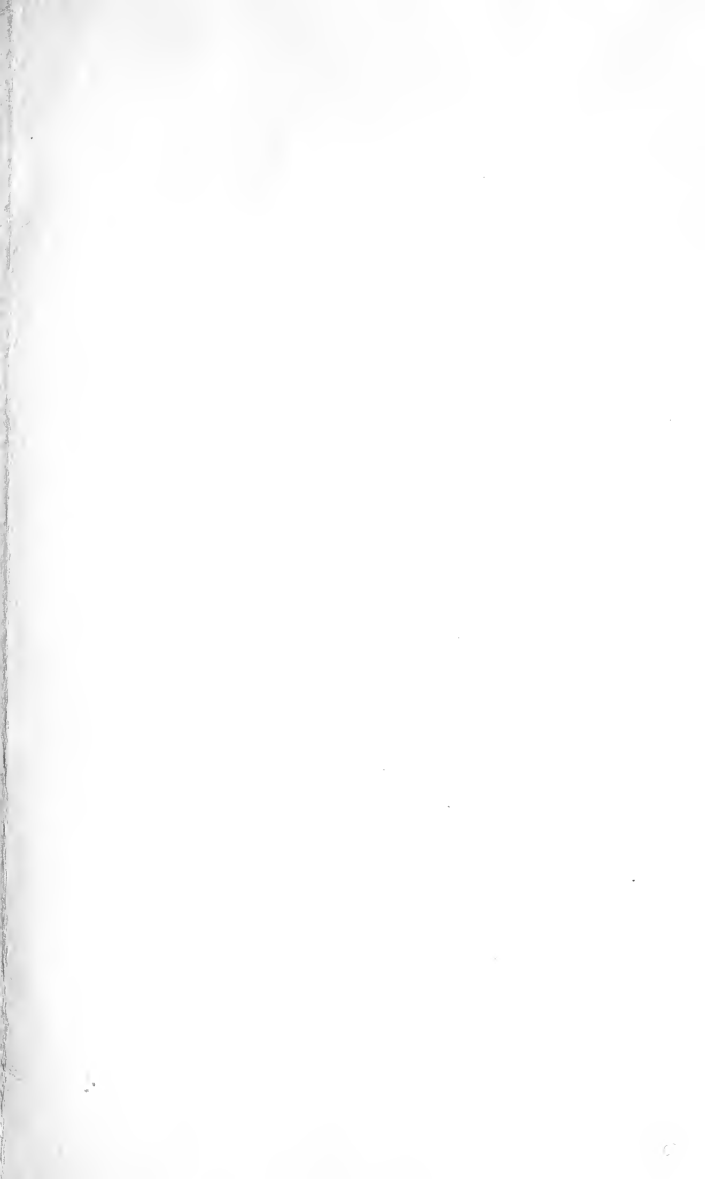
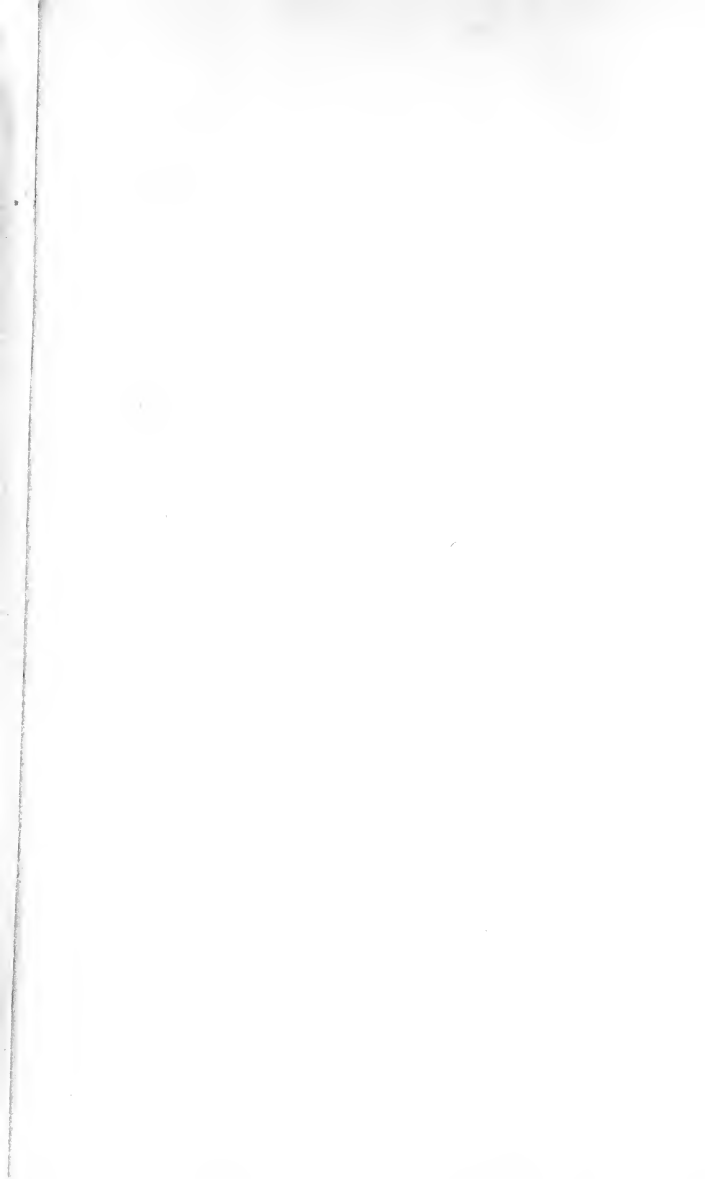




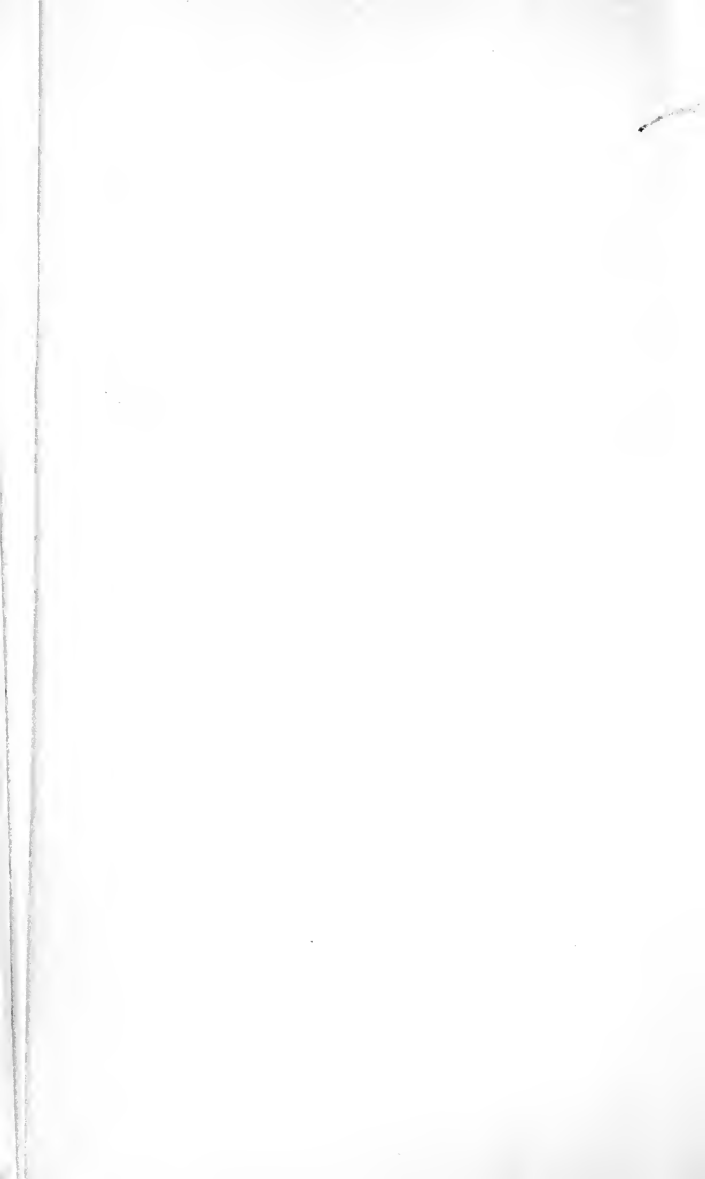
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POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

VOLUME VII.

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POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR

BY

ROBERT BELL

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POEMS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

[THE *Roman de la Rose* is the earliest poem of its class in French literature. It consists of 22,000 verses; and was commenced by Guillaume de Lorris, who, after proceeding as far as 4070 verses, died in 1260. The allegory was afterwards taken up and completed by Jean de Meun. Moreri, and the biographical collections, assign 1279 or 1280 as the date of Jean de Meun's birth; yet it is certain that in 1284 he translated the *Ars Militaris* of Vegetius. Jehan le Maire, of Belgium, concludes from this circumstance that he must have been contemporaneous with Dante, who was born in 1265. Jean de Meun is supposed to have died about 1318.

There was little in common between the genius of the two authors; and the parts they contributed to the poem are, consequently, distinguished by very different characteristics. Guillaume de Lorris possessed great constructive art, effectively displayed in the conduct of the allegory, remarkable skill in portraiture, rich invention, and exuberant fancy. Jean de Meun, on the other hand, was essentially a satirist; the poetical faculty in him was subordinate to more practical qualities; and his share of the work, deficient in imagination and variety, abounds in wit, sarcasm, and licentiousness. His revolutionary and dissolute doctrines produced a storm. The poem was denounced from the pulpit as a work subversive of religion, order, and social security; and the ladies of the court of Philippe le Bel are said to have conspired to

procure his condemnation to death by blows of sticks, in revenge for his having written profanely of their sex. He was not, however, without vigorous and able defenders, who endeavoured to extract from the allegory moral meanings, which, it may be presumed, the author himself never contemplated, since we find him retracting in his old age, like Chaucer, the poetical offences for which he suffered so much persecution in his youth.¹

The copyists seem to have been encouraged by these controversies to venture upon the exercise of an unwarrantable discretion over the text, possibly with a view to mitigate its heresies against the popular taste; and the changes they imported into the poem, from time to time, are so minute and extensive that it would, probably, be impossible to find two copies exactly alike, notwithstanding the great number that were made. Clement Marot, who lived in the sixteenth century, carried this rage for alteration to the last extremity, by modernizing the words and orthography, in the same manner as Speght has done with Chaucer, so as to adapt them to the language of his own age. The text, thus deteriorated, was followed in all subsequent editions, until Méon, collating it with a MS. of the date of 1330, and others, restored it in its original integrity.

A beautiful MS. of the *Roman de la Rose* may be seen in the British Museum. It is on vellum, in a large folio volume, illuminated with a profusion of exquisite miniature paintings. The Editor of the first catalogue of the Harl. MSS., 1762, 'supposes it to be the copy that was presented to Henry IV., the blazon of his arms being introduced in the illumination with which the first page is embellished.' But the conjecture is not sustained by the handwriting, which closely resembles that of Vêrard, and belongs to the latter part of the fifteenth century. This MS., therefore, although

¹ J'ai fait en ma jonesce maint diz par vanité
 Où maintes gens se sont plusieurs fois delités ;
 Or m'en doint Diex ung faire par vraie charité
 Pour amendes les autres, qui pou n'ont proibité.

it excels all others in costliness of execution, is not of much authority in a literary point of view.

The principal editions of the *Roman de la Rose* are those by Lenglet du Fresnoy, Lantin de Dammerey, and Méon. The notes and dissertations of Lantin de Dammerey are valuable, and are reproduced by Méon, who adds a glossary much less copious and recondite than that of his predecessor. The only point on which the edition by Méon possesses an advantage, is in the older orthography and greater purity of the text; but the corrections are by no means so numerous or important as is generally supposed. It may be added that the reader would be greatly deceived who should put faith in Méon's assertion, that the edition of Lenglet is full of 'contresens.'

The following outline of the allegory will enable the reader not already acquainted with the subject, to enter at once upon the enjoyment of Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, which may be considered, as far as it goes, to be a close translation of the original.

The characters and incidents, in accordance with the form common to most of the early poems of this description, are produced in a vision. L'Amant, the lover, dreams that one morning in May he walks out on the banks of a river until he comes to a garden surrounded by a wall, on which he discovers images of Hate, Felony, Villainy, Covetousness, Avarice, Envy, Sorrow, Elde, Pope-Holy, and Poverty. Having contemplated these ominous figures, he knocks at the wicket, and is admitted by Idleness, who informs him that the garden belongs to Deduist, or Mirth, who happens at that moment to be entertaining his friends at a high-festival. Presently Courtesy approaches the stranger, and invites him to join the gay group of carollers by whom Mirth is surrounded. The various allegorical personages who compose the dance are now described. Amongst them the God of Love is conspicuous. He is attended by a bachelor, or knight, called Swete-Loking, who carries two bows, the one straight and beautiful, the other crooked and hideous. To

the beautiful bow are appropriated five arrows, which have the effect of inspiring love in those who are wounded by them; and which are separately named Beauty, Simplicity, Franchise, Company, and Faire-Semblant. The five arrows of the crooked bow are called Pride, Villainy, Shame, Wanhope, and Newe-Thought, and the effect of their wounds is hatred.

After loitering awhile with the noble company, L'Amant proceeds to explore the garden, and in the course of his walk he arrives at the well of Narcissus, which allegorically represents imagination. Here he sees reflected in the water a garden full of exquisite roses. Amongst them he is fascinated by one bud of surpassing beauty, and as he gazes upon it with admiration Love appears, and discharges into his heart the five arrows of the beautiful bow. L'Amant, vanquished at once by this summary proceeding, swears allegiance to Love, who instructs him in his laws, and vanishes.

The rose-tree bearing the favourite bud is surrounded by a thick hedge; and as L'Amant is thinking how he may pass the hedge, and possess himself of the bud, a bachelor called Bel-Accueil comes up, and admits him. The bud is now within his reach; but at this moment a churl, whose significant name is Danger, accompanied by Wicked-Tongue and Shame, intercepts him, and drives him away.

Reason now comes to his assistance, and earnestly advises him to renounce his allegiance to Love; but L'Amant disregards her counsel, and betakes himself to the good offices of L'Ami, by whose aid he succeeds in appeasing the opposition of Danger, who finally permits him to return to the garden. Being free to indulge his delight in gazing on the rose, he approaches and kisses it; upon which Wicked-Tongue and Shame arouse Jealousy, a savage ruffian armed with a ponderous club. Jealousy, fulfilling the instincts of his nature, builds a castle to defend the rose-garden. To this castle there are three gates, kept by Danger, Shame, and Wicked-Tongue; and here Bel-Accueil is imprisoned, an old hag being appointed as guard over him.

Under these circumstances, Reason makes another appeal to L'Amant, urging him to forsake Love, and embrace Friend-

ship. He again rejects her advice, describing friendship as a chimera so little to be relied upon, that all antiquity can furnish only four examples of it. Baffled on this point, Reason next proposes, as the noblest motive of action, universal charity, which she declares to be superior to justice, at the same time illustrating the corruption of judges, by the story of Virginia and Appius Claudius. She further assures him that if he follows her counsel, he will be enabled to despise the gifts of fortune, the delusiveness of which she exhibits in the examples of Nero, Cræsus, and Hecuba. L'Amant, however, is still unconvinced, and Reason takes her leave.

In his extremity he has recourse once more to L'Ami, who informs him that there is a path, known as Trop-Donner, by which he may obtain access to Bel-Accueil, and that he had himself endeavoured to traverse that path, but, having lost all his friends through the desertion of Richesse, he was unable to accomplish his purpose. Enlarging upon this misfortune, L'Ami takes occasion to rail against the institution of property, and to extol the Golden Age, when men enjoyed all things in common, before marriage and possession had introduced Jealousy into the world. The evils consequent upon such a state of society are shown in a dispute between a wife and a jealous husband, the latter of whom utters that ungallant sentiment which is said to have specially provoked the resentment of the ladies at Court :—

Toutes êtes, serés, ou futes
Ou de fait ou de volenté, putes.

In the course of his lecture, L'Ami inveighs against those wealthy individuals who possess for their own share riches enough to maintain twenty people; and, ascending to the source of the social injustice, he describes the origin of civil government in a spirit by no means favourable to kings. Having discharged his invective against existing laws and constituted authorities, he returns to the original subject, and after giving L'Amant rules for his conduct as a lover, taken literally from Ovid's *Ars Amandi*, he leaves him to prosecute his adventure.

L'Amant endeavours to carry out the advice he has received,

and attempts to reach the prison of Bel-Accueil by the path of Trop-Donner, but is repulsed by Richesse; when Love, taking pity on his distress, descends from heaven to his help.

Collecting his barons for the purpose of assaulting the castle, the god discovers amongst them two strangers, False-Semblant and Constrained-Abstinence, who are at first afraid to present themselves, but are at last admitted as liege-men at the request of the others, the God of Love desiring False-Semblant to narrate his history. From his account of himself, it appears that he generally assumes the habit of a friar, and in the description he gives of the subtle arts by which he thrives, the vices usually ascribed to the Mendicants are delineated with great humour and liveliness.

This episode being concluded, the God leads his barons to the assault. False-Semblant and Constrained-Abstinence proceed to the outer gate, where they encounter Male-Bouche, whom they persuade, by means of a hypocritical sermon, to kneel down and make his confession. While he is on his knees, Constrained-Abstinence seizes him by the throat, and forces him to put out his tongue, which False-Semblant immediately cuts off with a razor forged on the anvil of Coupe-Gorge. Thus securing the gate, they enter the castle, and slay the Norman soldiers, who are all lying drunk.

The duenna who has the custody of Bel-Accueil is now won over by the barons to allow them to communicate with the prisoner. She conveys their message to him, and avails herself of the opportunity to expatiate in a licentious discourse upon the arts of seduction. At length, L'Amant is admitted to an interview with Bel-Accueil, and is ultimately enabled by his assistance to re-enter the garden. Danger, however, attended by Fear and Shame, discovers him in the act of kissing the rose. A struggle ensues, and L'Amant is beaten, and driven out of the castle. The barons gather to the rescue, but are defeated, and Love is obliged to solicit a truce, during which he sends ambassadors to his mother Venus to entreat her aid. They proceed to the Court of Cythera, which they find in mourning for the recent death

of Adonis. Venus hastens to the relief of her son; but she arrives too late. The battle has been renewed, and Love is again discomfited. Irritated by his defeat, Venus swears that chastity shall never more be found in woman, and Love makes a similar vow with respect to men.

During these scenes, Nature has been lamenting the losses daily inflicted on her by death, but is now somewhat comforted by the news of the oath made by Venus and her son. Still, however, desponding, she repairs to Genius, who is represented as a priest, to make her general confession, in the course of which she describes the creation, and denounces the wickedness of men in restraining, by exclusive institutions, the free intercourse of the sexes; and, finally, assuming the character of an instructor rather than that of a penitent, she exhorts her confessor to hasten to the camp of Love, and hurl his excommunications against all who fail in the first command to increase and multiply. Her confession being ended, Genius directs, as her penance, that she shall labour at her anvil with increased diligence in the propagation of the human species; and then sets off for the camp.

Everybody is delighted at the arrival of the Great High Priest, except False-Semblant and Constrained-Abstinence, who suddenly depart without taking leave. Love grants Genius the investiture by the ring and pastoral staff; and, under the sanction of this authority, Genius delivers a sermon, which may be described as a profane parody on Christianity, closing with an exhortation to the barons to increase and perpetuate their species. Animated by this discourse, the soldiers return to the assault, and Venus shoots an arrow through a cleft in the wall, striking down the statue sculptured by Pygmalion which stands within. She then flings a firebrand among the ranks of the enemy; Danger, Fear, and Shame are put to flight; Bel-Accueil is liberated; and L'Amant plucks the Rose. Thus ends the allegory.

Chaucer's translation, consisting of 7699 verses, proceeds only as far as verse 13,105 of the original, where Male-Bouche kneels down to confess. Out of these 13,105 verses

5544 are passed over in the translation; but whether this passage, embodying as it does the violent democratic principles and communist doctrines of Jean de Meun,¹ were omitted by Chaucer, or suppressed, on account of their perilous tendency, by the copyist, must be left to conjecture. The translation is resumed at the narrative of False-Semblant, where he gives an account of the arts by which he imposes upon the people. *The Romaunt of the Rose*, consequently, as rendered by Chaucer, contains the whole of the 4070 verses written by Guillaume de Lorris, which possessed a special charm for the congenial taste of the translator, and 3629 verses of the 17,930 written by Jean de Meun.

All previous editions of this poem have been printed from the corrupt and half-modernized text of Speght, nor was it known until recently that any MS. of the work was in existence. The MS. from which the present text has been taken is probably unique. It forms a large quarto volume on vellum, written in an excellent hand of the earlier half of the fifteenth century, and is deposited in the library of the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow. The text is evidently a good one, and the grammatical forms, with a few peculiarities, are generally well preserved. It has been carefully re-produced in the present edition, the text of which is, therefore, undoubtedly much superior to any that has yet appeared. Unfortunately, in a few places, indicated in the notes, a leaf has been lost, or destroyed, and the deficiency has been necessarily supplied from Speght's edition, the orthography of which, however, has been modified in accordance with that of the MS. Speght, although he made so ill a use of his opportunity, seems to have had access to this MS., or to a copy of it. The same clerical errors, and transpositions of long passages towards the end, by which the sense is destroyed, occur in both.]

¹ See p. 196, note 1.

MANY men seyen that in swevenynges,
 Ther nys but fables and lesynges;
 But men maye some swevene sen,
 Which hardely that false ne ben,
 But afterward ben apparaunte.
 This may I drawe to waraunte,
 An auctour that hight Macrobes,¹
 That halt² not dremes false ne lees,
 But undoth us the avisioun,
 That whilom mette kyng Cipioun.

And who so sayth, or weneth it be
 A jape, or elles nycete
 To wene that dremes after falle,
 Let who so list a fool me calle.
 For this trowe I, and saye for me,
 That dremes signifaunce be
 Of good and harme to many wightes,
 That dremen in her sleep a-nightes
 Ful many thinges covertly,
 That fallen after al openly.³

Within my twentie yere of age,
 When that love taketh his corage
 Of yonge folk, I went soon
 To bedde, as I was wont to doon,
 And fast I slept; and in slepyng,
 Me mette such a swevenyng,
 That lyked me wondrous wele;
 But in that swevene is never a dele
 That it nys afterward befallle,
 Right as this dreame wol telle us alle.

Now this dreame wol I ryme aright,
 To make your hertes gay and light;

¹ See vol. iv. p. 189, note 1.

² *Halt* is the contracted form of *holdeth*.—See vol. v. p. 83, note 2.

³ The question of the significance of dreams is more fully entered into in *The House of Fame*.—See vol. vi. p. 194.

For Love it prayeth, and also
Comaundeth me that it be so.

And if ther any axe me,
Wheither that it be he or she,
How this book which is here
Shal hatte, that I rede you here;
It is the Romaunt of the Rose,
In which alle the art of love¹ I close.

The matere faire is of to make;
God graunte me in gre that she it take
For whom that it bygonnen is!
And that is she that hath, ywys,
So mochel pris; and ther to she²
So worthy is biloved to be,
That she wel oughte of pris and right,
Be cleped Rose of every wight.³

That it was May me thought tho,
It is fyve yere or more ago;
That it was May, thus dremed me,
In tyme of love and jolite,
That al thing gynneth waxen gay,
For ther is neither busk nor hay
In May, that it nyl shrouded bene,
And it with newe leves wrene.⁴
These wodes eek recoveren grene,
That drie in wynter ben to sene;
And the erth wexith proude withalle,
For swote dewes that on it falle;

¹ The poet here adopts the title of Ovid's *Ars Amandi*; but the two poems are composed on entirely different models.

² The Glasgow MS. from which the text is taken begins at this line, the first leaf having been unfortunately destroyed. The text of Speght has been followed in the preceding part, but the orthography has been slightly altered to harmonize with that of the MS.

³ This is not an allusion, on Chaucer's part at least, to any real person, as might at first be supposed, since he follows the French original in his dedication.

⁴ *Wrene* is from the Anglo-Saxon *wrean*, to cover. The French is, 'Qui en Mai *parer* ne se voille.'

And the pore estat forgette,
 In which that wynter had it sette.
 And than bycometh the ground so proude,
 That it wole have a newe shroude,
 And makith so queynt his robe and faire,
 That it had hewes an hundred payre,
 Of gras and flouris, ynde and pers,¹
 And many hewes ful dyvers :
 That is the robe I mene, iwis,
 Through which the ground to preisen is.

The briddes, that haven lefte her song,
 While thei han suffrid cold so strong
 In wedres gryl and derk to sight,
 Ben in May, for the sonne bright,
 So glade, that they shewe in syngyng,
 That in her hertis is such lykyng,
 That they mote syngen and be light.
 Than doth the nyghtyngale hir myght,
 To make noyse, and syngen blythe.
 Than is blisful many sithe,
 The chelaundre, and the papyngay.²
 Than young folk entenden ay,
 For to ben gay and amorous,
 The tyme is than so saverous.

Hard is his hert that loveth nought
 In May, whan al this mirth is wrought ;
 Whan he may on these braunches here
 The smale briddes syngen clere

¹ *Ynde* and *Pers* are adjectives, the former meaning azure, the latter bluish grey. They are probably derived from the countries of India and Persia, whence these dyes were imported. The French is—

‘ Que de colors i a cent paire
 D'erbes, de flors indes et perses.’

² The papyngay, or popinjay, is among the birds mentioned in almost all Chaucer's descriptions of Spring, and is generally explained to mean the parrot. It is so unlikely, however, that a poet of his extreme accuracy in describing nature should introduce the parrot in pictures of European scenery, that the jay is more probably the bird intended.

Her blesful swete song pitous,
 And in this sesoun delytous,
 Whan love affraie¹ al thing.

Me thought a nyght, in my sleping,
 Right in my bed ful redily,
 That it was by the morowe erly,
 And up I roos, and gan me clothe;
 Anoon I wisshe myn hondis bothe;
 A sylvre nedle forth I droughe,
 Out of an aguler queynt ynoughe,
 And gan this nedle threde anon,
 For out of toun me list to gon,
 The song of briddes for to here
 That in these buskes syngen clere,
 And in the swete seson that lefe is;²
 With a threde bastyng my slevis,³
 Alone I wente in my plaiyng,
 The smale foules song harknyng,
 They peyned hem ful many a peyre,
 To syng on bowes blosmed feyre.
 Jolyf and gay, ful of gladnesse,
 Toward a ryver gan I me dresse,
 That I herd renne faste by;
 For fairer plaiyng non saugh I
 Than playen me by that ryvere,
 For from an hille that stood ther nere,
 Cam doun the streme ful stif and bold,
 Cleer was the water, and as cold
 As any well is, sooth to seyn,
 And somedele lasse it was than Seyn,

¹ *To affraie* here appears to mean *to agitate*. The original is:—
 ‘Que tote riens d’amer s’effroie.’

² In the MS. this line is evidently corrupt. It reads, ‘And in swete seson that svete is.’ Speght’s reading has therefore been adopted.

³ The sleeves in the middle ages were generally detached from the coat. Thus we often read of alms being given to ‘buy a pair of sleeves.’ *Cryseyde* also makes *Dyomede* wear her sleeve as a pensel, or streamer.—See vol. vi. p. 23, note 3.

But it was straighter, welaway!¹
 And never saugh I er that day,
 The watir that so wel lyked me;
 And wondir glad was I to se
 That lusty place, and that ryvere;
 And with that watir that ran so clere
 My face I wysshe. Tho saugh I welle,
 The botme paved everydelle
 With gravel, ful of stones shene.
 The medewe softe, swote, and grene,
 Beet right on the watir syde.
 Ful clere was than the morow tyde,
 And ful attempre, out of drede.
 Tho gan I walke thorough the mede,
 Dounward ay in my pleiyng,
 The ryver syde costeiying.

And whan I had a while goon,
 I saugh a gardyn right anoon,
 Ful long and brood, and everydelle
 Enclosed was, and walled welle,
 With high walles enbatailled,
 Portraied without, and wel entailed
 With many riche portraitures;
 And bothe the ymages and the peyntures,
 Can I biholde bysyly.
 And I wole telle you redyly,
 Of thilk ymages the semblaunce,
 As fer as I have remembraunce.

Amyd saugh I Hate stonde,
 That for hir wrathe, yre, and onde,
 Semede to ben an mbveresse,²
 An angry wight, a chideresse.

¹ *Welaway* is generally an interjection expressive of sorrow; here it seems to be introduced merely to fill up the line.

² The MS. reads *mynoresse*, upon which Speght observes, 'The right reading is *moveresse*, as we have now printed it; that is, a stirrer of debate; for so it is in the French verses in the oldest written copies.

And ful of gyle, and felle corage,
 By semblaunt was that ilke ymage.
 And she was no thyng wel arraide,
 But lyk a wode womman afraied,
 Frounced¹ foule was hir visage,
 And grennyng for dispitous rage,
 Hir nose snorted up for tene.
 Ful hidous was she for to sene,
 Ful foule and rusty was she this.
 Hir heed writhen was, ywis,
 Ful grymly with a greet towayle.

An ymage of another entayle,
 A lyfte half,² was hir by;
 Hir name above hir heed saugh I,
 And she was called Felony.

Another ymage, that Vilany
 Clepid was, saugh I and fonde
 Upon the wal on hir right honde.
 Vilany was lyk somdelle
 That other ymage; and, trustith wel,
 She semed a wikked creature.
 By countenaunce in portrayture,
 She semed be ful despitous,
 And eek ful proude and outrageous.
 Wel coude he peynte I undirtake,
 That such ymage coude make.
 Ful foule and cherlysshe semed she,
 And eek vylayneus for to be,
 And litel coude of norture,
 To worshipe any creature.

And next was peynted Coveitise,
 That eggith folk in many gise,

Sembla byen estre moverresse.' Méon also reads *moverresse*. A minoresse was a nun of the order of St. Clare, who adopted the title from humility. These nuns were commonly called 'poor Clares,' and devoted themselves chiefly to the education of the poor. There would be no propriety in the comparison of Hate to a 'poor Clare.'

¹ That is, wrinkled. The original is, 'Rechignée estoit et frouncée.'

² That is, 'On the left side.'

To take and yeve right nought ageyne,
 And gret tresouris up to leyne.
 And that is¹ that for usure
 Leneth to many a creature,
 The lasse for the more wynnyng,
 So coveit is her brennyng.²
 And that is that³ penyes fele,
 Techith for to robbe and stele
 These theves, and these smale harlotes;⁴
 And that is routh, for by her throtes,
 Ful many oon hangith at the laste.
 She makith folk compasse and caste
 To taken other folkis thyng,
 Thorough robberie, or myscoveiting.
 And that is she that makith trechoures.
 And she makith false pleadoures,
 That with hir termes and hir domes,
 Doon maydens, children, and eek gromes,
 Her heritage to forgo.
 Ful croked were hir hondis two,
 For coveitise is evere wode,
 To gripen other folkis gode.
 Coveityse for hir wynnyng,
 Ful leef hath other mennes thing.

¹ Speght reads, 'And that is she that for usure;' but the expression as it stands in the text appears to be in accordance with the idiom of Chaucer's time. The meaning is the same whichever reading is adopted.

² In the middle ages usury was considered a sin, the several places in Scripture where it is forbidden being taken in their literal sense.—See Psalm xv. 5. Hence the Jews, who had no scruples in taking interest from Gentiles, monopolised the business of money-lending. Thus, in *The Tale of the Prioress*, the Jewry is said to be protected by a powerful baron, 'For foul usure and lucre of felonye.'—See vol. iii. p. 109.

³ The MS. reads:—

'And that is that penyes fele
That techeth,' &c.

That at the beginning of the second line is evidently redundant, and is therefore omitted.

⁴ *Harlot* was originally applied to men and women alike.—See vol. i. p. 103, note 4. These *smale harlotes* were probably pickpockets.

Another ymage set saugh I
 Next Coveitise fast by,
 And she was clepid Avarice.
 Ful foule in peynting was that vice;
 Ful sade and caytif was she eek,
 And al so grene as ony leek.
 So yvel hewed was hir colour,
 Hir semed to have lyved in langour.
 She was lyk thyng for hungre deed,
 That ladde hir lyf oonly by breed
 Kneden with eisel strong and egre.
 And therto she was lene and megre,
 And she was clad ful porely,
 Al in an old torn courtpy,
 As she were al with doggis torne;
 And bothe bihynde and eke biforne
 Clouted was she beggarly.¹
 A mantyl henge hir fast by,
 Upon a perche,² weike and smalle,
 A burnet cote henge therwithalle,
 Furred with no menyvere,
 But with a furre rough of here,³
 Of lambe skynnes hevly and blake;
 It was ful old I undirtake.
 For Avarice to clothe hir welle,
 Ne hastith hir never a delle;

¹ This description of Avarice appears to be the original of Buckhurst's 'Misery,' which properly means avarice, from *miser*:—

' His face was leane, and somedeale pynde away,
 And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
 But what his body was I cannot say,
 For on his carkas raiment had hee none,
 Save clouts and patches pieced one by one,
 With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
 His chief defence agaynst the winter's blast.'²

² The *perche* was the horizontal pole, often to be seen in illuminations in manuscripts, upon which clothes were hung to dry.—See *Hist. of Domestic Manners*, by Mr. Wright, in the *Art Journal*.

³ Burnet was a coarse cloth of a brown colour, probably like that of a cordelier's gown. Gowns were almost always trimmed with fur, as may be seen on brasses of merchants and other civilians.

For certeynly it were hir loth
 To weren ofte that ilk cloth;
 And if it were forwered, she
 Wolde have ful gret necessite
 Of clothyng, er she bought hir newe,
 Al were it bad of wolle and hewe.
 This Avarice hilde in hir hande.
 A purs, that henge by a bande;
 And that she hidde and bonde so strong,
 Men must abyde wondir long,
 Out of that purs er ther come ought,
 For that ne cometh not in hir thought;
 It was not certein hir entent,
 That fro that purs a peny went.

And by that ymage nygh ynough,
 Was peynted Envye, that never lough,
 Nor never wel in hir herte farede
 But if she outhur saugh or herede
 Som gret myschaunce, or gret disese.¹
 No thyng may so moch hir plese
 As myschef and mysaventure;
 Or whan she seeth discomfiture
 Upon ony worthy man falle,
 Than likith hir wel withalle.
 She is ful glade in hir corage,
 If she se any grete lynage
 Be brought to nought in shynful wise.²
 And if a man in honour rise,
 Or by his witte, or by his prowesse,
 Of that hath she gret hevynesse,

¹ This description appears to be imitated from Ovid, *Met.* ii. 796.

‘Vixque tenet lachrymas, quia nil lachrymabile cernit.’

—See vol. iv. p. 175. note 2.

² This may possibly be intended as a sarcasm on those writers who, like Boccaccio, made the fall of princes the subject of their verse. It appears that it was a favourite theme in the middle ages. Thus the Monke, in his Prologe, says that of such ‘tragedis’ he has ‘an hundred in his celle.’—See vol. iii. p. 184, note 5. Buckhurst’s *Mirror of Magistrates* is on the same plan.

For, trustith wel, she goth nygh wode,
 Whan any chaunge happith gode.
 Envie is of such crueltee,
 That feith ne trowth holdith she
 To freend ne felawe, bad or good.
 Ne she hath kynne noon of hir blood,
 That she nys ful her enemye.
 She nolde, I dar seyn hardelye,
 Hir owne fadir farede welle.
 And sore abieth she everydelle
 Hir malice, and hir maletalent:
 For she is in so gret turment
 And hate¹ such, whan folk doth good,
 That nygh she meltith for pure wood.²
 Hir herte kervyth and so brekith
 That God the puple wel awrekith.³
 Envie, iwis, shal nevere lette
 Som blame upon the folk to sette.
 I trowe that if Envie, iwis,
 Knewe the best man that is,
 On this side or biyonde the see,
 Yit somewhat lakken hym wolde she.
 And if he were so hende and wis,
 That she ne myght al abate his pris,
 Yit wolde she blame his worthynesse,
 Or by hir wordis make it lesse.
 I saugh Envie in that peyntyng,
 Hadde a wondirful lokyng;
 For she ne lokide but awrie,
 Or overthart, alle baggyngly.

¹ The MS. reads *hath*, which is probably a clerical error.

² That is, 'She melts for very madness.' For this construction see vol. i. p. 188, note 2.

³ The meaning is, that God avenges those whom Envy hates, by making her own envious mind the source of her misery. This fine idea is carried out in the mediæval pictures of the last judgment, where those who in this life were under the influence of the malignant passions, are represented as sufficiently punished by being merely suffered to indulge them without restraint.

And she hadde a foule¹ usage ;
 She myght loke in no visage
 Of man or womman forth right pleyn,
 But shette hir eien for disdeyn ;
 So tor envie brenned she
 Whan she myght any man se
 That fairer, or worthier were, or wise,
 Or elles stode in folkis pryse.

Sorowe was peynted next Envie
 Upon that walle of masonrye.
 But wel was seyn in hir colour
 That she hadde lyved in langour ;
 Hir semede to have the jaundyce.
 Nought half so pale was Avarice,
 Nor no thyng lyke of lenesse ;
 For sorowe, thought, and gret distresse,
 That she hadde suffred day and nyght,
 Made hir ful yolwe, and no thyng bright,
 Ful fade,² pale, and megre also.
 Was never wight yit half so wo
 As that hir semede for to be,
 Nor so fulfilled with ire as she.
 I trowe that no wight myght hir plese
 Nor do that thyng that myght hir ese,
 Nor she ne wolde hir sorowe slake,
 Nor comfort noon unto hir take.
 So depe was hir wo bigonnen,
 And eek hir hert in angre ronnen,
 A sorowful thyng wel semed she.
 Nor she hadde no thyng slowe be
 For to forcrachen al hir face,
 And for to rent in manye place
 Hir clothis, and for to tere hir swire,
 As she that was fulfilled of ire ;

¹ In the MS. *a foule* is omitted.

² Speght reads *sad*; but *fade* is perhaps right, and may mean *faded* or from the French *fade*, insipid.

And al to-torn lay eek hir here
 Aboute hir shuldris, here and there,
 As she that hadde it al to-rent
 For angre and for maltalent.¹
 And eek I telle you certeynly
 How that she wepe ful tendirly.²
 In world nys wight so hard of herte
 That had sene hir sorowes smerte,
 That nolde have had of hir pite;
 So wo-bygone a thing was she.
 She al to-dasht hir silf for wo,
 And smot togider her handes two.
 To sorowe was she ful ententyf,
 That woful recchelesse caityf;
 Her rought litel of pleiyng,
 Or of clyppying or kussing;
 For who so sorweful is in herte
 Hym luste not to pleye ne sterte,
 Nor for to daunsen, ne to synge,
 Ne may his herte in tempre brynge
 To make joy on evene or morowe,
 For joy is contraire unto sorowe.

Elde was peynted after this,
 That shorter was a fote, ywys,
 Than she was wont in her yongehede.
 Unnethe hir silf she might fede;
 So feble and eke so old was she
 That faded was al hir beaute.
 Ful salowe was waxen hir colour,
 Hir heed for hore³ was white as flour.
 Ywys, great qualme ne were it noon,
 Ne synne, although her lyf were gon.

¹ Buckhurst's description of Sorrow, in the Induction to the *Mirror of Magistrates*, is evidently imitated from this fine passage.—See *Poems of Surrey and others*. Annot. Ed., p. 269.

² Here a leaf of the MS. has been torn out; the deficiency is supplied from Speght.

³ Her head was white for hoariness.—See vol. i. p. 188, note 2.

Al woxen was hir body unwelde
 And drye and dwyned¹ al for elde.
 A foule forwelked thing was she
 That whilom rounde and soft had be.
 Hire heres shoken fast withalle,
 As from her heed they wolde falle.
 Hir face frounced and forpyned,
 And bothe hir hondes lorne for dwined.
 So old she was that she ne went
 A fote, but it were by potent.²
 The tyme, that passeth night and day,
 And restlesly travayleth ay,
 And steleth from us so pryvely,
 That to us semeth sikerly
 That it in one point dwelleth evere,
 And certes it ne resteth nevere,
 But goeth so fast, and passeth ay,
 That ther nys man that thinke maye
 What tyme that now present is:
 (Axeth at these clerkes this,
 For men thinke it redily
 Thre tymes ben passed by)³
 The tyme, that may not sojourne,⁴
 But goth, and may never retourne,
 As watyr that doun renneth ay,
 But never drope retourne may;
 Ther may no thing as tyme endure,
 Metalle, nor erthely creature,
 For alle thing it frette and shalle:
 The tyme eke, that chaungith alle,

¹ *Dwiny*, meaning dwarfed or dwindled, a derivative from this word, is still in use in East Anglia.

² From this description Buckhurst has also taken his picture of Old Age.—See Induction, *Poems of Surrey and others*, Annot. Ed., p. 276.

³ This line appears to be corrupt. To ask a question, or *spier* at a person, is the form of expression still used in Scotland and the north of England.

⁴ Here the MS. resumes.

And alle doth waxe,¹ and fostred be,
 And al thing distroieth he :
 The tyme, that eldith our auncessours
 And eldith kynges and emperours,
 And that us alle shal overcomen
 Er that deth us shal have nomen :
 The tyme, that hath al in welde
 To elden folk, had maad² hir, Elde,
 So only, that to my witing
 She myght helpe hir silf no thing,
 But turned ageyn unto childhede ;
 She had no thing hir silf to lede
 Ne witte ne pithe in hir holde
 More than a child of two yeer olde.
 But natheles I trowe that she
 Was faire sumtyme, and fresh to se,
 Whan she was in hir rightful age :
 But she was past al that passage
 And was a doted thing bicomen.
 A furred cope on had she nomen ;
 Wel had she clad hir silf and warme,
 For colde myght elles don hir harme.
 These olde folk have alwey colde,
 Her kynde is sich, whan they ben olde.

Another thing was don there write,³
 That semede lyk an ipocrite,
 And it was clepid Poope-holy.
 That ilk is she that pryvely
 Ne spareth never a wikked dede,
 Whan men of hir taken noon hede,
 And maketh hir outward precious,
 With pale visage and pitous,
 And semeth a semely creature ;
 But ther nys no mysadventure,

¹ That is, 'Causes everything to grow.'

² *Had maad* is the verb agreeing with *the time*, repeated at the beginning of each of the five preceding clauses.

³ That is, 'Was caused to be written or portrayed there.'

That she ne thenkith in hir corage.
 Ful lyk to hir was that ymage,
 That makid was lyk hir semblaunce.
 She was ful symple of countenaunce,
 And she was clothed and eke shod,
 As she were for the love of God
 Yolden to relygioun,¹
 Sich semede hir devocioun.
 A sauter helde she fast in honde,
 And bisily she gan to fonde
 To make many a feynt praiere
 To God, and to his seyntis dere.
 Ne she was gay, fresh, ne jolyf,
 But semede to be ful ententyf
 To gode werkis, and to faire;
 And therto she had on an haire.²
 Ne certis she was fatt no thing,
 But semed wery for fasting,
 Of colour pale and deed was she.
 From hir the gate ay werned be
 Of Paradys, that blisful place;
 For sich folk maketh lene her grace,
 As Crist seith in his Evangile,³
 To gete prys in toun a while;
 And for a litel glorie veigne,
 They lesen God and his reigne.⁴

And alderlast of everychon,
 Was peynted Pover al aloon,
 That not a peny hadde in wolde,
 Alle though she hir clothis solde,
 And though she shulde anhonged be,
 For nakid as a worme was she.
 And if the wedir stormy were,
 For colde she shulde have deyde there.

¹ That is, 'Yielded or devoted to a monastic life.'

² From the French *une haire*, a hair-shirt.

³ Matt. vi. 16.

⁴ This appears to be the original of Spenser's description of Hypocrisy, in the *Faery Queen*, book i., canto i.

She nadde on but a streit olde sak,
 And many a cloute on it ther stak ;
 This was hir cote, and her mantelle,
 No more was there never a delle
 To clothe hir with ; I undirtake,
 Grete leyser had she to quake.
 And she was putt, that I of talke,
 Fer fro these other, up in an halke ;
 There lurked and there coured she,
 For pover thing where so it be,
 Is shamefast, and dispised ay.
 Acursed may wel be that day,
 That povere man conceyved is ;
 For, God wote, al to selde, iwys,
 Is ony povere man wel fedde,
 Or wel araied or cledde,
 Or wel biloved, in sich wise,
 In honour that he may arise.

Alle these thinges welle avised,
 As I have you er this devysed,
 With gold and asure over alle,
 Depeynted newe upon the walle.¹
 Square was the walle, and high somdelle ;
 Enclosed, and barred welle,
 In stede of hegge, was that gardyne ;
 Come nevere shepherde therynne.
 Into that gardyn, wel wrought,
 Who so that me coude have brought,
 By laddris or elles by degre,
 It would wel have liked me.

¹ See vol. vi. p. 146, note 2. Hatred, Felony, Villainy, or discourteous language, Covetousness, Avarice, Envy, Sorrow, Elde, Pope-holy or hypocrisy, and Poverty, are painted on the outside of the wall which encloses the garden in which blooms the Rose, to symbolize the fact that these things are destructive of Love, and are therefore excluded from his dominions. The same idea is conveyed by the symbolical figures of grinning demons sometimes in indecent attitudes, carved on the gurgoyles and other parts of the outsides of churches, to show that the passions they represent are destructive of Christian faith, and are therefore excluded from the temple.

For sich solace, sich joie, and play,
 I trowe that nevere man ne say,
 As was in that place delytous.
 The gardeyn was not daungerous
 To herberwe briddes many oon.
 So riche a yeer was never noon
 Of briddes songe, and braunches grene.
 Therynne were briddes mo I wene,
 Than ben in alle the rewme of Fraunce.
 Ful blisful was the accordaunce,
 Of swete and pitous songe thei made,
 For alle this world it owght glade.

And I my silf so mery ferde,
 Whan I her blisful songes herde,
 That for an hundreth ponde wolde I,
 If that the passage opunly
 Hadde be unto me free,
 That I nolde entren for to se
 Thasseuble (God kepe it fro care!)
 Of briddis, whiche therynne ware,
 That songen thorough her mery throtes,
 Daunces of love, and mery notes.

Whan I thus herde foules synge,
 I felle fast in a weymentyng,
 By which art, or by what engyne,
 I myght come into that gardyne;
 But way I couthe fynde noon,
 Into that gardyne for to goon.
 Ne nought wist I if that ther were
 Eyther hole or place where,
 By which I myght have entre,
 Ne ther was noon to teche me,
 For I was al aloone iwys,
 For wo and angwishis of this.
 Til atte last bithought I me,
 That by no weye ne myght it be,
 That ther nas laddre or wey to passe,
 Or hole, into so faire a place.

Tho gan I go a fulle grete pas,
 Envyrnyng evene in compas,
 The closing of the square walle,
 Tyl that I fonde a wiket smalle
 So shett, that I ne myght in gon,
 And other entre was ther noon.

Uppon this dore I gan to smyte
 That was fetys, and so lite,
 For other weye coude I not seke.
 Ful long I shof, and knockide eke,
 And stode ful long and of herknyng
 If that I herde ony wight comyng;
 Til that dore of thilk entre
 A mayden curteys openyde me.
 Hir heer was as yelowe of hewe
 As ony basyn scoured newe.
 Hir flesh tendre as is a chike,
 With bent browis, smothe and slyke;
 And by mesure large were
 The openyng of hir yen clere.
 Her nose of good proporcioun,
 Hir yen grey, as is a faucoun,¹
 With swete breth and wel favoured.
 Hir face white and wel coloured,
 With litel mouth, and rounde to see;
 A clove chynne eke hadde she.
 Hir nekke was of good fasoun
 In lengthe and gretnesse by resoun,
 Withoute bleyne, scabbe, or royne.
 Fro Jerusalem unto Burgoyne
 Ther nys a fairer nekke, iwys,
 To fele how smothe and softe it is.
 Hir throte al so white of hewe,
 As snawe on braunche snawed newe.

¹ It is not very easy to determine the exact colour meant by *grey* in this connexion. The original is *vairs*; and the eyes of a falcon are certainly of that olive-green colour, which, in human eyes, is called black.—See vol. iv. p. 159, note 2.

Of body ful wel wrought was she ;
 Men neded not in no cuntre
 A fairer body for to seke.
 And of fyn orfrays¹ hadde she eke
 A chapelet ; so semly oon
 Ne werede never mayde upon.
 And faire above that chapelet
 A rose gerland² had she sett.
 She hadde a gay mirroure,
 And with a riche gold tresour
 Hir heed was tressed queyntly ;³
 Hir sleeves sewid fetously.
 And for to kepe hir hondis faire
 Of gloves white she had a paire.
 And she hadde on a cote of grene
 Of cloth of Gaunt ;⁴ withouten wene,

¹ Upon this word Speght has the following note :—‘ *Aurifrisium*, frised cloth of gold, made and used in England both before and since the Conquest, worne both by the cleargie and the kings themselves, as may appear out of Matthew Paris, where he speaketh of the ornaments sent by the abbots of England to the Pope, and also by a record in the Tower, where the king commandeth the Templars to deliver such jewels, garments, and ornaments as they had of the king's in keeping. Among the which he nameth *Dalmaticum velatum de orofreis*; that is, a Damask garment garded with orfrayes.’ Speght's derivation is very doubtful. *Orfroi* is a French word still in use, and means a broad welt of gold or silver, and the word *orfray* is generally applied to a sort of trimming, as that on the sleeves and skirt of the albe. *Dalmaticum* is not properly translated a *Damask garment*, but the Dalmatic, or vestment peculiar to the deacon in the Eucharistic service. It was *tunica manicata et talaris*, a tunic with sleeves, and reaching to the heels, and the orfray was probably a trimming of gold at the hands and skirt.—See BINGHAM, *Antiq.* vi. 5, sec. 20. Blount says that ‘ of old the jackets or coat armours of the king's guard were also termed orfrays, because they were covered with goldsmiths' work.’

² The custom of wearing garlands of leaves and flowers was very general in the middle ages. Examples may be found in vol. i. pp. 104, 122, and 136. It was evidently derived from classical times.

³ This may possibly mean that her head was ornamented with gold and silver coins, a fashion still observed in many countries on the continent.

⁴ *Gaunt* is the English way of spelling *Ghent*, adopted for the purpose of representing as nearly as possible the French pronunciation.

