght was that wepon dyd welde
But Robert wente into the garden
And layde downe bothe harnes and ſhylde
Yt vanyſhed a waye, he wyſt not where yt became.

And all thys ſawe the Emperours doughter
That the Aungell brought Robert the whyte ſtede
And howe at the welles ſyde he dyd of all hys armure
Therof ſhe had greate maruayle in dede
At the laſt the Emperours men dyd of theyr wede
And came to dyner into theyr lordes hall
The Emperoure ſaid this daye Jeſu dyd vs ſpede
And the white knyght fayre muſt hym befall.

Than

Than Robert came in lyke a foole playinge
Into the hall, and leapte from place to place
The Emperoure was glad to se Robert daunsynge
Than he spyed a great race of bloude in Robertes face
But that he gate when he in the battayle was
The Emperoure wende that hys seruauntes had hurt
And saide, there ys some rybaude in this place [hym so
That hath hurte my Robert, that no harm can do.

The Emperoure asked whether that whyte knyght
Hys lordes aunswered, we can not saye [was gone
At the last hys doughter that was bothe deafe and
Euer she poynted to Robert allwaye [dombe
Her father wondred at her in good faye
And asked her mystres, what hys doughter ment
She said, she meaneth that Robert thys daye [dente.
Holpe youe to wynne the fyelde with hys doughty

Her mystres said that Robertes greate bloudye race
Youre doughter meaneth he had it in the fyelde
At her wordes the Emperoure ashamed was
And waxed angrye and that hys doughter behelde
He saide thys folysh mayde thynketh he fought in the
He bade her mestres teache her more better [fielde
Far and she will not wyser be in her elde
A foole shall she dye, there maye no man let her.

Than the feconde tyme the Sarafins came to Rome
And with the Emperoure fought afore fyelde
The Aungell agayne to Robert dyd come
And then he rode forth hys weapon to welde
He perisfhed breftplates and many afhylde
He ftrooke of bothe legge and arme
The Emperoure that knyght agayne behelde
To watche for hym hys men he dyd warne.

But he was gone they wyft not whether
So on the morowe an other fyelde was pyght
The Emperoure charged euery man to do his endeuer
For to haue knowen that whyte knyght
So on the morowe that they fhoulde fyght
Syxe knyghtes laye in a woode preuelye and ftyll
They fayde we wyll of that noble man haue a fight
And to our lorde brynge hym we wyll.

On the morowe the funne fhone bright
Bothe partyes there was affembled
All the fyelde gaue a greate lyght
Of the gleyues that glyftred, the ftedes trembled
A wonder to heare the brydles that gyngled
With arbelaters they fhot many a quarell
All the grounde of the noyfe rombled
Throughe the helpe of Robert the Chryften men fped well.

That

That daye Robert proued hym doughtye of hande
Manye fro theyr horſes downe he dyd ſhlynge
None was able hys dente for to with ſtande
There men myght heare greate rappes rynge
The noyſe of gunnes made ſuch a bellowynge
All the fyelde ſowned as yt had ben thonder
Of bloude greate gutters they myght ſe runnynge
And many a knyghtes head cleſte a ſonder.

All Saraſyns fled, the chryſten won the fyelde
Robert rode awaye than full pryuelye
The knyghtes in the wodde hym behelde
And lowde vnto hym beganne to crye
Syr knyght ſpeake with vs for thy courteſye
Robert thought not agayne to turne
The other knyghtes rode after haſtelye [runne.
And ſmote theyr horſes with ſpores and after dyd

Roberte ranne ouer dale and hyll
Hys ſtede was good that he had there
A bolde knyght folowed after hym ſtyll
And into the reſte he threwe hys ſpeare
So ſtrongelye to Robert he hyt beare
To haue ſlayne hys horſe, and ſmote hym in the thye
The ſpeare head braſt, and in hys legge bode there
Than was thys gentle knyght full ſoorye.

Backe agayne rode than thys knyght ſo bolde
And ſhewed the Emperoure that he was gone agayne
There of hys ſpeare heade he hym tolde
To ſee hym quod the Emperoure I woulde full fayne
Than throughe all hys lande he dyd proclayme
That he that woulde ſhewe the greate wounde with
the ſpeare head
Shoulde haue hys doughter, and not her layne
Vnto hys wyfe her for to wedde.

When the Seneſchall hearde the proclamacion
He made hymſelf a greate wounde throughe the thye
So gate a ſpeare and whyte armoure ſoone
And ſo rode to the Emperoure with all hys meynye
And ſaid Syr Emperoure that valyaunt knyght am I
That ſaued youe thre tymes fro grame
The Emperoure ſaid to hym, thou art not lykelye
And bade hym holde hys peace for ſhame

At laſt the Seneſchall ſhewed hym hys wounde
And ſaid, beholde thys and the head of the ſpeare
The Emperoure was abaſhed in that ſtounde
So there he gaue the Seneſchall hys doughter
And on the morowe he ſhoulde be maryed vnto her
So was the Emperoure by hym beguyled
He wende verelye that he had ben there
And fought in the fielde as a knyght doughted.