Wel semyde by hir apparayle
 She was not wont to gret travayle.
 For whan she kempte was fetisly
 And wel arayed and richely,
 Thanne had she don al hir journe;¹
 For merye and wel bigoon was she.
 She ladde a lusty lyf in May,
 She hadde no thought, by nyght ne day
 Of no thyng, but if it were oonly
 To graythe hir wel and uncouthly.

Whan that this dore hadde opened me
 This may, semely for to see,
 I thanked hir as I best myght,
 And axide hir how that she hight,
 And what she was, I axide eke.
 And she to me was nought unmeke,
 Ne of hir answer daungerous,
 But faire answeride, and seide thus:—
 ‘Lo, sir, my name is Ydelnesse;²
 So clepe men me, more and lesse.
 Ful myghty and ful riche am I,
 And that of oon thyng, namely,
 For I entende to no thyng
 But to my joye, and my pleyng,
 And for to kembe and tresse me.
 Aqueynted am I and pryve
 With Myrthe, lord of this gardyne,
 That fro the lande of Alexandryne³

Ghent and Ypres were the great manufacturing towns of the middle ages. Thus it is said of the ‘Wif of Bathe,’ that—

‘Of cloth-makyng she hadde such an haunt,
 Sche passed hem of Ypris and of Gaunt.’—Vol. i. p. 96.

¹ *Journe* is the French *journée*, a day’s work, as in the expression *un homme de journée*, a day labourer.

² *Idlennesse*, in the original *Dame Oyseuse*, is represented as porter to the Garden of Love, because it is generally when the mind is unoccupied with other things that love finds an entrance.

³ Most of our fruit-trees were originally imported from the East. The damascene, corrupted into damson, is so called because brought from Damascus.

Made the trees hidre be fette,
 That in this gardyne ben sette.
 And whan the trees were woxen on hight,
 This walle, that stant heere in thi sight,
 Dide Myrthe enclosen al aboute;
 And these ymages al withoute
 He dide hem bothe entaile and peynte,
 That neithir ben jolyf ne queynte,
 But they ben ful of sorowe and woo,
 As thou hast seen a while agoo.

‘ And ofte tyme hym to solace
 Sir Myrthe cometh into this place,
 And eke with hym cometh his meynec,
 That lyven in lust and jolite.
 And now is Myrthe therynne, to here
 The briddis how they syngen clere,
 The mavys and the nyghtyngale,
 And other joly briddis smale.
 And thus he walketh to solace
 Hym and his folk; for swetter place
 To pleyn ynne he may not fynde,
 Although he sought oon in tyl Ynde.
 The alther fairest folk to see
 That in this world may founde be
 Hath Mirthe with hym in his route,
 That folowen hym always aboute.’

When Ydelnesse had tolde al this,
 And I hadde herkned wel, ywys,
 Thanne seide I to dame Ydelnesse,
 ‘ Now al so wisly God me blesse,
 Sith Myrthe, that is so faire and fre,
 Is in this yerde with his meyne,
 Fro thilk assemble, if I may,
 Shal no man werne me to-day,
 That I this nyght ne mote it see.
 For wel wene I there with hym bee
 A faire and joly companye
 Fulfilled of alle curtesie.’

And forth withoute wordis mo
 In at the wicket went I tho,
 That Ydelnesse hadde opened me,
 Into that gardyne faire to see.

And whan I was inne, iwys,
 Myn herte was ful glad of this.
 For wel wende I ful sikerly
 Have ben in Paradys erthly;
 So faire it was, that, trusteth wel,¹
 It semede a place espirituel.
 For certys, at my devys,
 Ther is no place in Paradys
 So good inne for to dwelle or be,
 As in that gardyne, thought me.
 For there was many a bridde syngyng,
 Thoroughout the yerde al thringyng.
 In many places were nyghtyngales,
 Alpes,² fynches, and wodewales,³
 That in her swete song deliten
 In thilke places as they habiten.
 Ther myght men see many flokkes
 Of turtles and laverokkes.⁴
 Chalaundes⁵ fele sawe I there,
 That very nygh forsongen were.
 And thrustles, terins,⁶ and mavys,⁷
 That songen for to wyne hem prys,

¹ This expression occurs frequently; it means, 'Be assured.'

² The alpe is the bullfinch.

³ The *wodewale*, our witwall, Belgian *widewael*, is the oriole, or golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush kind. It occurs frequently in mediæval poetry. Thus, in the ballad of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne* :—

'The woodweele sang and wolde not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
 So lowde he wakened Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.'

⁴ The lark is still called the laverock in Scotland, and the north of England and Ireland.

⁵ The *chelaundre* is, in the glossaries, interpreted the goldfinch; but *chardonneraus*, goldfinches, are enumerated in the original, besides the *calendres*, which were a kind of lark.

⁶ The *terin* is the French *tarin*.

⁷ The mavis is the song-thrush, which differs from the throistle, or

And eke to sormounte in her songe
 That other briddes hem amonge,
 By note made faire servyse.¹
 These briddes, that I you devise,
 They songe her songe as faire and wele,
 As angels don espirituel.²
 And, trusteth wel, when³ I hem herd,
 Full lustily and wel I ferde;
 For never yitt sich melodye
 Was herd of man that myght dye.⁴
 Sich swete song was hem amonge,
 That me thought it no briddis songe,
 But it was wondir lyk to be
 Song of meremaydens of the see;
 That, for her syngyng is so clere,
 Though we mermaydens clepe hem here
 In English, as in oure usaunce,
 Men clepe hem sereyns in Fraunce.⁵
 Ententif weren for to synge
 These briddis, that nought unkunnyng
 Were of her craft, and apprentys,
 But of song sotil and wys.
 And certis, whan I herde her songe,
 And sawe the grene place amonge,

thrushle, in being smaller and darker coloured. It is still called the *maywish* in Norfolk.

¹ In the school of poetry which sprung from the 'Courts of Love,' the song of birds was supposed to be their worship of the great sustaining and reproductive principle of Nature.—See vol. iv. p. 179, note 1.

² That is, 'As spiritual or heavenly angels do.'

³ The MS. reads, '*And trusteth wel that.*' *When* has been adopted from Speght, as being necessary to the sense.

⁴ That is, 'Of mortal man.'

⁵ *Sereyn* means *Siréne*, a siren. They were damsels who inhabited the rocky islands round the promontory of Pelorus, in Sicily, and by the sweetness of their singing enticed mariners within their reach, and then destroyed them. The legend is told in the *Odyssey*, xii. 37.

In herte I wexe so wondir gay,
 That I was never erst, er that day,
 So jolyf, nor so wel bigoo,
 Ne merye in herte, as I was thoo.
 And than wist I, and sawe ful welle,
 That Ydelnesse me served welle,
 That me putte in sich jolite.
 Hir freend wel ought I for to be,
 Sith she the dore of that gardyne
 Hadde opened, and me leted inne.

From hensforth, hou that I wrought
 I shal you tellen, as me thought.
 First wherof Myrthe served there,
 And eke what folk there with hym were,
 Without fable I wole descryve.
 And of that gardyne eke as blyve
 I wole you tellen aftir this.
 The faire fasoun alle, ywys,
 That wel wrought was for the nones,
 I may not telle you alle at ones;
 But as I may and can, I shalle
 By ordre tellen you it alle.

Ful faire servise and eke ful swete
 These briddis maden as they sete.
 Layes of love, ful wel sownyng
 They songen in their yarkonyng;¹
 Summe high, and summe eke lowe songe
 Upon the braunches grene spronge.
 The swetnesse of her melodye
 Made al myne herte in reverye.
 And whan that I hadde herde I trowe
 These briddis syngyng on a rowe,
 Than myght I not withholde me
 That I ne wente inne for to see

¹ For illustrations of the allegorical use of birds in the 'Courts of Love,' which were in full vogue at the period when this poem was written, see Introductions to *The Court of Love* and *The Assembly of Foules*, vol. iv.

Sir Myrthe; for my desiryng
 Was hym to seen, over alle thyng,
 His countenaunce and his manere:
 That sight was to me ful dere.

Tho went I forth on my right honde
 Doun by a lytel path I fonde
 Of mentes fulle, and fenelle grene;
 And fast by, without wene,
 Sir Myrthe I fonde; and right anoon
 Unto sir Myrthe gan I goon,
 There as he was hym to solace.
 And with hym in that lusty place,
 So faire folk and so fresh had he,
 That whan I sawe, I wondred me
 Fro whenne siche folk myght come,
 So faire they weren alle and some;
 For they were lyk, as to my sight,
 To angels, that ben fethered bright.
 This folk, of which I telle you soo,
 Upon a karole¹ wenten thoo.
 A lady karoled hem, that hyght
 Gladnesse, blisfulle, and the light,
 Wel coude she synge and lustyly,
 Noon half so wel and semely;
 And couthe make in song sich refreynynge,²
 It sat hir wondir wel to synge.
 Hir voice ful clere was and ful swete.
 She was nought rude ne unmete,
 But couthe ynow of sich doying
 As longeth unto karolyng:
 For she was wont in every place
 To syngen first, folk to solace,
 For syngyng moost she gaf hir to;
 No craft had she so leof to do.

¹ A *karole*, or carol, was a dance in which all joined hands, sometimes, as here, accompanied with singing, whence the modern acceptation of the word.

² The *refrain* is the burden of the song; *to refreyne* would mean, therefore, to sing the burden of the song.

Tho myghtist thou karoles sene,
 And folk daunce and mery bene,
 And made many a faire tournyng
 Upon the grene gras springyng.
 There myghtist thou see these flowtours,
 Mynstrales, and eke jogelours,
 That wel to synge dide her peyne.
 Somme songe songes of Loreyne;
 For in Loreyn her notes bee
 Fulle swetter than in this contre.¹
 There was many a tymbester,
 And sailouris,² that I dar wel swere
 Couthe her craft ful parfitly.
 The tymbres up ful sotilly
 They caste, and hente fulle ofte
 Upon a fynger faire and softe,

¹ The palm of skill in song is here given to Loraine, in preference to the more western departments of France.

² Upon this word Tyrwhitt has the following note:—'Sailours may mean *dancers*, from the Lat. Fr. [salio, Lat., saillir, Fr.] So in *P. P.* [*Piers Ploughman*] 68. For I can neither saylen, *ne saute, ne synge to the gyterne*. The lines which Chaucer has here translated are not in the best edition of the *Rom. de la Rose*, Paris, 1735; but they are adopted by Junius, *Etym. Ling. Angl.* in v. *Tymbestere*, from an edition of 1529:—

'Apres y eut farces joyeuses,
 Et batelleurs et batelleuses,
 Qui de passe passe jouoyent,
 Et en l'air ung bassin ruoyent,
 Puis le sçavoyent bien recueillir
 Sur ung doy, sans point y failler,'

where it is plain that the author is speaking of *jugglers* rather than *dancers*.' Méon's reading is quite different, though the meaning is nearly the same:—

'Assez i ot tableteresses
 Illec entor, et tymberesses
 Qui moult savoient bien joer,
 Et ne finoient de ruer
 Le tymbre en haut, si recuilloient
 Sur ung doi, c'onque n'i failloient.'

The *tours de force* here described were, however, part of the public dancer's art in the middle ages. From the preceding quotations it appears that the *tymbester* was a kind of mountebank (*bateleur*), one of

That they failide never mo.
 Ful fetys damyseles two,
 Ryght yonge, and fulle of semelyhede,
 In kirtles, and noon other wede,
 And faire tressed every tresse,
 Hadde Myrthe doon, for his noblesse,
 Amydde the karole for to daunce;
 But herof lieth no remembraunce,
 Hou that they daunced queyntly.
 That oon wolde come alle pryvyly
 Agayn that other; and whan they were
 Togidre almost, they threwe yfere
 Her mouthis so, that thorough her play
 It semed as they kiste alway;
 To dauncen welle koude they the gise;
 What shulde I more to you devyse?
 Ne bode I never thennes go,
 Whiles that I sawe hem daunce so.
 Upon the karolle wonder faste,
 I gan biholde; til atte laste
 A lady gan me for to espie,
 And she was cleped Curtesie,
 The worshipfulle, the debonaire;
 I pray to God evere falle hir faire!
 Ful curtisly she callede me,
 'What do ye there, beau sire?' quod she,
 'Come, and if it lyke yow
 To daucen, dauncith with us now.'
 And I without taryng
 Went into the karolyng.
 I was abashed neveradelle,
 But it to me liked right welle,

whose feats was throwing up *tymbres*, or basins, and catching them on one finger. The *tymbre* also served as a kind of musical instrument, probably like our *timbrel*, which is, in fact, a brazen basin. It occurs in the list of musical instruments given by Guillaume de Machault.— See vol. iv. p. 249, note 2; and is interpreted by M. de Rocquefort, *sorte de tamboure*.

That Curtesie me cleped so,
 And bad me on the daunce go.
 For if I hadde durst, certeyn
 I wolde have karoled right fayn,
 As man that was to daunce right blithe:
 Thanne gan I loken ofte sithe
 The shape, the bodies, and the cheres,
 The countenaunce and the maneres
 Of alle the folk that daunced there,
 And I shal telle what they were.

Ful faire was Myrthe, ful longe and high,
 A fairer man I nevere sigh.¹
 As rounde as appille was his face,
 Ful rody and white in every place.
 Fetys he was and wel beseye,
 With metely mouth and yen greye;
 His nose by mesure wrought ful right;
 Crispe was his heer,² and eek ful bright.
 Hise shuldris of a large brede,
 And smalish in the girdilstede.
 He semed lyke a portreiture,
 So noble he was of his stature,
 So faire, so joly, and so fetys,
 With lymes wrought at poynt devys,³
 Delyver, smert, and of grete myght;⁴
 Ne sawe thou nevere man so lyght.
 Of berde unnethe hadde he no thyng,
 For it was in the first spryng.
 Ful yonge he was, and mery of thought,
 And in samette, with briddis wrought,
 And with gold beten ful fetysly,
 His body was clad ful richely.

¹ *Sigh* is the past tense of the verb *to see*.

² Thus the squyer, who is the model of a gallant young gentleman, is represented 'With lokkes crulle as they wre layde in presse.'—See vol. i. p. 79.

³ See vol. vi. p. 222, note 3.

⁴ The squyer, in the general prologe, is also described as being 'wondurly delyver, and gret of strengthe.'

Wrought was his robe in straunge gise,
 And al to-slytered for queyntise
 In many a place, lowe and hie.¹
 And shode he was with grete maistrie,
 With shoon decoped,² and with laas,
 By drury, and by solas.
 His leef a rosyn chapelet
 Hadde made, and on his heed it set.

And wite ye who was his leef?
 Dame Gladnesse there was hym so leef,
 That syngith so wel with glad courage,
 That from she was twelve yeer of age,
 She of hir love graunt hym made.
 Sir Mirthe hir by the fynger hadde
 Daunsyng, and she hym also ;
 Grete love was atwixe hem two.
 Bothe were they faire and bright of hewe ;
 She semede lyke a rose newe
 Of colour, and hir flesh so tendre,
 That with a brere smale and slendre
 Men myght it cleve, I dar wel seye.
 Hir forheed frounceles al pleye,³
 Bent were hir browis two,
 Hir yen greye, and glad also,
 That laugheden ay in hir semblaunt,
 First or the mouth, by covaunt.⁴
 I wot not what of hir nose I shal descryve ;
 So faire hath no womman alyve.

¹ This is an allusion to the fashion of slitting or slashing different parts of the dress, that is, cutting it in slits so as to show the undergarment or lining. Thus in pictures we often see the doublet and hose of crimson velvet slashed so as to discover white satin underneath.

² *Decoupé* signifies stamped in a pattern. Shoes are often thus represented in pictures.—See vol. i. p. 197, note 2.

³ *Pleye* appears to be written by poetical licence for *pleyne*, to suit the rhyme.

⁴ This is a most exquisite trait. The eyes and mouth of Gladnesse seemed to have made a covenant that the former should laugh before a smile appeared upon the latter.

Hir heer was yelowe, and clere shynyng,
 I wot no lady so likyng.
 Of orfrayes fresh was hir gerland,
 I, which seyen have a thousand,
 Saugh never, ywys, no gerlond yitt,
 So wel wrought of silk as it.
 And in an overgilt samet
 Cladde she was, by grete delit,
 Of which hir leef a robe werede,
 The myrier she in hir herte ferede.

And next hir wente, in hir other side,
 The God of Love, that can devyde¹
 Love, and as hym likith it be.
 But he can cherles daunten, he,
 And maken folkis pride fallen.
 And he can wel these lordis thrallen,
 And ladyes putt at lowe degre,
 Whan he may hem to proude see.

This God of Love of his fasoun
 Was lyke no knave, ne quystroun;²
 His beaute gretly was to preyse.
 But of his robe to devise
 I drede encombred for to be.
 For nought clad in silk was he,
 But alle in floures and in flourettes,
 Painted alle with amorettes;³
 And with losynges and scochouns,
 With briddes, lybardes, and lyouns,
 And other beastis wrought ful welle.
 His garnement was everydelle

¹ *Divide* here means 'portion out.'

² *Quistron* is in Urry's Glossary interpreted a beggar, as if derived from *quester*, *quêter*, to beg; but Tyrwhitt thinks it means a scullion, or *garçon de cuisine*.

³ *With* here means *by*. These flowers were painted by amorous young ladies:—

'Ains avoit robe de floretes
 Fete par fines amorettes
 A losenges,' &c.

Portreied and wrought with floures,
 By dyvers medlyng of coloures.
 Floures there were of many gise
 Sett by compas in assise ;
 Ther lakkide no flour to my dome,
 Ne nought so mych as flour of brome,
 Ne violete, ne eke pervynke,
 Ne flour noon, that man can on thynke,
 And many a rose leef ful longe,
 Was entermelled ther amonge :
 And also on his heed was sette
 Of roses reed a chapelett.
 But nyghtyngales a fulle grete route,
 That flyen over his heed aboute,
 The leeves felden as they flyen,
 And he was alle with briddes wryen ;
 With popynjay, with nyghtyngale,
 With chalaundre, and with wodewale,
 With fynche, with lark, and with archaungelle.¹
 He semede as he were an aungelle,
 That doun were comen fro Hevene clere.

Love hadde with hym a bachelere,
 That he made alleweyes with hym be,
 Swete-Lokyng cleped was he.
 This bachelor stode biholdyng
 The daunce, and in his honde holdyng
 Turke bowes two, fulle wel devysed had he.
 That oon of hem was of a tree
 That bereth a fruyt of savour wykke ;
 Ful crokid was that foule stikke,
 And knotty here and there also,
 And blak as bery, or ony slo.
 That other bowe was of a plant
 Without wem, I dar warant,

¹ The *Archaungelle* appears to mean the bird called the titmouse, as *mesange*, which bears this signification, is the word in the original. In Urry's Glossary, *archaungelle* is erroneously interpreted an herb so called.

Ful evene, and by proporcioun
 Treitys and long, of ful good fasoun.
 And it was peynted wel and twythen,
 And over al diapred and writen
 With ladyes and with bachelerys,
 Fulle lyghtsom and glad of cheris.
 These bowes two helde Swete-Lokyng,
 That semede lyk no gadelyng.
 And ten brode arowis hilde he there,
 Of which five in his right hond were.
 But they were shaven wel and dight,
 Nokked and fethered right;
 And alle they were with gold bygoon,
 And stronge poynted everychoon,
 And sharp for to kerven welle.
 But iren was ther noon ne stelle,
 For al was golde, men myght it see,
 Outake the fetheres and the tree.¹

The swiftest of these arowis fyve
 Out of a bowe for to dryve,
 And best fethered for to flee,
 And fairest eke, was clepid Beaute.
 That other arowe that hurteth lasse,
 Was clepid (as I trow) Symplesse.
 The thridde clepid was Fraunchise,
 That fethered was in noble wise
 With valour and with curtesye.
 The fourthe was cleped Compaigny,
 That hevy for to shoten ys;
 But who so shetith right, ywys,
 May therwith doon grete harme and wo.
 The fifte of these, and laste also,
 Faire-Semblaunt men that arowe calle,
 The leest grevous of hem alle.
 Yit can it make a ful grete wounde,
 But he may hope his sorys sounde,

¹ The idea of the two bows is taken from Ovid, *Met.* i. 477

That hurt is with that arowe, ywys ;
 His wo the bette histowed is.
 For he may sonner have gladnesse,
 Hir langour ought to be the lesse.

Five arowis were of other gise,
 That ben ful foule to devyse ;
 For shaft and ende, soth for to telle,
 Were al so blak as fende in helle.

The first of hem is called Pride ;
 That other arowe next hym biside,
 It was cleped Vylanye ;
 That arowe was as with felonye
 Envenymed, and with spitous blame.
 The thridde of hem was clepe Shame.
 The fourthe, Wanhope cleped is,
 The fifte, the Newe-Thought, ywys.

These arowis that I speke of heere,
 Were alle fyve on oon maneere,
 And alle were they resemblable.
 To hem was wel sitting and able,
 The foule croked bowe hidous,
 That knotty was, and al roynous.
 That bowe semede wel to shete
 These arowis fyve, that ben unmete
 And contrarye to that other fyve.
 But though I telle not as blyve
 Of her power, ne of her myght,
 Herafter shal I tellen right
 The soothe, and eke signifyaunce,¹
 As fer as I have remembraunce :
 Alle shall be seid, I undirtake,
 Er of this book an ende I make.²

¹ This promise William of Lorris did not live to fulfil.

² Swete-Loking is represented as holding two bows, the one ugly and crooked, the other beautiful and straight, to denote the different impressions of love or dislike which looking produces. The arrows belonging to the straight bow, productive of love, are Beauty, Simplicity, Frankness, Company, Faire Semblaunt. The

Now come I to my tale ageyne.
 But aldirfirst, I wole you seyn
 The fasoun and the countenaunces
 Of alle the folk that on the daunce is.
 The God of Love, jolyf and lyght,
 Ladde on his honde a lady bright,
 Of high prys, and of grete degre.
 This lady called was Beaute,
 And an arowe, of which I tolde.¹
 Ful wel thewed was she holde,
 Ne she was derk ne broun, but bright,
 And clere as the mone-lyght,
 Ageyn whom alle the sterres semen
 But smale candels, as we demen.
 Hir flesh was tendre as dewe of flour,
 Hir chere was symple as byrde in bour;
 As whyte as lylle or rose in rys,
 Hir face gentyl and tretys.
 Fetys she was, and smale to se,
 No wyntred browis had she,
 Ne popped hir, for it neded nought
 To wyndre hir, or to peynte hir ough.²
 Hir tresses yelowe, and longe straughten,
 Unto hir helys down they raughten:
 Hir nose, hir mouth, and eyhe and cheke
 Wel wrought, aud alle the remenaunt eke.
 A ful grete savour and a swote,
 Mē thought in myn herte rote,
 As helpe me God, whan I remembre,
 Of the fasoun of every membre!
 In world is noon so faire a wight;
 For yonge she was, and hewed bright

arrows belonging to the ugly bow, and which produce dislike, are Pride, Villainy, or base breeding, Shame, Wanhope, or Despair, Newe Thought, or Inconstancy.

¹ That is, 'This lady's name was Beauty, which was also the name of her arrow of which I have told you.'

² *Wyndre* is from the French, *guignier*. The original is:—
 'Ne fu fardée ne guignie.'

Sore plesaunt, and fetys withalle,
 Gente, and in hir ryddelle smalle.
 Biside Beaute yede Richesse,
 An high lady of gret noblesse,
 And gret of prys in every place.
 But who so durste to hir trespace,
 Or til hir folk, in werk or dede,
 He were fulle hardy, out of drede,
 For bothe she helpe and hindre may.
 And that is nought of yisterday
 That riche folk have fulle gret myght
 To helpe, and eke to greve a wyght.
 The beste and the grettest of valour
 Diden Rychesse ful gret honour,
 And besy were hir to serve,
 For that they wolde hir love deserve.
 They cleped hir 'Lady,' grete and smalle;
 This wide world hir dredith alle.
 This world is alle in hir daungere.¹
 Hir court hath many a losengere,
 And many a traytour envious,
 That ben ful besy and curyous
 For to dispreisen, and to blame
 That best deserven love and name.
 Bifore the folk hem to bigilen,
 These losengeris hem preyse and smylen,
 And thus the world with word anoynten;²
 But aftirward they prile and poynten,
 The folk right to the bare boon,
 Bihynde her bak whan they ben goon,
 And foule abate the folkis prys.
 Ful many a worthy man, ywys,

¹ *Daunger* means jurisdiction, authority, hence the allegorical name in the 'Courts of Love' for the husband, as being the person who has legal jurisdiction or authority over the lady.—See vol. iv. p. 114.

² That is, 'They flatter the world with their smooth, oily, unctuous manners.'

An hundrid, have they do to dye.
 These losengers thorough flaterye,
 Have maad folk ful straunge be,
 'There hem ought be pryve.
 Wel yvel mote they thryve and thee,
 And yvel achyved mote they be
 These losengers ful of envye!
 No good man loveth her companye.

Richesse a robe of purpur¹ on hadde,
 Ne trowe not that I lye or madde;
 For in this world is noone it lyche,
 Ne by a thousand deelle so riche,
 Ne noon so faire; for it ful welle
 With orfrays leyd was everydelle,
 And portraied in the ribanynges
 Of dukes storyes, and of kynges.
 And with a bend of gold tasseled,
 And knoppis fyne of gold enameled,²

¹ Purple, or, as we call it, scarlet, is the imperial colour, and denotes magnificence. Hence the members of the imperial family in the lower empire were called Porphyrogeniti, or born in the purple, which has since passed into a sort of proverb, meaning born in affluence.

² Speght reads *ameled*, which is perhaps right, from the French *email*, enamel. The word in the original is *néélée*, which M. Méon interprets *emaillée*.—

' Si étoit au col bien orlée
 D'une bende d'or néelee.'

In a note upon this place Warton observes: 'Enamelling, and perhaps pictures in enamel, were common in the middle ages. From the testament of Joh. de Foxle, knight, dat. apud Bramshill, Co. Southampt. Nov. 5, 1378: Item lego Domino Abbati de Waltham unum annulum auri grossi, cum una saphira infixâ, et nominibus trium regum (of Cologne) sculptis in eodem annulo. Item lego Margerite sorori meæ unam tabulam argenti deaurati, et *amelitam*, minorem de duabus quas habeo, cum diversis imaginibus sculptis in eadem. Item lego Margerie uxori Johannis de Wilton unum monile auri, cum S. littera sculpta et *amelita* in eodem.—*Registr. Wykeham Episc. Winton*, p. ii. fol. 24. See also Dugd. *Bar.* i. 234 a.' *Hist. of Eng. Poet.* sec. xiii.

In the notes added to the last edition of Warton we are informed that 'this art flourished most at Limoges, in France. So early as the year 1197 we have 'Duas tabulas æneas superaauratas de labore *Limogicæ*.'—*Chart. ann.* 1197 apud Ughelin. tom. vii., *Ital. Sacr.* p. 1274. It is called *Opus Lemnoviticum* in Dugdale's *Mon.* iii. 310, 313, 331. And in Wilkins's *Concil.* i. 666, where two cabinets for the Host are

Aboute hir nekke of gentyll entayle
 Was shete the riche chevesaile,¹
 In which ther was fulle gret plente
 Of stones clere and bright to see.
 Rychesse a girdelle hadde upon,
 The bokele of it was of stoon,
 Of vertu gret, and mochel of myght;²
 For who so bare the stoon so bright,

ordered, one of silver or of ivory, and the other *de opere Lemovicino*.—Synod. Wigorn. A.D. 1240; and in many other places. I find it called *Limaise* in a metrical romance, the name of which I have forgot, where a tomb is described—

‘And yt was, the Romans saye,
 All with golde and *limaise*.’

Carpentier (v. Limogia) observes that it was anciently a common ornament of sumptuous tombs. He cites a testament of the year 1327, ‘Je lais huit cens livres pour faire deux tombes hautes et levées de l’œuvre de Limoges.’ The original tomb of Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, erected in his cathedral about the year 1276, was made at Limoges. This appears from the accompts of his executors, viz., ‘Et computant xli. vs. vid. liberat. magistro Johanni Linnomcensi, pro tumba dicti Episcopi Roffensis, scil., pro constructione et carriagio de Lymoges ad Roffam. Et xls. viiid. cuidam executori apud Lymoges ad ordinandum et providendum constructionem dictæ tumbæ. Et xs. viiid. cuidam garcioni eunti apud Lymoges quærenti dictam tumbam constructam, et ducenti eam cum dicto Mag. Johanne usque Roffam. Et xxiiil. in materialibus circa dictam tumbam defricandam. Et vii. marcas in ferramento ejusdem, et carriagio a Londino usque ad Roffam, et aliis parandis ad dictam tumbam. Et xis. cuidam vitriario pro vitris fenestrarum emptarum juxta tumbam dicti Episcopi apud Roffam.’—ANT. WOOD’S *MS. Merton Papers*, Bibl. Bodl. Cod. Ballard. 46.

¹ *Chevesaile* means a collar. It does not occur in the original, which has—

‘Si i avoit tretout a taille
 De riches pierres grant plenté.’

But it is found afterwards with this meaning—

‘Et ce ne li séoit pas mal
 Que sa cheveçaille iert overte.’

Of gentyll entayle means of beautiful cutting (intaglio), or beautifully cut.

² See vol. v. p. 67, note 1. To the instances there given of this curious belief, it may be added that there is a very early treatise in Saxon (MSS. Cotton. Tib. A. 3 liii. fol. 98) on the twelve precious stones mentioned in Rev. xxi. Marbode, Bishop of Rennes, who died in the year 1123, has left a book on the virtues of gems, which was

Of venym durst hym no thing doute,
 While he the stoon hadde hym aboute.
 That stoon was gretly for to love,
 And tyl a riche man byhove
 Worth alle the gold in Rome and Frise.¹
 The mourdaunt, wrought in noble wise,
 Was of a stoon fulle precious,
 That was so fyne and vertuuous,
 That hole a man it koude make
 Of palasie, and tothe ake.
 And yit the stoon hadde such a grace,
 That he was siker in every place
 Alle thilke day not blynde to bene,
 That fastyng myght that stoon seene.
 The barres were of gold ful fyne,
 Upon a tyssu of satyne,
 Fulle hevy, gret, and no thyng lyght,
 In everiche was a besaunt² wight.
 Upon the tresses of Richesse
 Was sette a cercle for noblesse³
 Of brend gold, that fulle lyght shoon;
 So faire trowe I was never noon.
 But she were kunnyng for the nonys,
 That koude devyse alle the stonys

early translated into French octosyllabic verse, and published in the *Œuvres de Hildebert, Evêque de Mons*, edit. Ant. Beaugendre, Col. 1638. The original was edited with notes by Lampudius Alardus. This Tyrwhitt supposes to be the work quoted in *The House of Fame* by the name of the *Lapidaire*.—See vol. vi. p. 238, note 2. Henry of Huntingdon, who flourished about the year 1145, has also written a book entitled *De gemmis*. The allegorical meanings attributed to precious stones in Scripture probably gave rise to, or at least favoured, the belief in their mystical virtues.

¹ *Frise* is interpreted *Friezeland* by Tyrwhitt; but Friezeland is by no means remarkable for its wealth. Perhaps Phrygia, one of the provinces of Asia Minor, and contiguous to Lydia, the kingdom of Cræsus, may be the country intended.

² The bezant was a gold coin of the lower empire, so called because coined at Byzantium. The meaning is that the bars of the buckle had in them the weight of a bezant of gold.

³ *A cercle for noblesse* means a coronet denoting her nobility.

That in that cercle shewen clere ;
 It is a wondir thing to here.
 For no man koude preyse or gesse
 Of hem the valewe or richesse.
 Rubyes there were, saphires, jagounces,¹
 And emeraudes, more than two ounces.
 But alle byfore ful sotilly
 A fyn karboncle sette saugh I.
 The stoon so clere was and so bright,
 That, al so soone as it was nyght,
 Men myght seen to go for nede
 A myle or two, in lengthe and brede.
 Sich lyght sprang oute of the stone,
 That Richesse wondir bright shone,
 Bothe hir heed, and alle hir face,
 And eke aboute hir al the place.

Dame Richesse on hir honde gan lede
 A yong man fulle of semelyhede,
 That she best loved of ony thing ;
 His lust was mich in housholding.
 In clothyng was he ful fetys,
 And loved to have welle hors of prys.
 He wende to have reprovéd be
 Of thefte or moordre, if that he
 Hadde in his stable ony hakeney.²
 And therefore he desired ay
 To be aqueynted with Richesse ;
 For alle his purpos, as I gesse,
 Was for to make gret dispense,
 Withoute wernyng or diffense.
 And Richesse myght it wel sustene,
 And hir dispence welle mayntene,

¹ The MS. reads *ragounces*, which Speght interprets precious stones ; but there is really no such word. The original is—

‘ Rubis i ot, saphirs, jagonces.’

The *jagonce* is the *jacinthus*, or *hyacinthus*.

² That is, ‘ He would have considered himself amenable to as much blame for having a hackney in his stable as if he had committed a theft or murder.’

And hym alwey sich plente sende,
 Of gold and silver for to dispende
 Withoute lakke or daunger,
 As it were poured in a garner.¹

And after on the daunce wente
 Largesse, that settith al hir entente
 For to be honourable and free;
 Of Alexandres kyn was she.²
 Hir most joye was, ywys,
 Whan that she yaf, and seide, 'Have this.'
 Not Avarice, the foule caytyf,
 Was half to gripe so ententyf,
 As Largesse is to yeve and spende.
 And God ynough alwey hir sende,
 So that the more she yaf away,
 The more, ywys, she hadde alwey.
 Gret loos hath Largesse, and gret pris;
 For bothe wys folk and unwys
 Were hooly to hir baundon³ brought,
 So wel with yiftes hath she wrought.
 And if she hadde an enemy,
 I trowe that she coude tristely
 Make hym fulle soone hir frend to be,
 So large of yift, and free was she;
 Therefore she stode in love and grace
 Of riche and pover in every place.

A fulle gret fool is he, ywys,
 That bothe riche and nygart is.
 A lord may have no maner vice,
 That greeveth more than avarice.
 For nygart never with strengthe of honde
 May wyne gret lordship or londe.

¹ *Garner* means a *grénier*, or garret, where the merchants held their counting-houses, probably for security. Thus, in the *Schipmanne's Tale*, the merchant goes up to his counting-house:—

'And up into his countour hous goth he.'

See vol. iii. p. 94.

² She was of the race of Alexander, who, among his other great qualities, was remarkable for his liberality.

³ The original is, 'A son bandon,' to her disposal.

For frendis alle to fewe hath he
 To doon his wille perfourmed be.
 And who so wole have frendis heere,
 He may not holde his tresoure deere.
 For by ensample I telle this,
 Right as an adamaund, iwys,
 Can drawen to hym sotyly
 The yren, that is leid therby,
 So drawith folkes hertis, ywis,
 Silver and gold that yeven is.¹

Largesse hadde on a robe fresh
 Of riche purpur sarlynsh.
 Wel fourmed was hir face and cleere,
 And opened hadde she hir colere;
 For she right there hadde in present
 Unto a lady maad present
 Of a gold broche, ful wel wrought.
 And certys it myssatte hir nought;
 For thorough hir smokke wrought with silk,
 The flesh was seen as white as mylk.

Largesse, that worthy was and wys,
 Hilde by the honde a knyght of prys,
 Was sibbe to Artour of Britaigne.²
 And that was he that bare the ensaigne
 Of worship, and the gousfaucoun.³
 And yit he is of sich renoun,
 That men of hym seye faire thynges
 Byfore barouns, erles, and kynges.
 This knight was comen alle newly
 Fro tourneyng faste by;

¹ The reader will observe that the poem is throughout interspersed with practical reflections on life and manners, which interrupt the allegory, but are in themselves excellent.

² This knight is represented as related (*sibbe*) to the celebrated King Arthur, who was the *beau idéal* of chivalry and every knightly accomplishment.

³ The original is *gonfanon*; *gousfaucoun* is therefore evidently a mistake for *gounfanoun*. King Arthur is said to be the ensign or banner, and *gonfanon* of honour, as the office of bearing the *gonfanon*, or banner of the Church, was the highest dignity of knighthood.

There hadde he don gret chyvalrie
 Thorough his vertu and his maistrie,
 And for the love of his lemman
 He caste doun many a doughty man.

And next hym daunced dame Fraunchise,
 Arayed in fulle noble gyse.
 She was not broune ne dunne of hewe,
 But white as snowe falle newe.
 Hir nose was wrought at poynt devys,¹
 For it was gentyl and tretys;
 With eyen gladde, and browes bente;
 Hir here doun to hir helis wente.
 And she was symple as dowve on tree,
 Ful debonaire of herte was she.
 She durst never seyn ne do,
 But that that hir longed to.
 And if a man were in distresse,
 And for hir love in hevynesse,
 Hir herte wolde have fulle gret pite,
 She was so amiable and free.
 For were a man for hir bistadde,
 She wolde ben right sore adradde,
 That she dide over gret outrage,
 But she hym holpe his harme to aswage;
 Hir thought it elles a vylanye.²
 And she hadde on a sukkenye,³
 That not of hempe ne heerdis was;
 So fair was noon in alle Arras.
 Lord, it was ridled fetysly!⁴
 Ther nas a poynt, trewely,

¹ See vol. vi. p. 222, note 3.

² That is, 'It seemed to her a base thing.'

³ This is the French word *souquenille*, a loose frock such as that worn by carters.

⁴ *Ridled* is interpreted by Urry to mean plaited. The original is 'El fu si coillie et jointe.' *Coillir* means to gather or plait; and yet riddled would rather seem to mean pierced like a riddle, just as we see point-lace, with which the *sukkeny* may have been trimmed, like the surplices of the foreign clergy.

That it nas in his right assise.
 Fulle wel clothed was Fraunchise,
 For ther is no cloth sittith bet
 On damyselle, than doth roket.¹
 A womman wel more fetys is
 In roket than in cote, ywis.
 The whyte roket rydled faire,
 Bitokeneth, that fulle debonaire
 And swete was she that it bere.

Bi hir daunced a bachelere;
 I can not telle you what he hight,
 But faire he was, and of good hight,
 Alle hadde he be, I sey no more,
 The lordis sone of Wyndesore.²

And next that daunced Curtesye,
 That preised was of lowe and hye,
 For neither proude ne foole was she.
 She for to daunce called me,
 (I pray God yeve hir good grace!)
 Whanne I come first into the place.
 She was not nyce, ne outrageous,
 But wys and ware, and vertuous,
 Of faire speche, and of faire answeere;
 Was never wight mysseid of hire;
 She bar rancour to no wight.
 Clere broune she was, and therto bright
 Of face, of body avenaunt;
 I wot no lady so plesaunt.
 She were worthy for to bene
 An emperesse or crowned quene.

¹ A *roket*, or *rochet*, is a loose linen frock synonymous with *sukeny*. The name is now appropriated to the short surplice worn by bishops over their cassocks.

² In Warton's copy of the original this passage was omitted. It is thus given by Méon:—

‘ Més biaux étoit, se il fust ores
 Fiex au Seignor de Gundesores.’

William of Lorris died about the year 1260; this is a compliment, therefore, paid by him to either Edward or Edmund, sons of Henry III., who began to reign in 1216, and died in 1272.

And by hir wente a knyght dauncyng
 That worthy was and wel spekyng,
 And ful wel koude he don honour.
 The knyght was faire and styf in stour,
 And in armure a semely man,
 And well biloved of his lemman.¹

Faire Idilnesse thanne saugh I,
 That alwey was me fast by.
 Of hir have I, withouten fayle,
 Told yow the shap and apparayle;
 For (as I seide) loo, that was she
 That dide to me so gret bounte,
 That she the gate of the gardyn
 Undide, and lete me passen in,
 And after daunced as I gesse.
 And she fulfilled of lustynesse,
 That nas not yit twelve yeer of age,
 With herte wylde, and thought volage.
 Nyce she was, but she ne mente
 Noon harme ne slight in hir entente,
 But oonely lust and jolyte.
 For yong folk, welle witen ye,
 Have lytel thought but on her play.
 Hir lemman was biside alway,
 In sich a gise that he hir kyste
 At alle tymes that hym lyste,
 That alle the daunce myght it see;
 They make no force of pryvete.
 For who spake of hem yvel or welle,
 They were ashamed neveradelle,
 But men myght seen hem kisse there,
 As it two yonge dowves were.
 For yong was thilke bachelere,
 Of beaute wot I noon his pere;
 And he was right of sich an age,
 As youthe his leef, and sich corage.

¹ The reader will observe that each of the personified qualities is accompanied by a lover, to show that different persons are attracted by different peculiarities.

The lusty folk that daunced there,
 And also other that with hem were,
 That weren alle of her meyne
 Ful hende folk, and wys, and free,
 And folk of faire port truly,
 There were alle comunly.

Whanne I hadde seen the countenaunces
 Of hem that ladden thus these daunces,
 Thanne hadde I wille to gon and see
 The gardyne that so lyked me,
 And loken on these faire loreryes,
 On pyn trees, cedres, and oliveris.
 The daunces thanne eended were;
 For many of hem that daunced there,
 Were with her loves went away
 Undir the trees to have her pley.

A, Lord! they lyved lustyly!
 A gret fool were he sikirly,
 That nolde, his thankes,¹ such lyf lede!
 For this dar I seyn oute of drede,
 That who so might so wel fare,
 For better lyf durst hym not care,
 For ther nys so good paradys,
 As to have a love at his devys.

Oute of that place wente I thoo,
 And in that gardyn gan I goo,
 Pleyng alonge fulle meryly.
 The God of Love fulle hastely
 Unto hym Swete-Lokyng clepte,
 No lenger wolde he that she kepte
 His bowe of golde, that shoon so bright.
 He hadde hym bent anoon ryght;
 And he fulle soone sette an ende,
 And at a braid² he gan it bende,
 And toke hym of his arowes fyve,
 Fulle sharp and redy for to dryve.

¹ With his good will.—See vol. i. p. 140, note 1.

² *At a braid* means 'at a start,' suddenly, from the verb to *abreyde*, to waken up. The original is *tantost*.

Now God that sittith in mageste
 Fro deedly woundes he kepe me!
 If so be that he hadde me shette,
 For if I with his arowe mette,
 It hadde me greved sore, iwys.
 But I, that no thyng wist of this,
 Wente up and doun fulle many a wey,
 And he me folwed fast alwey;
 But no where wold I reste me,
 Tille I hadde in alle the gardyn be.

The gardyn was by mesuryng
 Right evene and square in compassing;
 It as long was as it was large.
 Of fruyt hadde every tree his charge,
 But it were any hidous tree
 Of which ther were two or three.
 There were, and that wote I fulle welle,
 Of pomgarnettys a fulle gret delle;
 That is a fruyt fulle welle to lyke,
 Namely to folk whanne they ben sike.
 And trees there were gret foison,¹
 That baren notes in her sesoun,
 Such as men notemygges calle,
 That swote of savour ben withalle.
 And almandres gret plente,
 Fyges, and many a date tree
 There wexen, if men hadde nede,
 Thorough the gardyn in length and brede.
 Ther was eke wexyng many a spice,
 As clowe-gelofre, and lycorice,
 Gyngevre, and greyn de Parys,
 Canelle, and setewale of prys,²

¹ *Foison* means abundance. It occurs in Shakspeare:—

‘Earth’s increase and *foison* plenty,
 Barns and garners never empty.’—*Tempest*.

² *Clowe-gelofre* is the French clou (nail) giroflée, which we call simply clove. *Greyn de Parys* is *grain of Paradise*, a drug still used to adulterate beer. *Canelle*, cinnamon; *setewale*, valerian. These are

And many a spice delitable,
 To eten whan men rise fro table.¹
 And many homly trees ther were,
 That peches, coynes, and apples beere,
 Medlers, plowmes, perys, chesteyns,
 Cherys, of which many oon fayne is,
 Notes, aleys, and bolas,²
 That for to seen it was solas ;
 With many high lorey and pyn,
 Was renged clene alle that gardyn ;
 With cipres, and with olyvers,
 Of which that nygh no plente heere is.
 There were elmes grete and stronge,
 Maples, asshe, oke, aspe, planes longe,
 Fyne ew, popler, and lyndes faire,
 And othere trees fulle many a payre.³

What sholde I telle you more of it?
 There were so many trees yit,
 That I sholde alle encombred be,
 Er I had rekned every tree.

These trees were sette, that I devise,
 One from another in assise⁴
 Five fadme or sixe, I trowe so,
 But they were high and grete also :
 And for to kepe oute welle the sonne,
 The croppes were so thikke runne,
 And every braunch in other knitte,
 And fulle of grene leves sitte,
 That sonne might there noon descende,
 Lest the tendre grasses shende.

most of them exotics, and are opposed to the *homly*, or indigenous trees mentioned three lines after.

¹ These spices appear to have been eaten at dessert, as we sometimes see candied orange peel, ginger, or other pungent sweetmeats.

² *Bolas* is the bullace plum.

³ Here two leaves are torn out of the MS.; the text is therefore taken from Speght.

⁴ That is, 'These trees were set five or six fathoms from one another in situation.'

There might men does and roes see,
 And of squirrels ful gret plente,
 From bough to bough alwey lepyng.
 Conies there were also playing,
 That comen out of her claperes
 Of sondry coloures and maneres,
 And maden many a turneiing¹
 Upon the freshe gras spryngyng.

In places sawe I welles there,
 In which there no frogges were,
 And faire in shadwe was every welle ;
 But I ne can the number telle
 Of stremis smale, that by devise
 Myrthe had done come through condise,²
 Of which the water in rennyng
 Gan make a noise fulle lykyng.

About the brinkes of thise welles,
 And by the stremes over alle elles
 Sprang up the gras, as thikke sette
 And soft as ony velvet,
 On which men might his lemman leye,
 As on a fetherbedde to pleye,
 For the erth was ful softe and swete.
 Thorough moisture of the welle wete
 Sprong up the sote grene gras,
 As faire, as thikke, as myster was.³
 But much amended it the place,
 That therth was of sich a grace
 That it of floures hath plente,
 That both in somer and wintre be.

There sprang the violete alle newe,
 And fresshe pervinke riche of hewe,

¹ The rabbits are prettily represented as making jousts and tournaments, in their play on the grass.

² That is, 'Which Mirthe had, by contrivance, made to come through conduits.'

³ That is, 'As fair and thick as was necessary.' *Myster* means need.

And floures yelowe, white, and rede ;
 Sich plenty grewe there never in mede.
 Ful gay was alle the ground, and queynt,
 And poudred, as men had it peynt,
 With many a fressh and sondry flour,
 That casten up ful good savour.

I wole nat longe holde you in fable
 Of alle this gardyn delectable.
 I mote my tongue stynten nede,¹
 For I ne may withouten drede
 Naught tellen you the beaute alle,
 Ne half the bonte therewithalle.

I wente on right honde and on lift
 Aboute the place ; it was not left,
 Tyl I hadde alle the gardyn bene
 In the estres that men might sene.

And thus while I went in my pley,
 The God of Love me followed ay.
 Right as an hunter can abide
 The beste, til he seith his tyde
 To sheten, at goodnesse,² to the deere,
 Whan that hym nedeth go no neere.

And so befelle, I rested me
 Besides a welle under a tree,
 Which tree in Fraunce men calle a pyn.
 But, sith the tyme of kyng Pepyn,³
 Ne grewe there tree in mannes sight
 So faire, ne so welle woxe in hight ;
 In alle that yerde so high was none.
 And spryngyng in a marble stone

¹ *Nedes* is the proper adverbial form. *Nede* is used by poetic licence to suit the rhyme. The meaning is, 'I must needs stop my tongue.'

² *At goodnesse* means 'at an advantage.'

³ Pepyn, or Pepin, was the son of Charles Martel, the last of the *Maires du Palais*. On the death of his father, and retirement of his brother, Carloman, to a monastery, he succeeded to the undivided sovereignty of France, and became the founder of the Carlovingian dynasty. He died A.D. 768.

Had nature set, the sothe to telle,
 Under that pyn tree a welle.
 And on the border alle withoute
 Was writen on the stone aboute
 Leteres smale, that seiden thus,
*Here starf the faire Narcisus.*¹

Narcisus was a bachelere,
 That Love had caught in his daungere,
 And in his nette gan hym so streyne,
 And dide hym so to wepe and pleyne,
 That nede hym must his lyf forgo.
 For a faire lady that hight Echo,
 Him loved over ony creature,
 And gan for hym sich peyne endure,
 That on a tyme she hym tolde,
 That if he her loven nolde,
 That her behoved nedes die,
 There lay noon other remedie.
 But natheles, for his beaute
 So fiers and dangerous was he,
 That he nolde graunte hir askyng,²
 For wepyng, ne for faire praiyng.
 And whanne she herd hym werne soo,
 She hadde in herte so gret woo,
 And took it in so gret dispite,
 That she, withoute more respite,
 Was deed anon. But er she dide,
 Fulle pitously to God she preide,
 That proude hertid Narcisus,
 That was in love so dangerous,
 Myght on a day ben hampred so
 For love, and ben so hoote for woo,
 That never he myght to joye atteygne;
 And that he shulde feele in every veyne
 What sorowe trewe lovers maken,
 That ben so velaynesly forsaken.

¹ For the story of Narcissus, see Ovid, *Met.* iii. 346.

² At this line the MS. resumes.

This prayer was but resonable,
 Therefore God helde it forme and stable :
 For Narcisus, shortly to telle,
 By aventure come to that welle
 To resten hym in that shadowing
 A day, whanne he come fro huntyng.
 This Narcisus hadde suffred paynes
 For rennyng alday in the playnes,
 And was for thurst in grete distresse
 Of heet, and of his werynesse,
 That hadde his breth almost bynomen.
 Whanne he was to that wel comen,
 That shadwid was with braunches grene,
 He thoughte of thilke water shene
 To drynke and fresshe hym wel withalle ;
 And down on knees he gan to falle,
 And forth his heed and necke he straught
 To drynken of that welle a draught.
 And in the water anoon was seen
 His nose, his mouth, his yen sheen,
 And he therof was alle abasshed ;
 His owne shadowe was hym bytrasshed.
 For welle wende he the forme see
 Of a child¹ of gret beaute.
 Welle kouthe Love hym wreke thoo
 Of daunger and of pride also,
 That Narcisus somtyme hym beere.
 He quytte hym welle his guerdoun there ;
 For he musede so in the welle,
 That, shortly alle the sothe to telle,
 He lovede his owne shadowe soo,
 That atte laste he starf for woo.
 For whanne he saugh that he his wille
 Myght in no maner wey fulfille ;
 And that he was so faste caught
 That he hym kouthe comferte nought,

¹ Child, of course, means young man.

He loste his witte right in that place,
 And diede withynne a lytel space.
 And thus his warisoun he took
 For the lady that he forsook.

Ladyes, I preye ensample takith,
 Ye that ayens youre love mistakith:
 For if her deth be yow to wite,
 God kan ful welle youre while quyte.

Whanne that this lettre of which I telle,
 Hadde taught me that it was the welle
 Of Narcisus in his beaute,
 I gan anon withdrawe me,
 Whanne it felle in my remembraunce,
 That hym bitidde such myschaunce.
 But at the laste thanne thought I,
 That scathles, fulle sykerly,
 I myght unto the welle goo.
 Wherof shulde I abaisshen soo?
 Unto the welle than went I me,¹
 And doun I loutede for to see
 The clere water in the stoon,
 And eke the gravelle, which that shoon
 Down in the botme, as silver fyn,
 For of the welle, this is the fyn,
 In world is noon so clere of hewe.
 The water is evere fresh and newe
 That welmeth up with wawis bright
 The mountance of two fynger hight.
 Aboute it is gras spryngyng,
 For moiste so thikke and wel likyng,
 That it ne may in wynter dye,
 No more than may the see be drye.
 Downe atte the botme sette sawe I
 Two cristalle stonys craftely
 In thilke fresh and faire welle.
 But o thing sothly dar I telle,

¹ This line is omitted in the MS., and is supplied from Speght.

That ye wole holde a gret mervayle
 Whanne it is tolde, withouten fayle.
 For whanne the sonne, clere in sight,
 Cast in that welle his bemys bright,
 And that the heete descendid is,
 Thanne taketh the cristalle stoon ywis,
 Agayn the sonne an hundrid hewis,
 Blewe, yelow, and rede, that fresh and newe is.
 Yitt hath the merveilous cristalle
 Such strengthe, that the place overalle,
 Bothe foule and tree, and leves grene,
 And alle the yerde in it is seene.
 And for to don you to undirstonde,
 To make ensample wole I fonde;
 Ryght as a myrroure openly
 Shewith alle thing that stondith therby,
 As welle the colour as the figure,
 Withouten ony coverture;
 Right so the cristalle stoon shynyng,
 Withouten ony disseyvyng,
 The entrees of the yerde accusith¹
 To hym that in the water musith.
 For evere in which half that ye be,
 Ye may welle half the gardyne se.
 And if he turne, he may right welle
 Sene the remenaunt everydelle.
 For ther is noone so litil thyng
 So hidde ne closid with shittyng,
 That it ne is sene, as though it were
 Peyntid in the cristalle there.
 This is the mirroure perilous,
 In which the proude Narcisus
 Sawe alle his face faire and bright,
 That made hym swithe to ligge upright.²

¹ *Accuseth* is here used in the sense of revealeth.

² *Upright* means *resupinus*, with the face upward. *To lie upright* seems, therefore, to be a sort of euphemism for to die, as dead bodies are laid out with their faces upwards.

For who so loketh in that mirrour,
 Ther may no thyng ben his socour
 That he ne shalle there sene some thyng
 That shal hym lede into laughyng.
 Fulle many worthy man hath it
 Blent; for folk of grettist wit
 Ben soone caught heere and awayted;
 Withouten respite ben they baited.
 Heere comth to folk of newe rage,
 Heere chaungith many wight corage;
 Heere lith no rede ne witte therto;
 For Venus sone, daun Cupido,
 Hath sowne there of love the seed,
 That help ne lith there noon, ne rede,
 So cerclith it the welle aboute.
 His gynnes hath he sett withoute
 Ryght for to cacche in his panters
 These damoysels and bachelers.
 Love wille noon other bridde cacche,
 Though he sette either nette or lacche.
 And for the seed that heere was sowen,
 This welle is clepid, as welle is knowen,
 The Welle of Love, of verray right,
 Of which ther hath ful many a wight
 Spoke in bookis dyversely.
 But they shulle never so verily
 Descripcioun of the welle heere,
 Ne eke the sothe of this matere,
 As ye shulle, whanne I have undo
 The craft that hir bilongith too.
 Alleway me liked for to dwelle.
 To sene the cristalle in the welle,
 That shewide me fulle openly
 A thousand thinges fast by.
 But I may say, in sory houre
 Stode I to loken or to poure.
 For sithen I sore sighede,
 That mirrour hath me now entriked.

But hadde I first knowen in my wit
 The vertues and strengthes of it,
 I nolde not have mused there;
 Me had bette ben ellis where,
 For in the snare I felle anoon,
 That hath bitrissed many oon.

In thilk mirroure sawe I tho,
 Among a thousand thinges mo,
 A roser chargid fulle of rosis,
 That with an hegge aboute enclosid is.
 Tho had I sich lust and envie,
 That for Parys ne for Pavie,¹
 Nolde I have left to goon and² see
 There grettist hepe of roses be.
 Whanne I was with this rage hent,
 That caught hath many a man and shent,
 Toward the roser gan I go.
 And whanne I was not fer therfro,
 The savour of the roses swote
 Me smote right to the herte rote,
 As I hadde alle embawmed be.³
 And if I ne hadde endoutet me
 To have ben hatid or assailed,
 Me thankis,⁴ wole I not have failed
 To pulle a rose of all that route
 To bere in myn honde aboute,
 And smellen to it where I wente;
 But ever I dredde me to repente,
 And leste it grevede or forthought
 The lord that thilk gardyn wrought.
 Of roses ther were grete wone,
 So faire wexe never in Rone.⁵

¹ Pavia is a wealthy town of Lombardy, on the Ticino.

² The MS. reads *att.*, which is evidently a mere clerical error.

³ *Be* has been adopted from Speght, as being much better than *me*, the reading of the MS.

⁴ See vol. i. p. 140, note 1.

⁵ The roses alluded to in the text are those of Provence, at the mouth of the Rhone, a country famous in Chaucer's time, and still celebrated for the production of this flower.

Of knoppes clos, some sawe I there,
 And some wel beter woxen were.
 And some ther ben of other moysoun,¹
 That drowe nygh to her sesoun,
 And spedde hem fast for to spredde;
 I love welle sich roses rede;
 For brode roses, and open also,
 Ben passed in a day or two;
 But knoppes wille fresh be
 Two dayes atte leest, or thre.
 The knoppes gretly liked me,
 For fairer may ther no man se.
 Who so myght have oon of alle,
 It ought hym ben fulle lief withalle.
 Might I gerlond of hem geten,
 For no richesse I wolde it leten.

Among the knoppes I chese oon
 So faire, that of the remenaunt noon
 Ne preise I half so welle as it,
 Whanne I avise in my wit.
 For it so welle was enlomyned
 With colour reed, as welle fyned
 As nature couthe it make faire.
 And it hath leves wel foure paire,
 That Kynde hath sett thorough his knowyng
 Aboute the rede roses spryngyng.
 The stalke was as rish right,²
 And theron stode the knoppe upright,
 That it ne bowide upon no side.
 The swote smelle spronge so wide,
 That it dide alle the place aboute.³
 Whanne I hadde smelled the savour swote,

¹ *Moysoun*, or *moisson*, harvest. The meaning of the sentence is, that the roses were in different stages of progress towards maturity, and that some would be sooner fit for harvest, or plucking, than others.

² 'As straight as a rush' is still a proverbial simile.

³ There is a verb wanting to complete the sense. The original is:—

'L'odor de lui entor s'espent;
 La soatime qui en ist
 Toute la place replenist.'

No wille hadde I fro thens yit goo,
 But somdelle neer it wente I thoo,
 To take it; but myn hond for drede
 Ne dorste I to the rose bede,
 For thesteles sharpe of many maners,
 Netles, thornes, and hokede breres;
 For mych they distourbled me,
 For sore I dradde to harmed be.

The God of Love, with bowe bent,
 That alle day sette hadde his talent
 To pursuen and to spien me,
 Was stondyng by a fige tree.
 And whanne he sawe hou that I
 Hadde chosen so ententifly
 The botheum more unto my paie,
 Than ony other that I say,
 He toke an arowe fulle sharply whette,
 And in his bowe whanne it was sette,
 He streight up to his ere drough
 The stronge bowe, that was so tough,
 And shette att me so wondir smert,
 That thorough myn eye¹ unto myn hert
 The takel smote, and depe it wente.
 And therwithalle such colde me hente,
 That under clothes warme and softe,
 Sithen that day I have chevered ofte.

Whanne I was hurt thus in stounde,
 I felle doun platte unto the grounde.
 Myn herte failed and feynted ay,
 And long tyme a-swoone I lay.
 But whanne I come out of swonyng,
 And hadde witt, and my felyng,
 I was alle maate, and wende fulle welle
 Of bloode have loren a fulle gret delle.
 But certes the arowe that in me stode,
 Of me ne drewe no drope of blode,

¹ The MS. reads *me nye*, which is a mere clerical error, arising from the similarity in the sound of the two expressions.

For why? I founde my wounde alle drie.
 Thanne toke I with myn hondis tweie
 The arowe, and ful fast out it plight,
 And in the pullyng sore I sight.¹
 So at the last the shaft of tree
 I drough out, with the fethers thre.
 But yit the hokede heed, ywis,
 The which Beaute callid is,
 Gan so depe in myn herte passe,
 That I it myght nought arace;
 But in myn herte stille it stode,
 Al bledde I not a drope of blode.
 I was bothe anguyssous and trouble.
 For the perille that I sawe double,
 I nyste what to seye or to do,
 Ne gete a leche my woundis to;²
 For neithir thurgh gras ne rote,
 Ne hadde I hope of helpe ne bote.
 But to the bothum evermo
 Myn herte drewe; for alle my wo,
 My thought was in noon other thing.
 For hadde it ben in my kepyng,
 It wolde have brought my lyf agayn.
 For certis evenly, I dar wel seyn,
 The sight oonly, and the savour,
 Alegged mych of my langour.
 Thanne gan I for to drawe me
 Toward the bothom faire to se,
 And Love hadde gete hym in his throwe
 Another arowe into his bowe,
 And for to shete gan hym dresse;
 The arowis name was Symplesse.
 And whanne that Love gan nyghe³ me nere,
 He drowe it up, withouten were,

¹ That is, 'I sighed sore in the act of pulling out the arrows.'

² The MS. reads *two*, obviously a mistake of the scrivener.

³ This is the verb *to neighe*, to draw near. The construction is,
 • When Love began to draw nearer to me.'

And shette at me with alle his myght,
 So that this arowe anoon right
 Thourghout eigh, as it was founde,¹
 Into myn herte hath maad a wounde.
 Thanne I anoon dide al my craft
 For to drawen out the shafte,
 And therwithalle I sighede este.
 But in myn herte the heed was lefte,
 Which ay enceside my desire,
 Unto the bothom drawe nere;
 And ever mo that me was woo
 The more desir hadde I to goo
 Unto the roser, where that grewe
 The freysshe bothum so bright of hewe.
 Betir me were to have leten be,
 But it bihoved nedes me
 To done right as myn herte badde.
 For evere the body must be ladde
 Aftir the herte; in wele and woo,
 Of force togidre they must goo.
 But never this archer wolde feyne
 To shete at me with alle his peyne,
 And for to make me to hym mete.

The thridde arowe he gan to shete,
 Whanne best his tyme he myght espie,
 The which was named Curtesie,
 Into myn herte he dide avale.
 A-swoone I felle, bothe deed and pale;
 Long tyme I lay, and stired nought,
 Tille I abraide out on my thought.
 And faste thanne I avysede me
 To drawe out the shafte of tree;
 But evere the heed was left bihynde
 For ought I couthe pulle or wynde.

¹ 'As it was founde' is added merely to fill up the line. The original is:—

'Si que par l'oel où corps m'entra.'

So sore it stikith whanne I was hit,
 That by no craft I myght it flit;
 But anguysous and fulle of thought,
 I felte such woo, my wounde ay wrought,
 That somonede me alway to goo
 Toward the rose, that plesede me soo;
 But I ne durste in no manere
 Bicause the archer was so nere.
 For evermore gladly, as I rede,
 Brent child of fier hath mych drede.¹
 And, certis, yit for al my peyne,
 Though that I sigh yit arwis reyne,
 And grounde quarels sharpe of steelle,
 Ne for no payne that I myght feelle,
 Yit myght I not my silf witholde
 The faire roser to biholde;
 For Love me yaf sich hardement
 For to fulfille his comaundement.
 Upon my fete I rose up thanne
 Feble, as a forwoundid man;
 And forth to gon my myght I sette,
 And for the archer nolde I lette.
 Toward the roser fast I drowe;
 But thornes sharpe mo than ynowe
 Ther were, and also thisteles thikke,
 And breres brymme for to prikke,
 That I ne myght gete grace
 The rowe thornes for to passe
 To sene the roses fresshe of hewe.
 I must abide, though it me rewe,
 The hege aboute so thikke was,
 That closide the roses in compas.

¹ This proverb appears in numerous forms. Sometimes it is, 'A scalded dog fears cold water.' In Italian, 'Cui serpe mozzica lacerta teme.' The Jews said, 'He that is bitten by a snake fears a rope's end;' and the Cinghalese, 'He that has been beaten with a fire-brand runs away from a fire-fly.'—See *Lessons in Proverbs*, by R. C. TRENCH.

But o thing lyked me right welle ;
 I was so nygh, I myght fele
 Of the bothom the swote odour,
 And also see the fresshe colour ;
 And that right gretly liked me,
 That I so neer myght it se.
 Sich joie anoon therof hadde I,
 That I forgate my maladie.
 To sene I hadde siche delit,
 Of sorwe and angre I was al quyte,
 And of my woundes that I hadde thore ;
 For no thing liken me myght more,
 Than dwellen by the roser ay,
 And thens never to passe away.

But whanne a while I hadde be thare,
 The God of Love, which al to-share
 Myn herte with his arwis kene,
 Castith hym to yeve me woundis grene.
 He shette at me fulle hastily
 An arwe named Company,
 The which takelle is fulle able
 To make these ladies merciabile.
 Thanne I anoon gan chaungen hewe
 For greevaunce of my wounde newe,
 That I agayn felle in swonyng,
 And sighede sore in compleynyng.
 Soore I compleyned that my sore
 On me gan greven more and more.
 I hadde noon hope of allegeaunce ;
 So nigh I drow to desperaunce,
 I rought of deth, ne of lyf,
 Wheder that love wolde me dryf.
 Yf me a martir wolde he make,
 I myght his power nought forsake.
 And while for anger thus I woke,
 The God of Love an arowe toke ;
 Ful sharpe it was and pugnaunt,
 And it was callid Faire-Semblaunt,

The which in no wise wolde consente,
 That ony lover hym repente,
 To serve his love with herte and alle,
 For ony perille that may bifalle.
 But though¹ this arwe was kene grounde,
 As ony rasour that is founde,
 To kutte and kerve. At the poynt,
 The God of Love it hadde anoynt
 With a precious oynement,
 Somdelle to yeve alegement
 Upon the woundes that he hadde
 Thorough the body in my herte made,²
 To helpe her sores, and to cure,
 And that they may the bette endure.
 But yit this arwe, without more,
 Made in myn herte a large sore,
 That in fulle grete peyne I abode.
 But ay the oynement wente abrode;
 Thourghoute my woundes large and wide,
 It spredde aboute in every side;
 Thorough whos vertu and whos myght,
 Myn herte joyfulle was and light.
 I hadde ben deed and al to-shent
 But for the precious oynement.
 The shaft I drowe out of the arwe,
 Rokyng for wo right wondir narwe;³
 But the heed, which made me smerte,
 Lefte bihynde in myn herte
 With other foure,⁴ I dar wel say,
 That never wole be take away,

¹ The MS. reads *thought*, which is evidently a mistake of the scrivener.

² This line has been scratched out in the MS., and the following written over it: 'That he hadde the body hole made.'

³ L'Amant is said with much propriety to rock to and fro with pain; but it is not very apparent how he could be said to rock *narrowly* [narwe]. In the original there is nothing to correspond with this line.

⁴ That is, the other four love-causing arrows. See *ante*, p. 45. note 1.

But the oynement halpe me wele.
And yit sich sorwe dide I fele,
That al day I chaunged hewe,
Of my woundes fresshe and newe,
As men myght se in my visage.
The arwis were so fulle of rage,
So variaunt of diversitee,
That men in everiche myght se
Bothe gret anoy and eke swetnesse,
And joie meynt with bittirnesse.
Now were they esy, now were they wode,
In hem I felte bothe harme and goode.
Now sore without allegement,
Now softyng with oynement;
It softned heere, and prikkith there,
Thus ese and anger togeder were.
The God of Love delyverly
Come lepande to me hastily,
And seide to me in gret jape,
'Yelde thee, for thou may not escape!
May no defence availe thee heere;
Therefore I rede make no daungere.
If thou wolt yelde thee hastily,
Thou shalt rather have mercy.
He is a foole in sikernesse,
That with daunger or stoutenesse
Rebellith there that he shulde plese;
In such folye is litel ese.
Be meke, where thou must nedis bowe;
To stryve ageyn is nought thi prowé.
Come at oones, and have ydoo,
For I wole that it be soo.
Thanne yelde thee heere debonairly.'
And I answerid ful hombly,
'Gladly, sir; at youre biddyng,
I wole me yelde in al thyng.
To youre servyse I wole me take;
For God defende that I shulde make

Ageyn youre bidyng resistence ;
 I wole not don so grete offence,
 For if I dide, it were no skile.
 Ye may do with me what ye wile,
 Save or spille, and also sloo ;
 Fro you in no wise may I goo.
 My lyf, my deth, is in youre honde,
 I may not laste out of youre bonde.
 Pleyn at youre lyst I yelde me,
 Hopyng in herte, that sumtyme ye
 Comfort and ese shulle me sende ;
 Or ellis shortly, this is the eende,
 Withouten helthe I mote ay dure,
 But if ye take me to youre cure.
 Comfort or helthe how shuld I have,
 Sith ye me hurt, but ye me save ?
 The helthe of love mote be founde,
 Whereas they token firste her wounde.
 And if ye lyst of me to make
 Youre prisoner, I wole it take
 Of herte and willefully at gree.
 Hoolly and pleyn I yelde me,
 Without feynyng or feyntise,
 To be governed by youre emprise.
 Of you I here so mych pris,
 I wole ben hool at youre devis
 For to fulfille youre lykyng
 And to repente for no thyng,
 Hopyng to have yit in some tide
 Mercy, of that I abide.
 And with that covenant yelde I me,
 Anoon down knelyng upon my kne,
 Proferyng for to kisse his feete ;
 But for no thyng he wolde me lete,
 And seide, ' I love thee bothe and preise,
 Sen that thyn answer doth me ese,
 For thou answerid so curteisly.
 For now I wote wel uttirly,

That thou art gentylle by thi speche.
 For though a man fer wolde seche,
 He shulde not fynden, in certeyn,
 No sich answer of no vileyn;
 For sich a word ne myght nought
 Issue out of a vilayns thought.
 Thou shalt not lesen of thi speche,
 For thy helpyng wole I eche,
 And eke encreesen that I may.
 But first I wole that thou obaye,
 Fully for thyn avauntage,
 Anoone to do me heere homage.
 And sith kisse thou shalt my mouthe,
 Which to no vilayn was never couthe
 For to aproche it, ne for to touche;
 For sauff of cherlis I ne vouche¹
 That they shulle never neigh it nere.
 For curteis, and of faire manere,
 Welle taught, and fulle of gentilnesse
 He must ben, that shal me kysse,
 And also of fulle high fraunchise,
 That shal atteyne to that emprise.

And first of o thing warne I thee,
 That peyne and gret adversite
 He mote endure, and eke travaile,
 That shal me serve, without faile.
 But ther ageyns thee to comforte,
 And with thi servise to desporte,
 Thou mayst fulle glad and joyfulle be
 So good a maister to have as me,
 And lord of so high renoun.
 I bere of Love the gonfenoun,
 Of curtesie the banere;
 For I am of the silf manere,

¹ The verb *vouche*, and the adverb *sauff*, which, in modern English, make one word, are here disjoined. The meaning is, 'For I do not *vouchsafe* to churls that they should ever come near it.' The kiss was part of the ceremony of doing homage.—See *post*, p. 159, note 2.

Gentile, curteys, meke and fre ;
 That who ever ententyf be
 Me to honoure, doute, and serve,
 And also that he hym observe
 Fro trespasse and fro vilanye,
 And hym governe in curtesie,
 With wille and with entencioun ;
 For whanne he first in my prisoun
 Is caught, thanne must he uttirly,
 Fro thensforth fulle bisily,
 Caste hym gentylle for to be,
 If he desire helpe of me.'

Anoon without more delay,
 Withouten daunger or affray,
 I bicom his man anoon,
 And gave hym thankes many a oon,
 And knelide doun with hondis joynt,¹
 And made it in my port fulle queynt ;
 'The joye wente to myn herte rote.
 Whanne I hadde kissed his mouth so swote,
 I hadde sich myrthe and sich likyng,
 It cured me of langwishing.
 He askide of me thanne hostages :—
 'I have,' he seide, ' taken fele homages
 Of oon and other, where I have bene
 Disteyned ofte, withouten wene.'²
 These felouns fulle of falsite,
 Have many sithes biguyled me,
 And thorough her falshede her lust achieved,
 Wherof I repente and am agreved.
 And I hem gete in my daungere,
 Her falshede shulle they bie fulle dere.
 But for I love thee, I seie thee pleyn,
 I wole of thee be more certeyn ;

¹ This was the form of doing homage.—See *post*, p. 159, note 2, and vol. iv. p. 141, note 2.

² That is, 'I have often received the homage of persons, by whom I have, notwithstanding, without doubt, been often disgraced.'

For thee so sore I wole now bynde,
 That thou away ne shalt not wynde,
 For to denyen the covenauant,
 Or don that is not avenaunt.
 That thou were fals it were gret reuthe,
 Sith thou semest so fulle of treuthe.
 'Sire, if thee lyst to undirstande,
 I merveile the askyng this demande.
 For why or wherfore shulde ye
 Ostages or borwis aske of me,
 Or ony other sikirnesse,
 Sith ye wote¹ in sothfastnesse,
 That ye have me surprised so,
 And hole myn herte taken me fro,
 That it wole do for me no thing,
 But if it be at youre biddyng?
 Myn herte is youre, and myn right nought
 As it bihoveth, in dede and thought,
 Ready in alle to worche youre wille,
 Whether so turne to good or ille.
 So sore it lustith you to plesse,
 No man therof may you disese.²
 Ye have theron sette sich justise,
 That it is werreid in many wise.
 And if ye doute it nolde obeye,
 Ye may therof do make a keye,
 And holde it with you for ostage.'
 'Now certis this is noon outrage,'
 Quoth Love, 'and fully I accord;
 For of the body he is fulle lord,
 That hath the herte in his tresour;
 Outrage it were to asken more.'
 Thanne of his awmener³ he drough,
 A litell keye fetys ynowgh,

¹ The MS. reads *wole*.

² *Disese* is put for *dessieze*, meaning to *oust*. *Siezin* is the legal word for possession.

³ This was a purse for carrying money to be bestowed in alms.

Which was of gold polished clere
 And seide to me, 'With this keye heere
 Thyn herte to me now wole I shette;
 For alle my jowelle¹ loke and knette,
 I bynde undir this litel keye,
 That no wight may carie aweye;
 This keye is fulle of gret poeste.²
 With which anon he touchide me,
 Undir the side fulle softly,
 That he myn herte sodeynly,
 Without anoy hadde spered,
 That yit right nought it hath me dered.³
 Whanne he hadde don his wille al oute,
 And I hadde putte hym out of doute,
 'Sire,' I seide, 'I have right gret wille,
 Youre lust and plesaunce to fulfille.
 Loke ye my servise take atte gree,
 By thilke feith ye owe to me.
 I seye nought for recreaundise,
 For I nought doute of youre servise.³
 But the servaunt traveileth in vayne,
 That for to serven doth his payne
 Unto that lord, which in no wise,
 Kan him no thank for his servyse.
 Love seide, 'Dismaie thee nought,
 Syn thou for sokour hast me sought,
 In thank thi servise wole I take,
 And high of degre wole thee make,
 If wikkidresse ne hyndre thee;
 But (as I hope) it shal nought be.
 To worshipe no wight by aventure
 May come, but if he peyne endure.⁴
 Abide and suffre thy distresse;
 That hurtith now, it shal be lesse;

¹ *Jowelle* is an adaptation of the old French word *joaille*, jewellery.

² *Dered* means here, hurt or injured.

³ That is, 'I am not afraid to undertake your service.'

This appears to be an allusion to the proverb, 'Via crucis via lactis.'

I wote my silf what may thee save,
 What medycyne thou wouldist have.
 And if thi trouthe to me thou kepe,
 I shal unto thyn helpyng eke,
 To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,
 Where so they be olde or grene;
 Thou shalt be holpen at wordis fewe.
 For certeynly thou shalt welle shewe,
 Where that thou servest with good wille,
 For to compleysshen and fulfille
 My comaundementis day and nyght,
 Whiche I to lovers yeve of right.'

'Ah, sire, for Goddis love,' seide I,
 'Er ye passe hens, ententyfly
 Youre comaundementis to me ye say,
 And I shalle kepe hem if I may,
 For hem to kepen is alle my thought.
 And if so be I wote hem nought,
 Thanne may I unwityngly.
 Wherfore I pray you enterely,
 With alle myn herte, me to lere,
 That I trespasse in no manere.'

The god of love thanne chargide me
 Anoon, as ye shalle here and see,
 Worde by worde, by right emprise,
 So as the Romance shalle devise.

The maister lesith his tyme to lere,
 Whanne the disciple wole not here.
 It was but veyn on hym to swynke,
 That on his lernyng wole not thenke.
 Who so luste love, let hym entende,
 For now the Romance bigynneth to amende.
 Now is good to here in fay,
 If ony be that can it say,
 And poynte it as the resoun is
 Set; for other gate, ywys,
 It shalle nought welle in alle thyng
 Be brought to good undirstondyng.

For a reder that poyntith ille,
 A good sentence may ofte spille.¹
 The book is good at the eendying,
 Maad of newe and lusty thyng;
 For who so wole the eendying here,
 The crafte of love he shalle nowe lere,
 If that ye wole so long abide,
 Tyl I this Romance may unhide,
 And undo the signifiante
 Of this dreame into Romance.²

The sothfastnesse that now is hidde,
 Without coverture shalle be kidde.
 Whanne I undon have this dremyng,
 Wherynne no word is of lesyng.

‘Vilanye, atte the bigynnyng,
 I wole,’ sayd Love, ‘over alle thyng
 Thou leve, if thou wolt ne be
 Fals, and trespasse ageyns me.
 I curse and blame generally
 Alle hem that loven vilanye;
 For vilanye makith vilayn,
 And by his dedis a cherle is seyn.
 These vilayns arn withouten pitee,
 Frenshipe, love, and alle bounte.
 I nyl resseyve unto my servise
 Hem that ben vilayns of emprise.

‘But undirstonde in thyn entent,
 That this is not myn entendement,
 To clepe no wight in noo ages
 Oonly gentill for his lynages.
 But who so is vertuous,
 And in his port nought outrageous,
 Whanne sich oon thou seest thee biforn,
 Though he be not gentille born,

¹ To *pointe* means, here, to make the proper pauses in reading, to punctuate with the voice.

² *Romaunce* signifies in this place the French, or corrupt Roman language.—See vol. v. p. 58, note 3.

Thou maist welle seyn this in soth,
 That he is gentil, bycause he doth
 As longeth to a gentilman;
 Of hem noon other deme I can.
 For certeynly withouten drede,
 A cherle is demed by his dede,
 Of hie or lowe, as ye may see,
 Or of what kynrede that he bee.¹
 Ne say nought for noon yvel wille
 Thyng that is to holden stille;
 It is no worshipe to mysseye.
 Thou maist ensample take of Keye,
 That was somtyme for mysseying,
 Hated bothe of olde and yong.
 As fer as Gaweyn the worthy,
 Was preised for his curtesie,
 Keye was hated, for he was felle,
 Of word dispitous and cruelle.²
 Wherefore be wise and aqueyntable,
 Goodly of word, and resonable
 Bothe to lesse and eke to more.
 And whanne thou comest there men are,
 Loke that thou have in custome ay
 First to salue hym if thou may:
 And if it falle, that of hem somme
 Salue thee first, be not domme,
 But quyte hym curteisly anoon
 Without abidyng, er they goon.
 ‘For no thyng eke thy tunge applye
 To speke wordis of ribauldrye.
 To vilayne speche in no degre
 Late never thi lippe unbounden be.

¹ This theme is enlarged upon in *The Wyf of Bathes Tale*.—See vol. ii. p. 82.

² Sir Keye and Sir Gaweyn were two knights of King Arthur's round table; the former was the seneschal, and was as remarkable for the brutality of his manners, as the latter for his courtesy. Thus, in the *Roman de Merlin*:—‘Si Keux est felon et dénaturé.’

For I nought holde hym, in good feith,
 Curteys, that foule wordis seith.
 And alle wymmen serve and preise,
 And to thy power her honour reise.
 And if that ony myssaiere
 Dispise wymmen, that thou maist here,
 Blame hym, and bidde hym holde hym stille.
 And set thy myght and alle thy wille
 Wymmen and ladies for to plesse,
 And to do thyng that may hem ese,
 That they ever speke good of thee,
 For so thou maist best praised be.

‘Loke fro pride thou kepe thee wele;¹
 For thou maist bothe perceyve and fele,
 That pride is bothe foly and synne;
 And he that pride hath hym withynne,
 Ne may his herte in no wise,
 Meken ne souplen to servyse.
 For pride is founde, in every part,
 Contrarie unto Loves art.
 And he that loveth trewly,
 Shulde hym contene jolily,
 Without pride in sondry wise,
 And hym disguysen in queyntise.
 For queynt array, without drede,
 Is no thyng proude, who takith hede;
 For fresh array, as men may see,
 Without pride may ofte be.
 Mayntene thy silfe aftir thi rent,
 Of robe and eke of garnement;
 For many sithe faire clothying
 A man amendith in mych thyng.
 And loke alwey that they be shape,
 (What garnement that thou shalt make)
 Of hym that kan best do,
 With alle that perteyneth therto.

¹ See vol. iv. p. 152, note 4.

Poyntis and sleeves be welle sittande,
 Right and streght on the hande.
 Of shone and bootes, newe and faire,
 Loke at the leest thou have a paire;
 And that they sitte so fetisly,
 That these ruyde may uttirly
 Merveyle, sith that they sitte so pleyne,
 How they come on or off ageyne.¹
 Were streit gloves, with awmere
 Of silk. And alwey with good chere
 Thou yeve, if thou have richesse;
 And if thou have nought, spend the lesse.
 Alwey be mery, if thou may,
 But waste not thy good alway.
 Have hatte of floures fresh as May,
 Chapelett of roses of Whissonday;²
 For sich array ne costneth but lite.
 Thyn hondis wasshe, thy teeth make white,
 And lete no filthe upon thee bee.
 Thy nailes blak if thou maist see,
 Voide it alwey delyverly,
 And kembe thyn heed right jolily.³
 Farce not thi visage in no wise,
 For that of love is not themprise;
 For love doth haten, as I fynde,
 A beaute that cometh not of Kynde.⁴
 Alwey in herte I rede thee,
 Glad and mery for to be,
 And be as joyfulle as thou can;
 Love hath no joye of sorowful man.

¹ This was a piece of mediæval dandyism.—See vol. i. p. 86, note 4.

² Whitsuntide is still the season of great festivity in the rural districts of England.

³ — Careant rubigine dentes,
 Nec vagus in laxâ pes tibi pelle natet.
 Nec male deformet rigidos tonsura capillos,
 Sit coma, sit doctâ barba resecta manu;
 Et nihil emineat, et sint sine sordibus ungues.

OVID.—*Ars Am.* ii. 515.

⁴ The poet may, perhaps, have had in his mind the 'simplex munditiis' of Horace.

That yvelle is fulle of curtesie,
 That knowith in his maladie;¹
 For ever of love the siknesse
 Is meynde with swete and bitternesse.
 The sore of love is merveilous;
 For now the lover is joyous,
 Now can he pleyne, now can he grone,
 Now can he syngen, now maken mone.
 To day he pleyneth for hevynesse,
 To morowe he pleyneth for jolynesse.
 The lyf of love is fulle contrarie,
 Which stoundemele can ofte varie.
 But if thou canst mirthis make,
 That men in gre wolde gladly take,
 Do it goodly, I comaunde thee;
 For men sholde, wheresoevere they be,
 Do thing that hem sittyn² is,
 For therof cometh good loos and pris.
 Whereof that thou be vertuous,
 Ne be not straunge ne daungerous.
 For if that thou good ridere be,
 Prike gladly that men may se.
 In armes also if thou konne,³
 Pursue, to thou a name hast wonne.⁴
 And if thi voice be faire and clere,
 Thou shalt maken no⁵ gret daungere.
 Whanne to synge they goodly prey,
 It is thi worship for to obeye.

¹ That is, 'That evil [*scil.* love] is full of courtesy, which, even in the height of its malady, does not lose its self-possession.'

² *Sittyn* means becoming.

³ That is, 'If you are skilful in jousting.' *Faire les armes* is the technical phrase for to joust.

⁴ That is, 'Continue to practise jousting until thou hast won a name.' The original is—

'Chascun doit faire en toutes places
Ce qu'il set qui miex li avient.'

⁵ *No* is omitted by mistake in the MS.

Also to you it longith ay,
 To harpe and gitterne, daunce and play,
 For if he can wel foote and daunce,¹
 It may hym greetly do avaunce.
 Among² eke, for thy lady sake,
 Songes and complayntes that thou make;
 For that wole meven in hir herte,
 Whanne they reden of thy smerte.
 Loke that no man for scarce³ thee holde,
 For that may greve thee manyfolde.
 Resoun wole that a lover be
 In his yiftes more large and fre,
 Than cherles that ben not of lovyng.
 For who therof can ony thyng,
 He shal be leef ay for to yeve,
 In londes⁴ lore who so wolde leve;
 For he that thorough a sodeyn sight,
 Or for a kyssyng, anoon right
 Yaff hoole his herte in wille and thought,
 And to hymself kepith right nought,
 Aftir this swiffte, it is good resoun,
 He yeve his good in abandoun.

‘Now wole I shortly heere reherce,
 Of that I have seid in verse,
 Al the sentence by and by,
 In wordis fewe compendiously,
 That thou the better mayst on hem thenke,
 Whether so it be thou wake or wynke;
 For that wordis litel greve
 A man to kepe, whanne it is breve.

‘Who so with Love wole goon or ride
 He mote be curteis, and voide of pride,

¹ Si vox est, canta; si mollia brachia, salta.

OID.—*Ars Am.* ii.

² Among means, ‘at intervals.’ The meaning is, ‘Remember to make songs mingled with complaints.’

³ Scarce means penurious. The original word is *aver*.

⁴ *Londes* is evidently a mistake for *Loves*. The meaning is, ‘Whoso would believe in Love’s lore, shall be always ready to give.’

Mery and fulle of jolite,
And of largesse a losel be.¹

‘Firste I joyne thee that heere in penaunce,
That evere withoute repentaunce,
Thou sette thy thought in thy lovyng
To laste withoute repentyng;
And thenke upon thi myrthis swete,
That shalle folowe aftir whan ye mete.

‘And for thou trewe to love shalt be,
I wole and comaunde thee,
That in oo place thou sette, alle hoole,
Thyn herte, withoute halfen doole,
For trecherie and sikernesse;
For I lovede nevere doublenesse.
To many his herte that wole departe,
Everiche shal have but litel parte.
But of hym drede I me right nought,
That in oo place settith his thought.
Therefore in oo place it sitte,
And lat it nevere thennys flitte.
For if thou yevest it in lenyng,
I holde it but wrecchid thyng.
Therefore yeve it hoole and quyte,
And thou shalt have the more merite.
If it be lent than aftir soone,
The bounte and the thank is doone;
But, in love, fre yeven thing
Requyrith a gret guerdonyng.
Yeve it in yift al quyte fully,
And make thi gift debonairly;
For men that yift holde more dere
That yeven is with gladsome chere.
That yift nought to preisen is
That men yeveth maugre his.²

¹ These directions answer to the eighteenth statute in *The Court of Love*.—See vol iv. p. 147.

² ‘In spite of him.’ *His* agrees with the noun *gré* in *maugre*.

Whanne thou hast yeven thyn herte, as I
 Have seid thee heere openly,
 Thanne adventures shulle thee falle,
 Which harde and hevy ben withalle.
 For ofte whan thou bithinkist thee
 Of thy lovyng, where so thou be,
 Fro folk thou must depart in hie,
 That noon perceyve thi maladie,
 But hide thyn harme thou must aloon,¹
 And go forthe sole, and make thy mone.
 Thou shalt no while be in oo state,
 But whilom colde and whilom hate;
 Now reed as rose, now yelow and fade.
 Such sorowe I trowe thou never hadde.
 Cotidien, ne quarteyne,
 It is not so ful of peyne.
 For ofte tymes it shalle falle
 In love, among thy peynes alle,
 That thou thi silf alle holy
 Foryeten shalt so utterly,
 That many times thou shalt be
 Stille as an image of tree,
 Domme as a stoon, without styrryng
 Of foote or honde, without spekyng.
 Than sone after alle thy peyne,
 To memorie shalt thou come ageyne,
 As man abashed wondre sore,
 And after sighen more and more.
 For wite thou wele, withouten wene,
 In sich a state fulle ofte have bene
 That have the yvell of love assaiede,
 Wherthrough thou art so dismaide.

‘After, a thought shal take thee so,
 That thy love is to fer the fro:
 Thou shalt say, ‘God, what may this be,
 That I ne may my ladie se?

¹ Here a leaf is wanting in the MS.; the text is taken from Speght.

Myne herte aloon is to her go,
 And I abide alle sole in wo,
 Departed from myn owne thought,
 And with myne yen se right nought.
 Alas, myn yen sene I ne may,
 My carefulle herte to convay!
 Myn hertes guide, but they be,
 I praise nothing what ever they se.
 Shulle they abyde thanne? nay;
 But go and visite without delay
 That myn herte desireth so.
 For certeynly, but if they go,
 A foole my silf I may wel holde,
 Whan I ne se what myn herte wolde.
 Wherefore I wol gone her to sene,
 Or esed shal I never bene,
 But I have som tokenyng.¹
 Then goist thou forthe without dwellyng
 But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre,
 Er thou maigest come her any nere,¹
 And wastest in vayn thi passage.
 Thanne fallest thou in a newe rage;
 For want of sight thou gynnest morne,
 And homewarde pensyf thou dost retourne.
 In gret myscheef thanne shalt thou bee,
 For thanne agayne shalle come to thee
 Sighes and pleyntes with newe woo,
 That no yecchyng prikketh soo.
 Who wote it nought, he may go lere,
 Of hem that bien love so dere.
 No thyng thyn herte appesen may,
 That ofte thou wolt goon and assay,
 If thou maist seen by aventure
 Thi lyves joy, thine hertis cure,
 So that bi grace, if thou myght
 Atteyne of hire to have a sight.

¹ Here the MS. resumes.

Thanne shalt thou done noon other dede,
 But with that sight thyne eyen fede.
 That faire fresh whanne thou maist see,
 Thyne herte shalle so ravysshed be,
 That nevere thou woldest, thi thankis, lete,
 Ne remove, for to see that swete.
 The more thou seest in sothfastnesse,
 The more thou coveytest of that swetnesse,
 The more thine herte brenneth in fier,
 The more thine herte is in desire.
 For who considreth every deelle,
 It may be likned wondir welle,
 The peyne of love unto a fere ;
 For evermore thou neighest nere
 Thought, or whoo so that it bee,¹
 For verray sothe I telle it thee,
 The hatter evere shalle thou brenne,
 As experience shalle thee kenne.
 Where so comest in ony coost,
 Who is next fuyre he brenneth moost.
 And yitt forsothe for alle thine hete,
 Though thou for love swelte and swete,
 Ne for no thyng thou felen may,
 Thou shalt not willen to passen away.
 And though thou go, yitt must thee, nede,
 Thenke alle day on hir fairhede,
 Whom thou biheelde with so good wille ;
 And holde thi silf biguyled ille,
 That thou ne haddest noon hardement,
 To shewe hir ought of thyne entent.
 Thyne herte fulle sore thou wolt dispise,
 And eke repreve of cowardise,
 That thou so dulle in every thing,
 Were domme for drede, without spekyng.

¹ This passage is much expanded, and there is nothing in the original exactly corresponding with this line, which appears to be corrupt, and unintelligible; for the lover could not be said to approach nearer to thought, unless thought be personified.

Thou shalt eke thenke thou didest folye,
 That thou were hir so fast bye,
 And durst not aunte thee to say
 Som thyng er thou cam away ;
 For thou haddist no more wonne,
 To speke of hir whanne thou bigonne :
 But yit if she wolde for thy sake,
 In armes goodly thee have take,
 It shulde have be more worth to thee,
 Than of tresour gret plente.

‘ Thus shalt thou morne and eke compleyne,
 And gete enchesoun to goone ageyne
 Unto thy walke, or to thi place,
 Where thou biheelde her fleshly face.
 And never for fals suspeccioun,
 Thou woldest fynde occasioun,
 For to gone unto hire hous.
 So art thou thanne desirous,
 A sight of hir for to have,
 If thou thine honour myghtest save,
 Or ony erande myghtist make
 Thider, for thi loves sake,
 Fulle fayn thou woldist, but for drede
 Thou gost not, lest that men take hede ;
 Wherfore I rede in thi goyng,
 And also in thyne ageyne comyng,
 Thou be welle ware that men ne wite ;
 Feyne thee other cause than itte,
 To go that weye, or fast bye ;
 To hele wel is no folye.¹
 And if so be it happe thee,
 That thou thi love there maist see,
 In siker wise thou hir salewe,
 Wherwith thi colour wole transmewe,
 And eke thy blode shal al to-quake,
 Thyne hewe eke chaungen for hir sake.

¹ This appears to be a proverbial expression. To *hele* is to hide, and the original is—

‘ Car c'est grant sens de soi celer.’

But word and witte, with chere fulle pale,
 Shulle wante for to telle thy tale.
 And if thou maist so fer forth wynne,
 That thou resoun derst bigynne,
 And woldist seyn thre thingis or mo,
 Thou shalt fulle scarsly seyn the two.
 Though thou bithenke thee never so welle,
 Thou shalt foryete yit somdelle,
 But if thou dele with trecherie.¹
 For fals lovers mowe alle folye
 Seyn what hem lust withouten drede,
 They be so double in hir falshede,
 For they in herte cunne thenke a thyng
 And seyne another, in her spekyng.
 And whanne thi speche is eendid alle,
 Ryght thus to thee it shalle byfalle:
 If ony word thanne come to mynde,
 That thou to seye hast left bihynde,
 Thanne thou shalt brenne in gret martire;
 For thou shalt brenne as ony fiere,
 This is the stryf and eke the affray,
 And the batele that lastith ay.
 This bargeyn ende may never take,
 But if that she thi pees wille make.

' And whanne the nyght is comen, anoon
 A thousand angres shalle come uppon.
 To bedde as fast thou wolt thee dight,
 Where thou shalt have but smal delite;
 For whanne thou wenest for to slepe,
 So fulle of peyne shalt thou crepe,
 Sterte in thi bedde aboute fulle wide,
 And turne fulle ofte on every side;
 Now dounward groffe,² and now upright,
 And walowe in woo the longe nyght,

¹ That is, 'Unless you are a deceiver, or if you are really sincere, you will forget half of what you intended to say.'

² That is, 'Now grovel on your face, now li on your back.' In the original:—

' Une heure envers, autre eure adens.'

Thine armys shalt thou sprede abroad,
 As man in werre were forweriede.
 Thanne shalle thee come a remembraunce
 Of hir shappe and hir semblaunce,
 Wherto none other may be pere.
 And wite thou wel withoute were,
 That thee shal seme somtyme that nyght,
 That thou hast hir that is so bright,
 Naked bitwene thyne armes there,
 Alle sothfastnesse as though it were.
 Thou shalt make castels thanne in Spayne,¹
 And dreme of joye, alle but in vayne,
 And thee deliten of right nought,
 While thou so slomrest in that thought,
 That is so swete and delitable,
 The which in soth nys but fable,
 For it ne shalle no while laste.
 Thanne shalt thou sighe and wepe faste,
 And say, 'Dere God, what thing is this?
 My dreme is turned alle amys,
 Which was fulle swete and apparent,
 But now I wake it is al shent!
 Now yede this mery thought away.
 Twenty tymes upon a day
 I wolde this thought wolde come ageyne,
 For it alleggith welle my peyne.
 It makith me fulle of joyfulle thought,
 It sleth me that it lastith noght.
 A, Lord! why nyl ye me soccoure?
 The joye I trowe that I langoure,
 The deth I wolde me shulde sloo,
 While I lye in hir armes twoo.

¹ Châteaux en Espagne. M. Lantin de Dammercy says that any chimerical fancy is so called, because all the castles in Spain were destroyed lest they should shelter the Moors. He quotes an old French poet, Pierre Guingoire, to show that they were also called *châteaux en Asie*. It is more probable that these wild creations of the imagination derived their names from their resemblance to those fabulous tales of magnificence in which the Moors and Asiatics delight.

Myne harme is harde withouten wene,
 My gret unese fulle ofte I meene.
 But wolde Love do so I myght
 Have fully joye of hir so bright,
 My peyne were quytte me rychely.
 Allas, to grete a thing aske I!
 It is but foly, and wrong wenyng,
 To axe so outrageous a thyng.
 And who so axith folily,
 He mote be warned hastily;
 And I ne wote what I may say,
 I am so fer out of the way;
 For I wolde have fulle gret likyng,
 And fulle gret joye of lasse thing.
 For wolde she of hir gentylnesse,
 Without more, me oonys kysse,
 It were to me a grete guerdoun,
 Release of alle my passioun.
 But it is harde to come therto;
 Alle is but folye, that I do,
 So high I have myne herte sette,
 Where I may no comforte gette.
 I wote not where I seye welle or nought;
 But this I wote wel in my thought,
 That it were better of hir aloone,
 For to stynte my woo and moone,
 A loke on hir i-caste goodly,
 Than for to have al utterly,
 Of another alle hoole the pley.
 A Lord, wher¹ I shalle byde the day
 That evere she shalle my lady be?
 He is fulle cured that may hir see.
 A! God! whanne shal the dawning springe?
 To ligen thus is an angry thyng;
 I have no joye thus heere to lye,
 Whanne that my love is not me bye.

¹ Whether.

A man to lyen hath gret diseise,
 Which may not slepe ne reste in ese.
 I wolde it dawed, and were now day,
 And that the nyght were went away,
 For were it day, I wolde uprise.
 A! slowe sonne, shewe thine enprise!
 Spede thee to sprede thy beemys bright,
 And chace the darknesse of the nyght,
 To putte away the stoundes stronge,
 Which in me lasten alle to longe.'

'The nyght shalt thou contene so,
 Withoute rest, in peyne and woo;
 If evere thou knewe of love distresse,
 Thou shalt mowe lerne in that siiknesse.
 And thus enduryng shalt thou lye
 And ryse on morwe up erly,
 Out of thy bedde, and harneyse thee
 Er evere dawning thou maist see.
 Alle pryvyly thanne shalle thou goon,
 What whider it be, thi silf alloon,
 For reyne, or hayle, for snowe, for slete,
 Thider she dwellith that is so swete,
 The which may falle aslepe be,
 And thenkith but lytel upon thee.
 Thanne shalt thou goon, ful foule afeerd,
 Loke if the gate be unspered,
 And waite without in woo and peyne,
 Fulle yvel a-coolde in wynde and reyne.
 Thanne shal thou go the dore bifore,
 If thou maist fynde ony score,¹
 Or hoole, or reeft, what evere it were;
 Thanne shalt thou stoupe, and lay to ere,
 If they withynne a slepe be;
 I mene alle save thy lady free.

¹ *Score* appears to mean a crack in the wall or door. The original is—

'Et se tu treuves fendéure.'

Whom wakyng if thou maist asprie,
 Go putte thi silf in jupartie,
 'To aske grace, and thee bimene,
 That she may wite, without wene,
 'That thou al nyght no rest hast hadde,
 So sore for hir thou were bystadde.
 Wommen wel ought pite to take
 Of hem that sorwen for her sake.
 And loke, for love of that relyke,
 That thou thenke noon other lyke.
 For whanne thou hast so gret annoy,
 Shalle kysse thee er thou go away,
 And holde that in fulle gret deynte.
 And for that no man shal thee see
 Bifore the hous, ne in the way,
 Loke thou be goone ageyn er day.
 Suche comyng, and such goyng,
 Such hevynesse, and such walkyng,
 Makith lovers, withouten ony wene,
 Under her clothes pale and lene,
 For Love leveth colour ne cleernesse;
 Who loveth trewe hath no fatnesse.¹
 Thou shalt wel by thy silf see
 That thou must nedis assaid be.
 For men that shape hem other weye
 Falsly her ladyes to bitraye,
 It is no wonder though they be fatt;
 With false othes her loves they gatt;
 For ofte I see suche losengours
 Fatter than abbatis or priours.
 ' Yet with o thing I thee charge,
 That is to seye, that thou be large
 Unto the mayde that hir doith serve,
 So best hir thanke thou shalt deserve.

¹ This is evidently imitated from Ovid's *Ars Amandi*:—

'Palleat mirus amans: hic est color aptus amanti.'—i. 729.

'Arguat et macies animum.'—i. 733.

Yeve hir yiftes, and gete hir grace,
 For so thou may thank purchase,
 That she thee worthy holde and free.
 Thi lady, and alle that may thee see,
 Also hir servauntes worshipe ay,
 And plese as myche as thou may;
 Grete good thorough hem may come to thee,
 Bicause with hir they ben pryve.
 They shal hir telle hou they thee fande
 Curteis and wys, and welle doande,
 And she shalle preise thee welle the more.¹
 Loke oute of londe thou be not fore;²
 And if such cause thou have, that thee
 Bihoveth to gone out of contree,
 Leve hoole thin herte in hostage,
 Tille thou ageyn make thi passage.
 Thenke longe to see the swete thyng
 That hath thine herte in hir kepyng.