On

On the morowe thys greate weddynge ſhoulde be
That the Seneſchall ſhoulde haue hys doughter
And ſo brought her to churche, the ſeruyce began
There by myrakle thys lady ſpake to her father [ready
And ſaide thys traytoure he hath beguyled youe here
For Robert was he that helpe you in the fyelde
I ſawe an Aungell brynge hym bothe ſhylde and ſpeare
With theſe two wordes downe on her knees ſhe kneled.

And the Emperoure whan he ſawe hys daughter
For ioye he was nere oute of hys mynde [ſpeake
And thanked god for that myracle greate
Than the Seneſchall with ſhame ſhranke behynde
So to the Pope the Emperoure dyd wynde
The mayde tolde the Pope what Robert had done
And brought them to the welle the ſpeare head to fynde
And betwene two ſtones ſhe eſpyed yt ſone.
[greate
Than went to ſeke Robert bothe lordes and ladyes
At the laſte they founde hym lye vnder the ſtayre
Amonge the dogges and with them dydde eate
They deſyred hym to ſpeake with wordes fayre
But he made ſignes as he coulde not heare
With that came an hermyte & toke hym by the ſleue
Sent thether by god he was hys gooſtlye father
And bade hym ſpeake, ſayinge hys ſynnes were forgaue.
Yet

Yet was he afearde to ſpeake, and durſt not
The Emperoure prayed hym to ſe hys thye
Robert woulde not heare, but whan he ſawe the Pope
He ranne and played hys tauntes about lyghtlye
The pope bade hym ſpeake for the loue of Marye
Robert hym ſcorned and gaue hym hys bleſſynge
He woulde not breake hys pennaunce, he had leuer dye
Then the hermyte bade hym ſpeake, forgeuen is thy [ſynne.

With that Robert fell downe on hys knee
And thanked Jeſu that forgaue hym hys myſlyuynge
The pope and the Emperoure were glad trewlye
But moſt of all that ladye made reioyſynge
That was the Emperours doughter that yongelynge
Deſyringe her father that ſhe myght Robert wedde
For thy aſkynge ſaid he, I gyue the my bleſſynge
In all the haſte daughter yt ſhalbe ſpedde.

Than Robert maryed the Emperours doughter
A feaſt was holde of great ſolempnytie
Eche of them were full gladde of other
And at the laſt when ended was thys ryaltye
He toke leaue of the Emperoure and to hys owne
He yede for the imp hys father was dead [countrey
Alſo a falſe knyght put hys mother in greate ieopardye
Whych Robert at the laſte hynge by the headde.

With

With hys mother he mette in the cyttye of Rome
The Duches was then glad and blythe
That Robert her ſonne ſo vertuous was come home
Whiche in hys youthe lyued ſo myſcheuous a lyfe
Than all men loued hym, both mayde and wyfe
Tyll it befell vpon a certayne daye
A meſſenger came from the Emperoure full ſwythe
And prayed hym to come to Rome in all the haſt he mayc

He tolde that the Seneſchall had greate warre
With hys lorde the Emperoure in dede
Robert ſent after men nye and farre
In all the haſte thether he gan ſpede
But ere he came was done a myſcheuous dede
The Seneſchall the Emperoure had ſlayne
For ſorowe Robertes hearte dyd blede
In fyelde he woulde haue fought full fayne.

The Seneſchall hearde that Robert was come
And purpoſed for to mete hym in the fyelde
He reared up many a black Saraſon
With wepon ſtronge bothe ſpeare and ſhyelde
So ether partyes other behelde
And fought together a greate batteyll
There Robert with hys handes the Seneſchall kylde
So to hys countrey returned without fayle.

And

And whan he came agayne to Normandye
He dreade euer god and kepte hys lawe
So lyued he full deuoutelye
For all thynge woulde he do vnder awe
And punyſhe Rebelles both hange and drawe
Thân was he called the ſeruaunte of god
No theſe woulde he ſaue that he myght knowe
For dreade of goddes righteouſnes the ſharpe rodde.

One chylde by the Emperours doughter he had
That was a knyght with Kinge charles of Fraunce
In manfull dedes he hys lyfe ladde
Doughty he was bothe with ſpeare and launce
Lo, thy Robert ended hys lyfe in pennaunce
And whan he dyed hys ſoule went to heauen hye
Nowe all men beare theſe in remembraunce
He that lyueth well here, no euyll death ſhall dye.

Yonge and olde that delyteth to reade in ſtorye
Yt ſhall youe ſtyrre to uertuous lyuynge
And cauſe ſome to haue theyr memorye
Of the paynes of hell, that ys euer durynge
By readynge bookes men knowe all thynge
That euer was done, and hereafter ſhallbe
Idlenes to myſcheif many a one doth brynge
And ſpecyally as we daylye may ſee.

Take

Take youe enſample of thys ſtory olde
Howe that he in youth dyd greate vengeaunce
In doynge myſcheife he was euer bolde
Tyll god ſent to hym good remembraunce
And after that he toke ſuche repentaunce
That he was called the ſeruaunte of god by name
And ſo contynewed without varyaunce
God geue vs grace that we may do the ſame.

Here endeth the lyfe of
Robert the Deuyll.