‘Now have I tolde thee, in what wise
 A love-re shall do me servise.
 Do it thanne, if thou wolt have
 The meede that thou aftir crave.’

Whanne Love alle this hadde boden me,
 I seide hym:—‘Sire, how may it be
 That lovers may in such manere,
 Endure the peyne ye have seid heere?’

¹ The whole passage is taken from the *Ars Amandi*:—

‘Nec pudor ancillas, ut quæque erit ordine prima,
 Nec tibi sit servos demeruisse pudor.
 Nomine quenquam tuo (levis est impensa) roganti,
 Porridge fortunæ munera parva tuæ.
 Porridge et ancillæ, quâ pœnas luce pependit
 Lusa maritali Gallica veste manus.
 Fac plebem (mihi crede) tuam.’—*Ars Amandi*, ii. 251.

² *Fore* means absent, from the Latin *foris*, abroad. This is also from Ovid:—

‘Sed mora tuta brevis; lentescunt tempore curæ
 Vanescitque absens, et novus intrat amor.’

Ars Amandi, ii. 357.

I merveyle me wonder faste,
 How ony man may lyve or laste
 In such peyne, and such brennyng,
 In sorwe and thought, and such sighing,
 Aye¹ unrelesed woo to make,
 Whether so it be they slepe or wake.
 In such annoy contynuely,
 As helpe me God this merveile I,
 How man, but he were maad of stele,
 Myght lyve a monthe, such peynes to fele.'

The God of Love thanne seide me,
 'Freend, by the feith I owe to thee,
 May no man have good, but he it bye.
 A man loveth more tendirly
 The thyng that he hath bought most dere,
 For wite thou welle, withouten were,
 In thanke that thyng is taken more,
 For which a man hath suffred sore.
 Certis no wo ne may atteyne
 Unto the sore of loves peyne.
 Noon yvel therto ne may amounte,
 No more than a man counte
 The dropes that of the water be.
 For drye as welle the greet see
 Thou myghtist, as the harmes telle
 Of hem that with Love dwelle
 In servyse; for peyne hem sleeth,
 And that ech wolde fle the deeth,
 And trowe thei shulde nevere escape,
 Nere that Hope couthe hem make,
 Glad as man in prisoun sett,
 And may not geten for to ete
 But barly breed, and watir pure,
 And lyeth in vermyn and in ordure;
 With alle this yitt can he lyve,
 Good Hope such comfort hath hym yeve,

¹ The MS. reads *A yee*; evidently a mere clerical error.

Which maketh wene that he shalle be
 Delyvered and come to liberte;
 In fortune is his fulle trist.
 Though he lye in strawe or dust,
 In Hoope is alle his susteynyng.
 And so for lovers in her wenyng,
 Whiche love hath shitte in his prisoun;
 Good-Hope is her salvacioun.
 Good-Hope, how sore that they smerte,
 Yeveth hem bothe wille and herte
 To profre her body to martire;
 For Hope so sore doth hem desire
 To suffre ech harme that men devise,
 For joye that aftirward shalle aryse.
 Hope in desire cacche victorie,
 In hope of love is alle the glorie,
 For Hope is alle that love may yeve;
 Nere Hope, ther shulde no lover lyve.
 Blessid be Hope, which with desire,
 Avaunceth lovers in such manere.
 Good-Hope is curteis for to plesse,
 To kepe lovers from alle disese.
 Hope kepith his londe, and wole abide,
 For ony perille that may betyde;
 For Hope to lovers, as most cheef,
 Doth hem endure alle myscheef;
 Hope is her helpe whanne myster is.
 And I shalle yeve thee eke iwys,
 Three other thingis, that gret solas
 Doith to hem that be in my las.

‘ The first good that may be founde,
 To hem that in my lace be bounde,
 Is Swete-Thought,¹ for to recorde
 Thing wherwith thou canst accorde
 Best in thyne herte; where she be,
 Thenkyng in absence is good to thee.

¹ This personage is called Privy-Thought in *The Court of Love*.—
See vol. iv. p. 176.

Whanne ony lover doth compleyne,
 And lyveth in distresse and in peyne,
 Thanne Swete-Thought shal come as blyve,
 Awey his angre for to dryve.

It makith lovers to have remembraunce
 Of comfort, and of high plesaunce,
 That Hope hath hight hym for to wynne.
 For Thought anoon thanne shalle bygynne,
 As ferre, God wote, as he can fynde,
 To make a mirroure of his mynde,¹
 For to biholde he wole not lette.

Hir person he shalle afore hym sette,
 Hir laughing eyen, persaunt and clere,
 Hir shappe, hir fourme, hir goodly chere,
 Hir mouth that is so gracious,
 So swete, and eke so saverous,
 Of alle hir fetures he shalle take heede,
 His eyen with alle hir lymes fede.

‘Thus Swete-Thenkyng shalle aswage
 The peyne of lovers, and her rage.
 Thi joye shalle double, withoute gesse,
 Whanne thou thenkist on hir semlynesse,
 Or of hir laughing, or of hir chere,
 That to thee made thi lady dere.
 This comfort wole I that thou take,
 And if the next thou wolt forsake
 Which is not the lesse saverous,
 Thou shuldist not ben to daungerous.

‘The secounde shal be Swete-Speche,
 That hath to many oon be leche,
 To bringe hem out of woo and were,
 And helpe many a bachilere,
 And many a lady sent socoure,
 That have loved paramour,
 Thorough spekyng, whanne they myght heere
 Of her lovers to hem so dere.

¹ This excellent image occurs in the *Troilus and Cryseyde*.—See vol. v. p. 30, note 4.

To me it voidith alle her smerte,
 The which is closed in her herte.
 In herte it makith hem glad and light,
 Speche, whanne they mowe have sight.
 And therefore now it cometh to mynde,
 In olde dawes as I fynde,
 That clerkis writen that hir knewe,
 Ther was a lady fresh of hewe,
 Which of hir love made a songe
 On hym, for to remembre amonge,
 In which she seide, ' Whanne that I here
 Speken of hym that is so dere,
 To me it voidith alle smerte,
 Twys he sittith so nere myne herte.
 To speke of hym at eve or morwe,
 It cureth me of alle my sorwe.
 To me is noon so high plesaunce
 As of his persone dalyaunce.'¹
 She wist fulle welle that Swete-Spekyng
 Comfortith in fulle mych thyng.
 Her love she hadde fulle welle assaid,
 Of hym she was fulle welle apaied ;
 To speke of hym hir joye was sette.
 Therefore I rede thee that thou gette
 A felowe that can welle concele,
 And kepe thi counselle, and welle hele,
 To whom go shewe hoolly thine herte,
 Bothe welle and woo, joye and smerte :
 To gete comfort to hym thou goo,
 And pryvyly bitwene yow two,
 Yee shalle speke of that goodly thyng,
 That hath thyne herte in hir kepyng ;
 Of hir beaute and hir semblaunce,
 And of hir goodly countenance ;

¹ The poetess from whom these sentiments are quoted may possibly be Sappho, to whose celebrated ode they bear some resemblance ; but it is difficult to trace them with certainty.

Of alle thi state thou shalt hym seye,
 And axe hym counseille how thou may
 Do ony thyng that may hir plese,
 For it to thee shalle do gret ese,
 That he may wite thou trust hym soo,
 Bothe of thi wele and of thy woo.
 And if his herte to love be sett,
 His companye is myche the bett,
 For resoun wole he shewe to thee
 Alle uttirly his pryvyte,
 And what she is he loveth so
 To thee pleyedly he shal undo,
 Withoute drede of ony shame,
 Bothe telle hir renoun and hir name.
 Thanne shalle he forther ferre and nere,
 And namely to thi lady dere,
 In syker wise, yee, every other
 Shalle helpen as his owne brother,
 In trouthe withoute doublenesse,
 And kepen cloos in sikernesse.¹
 For it is noble thing in fay,
 To have a man thou darst say
 Thy pryve counselle every deelle,
 For that wole comforte thee right welle,
 And thou shalt holde the welle apayed,
 Whanne such a freend thou hast assayed.

‘The thridde good of gret comforte
 That yeveth to lovers most disporte,
 Comyth of sight and of biholdyng,
 That clepid is Swete-Lokyng,²
 The which may noon ese do,
 Whanne thou art fer thy lady fro;
 Wherefore thou prese alwey to be
 In place, where thou maist hir se.

¹ Sworn brothers were bound to assist one another in love and war.
 —See vol. i. p. 124, note 1.

² Swete-Lokyng is the translation of Doux-Regard.

For it is thyng most amerous,
 Most delytable and saverous,
 For to aswage a mannes sorowe,
 To sene his lady by the morowe.
 For it is fulle noble thing
 Whanne thyne eyen have metyng,
 With that relike¹ precious,
 Wherof they be so desirous.
 But al day after, soth it is,
 They have no drede to faren amysse,
 They dreden neither wynde ne reyne,
 Ne noon other maner peyne.
 For whanne thyne eyen were thus in blisse,
 Yit of hir curtesie, ywysse,
 Alloone they can not have hir joye,
 But to the herte they conveye,
 Part of her blisse; to hym thou sende,
 Of all this harme to make an ende.
 The eye is a good messangere,
 Which can to the herte in such manere
 Tidyngis sende, that he hath sene
 To voide hym of his peynes clene.
 Wherof the herte rejoiseth soo
 That a grete partye of his woo
 Is voided, and putte away to flight.
 Right as the derknesse of the nyght
 Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,
 Right so is al his woo fulle soone
 Devoided clene, whanne that the sight
 Biholden may that freshe wight
 That the herte desireth soo,
 That al his derknesse is agoo;
 For thanne the herte is alle at ese,
 Whanne they sene that may hem plese.

¹ The original is,

‘Le sanctuaire précieux
 De qui ils sont si curieux.’

The poet calls the lady a relic, because relics were at that time held the most precious of all things.

' Now have I declared thee alle oute,
 Of that thou were in drede and doute ;
 For I have tolde thee feithfully,
 What thee may curen utterly,
 And alle lovers that wole be
 Feithfulle, and fulle of stabilite.
 Good-Hope alwey kepe bi thi side,
 And Swete-Thought make eke abide,
 Swete-Lokyng and Swete-Speche,
 Of alle thyne harmes thei shalle be leche.
 Of every thou shalt have gret plesaunce,
 If thou canst bide in suffraunce,
 And serve wel withoute feyntise,
 Thou shalt be quyte of thyne emprise,
 With more guerdoun, if that thou lyve ;
 But all this tyme this I thee yeve.'

The God of Love, whanne al the day,
 Had¹ taught me, as ye have herd say,
 And enfourmed compendiously,
 He vanyside away alle sodeynly,
 And I alloone lefte alle soole,
 So fulle of compleynt and of doole,
 For I sawe no man there me by.
 My woundes me greved wondirly ;
 Me for to curen no thyng I knewe,
 Save the bothom bright of hewe,
 Wheron was sett hooly my thought ;
 Of other comfort knewe I nought.
 But it were thorough the God of Love,
 I knewe nat elles to my bihove
 That myght me ese or comforte gete,
 But if he wolde hym entermete.

The roser was, withoute doute,
 Closed with an hegge withoute,
 As ye toforne have herd me seyne
 And fast I bisiede, and wolde fayn

¹ The construction appears to be, 'When the God of Love had taught me,' &c.

Have passed the hay, if I myght
 Have geten ynne by ony slight
 Unto the bothom so faire to see.
 But evere I dradde blamed to be,
 If men wolde have suspeccioun
 That I wolde of entencioun
 Have stole the roses that there were;
 Therefore to entre I was in fere.
 But at the last, as I bithought
 Whether I sholde passe or nought,
 I sawe come with a glad chere
 To me, a lusty bachelere,
 Of good stature, and of good hight,
 And Bialacoil¹ forsothe he hight.
 Sone he was to Curtesie,
 And he me graunted fulle gladly,
 The passage of the outter hay,
 And seide:—‘Sir, how that yee may
 Passe, if youre wille be,
 The fresh roser for to see,
 And yee the swete savour fele.
 Yourre warrans may righte wele,²
 So thou thee kepe fro folye,
 Shalle no man do thee vylanye.
 If I may helpe you in ought,
 I shalle not feyne, dredeth nought;
 For I am bounde to youre servise,
 Fully devoide of feyntise.’
 Thanne unto Bialacoil saide I,
 ‘I thanke you, sir, full hertly,
 And youre biheest take at gre,
 That ye so goodly profer me;

¹ That is, *Bel-accueil*. It is by means of *Bel-accueil*, or a graceful address, that the first difficulty in approaching the lady is overcome.

² There is something omitted which is necessary to make sense of this passage. We ought perhaps to read:—‘Yourre warrans I may be righte wele.’ This is supported by the original:—‘Ge vous i puis bien garantir.’

To you it cometh of gret fraunchise,
That ye me profer youre servise.
Thanne aftir fulle delyverly,
Thorough the breres anoon wente I,
Wherof encombred was the hay.
I was wel plesed, and soth to say,
To se the bothom faire and swote,
So fresh sprange out of the rote.

And Bialacoil me served welle,
Whanne I so nygh me myght fele
Of the bothom the swete odour,
And so lusty hewed of colour.
But thanne a cherle (foule hym bityde!)
Biside the roses gan him hide,
To kepe the roses of that roser,
Of whom the name was Daunger.
This cherle was hid there in the greves,
Kovered with gras and with leves,
To spie and take whom that he fonde
Unto that roser putte an honde.
He was not soole, for ther was moo;
For with hym were other twoo
Of wikkid maners, and yvell fame.
That oon was clepid by his name,
Wykked-Tonge, God yeve hym sorwe!
For neither at eve ne at morwe,
He can of no man good speke;
On many a just man doth he wreke.
Ther was a womman eke, that hight
Shame, that, who can reken right,
Trespasse was hir fadir name,
Hir moder Resoun; and thus was Shame
Brought of these ilk twoo.
And yit hadde Trespasse never adoo
With Resoun, ne never ley hir bye,
He was so hidous and so oughlye,
I mene this that Trespasse hight;
But Resoun conceyveth, of a sight,

Shame, of that I spake aforne.
 And whanne that Shame was thus borne,
 It was ordeyned, that Chastite
 Shulde of the roser lady be,
 Which, of the bothoms more and lasse,
 With sondre folk assailed was,
 That she ne wist what to doo.
 For Venus hir assailith soo,
 That nyght and day from hir she stalle
 Bothoms and roses over alle.
 To Resoun thanne praieth Chastite,
 Whom Venus hath flemed over the see,
 That she hir doughter wolde hir lene,
 To kepe the roser fresh and grene.
 Anoon Resoun to Chastite
 Is fully assented that it be,
 And grauntide hir, at hir request,
 That Shame, bycause she is honest,
 Shalle keper of the roser be.
 And thus to kepe it ther were three,
 That noon shulde hardy be ne bolde,
 (Were he yong or were he olde)
 Ageyne hir wille away to bere
 Bothoms ne roses, that there were.
 I hadde wel spedde, hadde I not bene
 Awayted with these three, and sene.
 For Bialacoil, that was so faire,
 So gracious and debonaire,
 Quytt hym to me fulle curteislye,
 And me to plese bade that I
 Shulde drawe to the bothom nere;
 Prese in to touche the rosere
 Which bare the roses, he yaf me leve;
 This graunte ne myght but litel greve.
 And for he sawe it liked me,
 Ryght nygh the bothom pullede he
 A leef alle grene, and yaf me that,
 The whiche fulle nygh the bothom sat;

I made of that leef fulle queynte.
 And whanne I felte I was aqueynte
 With Bialacoil, and so pryve,
 I wende alle my wille hadde be,
 Thanne waxe I hardy for to telle
 To Bialacoil hou me bifelle,
 Of Love, that toke and wounded me;
 And seide: 'Sir, so mote I thee,
 I may no joye have in no wise,
 Uppon no side, but it rise;
 For sithe (if I shalle not feyne)
 In herte I have hadde so grete peyne,
 So gret annoy, and such affray,
 That I ne wote what I shalle say;
 I drede youre wrath to disserve.
 Lever me were, that knyves kerve
 My body shulde in pecys smalle,
 Than in any wise it shulde falle,
 That ye wratthed shulde ben with me.'
 'Sey boldely thi wille,' quod he,
 'I nyl be wroth, if that I may,
 For nought that thou shalt to me say.'

Thanne seide I, 'Sir, not you displese,
 To knowen of myn gret unese,
 In which oonly love hath me brought;
 For peynes gret, disese and thought,
 Fro day to day he doth me drye;
 Supposeth not, sir, that I lye.
 In me fyve woundes dide he make,
 The soore of whiche shalle nevere slake,
 But ye the bothom graunte me,
 Which is moost passaunt of beaute,
 My lyf, my deth, and my martire,
 And tresour that I moost desire.'
 Thanne Bialacoil, affrayed alle,
 Seyde, 'Sir, it may not falle;
 That ye desire it may not arise.
 What? wolde ye shende me in this wise?

A mochel foole thanne I were,
 If I suffride you away to bere
 The fresh bothom, so faire of sight.
 For it were neither skile ne right,
 Of the roser ye broke the rynde,
 Or take the rose aforne his kynde;
 Ye are not courteys to axe it.
 Late it stille on the roser sitt,
 And late it growe til it amended be,
 And perfytylly come to beaute.
 I nolde not that it pulled were,
 Fro the roser that it bere,
 To me it is so leef and deere.'

With that sterte oute anon Daungere,
 Out of the place where he was hidde.
 His malice in his chere was kidde;
 Fulle grete he was and blak of hewe,
 Sturdy, and hidous, who so hym knewe,
 Like sharp urchouns his here was growe,
 His eyes red sparkling as the fire glowe,¹
 His nose frounced fulle kirked stode,
 He come criande as he were woode,
 And seide, ' Bialacoil, telle me why
 Thou bryngest hider so booldly
 Hym that² so nygh the roser?
 Thou worchist in a wrong maner;
 He thenkith to dishonoure thee,
 Thou art wel worthy to have maugree,³
 To late hym of the roser wite;
 Who serveth a feloun is yvel quitte.
 Thou woldist have doon gret bounte,
 And he with shame wolde quyte thee.
 Fle hennes, felowe! I rede thee goo!
 It wanteth litel I wole thee sloo;

¹ This line is omitted in the MS. It is here supplied from Speght.

² This line appears to be corrupt. The pronoun *that* has no verb to agree with it. Perhaps we ought to read *than*.

³ *Maugre*, or *malgre*, is here a substantive, and means disfavour.

For Bialacoil ne knewe thee nought,
 Whanne thee to serve he sette his thought;
 For thou wolt shame hym if thou myght,
 Bothe ageyns resoun and right.
 I wole no more in thee affye,
 That comest so slyghtly for tespye;
 For it preveth wonder welle,
 Thy slight and tresoun every deelle.
 I durst no more there make abode,
 For the cherl he was so wode;
 So gan he threte and manace,
 And thurgh the haye he dide me chace.
 For feer of hym I tremblyde and quoke,
 So cherlishly his heed he shoke;
 And seide, if eft he myght me take,
 I shulde not from his hondis scape.

Thanne Bialacoil is fledde and mate,
 And I alle soole disconsolate,
 Was left aloone in peyne and thought,
 Fro shame to deth I was nygh brought.
 Thanne thought I on myn high foly,
 How that my bodie, utterly,
 Was yeve to peyne and to martire;
 And therto hadde I so gret ire,
 That I ne durst the hayes passe;
 There was noon hope, there was no grace.
 I trowe nevere man wiste of peyne,
 But he were laced in Loves cheyne;
 Ne no man, and sooth it is,
 But if he love, what anger is.
 Love holdith his heest to me right wele,
 Whanne peyne he seid I shulde fele.
 Noon herte may thenke, ne tunge seyne,
 A quarter of my woo and peyne.
 I myght not with the anger laste;
 Myn herte in poynt was for to braste,
 Whanne I thought on the rose, that soo
 Was thurgh Daunger cast me froo.

A longe while stode I in that state,
 Til that me saugh so madde and mate
 The lady of the high warde,
 Which from hir tour lokide thiderward.
 Resoun men clepe that lady,
 Which from hir tour delyverly
 Come doun to me without more.
 But she was neither yong, ne hoore,
 Ne high ne lowe, ne fatt ne lene,
 But best, as it were in a mene.¹
 Hir eyen twoo were cleer and light
 As ony candelle that brenneth bright;
 And on hir heed she hadde a crowne.
 Hir semede wel an high persoune;
 For rounde enviroun hir crownet
 Was fulle of riche stonys frett.
 Hir goodly semblaunt, by devys,
 I trowe were maad in Paradys;
 For nature hadde nevere such a grace,
 To forge a werk of such compace.
 For certeyn, but if the letter lye,
 God hym silf, that is so high,
 Made hir aftir his ymage,
 And yaff hir sith sich avauntage,
 That she hath myght and seignurie
 To kepe men from alle folye;
 Who so wole trowe hir lore,
 Ne may offenden nevermore.²

And while I stode thus derk and paie,
 Resoun bigan to me hir tale,
 She seide: ' Alhayle, my swete freende!
 Foly and childhoode wole thee sheende,
 Which thee have putt in gret affray;
 Thou hast bought deere the tyme of May,

¹ This description of Reason appears to be formed on the ancient philosophical maxim, *Ne quid nimis*.

² This passage seems to be an allusion to Prov. viii.

That made thyn herte mery to be.
 In yvelle tyme thou wentist to see
 The gardyne, wherof Ydilnesse
 Bare the keye, and was maistresse
 Whanne thou yedest in the daunce
 With hir, and hadde aqueyntaunce :
 Hir aqueyntaunce is perilous,
 First softe, and aftir noious ;
 She hath thee trasshed, withoute wene ;
 The God of Love hadde the not sene,
 Ne hadde Ydilnesse thee conveyed
 In the verger where Myrthe hym pleyed.¹
 If Foly have supprised thee,
 Do so that it recovered be ;
 And be wel ware to take nomore
 Counsel, that greveth aftir sore ;
 He is wise that wole hymself chastise.
 And though a yong man in ony wise
 Trespace amonge, and do foly,
 Late hym not tarye, but hastily
 Late hym amende what so be mys.
 And eke I counseile thee, iwys,
 The God of Love hoolly foryete,
 That hath thee in sich peyne sette,
 And thee in herte tormented soo.
 I can not sene how thow maist goo
 Other weyes thee² to garisoun ;
 For Daunger, that is so feloun,
 Felly purposith thee to werye,
 Which is ful cruel, the soth to seye.
 ‘And yitt of Daunger cometh no blame,
 In rewarde³ of my doughter Shame,

¹ That is, ‘The God of Love would not have seen thee, had not Idleness conveyed thee into the *verger*, or orchard, where Mirth was playing.’

² This word, omitted in the MS., is supplied from Speght.

³ *Reward* and *regard* were originally the same words, *w* and *g* being convertible. Reason says that of Danger comes no blame in comparison of that which comes of Shame.

Which hath the roses in hir warde,
 As she that may be no musarde.
 And Wikked-Tunge is with these two,
 That suffrith no man thider goo;
 For er a thing be do he shalle,
 Where that he cometh, over alle,
 In fourty places, if it be sought,
 Seye thyng that nevere was don ne wrought;
 So moche tresoun is in his male,
 Of falsnesse for to feyne¹ a tale.
 Thou delest with angry folk, ywis;
 Wherfor to thee bettir is,
 From these folk away to fare,
 For they wole make thee lyve in care.
 This is the yvelle that love they calle,
 Wherynne ther is but foly alle,
 For love is foly everydelle;
 Who loveth, in no wise may do welle,
 Ne sett his thought on no good werk.
 His scole he lesith, if he be a clerk;
 Or other craft eke, if he be,
 He shal not thryve therynne; for he
 In love shal have more passioun,²
 Than monke, hermyte, or chanoun.
 This peyne is hard out of mesure,
 The joye may eke no while endure;
 And in the possessioun,
 Is mych tribulacion;
 The joye is so short lastyng,
 And but in happe is the getyng;
 For I see there many in travaille,
 That atte laste foule fayle.
 I was no thyng thy counseler,
 Whanne thou were maad the homager

¹ The MS. reads *seyne*, which is probably a mistake. *Feyne* is Speght's reading.

² *Passion* here seems to mean *suffering*.

Of God of Love to hastily ;
 Ther was no wisdom but foly.
 Thyne herte was joly, but not sage,
 Whanne thou were brought in sich a rage,
 To yelde thee so readily,
 And to Love of his gret maistrie.

‘I rede thee Love away to dryve,
 That makith thee recche not of thi lyve.
 The foly more fro day to day
 Shal growe, but thou it putte away.
 Take with thy teeth the bridel faste,¹
 To daunte thyne herte; and eke thee caste,
 If that thou maist, to gete thee defence
 For to redresse thi first offence.
 Who so his herte alwey wole leve,
 Shal fynde amonge that shal hym greve.’

Whanne I hir herd thus me chastise,
 I answerd in ful angry wise.
 I prayed hir cessen of hire speche,
 Outher to chastise me or teche,
 To bidde me my thought refreyne,
 Which Love hath caught in his demeyne:—
 ‘What? wene ye Love wole consente,
 That me assailith with bowe bente,
 To drawe myne herte out of his honde,
 Which is so qwikly in his bonde?
 That ye counsele, may nevere be;
 For whanne he firste arestide me,
 He took myne herte so hoole hym till,
 That it is no thyng at my wille;
 He tought² it so hym for to obey,
 That he it sparrede with a key.
 I pray yow late me be alle stille,
 For ye may welle, if that ye wille,

¹ A metaphor from the habit which runaway horses have, of taking the bit in their teeth.

² The MS. reads *thought*, *Speght thought*, as in the text. The latter is probably a form of the past tense, as from *werche*, wrought, *seche*, sought, *teche*, taught.

Youre wordis waste in idilnesse;
 For utterly withouten gesse,
 Alle that ye seyn is but in veyne.
 Me were lever dye in the peyne,¹
 Than Love to me-ward shulde arette
 Falsheed, or tresoun on me sette.
 I wole me gete prys or blame,
 And love trewe to save my name;
 Who that me chastisith, I hym hate.'

With that word Resoun wente hir gate,
 Whanne she saugh for no sermonyng
 She myght me fro my foly bryng.
 Thanne dismaied, I, lefte alle sool,
 Forwery, forwandred as a fool,
 For I ne knewe no chersaunce,
 Thanne felle into my remembraunce,
 How Love bade me to purveye
 A felowe, to whom I myght seye
 My counselle and my pryvete,
 For that shulde moche availe me.
 With that bithought I me, that I
 Hadde a felowe fast by,
 Trewe and siker, curteys, and hende,
 And he was called by name a freende;
 A trewer felowe was no wher noon.
 In haste to hym I wente anoon,
 And to hym alle my woo I tolde,
 Fro hym right nought I wold witholde.
 I tolde hym alle withoute were,
 And made my compleynt on Daungere.
 How for to see he was hidous,
 And to me ward contrarious;
 The which thurgh his cruelte,
 Was in poynt to have meygned² me;
 With Bialacoil whanne he me sey
 Withynne the gardeyn walke and pley,

¹ See vol. v. p. 41, note 2.

² Speght reads *meimed*, maimed or wounded.

Fro me he had hym for to goo,
 And I bilefte aloone in woo;
 I durst no lenger with hym speke,
 For Daunger seid he wolde be wreke,
 Whanne that he sawe how I wente,
 The fresh bothom for to hente,
 If I were hardy to come neer,
 Bitwene the hay and the roser.

This freend whanne he wiste of my thought,
 He discomforted me right nought,
 But seide, 'Felow, be not so madde,
 Ne so abaysshed nor bystadde.
 My silf I knowe fulle welle Daungere,
 And how he is feers of his cheere,
 At prime temps, Love to manace;
 Ful ofte I have ben in his caas.
 A feloun firste though that he be,
 Aftir thou shalt hym souple se.
 Of longe passed I knewe hym welle;
 Ungoodly first though men hym feele,
 He wole make¹ aftir in his beryng
 Been, for service and obeysyng.
 I shal thee telle what thou shalt doo:—
 Mekely I rede thou go hym to,
 Of herte pray hym specialy
 Of thy trespase to have mercy,
 And hote hym welle, here to plesse,
 That thou shalt nevermore hym displese.
 Who can best serve of flaterie,
 Shalle plesse Daunger most uttirly.'

My freend hath seid to me so wel,
 That he me esid hath somdelle,
 And eke allegged of my torment;
 For thurgh hym had I hardement
 Agayn to Daunger for to go,
 To preve if I myght meke hym soo.

¹ The construction is:—'He will afterwards be meek [make] in his bearing.'

To Daunger came I alle ashamed,
 The which aforne me hadde blamed,
 Desiryng for to pese my woo ;
 But over hegge durst I not goo,
 For he forbede me the passage.
 I fonde hym cruel in his rage,
 And in his honde a gret burdoun.
 To hym I knelide lowe adoun,
 Ful meke of port, and symple of chere,
 And seide, ' Sir, I am comen heere
 Oonly to aske of you mercy.
 It greveth me fulle gretly
 That evere my lyf I wratthed you,
 But for to amenden I am come now ;
 With alle my myght, bothe loude and stille,
 To doon right at youre owne wille ;
 For Love made me for to doo
 That I have trespassed hidirto ;
 Fro whom I ne may withdrawe myne herte .
 Yit shalle I never, for joy ne smerte,
 What so bifalle good or ille,
 Offende more ageyn youre wille.
 Lever I have endure disese,
 Than do that you shulde displese.
 I you require, and pray that ye
 Of me have mercy and pitee,
 To stynte your ire that greveth soo,
 That I wole swere for evermo
 To be redressid at youre likyng,
 If I trespasse in ony thyng ;
 Save that, I pray thee, graunte me
 A thyng that may nat warned be ;
 That I may love alle oonly,
 Noon other thyng of you aske I.
 I shalle doon, iwys,¹
 If of youre grace ye graunte me this.

¹ The original ' Toutes vos autres volontés Feraï,' leads us to suppose that we ought to read :—' I shal doon al your wil, iwys.'

And ye may not letten me,
 For wel wot ye that love is free,
 And I shalle loven sichen that I wille,
 Who evere like it welle or ille;
 And yit ne wold I for alle Fraunce
 Doe thyng to do you displesaunce.'

Thanne Daunger fille in his entent
 For to foryeve his maletalent;
 But alle his wratthe yit at laste
 He hath relesed, I preyde so faste:
 'Shortly,' he seide, 'thy request
 Is not too mochel dishonest;
 Ne I wole not werne it thee,
 For yit no thyng engreveth mee.
 For though thou love thus evermore,
 To me is neither softne ne sore.
 Love where that thee list; what recchith me,
 So thou¹ fer fro my roses be?
 Trust not on me for noon assay,
 In ony tyme to passe the hay.'
 Thus hath he graunted my praiere.

Thanne wente I forth withouten were
 Unto my freend, and tolde hym alle,
 Which was right joyfulle of my talle.
 He seide, 'Now goth wel thyn affere,
 He shalle to thee be debonaire.
 Though he aforne was dispitous,
 He shalle heereaftir be gracious.
 If he were touchid on somme good veyne,²
 He shuld yit rewen on thi peyne.

¹ *Thou* is omitted in the MS. and in Speght; it is here supplied from conjecture, as necessary to the sense, and supported by the original:—

— 'mes que tu soies
 Loing de mes roses toutesvoies.

² This is a literal translation from the original:—

'S'il iere pris en bonne veine.

It appears to be a metaphor taken from surgery.

Suffre, I rede, and no boost make,
 Tille thou at goodnes¹ maist hym take.
 By suffraunce, and by wordis softe,
 A man may overcome ofte
 Hym that aforne he hadde in drede,
 In bookis sothly as I rede.'

Thus hath my freend with gret comfort
 Avaunced me with high disport,
 Which wolde me good as mych as I.
 And thanne anon fulle sodeynly
 I toke my leve, and streight I wente
 Unto the hay; for gret talent
 I hadde to sene the fresh bothom,
 Wherynne lay my salvacioun;
 And Daunger toke kepe, if that I
 Kepe hym covenauant trewly.
 So sore I dradde his manasyng,
 I durst not breke his bidyng;
 For lest that I were of hym shent,
 I brake not his comaundement,
 For to purchase his good wille.
 It was for to come ther tille,²
 His mercy was to ferre bihynde;
 I wepte, for I ne myght it fynde.
 I compleyned and sighed sore,
 And langwisshed evermore,
 For I durst not over goo
 Unto the rose I loved soo,

¹ The MS. reads *good mes*, a mere clerical error. *Goodnes* is taken from Speght, and is supported by the original:—

'Or devés soffrir et atendre
 Tant qu'en *bon point* le puissies prendre.'

² This passage appears to be corrupt. The original is—

'Mes ce me torne à grant contraire
 Que sa merci trop me demore.'

The true reading is probably—

It was *fer* to come thertille.

O and e are scarcely distinguishable in MSS.

Thurghout my demyng outerly,
 That he had knowlege certeynly,
 Thanne¹ Love me ladde in sich a wise,
 That in me ther was no feyntise,
 Falsheed, ne no trecherie.

And yit he, fulle of vylanye,
 Of disdeyne, and cruelte,
 On me ne wolde have pite,
 His cruel wille for to refreyne,
 Tho I wepe alwey, and me compleyne.

And while I was in this torment,
 Were come of grace, by God sent,
 Fraunchise, and with hir Pite,
 Fulfild the bothom of bounte.²

They go to Daunger anoon right
 To forther me with alle her myght,
 And helpe in worde and in dede,
 For welle they saugh that it was nede.
 First of hir grace dame Fraunchise
 Hath taken of this emprise :

She seide, ' Daunger, gret wrong ye do
 To worche this man so mych woo,
 Or pynen hym so angerly,
 It is to you gret villanye.
 I can not see why ne how
 That he hath trespassed ageyn you,
 Save that he loveth ; wherfore ye shulde
 The more in cherete of hym holde.
 The force of love makith hym do this ;
 Who wolde hym blame he dide amys ?

¹ *Thanne* appears to be a mistake for *that*. The original is—

' Tant fis qu'il a certainement
 Veü à mon contentement,
 Qu' Amor malement me justise,
 Et qu'il n'i a point de faintise
 En moi, ni de desloiauté.'

² This line is obscure, and probably corrupt. The original throws no light upon it:—

' N'i ot oncques plus respitié.'

He leseth more than ye may do ;
 His peyne is harde, ye may see, lo !
 And Love in no wise wolde consente
 That he¹ have power to repente ;
 For though that quyk ye wolde hym sloo,
 Fro Love his herte may not goo.
 Now, swete sir, is it² youre ese
 Hym for to angre or disese ?
 Allas, what may it you avaunce
 To done to hym so gret grevaunce ?
 What worship is it agayn hym take,
 Or on youre man a werre make,³
 Sith he so lowly every wise
 Is redy, as ye lust devise ?
 If Love hath caught hym in his lace,
 You for to beye in every caas,
 And ben youre suget at your wille,
 Shulde ye therfore willen hym ille ?
 Ye shulde hym spare more alle oute,
 Than hym that is bothe proude and stoute.
 Curtesie wole that ye socour
 Hem that ben meke undir youre cure.
 His herte is hard that wole not meke,
 Whanne men of mekenesse hym biseke.⁴
 ‘That is certeyn,’ seide Pite ;
 ‘We se ofte that humilite,
 Bothe ire, and also felonye
 Venquyssheth, and also melencolye ;

¹ The MS. reads *ye*; but *he* is necessary for the sense, and is supported by the original:—

‘ Plus i pert-il que vous ne faites,
 Qu’il en a maintes poines traïtes ;
 Més Amor ne veut consentir
 Que il s’en puisse repentir.’

² The MS. reads *it is*; but *is it* is evidently the true reading. Unfortunately, there is nothing in the original answering to this couplet, to serve as a guide.

³ That is, ‘What honour is it to you to take part against him, or to make war on your own vassal?’

To stonde forth in such duresse
 Is¹ cruelte and wikkednesse.
 Wherefore I pray you, sir Daungere,
 For to mayntene no lenger heere
 Such cruel werre agayn youre man,
 As hooly youres as ever he² can ;
 Nor that ye worchen no more woo
 Upon this caytif that langwisshith soo,
 Which wole no more to you trespasse,
 But putte hym hooly in youre grace.
 His offense ne was but lite ;
 The God of Love it was to wite,³
 That he youre thralle so gretly is,
 And if ye harme hym, ye done amys ;
 For he hath hadde fulle hard pennaunce,
 Sith that ye refte hym thaqueyntaunce
 Of Bialacoil, his most joye,
 Which alle hise peynes myght acoye.
 He was biforn anoyed sore,
 But thanne ye doubled hym welle more ;
 For he of blis hath ben fulle bare,
 Sith Bialacoil was fro hym fare.
 Love hath to hym gret distresse,
 He hath no nede of more duresse.
 Voideth from hym your ire, I rede ;
 Ye may not wynnen in this dede.
 Makith Bialacoil repeire ageyn,
 And haveth pite upon his peyne ;
 For Fraunchise wole, and I Pite,
 That mercyful to hym ye be ;
 And sith that she and I accorde,
 Have upon hym misericorde ;

¹ The MS. reads *this*, which is nonsense. *Is* is required by the context, and is supported by the original:—

‘ Et quand trop dure l’engrestié,
 C’est felonnie et mavestié.’

² The MS. reads *ye*, which is evidently a mere clerical error.

³ That is, ‘ It was proper to blame the God of Love for it.’

For I you pray, and eke moneste,
 Nought to refusen oure requeste ;
 For he is hard and felle of thought,
 That for us twoo wole do right nought.'

Daunger ne myght no more endure,
 He mekede hym unto mesure.

'I wole in no wise,' seith Daungere,
 'Denye that ye have asked heere ;
 It were to gret uncurtesie.
 I wole ye have the companye
 Of Bialacoil, as ye devise ;
 I wole hym lette in no wise.'

To Bialacoil thanne wente in high
 Fraunchise, and seide fulle curteislye:—

'Ye have to longe be deignous
 Unto this lover, and daungerous,¹
 Fro him to withdrawe your presence,
 Which hath do to him grete offence,
 That ye not wolde upon him see ;
 Wherefore a sorweful man is he.
 Shape ye to paye him, and to plesse,
 Of my love if ye wolle have ese.
 Fulfille his wille, sith that ye knowe
 Daunger is daunted and broughte lowe
 Thurgh help of me and of Pite ;
 You dare no more aferde be.'

'I shalle do right as ye wille,'
 Saith Bialacoil, 'for it is skille,
 Sith Daunger wol that it so be.'
 Than Fraunchise hath hym sente to me.

Bialacoil at the bigynnyng
 Salued me in his comyng.
 No straungenesse was in him sene,
 No more than he hadde wrathed bene.
 As faire semblaunt thanne shewed he me,
 And goodly, as aforne didde he ;

¹ Here two leaves of the MS. are lost, and the text is taken from Speght.

And by the honde, without doute,
 Withynne the hay right alle aboute,
 He ladde me, with right good chere,
 Alle envircoun the vergere,
 That Daunger had me chased fro.
 Now have I leve over alle to goo;
 Now am I raised, at my devys,
 Fro helle unto paradys.
 Thus Bialacoil of gentilnesse
 With alle his peyne and besinesse,
 Hath shewed me oonly of grace
 The estres of the swote place.
 I saw the rose whanne I was nigh,
 Was greater woxen, and more high,
 Fressh, rody, and faire of hewe,
 Of colour ever ilyche newe.
 And whanne I hadde it longe sene,
 I saugh that thurgh the leves grene
 The rose spredde to spannishyng;¹
 To sene it was a goodly thyng.
 But it ne was so sprede on brede,
 That men withynne myght knowe the sede;
 For it coverte was and close
 Bothe with the leves and with the rose.
 The stalk was evene and grene upright,
 It was theron a goodly sight;
 And wel the bettre, without wene,
 For the sede was not sene.
 Ful faire it spradde, the god of blesse,²
 For sych another, as I gesse,
 Aforne was, ne more vermeyle.
 I was abawed for merveile,
 For evere the fairer that it was,
 The more I am bounden in Loves laas.

¹ This is a word of French origin, being derived from *espanissant*, expanding; the modern English word goes back to the original Latin, *expando*.

² Perhaps we ought to read, 'May God it blesse.' The original is 'Dieu la benéie.'

Longe I abode there, soth to seye,
 Til Bialacoil I gan to preye,
 Whanne that I saugh hym in no wise
 To me wernen his servise,
 That he me wolde graunte a thyng,
 Which to remembre is wel fytyng;
 This is to seyn, that of his grace
 He wolde me yeve leisure and space
 To me that was so desirous
 To have a kysyng precious
 Of the goodly fresh rose,
 That so swetely smellith in my nose;
 'For if it you displeasid nought,
 I wole gladly, as I have sought,
 Have a kis therof freely
 Of youre yeft; for certeynely
 I wole none have but by your leve,
 So loth me were you for to greve.'
 He seide, 'Freend, so God me spede,
 Of Chastite I have sich drede,
 Thou sholdest not werned be for me,
 But I dare not for Chastite.
 Ageyn hir dare I not mysdo,
 For alwey biddith she me soo
 To yeve no lover leve to kisse;
 For who therto may wynnen, ywysse,
 He of the surplus of the prey
 May lyve in hope to gette som day.
 For who so kysyng may atteyne,
 Of loves peyne hath, soth to seyne,
 The beste and moste avenaunt,
 And ernest of the remenaunt.'

Of his answer I sighed sore;
 I durst assaye hym tho no more,
 I hadde sich drede to greve hym ay.
 A man shulde not to moche assaye
 To chafe his freend out of mesure,
 Nor put his lyf in aventure;

For no man at the firste stroke
 Ne may not felle doun an oke;
 Nor of the reisis have the wyne,
 Til grapes be¹ ripe and welle afyne,
 Be sore empressid, I you ensure,
 And drawen out of the pressure.
 But I forpeyned wonder stronge,
 Though that I aboode right longe
 Aftir the kis, in peyne and woo,
 Sith I to kis desired soo:
 Tille that, rewyng on my distresse,
 Ther come Venus the goddesse,
 Which ay werieth Chastite,
 Came of hir grace to soccoure me,
 Whos myght is knowe ferre and wide,
 For she is modir of Cupide,
 The God of Love, blynde as stoon,
 That helpith lovers many oon.
 This lady brought in hir right honde
 Of brennyng fyre a blasyng bronde;
 Wherof the flawme and hote fire
 Hath many a lady in desire
 Of love brought, and sore hette,
 And in hir servise her herte ysette.²
 This lady was of good entaile,³
 Right wondirfulle of apparayle;

¹ *De* is here redundant, and spoils the sense. The original is—

‘ Vous savés bien qu’au premier cop
 Ne cope-l’en mie le chesne;
 Ne l’en n’a pas le vin de l’esne,
 Tant que li pressoirs sont estrois.’

The meaning of the passage is, ‘ We cannot have the wine until the grapes be ripe, and finally (afyne) well and sore pressed, and drawn out of the pressure.’ To this pressure of the grapes is compared the tribulation of the lover. At this line the MS. resumes.

² The MS. reads *is sette*, which is evidently a mistake for *ysette*. The original is—

‘ Ele tint un brandon flammant
 En sa main destre, dont la flame
 A eschauffé mainte dame.’

³ D’une belle taille, of a fine figure.

By hir attyre so bright and shene,
 Men myght perceyve welle, and sene,
 She was not of religioun.¹
 Nor I nelle make mencion
 Nor of robe, nor of tresour,
 Of broche, neithir of hir riche attour;²
 Ne of hir girdille aboute hir side,
 For that I nylle not long abide.
 But knowith wel, that certeynly
 She was araied richely.
 Devoyde of pruyde certeyn she was;
 To Bialacoil she wente apas,
 And to hym shortly in a clause
 She seide: 'Sir, what is the cause
 Ye ben of port so daungerous
 Unto this lover, and deynous,
 To graunte hym no thyng but a kisse?
 To worne it hym ye done amysse,
 Sith welle ye wote, how that he
 Is Loves servaunt, as ye may see,
 And hath beaute, wherthrough he is
 Worthy of love to have the blis.
 How he is semely biholde and see,
 How he is faire, how he is free,
 How he is swoote and debonaire,
 Of age yonge, lusty, and faire.
 There is no lady so hawteyne,
 Duchesse, countesse, ne chasteleyne,
 That I nolde holde hir ungoodly,
 For to refuse hym outterly.
 His breth is also good and swete,
 And eke his lippis rody, and mete
 Oonly to pleyne, and to kisse.
 Graunte hym a kis, of gentilnyssé!
 His teth arn also white and clene;
 Me thenkith wrong withouten wene,

¹ That is, 'That she did not belong to a religious order.'

² The original is *ator*, which M. Méon explains *parures*, attire.

If ye now worne hym, trustith me,
 To graunte that a kis have he.
 The lasse ye helpe hym that ye haste,
 And the more tyme shul ye waste.¹
 Whanne the flawme of the verry bronde
 That Venus brought in hir right honde,
 Hadde Bialacoil with hete smete,
 Anoon he badde me, withouten lette,
 Grauntede to me the rose kisse.
 Thanne of my peyne I gan to lysesse,
 And to the rose anoon wente I,
 And kisside it fulle feithfully.
 Thar no man aske if I was blithe;²
 Whanne the savour soft and lythe
 Stroke to myn herte withoute more,
 And me alegged of my sore,
 So was I fulle of joye and blisse.
 It is faire sich a flour to kisse,
 It was so swoote and saverous.
 I myght not be so angwisshous,
 That I mote glad and joly be,
 Whanne that I remembre me.
 Yit ever among, sothly to seyne,
 I suffre noye and moche peyne.

The see may never be so stille,
 That with a litel wynde it wille
 Overwhelme and turne also,
 As it were woode, in wawis goo.
 Aftir the calme the trouble soun
 Mote folowe, and change as the moone.

¹ As the couplet stands, it is unintelligible. Perhaps we ought to read—

‘The lasse to helpe hym that ye haste
 The more tyme shul ye waste.’

This conjecture is supported by the original:—

‘Car tant cum vous plus atendrez
 Tant plus sachés de tens perdrez.’

² That is, ‘No man need [thar] ask,’ &c.

Right so farith Love, that selde¹ in oon
 Holdith his anker; for right anoon
 Whanne they in ese wene beste to lyve,
 They ben with tempest alle fordryve.
 Who serveth Love, can telle of woo,
 The stoundemele joie mote overgoo.
 Now he hurteth, and now he cureth,
 For selde² in oo poynt Love endureth.

Now is it right me to procede,
 How Shame gan medle and take hede,
 Thurgh whom felle angres I have hadde;
 And how the strong walle was maad,
 And the castelle of brede and lengthe,
 That God of Love wanne with his strengthe.
 Alle this in romance³ wille I sette,
 And for no thyng ne wille I lette,
 So that it lykyng to hir be,
 That is the flour of beaute;
 For she may best my labour quyte,
 That I for hir love shal endite.

Wikkid-Tunge,⁴ that the covyne
 Of every lover can devyne
 Worste, and addith more somdelle,
 For Wikkid-Tunge seith never welle,
 To me ward bare he right gret hate,
 Espiying me erly and late,
 Tille he hath sene the gret chere
 Of Bialacoil and me ifere.

¹ The MS. reads *yelde*, which is evidently a mistake for *selde*, Speght's reading.

² This passage appears to be imitated in *The Knightes Tale*.—See vol. i. p. 137.

³ *Romance* in the original is *l'estoire*. *Romance* originally denoted the language in which the work was written; and as the earliest compositions in the corrupt Roman, or French, were metrical histories, it was at first appropriated to them; until at length, when these histories were exchanged for works of extravagant fiction, it came to be applied exclusively to this species of composition.—See vol. v. p. 58, note 3.

⁴ In the original *Wikkid-Tunge* is *Male-Bouche*.

He myght not his tunge withstonde
 Worse to report than he fonde,
 He was so fulle of cursed rage;
 It satte hym welle of his lynage,
 For hym an irish¹ womman bare.
 His tunge was fyled sharpe, and square,
 Poignaunt and right kervyng,
 And wonder bitter in spekyng.
 For whanne that he me gan espie,
 He swoore, affermyng sikirlye,
 Bitwene Bialacoil and me
 Was yvel aquayntaunce and prive.
 He spak therof so folilye,
 That he awakide Jelousye;
 Which alle afrayed in his risyng,
 Whanne that he herd janglyng,
 He ran anon as he were woode
 To Bialacoil there that he stode;
 Which hadde lever in this caas
 Have ben at Reynes or Amyas;²
 For foot-hoot in his felonye,
 To hym thus seide Jelousie:—
 ‘Why hast thou ben so negligent,
 To kepen, whanne I was absent,
 This verger heere left in thi warde?
 To me thou haddist no rewarde,
 To truste (to thy confusioun)
 Hym this, to whom suspeccioun
 I have right gret, for it is nede;
 It is welle shewed by the dede.
 Grete faute in thee now have I founde;
 By God, anon thou shalt be bounde,

¹ *Irish* does not here denote the lady's nation, but her disposition, as being given to *ire*. The original is—

‘Qu'il fu filz d'une vielle *irese*.’

² In the original *Estampes* and *Meaux* are the places specified:—

‘Ele court comme desvée
 Vers Bel-Acueil, qui vosist miaus
 Estre à Estampes, ou à Miaus.’

And fast loken in a tour,
 Withoute refuyt or socour.
 For Shame to longe hath be thee froo ;
 Over soone she was agoo.
 Whanne thou hast lost bothe drede and feere,
 It semed wel she was not heere.
 She was bisy in no wyse,
 To kepe thee and chastise,
 And for to helpen Chastite
 To kepe the roser, as thenkith me.
 For thanne this boy knave so boldely,
 Ne sholde not have be hardy
 In this verge hadde such game,
 Which now me turneth to gret shame.'

Bialacoil nyst what to sey ;
 Fulle fayn he wolde have fled away,
 For feere han hidde, nere that he
 Alle sodeynly toke¹ hym with me.
 And whanne I saugh he hadde soo,
 This Jelousie take us twoo,
 I was astoned, and knewe no rede,
 But fledde away for verrey drede.

Thanne Shame cam forth fulle symply ;
 She wente have trespaced fulle gretly ;
 Humble of hir port, and made it symple,
 Weryng a vayle in stide of wymple,
 As nonnys don in her abbey.
 Bycause hir herte was in affray,
 She gan to speke withynne a throwe
 To Jelousie, right wonder lowe.
 First of his grace she bysoughte,
 And seide :—' Sire, ne leveth noughte
 Wikkid-Tunge, that fals espie,
 Which is so glad to feyne and lye.
 He hath you maad, thurgh flateryng,
 On Bialacoil a fals lesyng.

His falsnesse is not now anewe,
 It is to long that he hym knewe.
 This is not the first day;
 For Wikkid-Tunge hath custome ay,
 Yonge folkis to bewreye,
 And fals lesynges on hem lye.
 Yit nevertheles I see amonge,
 That the loigne¹ it is so longe
 Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure,
 In Loves servyse for to endure,
 Drawyng such folk hym too,
 That he had no thyng with to doo;
 But in sothnesse I trowe nought,
 That Bialacoil hadde ever in thought
 To do trespase or vylonye;
 But for² his modir Curtesie
 Hath taught hym ever to be
 Good of aqueyntaunce and pryve,
 For he loveth noon hevynesse,
 But mirthe and pley, and alle gladnesse,
 He hateth alle trechours,³
 Soleyn folk and envyous;
 For ye witen how that he
 Wole ever glad and joyfulle be
 Honestly with folk to pleye.
 I have be negligent in good feye
 To chastise him; therfore now I
 Of herte crye you heere mercy,
 That I have been so recheles
 To tamen hym, withouten lees.
 Of my foly I me repente;
 Now wole I hoole sette myn entente

¹ Speght reads *soigne*, which is nonsense. *Loigne* means, literally, *line*, or tether; metaphorically, liberty. The original is—

‘ Sans faille ce n'est pas mençonge,
 Bel-Acueil a trop longue *longe*.’

² *For* here means ‘because.’

³ *Trecherous* is probably the true reading.

To kepe bothe lowe and stille,
 Bialacoil to do youre wille.
 'Shame, Shame,' seyde Jelousie,
 'To be bytrashed gret drede have I.
 Leccherie hath clombe so hye,
 That almost blered is myn yhe;
 No wonder is, if that drede have I.
 Over alle regnyth Lecchery,
 Whos myght growith nyght and day.
 Bothe in cloistre and in abbey,
 Chastite is werried over alle.¹
 Therefore I wole with siker walle
 Close bothe roses and roser.
 I have to longe in this maner
 Left hem unclosid wilfully;
 Wherefore I am right inwardly
 Sorowfulle and repente me.
 But now they shalle no lenger be
 Unclosid; and yit I drede sore,
 I shalle repente ferthermore,
 For the game goth alle amys.
 Counselle I must newe, ywys.
 I have to longe trusted thee,
 But now it shal no lenger be;
 For he may best, in every cost,
 Disceyve that men tristen most.
 I see wel that I am nygh shent,
 But if I sette my fulle entent
 Remedye to purveye.
 Therefore close I shalle the weye,
 From hem that wole the rose espye,
 And come to wayte me vilonye,²

¹ This is one of the reflections on the state of ecclesiastical institutions which accounts for the hostility of the clergy to this poem.

² That is, 'From those who come to lie in wait to do me a shame.'
The original is—

' Certes ge lor clorrai la voie
 A ceux qui, por moi *conchier*,
 Vicnnent mes roses espier.'

For, in good feith and in trouthe,
 I wole not lette for no slouthe,
 To lyve the more in sikirnesse,
 Do make anoon a fortresse,¹
 Thanne close the roses of good savour.
 In myddis shalle I make a tour
 To putte Bialacoil in prisoun,
 For evere I drede me of tresoun.
 I trowe I shal hym kepe so,
 That he shal have no myght to goo
 Aboute to make companye
 To hem that thenke of vylanye;
 Ne to no such as hath ben heere
 Aforne, and founde in hym good chere,
 Which han assailed hym to shende,
 And with her trowandyse to blynde.
 A foole is eyth to bigyle,
 But may I lyve a litel while,
 He shal forthenke his fair semblaunt.'

And with that word came Drede avaunt,
 Which was abashed, and in gret fere,
 Whanne he wiste Jelousie was there.
 He was for drede in such affray,
 That not a word durst he say,
 But quakyng stode fulle stille aloone,
 Til Jelousie his weye was gone,
 Save² Shame, that him not forsoke;
 Bothe Drede and she ful sore quoke.
 That at last Drede abreyde,
 And to his cosyn Shame seyde:
 'Shame,' he seide, 'in sothfastnesse,
 To me it is gret hevynesse,
 That the noyse so ferre is go,
 And the sclaudre of us twoo.

¹ The construction is, 'In order to live in greater security, I will not, for any sloth, delay [lete] to cause a fortress to be made.' The next line appears to be corrupt.

² *Save* refers to *alone* in the line next but one before.

But sith that it is byfalle,
 We may it not ageyn calle,
 Whanne onys sprongen is a fame.
 For many a yeer withouten blame
 We han ben, and many a day,
 For many an Aprille and many a May
 We han passed, not ashamed,
 Tille Jelousie hath us blamed
 Of mystrust and suspeciou
 Causeles, withoute enchesoun.
 Go we to Daunger hastily,
 And late us shewe hym openly,
 That he hath not aright wrought,
 Whanne that he sette nought his thought
 To kepe better the purprise;
 In his doying he is not wise.
 He hath to us do gret wronge,
 That hath suffred now so longe
 Bialacoil to have his wille,
 Alle his lustes to fulfile.
 He must amende it utterly,
 Or ellys shalle he vilaynesly
 Exiled be out of this londe;
 For he the werre may not withstonde
 Of Jelousie, nor the greef,
 Sith Bialacoil is at myscheef.'

To Daunger, Shame, and Drede anoon
 The right weye ben goon.
 The cherle¹ thei founden hem afor
 Liggyng undir an hawethorn.
 Undir his heed no pilowe was,
 But in the stede a trusse of gras.
 He slombred, and a nappe he toke,
 Tylle Shame pitously hym shoke,
 And grete manace on hym gan make.
 'Why slepist thou whanne thou shulde wake?'

Quod Shame; 'thou doist us vylanye!
 Who tristith thee, he doth folye,
 To kepe roses or bothoms,
 Whanne thei ben faire in her sesouns.
 Thou art woxe to familiere
 Where thou shulde be straunge of chere,
 Stoute of thi porte, redy to greve.
 Thou doist gret folye for to leve
 Bialacoil hereinne to calle
 The yonder man to shenden us alle.
 Though that thou slepe, we may here
 Of Jelousie gret noyse heer.
 Art thou now late? rise up an high,
 And stoppe sone and delyverly
 Alle the gappis of the hay;
 Do no favour I thee pray.
 It fallith no thyng to thy name,
 To make faire semblaunt, where thou maist blame.
 'If Bialacoil be sweete and free,
 Dogged and felle thou shuldist be;
 Froward and outerageous, ywis;
 A cherl chaungeth that curteis is.
 This have I herd ofte in seiying,
 That man may for no dauntying
 Make a sperhauke of a bosarde.¹
 Alle men wole holde thee for musarde,
 That debonair have founden thee,
 It sittith thee nought curteis to be;
 To do men plesaunce or servise,
 In thee it is recreaundise.
 Lete thi werkis fer and nere
 Be like thi name, which is Daungere.'

¹ The proverb is still in use in France:—'On ne saurait faire d'une buse un epervier.' The buzzard is a lazy, cowardly hawk, feeding on vermin, and utterly unfit for falconry; the epervier, or sparrow-hawk, on the contrary, is the most fierce and courageous, for its size, of all the hawks, and was highly esteemed. The corresponding proverb in English is not so refined:—'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.'

Thanne alle abawid in shewing,
 Anoon spake Drede, right thus sei yng,
 And seide, 'Daunger, I drede me,
 That thou ne volt bisy be
 To kepe that thou hast to kepe;
 Whanne thou shuldist wake, thou art aslepe.
 Thou shalt be greyed certeynly,
 If the asprie Jelousie,
 Or if he fynde thee in blame.
 He hath to day assailed Shame,
 And chased away, with gret manace,
 Bialacoil oute of this place,
 And swereth shortly that he shalle
 Enclose hym in a sturdy walle;
 And alle is for thi wikkednesse,
 For that thee faileth straungenesse.
 Thyne herte I trowe be failed alle;
 Thou shalt repente in speciale,
 If Jelousie the sooth knewe;
 Thou shalt forthenke, and sore rewe.¹
 With that the cherl his clubbe gan shake,
 Frounyng his eyen gan to make,
 And hidous chere; as man in rage,
 For ire he brente in his visage.
 Whanne that he herd hym blamed soo,
 He seide, 'Oute of my witte I goo;
 To be discomfyt I have gret wronge.
 Certis, I have now lyved to longe,
 Sith I may not this closer kepe;
 Alle quykke I wolde be dolven deepe,¹
 If ony man shal more repeire
 Into this gardyne for foule or faire.
 Myne herte for ire goth afere,²
 That I lete ony entre heere.

¹ That is, 'Would that I might be buried alive, if any man,' &c.—
See vol. vi. p. 143, note 1.

² That is, 'My heart beats for anger.'

I have do folie now I see,
 But now it shalle amended bee.
 Who settith foot heere ony more,
 Truly he shalle repente it sore ;
 For no man moo into this place
 Of me to entre shal have grace.
 Lever I hadde with swerdis tweyne,
 Thurghoute myne herte, in every veyne
 Perced to be, with many a wounde,
 Thanne slouthe shulde in me be founde.
 From hennesforth, by nyght or day,
 I shalle defende it if I may
 Withouten ony excepcioun
 Of ech maner condicioun ;
 And if I it ony man graunte,
 Holdeth me for recreaunte.'

Thanne Daunger on his feet gan stonde,
 And hente a burdoun in his honde.
 Wroth in his ire ne lefte he nought,¹
 But thurgh the verger he hath sought,
 If he myght fynde hole or trace,
 Where thurgh that me mote forth by pace,
 Or ony gappe, he dide it close,
 That no man myght touche a rose
 Of the roser alle aboute ;
 He shitteth every man withoute.

Thus day by day Daunger is wers,
 More wondirfulle and more dyvers,
 And feller eke than evere he was ;
 For hym fulle ofte I synge 'allas !'
 For I ne may nought thurgh his ire
 Recovere that I moost desire.

¹ The meaning is, 'In his ire he did not cease to be wroth.' *Ire* and *wrath* would appear at first sight to be synonymous ; but the latter may imply the outward manifestation of rage (*courroux*), which does not necessarily accompany the former. The original is—

' Semblant fit d'estre correcies.'

Myne herte, allas, wole brest atwoo,
 For Bialacoil I wratthed soo.
 For certeynly in every membre
 I quoke, whanne I me remembre
 Of the bothom, which I wolde
 Fulle ofte a day sene and biholde.
 And whanne I thenke upon the kisse,
 And how mych joye and blisse
 I hadde thurgh the savour swete,
 For wante of it I grone and grete.
 Me thenkith I fele yit in my nose¹
 The swete savour of the rose.
 And now I woot that I mote goo
 So fer the fresh floures froo,
 To me fulle welcome were the deth;
 Absens therof, allas, me sleeth!
 For whilom with this rose, allas,
 I touched nose, mouth, and face;
 But now the deth I must abide.
 But² Love consente another tyde,
 That onys I touche may and kisse,
 I trowe my peyne shalle never lisse.
 Theron is alle my coveitise,
 Which brent myn herte in many wise.
 Now shal repaire agayn sighinge,
 Long wacche on nyghtis, and no slepinge;
 Thought in wisshing, torment, and woo,
 With many a turnyng to and froo,
 That half my peyne I can not telle.
 For I am fallen into helle,
 From paradys and welthe, the more
 My turment greveth;³ more and more,

¹ Chaucer has not rendered this passage with his usual happiness of expression:—

‘Car encor ai où cuer enclose
 La douce savour de la Rose.’

² *But* here means *unless*.

³ That is, ‘Inasmuch as I am fallen into hell from paradise and wealth, so much the more my torment grieveth me.’

Anoieth now the bittirnesse,
 That I toforn have felt swetnesse.¹
 And Wikkid-Tunge, thurgh his falshede,
 Causeth alle my woo and drede.
 On me he leieth a pitous charge,
 Bicause his tunge was to large.

Now it is tyme shortly that I
 Telle you som thyng of Jelousie,
 That was in gret suspecioun.
 Aboute hym lefte he no masoun,
 That stoon coude leye, ne querroure,
 He hirede hem to make a tour.
 And first, the roses for to kepe,
 Aboute hem made he a diche deepe,
 Right wondir large, and also broode;
 Upon the whiche also stode
 Of squared stoon a sturdy walle,
 Which on a cragge was founded alle,
 And right grete thikkenesse eke it bare.
 Aboute it was founded square
 An hundred fademe on every side,
 It was alle liche longe and wide.
 Lest ony tyme it were assayled,
 Ful wel aboute it was batayled;
 And rounde enviroon eke were sette
 Ful many a riche and faire tourette.
 At every corner of this walle
 Was sette a tour fulle pryncipalle;
 And everich hadde, withoute fable,
 A portecolys defensable
 To kepe of enemyes, and to greve,
 That there her force wolde preve.
 And eke amydde this purprise
 Was maad a tour of gret maistrise;
 A fairer saugh no man with sight,
 Large and wide, and of gret myght.

¹ This comparison between former happiness and present misery is not in the original.

They dredde noon assaut,
 Of gynne, gunne, nor skaffaut.¹
 The temprure of the mortere
 Was maad of licour wonder dere ;
 Of quykke lyme persant and egre,
 The which was tempred with vynegre.²
 The stoon was hard of ademaunt,
 Wherof they made the foundement.
 The tour was rounde maad in compas ;
 In alle this world no riccher was,

¹ *Gynne* means an engine of war. There were several kinds, some called petrariæ, others mangonels.—See vol. vi. p. 256, note 1. In *The House of Fame*, also, Chaucer alludes to the use of gunnery.—*Ib.* p. 247, note 1. The *skaffaut*, or scaffold, was a kind of engine which was wheeled to the walls, and by means of which the soldier could fight on an equality with the besieged, or under cover of which they worked the battering-ram.

The following extract from Sir Walter Scott's *Hist. of Scotland* will serve to illustrate its use:—'The Earl of Salisbury then commanded his engineers to bring forward to the assault an engine of another kind, being a sort of wooden shed or house, rolled forward on wheels, with a roof of peculiar strength, which, from resembling the ridge of a hog's back, occasioned the machine to be called a sow. This, according to the old mode of warfare, was thrust close up to the walls of a besieged castle or city, and served to protect from the arrows or stones of the besieged a party of soldiers placed within the sow, who, being thus defended, were in the meanwhile employed in undermining the wall. When the Countess of March saw this engine advanced to the walls of the castle, she called out to the Earl of Salisbury in derision, and making a kind of rhyme—

'Beware, Montagow,
 For farrow shall thy sow.'

At the same time she made a signal, and a huge fragment of rock, which hung prepared for the purpose, was dropped down from the wall upon the sow, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces. As the English soldiers who had been within it were running as fast as they could to get out of the way of the arrows and stones which were discharged on them from the wall, Black Agnes called out, 'Behold the litter of English pigs.'—*Hist. of Scotland*, c. xiv.

² If it be true that mortar was ever in the middle ages tempered with vinegar, the superior hardness and durability of the concrete of which the walls of old churches and castles are composed may be accounted for. The flint churches of Norfolk and Suffolk are generally built of very small pebbles imbedded in mortar almost as hard as the flints themselves; and, in the very old Norman work especially,

Ne better ordeyned therwithalle.
 Aboute the tour was maad a walle,
 So that bitwixt that and the tour,
 Roses were sette of swete savour,
 With many roses that thei bere.
 And eke withynne the castelle were
 Spryngoldes, gunnes, bows, archers;
 And eke above atte corners
 Men seyn over the walle stonde
 Grete engynes, who were nygh honde;
 And in the kernels heere and there,
 Of arblasters grete plente were.
 Noon armure myght her stroke withstonde,
 It were foly to prece to honde.¹
 Withoute the diche were lystes maade,
 With walle batayled large and brade,
 For men and hors shulde not atteyne
 To neighe the dyche over the pleyne.
 Thus Jelousie hath enviroun
 Sette aboute his garnysoun
 With walles rounde, and diche depe,
 Only the roser for to kepe.
 And Daunger erly and late
 The keyes kept of the utter gate,
 The which openeth toward the eest.
 And he hadde with hym atte leest
 Thritty servauntes echon by name.
 That other gate kepte Shame,

even the walls which are faced with ashlar are found to be really in the inside composed of concrete.

¹ As this account of the implements of war in the middle ages is interesting, the original is here given:—

'Dedans le chastel ot perrieres [petrariæ, here called springolds]
 Et engins de maintes manieres.
 Vous poissiés les mangonnians
 Voir par dessus les creniaus; [kernels, crenelles or battlements]
 Et as archiers tout entour
 Sunt les arbalestes à tour,
 Qu' arméure n'i puet tenir.'

Which opened, as it was couth,
Toward the parte of the south.
Sergeauntes assigned were hir too
Full many, hir wille for to doo.

Thanne Drede hadde in hir baillie
The keypyng of the conestablere,
Toward the north, I undirstonde,
That openyde upon the lyft honde,
The which for no thyng may be sure,
But if she doe bisy cure
Erly on morowe and also late,
Strongly to shette and barre the gate.
Of every thing that she may see,
Drede is aferd, wher so she be;
For with a puff of litelle wynde,
Drede is astonyed in hir mynde.
Therefore, for stelynge of the rose,¹
I rede hir nought the yate unclose.
A foulis flight wulde make hir flee,
And eke a shadowe if she it see.

Thanne Wikked-Tunge fulle of envye,
With soudiours of Normandye,²
As he that causeth alle the bate,
Was keper of the fourthe gate,

¹ 'For stealing of the rose,' is a common old English idiom, meaning, 'for fear that the rose should be stolen.' Thus, in Percy's ballad of Syr Cauline, a lady is carried 'for fying of her feet,' *i. e.*, for fear her feet should be defiled.

² In M. Méon's edition this line is different. The couplet stands thus:

'Male-Bouche, que Diex maudié!
Qui ne pense fors a boidié.'

In a note he says:—'Dans le plus grand nombre de manuscrits, au lieu de ce vers, on lit celui-ci:—

'Ot sodoiers de Normandie,

dans d'autres on les dit de Lombardie. D'ou l'on peut inferer avec raison que les anciens copistes prenoient souvent la liberté de faire les changemens qui leur plaisoient.'

The Norman soldiers, alternately subjects of France and England, were probably regarded by the French with all the virulence of hatred which distinguishes civil discord. Being a thoroughly warlike race, they were also, probably, remarkable for their insolence

And also to the tother three,
 He went fulle ofte for to see.
 Whanne his lotte was to wake a nyght,
 His instrumentis wolde he dight,
 For to blowe and make sowne,
 Ofte thanne he hath enchesoun;
 And walken oft upon the walle,
 Corners and wikettis over alle
 Fulle narwe serchen and espie;
 Though he nought fonde, yit wold he lye.
 Discordaunt ever fro armonye,
 And distoned from melodie,
 Controve he wolde, and foule fayle,
 With hornepipes of Cornewaile.¹
 In floytes made he discordaunce,
 And in his musyk, with myschaunce,
 He wolde seyn with notes newe,
 That he fonde no womman trewe,
 Ne that he saugh never in his lyf,
 Unto hir husbonde a trewe wyf;
 Ne noon so ful of honeste,
 That she nyl laughe and mery be,
 Whanne that she hereth, or may espie,
 A man speken of leccherie.
 Everiche of hem hath somme vice;
 Oon is dishonest, another is nyce;

¹ The original is—

' Une hore dit lés [laies] et descors,
 Et sonnez doux de controvaille
 As estives de Cornoaille.'

Controve means, of course, to compose poetry, whence the word *trobador*, or *troubadour*. *Estives* M. Méon interprets *trompettes*, but Chaucer *hornpipes*, meaning, perhaps, some kind of pipe made of horn. *Cornouaille* is a district of Brittany, not the English county, as Warton supposes. The edition which he used appears to have read *chalemeaux de Cornouaille*; and it seems not unlikely that this was the reading of Chaucer's original, and that he wrote *corn-pipes*, which would be the proper translation of *chalemeaux*. Thus Virgil:—

'Musam meditaris *avenâ*.'

And Shakspeare:—

'And shepherds pipe on *oaten straws*.'

If oon be fulle of vylanye,
 Another hath a likerous ighe;
 If oone be fulle of wantonesse,
 Another is a chideresse.

Thus Wikked-Tunge, (God yeve hym shame!)
 Can putt hem everychone in blame;
 Withoute desert¹ and causeles,
 He lieth, though they ben giltles.
 I have pite to sene the sorwe,
 That waketh bothe eve and morwe,
 To innocentis doith such grevaunce;
 I pray God yeve him evel chaunce,
 That he ever so bisie is,
 Of ony womman to seyn amys!

Eke Jelousie God confounde!
 That hath maad a tour so rounde,
 And made aboute a garisoun,
 So sette Bealacoil in prisoun;
 The which is shette there in the tour,
 Fulle longe to holde there sojour,
 There for to lyve in penaunce.
 And for to do hym more grevaunce,
 Which² hath ordeyned Jelousie,
 An olde vekke for to espye
 The maner of his governaunce;
 The which devel, in hir enfaunce
 Hadde lerned of Loves arte,
 And of his pleyes toke hir parte;
 She was except³ in his servise.
 She knewe eche wrenche and every gise
 Of love, and every wile,
 It was harder hir to gile.

¹ For *desert*, the MS. reads *dissait*, probably a clerical error.

² This line appears to be corrupt; *which* has no antecedent. *Which* may mean, however, *what* (see vol. i. p. 175, note 1); and the construction would then be, 'Which [*what*] an olde vekke hath Jelousie ordained!' &c.

³ The printed editions read *expert*; but *except* is probably right, meaning *accepted*.

Of Bealacoil she toke ay hede,
 That evere he lyveth in woo and drede.
 He kepte hym koy and eke prive,
 Lest in hym she hadde see
 Ony foly countenaunce,
 For she knewe alle the olde daunce.¹
 And aftir this, whanne Jelousie
 Hadde Bealacoil in his baillie,
 And shette hym up that was so fre,
 For seure of hym he wolde be,
 He trusteth sore in his castelle;
 The stronge werk hym liketh welle.
 He dradde nat that no glotouns
 Shulde stele his roses or bothoms.
 The roses weren assured alle
 Defenced with the stronge walle.
 Now Jelousie fulle wel may be
 Of drede devoide in liberte,
 Whether that he slepe or wake;
 For of his roses may noon be take.
 But I, allas, now morne shalle;
 Bicause I was withoute the walle,
 Fulle moche doole and moone I made.
 Who hadde wist what woo I hadde,
 I trowe he wolde have had pite.
 Love too deere had soolde to me
 The good that of his love hadde I.
 I wente aboute it alle queyntly;
 But now thurgh doublyng of my peyne
 I see he wolde it selle ageyne,
 And me a newe bargeyne leere,
 The which alle oute the more is deere,
 For the solace that I have lorn,
 Thanne I hadde it never aforne.

¹ This is a French expression. The original is:—

'Qu' ele scet toute la vielle dance.'

Certayn I am ful like indeede
 To hym that caste in erthe his seede;
 And hath joie of the newe spryng,
 Whanne it greneth in the gynnyng,
 And is also faire and fresh of flour,
 Lusty to seen, swoote of odour.
 But er he it in his sheves there,
 May falle a weder that shal it dere,
 And make it to fade and falle,
 The stalke, the greyne, and floures alle;
 That to the tylyers is fordone
 The hope that he hadde to soone.
 I drede certeyn that so fare I;
 For hope and travaile sikerlye
 Ben me byraft alle with a storme;
 The floure nel seeden of my corne.
 For Love hath so avaunced me,
 Whanne I bigan my pryvite
 To Bialacoil alle for to telle,
 Whom I ne fonde froward ne felle,
 But toke agree alle hool my play;
 But Love is of so hard assay,
 That alle at oonys he reved me,
 Whanne I wente¹ best aboven to have be.
 It is of Love, as of Fortune,
 That chaungeth ofte, and nyl contune;²
 Which whilom wole on folk smyle,
 And glowmbe on hem another while;
 Now freend, now foo, shalt³ hir feele,
 For a twynklyng tourne hir wheele.
 She can writhe hir heed away,
 This is the concours of hir pley;
 She canne arise that doth morne,
 And whirle adown, and overturne

¹ *Wente* is the preterite tense of *to weene*, to think.

² A violent poetical licence for *continue*.

³ *Thou* is understood, and is probably omitted by mistake.

Who sittith hieghst, but as hir lust ;
 A foole is he that wole hir trust.
 For it is I that am come down
 Thurgh change and revolucioun !
 Sith Bealacoil mote fro me twynne,
 Shette in her prisoun yonde withynne,
 His absence at myn herte I fele ;
 For alle my joye and alle myne hele
 Was in hym and in the rose,
 That but you wol, which hym doth close,
 Opene, that I may him see,
 Love nyl that I cured be
 Of the peynes that I endure,
 Nor of my cruel aventure.

A, Bialacoil, myn owne deere !
 Though thou be now a prisonere,
 Keepe atte leste thyne herte to me,
 And suffre not that it daunted be,
 Ne late not Jelousie in his rage,
 Putten thine herte in no servage.
 Although he chastice thee withoute,
 And make thy body unto hym loute,
 Have herte as hard as dyamaunt,
 Stedefast, and nought pliaunt.
 In prisoun though thi body be
 At large kepe thyne herte free.¹
 A trewe herte wole not plie
 For no manace that it may drye.²
 If Jelousie doth thee payne,
 Quyte hym his while thus agayne,
 To venge thee atte leest in thought,
 If other way thou maist nought ;

¹ This passage will remind the reader of the beautiful verses in Percy's *Reliques*, entitled *Loyalty Confined*.

² M. Méon illustrates this passage with the mediæval proverb :—
 ' Qui plus castigat, plus amore ligat.'

And in this wise sotilly
 Worche, and wyne thy maistric.
 But yit I am in gret affray,
 Lest thou do not as I say;
 I drede thou canst me gret maugre,¹
 That thou emprisoned art for me;
 But that not for my trespas,
 For thurgh me never discovred was
 Yit thyng that ought be secree.
 Wel more anoy is in me,
 Than is in thee of this myschaunce;
 For I endure more harde penaunce
 Than ony can seyne or thynke,
 That for the sorwe almost I synke.
 Whanne I remembre me of my woo,
 Fulle nygh out of my witt I goo.
 Inward myn herte I feele blede,
 For comfortles the deth I drede.
 Owe I not wel to have distresse,
 Whanne fals,² thurgh hir wikkednesse,
 And traitours, that arn envyous,
 To noyen me be so coragious?

A, Bialacoil! fulle wel I see,
 That they hem shape to disceyve thee,
 To make thee buxom to her lawe,
 And with her corde thee to drawe
 Where so hem lust, right at her wille;
 I drede they have thee brought thertille.
 Withoute comfort, the thought me sleeth;
 This game wole brynge me to my deth.
 For if youre good wille I leese,
 I mote be deed; I may not chese.
 And if that thou foryete me,
 Myne herte shal nevere in likyng be;

¹ This is a literal rendering of the idiom in the original:—

‘Ains crient que mal gré me savés.’

² *Persons* is here understood to agree with *fals*.

Nor elleswhere fynde solace,
 If I be putt out of your grace,
 As it shal never been, I hope ;
 Thanne shulde I falle in wanhope.¹

Allas, in wanhope—nay, pardee !
 For I wole never dispeired be.
 If Hope me faile, thanne am I
 Ungracious and unworthy ;
 In Hope I wole comforted be,
 For Love, whanne he bitaught hir me,
 Seide, that Hope, where so I goo,
 Shulde ay be reles to my woo.

But what and she my baalis beete,²
 And be to me curteis and sweete ?
 She is in no thyng fulle certeyne.
 Lovers she putt in fulle gret peyne,
 And makith hem with woo to deele.
 Hir faire biheeste disceyveth feele,
 For she wole byhote sikirly,
 And failen aftir outrely.
 A, that is fulle noyous thyng !
 For many a lover in lovyng
 Hangeth upon hir, and trusteth fast,
 Whiche leese her travel at the last.
 Of thyng to comen she woot right nought ;
 Therefore, if it be wysely sought,

¹ The sorrow and lamentation of l'Amant for the loss of Bialacoil are intended to represent the misery which the lover suffers, when deprived of the conversation of his mistress.

At this line ends the portion of the poem written by William of Lorris. In the MSS. of the original the different sections are divided by short explanations in verse, like those which head the cantos in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and *Hudibras*. These M. Méon has printed ; but he justly attributes them to the later copyists. The following occurs here :—

' Cy endroit trespassa Guillaume
 De Lorris, et n'en fist plus pseaulme ;
 Mais, après plus de quarante ans,
 Maistre Jehan de Meung ce Romans
 Parfist, ainsi comme je treuve ;
 Et ici commence son œuvre.'

² That is, 'Remedy my misfortune.'

Hir counseille foly is to take.¹
 For many tymes, whanne she wole make
 A fulle good silogisme, I dreede
 That aftirward ther shal in deede
 Folwe an evelle conclusioun;
 This putte me in confusioun.
 For many tymes I have it seen,
 That many have bigyled been,
 For trust that they have sette in hope,
 Which felle hem aftirward a slope.²

But, nevertheles, yit gladly she wolde,
 That he that wole hym with hir holde,
 Hadde alle tymes his³ purpos clere,
 Withoute deceyte ony where.
 That she desireth sikirly;
 Whanne I hir blamed, I dide foly.
 But what avayleth hir good wille,
 Whanne she ne may staunche my stounde ille?⁴
 That helpith litel that she may doo,
 Outake biheest unto my woo.
 And heeste certeyn in no wise,
 Withoute yift, is not to preise.
 Whanne heest and deede asundry varie,
 They doon a gret contrarie.

Thus am I possed up and down
 With dool, thought, and confusioun;

¹ The direct construction is, 'To take hir counseille is foly.'

² The meaning appears to be that Hope afterwards turned out to be like a sloping, or inclined surface, not affording them any firm standing-place.

³ The MS. reads *her*; but *his* appears to be necessary to the sense, and is, besides, supported by the original:—

'Et non porquant si vodroit ele
 Que le meillor de la querelle
 Eust cil qui la tient à soi.'

The meaning is, 'She desires that he who holds with her, [takes her part,] should at all times have his purpose, or what he proposes or wishes, perfectly, and without deceit.'

⁴ *Stounde* is perhaps written by mistake for *wounde*. The original is:—

'S'ele ne me fait des doloir.'

Of my desese ther is no noumbre.
 Daunger and Shame me encumbre,
 Drede also, and Jelousie,
 And Wikked-Tunge fulle of envie,
 Of whiche the sharpe and cruel ire
 Fulle ofte me putte in gret martire.
 They han my joye fully lette,
 Sith Bialacoil they have bishette
 Fro me in prisoun wikkidly,
 Whom I love so entierly,
 That it wole my bane be,
 But I the sonner may hym see.
 And yit moreover wurst of alle,
 Ther is sette to kepe, foule hir bifalle,
 A rympled vekke, ferre ronne in age,
 Frownyng and yelowe in hir visage,
 Which in awayte lyth day and nyght,
 That noon of hem may have a sight.
 Now mote my sorwe enforced¹ be;
 Fulle soth it is, that Love yaf me
 Three wonder yiftes of his grace,
 Which I have lorn, now in this place,
 Sith they ne may withoute drede
 Helpen but lytel, who taketh heede.
 For here availeth no Swete-Thought,
 And Swete-Speche helpith right nought.
 The thridde was called Swete-Lokyng,
 That now is lorn without lesyng.
 Yiftes were faire, but not forthy
 They helpe me but symply,
 But² Bialacoil loosed be,
 To gon at large and to be free.
 For hym my lyf lyth alle in doute,
 But if he come the rather³ oute.

¹ *Enforced* means *increased in force*.

² *But* here means *unless*.

³ *Rather* means sooner, being the comparative degree of *rathe*, soon, early.

Allas! I trowe it wole not bene!
 For how shuld I evermore hym sene?
 He may not oute, and that is wronge,
 Bycause the tour is so stronge.
 How shulde he oute? by whos prowesse,
 Oute of so stronge a forteresse?
 By me certeyn it nyl be doo;
 God woot I have no witte therto!
 But wel I woot I was in rage,
 Whanne I to Love dide homage.
 Who was in cause,¹ in sothfastnesse,
 But hir silfe, dame Idelnesse,
 Which me conveied thurgh faire praiere
 To entre into that faire verger?
 She was to blame me to leve,
 The which now doth me soore greve.
 A foolis word is nought to trowe,
 Ne worth an appel for to lowe;²
 Men shulde hym snybbe bittirly,
 At pryme temps of his foly.
 I was a fool, and she me leevede,
 Thurgh whom I am right nought releved.
 Sheo³ accomplisshed alle my wille,
 That now me greveth wondir ille;
 Resoun me seide what shulde falle.
 A fool my silf I may wel calle,
 That love asyde I hadde not leyde,
 And trowed that dame Resoun seide.
 Resoun hadde bothe skile and ryght,
 Whanne she me blamed, with alle hir myght,
 To medle of love, that hath me shent;
 But certeyn now I wole repente.
 ‘And shulde I repente? Nay, parde!
 A fals traitour thanne shulde I be.

¹ *In cause* means in blame.

² *Lowe* appears to be written for *allowe*, approve.

³ From the A.S. *heo*, she.

The develles engynnes¹ wolde me take,
 If I my Love wolde forsake,
 Or Bialacoil falsly bitraye.
 Shulde I at myscheef hate hym? nay,
 Sith he now for his curtesie
 Is in prisoun of Jelousie.
 Curtesie certeyn dide he me,
 So mych, that it may not yolden² be,
 Whanne he the hay passen me lete,
 To kisse the rose, faire and swete;
 Shulde I therfore cunne hym mawgre?
 Nay, certeynly, it shal not be,
 For Love shalle nevere, yeve Good wille,³
 Here of me, thurgh word or wille,
 Offence or complaynt more or lesse,
 Neither of Hope nor Idilnesse;
 For certis, it were wrong that I
 Hated hem for her curtesie.
 There is not ellys, but suffre and thenke,
 And waken whanne I shulde wynke;⁴
 Abide in hope, til Love, thurgh chaunce,
 Sende me socour or allegeaunce,

¹ The *devil's engynnes* means the *ingenium*, or mind proper to that person. The original is:—'Maufez m'auroient envaï.' Upon which M. Lantin de Dammercy observes:—'C'est le nom qu'on donnoit au diable dans les vieux romans.'

Les pères de l'église, à l'exemple des premiers Chrétiens, avoient un tel horreur pour le diable qu'ils se faisoient un scrupule de le nommer, et ne lui donnoient point d'autre nom que celui de *Malus*, qui veut dire mauvais, ou malin : de la vient que plusieurs personnes pretendent que le *libera nos a malo* de l'oraison dominicale ne signifie autre chose que délivrez-nous du malin, ou du mauvais, qui vient de *mauffez*, c'est-à-dire, qui fait le mal.—*Observ. sur l'Hist. de S. Louis, par Du Cange.*

It appears that Chaucer had no such scruple, for he is continually using this name. Indeed, it seems never to have penetrated into England, for the word is of frequent occurrence in the visions of *Piers Ploughman*, and other authors of this period.

² That is, 'requited.' Thus, God yield it you,' *i. e.*, God requite you for it, is a common expression in Shakspeare, in the mouths of the clowns and peasants, among whom the old forms of religion lingered longest

³ That is, 'If God will.'

⁴ That is, 'Lie awake at night.'

Expectant ay tille I may mete,
To geten mercy of that swete.

Whilom I thenke how Love to me
Seide he wolde take atte gree¹
My servise, if unpacience
Caused me to done offence.
He seide, 'In thank I shal it take,
And high maister eke thee make,
If wikkednesse ne reve it thee;
But sone I trowe that shalle not be.'
These were his wordis by and by;²
It semede he lovede me trewly.
Now is ther not but serve hym wele,
If that I thenke his thanke to fele.
My good, myne harme, lyth hool in me;
In Love may no defaute be;
For trewe Love ne failide never man.
Sothly the faute mote nedys than
(As God forbede!) be founde in me,
And how it cometh, I can not see.
Now late it goon as it may goo;
Whether Love wole socoure me or sloo,
He may do hool on me his wille.
I am so sore bounde hym tille,
From his servise I may not fleen,
For lyf and deth, withouten wene,
Is in his hande; I may not chese;
He may me doo bothe wynne and leese.
And sith so sore he doth me greve,
Yit, if my lust he wolde acheve,
To Bialacoil goodly to be,
I yeve no force what felle on me.
For though I dye, as I mote nede,
I praye Love, of his goodlyhede,

¹ To take at gree means to receive with favour.

² *By and by* means one after another, word by word. The original is:—

'Ce sont si dit tout mot à mot.

To Bialacoil do gentylnesse,
 For whom I lyve in such distresse,
 That I mote deyen for penaunce.
 But first, withoute repentaunce,
 I wole me confesse in good entent,
 And make in haste my testament,
 As lovers doon that feelen smerte:—
 To Bialacoil leve I myne herte
 Alle hool, withoute departyng,
 Or doublenesse of repentyng.

COMENT RAISOUN VIENT A L'AMANT.¹

Thus as I made my passage
 In compleynt, and in cruel rage,
 And I not where to fynde a leche,
 That couthe unto myne helpyng eche,
 Sodeynly agayn comen down
 Out of hir tour I saugh Resoun,
 Discrete and wiis, and fulle plesaunt,
 And of hir porte fulle avenaunt.
 The right weye she tooke to me,
 Which stode in gret perplexite,
 That was posshed in every side,
 That I nyst where I myght abide,
 Tille she demurely sad of chere
 Seide to me as she come nere:—

‘ Myne owne freend, art thou yit greved?
 How is this quarelle yit acheved
 Of Loves side? Anoon me telle,
 Hast thou not yit of love thi fille?
 Art thou not wery of thy servise
 That the hath in sich wise?

¹ In Méon's edition the following short argument is here inserted:—

‘ Cy est la très belle Raison,
 Qui est preste en toute saison
 De donner bon conseil à ceux
 Qui d'eulx saulver sont paresceux.’

What joye hast thou in thy loving?
 Is it swete or bitter thyng?
 Canst thou yit chese, late me see,
 What best thy socour myght be?
 Thou servest a fulle noble lorde,
 That maketh thee thralle for thi rewarde,
 Which ay renewith thi turment,
 With foly so he hath thee blent;
 Thou felle in myscheef thilke day.
 Whanne thou didest, the sothe to say,
 Obeysaunce and eke homage,
 Thou wroughtest no thyng as the sage.
 Whanne thou bicam his liege man,
 Thou didist a gret foly than;
 Thou wistest not what felle therto,
 With what lord thou haddist to do.
 If thou haddist hym wel knowe
 Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe;
 For if thou wistest what it were,
 Thou noldist serve hym half a yeer,
 Not a weke, nor half a day,
 Ne yit an hour withoute delay,
 Ne never ilovede paramours,
 His lordshippe is so fulle of shoures.¹
 Knowest hym ought?

L'Amaunt. Yhe, dame, parde!

Raisoun. Nay, nay.

L'Amaunt. Yhes, I.

Raisoun. Wherof, late se?

L'Amaunt. Of that he seide I shulde be
 Glad to have sich lord as he,
 And maister of sich seignorie.

Raisoun. Knowist hym no more?

L'Amaunt. Nay, certis, I,²

¹ *Lordshippe* here means *kingdom*. Reason says that the service of love is as liable to reverses, as a fine day is to be obscured with showers.

² The *I*, and six lines before, is emphatic. The original is *Ge, non*.

Save that he yaf me rewles there,
 And wente his wey, I nyste where,
 And I aboode bounde in balauce.

Raisoun. Lo, there a noble conisaunce!¹
 But I wille that thou knowe hym now
 Gynnyng and eende, sith that thou
 Art so anguissous and mate,
 Disfigured oute of astate;
 Ther may no wrecche have more of woo,
 Ne caityf noon enduren soo.
 It were to every man sittying,
 Of his lord have knowleching.
 For if thou knewe hym oute of doute,
 Lightly thou shulde escapen oute
 Of the prisoun that marreth thee.

L'Amaunt. Yhe, dame! sith my lord is he,
 And I his man maad with myn honde,²
 I wolde right fayne undirstonde
 To knowe of what kynde he be,
 If ony wolde enforme me.

Raisoun. I wolde, seide Resoun, thee lere,
 Sith thou to lerne hast sich desire,

¹ Knowledge. Reason says, ironically, 'You seem indeed to know a great deal about him!' The original is:—

'Certes c'est povre connoissance.'

² In allusion to the ceremony of doing homage, in which the man put his hands between those of his lord, thus described by Fauchet, *Des fiefs, selon l'usage du Châtelet de Paris*:—'Le seigneur prenoit entre ses deux paulmes les mains de son vassal jointes, lequel à genoux, nue tête, sans manteau, ceinture, épée, ni éperons, disoit: Sire je deviens vôtre homme de bouche et de mains, et promets foy et loyauté et de garder vôtre droit à mon pouvoir, à vôtre semonce ou a celle de vôtre Bailly à mon sens. Cela dit, le seigneur baisoit le vassal sur la bouche.

'On trouve dans le roman de Lancelot que lorsqu'on prenoit possession d'un fief, et que l'on en étoit revêtu, on s'agenouilloit devant le Seigneur Lige, et on lui baisoit le soulier, et le vassal qui étoit investi du Fief, recevoit le gand de son Seigneur.'

This latter custom is alluded to before.—See *ante*, p. 76.

And shewe thee withouten fable
 A thyng that is not demonstrable.
 Thou shalt, withouten science,
 And knowe, withouten experience,¹
 The thyng that may not knowen be,
 Ne wist ne shewid in no degre.
 Thou maist the sothe of it not witen,
 Though in thee it were writen.
 Thou shalt not knowe therof more,
 While thou art reuled by his lore.
 But unto hym that love wole flee,
 The knotte may unclosed bee,
 Which hath to thee, as it is founde,
 So long be knette and not unbounde.²
 Now sette wel thyne entencioun,
 To here of love the discipcioun.

Love it is an hatefulle pees,
 A free acquitaunce withoute relees,
 A trouthe frette³ fulle of falsheede,
 A sikernesse alle sette in drede,
 In herte is a dispeiryng hope,
 And fulle of hope it is wanhope,
 Wise woodnesse, and woode⁴ resoun,
 A swete perelle in to droune,
 An hevy birthen lyght to bere,
 A wikked wawe away to were.⁵

¹ The original is :—

‘ Si sauras tantost sans science
 Et congnoistras sans congnoissance
 Ce qui ne puet estre seu
 Né dimonstre ne congneu.’

² The meaning is, that no lover can understand the true nature of love, as long as he is under its influence.

³ The MS. reads *And thurgh the frette*, which is nonsense. Tyrwhitt has pointed out the true reading, which is adopted in the text, being supported by the original :—

‘ C’est loiautés la desloiaus.’

⁴ The MS. reads *voide*, which is evidently a mistake for *woode* :—

‘ C’est raison toute forcenable,
 C’est forcenne resnable.’

⁵ There is no line corresponding to this in the original.

It is Karibdous perilous,
 Disagreable and gracious.
 It is discordaunce that can accorde,
 And accordaunce to discorde.
 It is kunnyng withoute science,
 Wisdome withoute sapience,
 Witte withoute discrecioun,
 Havoire withoute possessioun.
 It is sike¹ hele and hool sekenesse,
 A trust² drowned in dronknesse,
 And helth fulle of maladie,
 And charite fulle of envie,
 And hunger fulle of habundaunce,
 And a gredy suffisaunce;
 Delite right fulle of hevynesse,
 And drieried³ fulle of gladnesse;
 Bitter swetnesse and swete errour,
 Right evelle savoured good savour;
 Synne that pardoun hath withynne,
 And pardoun spotted withoute with synne;⁴
 A peyne also it is joious,
 And felonye right pitous;
 Also pley that selde is stable,
 And stedefast right mevable;

¹ The MS. followed by Speght reads *like*, which is an error of the copyist, who did not understand the paradoxes contained in every line.

‘C'est langor toute santeive,
 C'est santé tout maladive.’

² *Trust*, or *thrust*, means thirst, the *r* being often thus transposed. The MS. reads *drowned and dronknesse*, which is evidently a mere clerical error. The original is:—

‘C'est la soif qui tous jors est ivre,
 Yvresce, qui de soif s'enyvre.’

³ That is, *Drieried*, dreariness.

⁴ The MS. reads *withoute sin*, which makes nonsense. *With* has been added as being necessary to the sense, and likely, from its beginning like the next word, to have been omitted by the copyist. It is also supported by the original:—

‘Entechiés de pardon pechiés,
 De pechieés pardon entechiés.’

A strengthe weyked¹ to stonde upright,
 And feblenesse fulle of myght;
 Witte unavised, sage folie,
 And joie fulle of turmentrie;
 A laughter it is weping ay,
 Reste that traveyleth nyght and day,
 Also a swete helie it is,
 And a soroufulle Paradys;
 A plesaunt gayl and esy prisoun,
 And fulle of froste somer sesoun;
 Pryme temps fulle of frostes white,
 And May devoide of al delite;
 With seer braunches, blossoms ungrene,
 And newe fruyt fillid with wynter tene.
 It is a slowe may not forbere
 Ragges ribaned, with gold, to were;²
 For al so welle wole love be sette
 Under ragges as riche rochette;
 And eke as wel be amourettes
 In mournyng blak, as bright burnettes.³
 For noon is of so mochel pris,
 Ne no man founden so wys,

¹ That is, 'Too weak:—

'Force enferme, enfermeté fors,
 Qui tout esmuet par ses effors.'

² 'It is a moth, which frets rags, and cloth of gold, alike.'

³ That is, 'Amourettes [sweethearts] are as agreeable when clothed in black mourning as when arrayed in the most splendid garments.'
 The original is:—

'C'est taigne qui rien ne refuse,
 Les porpres et les buriaus use;
 Car ausinc bien sont amorettes
 Sous buriau comme sous brunettes.'

Upon this M. Méon has the following note:—'Bureau, grosse étoffe faite de laine; c'est la même chose que la bure, qui, suivant la définition de Borel, est une étoffe velue de couleur rousse ou grisâtre, en Latin burellus, ainsi qu'il est nommée dans le testament de S. Louis: Item, legamus DC. libras ad burellos emendos pro pauperibus vestendis.'

This appears to be the same as the *bruna veste*, or widow's habit, in which Boccaccio clothes Cryseyde.—See vol. v. p. 21, note 2. *Brunette*

Ne noon so high is of parage,
 Ne no man founde of witt so sage;
 No man so hardy ne so wight,
 Ne no man of so mychel myght;
 Noon so fulfilled of bounte,
 That he with love may daunted be.¹
 Alle the world holdith this way;
 Love makith alle to goon myswey.
 But it be they of yvel lyf,
 Whom genius cursith, man and wyf,
 That wrongly werke ageyn nature.
 Noon such I love, ne have no cure
 Of such as loves servauntes bene,
 And wole not by my counsel flene.
 For I ne preise that lovyng,
 Wherthurgh man, at the laste eendyng,
 Shalle calle hem wrecchis fulle of woo,
 Love greveth hem and shendith soo.
 But if thou wolt wel love eschewe,
 For to escape out of his mewe,
 And make al hool thi sorwe to slake,
 No bettir counsel maist thou take,
 Than thynke to fleen; wel iwis,
 May nought helpe elles; for wite thou this:—
 If thou flee it, it shal flee thee;
 Folowe it, and folowen shal it thee.' [seyne,
L'Amaunt. Whanne I hadde herde alle Resoun
 Which hadde spilt hir speche in veyne:
 'Dame,' seide I, 'I dar wel sey
 Of this avaunt me wel I may

is a rich stuff worn by people of rank. The same idea is thus rendered by La Fontaine:—

'Riens moins, reprit le roi; laissons la qualité;
 Sous les cotillons des grisettes
 Peut loger autant de beauté,
 Que sous les jupes des coquettes.'

Conte de Joconde.

¹ This passage appears to be the original of the French chanson, *C'est l'amour*, &c., and of the well-known song in *The Beggar's Opera*.

That from youre scole so devyaunt
 I am, that never the more avaunt¹
 Right nought am I thurgh youre doctrine;
 I dulle under your discipline;
 I wote no more than I wist ever,
 To me so contrarie and so fer
 Is every thing that ye me lere;
 And yit I can it alle parcuere.
 Myne herte foryetith therof right nought,
 It is so written in my thought;
 And depe greven it is so tendir
 That alle by herte I can it rendre,
 And rede it over comunely;
 But to my silfe lewedist am I.²

‘But sith ye love discreven so,
 And lak and preise it bothe twoo;
 Defyneth it into this letter,
 That I may thenke on it the better,
 For I herde never diffyned heere,
 And wilfully I wolde it lere.’

Raisoun. ‘If love be serched wel and sought
 It is a sykenesse of the thought
 Annexed and kned bitwixe tweyne,
 With male and female, with oo cheyne,
 So frely that byndith, that they nylle twynne,
 Whether so therof they leese or wynne.
 The roote springith thurgh hoote brennyng
 Into disordinat desiryng,
 For to kissen and embrace
 And at her lust them to solace.
 Of other thyng love recchith nought,
 But setteth her herte and alle her thought
 More for delectacioun
 Than ony procreacioun

¹ That is, ‘I am never the further advanced.’

² That is, ‘I know all your lesson by heart; but yet, so impossible do I find it to apply my learning to myself, that, as regards my own conduct, I am the most unlearned of men.’

Of other fruyt by engendrure ;
 Which love, to God is not plesure ;
 For of her body fruyt to gete
 They yeve no force, they are so sette
 Upon delite to pley in feere.
 And somme have also this manere,
 To feynen hem for love seke ;
 Sich love I preise not at a leke.
 For paramours they do but feyne ;
 To love truly they disdeyne.
 They falsen ladies traitoursly,
 And swerne hem othes utterly,
 With many a lesyng, and many a fable,
 And alle they fynden deceyvable.
 And whanne they han her lust geten
 The hoothe ernes they al foryeten.
 Wymmen the harme they bien fulle sore ;
 But men this thenken evermore,
 That lasse harme is, so mote I the,
 Deceyve them, than deceyved be ;¹
 And namely where they ne may
 Fynde none other mene wøy.
 For I wote wel, in sothfastnesse,
 That who doth now his bisynesse
 With ony womman for to dele,
 For ony lust that he may fele,
 But if it be for engendrure,
 He doth trespasse, I you ensure.
 For he shulde setten alle his wille
 To geten a likly thyng hym tille,
 And to sustene, if he myght,
 And kepe forth, by Kyndes right,
 His owne lyknesse and semblable.
 For bycause alle is corumpable,²

¹ In some copies of the original follows a long passage, which M Méon rejects as an interpolation.

² This line is omitted in the MS. It is supplied from Speght.

Por ce que tuit sunt corumpable.

And faile shulde successioun,
 Ne were ther generacioun,
 Oure sectis stren¹ for to save,
 Whanne fader or moder arn in grave,
 Her children shulde, whanne they ben deede,
 Fulle diligent ben, in her steede,
 To use that werke on such a wise,
 That oon may thurgh another rise.
 Therefore sette Kynde therynne delite,
 For men therynne shulde hem delite,
 And of that deede be not erke,
 But ofte sithes haunt that werke.
 For noon wolde drawe therof a draught.
 Ne were delite, which hath hym kaught.
 This hadde sotille dame Nature;
 For noon goth right, I thee ensure,
 Ne hath entent hool ne parfight,
 For her desir is for delyte,
 The which fortene crece and eke
 The pley of love, for ofte seke,²
 And thralle hem silf they be so nyce
 Unto the prince of every vice.³
 For of ech synne it is the rote
 Unlefulle lust, though it be sote,
 And of alle yvelle the racyne,
 As Tulus can determyne,⁴
 Which in his tyme was fulle sage,
 In a boke he made of age,
 Where that more he preyseth Eelde
 Though he be croked and unweelde,

¹ 'Oure sectis stren' means the seed, or race, of our species.

² This couplet is evidently corrupt and unintelligible. The original is:—

'Car cil qui va delit querant,
 Sés-tu qu'il se fait? il se rent
 Comme sers, et chétis et nices
 Au prince de tretous les vices.'

³ The MS. reads *wise*.

⁴ Cicero *de Senectute*.

And more of commendacioun,
 Than youthe in his discripcioun.
 For youthe sette bothe man and wyf
 In alle perelle of soule and lyf;
 And perelle is, but men have grace,
 The perelle of yougth for to pace,
 Withoute ony deth or distresse,
 It is so fulle of wyldnesse;
 So ofte it doth shame and damage
 To hym or to his lynage.
 It ledith man now up now down
 In mochel dissolucioun,
 And makith hym love yvelle companye,
 And lede his lyf disrewlilye,
 And halt hym payed with noon estate.¹
 Withynne hym silf is such debate,
 He chaungith purpos and entente,
 And yalte into somme convente,
 To lyven aftir her emprise,
 And lesith fredom and fraunchise,
 That Nature in hym hadde sette,
 The which ageyne he may not gette,
 If he there make his mansioun,
 For to abide professioun.²
 Though for a tyme his herte absente,
 It may not fayle, he shal repente,
 And eke abide thilke day,³
 To leve his abite, and gone his way,
 And lesith his worshippe and his name,
 And dar not come ageyn for shame,

¹ That is, 'Holdeth himself content with no situation in which he may be placed.'

² That is, 'If he there remains, and waits till he makes his profession, or takes the vows.'

³ Ou s'il resent trop grief le fés
 Si s'en repent et puis s'en ist
 Ou sa vie espoir i fenist,
 Qu'il ne s'en ose revenir
 Por honte qui li fait tenir
 Et contre son cuer i demore.

But al his lyf he doth so morne,
 Bycause he dar not hom retourne.
 Freedom of kynde so lost hath he
 That never may recured be,
 But that if God hym graunte grace
 That he may, er he hennes pace,
 Conteyne undir obedience
 Thurgh the vertu of pacience.¹
 For youthe set man in alle folye,
 In unthrift and in ribaudie,
 In leccherie, and in outrage,
 So ofte it chaungith of corage.
 Youthe gynneth ofte siche bargeyne,
 That may not eende withouten peyne.
 In gret perelle is sett youthede,
 Delite so doth his bridil leede.
 Delite thus hangith, drede thee nought,
 Bothe mannys body and his thought,
 Oonly thurgh youthe, his chamberere,²
 That to done yvelle is custommere
 And of nought elles taketh hede,
 But oonly folkes for to lede
 Into disporte and wyldenesse,
 So is he frowarde from sadnesse.³
 But eelde drawith hem therfro;
 Who wote it nought, he may wel goo,

¹ The danger of taking religious vows, which may afterwards be repented of, forms the subject of one of the colloquies of Erasmus, called *Virgo mempsigamos*.

² In the MS. this passage stands thus:—

‘Delight this hangith, drede thee nought,
 Bothe mannys body and his thought,
 Oonly thurgh youthes chambre.’

This is consonant neither with sense nor metre. We are fortunately able to correct it by the original:—

‘Ainsinc délit enlance et maine
 Les cors et la pensée humaine
 Par jonesce sa chamberiere.’

³ That is, ‘So far does he wander wilfully from seriousness.’

And moo of hem that now arn olde,
 That whilom youthe hadde in holde,
 Which yit remembreth of tendir age
 Hou it hem brought in many a rage,
 And many a foly therynne wrought.
 But now that Eelde hath hym thurgh sought
 They repente hem of her folye,
 That youthe hem putte in jupardye,
 In perelle and in mych woo,
 And made hem ofte amys to do,
 And suen yvelle companye
 Riot and avoutrie.

‘But Eelde gan ageyn restreyne
 From sich foly, and refreyne,
 And sette men, by her ordinaunce,
 In good reule and in governaunce.
 But yvelle she spendith hir servise,
 For no man wole hir love, neither preise;
 She is hated, this wote I welle.
 Hir acqueyntaunce wolde no man fele,
 Ne han of Elde companye,
 Men hate to be of hir alye.
 For no man wolde bicomen olde,
 Ne dye, whanne he is yong and bolde.
 And Eelde merveilith right gretlye,
 Whanne they remembre hem inwardly
 Of many a perelous emprise,
 Whiche that they wrought in sondry wise,
 Hou evere they myght, withoute blame,
 Escape away withoute shame,
 In youthe withoute damage
 Or reproof of her lynage,
 Losse of membre, shedyng of blode,
 Perelle of deth, or losse of good.

‘Woste thou nought where Youthe abit,
 That men so preisen in her witt?
 With Delite she halt sojour,
 For bothe they dwellen in oo tour.

As longe as Youthe is in sesoun,
 They dwellen in oon mansioun.
 Delite of Youthe wole have servise
 To do what so he wole devise ;
 And Youthe is redy evermore
 For to obey, for smerte or sore,
 Unto Delite, and hym to yeve
 Hir servise, while that she may lyve.

‘ Where Elde abit, I wole thee telle
 Shortly, and no while dwelle,
 For thidder byhoveth thee to goo.
 If Deth in youthe thee not sloo,
 Of this journey thou maist not faile.
 With hir Labour and Travaile
 Logged ben with Sorwe and Woo,
 That never out of hir court goo.
 Peyne and Distresse, Syknesse, and Ire,
 And Malencoly, that angry sire,
 Ben of hir paleys senatours.
 Gronyng and Grucchyng, hir herbejeours,
 The day and nyght, hir to turment,
 With cruel Deth they hir present,
 And tellen hir, erliche and late,
 That Deth stondith armed at hir gate.¹
 Thanne brynge they to hir remembraunce
 The foly dedis of hir infaunce,
 Which causen hir to mourne in woo
 That Youthe hath hir bigiled so,
 Which sodeynly away is hasted.
 She wepeth the tyme that she hath wasted,

¹ *Herbejeours* means *mâitres d'hôtel*, the officers who announce and provide lodgings for the guests. They are finely represented as continually informing her that Death is standing armed at the gate, desiring admittance. This grand image is Chaucer's own conception ; the original is comparatively tame :—

Travail et Dolor là herbergent ;
 Mes ils la tient et enfergent,
 Et tant la batent et torment,
 Que mort prochaine li presentent.’

Compleynyng of the preterit,
 And the present, that not abit,
 And of hir olde vanite,
 That but aforh hir she may see
 In the future some socour,
 To leggen hir of hir dolour,
 To graunt hir tyme of repentaunce,
 For hir synnes to do penaunce,
 And atte the laste so hir governe
 To wynne the joy that is eterne,
 Fro which go bakward Youthe her made
 In vanite to droune and wade.
 For present tyme abidith nought,
 It is more swift than any thought;
 So litel while it doth endure
 That ther nys compte ne mesure.¹

‘ But hou that evere the game go
 Who list to love joie and mirth also
 Of love, be it he or she,
 High or lowe who it be,
 In fruyt² they shulde hem delyte,
 Her part they may not elles quyte,
 To save hem silf in honeste.
 And yit fulle many one I se
 Of wymmen, sothly for to seyne,
 That desire and wolde fayne
 The pley of love, they be so wilde,
 And not coveite to go with childe.
 And if with child they be perchaunce,
 They wole it holde a gret myschaunce,
 But whatsomever woo they fele,
 They wole not pleyne, but concele;
 But if it be ony fool or nyce,
 In whom that shame hath no justice.

¹ With this symbolical picture of Eld may be compared that of Buckhurst in the Induction.—See *Poet. Works of Surrey and others*. Annot. Ed., p. 276.

² That is, Progeny.

For to delyte echone they drawe,
 That haunte this werke, bothe high and lawe,
 Save sich that arn worth right nought,
 That for money wole be bought.
 Such love I preise in no wise,
 Whanne it is goven for coveitise.
 I preise no womman, though so¹ be wood,
 That yeveth hir silf for ony good.
 For litel sholde a man telle
 Of hir, that wolle hir body selle,
 Be she mayde, be she wyf,
 That quyk wole selle hir bi hir lyf.
 How faire chere that evere she make,
 He is a wrecche I undirtake
 That loved such one, for swete or soure,
 Though she hym calle hir paramoure,
 And laugheth on hym, and makith hym feeste.
 For certeynly no such beeste
 To be loved is not worthy,
 Or bere the name of drurie.²
 Noon shulde hir please, but he were woode,
 That wole dispoile hym of his goode.

¹ So is the Anglo-Saxon *heo*, she, with a hissing aspirate. In Yorkshire, *she* is still pronounced *sheo* by the vulgar.

² *Druerie* means sometimes courtship, gallantry.—See vol. iii. p. 125. Here it means a mistress. The original is, 'Ne doit estre amie clamée.' The following description of a *Drut*, or lover, by Guillem Aesmar, a Provençal poet, curiously illustrates many of the sentiments contained in the poem:—

' Ben paoc ama *drut* qi non es gelos,
 Et paoc ama qi non est airos,
 Et paoc ama qi non est folettis,
 Et paoc ama qi non fa tracios;
 Mais vaut d'amor qi ben est enveios
 Un dolz plorar non fait qatorze ris.

' Quant eu li quier merce eu genoillos,
 E la mi colpa et mi met ochaisos,
 Et l'aigua m cur aval per mer lo vés,
 Et ela m fai un regard amoros,
 Et en li bais la bucha els ols amdos
 Adonc mi par un joi de paradis.'—MS. Crofts ccxviii.

Yit nevertheles I wole not sey
That she, for solace and for pley,
May a jewel or other thyng
Take of her loves fre yevyng;
But that she aske it in no wise,
For drede of shame or coveitise.
And she of hirs may hym, certeyne,
Withoute sclandre, yeven ageyn,
And joyne her hertes togidre so
In love, and take and yeve also.
Trowe not that I wolde hem twynne,
Whanne in her love ther is no synne;
I wole that they togedre go,
And done al that they han ado,
As curteis shulde and debonaire,
And in her love beren hem faire,
Withoute vice, bothe he and she;
So that alwey in honeste,
Fro foly Love to kepe hem clere
That brenneth hertis with his fere;
And that her love, in ony wise,
Be devoide of coveitise.
Good love shulde engendrid be
Of trew herte, just, and secre,
And not of such as sette her thought
To have her lust, and ellis nought,
So are they caught in Loves lace,
Truly, for bodily solace.
Fleshly delite is so present
With thee, that sette alle thyne entent,
Withoute more (what shulde I glose?)
For to gette and have the rose,
Which makith thee so mate and woode
That thou desirest noon other goode.
But thou art not an inche the nerre,
But evere abidst in sorwe and werre,
As in thi face it is sene;
It makith thee bothé pale and lene,

Thy myght, thi vertu goth away.
 A sory geste in goode fay,
 Thou herberest then in thyne inne,
 The God of Love whanne thou let inne!
 Wherefore I rede thou shette hym oute,
 Or he shalle greve thee, oute of doute;
 For to thi profight it wole turne,
 If he nomore with thee sojourn.
 In gret myscheef and sorwe sonken
 Ben hertis, that of love arn dronken,
 As thou peraventure knowen shalle,
 Whanne thou hast lost the tyme alle,
 And spent thy thought in ydilnesse,
 In waste, and wofulle lustynesse;
 If thou maist lyve the tyme to se
 Of love for to delyvered be,
 Thy tyme thou shalt biwepe sore
 The whiche never thou maist restore.
 (For tyme lost, as men may see,
 For no thyng may recured be)
 And if thou scape, yit atte laste,
 Fro Love that hath thee so faste
 Knytt and bounden in his lace,
 Certeyn I holde it but a grace.
 For many oon, as it is seyne,
 Have lost, and spent also in veyne,
 In his servise withoute socour,
 Body and soule, good, and tresour,
 Witte, and strengthe, and eke richesse,
 Of which they hadde never redresse.¹
 Thus taught and preched hath Resoun,
 But Love spilte hir sermoun,
 That was so ymped¹ in my thought,
 That hir doctrine I sette at nought.

¹ This is a metaphor from falconry. When the wing or tail feather of a hawk is accidentally broken, so that her flight might be impeded, it is spliced with another feather of the same sort by means of a needle, one end of which is driven into the stump, and the other into the new

And yit ne seide she never a dele,
 That I ne understode it wele,
 Word by word the mater alle.
 But unto Love I was so thralle,
 Which callith over alle his pray,
 He chasith so my thought ay,
 And holdith myne herte undir his sele,
 As trust and trew as ony stele;
 So that no devocioun
 Ne hadde I in the sermoun
 Of dame Resoun; ne of hir rede
 I toke no sojour in myne hede.
 For alle yede oute at oon ere
 That in that other she dide lere;
 Fully on me she lost hir lore.
 Hir speche me greved wondir sore,
 That unto hir for ire I seide,
 For anger, as I dide abraide:—
 ‘Dame, and is it youre wille algate,
 That I not love, but that I hate
 Alle men, as ye me teche?
 For if I do aftir youre speche,
 Sith that ye seyne love is not good,
 Thanne must I nedis say with mood
 If I it leve, in hatrede ay
 Lyven, and voide love away,
 From me a synfulle wrecche,
 Hated of all that tecche.¹
 I may not go noon other gate,
 For other must I love or hate.
 And if I hate men of newe,
 More than love it wole me rewe,

feather. This is called *imping*. The poet says that love was so closely united to his thought as the feather which has been impeded, or united, with the new part.

¹ This line is evidently corrupt. The original is:—

‘Lors si serrai mortel pechierres
 Voire par Dieu peres que lierres.’

As by youre preching semeth me,
 For Love no thyng preisith thee.¹
 Ye yeve good counseile, sikirly,
 That prechith me al day, that I
 Shulde not Loves lore alowe;
 He were a foole wolde you not trowe!²
 In speche also ye han me taught,
 Another love that knowen is naught,
 Which I have herd you not repreve,
 To love ech other, by youre leve.
 If ye wolde diffyne it me,
 I wolde gladly here, to se,
 Atte the leest, if I may lere
 Of sondry loves the manere.'

Raison. 'Certis, freend, a fool art thou
 Whan that thou no thyng wolt allowe,³
 That I for thi profit say.
 Yit wole I sey thee more, in fay,
 For I am redy, at the leste,
 To accomplissh thy requeste,
 But I not where⁴ it wole avayle;
 In veyne peraunture I shal travayle.
 Love ther is in sondry wise,
 As I shal thee heere devise.
 For somme love leful is and good;
 I mene not that which makith thee wood,
 And bringith thee in many a fitte,
 And ravysshith fro thee all thi witte,
 It is so merveilouse and queynte;
 With such love be no more aquente.'

¹ L'Amant means that just as Reason blames Love, Love blames Reason; and that, therefore, he would probably suffer just as much by following one as the other.

² Sir Harris Nicolas places a note of interrogation at the end of this line, which makes it unintelligible. It is ironical, and means, 'He who would not believe you would be a fool.' The omission of the relative pronoun is a common ellipsis.

³ *Allowe* means to approve. It is used in this sense in the English translation of the Psalms. 'The Lord *alloweth* the righteous.'

⁴ *Where* here means *whether*.

COMMENT RAISOUN DIFFINIST AUNSETE.

'Love of freendshippe also ther is,
 Which makith no man done amys,
 Of wille knytt bitwixe two,
 That wole not breke for wele ne woo;
 Which long is likly to contune,
 Whanne wille and goodis ben in comune,
 Grounded by Goddis ordinaunce,
 Hoole withoute discordaunce;
 With hem holdyng comunte
 Of alle her goode in charite,
 That ther be noon excepcioun,
 Thurgh chaungyng of ententioun,
 That ech helpe other at her neede,
 And wisely hele bothe worde and dede,
 Trewe of menyng, devoide of slouthe,
 For witte is nought withoute trouthe;
 So that the ton dar alle his thought
 Seyn to his freend, and spare nought,
 As to hymself without dredyng
 To be discovered by wreyng.
 For glad is that conjunccioun,
 Whanne ther is noon suspeciou; ¹
 Whom they wolde prove
 That trew and parfit weren in love.
 For no man may be amyable,
 But if he be so ferme and stable,
 That fortune chaunge hym not, ne blynde,
 But that his freend allewey hym fynde,
 Bothe pore and riche, in oo state.
 For if his freend, thurgh ony gate,
 Wole compleyne of his poverte,
 He shulde not bide so long, til he

¹ This line is evidently corrupt, nor does the original enable us to suggest the true reading:—

'Tiex mors avoir doivent et seulent
 Qui parfetement amer veulent.'

Of his helpyng hym requere ;
 For goode dede done thurgh praier
 Is sold, and bought to dere, iwys,
 To hert that of grete valour is.
 For hert fulfilled of gentilnesse,
 Can yvel demene his distresse.
 And man that worthy is of name,
 To axen often hath gret shame.
 A good man brenneth in his thought
 For shame, whanne he axeth ought.
 He hath gret thought, and dredith ay
 For his disese, whanne he shal pray
 His freend, lest that he warned be,
 Til that he preve his stabilite.
 But whanne that he hath founden oon
 That trusty is and trew as stone,
 And assaied hym at alle,
 And founde hym stedefast as a walle,
 And of his freendshippe be certeyne,
 He shal hym shewe bothe joye and peyne,
 And alle that he dar thynke or sey,
 Withoute shame, as he wel may.
 For how shulde he ashamed be,
 Of sich one as I tolde thee?
 For whanne he woot his secre thought,
 The thridde shal knowe therof right nought ;
 For tweyne in nombre is bet than thre,
 In every counselle and secre.
 Repreve he dreded never a deele,
 Who that bisett his wordis wele ;
 For every wise man, out of drede,
 Can kepe his tunge til he se nede ;
 And fooles can not holde her tunge ;
 A fooles belle is soone runge.¹
 Yit shal a trew freend do more
 To helpe his felowe of his sore,

¹ A proverbial expression, like 'A fool's bolt is soon shot,' meaning that a fool soon publishes all he knows.

And socoure hym, whanne he hath neede,
 In alle that he may done in deede;
 And gladder be that he hym plesith
 Than his felowe that he esith.
 And if he do not his requeste,
 He shal as mochel hym moleste¹
 As his felow, for that he
 May not fulfille his volunte
 Fully, as he hath requered.
 If bothe the hertis Love hath fered,
 Joy and woo they shulle departe,
 And take evenly ech his parte.
 Half his anoy he shal have ay,
 And comfort, what that he may;
 And of this blisse parte shal he,
 If love wole departed be.
 And whilom of this unyte
 Spak Tulus in a ditee;²
 And shulde maken his requeste
 Unto his freend, that is honeste;
 And he goodly shulde it fulfille,
 But it the more were out of skile,
 And otherwise not graunt therto,
 Except oonly in cause twoo.³
 If men his freend to deth wolde drive
 Late hym be bisy to save his lyve.
 Also if men wolen hym assayle,
 Of his wurshippe to make hym faile,
 And hyndren hym of his renoun,
 Late hym, with fulle entencioun,

¹ That is, 'He shall vex himself as much as his friend is vexed, because he cannot grant his friend's request.'

² Cicero *de Amicitia*. Quod justum est petito, &c.

³ The meaning is, that a friend is bound to assist his friend in any just and reasonable cause, except only in two cases, and then he is bound to assist him even though his cause be unjust; and these two cases are, when his life or his good name are in danger. All considerations of justice yield to the paramount obligation of protecting his life and honour.

His dever¹ done in eche degre
 That his freend ne shamed be,
 In this two caas with his myght,
 Taking no kepe to skile nor right,
 As ferre as love may hym excuse;
 This ought no man to refuse.
 This love that I have tolde to thee
 Is no thing contrarie to me;
 This wole I that thou folowe wele,
 And leve the tother everydele.
 This love to vertu alle attendith,
 The tothir fooles blent² and shendith.

‘ Another love also there is,
 That is contrarie unto this,
 Which desire is so constreyned
 That it is but wille feyned;³
 Away fro trouthe it doth so varie
 That to good love it is contrarie;
 For it maymeth, in many wise,
 Sike hertis with coveitise;
 Alle in wynnyng and in profit,
 Sich love settith his delite.
 This love so hangeth in balaunce
 That if it lese his hope, perchaunce,
 Of lucre, that he is sett upon,
 It wole faile, and quenche anoon;
 For no man may be amerous,
 Ne in his lyvyng vertuous,

¹ *Dever* here means *endeavour*. To do one's endeavour is still a common phrase among the Irish peasantry, whose vulgarisms often turn out to be the old forms introduced by the different bodies of English colonists who settled there from time to time.

² *Blent* is the contracted form of *blendeth*, or *blindeth*. The two forms are used indifferently, as appears by this line, where *shendith*, the uncontracted form, occurs. The contracted form would be *shent*.

³ The original is:—

‘ C'est fainte volenté d'amer
 En cuer malades du meshaing
 De convoitise de gaaing.’

But he love more, in moode,
 Men¹ for hem silf than for her goode.
 For love that profit doth abide,
 Is fals, and bit² not in no tyde.
 Love cometh of dame Fortune,
 That litel while wole contune,
 For it shal chaungen wonder soone,
 And take eclips right as the moone,
 Whanne he³ is from us lett
 Thurgh erthe, that bitwixe is sett
 The sonne and hir, as it may falle,
 Be it in partie, or in alle;⁴
 The shadowe maketh her bemys merke,
 And hir hornes to shewe derke,
 That part where she hath lost hir⁵ lyght
 Of Phebus fully, and the sight;
 Til whanne the shadowe is over past,
 She is enlumyned ageyn as faste,
 Thurgh the brightnesse of the sonne bemes
 That yeveth to hir ageyne hir lemes.
 That love is right of sich nature;
 Now is faire, and now obscure,
 Now bright, now clipsi of manere,
 And whilom dymme, and whilom clere.
 As soone as Poverte gynneth take,
 With mantel and wedis blake
 Hidith of Love the light away,
 That into nyght it turneth day;
 It may not see Richesse shyne,
 Tille the blak shadowes fyne.

¹ *Men* here means man or woman, like *homo*, in Latin.

² *Bit* is the contracted form of *bideth*.

³ There is some confusion here in the gender attributed to the moon, the personal pronoun *he* referring to her in one place, and *hir* in another. In old English the moon is always masculine, as in Anglo-Saxon and German.

⁴ That is, 'Whether the eclipse be partial or total.'

⁵ *Hir* appears to be a mistake of the copyist for *the*.

For, whanne Richesse shyneth bright,
 Love recovereth ageyn his light;
 And whanne it failith, he wole flit,
 And as she greveth, so greveth it.
 Of this love here what I sey :—
 The riche men are loved ay,
 And namely tho that sparand bene,
 That wole not wasshe her hertes clene
 Of the filthe, nor of the vice
 Of gredy brennyng avarice.
 The riche man fulle foned is, ywys,
 That weneth that he loved is.
 If that his herte it undirstode,
 It is not he; it is his goode.
 He may wel witen in his thought,
 His good is loved, and he right nought.
 For if he be a nygard eke,
 Men wole not sette by hym a leke,
 But haten hym; this is the sothe.
 Lo, what profit his catel¹ doth!
 Of every man that may hym see,
 It geteth hym nought but enmyte.
 But he amende hym silf of that vice,
 And knowe hym silf, he is not wys.
 Certys he shulde ay frendly be,
 To gete hym love also ben free,
 Or ellis he is not wise ne sage
 No more than is a gote ramage.²
 That he not loveth his dede proveth,
 Whan he his richesse so wel loveth,
 That he wole hide it ay, and spare,
 His pore freendis sene forfare,

¹ *Catel* means chattels, property.

² The propriety of this simile is not apparent. A wild goat (*gote ramage*) is rather a cunning animal. The passage in the original is :—

‘ En ce cas n'est il mie sages,
 Ne qu'ils est uns biaux cers rames.’

To kepen ay his purpose,
 Til for drede his iyen close,
 And til a wikked deth hym take;
 Hym hadde lever asondre shake,
 And late alle hise lymes asondre ryve,
 Than leve his richesse in hys lyve.
 He thenkith parte it with no man;
 Certayn no love is in hym than.
 How shulde love withynne hym be,
 Whanne in his herte is no pite?
 That he trespasseth wel I wote,
 For ech man knowith his estate;
 For wel hym ought to be reproved
 That loveth nought, ne is not loved.

‘But sith we arn to Fortune comen,
 And hath oure sermoun of hir nomen,
 A wondir wille I telle thee nowe,
 Thou herdist never sich oon, I trowe.
 I note where thou me leven shalle,
 Though sothfastnesse it be alle,
 As it is writen, and is soth,
 That unto men more profit doth
 The froward Fortune and contraire,
 Than the swote and debonaire:
 And if thee thynke¹ it is doutable,
 It is thurgh argument provable.
 For the debonaire and softe
 Falsith and bigilith ofte;
 For lyche a moder she can cherishe
 And mylken as doth a norys,
 And of hir goode to hym deles
 And yeveth hym parte of her joweles,
 With grete richesse and dignite,
 And hem she hoteth stabilite,

¹ That is, ‘If it seems to thee doubtful.’ *Thynke* is the Anglo-Saxon *thincan*, to seem.

In a state that is not stable,
 But chaungynge ay and variable ;
 And fedith hym with glorie veyne,¹
 And worldly blisse non certeyne.
 Whanne she hym settith on hir whele,
 Thanne wene they to be right wele,
 And in so stable state withalle,
 That never they wene for to falle.
 And whanne they sette so high be,
 They wene to have in certeynte
 Of hertly freendis so grete noubre,
 That no thyng myght her state encombre ;
 They trust hem so on every side,
 Wenyng with hym they wolde abide,
 In every perelle and myschaunce,
 Without chaunge or variaunce,
 Bothe of catelle and of goode ;
 And also for hem to spende her bloode,
 And alle her membris for to spille,
 Oonly to fulfille her wille.
 They maken it hole in many wise,²
 And hoten hem her fulle servise,
 How sore that it do hem smerte ;
 Into her very naked sherte,
 Herte and alle, so hole they yeve,
 For the tyme that they may lyve,
 So that with her flaterie,
 They maken foolis glorifie
 Of her wordis spekyng,
 And han cheer of a rejoysyng,
 And trowe hem as the Evangile ;
 And it is alle falsheede and gile,
 As they shal aftirward se,
 Whanne they arn falle in poverte,

¹ The MS. reads *glorie and veyne*, which is a mere clerical error.

² The original is:—

‘Et que por signors ne les tiengnent.’

For *it hole* we ought perhaps to read *hem lordes*.

And ben of good and catelle bare ;
 Thanne shulde they sene who freendis ware.
 For of an hundred certeynly,
 Nor of a thousande fulle scarsly,
 Ne shal they fynde unnethis oon,
 Whanne poverte is comen upon.¹
 For thus Fortune that I of telle,
 With men whanne hir lust to dwelle,
 Makith men to leese her conisaunce,
 And nourishith hem in ignoraunce.

‘ But froward Fortune and perverse,
 Whanne high estatis she doth reverse,
 And maketh hem to tumble doune
 Off hir² whele, with sodeyn tourne,
 And from her richesse doth hem fle,
 And plongeth hem in poverte,
 As a stepmoder envyous,
 And leieth a plastre dolorous
 Unto her hertis wounded egre,
 Which is not tempred with vynegre,
 But with poverte and indigence,
 For to shewe by experience,
 That she is Fortune verelye
 In whom no man shulde affye,
 Nor in hir yeftis have fiance,
 She is so fulle of variaunce.
 Thus kan she maken high and lowe,
 Whanne they from richesse arn throwe,
 Fully to knowen, without were,
 Freend of affect, and freend of chere;³

¹ This is the theme of *Timon of Athens*.

² The MS. reads *Or with hir*, which makes the passage nonsense; the reading of Speght is therefore adopted in the text. It is supported by the original :—

‘ Més la contraire et la perverse
 Quant de lor grant estats les verse,
 Et les tumbre autor de sa roë
 Du sommet envers en la boë.’

³ That is, ‘ Friend in reality, and friend in appearance only.’

And which in love weren trew and stable,
 And whiche also weren variable,
 After Fortune her goddes,
 In poverté, outhér in richesse;
 For alle that bereveth, out of drede,
 Unhappe bereveth it in dede;
 For Infortune late not oon
 Of freendis, whanne Fortune is gone;
 I mene tho freendis that wole fle
 Anoon as entreth poverté.
 And yit they wole not leve hem so,
 But in ech place where they go
 They calle hem 'wrecche,' scorne and blame,
 And of her myshappe hem diffame,
 And, niamely, siche as in richesse,
 Pretendith moost of stablenessse,
 Whanne that they sawe hym sett on lofte,
 And weren of hym socoured ofte,
 And most iholpe in alle her neede:
 But now they take no maner heede,
 But seyn in voice of flaterie,
 That now apperith her folye,
 Over alle where so they fare,
 And synge, Go, farewell feldfare.¹
 Alle suche freendis I beshrewe,
 For of trewe ther be to fewe;
 But sothfast freendis, what so bitide,
 In every fortune wolen abide;
 Thei han her hertis in suche noblesse
 That they nyl love for no richesse,
 Nor for that Fortune may hem sende
 Thei wolen hem socoure and defende,
 And chaunge for softe ne for sore.
 For who his freend loveth evermore
 Though men drawe swerde his freend to slo,
 He may not hewe her love a-two.

¹ There is nothing in the original which answers to this proverb.—
See vol. v. p. 145, note 2.

But in case that I shalle sey,
 For pride and ire lese it he may,
 And for reprove by nycete,
 And discovering of privite,
 With tonge woundyng, as feloun,
 Thurgh venemous detraccioun.
 Frende in this case wole gone his way,
 For no thyng greve hym more ne may,
 And for nought ellis wole he fle,
 If that he love in stabilite.¹
 And certeyn he is wel bigone
 Among a thousand that fyndith oon.²
 For ther may be no richesse
 Ageyns frendshippe of worthynesse,
 For it ne may so high atteigne,
 As may the valoure,³ sothe to seyne,
 Of hym that loveth trew and welle;
 Frendshippe is more than is catelle.
 For freend in court ay better is
 Than peny in purs, certis;⁴
 And Fortune myshappyng,
 Whanne upon men she is fablyng,
 Thurgh mysturnyng of hir chaunce,
 And caste hem oute of balaunce,
 She makith, thurgh her adversite,
 Men fulle clerly for to se
 Hym that is freend in existence
 From hym that is by apparence.
 For ynfortune makith anoon,
 To knowe thy freendis fro thy foon,

¹ This appears to be taken from Ecclus. xxii. 26: 'To a friend if thou hast opened a sad mouth, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except upbraiding, and reproach, and pride, and disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for in all these cases a friend will flee away.'

² Eccles. vii. 29.

³ *Valeur*, value. Valour is still used in this, its primary sense, by the vulgar in Norfolk.

⁴ This is an old proverb. Justice Shallow says:—'Yes, Davy, I will use him well; a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.'
—*Henry IV.*, Act v. sc. 1.

By experience, right as it is.
 The which is more to preise, ywis,
 Than in myche richesse and tresour,
 For more depe profit and valour,
 Poverté, and such adversite
 Bifore, than doth prosperite;
 For the toon yeveth conysaunce,
 And the tother ignoraunce.

‘ And thus in poverté is in dede
 Trouthe declared fro falsehede;
 For feyne frendis it wole declare,
 And trewe also, what wey they fare.
 For whanne he was in his richesse,
 These freendis, ful of doublenesse
 Offrid hym in many wise
 Hert and body, and servise.
 What wolde he thanne ha yeve to ha bought,¹
 To knowen openly her thought,
 That he now hath so clerly seen?
 The lasse bigiled he sholde have bene,
 And he hadde thanne perceyved it,
 But richesse nold not late hym witte.
 Wel more avauntage doth hym thanne,
 Sith that it makith hym a wise man,
 The gret myscheef that he perceyveth,
 Than doth richesse that hym deceyveth.
 Richesse riche ne makith nought
 Hym that on tresour sette his thought;
 For richesse stonte in suffisaunce,
 And no thyng in habundaunce;²
 For suffisaunce alle oonly
 Makith men to lyve richely.

¹ The original is:—

‘ Que vosist-il acheter lores
 Qu’il en séust ce qu’il set ores ?’

By this we are enabled to correct the MS., which reads *yow*, instead of *yeve*.

² The meaning is, that true riches consists in having enough, and not more than enough.

For he that hath myches tweyne,
 Ne value in his demeigne,
 Lyveth more at ese, and more is riche,
 Than doth he that is chiche,
 And in his berne hath, soth to seyn,
 An hundred mavis¹ of whete greyne,
 Though he be chapman or marchaunte,
 And have of golde many besaunte.
 For in getyng he hath such woo,
 And in the keypyng drede also,
 And sette evermore his bisynesse
 For to encrease, and not to lesse,
 For to aument and multiplie.
 And though on hepis that lye hym bye,
 Yit never shal make his richesse
 Asseth² unto his gredynesse.
 But the povre that recchith nought,
 Save of his lyflode, in his thought,
 Which that he getith with his travaile,
 He dredith nought that it shalle faile,
 Though he have lytel worldis goode,
 Mete and drynke, and esy foode,
 Upon his travel and lyvyng,
 And also suffisaunt clothyng.
 Or if in syknesse that he falle,
 And lothe mete and drynke withalle,

¹ A *myche* is a manchet, or loaf of fine bread. *Mavis* is probably a mistake for *muis*, or *muid*, a French measure containing somewhat more than five quarters English. The original is:—

‘Car tex n’a pas vaillant deus miches,
 Qui est plus aése et plus riches
 Que tex à cent muis de froment.’

² *Asseth* is from the French *assez*. It occurs in *The Visions of Piers Ploughman*:—

‘And if it suffice not for asseth.’

The whole of this dissertation on covetousness, like most of the philosophy in this poem, is copied from Boëthius. Chaucer thus translates the last clause:—‘Then may not riches maken that a man nis nedy, ne that he be sufficient to himself,’ &c.—*De Consol. Phil.* iii.

Though he have not his mete to bye,¹
 He shal bithynke hym hastly,
 To putte hym oute of all daunger,
 That he of mete hath no myster;
 Or that he may with lytel eke
 Be founden, while that he is seke;
 Or that men shulle hym berne in haste,
 To lyve, til his syknesse be paste,
 To somme maysondewe² biside;
 He caste nought what shal hym bitide.
 He thenkith nought that evere he shalle
 Into ony syknesse falle.

‘ And though it falle, as it may be,
 That alle betyme spare shalle he³
 As mochel as shal to hym suffice,
 While he is sike in ony wise,
 He doth for that he wole be
 Contente with his poverte
 Withoute nede of ony man.
 So myche in litel have he can,
 He is apaied with his fortune;
 And for he nyl be importune
 Unto no wight,⁴ ne honerous,
 Nor of her goodes coveitous;
 Therefore he spareth, it may wel bene,
 His pore estate for to sustene.

‘ Or if hym lust not for to spare,
 But suffrith forth, as not ne ware,
 Atte last it hapneth, as it may,
 Right unto his last day,

¹ *Wherewithal* is understood; thus, ‘ Though he have not wherewithal to buy his meat.’

² *Maison-dieu*, an hospital. This name is founded on the sublime morality of our Lord’s sentence, ‘ Inasmuch as ye have done it [a work of mercy] unto the least of these my brethren [the poor], ye have done it unto Me.’ The house in which the poor were lodged and clothed and fed was called the House of God, or *Maison-Dieu*, inasmuch as He had declared that the poor represented Him.

³ This line has been erased in the MS., and filled up by a later hand.

⁴ The MS. reads *witte*, a mere clerical error.

And take the world as it wolde be;
 For evere in herte thenkith he
 The sonner that Deth hym slo,
 To paradys the sonner go
 He shal, there for to lyve in blisse,
 Where that he shal no good misse.
 Thider he hopith God shal hym sende,
 Aftir his wrecchid lyves ende.
 Pictigoras hymself rehersed,
 In a book that the Golden Verses¹
 Is clepid, for the nobilite
 Of the honourable ditee:—
 Thanne whanne thou goste thy body fro,
 Fre in the eir thou shalt up go,
 And leven alle humanite,
 And purely lyve in deite.
 He is a foole withouten were
 That trowith have his countre heere.
 In erthe is not oure countre,
 That may these clerkis seyn and seye
 In Boice of Consolacioun,²
 Where it is maked mencion
 Of oure countre pleyn at the eye,
 By teching of philosophie,
 Where lewid men myght lere witte,
 Who so that wolde translaten it.
 If he be sich that can wel lyve
 Aftir his rent may hym yeve,³
 And not desireth more to have,
 That may fro poverte hym save.

¹ The person intended is, of course, Pythagoras. The golden verses of Pythagoras are seventy-one in number, and are said to have been composed, as a summary of his doctrines, by Lysis, one of his disciples. Hierocles, an athlete, who became a philosopher, wrote a Commentary upon them.

² Sunt enim pennæ volucres mihi,
 Quæ celsa conscendant poli.

BOETH. *de Con. Phil.* iv., met. i.

³ That is, 'If he be such a one as can live according to what his income will admit of.'

A wise man seide, as we may seen,
 Is no man wrecched, but he it wene,
 Be he kyng, knyght, or ribaude.¹
 And many a ribaude is mery and baude,
 That swynkith, and berith, bothe day and nyght,
 Many a burthen of gret myght,
 The whiche doth hym lasse offense,
 For he suffrith in pacience.
 They laugh and daunce, trippe and synge,
 And ley not up for her lyvyng,
 But in the taverne alle dispendith
 The wynnyng that God hem sendith.
 Thanne goth he fardeles for to bere,²
 With as good chere as he dide ere;
 To swynke and traveile he not feyntith,³
 For for to robben he disdeyntith;
 But right anoon, aftir his swynke,
 He goth to taverne for to drynke.
 Alle these ar riche in abundaunce,
 That can thus have suffisaunce
 Wel more than can an usurere,
 As God wel knowith, withoute were.
 For an usurer, so God me se,
 Shal nevere for richesse riche bee,
 But evermore pore and indigent,
 Scarce, and gredy in his entent.
 ‘For soth it is, whom it displese,
 Ther may no marchaunt lyve at ese,
 His herte in sich a were⁴ is sett,
 That it quyk brenneth to gette,

¹ *Ribaude* here means simply a poor man.

² Who would fardels bear

To grunt and sweat under a weary life.—*Hamlet*.

³ Speght reads *faineth*; which was probably an emendation of the copyist, to accommodate the rhyme, without introducing a *t* into *disdeyneth*. The original does not give us any help in choosing between them.

⁴ The MS. reads *where*, a mistake of the copyist for *were*, which is a translation of *guerre*, and means confusion, or war. The original is:—

‘Car son cuer a mis en tel guerre.’

Ne never shal, though he hath geten,
 Though he have gold in gerner yeten,
 For to be nedý he dredith sore.
 Wherefore to geten more and more
 He sette his herte and his desire;
 So hote he brennyth in the fire
 Of coveitise, that makith hym woode
 To purchase other mennes goode.
 He undirfongith a gret peyne,
 That undirtakith to drynke up Seyne;
 For the more he drynkith, ay
 The more he leveth, the soth to say.
 Thus is thirst of fals getyng,
 That laste ever in coveityng,
 And the angwisshe and distresse
 With the fire of gredynesse.
 She fightith with hym ay, and stryveth,
 That his herte asondre ryveth;
 Such gredynesse hym assayllith,
 That whanne he most hath, most he failith.

'Phiciens and advocates
 Gone right by the same yates.
 They selle her science for wynnynge,
 And haunte her crafte for gret getyng.
 Her wynnynge is of such swetnesse,
 That if a man falle in sikenesse,
 They are fulle glad, for ther encrese;
 For by her wille, withoute leese,
 Everiche man shulde be seke,
 And though they die, they sette not a leke.
 After whanne they the gold have take,
 Fulle litel care of hem they make.
 They wolde that fourty were seke at onys,
 Yhe, two hundred, in flesh and bonys,
 And yit two thousand, as I gesse,
 For to encreesen her richesse.
 They wole not worchen in no wise,
 But for lucre and coveitise,

For physic gynneth first by fy,
 The phicicien also sothely ;
 And sithen it goth fro fy to sy ;¹
 To truste on hem is foly ;
 For they nyl in no maner gre,
 Do right nought for charite.

‘ Eke in the same secte are sette
 Alle tho that prechen for to gette
 Worshipes, honour, and richesse.
 Her hertis arm in grete distresse,
 That folk lyve not holily.²
 But aboven alle specialy,
 Sich as prechen veyn glorie,
 And toward God have no memorie,
 But forth ypocrites trace,
 And to her soules deth purchase,
 And outward³ shewing holynesse,
 Though they be fulle of cursidnesse.
 Not liche to the apostles twelve,
 They deceyve other and hem selve ;
 Bigiled is the giler thanne.
 For prechyng of a cursed man,
 Though to other may profite,
 Hymself it availeth not a myte ;
 For ofte goode predicacioun
 Cometh of evel entencioun.
 To hym not vailith his preching
 Alle helpe he other with his teching ;
 For where they good ensauple take,
 There is he with veyne glorie shake.

‘ But late us leven these preachoures,
 And speke of hem that in her toures
 Hepe up her gold, and fast shette,
 And sore theron her herte sette.

¹ Chaucer is accountable for this pun ; it is not in the original.

² This sentence is ironical.

³ *Outward* here means outwardly.

They neither love God, ne drede;
 They kepe more than it is nede,
 And in her bagges sore it bynde;
 Out of the sonne, and of the wynde,
 They putte up more than nede were,
 Whanne they seen pore folk forfare,
 For hunger die, and for cold quake;
 God can wel vengeaunce therof take.¹
 Thre² gret myscheves hem assailith,
 And thus in gadring ay travaylith;
 With mych peyne they wyne richesse,
 And drede hem holdith in distresse,
 To kepe that they gadre faste;
 With sorwe they leve it at the laste;³
 With sorwe they bothe dye and lyve,
 That unto richesse her hertis yive,
 And in defaute of love it is,
 As it shewith ful wel, iwys;
 For if this gredy, the sothe to seyn,
 Loveden, and were loved ageyn,
 And good love regned over alle,
 Such wikkidnesse ne shulde falle;
 But he shulde yeve that most good hadde
 To hem that weren in nede bistadde,
 And lyve withoute false usure,
 For charite, fulle clene and pure.
 If they hem yeve to goodnesse,
 Defendyng hem from ydelnesse,

¹ The poet contrasts the manner in which misers lay up their gold in places defended from the sun and wind, with their conduct in leaving their fellow-creatures to starve in the cold.

² The MS. reads *the*; but from the original it appears that *thre* is the true reading:—

‘*Trois grans mescheances aviennent
 À ceus qui tiex vice maintiennent.*’

³ This appears to have been a kind of proverb. It is found in the following rhyming Latin lines:—

‘*Dives divitias non congregat absque labore
 Non tenet absque metu, non desinit absque dolore.*’

In alle this world thanne pore noon
 We shulde fynde, I trowe not oon.
 But chaunged is this world unstable,
 For love is over alle vendable.
 We se that no man loveth nowe
 But for wynnynge and for prowē;
 And love is thralled in servage
 Whanne it is sold for avauntage;
 Yit wommen wole her bodyes selle;
 Suche soules goth to the devel of helle.'¹

* * * * *

¹ With this line ends verse 5170 of the original. The next paragraph begins with verse 10,714. In the 5544 verses which Chaucer has not translated, Reason, by various examples drawn from Scripture and the classics, shows the vanity of natural love and the caprice of Fortune, and exhorts l'Amant to fix his heart on charity, or the love of his neighbour. L'Amant, however, maintains his loyalty to the God of Love, and Reason leaves him to himself. He then consults l'Ami, who advises him to approach Bel-Accueil's prison by a road called Trop-Donner, constructed by Largesse. In the course of his instructions, l'Ami describes the Golden Age, when men enjoyed all things in common, and there were no such things as marriage and jealousy. This gives occasion to a very witty, but licentious, satire on women, from which Chaucer has taken some of the Wyf of Bathes Prologe. The Golden Age is dissolved in consequence of the absence of charity among men: and with hatred and covetousness arises the necessity for kings and magistrates. The origin of the regal office is thus described:—

' Un grant vilain entr'eus eslurent,
 Le plus ossu de quanqu'il furent,
 Le plus corase, le plus greignor,
 Si le firent prince et seignor.'

Then follow examples of wicked kings and magistrates, and a complaint that one man should be permitted to amass as much wealth as would be sufficient for the subsistence of twenty. All this is conceived in that exaggerated spirit of socialism which produced the civil and religious commotions of this and the succeeding century. L'Ami then gives l'Amant directions as to how he is to conduct himself towards his mistress and his wife, in a discourse taken from Ovid's *Ars Amandi*, and leaves him to pursue his adventure. As l'Amant is about to approach the castle by the path of Trop-Donner, Richesse bars his entrance, and at length the God of Love comes to his assistance. The latter convokes his barons, Dame-Oyseuse, Noblesse-de-Cuer, Simplesse, Franchise, Pitée, Largesse, Hardiesse, Honneur, Courtoisie, Déduit, Jeunesse, Patience, Humilité, Bien-Celer, Contrainte-Abstinence, and Faulx-Semblant, to whom he declares that, having lost his most faithful

Whanne Love hadde told hem his entent,
 The baronage¹ to counceel went;
 In many sentences they fille,
 And dyversely they seide hir wille:
 But aftir discorde they accorded,
 And her accord to Love recorded.²
 'Sir,' seiden they, 'we ben at one,
 Bi evene accorde of everichone,
 Outake Richesse al oonly,
 That sworne hath ful hauteynly,
 That she the castelle nyl not assaile,
 Ne smyte a stroke in this bataile,
 With darte, ne mace, spere, ne knyf,
 For man that spekith and berith the lyf,
 And blameth youre emprise, iwys,
 And from oure hoost departed is,
 (Atte lest wey, as in this plyte),³
 So hath she this man in dispite;
 For she seith he ne loved hir never,
 And therefore she wole hate hym evere.
 For he wole gadre no tresoure,
 He hath hir wrath for evermore.

assistants, Ovid, Tibullus, Gallus, and William of Lorris, he has recourse to their [his barons'] assistance in besieging the castle in which Bel-Accueil is confined. Here Chaucer resumes.

¹ Baron was at this period a generic name given to all the noblesse, including dukes, marquises, &c., as in the expression the 'barons' wars.' The noblesse were divided into three orders, first the baron, holding a fief under the king, *in capite*, which entitled him to bear a banner, to lead his own vassals, and to have a peculiar war-cry, such as 'Montjoy,' or 'A Douglas,' or 'Cromaboo.' The second order was that of *bachelors*, or knights only, in Latin *militēs secundi ordinis*, or *militēs medię nobilitatis*. The third was that of esquire, or squire, appropriated originally to the sons of knights.—See vol. i. p. 79.

² This playing upon the words *discord*, *accord*, *record*, seems to be a sort of onomatopœia, representing the differences of opinion and final agreement of the barons.

³ The meaning is, 'As far as this quarrel is concerned.' The feudal nobility could generally check the inordinate power of the crown, by refusing, under some pretext, to join the sovereign in the wars. There are numerous examples in the histories of England and Scotland of kings being thus left almost alone in the field.

He agylte hir never in other caas,
 Lo, heere alle hoolly his trespas!
 She seith wel, that this other day
 He axide hir leve to gone the way
 That is clepid To-moche-Yevyng,
 And spak fulle faire in his praiyng;
 But whanne he praiede hir, pore was he,
 Therefore she warned hym the entre.
 Ne yit is he not thryven so
 That he hath geten a peny or two,
 That quytely is his owne in holde.
 Thus hath Richesse us alle tolde;
 And whanne Richesse us this recorded,
 Withouten hir we ben accorded.
 And we fynde in oure accordaunce,
 That False-Semblant and Abstinaunce,
 With alle the folk of her bataille,
 Shulle at the hyndre gate assayle,
 That Wikkid-Tunge hath in keypyng,
 With his Normans¹ fulle of janglyng.
 And with hem Curtesie and Largesse,
 That shulle shewe her hardynesse,
 To the olde wyf that kepte so harde
 Fair-Welcomyng² withynne her warde.
 Thanne shal Delite and Wel-Heelynge³
 Fonde Shame adowne to brynge,
 With alle her oost erly and late;
 They shulle assailen that ilke gate.
 Agayns Drede shalle Hardynesse
 Assayle, and also Sikernesse,
 With alle the folk of her ledyng,
 That never wist what wast fleying.

¹ See *ante*, p. 144, note 2. To this M. Méon annexes a note, 'Dans quelques manuscrits on lit *Flamans*, dans d'autres *Picards*,' &c. These MSS. were probably written by Norman scribes.

² *Bel-Accueil*, in the early part of the poem rendered *Bialacoil*, is here translated *Faire-Welcoming*.

³ *Wel-Heelynge* is the translation of *Bien-Celer*, well-hiding, from *hille*, to hide.

Fraunchise shalle fight, and eke Pite,
 With Daunger fulle of cruelte.
 Thus is youre hoost ordeyned wele ;
 Doune shalle the castelle every dele,
 If everiche do his entent,
 So that Venus be present,
 Your modir, fulle of vesselage,¹
 That can ynough of such usage ;
 Withouten hir may no wight spede
 This werk, neithir for word ne deede.
 Therefore is good ye for hir sende,
 For thurgh hir may this werk amende.'

Amour. Lordynges, my modir, the goddessse,
 That is my lady, and my maistresse,
 Nis not alle at my willyng,
 Ne doth not alle my desiryng.
 Yit can she some tyme done labour,
 Whanne that hir lust, in my socour,
 As my nede is for to acheve,
 But now I thenke hir not to greve.
 My modir is she, and of childehede
 I bothe worshipe hir, and eke drede ;
 For who that dredith sire ne dame,
 Shal it abyge in body or name.
 And, natheles, yit kunne we
 Sende aftir hir, if nede be,
 And were she nygh, she comen wolde,
 I trowe that no thyng myght hir holde.
 My modir is of gret prowesse ;
 She hath tan many a fortresse,
 That cost hath many a pounce er this,
 There I nas not present, ywis ;
 And yit men seide it was my dede ;
 But I come never in that stede ;
 Ne me ne likith, so mote I the,
 That such toures ben take withoute me.

¹ *Vesselage*, or vassalage, means worthiness, courage, that which becomes a good vassal. The original is, 'qui moult est sage.'

For why? Me thenkith that in no wise,
It may bene clepid but marchandise.

'Go bye a courser blak or white,
And pay therfor; than art thou quyte.
The marchaunt owith thee right nought,
Ne thou hym whanne thou it bought.
I wole not sellyng clepe yevyng,
For sellyng axeth no guerdonyng;
Here lith no thank, ne no merite,
That oon goth from that other al quyte.
But this sellyng is not semblable;
For, whanne his hors is in the stable,
He may it selle ageyn, parde,
And wynnen on it, such happe may be;
Alle may the man not leese, iwys,
For at the leest the skynne is his.
Or ellis, if it so bitide
That he wole kepe his hors to ride,
Yit is he lord ay of his hors.
But thilk chaffare is wel wors,
There Venus entremetith nought;
For who so such chaffare hath bought,
He shall not worchen so wisely,
That he ne shal leese al outerly
Bothe his money and his chaffare;
But the seller of the ware,
The prys and profit have shalle.
Certeyne the bier shal leese alle,
For he ne can so dere it bye
To have lordship and fulle maistrie,
Ne have power to make lettyng,¹
Neithir for yift ne for prechyng,

¹ To make lettyng means to let or hinder; as appears from the original:—

'Ne que jà puisse empéschier,
Por donner ne por préeschier,
Uns estranges, s'il à venoit
Por donner tant, ou plus ou mains
Fust Bréton, Englois ou Romains.'

That of his chaffare maugre his,
 Another shal have as moche iwis,
 If he wole yeve as myche as he,
 Of what contrey so that he be;
 Or for right nought, so happe may,
 If he can flater hir to hir pay.
 Ben thanne siche marchauntz wise?
 No, but fooles in every wise,
 Whanne they bye sich thyng wilfully,
 There as they lese her good folyly.
 But natheles, this dar I say,
 My modir is not wont to pay,
 For she is neither so fool ne nyce,
 To entremete hir of sich vice.¹
 But trust wel, he shal pay alle,
 That repent of his bargeyn shalle,
 Whanne Poverte putte² hem in distresse,
 Alle were he scoler to Richesse;
 That is for me in gret yernyng,
 Whanne she assentith to my willyng.
 ‘But, by my modir seint Venus,
 And by hir fader Saturnus,
 That hir engendride by his lyf,
 But not upon his weddid wyf!
 (Yit wole I more unto you swere,
 To make this thyng the seurere)
 Now by that feith, and that leaute
 That I owe to alle my britheren fre,
 Of which ther nys wight undir heven
 That kan her fadris names neven,
 So dyverse and so many ther be,
 That with my modir have be prive!
 Yit wolde I swere, for sikirnesse,
 The pole³ of helle to my witenesse,

¹ The MS. reads *wise*, a mere clerical error.

² The contracted form of *putteth*.

³ *Pole* here means *pool*; the original is *palu*, which Méon interprets *marais*.

Now drynke I not this yeere clarre,¹
 If that I lye, or forsworne be!
 (For of the goddes the usage is,
 That who so hym forswereth amys,
 Shal that yeer drynke no clarre.
 Now have I sworne ynough, pardee;
 If I forswere me thanne am I lorne,
 But I wole never be forsworne)
 Syth Richesse hath me failed heere,
 She shal abyge that trespas dere,
 Atte leest wey, but I hir arme
 With swerd, or sparth, or gysarme.
 For certis sith she loveth not me,
 Fro thilk tyme that she may se
 The castelle and the tour to shake,
 In sory tyme she shal awake.
 If I may grepe a riche man
 I shal so pulle hym,² if I can,
 That he shal, in a fewe stoundes,
 Lese alle his markis and his poundis.
 I shal hym make his pens outslynge,
 But they in his gerner sprynge;
 Oure maydens shal eke pluk³ hym so,
 That hym shal neden fetheres mo,
 And make hym selle his londe to spende,
 But he the bet kunne hym defende.

'Pore men han maad her lord of me;
 Although they not so myghty be,
 That they may fede me in delite,
 I wole not have hem in despite.
 No good man hateth hem, as I gesse,
 For chynche and feloun is Richesse,

¹ The original is *piment*, a drink compounded of wine and spices.

² Thus, in the General Prologe to *The Canterbury Tales*, it is said of the Sompnour, 'And prively a fynch eek cowde he pulle.'—See vol. i. p. 104. The original is:—

'Vous le me verres se tailler.'

³ Si le plumeront nos pucelles.

That so can chase hem¹ and dispise,
 And hem defoule in sondry wise.
 They loven fulle bet, so God me spede,
 Than doth the riche chynchy grede,
 And ben in good feith, more stable
 And trewer, and more serviabile.
 And therefore it suffisith me
 Her good hert and her beaute.²
 They han on me sette alle her thought,
 And therefore I forgete hem nought.
 I wole hem bringe in grete noblesse,
 If that I were God of Richesse,
 As I am God of Love sothely,
 Sich routhe upon her pleynt have I.
 Therefore I must his socour be,
 That peyneth hym to serven me,
 For if he deide for love of this,
 Thanne semeth in me no love ther is.'

'Sir,' seide they, 'soth is every deel
 That ye reherce, and we wote wel
 Thilk oth to holde is resonable;
 For it is good and covenable,
 That ye on riche men han sworne.
 For, sir, this wote we wel biforne;
 If riche men done you homage,
 That is as fooles done outrage;³
 But ye shulle not forsworne be,
 Ne lette therfore to drynke clarre,
 Or pyment makid fresh and newe.
 Ladies shulle hem such pepir brewe,⁴

¹ The MS. reads *hym*, but the context requires *hem*.

² *Beaute* was probably written by the scrivener by mistake for *bounte*. The original is:—

'Lor bon cuer et lor voloncé.'

³ This line appears to be corrupt. In the original it is:—

'Se riches homs vous font hommage
 Il ne feront mie que sage.'

⁴ The original is—

'Dames lor braceront tel poivre.'

If that they falle into her laas,
 That they for woo mowe seyn 'Allas !'
 Ladyes shullen evere so curteis be,
 That they shal quyte youre oth alle free.
 Ne sekith never othir vicaire,
 For they shal speke with hem so faire
 That ye shal holde you paied fulle wele.
 Though ye you medle never a dele,
 Late ladies worthe with her thynges,
 They shal hem telle so fele tidynges,
 And moeve hem eke so many requestis
 Bi flateri, that not honest is,
 And therto yeve hem such thankynges,
 What with kissyng, and with talkynges,
 That certis, if they trowed be,
 Shal never leve hem londe ne fee
 That it nyll as the moeble fare,
 Of which they first delyverid are.
 Now may ye telle us alle youre wille,
 And we youre heestes shal fulfille.

'But Fals-Semblant dar not, for drede
 Of you, sir, medle hym of this dede,
 For he seith that ye ben his foo ;
 He note, if ye wole worche hym woo.
 Wherfore we pray you alle, beau sire,
 That ye forgyve hym now your ire,
 And that he may dwelle, as your man,
 With Abstinence his dere lemman ;
 This oure accord and oure wille nowe.'
 'Parfay,' seide Love, 'I graunte it yowe ;
 I wole wel holde hym for my man ;
 Now late hym come:' and he forth ran.
 'Fals-Semblant,' quod Love, 'in this wise
 I take thee heere to my servise,
 That thou oure freendis helpe alway,
 And hyndreth hem neithir nyght ne day,
 But do thy myght hem to releve,
 And eke oure enemyes that thou greve.

Thyne be this myght, I graunte it thee,
 My kyng of harlotes shalt thou be;¹
 We wole that thou have such honour.
 Certeyne thou art a fals traitour,
 And eke a thief; sith thou were borne,
 A thousand tyme thou art forsworne.
 But, netheles, in oure heryng,
 To putte oure folk out of doutyng,
 I bidde thee teche hem, wostowe howe?
 By somme general signe nowe,
 In what place thou shalt founden be,
 If that men had myster² of thee,
 And how men shal thee best espye,
 For thee to knowe is gret maistrie;
 Telle in what place is thyn hauntyng.'

F. Sem. 'Sir I have fele dyverse wonyng,
 That I kepe not rehered be,³
 So that ye wolde respiten me.

¹ *King of harlots* is a translation of *Roy des Ribauds*. M. Lantin de Dammerey quotes the *Philippide* of Guillaume le Brêton, and Froissart, to show that the word *ribauds* sometimes meant merely common soldiers, and that the chief of the body-guard of Philip Augustus was called *Le Roi des Ribauds*. He supposes that, because soldiers are usually persons of loose morals, the words *ribaud* and *ribaude* came to be applied to all debauched persons in general. Certain it is that they were early used in this sense. In 1446 a proclamation was made at Paris, that 'les ribaudes ne porteroient plus de sainture d'argent, ne de collets, ne de robes a collets renversez, ne queuë de boutonniere a leur chaperon, ne peaus de gris en leurs robes, ne de menuvair; et qu'els allassent demourer ès bordeaux, ordonnez comme ils estoient au temps passé.'—*Journal de Paris sous les reynes de Charles VI. et VII.* Du Tillet says:—'Le grand prévost de l'hôtel étoit nommé *Roy des Ribauds*, et *Prévost des Ribauds*: sa juridiction s'etendoit sur les jeux de dez et de brelands, et sur les bordeaux qui étoient en l'ost du Roy.' The satire in this passage is lost, unless we understand that False-Semblant was made the provost-marshal, intrusted with the task of correcting the excesses of the dicers and debauchees who haunt the purlieus of courts. The latest notice of this curious subject is to be found in Mr. Wright's ed. of *Piers Ploughman*, Gloss. in voc.

² *Myster* means need. The original is—

'Se du trover mestier avoient.'

³ That is, 'Which I do not wish to be divulged.'

For if that I telle you the sothe,
 I may have harme and shame bothe.
 If that my felowes wisten it,
 My talis shulden me be quytt;
 For certeyne they wolde hate me,
 If ever I knewe¹ her cruelte;
 For they wolde overalle holde hem stille
 Of trouthe that is ageyne her wille;
 Suche tales kepen they not here.²
 I myght eftsoone bye it fulle deere,
 If I seide of hem ony thing,
 That ought displesith to her heryng.
 For what word that hem prikke or biteth,
 In that word noon of hem deliteth,
 Al were it gospel the evangile,
 That wolde reprove hem of her gile,
 For they are cruel and hauteyne.
 And this thyng wote I welle certeyne,
 If I speke ought to peire her loos,
 Your court shal not so welle be cloos,
 That they ne shalle wite it atte last.
 Of good men am I nought agast,
 For they wole taken on hem no thyng,
 Whanne that they knowe al my menyng;
 But he that wole it on hym take,
 He wole hymself suspicious make,
 That he his lyf let³ covertly,
 In Gile and in Ipocrisie,
 That me engendred and yaf fostryng.⁴
 'They made a fulle good engendryng,'
 Quod Love, 'for who so soothly telle,
 They engendred the devel of helle.
 But nedely, howsoevere it be,'
 Quod Love, 'I wole and charge thee,

¹ *Knewe*, like *beknewe*, means here *disclosed*.

² That is, 'They do not care [kepen] to hear such tales.'

³ *Let* is another form of *ledeth*.

To telle anoon thy wonyng places,
 Heryng ech wight that in this place is;
 And what lyf that thou lyvest also,
 Hide it no lenger now; wherto?¹
 Thou most discovere alle thi wurchyng,
 How thou servest, and of what thyng,
 Though that thou shuldist for thi sothe-sawe
 Ben al to-beten and to-drawe;
 And yit art thou not wont, pardee.
 But natheles, though thou beten be,
 Thou shalt not be the first, that so
 Hath for soth-sawe suffred woo.'

F. Sem. 'Sir, sith that it may liken you,
 Though that I shulde be slayne right now,
 I shall done youre comaundement,
 For therto have I gret talent.'

Withouten wordis mo, right thanne,
 Fals-Semblant his sermon biganne,
 And seide hem thus in audience:—
 'Barouns, take heede of my sentence!
 That wight that list to have knowing
 Of Fals-Semblant fulle of flatering,
 He must in worldly folk hym seke,
 And, certes, in the cloistres eke;
 I wone no where but in hem twey;²
 But not lyk even, soth to sey;
 Shortly, I wole herberwe me,
 There I hope best to hulstred be;
 And certeynly, sikerest hidyng
 Is undirnethe humblest clothing.

'Religieuse folk ben fulle covert;
 Seculer folk ben more appert.
 But natheles, I wole not blame
 Religious folk, ne hem diffame,
 In what habit that ever they go:
 Religioun umble, and trewe also,

¹ 'What would be the use?'

² That is. 'Everywhere.'

Wole I not blame, ne despise,
 But I nyl love it in no wise.
 I mene of fals religious,
 That stoute ben, and malicious;
 That wolen in an abit goo,
 And setten not her herte therto.
 Religious folk ben al pitous;
 Thou shalt not seen oon dispitous.
 They loven no pride, ne no strif,
 But humbly they wole lede her lyf,
 With which folk wole I never be.¹
 And if I dwelle, I feyne me
 I may wel in her abit go;
 But me were lever my nekke atwo,
 Than lette a purpose that I take,
 What covebant that ever I make.
 I dwelle with hem that proude be,
 And fulle of wiles and subtilite;
 That worship of this world coveiten,
 And grete nede kunnen expleiten;
 And gone and gadren gret pitaunces,
 And purchace hem the acqueyntaunces
 Of men that myghty lyf may leden;
 And feyne hem pore, and hem silf feden
 With gode morcels delicious,
 And drinken good wyne precious,
 And preche us povert and distresse,
 And fisshen hem silf gret richesse,
 With wily nettis that they cast:
 It wole come foule at the last.
 They ben fro clene religioun went;
 They make the world an argument,²

¹ These are they who are really imbued with the spirit of their profession, and who not only wear the habit of religion, but also conform to its precepts: with these False-Semblant says he does not consort.

² That is, 'They try to convince the world by an argument which has a false conclusion:—'

' Il font ung argument au monde
 Ou conclusion a honteuse.'

That hath a foule conclusioun.
 ' I have a robe of religioun,
 Thanne am I alle religious :'
 This argument is alle roignous ;
 It is not worth a croked brere ;
 Habite ne makith neithir monk ne frere,
 But clene lyf and devocioun
 Makith gode men of religioun.
 Nethesse, ther kan noon answeze,
 How high that evere his heed he shere
 With rasour¹ whetted never so kene,
 That Gile in braunches kut thrittene,²
 Ther can no wight distincte it so,
 That he dare sey a word therto.

' But what herberwe that ever I take,
 Or what semblant that evere I make,
 I mene but gile, and folowe that ;
 For right no mo than Gibbe³ our cat,
 That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen,⁴
 Me entende I but to bigilyng ;
 Ne no wight may, by my clothing,
 Wite with what folk is my dwellyng ;
 Ne by my wordis yet, parde,
 So softe and so plesaunt they be.

¹ Instead of rasour the MS. reads *resoun*, which is evidently a mere clerical error. The original is—

' Ne porquant mes n'i set repondre,
 Tant face haute sa teste tondre,
 Voire rere ou rasoer de lanches
 Qui Barat trenche en treize tranches.'

² *Gile*, *Guile*, or *Barat*, cut into thirteen branches, may possibly be an allusion to the fact that thirteen friars made a covent, or convent.— See vol. ii. p. 122, note 4.

³ This was the common name in England for a cat. Thus, in Skelton's *Death of Philip Sparrow*, we have, ' Whom Gib our cat hath slain ;' and in Shakspeare, ' As melancholy as a gib-cat.' *Tibers* is the name in the original, as in the *Roman de Renart*.

⁴ This line is omitted in the MS.

Biholde the dedis that I do ;
 But thou be blynde thou oughtest so ;
 For varie her wordis fro her deede,
 They thenke on gile, without dreede,¹
 What maner clothing that they were,
 Or what estate what evere they bere,
 Lered or lewde, lord or lady,
 Knyght, squier, burgeis, or bayly.'

Right thus while Fals-Semblant sermoneth ;
 Eftsones Love hym aresoneth,
 And brake his tale in the spekyng
 As though he had hym tolde lesyng.
 And seide : ' What devel is that I here ?
 What folk hast thou us nempned heere ?
 May men fynde religioun
 In worldly habitacioun ?

F. Sem. ' Yhe, sir ; it folowith not that they
 Shulde lede a wikked lyf, parfey,
 Ne not therfore her soules leese,
 That hem to worldly clothes chese ;
 For, certis, it were gret pitee.
 Men may in seculer clothes see,
 Florishen hooly religioun.
 Fulle many a seynt in feeld and toune,
 With many a virgine glorious,
 Devoute, and fulle religious,
 Han deied, that comyn clothe ay beeren,
 Yit seyntes neverethelesse they weren. .
 I cowde reken you many a ten ;
 Yhe, welnygh alle these hooly wymmen,
 That men in chirchis herie and seke,
 Bothe maydens, and these wyves eke,
 That baren fulle many a faire child heere,
 Wered alwey clothis seculere,
 And in the same dieden they
 That seyntes weren, and ben alwey.

¹ That is, ' For if men's words vary from their deeds, their intention is to deceive.'

The elevene thousand maydens deere,¹
 That beren in heven her ciergis clere,²
 Of whiche men rede in chirche, and synge,
 Were take in seculer clothing,
 Whanne they resseyved martirdome,
 And wonnen hevene unto her home.
 Good hert makith the good thought;
 The clothing yeveth ne reveth nought.
 The good thought and the worching,
 That makith the religioun flowryng;
 Ther lyth the good religioun,
 Aftir the right entencioun.

‘ Who so took a wethers skynne,
 And wrapped a gredy wolf³ therynne,
 For he shulde go with lambis whyte,
 Wenest thou not he wolde hem bite?
 Yhis! neverthelasse, as he were woode,
 He wolde hem wery, and drinke the bloode;
 And wel the rather hem disceyve,
 For sith they cowde not perceyve
 His treget, and his cruelte,
 They wolde hym folowe, al wolde he fle.

‘ If ther be wolves of sich hewe,
 Amonges these apostlis newe,⁴
 Thou, hooly chirche, thou maist be wailed!
 Sith that thy citee is assayled
 Thourgh knyghtis of thyn owne table,⁵
 God wote thi lordship is doutable!

¹ The story of the eleven thousand virgins, said to have been martyred by the Huns at Cologne, in the year 352, is told in the *Legenda Aurea*. This marvellous number is supposed to be some mistake, arising from the ambiguity of the old Roman numerals.

² The *cierge*, or lighted candle, symbolizes faith.—Rev. ii. 5. Hence a lighted candle is placed in the hands of the expiring Catholic, to denote that he dies in the faith.

³ In the original the wolf is called *Sire Ysangrin*, as in the *Roman de Renart*.

⁴ The friars are here called new apostles, because their chief mission was to supply the deficiencies of the secular priests and monks, by their learning and skill in preaching.

⁵ Not only the knights of Arthur's Court, but all orders of knight-

If thei enforce it to wynne,
 That shulde defende it fro withynne,
 Who myght defense ayens hem make?
 Without stroke it mote be take,
 Of trepeget or mangonel;
 Without displaiyng of pensel.
 And if God nyl done it socour,
 But lat renne in this colour,
 Thou moost thyn heestis laten be.
 Thanne is ther nought, but yelde thee,
 Or yeve hem tribute, doutlees,
 And holde it of hem to have pees:
 But gretter harme bitide thee,
 That they al maister of it be.
 Wel konne they scorne thee withal;
 By day stuffen they the walle,¹
 And al the nyght they mynen there.
 Nay, thou planten most elles where
 Thyn ympes, if thou wolt fruyt have.
 Abide not there thi silf to save.
 'But now pees! heere I turne ageyne;
 I wole nomore of this thing seyne,
 If I may passen me herby,
 For I myght maken you wery.
 But I wole heten you alway,
 To helpe youre freendis what I may,
 So they wollen my company;
 For they be shent al outerly,
 But if so falle, that I be
 Ofte with hem, and they with me.
 And eke my lemman² mote they serve,
 Or they shulle not my love deserve.

hood were founded on the plan of a religious brotherhood, living in equality, and eating at a common table.

¹ The author insinuates that the friars, while they pretended to repair the breaches in the defences of the church, were really sapping them in secret.

² Scil., *Constrained-Abstinence*.

Forsothe I am a fals traitour ;
 God jugged me for a thief trichour ;
 Forsworne I am, but wel nygh none
 Wote of my gile, til it be done.

‘ Though me hath many oon deth resseyved,
 That my treget nevere aperceyved ;
 And yit resseyveth, and shal resseyve,
 That my falsnesse shal nevere aperceyve :
 But who so doth, if he wise be,
 Hym is right good be warre of me.
 But so sligh is the aperceyvyng
 That al to late cometh knowyng.¹
 For Protheus that cowde hym change,
 In every shap homely and straunge,
 Cowde nevere sich gile ne tresouné
 As I ; for I come never in touné
 There as I myght knowen be,
 Though men me bothe myght here and see.
 Fulle wel I can my clothis change,
 Take oon, and make another straunge.
 Now am I knyght, now chasteleyne ;
 Now prelate, and now chapeleyne ;
 Now prest, now clerk, now forstere ;
 Now am I maister, now scolere ;
 Now monke, now chanoun, now baily ;
 What ever myster man am I.
 Now am I prince, now am I page,
 And kan by herte every langage.
 Somme tyme am I hore and olde ;
 Now am I yonge, stoute, and bolde ;
 Now am I Robert, now Robyn ;²
 Now frere menor, now jacobyn ;³

¹ This line is omitted in the MS. In the original it is :—

‘ Que trop est grief l'apercevançe.’

² Robin the familiar name for Robert, is appropriated to persons of mean estate. Thus, in the story of *Flores d'Ausi*, published by M. F. Michel in his *Théât. Franc. du Moyen Age*, the esquire is called *Robin*, but as soon as he is knighted he becomes *Mesire Robiers*.

³ The friars *menor*, or minor, were Franciscans, the title minor, or

And with me folwith my loteby,
 To done me solas and company,
 That hight dame Abstinence, and reyned
 In many a queynte array feyned.
 Ryght as it cometh to hir lykyng,
 I fulfille al hir desiryng.
 Somtyme a wommans cloth take I;
 Now am I mayde, now lady.
 Somtyme I am religious;
 Now lyk an anker¹ in an hous.
 Somtyme am I prioresse,²
 And now a nonne, and now abbesse;
 And go thurgh alle regions,
 Sekyng alle religious.³
 But to what ordre that I am sworne,
 I take the strawe and lete the corne;⁴
 To joly folk I enhabite,
 I axe nomore but her abite.⁵
 What wole ye more? in every wise
 Right as me lyst I me disgise.
 Wel can I were me undir wede;
 Unlyk is my word to my dede.
 Thus make I into my trappis falle,⁶
 Thurgh my pryveleges, alle

le-ser, being adopted from humility. One of the 'reforms' of this order went further, and called themselves *minims*. The Jacobins were Dominicans, and were so called because their first house in France was in the *Rue St. Jacques* at Paris.

¹ Anker means an anchorite, or anachorite, one who retires (*ἀναχωπέω*) from the world into the desert.

² A prioresse was the principal of a female priory, that is, a religious house subject to an abbey, which directed its discipline, and appointed its officers.

³ All the different religious orders.

⁴ Fals-Semblant reverses the proverb:—'I lete the strawe and take the corne.'

⁵ In the original:—

'Por gens aveugler i abit.'

Hence it would appear that *foly* is here a verb, meaning to blind, or make fools of.

⁶ In the MS. *thus* is omitted; but being evidently necessary for the sense and metre, it is adopted from Speght.

That ben in Cristendome alyve.
 I may assoile, and I may shryve,
 That no prelat may lette me,¹
 Alle folk, where evere thei founde be :
 I note no prelate may done so,
 But it the pope be, and no mo,
 That made thilk establisshing.
 Now is not this a propre thing?
 But, were my sleightis aperceyved,²

* * * *

As I was wont; and wostow whye?
 For I dide hem a tregetrie;
 But therof yeve I a lytel tale,
 I have the silver and the male,
 So have I prechid and eke shreven,
 So have I take, so have I yeven,
 Thurgh her foly, husbonde and wyf,
 That I lede right a joly lyf,
 Thurgh symplesse of the prelacye;
 They knowe not al my tregettrie.

‘But for as moche as man and wyf
 Shulde shewe her parochie prest her lyf
 Onys a yeer, as seith the book,
 Er ony wight his housel took,³

¹ The friars were independent of the Ordinary, being under the jurisdiction of their general alone, hence the bitter jealousy with which they were regarded by the secular clergy. Thus in *Jacke Uplande*:—
 ‘And alle men knowne wele that they [the friars] bee not obedient to Bishops ne liegemen to Kynges; neither they tillen ne sowen, weeden ne repen woode, corne ne grasse, neither nothing that man shulde helpe, but onely hemselves her lyves to susteyne.’

² A line is here wanting in the MS., and in Speght. The original enables us to supply the sense:—

‘Més mes traits ont aperceus,
 Si n'en sui mes si receus
 Envers eus si cum ge soloie,
 Por ce que trop fort les boloie.’

The missing line was, probably:—

‘I shulde no lenger ben received.’

³ The book here means the Bible. The allusion is probably to Matt. xviii. 16, and John xx. 23. The practice of confession to a

Thanne have I pryvylegis large,
 That may of mych thing discharge,
 For he may seie right thus parde:
 'Sir Preest, in shrift I telle it thee,
 That he to whom that I am shryven,
 Hath me assoiled, and me yeven
 For penaunce sothly for my synne,
 Which that I fonde me gilty ynne;
 Ne I ne have nevere entencioun
 To make double confessioun,
 Ne reherce efte my shrift to thee;
 O shrift is right ynough to me.¹
 This ought thee suffice wele,
 Ne be not rebel never adele;
 For certis, though thou haddist it sworne,
 I wote no prest ne prelat borne
 That may to shrift efte me constreyne.²
 And if they done I wole me pleyne;
 For I wote where to pleyne wele.
 Thou shalt not streyne me a dele,
 Ne enforce me, ne not me trouble,
 To make my confessioun double.
 Ne I have none affecioun
 To have double absolucioun.
 The firste is right ynough to me;
 This latter assoilyng quyte I thee.

priest may be traced to the first three centuries.—See Bingham, *Eccles. Antiq.* xviii. c. 3, s. 5; but the Council of Lateran first decreed that all the faithful should confess to their parish priest once a year at least, before their Easter communion.—See *Conc. Trid.* Sessio xiv. c. v. *De Confessione*. The licences granted by the Pope to the Mendicant Orders, to administer the sacrament of Penance within the jurisdiction of the secular clergy, gave rise to frequent disputes, which arrived at such a height in the 13th century, that Martin IV. and Boniface VIII. were obliged to modify them.

¹ This is Thomases argument in *The Sompnoures Tale*.—See vol. ii. p. 117.

² Those who did not communicate at Easter, were liable, both before and after the Reformation, to be presented to the Ordinary, and incurred the penalty of the lesser excommunication, which subjected them to civil penalties at common law.

I am unbounde; what maist thou fynde
 More of my synnes me to unbynde?
 For he that myght hath in his honde,
 Of alle my synnes me unbonde.¹
 And if thou wolt me thus constreyne,
 That me mote nedis on thee pleyne,
 There shalle no jugge imperial,
 Ne bisshop, ne official,
 Done judgement on me; for I
 Shal gone and pleyne me openly
 Unto my shrift-fadir newe,
 That hight Frere Wolf² untrewe,
 And he shal cheveys hym for me,³
 For I trowe he can hampre thee.
 But, lord! he wolde be wrooth withalle,
 If men hym wolde Frere Wolf calle!
 For he wolde have no pacience,
 But done al cruel vengeance!
 He wolde his myght done at the leest,
 No thing spare for Goddis heest.
 And, God so wys be my socour,
 But thou yeve me my savyour⁴
 At Ester, whanne it likith me,
 Withoute presyng more on thee,
 I wole forth, and to hym gone,
 And he shal housel me anoon,
 For I am out of thi grucching;
 I kepe not dele with thee no thing.
 Thus may he shryve hym, that forsaketh
 His parochē prest, and to me takith.
 And if the prest wole hym refuse,
 I am fulle redy hym to accuse,

¹ To unbind means to absolve from ecclesiastical censures, in allusion to our Lord's commission to the Apostles.—John xx. 28.

² The allusion is apparently to John x. 12.

³ That is, 'He will help me against you;' in the original:—

'Me saura bien vous chevir.'

⁴ That is, 'Admit me to communion.'

And hym punysshē and hampre so,
That he his chirche shal forgo.

‘But who so hath in his felyng
The consequence of such shryvying,
Shal sene that prest may never have myght
To knowe the conscience aright
Of hym that is undir his cure.

And this is ageyns holy scripture,
That biddith every heerde honeste
Have verry knowing of his beeste.¹
But pore folk that gone by strete,
That have no gold, ne sommes grete,
Hem wolde I lete to her prelates,
Or lete her prestis knowe her states,
For to me right nought yeve they;

Amour. ‘And why it is?’

F. Sem. ‘For they ne may.
They ben so bare, I take no kepe;
But I wole have the fat sheepe;
Lat parish prestis have the lene,
I yeve not of her harme a bene!²
And if that prelates grucche it,
That oughten wroth be in her witt,
To leese her fat beestes so,
I shal yeve hem a stroke or two,
That they shal leesen with force,
Yhe, bothe her mytre and her croce.
Thus jape I hem, and have do longe,
My pryveleges³ ben so stronge.’

Fals-Semblant wolde have stynted heere,
But Love ne made hym no such cheere,
That he was wery of his sawe;
But for to make hym glad and fawe,

¹ Prov. xxvii. 23.

² That is, ‘I care not a bean for all the harm they can do me.’

³ By privileges is meant the extraordinary jurisdiction granted to the Mendicants by various Bulls.

He seide:—‘Telle on more specialy,
 Hou that thou servest untrewly.
 Telle forth, and shame thee never a dele,
 For, as thyn abit shewith wele,
 Thou servest an hooly heremyte.’

F. Sem. ‘Sothe is; but I am but an ypocrite.’

Amour. ‘Thou goste and prechest poverte?’

F. Sem. ‘Yhe, sir; but Richesse hath pouste.’

Amour. ‘Thou prechest abstinence also?’

F. Sem. ‘Sir, I wole fillen, so mote I go,
 My paunche of good mete and wyne,
 As shulde a maister of dyvyne;
 For how that I me pover feyne,
 Yit alle pore folk I disdeyne.¹
 I love bettir the queyntaunce,
 Ten tyme, of the kyng of Fraunce,
 Than of a pore man of mylde mode,
 Though that his soule be al so gode.
 For whanne I see beggers quakyng,
 Naked on myxnes al stynkyng,
 For hungre crie, and eke for care,
 I entremete not of her fare.
 They ben so pore, and ful of pyne,
 They myght not oonys yeve me a dyne,
 For they have no thing but her lyf;
 What shulde he yeve that likketh his knyff?
 It is but foly to entremete,
 To seke in houndes nest fat-mete.²
 Lete bere hem to the spitel anoon,
 But, for me,³ comfort gete they noon.
 But a rich sike usurere
 Wolde I visite and drawe nere.

¹ This was a favourite topic of censure on the Mendicants. It is used in the General Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*.—See vol. i. p. 88.

² Fat-mete appears to mean *par excellence*, black pudding: the original is *saing*, blood.

³ For me, as far as I am concerned.

Hym wolde I comforte and rehetē,
 For I hope of his gold to gete.
 And if that wikkid Deth hym have,
 I wole go with hym in his grave.
 And if ther ony reprove me,
 Why that I lete the pore be,
 Wostow how I not ascape?
 I sey and swere hym ful rape,
 That riche men han more tecches
 Of synne, than han pore wrecches,
 And han of counseile more mister;
 And therefore I wole drawe hem ner.
 But as grete hurt, it may so be,
 Hath a soule in right grete poverte,
 As soul in grete richesse, forsothe,
 Albeit that they hurten bothe.
 For richesse and mendicitees
 Ben clepid two extremytees;
 The mene is cleped suffisaunce,
 Ther lyth of vertu the aboundaunce.
 For Salamon fulle wel I wote,
 In his parables us wrote,
 As it is knowe of many a wight,
 In his thrittene chapitre right;—
 God thou me kepe, for thi pouste,
 Fro richesse and mendicite;¹
 For if a riche man hym dresse,
 To thenke to mych on richesse,
 His herte on that so fer is sett,
 That he his creatour foryett;
 And he that beggith, wole ay greve.
 How shulde I bi his word hym leve?
 Unnethe that he nys a mycher,
 Forsworne, or ellis Goddis lyer.²

¹ For *thrittene* we ought to read *thritteth*, or thirtieth, for the allusion is to Prov. xxx. 8.

² False-Semblant says that the poor man has as many temptations to envy and fraud, as the rich has to forgetfulness of God.

Thus seith Salamon sawes.
 Ne we fynde writen in no lawis,
 And namely in oure Cristen lay,
 (Who seith, 'yhe,' I dar sey, 'nay')
 That Crist, ne his apostlis dere,
 While that they walkide in erthe heere,
 Were never seen hir bred beggyng,
 For they nolden beggen for no thing.
 And right thus were men wont to teche;
 And in this wise wolde it preche,
 The maistres of divinite
 Somtyme in Parys the citee.¹

'And if men wolde ther geyn appose
 The nakid text, and lete the glose,
 It myght soone assoiled be;²
 For men may wel the sothe see,
 That, parde, they myght axe a thing
 Pleynly forth without begging.
 For they weren Goddis herdis deere,
 And cure of soules hadden heere,
 They nolde no thing begge her fode;
 For aftir Crist was done on rode,
 With ther propre hondis they wrought,
 And with travel, and ellis nought,
 They wonnen alle her sustenaunce,
 And lyveden forth in her penaunce,
 And the remenaunt yaf away
 To other pore folkis alwey.³
 They neither bilden tour ne halle,⁴
 But they in houses smale with alle.

¹ The University of Paris was always hostile to the Mendicants.

² That is, 'If men would oppose the text of Scripture against these propositions, and leave the gloss, or comment, the question might soon be settled.'

³ Ephes. iv. 28. Here St. Paul is not speaking of clergymen, but of laymen, who, before their conversion, had been thieves. And though he himself, in order to remove all appearance of interested motives, worked at a trade, yet he asserts in the strongest language his right, and that of all ministers of Christ, to maintenance from the alms of the faithful.—2 Cor. xi. 7, *et seq.*

⁴ Alluding to the beautiful abbeys built by the friars. But though

A myghty man that can and may,
 Shulde with his honde and body alway
 Wynne hym his fode in laboring,
 If he ne have rent or sich a thing,
 Although he be religious,
 And God to serven curious.
 Thus mote he done, or do trespas,
 But if it be in certeyn cas,
 That I can reherce, if myster be,
 Right wel, whanne the tyme I se.

‘Seke the book of Seynt Austyne,¹
 Be it in papir or perchemyne,
 There as he writte of these worchynges,
 Thou shalt seen that noon excusynges
 A parfit man ne shulde seke
 By wordis, ne bi dedis eke,
 Although he be religious,
 And God to serven curious,
 That he ne shal, so mote I go,
 With propre hondis and body also,
 Gete his fode in laboryng,
 If he ne have proprete of thing.
 Yit shulde he selle alle his substaunce,
 And with his swynk have sustenaunce,
 If he be parfit in bounte.²
 Thus han tho bookes tolde me :

there is exquisite taste displayed in these structures, it may be questioned whether they were as conducive to personal self-indulgence as the ugly, but snug, parsonage-houses of the modern clergy.

¹ The whole of this dissertation on Mendicancy is borrowed from St. Augustin's book, *De Opere Monachorum, ad Aur. Episc. Carthag.*, in which he shows that *monks*, who in his time were seldom in holy orders, are bound to earn their bread by manual labour. This is in accordance with the rule of St. Benet.—See vol. i. p. 85, note 4. But St. Augustin's arguments do not apply to friars, who were priests actually employed in the duties of the ministry, and therefore entitled to maintenance according to St. Paul, 1 Cor. ix.

² That is, ‘Even though he have property, yet if he wishes to follow the counsels of perfection, he ought to sell it, and labour for his maintenance.’—Matt. xix. 21.

For he that wole gone ydilly,
 And usith it ay besily
 To haunten other mennes table,
 He is a trechour ful of fable,¹
 Ne he ne may, by gode resoun,
 Excuse hym by his orisoun.
 For men bihoveth, in somme gise,
 Ben² somtyme in Goddis servise,
 To gone and purchasen her nede.
 Men mote eten, that is no drede,
 And slepe, and eke do other thing,
 So longe may they leve praiyng.
 So may they eke her prair blynnne,
 While that they werke her mete to wyune.
 Seynt Austyn wole therto accorde,
 In thilke book that I recorde.³
 Justinian⁴ eke, that made lawes,
 Hath thus forboden by olde dawes:
 ‘No man, up peyne to be dede,
 Mighty of body, to begge his brede,
 If he may swynke it for to gete;
 Men shulde hym rather mayme or bete,
 Or done of hym aperte justice,
 Than suffren hym in such malice.’
 ‘They done not wel, so mote I go,
 That taken such almesse so,
 But if they have somme pryvelege,
 That of the peyne hem wole allege.

The original:—

‘Lobierres est, et sert de fable.’

He is a deceiver, and serves as a laughing stock.

² In order to make sense of the passage we ought to read, ‘That ben sometyne, &c. The meaning is:—‘It behoves men who are engaged in God’s service, nevertheless, sometimes to go and obtain the necessaries of life’

³ See *ante*, p. 222, note 1.

⁴ De mendicantibus validis.—*Codex Justin.* xi. 25. Justinian, whose celebrated code called the Pandects, forms the basis of the Civil and Canon Law, was Emperor of the Eastern Empire in 527.

But how that is, can I not see,
 But if the prince disseyved be;
 Ne I ne wene not sikerly,
 That they may have it rightfully.
 But I wole not determine
 Of prynces power, ne defyne,
 Ne by my word comprede, iwys,
 If it so ferre may strecche in this.
 I wole not entremete a dele;
 But I trowe that the book¹ seith wele,
 Who that takith almessis, that be
 Dewe to folk that men may se
 Lame, feble, wery, and bare,
 Pore, or in such maner care,
 That konne wynne hem nevermo,
 For they have no power therto,
 He etith his owne dampnyng,
 But if He lye that made al thing.
 And if such a truaunt fynde,
 Chastise hym wel, if ye be kynde.
 But they wolde hate you, percas,
 And if ye fillen in her laas.
 They wolde eftsoonys do you scathe,
 If that they myght, late or rathe;
 For they be not fulle pacient,
 That han the world thus foule blent.
 And witeth wel, that God bad
 The good man selle al that he had,
 And folowe hym, and to pore it yeve;²
 He wolde not therfore that he lyve,
 To serven hym in mendience,
 For it was nevere his sentence;
 But he bad wirken whanne that neede is.
 And folwe hym in goode dedis.
 Seynt Poule that loved al hooly chirche,
 He bade thapostles for to wirche,

¹ The allusion appears to be to Matt. xxiii. 14.

² Matt. xix. 21.

And wynnyn her lyflode in that wise,
 And hem defended truaundise,
 And seide, 'Wirketh with youre honden ;'¹
 Thus shulde the thing be undirstonden.
 He nolde, iwys, have bidde hem begging,
 Ne sellen gospel, ne prechyng,²
 Lest they berafte, with her askyng,
 Folk of her catel or of her thing.
 For in this world is many a man
 That yeveth his good, for he ne can
 Werne it for shame, or ellis he
 Wolde of the asker delyvered be ;
 And for he hym encombrith so,
 He yeveth hym good to late hym go :
 But it can hym no thyng profit,
 They lese the yift and the meryt.
 The good folk that Poule to preched,
 Profred hym ofte, whan he hem teched,
 Somme of her good in charite ;
 But therof right no thing toke he ;
 But of his hondwerk wolde he gete
 Clothes to wryne hym, and his mete.³

Amour. 'Telle me thanne how a man may
 That al his good to pore hath yiven, [lyven,
 And wole but oonly bidde his bedis,
 And never with hondis laboure his nedes.
 May he do so ?

F. Sem. Yhe, sir.

Amour. And how ?

F. Sem. 'Sir, I wole gladly telle yow :—
 Seynt Austyn seith, a man may be
 In houses that han proprete,

¹ It would not be easy to find any passage in which St. Paul commands the Apostles to work with their hands.

² 'Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.'—1 Cor. ix. 14.

³ In some instances St. Paul refused alms, but in others he asks his converts for contributions towards his necessities.—2 Cor. xi.

As templers¹ and hospitelers,²
 And as these chanouns regulers,³

¹ The Knights-Templars were founded in 1119 by Hugh de Paganis. Their habit was a white garment with a red cross on the breast. 'It is falsely fathered on St. Bernard,' says Fuller, 'that he appointed them their rule, who prescribeth not what they should do, but onely describeth what they did, namely, How they were never idle, mending their old clothes when wanting other employment; never played at chesse or dice, never hawked nor hunted; beheld no stage-playes, arming themselves with faith within, with steel without; aiming more at strength than state; to be feared, not admired; to strike terror with their valour, not to stirre covetousnesse with their wealth in the heart of their enemies. . . . Indeed, at first they were very poor, in token whereof they gave for their seal two men riding on one horse, and hence it was that if the Turks took any of them prisoners, their constant ransome was a sword and a belt.'—*Holy Warre*, ii. 16. The Templars afterwards degenerated from their pristine poverty and virtue, and were dissolved by Pope Clement V., in 1310, and many of the knights were burned by order of Philippe le Bel. Fuller relates that one of these knights at the stake cited the Pope and the King to appear at the judgment-seat of Christ within a year and a day, before the expiration of which time they both died. 'Besides,' adds Fuller, 'King Philip missed of his expectation, and the morsel [the lands of the Templars] fell besides his mouth; for the lands of the Templars, which were first granted to him as a portion for his youngest sonne, were afterwards, by the Council of Vienne, bestowed on the Knights Hospitallers.'—*Ibid.*, v. 2.

² The same witty writer gives the following account of the Hospitallers. 'About this time (anno 1099) under Gerard, their first Grand Master, began the Order of Knights-Hospitallers. Indeed, more anciently there were Hospitallers in Jerusalem, but there were no knights; they had a kind of Order, but no honour annexed to it, but were pure alms-men, whose house was founded, and they maintained by the charity of the merchants of Amalphia, a citie in Italy. . . They wore a red belt with a white crosse, and, on a black cloke, the white crosse of Jerusalem, which is a cross crossed, or five crosses together, in memorie of our Saviour's five wounds. . . Their profession was to fight against infidels, and to secure pilgrims coming to the Sepulchre, and they vowed poverty, chastity, and obedience. Reimundus de Podio, their second Master, made some additionalls to their profession, as, they must receive the sacrament thrice a year, heare mass once a day, if possible; they were to be no merchants, no usurers, to fight no private duells; to stand neuters, and to take no side if the Princes of Christendome should fall out. But,' adds Fuller, 'it is given to most religious orders to be clear in the spring, and mirie in the streame. These Hospitallers afterwards getting wealth, unlaced themselves from the strictnesse of their first institution, and grew loose into all licentiousnesse.'—*Holy Warre*, ii. 4. This order lasted till our own days, being removed from Jerusalem to Rhodes, and thence to Malta.

³ The Chanons, or Canons regular, were a quasi-religious order

Or white monkes, or these blake,¹
 (I wole no mo ensamplis make)
 And take therof his sustenyng,
 For therynne lyth no begging,
 But other weys not, ywys;
 Yit Austyn gabbith not of this.
 And yit fulle many a monke laboreth,
 That God in hooly chirche honoureth;
 For whanne her swynkyng is agone,
 They rede and synge in chirche anone.
 ‘ And for ther hath ben gret discorde,
 As many a wight may bere recorde,
 Upon the estate of mendiciens,
 I wole shortly, in youre presence,
 Telle how a man may begge at nede,
 That hath not wherwith hym to fede,
 Maugre his feloues jangelynges,
 For sothfastnesse wole none hidyngis;
 And yit percas I may abey,
 That I to yow sothly thus sey.
 Lo heere the caas especial:—
 If a man be so bestial,
 That he of no craft hath science,
 And nought desireth ignorence,
 Thanne may he go a begging yerne,
 Til he somme maner crafte kan lerne,
 Thurgh which, without truaundyng,
 He may in trouthe have his lyvyng.
 Or if he may done no labour,
 For elde, or sykenesse, or langour,
 Or for his tendre age also,
 Thanne may he yit a begging go.
 Or if he have peraventure,
 Thurgh usage of his norture,

living under a certain rule, but much less strict than that of the monks or friars.—See vol. iii. p. 24, note 2.

¹ The white monks were Cistercians, a reformed order of Benedictine; the black, the unreformed.

Lyved over deliciously,
 Thanne oughten good folk comunly
 Han of his myscheef somme pitee,
 And suffren hym also, that he
 May gone aboute and begge his breed,
 That he be not for hungur deed.
 Or if he have of craft kunnyng,
 And strengthe also, and desiryng
 To wirken, as he had what,
 But he fynde neithir this ne that,
 Thanne may he begge til that he
 Have geten his necessite.
 Or if his wynnyng be so lite,
 That his labour wole not acypte
 Sufficiantly al his lyvyng,
 Yit may he go his breed begging;
 Fro dore to dore, he may go trace,
 Til he the remenaunt may purchase.
 Or if a man wolde undirtake
 Ony emprise for to make,
 In the rescous of oure lay,¹
 And it defenden as he may,
 Be it with armes or lettrure,
 Or other covenable cure,
 If it be so he pore be,
 Thanne may he begge, til that he
 May fynde in trouthe for to swynke
 And gete hym clothe, mete, and drynke.
 Swynke he with his hondis corporelle,
 And not with his hondis espirituelle.
 ‘ In al this caas, and in semblables,
 If that ther ben mo resonables,
 He may begge, as I telle you heere,
 And ellis nought in no manere,
 As William Seynt Amour² wolde preche,
 And ofte wolde dispute and teche

¹ Our law, *i. e.*, Christianity.

² William of St. Amour was a Doctor of the Sorbonne, and flourished

Of this mater alle openly
 At Parys fulle solempnely.
 And al so God my soule blesse
 As he had in this stedfastnesse
 The accorde of the universite,
 And of the puple, as semeth me.

‘No good man oughte it to refuse,
 Ne ought hym therof to excuse,
 Be wrothe or blithe, who so be;
 For I wole speke, and telle it thee,
 Al shulde I dye, and be putt doun,
 As was seynt Poule, in derke prisoun;
 Or be exiled in this caas
 With wrong, as maister William was,
 That my moder Ypocrysie
 Banysshed for hir gret envye.

‘My moder flemed hym, Seynt Amour:
 The noble dide such labour
 To susteyne evere the loyalte,
 That he to moche agilt me.
 He made a book, and lete it write,
 Wherin his lyf he dide al write,¹
 And wolde ich reneyed begging,
 And lyved by my traveylyng,
 If I ne had rent ne other goode.
 What? wened he that I were woode?
 For labour myght me never plesse,
 I have more wille to bene at ese;
 And have wel lever, soth to sey,
 Bifore the puple patre and prey,

about the year 1260. He wrote a book against the Mendicant Orders, entitled, *De Periculis Novissimorum Temporum*, which was answered by St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure, and condemned by Alexander IV. William de St. Amour was banished France.

¹ In the MS. this line is erased, and written over it is:—

‘Of thynges that he best myght.’

Speght's reading agrees with the original:—

‘Où sa vie toute escrivre.’

And wrie me in my foxerie
 Under a cope of papelardie.¹
 Quod Love, 'What devel is this that I heere?
 What wordis tellest thou me heere?'

F. Sem. 'What, sir? Falsnesse, that apert is.

Amour. 'Thanne dredist thou not God?'

F. Sem. 'No, certis:

For selde in grete thing shal he spede
 In this world, that God wole drede;
 For folk that hem to vertu yeven,
 And truly on her owne lyven,
 And hem in goodnesse ay contene,
 On hem is lytel thrift sene;
 Such folk drinken gret misese;
 That lyf may me never plese.
 But se what gold han usurers,
 And silver eke in garners,
 Taylagiers, and these monyours,
 Bailifs, bedels, provost, countours;
 These lyven wel nygh by ravyne,
 The smale puple hem mote enclyne,
 And they as wolves wole hem eten.
 Upon the pore folk they geten
 Fulle moche of that they spende or kepe;
 Nis none of hem that he nyl strepe,
 And wrine hem silf wel at fulle;
 Without scaldyng they hem pulle.²
 The stronge the feble overgoth;
 But I, that were my symple cloth,
 Robbe bothe robbed and robbours,
 And gile giled, and gilours.
 By my treget, I gadre and threste
 The gret tresour into my cheste,

¹ This resembles the account given of himself by the Pardonere.—
 See vol. iii. p. 72.

² This seems to be an allusion to the common practice of scalding a hog to make the hair come off easily. False-Semblant says that these usurers, tax-gatherers, and the rest, fleece the people no less effectually than if they scalded them as a butcher does a hog.

That lyth with me so fast bounde.
 Myn high paleys do I founde,
 And my delites I fulfille,
 With wyne at feestes at my wille,
 And tables fulle of entremees;
 I wole no lyf, but ese and pees,
 And wynne gold to spende also.
 For whanne the gret bagge is go,
 It cometh right with my japes.¹
 Make I not wel tumble myn apes?
 To wynnen is alwey myn entent;
 My purchase is bettir than my rent;²
 For though I shulde beten be,
 Over al I entremete me;
 Without me may no wight dure.
 I walke soules for to cure;
 Of al the world cure have I
 In brede and lengthe; boldly
 I wole bothe preche and eke counceilen;
 With hondis wille I not traveilen,
 For of the pope I have the bulle.³
 I ne holde not my wittes dulle;
 I wole not stynten, in my lyve,⁴
 These emperours for to shryve,
 Or kyngis, dukis, and lordis grete;
 But pore folk al quyte I lete.
 I love no such shryvyng, parde,
 But it for other cause be.
 I rekke not of pore men,
 Her astate is not worth an hen.

¹ That is, 'When my purse is empty I fill it by means of my tricks.'

² In the original:—

'Mieux vaut mes porchas que ma rente.'

This expression occurs in *The Freres Tale*, vol. ii. p. 95.

³ The bull by which the Pope granted extraordinary jurisdiction to the friars, or mendicants, who thus became a sort of home-missionaries, independent of the bishops and parish-priests.

⁴ That is, 'As long as I live.'

Where fyndest thou a swynker of labour
 Have me unto his confessour?
 But emperesses, and duchesses,
 These queenes, and eke countesses,
 These abbessis, and eke bygyns,¹
 These gret ladyes palasyns,
 These joly knyghtis, and baillyves,
 These nonnes, and these burgeis wyves,
 That riche ben, and eke plesyng,
 And these maidens welfaryng,
 Wherso they clad or naked be,
 Uncounceiled goth ther noon fro me.²
 And, for her soules savete,
 At lord and lady, and her meyne,
 I axe, whanne thei hem to me shryve,
 The proprete of al her lyve,
 And make hem trowe, bothe meest and leest,
 Hir paroch prest nys but a beest
 Ayens³ me and my companye,
 That shrewis ben as gret as I;
 For whiche I wole not hide in holde,
 No pryvete that me is tolde,

¹ The *Beguines* are a community of women, living under a certain rule, but capable of possessing private property, and not bound by religious vows. Thomassin considers them as a kind of Chanoinesses. Their name is derived, according to Du Cange, from their founder, St. Begga, or Begghe, Duchess of Brabant, daughter of Pepin of Landau, and sister of St. Gertrude. She married Anchises, son of Arnould, Bishop of Metz, and after her husband's death retired to the Monastery of Andenne, where she died in 692 or 698. There were several of these communities in Flanders, Picardy, and Lorraine; and the *Béguinage*, or quarter which they inhabit, is still one of the most interesting features of the city of Ghent.

² Thus, in *The Testament of Love*, Chaucer, describing the luxurious clergy, says ironically:—'Of poore men have they gret care! For [because] they ever crave and nothing offren, they wolden have them dolven.' And again, in *Jacke Uplande*, the same interested line of conduct is ascribed to the friars:—'Why busy ye not to here the shrift of pore folke, as well as of riche lordes and ladies, sith they mowe have more plente of shrift-faderes than pore folke mowe?'

³ That is, 'In comparison with me and my companions.' This is exactly the line which the friar takes in *The Sompnour's Tale*.—See vol. ii. p. 112.

That I by word or signe, ywis,
 Wole make hem knowe what it is,
 And they wolen also tellen me;
 They hele fro me no pryvyte.¹
 And for to make yow hem perceyven,
 That usen folk thus to disceyven,
 I wole you seyn, withouten drede,
 What men may in the Gospel rede,
 Of Seynt Mathew,² the gospelere,
 That seith, as I shal you sey heere.

‘Upon the chaire of Moyses’

(Thus is it glosed doutles:—

That is the olde testament,
 For therby is the chaire ment)

‘Sitte scribes and pharisen;’

(That is to seyn, the cursid men,
 Whiche that we ypocritis calle)

‘Doth that they preche, I rede you alle,

But doth not as they don a dele,

That ben not wery to seye wele,

But to do wel, no wille have they;

And they wolde bynde on folk alwey,

That ben to be giled able,

Burdons that ben importable;

On folkes shuldris thinges they couchen,

That they nyl with her fyngris touchen.’

Amour. ‘And why wole they not touche it?’

F. Sem.

‘Why?’

For hem ne lyst not, sikirly;

¹ In accusing the friars of disclosing secrets communicated to them under the seal of confession, John of Meun lays to their charge one of the most heinous offences against the law of the Church of which they could be guilty, and which, if believed, would most effectually destroy their influence. The obligation to secrecy in this case appears to be recognised by the law of England; for on the trial of Garnet, as an accessory before the fact in the Gunpowder Plot, the question of his innocence or guilt turns upon the evidence as to whether the intended assassination were revealed to him in confession or not.

² Matt. xxiii. 1, *et seq.*

For sadde burdons that men taken,
 Make folkes shuldris aken.
 And if they do ought that good bee,
 That is for folk it shulde se:
 Her burdons larger maken they,
 And make her hemmes¹ wide alwey,
 And loven setes at the table
 The firste and most honourable;
 And for to han the first chaiseris
 In synagogis, to hem fulle deere is;
 And willen that folk hem loute and grete,
 Whanne that they passen thurgh the strete,
 And wolen be cleped 'Maister' also.'²
 But they ne shulde not willen so;
 The gospel is ther ageyns I gesse:
 That shewith wel her wikkidnesse.

' Another custome use we:—
 Of hem that wole ayens us be,
 We hate hym deedly everichone,
 And we wole werrey hym, as oon.
 Hym that oon hatith, hate we alle,
 And conjecte how to done hym falle.
 And if we seen hym wyne honour,
 Richesse or preis, thurgh his valour,
 Provende, rent, or dignyte,
 Fulle fast, iwys, compassen we
 By what ladder he is clomben so;
 And for to maken hym doun to go,
 With traisoun we wole hym defame,
 And done hym leese his good name.
 Thus from his ladder we hym take,
 And thus his freendis foes we make;
 But word ne wite shal he noon,
 Tille alle hise freendis ben his foon.

¹ That is, the hems of their garments, or phylacteries, upon which, in accordance with the law of Moses (Num. xv. 38) were written texts from the Old Testament.—See Matt. xxiii. 6. They were also called *Tephilli*.

² See *Sompnour's Tale*.—Vol. ii. p. 120.

For if we dide it openly,
 We myght have blame redily;
 For hadde he wist of oure malice,
 He hadde hym kept but he were nyce.

‘ Another is this, that if so falle,
 That ther be oon amonge us alle
 That doth a good turne, out of drede,
 We seyn it is oure alder deede.
 Yhe, sikerly, though he it feyned,
 Or that hym list, or that hym deynd
 A man thurgh hym avaunced be,
 Therof alle perseners¹ be we,
 And tellen folk where so we go,
 That man thurgh us is sprongen so.
 And for to have of men preysyng,
 We purchace, thurgh oure flateryng,
 Of riche men of gret pouste,
 Lettres, to witnesse oure bounte,
 So that man weneth that may us see,
 That alle vertu in us be.
 And alwey pore we us feyne;
 But how so that we begge or pleyne,
 We ben the folk, without lesyng,
 That alle thing have without havyng;²
 Thus be we dredde of the puple, iwis.
 And gladly my purpos is this:—

¹ Speght reads *parteners*; but *perseners* is the old form of the same word, derived from the French. Thus, in the original it is:—

‘ Tuit du fait *parçoniens* nous sommes.’

This form survives in the legal term *co-parcenary*. *Persener* also means a parson, or parish-priest, as in *The Testament of Love*:—‘ Now is steward for his achates, now is courtier for his debates, now is eschetour for his wronges, now is losel for his songes, persener [parson] and provendre [prebendary] alone, with which many threfete shulde encrese.’

² *False-Semblant* appears to forget that he is applying to the friars what St. Paul said of himself and the other Apostles.—2 Cor. vi. 10.

I dele with no wight, but he
 Have gold and tresour gret plente;
 Her acqueyntaunce wel love I;
 This is moche my desire shortly.
 I entremete me of brokages,
 I make pees and mariages,¹
 I am gladly executour,
 And many tymes a procuratour;
 I am somtyme messenger,
 That fallith not to my myster.
 And many tymes I make enquestes;²
 For me that office not honest is;
 To dele with other mennes thing,
 That is to me a gret lykyng.
 And if that ye have ought to do
 In place that I repeire to,
 I shal it speden thurgh my witt,
 As soone as ye have told me it.
 So that ye serve me to pay,
 My servyse shal be youre alway.
 But who so wole chastise me,
 Anoon my love lost hath he;
 For I love no man in no gise,
 That wole me repreve or chastise;
 But I wolde al folk undirtake,
 And of no wight no teching take;
 For I that other folk chastie,
 Wole not be taught fro my folie.
 'I love noon hermitage more;
 Alle desertes and holtes hore
 And gret wodes everichon,
 I lete hem to the Baptist Johan.³
 I quethe hym quyte, and hym relese
 Of Egipt alle the wildirnesse;

¹ See the General Prologe to *The Canterbury Tales*.—Vol. i. p. 87.

² *Enqueste* means probably a legal inquisition of any kind.

³ The monks considered St. John the Baptist the founder of the ascetic and eremitic life.—Luke i. 80.

To ferre were alle my mansiouns
 Fro citees and goode tounes.¹
 My paleis and myn hous make I
 There men may renne ynne openly,
 And sey that I the world forsake.
 But al amydde I bilde and make
 My hous, and swimme and pley therynne
 Bet than a fish doth with his fynne.
 Of Antecristes men am I,
 Of whiche that Crist seith openly,
 They have abit of hoolynesse,
 And lyven in such wikkednesse.²
 Outward lambren semen we,
 Fulle of goodnesse and of pitee,
 And inward we, withouten fable,
 Ben gredy wolves ravysable.
 We enviroune bothe londe and se;
 With alle the world werrien we;³
 We wole ordeyne of al thing:
 Of folkis good, and her lyvyng.
 'If ther be castel or citee
 Wherynne that ony bougerons be,

¹ The monks, whose rule was composed with a view to the contemplative life alone, on the model of the ancient hermits and anchorites of Syria, usually built their monasteries in wild solitudes, like Citeaux, Bolton, or the fens of Lincolnshire and Ely, and occupied themselves in agriculture.—See vol. i. p. 85, note 4. The friars, on the contrary, whose orders were founded to supply the deficiency of learning and active zeal in the parochial clergy, fixed their habitations in the busiest thoroughfares, where they could exercise, with the greatest convenience, their ministry of preaching, and the direction of consciences. Thus, on their first arrival in France, the Dominicans settled themselves in the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris; and in London we have the Minorities, Blackfriars, and Whitefriars, in the very heart of the City, all called from the houses which the Mendicants built in these localities.

² In the MS. and in Speght, the remainder of the poem is a mass of confusion, owing to the manner in which several passages have been transposed. They are here restored to their proper order, which was easily discovered by a reference to the original French.

³ Throughout this passage the denunciations pronounced by our Saviour on the Scribes and Pharisees are applied to the friars.—See Matt. xxiii.

Although that they of Milayne were,
 For therof ben they blamed there ;
 Or if a wight out of mesure,
 Wolde lene his gold, and take usure,
 For that he is so coveitous ;
 Or if he be to leccherous,
 Or these that haunte symonye ;
 Or provost fulle of trecherie,
 Or prelat lyvyng jolily,
 Or prest that halt his quene hym by,
 Or olde horis hostilers,
 Or other bawdes or bordillers,
 Or elles blamed of ony vice,
 Of whiche men shulden done justice :
 Bi alle the seyntes that we pray,
 But they defende them with lamprey,
 With luce, with elys, with samons,
 With tendre gees, and with capons,
 With tartes, or with cheffis fat,¹
 With deynte flawnes, brode and flat,
 With caleweis, or with pullaylle,
 With conynges,² or with fyne vitaille,
 That we undir oure clothes wide,
 Maken thurgh oure golet glide ;
 Or but he wole do come in haste
 Roo venysoun bake in paste,
 Whether so that he loure or groyne,
 He shal have of a corde a loigne,
 With whiche men shal hym bynd and lede,
 To brenne hym for his synful deede,
 That men shulle here hym crie and rore
 A myle wey aboute and more.

¹ Speght reads *cheses*, which appears to be right. The original is :—

‘ Ou de tartes, ou de flaons,
 Ou de *fromages* en glaons.’

² *Conynges* means conies, or rabbits. The original is :—

‘ Connis lardés en paste.’

Or ellis he shal in prisoun dye,
 But if he wole our frendship bye,
 Or smerten that that he hath do,
 More than his gilt amounteth to.
 But and he couthe thurgh his sleight
 Do maken up a tour of hight,
 Nought rought I whethir of stone or tree,
 Or erthe, or turves though it be,
 Though it were of no vounde stone,
 Wrought with squyre and scantilone,
 So that the tour were stuffed welle
 With alle richesse temporelle;
 And thanne that he wolde updresse
 Engynes, bothe more and lesse,
 To cast at us, by every side,
 To bere his good name wide,
 Such sleghtes¹ I shal yow nevene,
 Barelles of wyne, by sixe or sevene,
 Or gold in sakkis gret plente,
 He shulde soone delyvered be.
 And if he have noon sich pitaunces,
 Late hym study in equipolences,²
 And late lyes and fallaces,
 If that he wolde deserve oure graces,
 Or we shal bere hym such witnesse
 Of synne, and of his wrecchidnesse,
 And done his loos so wide renne,³
 That al quyk we shulden hym brenne,

¹ *Sleights* appears to mean in this place the missiles slung by the engines:—

'Et dreçast sus une perriere,
 Qui lançast devant et derriere,
 Et des deus cotés ensement,
 Encontre nous expressement
 Lez *cailloz* cum m' oes nomer.'

² 'Estudit en equipolences.' *Equipolences* appears to mean subtle distinctions.

³ That is, 'And cause his ill-fame [loos, praise, ironically] to spread tar and wide.'

Or ellis yeve hym suche penaunce,
 That is wel wors than the pitaunce.
 ‘For thou shalt never for no thing
 Kan knowen aright by her clothing
 The traitours fulle of trecherie,
 But thou her werkis can asprie.
 And ne hadde the good kepyng be
 Whilom of the universite,
 That kepith the key of Cristendome,
 We had turmented alle and some.¹
 Suche ben the stynkyng prophetis;
 Nys none of hem, that good prophete is;
 For they thurgh wikked entencioun,
 The yeer of the incarnacioun
 A thousand and two hundred yeer,
 Fyve and fifty, ferther ne nere,²
 Broughten a book,³ with sory grace,
 To yeven ensample in comune place,
 That seide thus, though it were fable:—
 ‘This is the gospel perdurable,
 That fro the Holy Goost is sent.’
 Wel were it worth to bene brent.
 Entitled was in such manere
 This book, of which I telle heere.
 Ther nas no wight in alle Parys,
 Biforne oure lady at parvis,⁴

¹ In the MS. this line is omitted, and the following added in a hand of the time of Queen Elizabeth:—

‘All that here else just their dome.’

² Instead of *ne nere*, the MS. reads *never*.

³ The book alluded to in the text was published in 1255. It was entitled *Evangelium eternum, sive Spiritus Sancti*, and is said to have been written by John of Parma, general of the friars minor, from notes by Joacim, an abbot, and from the visions of one Cyril, a Carmelite. It was proscribed by Alexander IV., who at that time governed the Western Church, though he was generally favourable to the Mendicants, and had already condemned the book of William of St. Amour, which was directed against them.

⁴ The *parvis* was the porch of a church; and it appears that in the porch of Nôtre Dame, at Paris, was held a school, called by Abelard

That they ne might the booke buy,
 To copy, if hem talent toke;¹
 There myght he se, by gret tresoun,
 Fulle many fals comparisoun:—
 ‘As moche as thurgh his gret myght,
 Be it of hete or of lyght,
 The sunne sourmounteth the mone,
 That troublere is, and chaungith soone,
 And the note kernelle the shelle,
 (I scorne nat that I yow telle)²
 Right so withouten ony gile
 Sourmounteth this noble evangile,
 The word of ony evangelist.’
 And to her title they token Christ;

Schola Parisiaca. The scholars became so numerous that they interfered with the divine service, and in 1257 the school was removed to another site, between the Episcopal Palace and the Hôtel-Dieu. The vicinity of a school was obviously an eligible situation for the sale of books; besides, it is probable that the poor scholars who frequented it would eke out their slender resources by transcribing MSS.—See vol. i. p. 91, note 1.

¹ In Speght, a passage of a hundred lines is transposed so as to come in between the second and third line as given below, and the text was probably altered in order that the passage might present some appearance of metrical regularity. When put together it would stand thus:—

‘That they ne might the booke buy
 The sentence pleased hem well truely.
 To the copie if him talent tooke
 Of the Evangelistes booke.’

This is quite unintelligible. In the MS., though the passage has been transposed, nothing has been added, as in Speght’s text; and when restored to its proper order, as in the text, it makes perfectly good sense, and agrees with the original:—

‘A Paris n’ot homme ne fame
 Oû parvis devant Nostre Dame
 Qui lors avoir ne le peust
 A transcrire s’il li pleust.’

By merely transposing the two last words of the first line, it is also restored to metrical correctness, thus:—

‘That they ne mighte buy the booke
 To copy, if hem talent tooke.’

² That is, ‘What I tell you is not said for the purpose of making a fool of you.’

And many a such comparisoun,
 Of which I make no menciou,ne,
 Might men in that book fynde,
 Who so coude of hem have mynde.

‘The universite, that tho was aslepe,
 Gan for to braide, and taken kepe;
 And at the noys the heed up-cast,
 Ne never sithen slept it fast,
 But up it stert, and armes toke
 Ayens this fals horrible boke,
 Al redy bateil to make,
 And to the juge the book to take.
 But they that broughten the boke there
 Hent it anoon away for fere;
 They nolde shewe more a dele,
 But thenne it kept, and kepen wille,
 Til such a tyme that they may see,
 That they so strong woxen be,
 That no wyght may hem wel withstonde,
 For by that book they durst not stonde.
 Away¹ they gonne it for to bere,
 For they ne durst not answer
 By expositioun ne glose
 To that that clerkis wole appose
 Ayens that cursednesse, iwys,
 That in that book writen is.
 Now wote I not, ne I can not see
 What maner eende that there shal be
 Of al this that they hyde;
 But yit algate they shal abide,
 Til that they may it bet defende;
 This trowe I best wole be her ende.

‘Thus Antecrist abiden we,
 For we ben alle of his meyne,
 And what man that wole not be so,
 Right soone he shal his lyf forgo.

¹ The MS. reads *alwey*, a mistake for *away*, which is Speght's reading.

We wole a puple upon hym areyse,
 And thurgh oure gile done hym seise,
 And hym on sharpe speris ryve,
 Or other weyes brynge hym fro lyve,
 But if that he wole folowe, iwys,
 That in oure book writen is.
 Thus myche wole our book signifie,
 That while Petre hath maistrie
 May never Johan shewe welle his myght.

‘Now have I you declared right,
 The menyng of the bark and rynde,
 That makith the entenciouns blynde.
 But now at erst I wole bigynne,
 To expowne you the pith withynne:—

* * * *

And the seculers comprehende,¹
 That Cristes lawe wole defende,
 And shulde it kepen and mayntenen
 Ayens hem that alle sustenen,
 And falsly to the puple techen,
 That Johan bitokeneth hem to prechen,
 That ther nys lawe covenable,
 But thilke gospel perdurable,
 That fro the Holy Gost was sent
 To turne folk that ben myswent.²

¹ There is evidently something omitted here, without which the passage is unintelligible. Fortunately, the original enables us to supply the sense:—

‘Par Pierre voil le Pape entendre,
 Et les seculiers comprendre,
 Qui la loi Jhesu Crist tendront,
 Et garderont et diffendront
 Contre tretous empeschéors ;
 Et par Jehan les preschéors.’

² In this book it appears to have been asserted that there was a distinction between the teaching of St. Peter and that of St. John, as if the former stood most upon the principle of law and order, and the latter upon that of love. St. Peter was thus supposed to represent the Pope and the secular clergy, St. John the friars, whose paramount motive of action was supposed to be charity, and zeal for the salvation of souls. From this it appears that they were by no means obsequious servants of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The strengthe of Johan they undirstonde,
 The grace in whiche they seie they stonde,
 That doth the synfulle folk converte,
 And hem to Jhesu Crist reverte.

‘Fulle many another orribilite,
 May men in that book se,
 That ben comaunded, douteles,
 Ayens the lawe of Rome expres;
 And alle with Antecrist they holden,
 As men may in the book biholden.
 And thanne comaunden they to sleen,
 Alle tho that with Petre been;
 But they shal nevere have that myght.
 And God toforne, for strif to fight,
 That they ne shal ynough fynde,
 That Petres lawe shal have in mynde,
 And evere holde, and so mayntene,
 That at the last it shal be sene,
 That they shal alle come therto,
 For ought that they can speke or do.
 And thilk lawe shal not stonde,
 That they by Johan have undirstonde,
 But maugre hem it shal adowne,
 And bene brought to confusioun.
 But I wole stynt of this matere,
 For it is wonder longe to here;
 But hadde that ilke book endured,
 Of better estate I were ensured,
 And freendis have I yit pardee,
 That han me sett in gret degre.

‘Of all this world is emperour
 Gyle my fadir, the trechour,
 And emperis my moder is,
 Maugre the Holy Gost, iwis.
 Oure myghty lynage and owre rowte
 Regneth in every regne aboute,
 And welle is worthy we mynystres be,
 For alle this world governe we,

And can the folk so wel disceyve,
 That noon oure gile can perceyve;
 And though they done, they dar not say;
 The sothe dar no wight bywrey.
 But he in Cristis wrath hym ledith,
 That more than Crist my britheren dredith.
 He nys no fulle good champioun,
 That dredith such similacioun;
 Nor that for peyne wole refusen,
 Us to correcte and accusen.
 He wole not entremete by right,
 Ne have God in his iye sight,
 And therfore God shal hym punyshe;
 But me ne rekke of no vice,
 Sithen men us loven comunably,
 And holden us for so worthy,
 That we may folk repreve echoon,
 And we nyl have repref of noon.
 Whom shulden folk worshipen so,
 But us that stynten never mo
 To patren¹ while that folk may us see,
 Though it not so bihynde be?
 And where is more wode folye,
 Than to enhaunce chyvalrie,
 And love noble men and gay,
 That joly clothis weren alway?
 If they be sich folk as they semen,
 So clene, as men her clothis demen,
 And that her wordis folowe her dede,
 It is gret pite, out of drede,
 For they wole be noon ypocritis.
 Of hym me thynketh gret spite is;
 I can not love hym on no side.
 But beggers² with these hodes wide,

¹ To patter, used contemptuously for to pray, is derived from *Pater*, the initial word of the Lord's Prayer in Latin.

² In the original, *Beguins*. The *Beguins*, called also *Beguards*, were a kind of married monks, condemned at the Council of Cologne in 1260.

With sleight and pale faces lene,
 And grey clothis not fulle clene,
 But fretted fulle of tatarwagges,
 And high shoos knopped with dagges,
 That frouncen lyke a quaille pipe,
 Or bootis revellyng as a gype;¹
 To such folk as I you dyvyse,
 Shulde princes and these lordis wise,
 Take alle her londis and her thingis,
 Bothe werre and pees, in governyngis;
 To such folk shulde a prince hym yive,
 That wolde his lyf in honour lyve.
 And if they be not as they seme,
 That serven thus the world to queme,
 There wolde I dwelle to disceyve
 The folk, for they shal not perceyve.

‘But I ne speke in no such wise,
 That men shulde humble abit dispise,
 So that no pride ther undir be.
 No man shulde hate, as thynkith me,
 The pore man in sich clothyng.
 But God ne preisith hym no thing,
 That seith he hath the world forsake,
 And hath to worldly glorie hym take,
 And wole of siche delices use.
 Who may that begger wel excuse?
 That papelard, that hym yeldith so,
 And wole to worldly ese go,

and at the General Council of Vienne in 1311. The name was afterwards applied generally to all persons who, while pretending to renounce the world, continued to practise self-indulgence.

¹ This is a description of the habit of the Franciscans, or friars minor. They wore shoes, which are here described as all clouted, and creaking like a quail-pipe from the coarseness of the leather of which they were made; or else boots fitting so badly as to be wrinkled like a loose frock or *gype*. Chaucer turns the monks into ridicule for wearing tight boots (see vol. i. p. 86, note 4), and the friars for wearing loose ones; and it does not appear that the Carmelites, who were discalced, and wore neither, met with much better treatment at his hands.

And seith that he the world hath lefte,
 And gredily it grypeth efte,
 He is the hounde, shame is to seyn,
 That to his castyng goth ageyn.¹

‘But unto you dar I not lye.
 But myght I felen or asprie,
 That ye perceyved it no thyng,
 Ye shulde have a stark lesyng,
 Right in youre honde thus to bigynne;
 I nolde it lette for no synne.’

The god lough at the wondir tho,
 And every wight gan laugh also,
 And seide:—‘Lo heere a man aright,
 For to be trusty to every wight!’

‘Fals Semblant,’ quod Love, ‘sey to me,
 Sith I thus have avaunced thee,
 That in my court is thi dwellyng,
 And of ribawdes shalt be my kyng,²
 Wolt thou wel holden my forwordis?’

F. Sem. ‘Yhe, sir, from hens forewardis;
 Hadde never youre fadir heere biforne,
 Servaunt so trewe, sith he was borne.

Amour. ‘That is ayens alle nature.’

F. Sem. ‘Sir, putte you in that aventure;
 For though ye borowes take of me,
 The sikerer shal ye never be
 For ostages, ne sikirnesse,
 Or chartres, for to bere witnessse.
 I take youre silf to recorde heere,
 That men ne may in no manere
 Teren the wolf out of his hide,
 Til he be slayne, bak and side,
 Though men hym bete and al to-defile;
 What? wene ye that I wole bigile?
 For I am clothed mekely,
 Ther undir is all my trechery;

¹ 2 Peter ii. 22.

² See *ante*, p 205, note 1.

Myn herte chaungith never the mo
 For noon abit, in which I go.
 Though I have chere of symplenesse,
 I am not weary of shrewidnesse.
 Myn lemman, Streyned-Abstinence,
 Hath myster of my purveaunce;
 She hadde ful longe ago be deede,
 Nere my counsel and my rede;¹
 Lete hir allone, and you and me.
 And Love answerde, 'I trust thee
 Without borowe, for I wole noon.'
 And Fals-Semblant, the theef, anoon,
 Ryght in that ilke same place,
 That hadde of tresoun al his face
 Ryght blak withynne, and white withoute,
 Thankith hym, gan on his knees loute.

Thanne was ther nought, but 'Every man
 Now to assaut, that sailen can,'
 Quod Love, 'and that fulle hardy.'
 Thanne armed they hem comunly
 Of sich armour as to hem felle.
 Whanne they were armed fers and felle,
 They wente hem forth alle in a route,
 And set the castel al aboute;
 They wille nought away for no drede,
 Tille it so be that they ben dede,
 Or till they have the castel take.
 And foure batels² they gan make,
 And parted hem in foure anoon,
 And toke her way, and forth they gone,
 The foure gates for to assaile,
 Of whiche the keepers wole not faile;
 For they ben neithir sike ne dede,
 But hardy folk, and stronge in dede.

Now wole I seyn the countynaunce
 Of Fals-Semblant, and Abstynaunce,

¹ 'Were it not for my counsel and advice.'

² That is, 'Four separate attacks.'

That ben to Wikkid-Tonge went.
 But first they heelde her parlement,
 Whether it to done were,
 To maken hem be knowen there,
 Or elles walken forth disgised.
 But at the last they devysed,
 That they wolde gone in tapinage,
 As it were in a pilgrimage,
 Lyke good and hooly folk unfeyned.
 And dame Abstinence-Streynd
 Toke of a robe of kamelyne,
 And gan hir gracche as a bygynne.¹
 A large coverechief of threde,
 She wrapped alle aboute hir hede,
 But she forgate not hir sawter.²
 A peire of bedis³ eke she bere
 Upon a lace, alle of white threde,
 On which that she hir bedes bede;
 But she ne bought hem never a dele,
 For they were geven her, I wote wele,
 God wote, of a fulle hooly frere,
 That seide he was hir fadir dere,
 To whom she hadde offer went,
 Than ony frere of his covent.
 And he visited hir also,
 And many a sermoun seide hir to;
 He nolde lette for man on lyve,
 That he ne wolde hir ofte shryve.⁴

¹ See *ante*, p. 232, note 1.

² The psalter, which has always formed the basis of the worship of the Church.

³ This chain of beads is called in the original a *patenoster*, because the number of pater nosters which the religious were bound to repeat were counted by them:—

‘Unes patenostres i a
 A ung blanc laz de fil penduës.’

—See vol. i. p. 85, note 2.

⁴ Here two leaves of the MS. are lost. The text is taken from Speght, the orthography being harmonized in some degree with that of the MS.

And with so gret devotion
 They made her confession,
 That they had ofte, for the nones,
 Two hedes in one hood at ones.

Of faire shape I devise her thee,
 But pale of face sometime was shee;
 That false tratouresse untrewed,
 Was like that sallow horse of hewe,
 That in the Apocalips is shewed,
 That signifieth tho folke beshrewed,
 That ben al ful of trecherie,
 And pale, thurgh hypocrisie;¹
 For on that horse no colour is,
 But onely dede and pale, ywis.
 Of such a colour enlangoured,
 Was Abstinence, ywis, coloured;
 Of her estat she her repented,
 As her visage represented.

She had a burdoune al of theft,
 That Gile had yeve her of his yeft;
 And a scrippe of faint distresse,
 That full was of elengenesse,
 And forth she walked soberlie:
 And False-Semblant seynt,² je vous dic,
 And as it were for such mistere,
 Doen on the cope of a frere,
 With chere simple, and ful pitous,
 His looking was not disdeinous,
 Ne proud, but meeke and ful peesible.
 About his necke he bar a Bible,
 And squierly forth gan he gon;
 And for to reste his limmes upon,

¹ John of Meun and Chaucer disliked the parochial clergy and monks for being fat and rosy, and the friars for being pale and thin. There is an example of the same inconsistency in Matt. xi. 16, *et seq.*

² *Seynt* here means girded. 'False-Semblant, girt, I assure you, like a cordelier, and, as was fitting for such a necessity, clad in a friar's cope.'

He had of Treson a potent ;
 As he were feeble, his way he went.
 But in his sleve he gan to thringe
 A rasour sharpe, and wel bitinge,
 That was forged in a forge,
 Which that men clepen Coupe-Gorge.

So long forth hir way they nomen,
 Till they to Wicked-Tongue comen,
 That at his gate was sitting,
 And saw folke in the way passing.
 The pilgrimes saugh he fast by,
 That beren hem ful meekely,
 And humbly they with hem mette.
 Dame Abstinence first him grette,
 And sith him False-Semblant salued,
 And he hem ; but he not remued,
 For he ne drede him not adele.
 For when he saugh hir faces wele,
 Alway in herte him thought so,
 He shulde know hem bothe two ;
 For well he knew dame Abstinaunce,
 But he ne knew not Constrainaunce.
 He knew nat that she was constreyned,
 Nee of her theeves life feyned,
 But wende she come of wille al fre ;
 But she come in another degre ;
 And if of gode wille she began,
 That wille was failed her than.¹
 And False-Semblant had he seene also,
 But he knew nat he was false.
 Yet false was he, but his falsenesse
 Ne coud he not espie, nor gesse ;
 For Semblant was so slie wrought,
 That falsenesse he ne espyed nought.

¹ The meaning is, that, even though the friars in the beginning willingly adopted the rules of abstinence enjoined by their founder, these rules had now become irksome to them.

But haddest thou knowen him beforne,
 Thow woldest on a booke have sworne,
 Whan thou him saugh in thilke arraie
 That he, that whilome was so gaie,
 And of the daunce Jolly Robin,¹
 Was tho become a Jacobin.²
 But sothely, what so men him calle,
 Frere prechours³ ben good men alle;
 Hir order wickedly they beren
 Such Ministreles if they weren.
 So been Augustins,⁴ and Cordileres,⁵
 And Carmes,⁶ and eke sacked⁷ freres,
 And all freres shode and bare,
 (Though some of hem ben gret and square)
 Full holy men, as I hem deem;⁸
 Everich of hem wolde good man seem.
 But shaltow never of apparence
 Seene conclude good consequence
 In none argument, ywis,
 If existence all failed is.⁹

¹ Jolly Robin and Maid Marian were the principal characters in an interlude popular in the middle ages.—See vol. vi. p. 28, note 1.

² A Dominican.

³ Another name for the Dominicans.

⁴ Austin, or black friars.

⁵ Franciscans, Friars Minor, or Cordeliers, so called because girt with a cord.

⁶ Carmelites, or discalced friars.

⁷ In the original *barré*, the name by which the Carmelites were known on their first appearance in France in 1259. They were so called from the strangeness of their habit, composed of black, yellow, and white. From them the *Rue des Barres*, in Paris, has its name. They afterwards quitted this dress, and adopted a simpler one, consisting of a white cloak over a black habit. It is doubtful, however, whether this is the order meant by the *sacked freres*. Matthew Paris relates that in the year 1257, 'Novus ordo apparuit Londinis de quibusdam fratribus ignotis et non prævisis, qui quia *saccis* incedebant induti, *fratres saccati* vocabantur.'—*Ad. An.* 1257.

⁸ This is, of course, ironical.

⁹ That is, 'You will never see good arise from retaining outward forms after the substance which they represent has ceased to exist.' The original is:—

'Mésjà ne verrés d'apparence
 Conclure bonne consequence
 En nul argument que l'en face,
 Si default existence efface.'

For men may finde alway sopheme
 The consequence to enveneme,
 Who so that hath had the subtiltee
 The double sentence for to see.

Whan the pilgrimes comen were
 To Wicked-Tongue that dwelleth there,
 (Hir harneis nigh hem was algate)
 By Wicked-Tongue adoun they sate,
 That bad hem nerre him for to come,
 And of tidinges telle him some,
 And sayd hem:—‘What cas maketh yow
 To come into this place now?’
 ‘Sir,’ seyed Strained-Abstinence,
 ‘We, for to drie our penance,
 With hertes pitous and devout,
 Are comen, as pilgrimes gone about;
 Wel nigh on foote alwey we go;¹
 Ful doughty² ben our heeles two;
 And thus both we ben sent
 Thurghout the world that is miswent,
 To yeve ensample, and preche also.
 To fishen³ sinful men we go,
 For other fishing ne fish we.
 And, sir, for that charite,
 As we be wont, herborow we crave,
 Your life to amende; Christ it save!
 And so it shulde you not displese,
 We wolden, if it were your ese,

¹ Hence the Spanish proverb, ‘To ride on St. Francis’s mule,’ meaning to go on foot.

² In the original:—

‘Moult avons poudreus les talons.’

We ought, therefore, perhaps, to read:—

‘Ful *dusty* ben our heeles two.’

Thus, the court held for deciding disputes at fairs, to which travellers of the lower orders resorted, was called the Court of *Piepoudre*.

³ The allusion is to the words used by our Lord when he called SS. Peter and Andrew away from their nets and fishing-boats.—Matt. iv. 19.

A short sermon unto you seyne.
 And Wicked-Tongue answerde ageyne,
 'The house,' quod he, 'such as ye see,
 Shall not be werned you for me,
 Seye what you list, and I wol here.'
 'Graunt mercye swete sir dere!
 Quod alderfist, dame Abstinence,
 And thus began she her sentence.

Const. Abstinence. 'Sir, the first vertue cer-
 The gretest, and most sovereigne [teyne,
 That may be fonde in any man,
 For having, or for wit he can,
 That is his tongue to refreyne;
 Therto ought everie wight him peyne.
 For it is better stille be,
 Than for to speken harme, parde!
 And he that herkeneth it gladly,
 He is no gode man sikerly.
 And, sir, aboven al other sin,
 In that art thou most guilty in.
 Thou spak a jape not long ago,
 (And, sir, that was right evil do)
 Of a young man that here repaired,
 And never yet this place apaired.
 Thou seydest he awaited nothing,
 But to deceive Faire-Welcoming.
 Ye seyde nothing soothe of that;
 But, sir, ye lye; I tell ye plat;
 He ne cometh no more, ne goeth, parde!
 I trow ye shall him never see.
 Faire-Welcoming in prison is,
 That ofte hath pleyed with you er this
 The fairest games that he coude,
 Withoute filthe, still or loude;
 Now dar he not hymselfe solace.
 Ye han also the man do chase,¹

¹ That is, 'You have caused the man to be chased.'

That he dar neither come ne go.
What mooveth you to hate him so,
But properly your wikked thought,
That many a false lesing hath thought?
That mooveth your foule eloquence,
That jangleth ever in audience,
And on the folke ariseth blame,
And doth hem dishonour and shame,
For thing that may have no preving,
But likeliness, and contriving.
For I dar seyne, that Reson deemeth,
It is not al soothe thing that seemeth,
And it is sinne to controve
Thing that is to reprove;
This wote ye wele. And, sir, therefore
Ye arn to blame the more.
And, nathelesse, he recketh lite;
He yeveth not now thereof a mite;
For if he thought harme, parfay,
He wolde come and gone al day;
He coud himselfe not absteine.
Now cometh he not, and that is sene,
For he ne taketh of it no cure,
But if it be thurgh aventure,
And lasse than other folke algate.
And thou here watchest at the gate,
With spere in thine arest alweye;
There muse, musard, al the deye;
Thou wakest night and day for thought,
Ywis thy travaile is for nought.
And Jelousie, withouten faile,
Shall never quit thee thy travaile.
And skathe is that Faire-Welcoming,
Withoute any trespassing,
Shul wrongfully in prison be,
There weepeth and languisheth he.
And though thou never yet, ywis,
Agiltest man no more but this,

(Take not a-greefe) it were worthy¹
 To put thee out of this baily,
 And afterward in prison lie,
 And fettred ther til that thou die;
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwelle
 Right in the divels arse of helle,²
 But if that thou repente thee.
 'Ma fay, thou liest falsly!' quod he.
 'What? welcome, with myschaunce nowe!³
 Have I therfore herberd yowe
 To seye me shame, and eke reprove?
 With sory happe to youre bihove,
 Am I to day youre herbegere!
 Go, herber yow elleswhere than heere,
 That han a lyer called me.
 Two tregetours art thou and he,
 That in myn hous do me this shame,
 And for my sothe-saugh ye me blame.
 Is this the sermoun that ye make?
 To alle the develles I me take,
 Or elles, God, thou me confounde,
 But er men diden this castel founde,
 It passith not ten daies of twelve,
 But it was tolde right to my selve,
 And as they seide, right so tolde I,
 He kyst the rose pryvvyly.
 Thus seide I now, and have seid yore;
 I not where he dide ony more.
 Why shulde men sey me such a thyng,
 If it hadde bene gabbyng?
 Ryght so seide I, and wole seye yit;
 I trowe I lied not of it,

¹ That is, 'Take it not amiss that I tell you that it would be a good deed to put you out of the town.'

² Here the MS. resumes. Chaucer is responsible for this coarseness, for the original is:—

'Vous en irez où puis d'enfer.'

³ An exclamation signifying that he wished them the very opposite of welcome.

And with my bemes I wole blowe
 To alle neighboris a-rowe,
 How he hath bothe comen and gone.¹
 Tho spak Fals-Semblant right anone,
 'Alle is not gospel, oute of doute,
 That men seyn in the towne aboute;
 Ley no deaf ere to my spekyng,
 I swere yow, sir, it is gabbyng.
 I trowe ye wote wel certeynly,
 That no man loveth hym tenderly,
 That seith hym harme, if he wote it,
 Alle be he never so pore of wit.
 And soth is also sikerly,
 (This knowe ye, sir, as wel as I)
 That lovers gladly wole visiten
 The places there her loves habiten.
 This man yow loveth and eke honoureth;
 This man to serve you laboureth;
 And clepith you his freend so deere,
 And this man makith you good chere,
 And every where that you meteth,
 He yow saloweth, and he you greteth.
 He preseth not so ofte, that ye
 Ought of his come¹ encombred be;
 Ther presen other folk on yow
 Fulle offer than he doth now.
 And if his herte hym streyned so
 Unto the rose for to go,
 Ye shulde hym sene so ofte nede,²
 That ye shulde take hym with the dede
 He cowde his comyng not forbere,
 Though ye hym thrilled with a spere;
 It nere not thanne as it is now.
 But trustith wel, I swere it yow,
 That it is clene out of his thought.
 Sir, certis, he ne thenkith it nought;

¹ *Come* here means coming, or advent.

² 'You must necessarily see him so often.'

No more ne doth Faire-Welcomyng,
 That sore abieth al this thing.
 And if they were of oon assent,
 Fulle soone the rose hent,
 The maugre youres, wolde be.¹
 And sir, of o thing herkeneth me:—
 Sith ye this man, that loveth yow,
 Han seid such harme and shame, now
 Witeth wel, if he gessed it,
 Ye may wel demen in youre wit,
 He nolde no thyng love you so,
 Ne callen you his freende also,
 But nyght and day he wole wake,
 The castelle to distroie and take,
 If it were soth, as ye devise;
 Or some man in some maner wise
 Might it werne hym everydele,
 Or by hym silf perceyven wele.
 For sith he myght not come and gone
 As he was whilom wont to done,
 He myght it sone wite and see;
 But now alle other wise wote hee.
 Thanne have ye, sir, al outerly
 Deserved helle, and jolyly
 The deth of helle douteles,
 That thrallen folk so giltles.²

Fals-Semblant proveth so this thing,
 That he can noon answeyng,
 And seth alwey such apparaunce,
 That nygh he fel in repentaunce,
 And seide hym:—‘Sir, it may wel be.
 Semblant, a good man semen ye;
 And, Abstinence, fulle wise ye seme;
 Of o talent you bothe I deme.

What counceil wole ye to me yeven? [shryven,

F. Sem. ‘Ryght heere anoon thou shalt be

¹ ‘In spite of you.’ *Youres* agrees with *gre* in *maugre*.

And sey thy synne withoute more;
 Of this shalt thou repent sore;
 For I am prest, and have pouste,
 To shryve folk of most dignyte
 That ben as wide as world may dure.
 Of alle this world I have the cure,¹
 And that hadde never yit persoun,
 Ne vicarie of no maner toun.
 And, God wote, I have of thee,
 A thousand tyme more pitee,
 Than hath thi preest parochial,
 Though he thy freend be special.
 I have avauntage, in o wise,
 That youre prelates ben not so wise,
 Ne half so lettred as am I.²
 I am licenced boldely,
 In divinite for to rede,³
 And to confessen, out of drede.
 If ye woll you now confesse,
 And leve your sinnes more and lesse,
 Without abode, kneele doune anon,
 And you shal have absolution.'

¹ The jurisdiction of the Mendicants was not confined to the bounds of one particular diocese or parish.—See *ante*, p. 215, note 1.

² See *Sompnour's Tale*.—Vol. ii. p. 114.

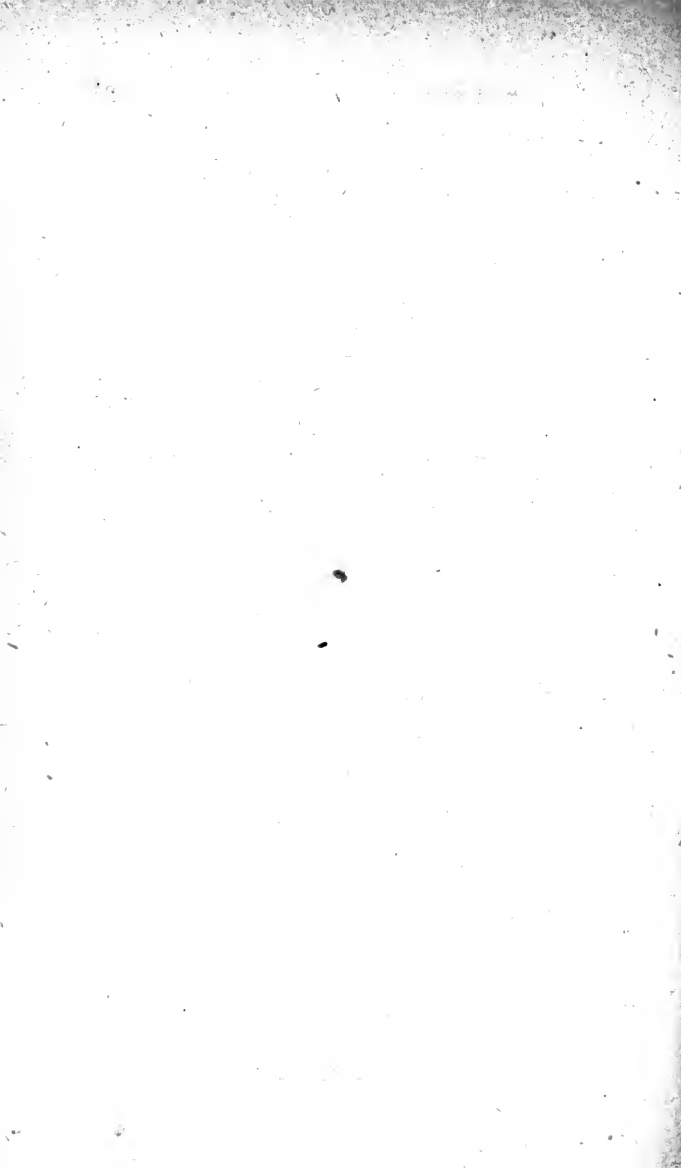
³ In the MS. this sentence is transposed so as to spoil the rhyme, thus:—

'To reden in divinite.'

To read in divinity was the term for giving lectures in that science, a privilege confined to doctors. Here the MS. ends with the imperfect line—

'And longe have red.'

The five last lines are taken from Speght. The scene ends by Male-Bouche's kneeling down to make his confession, when Strained-Abstinence seizes him by the throat, thus obliging him to put out his tongue, which is immediately cut off by False-Semblant with the razor forged on the anvil of Coupe-Gorge, which he carries under his cloak.



POETICAL WORKS

OF

G E O F F R E Y C H A U C E R

VOLUME VIII.

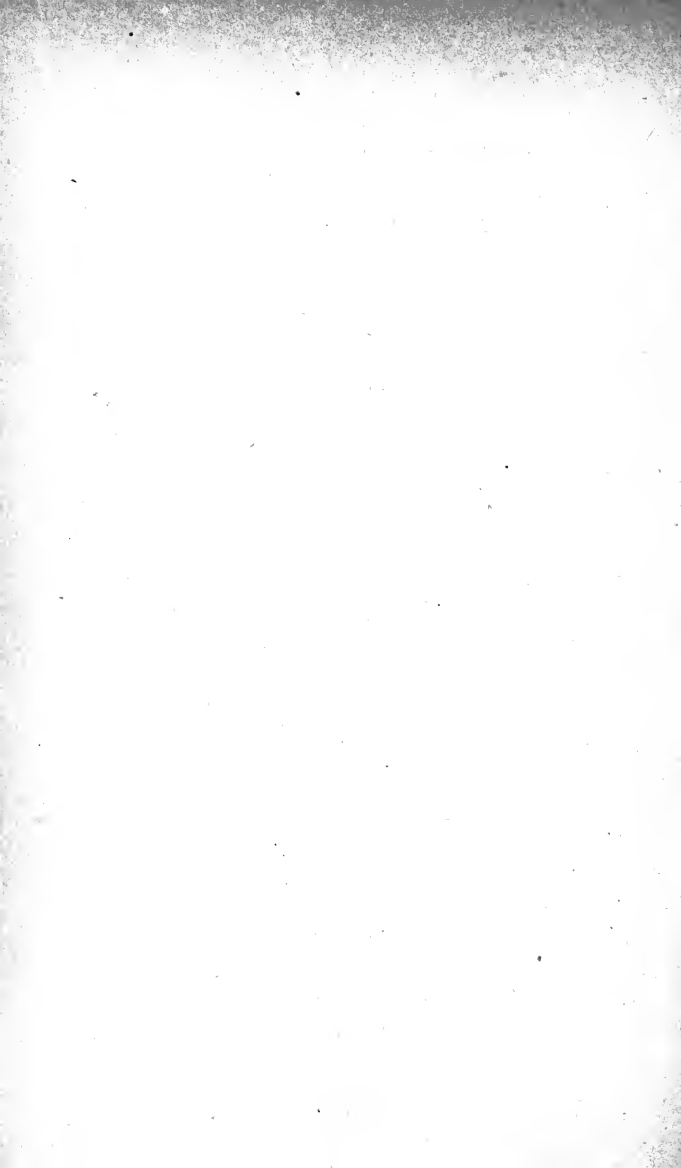
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POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER

EDITED WITH A MEMOIR
BY
ROBERT BELL

VOLUME VIII.

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POEMS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

COMPLAYNTE OF A LOVERES LYF;

OR, THE COMPLAINT OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

[IN the printed editions this poem is called *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, and Speght adds the following short explanation of its purport:—‘The heavy complaint of a knight for that he cannot win his ladies grace.’ In *The Envoy* the poet dedicates it to one whom he addresses by the title of ‘Princesse;’ but whether this be a mere hyperbolical compliment, expressive of the power which his mistress exercises over his heart, or whether it denotes her actual rank, the context affords no clue to determine.

That the poem is rightly attributed to Chaucer there can be little doubt. It has been included in all the editions of his collected works; and Tyrwhitt, whose sound judgment entitles his opinion on such questions to the highest respect, pronounces in favour of its authenticity. The opening is a palpable imitation of that of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, from which most of the allegorical personages who, for a moment appear upon the scene, are also borrowed. The phraseology and versification are certainly characteristic of Chaucer’s manner.

The text of this edition is founded upon that of the MS. entitled Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian Library, compared, in cases of difficulty with that marked Arch. Seld. B. 24. Both

these have been already described in the introduction to *The House of Fame*.—See vol. vi. p. 192.]

IN May, when Flora, the fressh lusty quene,
 The soyle hath clad in grene, rede, and white;
 And Phebus gan to shede his stremes shene
 Amyd the Bole,¹ wyth al the bemes bryghte;
 And Lucifer, to chace away the nyghte,
 Ayen the morowe oure orisont hath take,
 To byd alle loveres out of hire slepe awake,

And hertys hevvy for to recomforte
 From dreryhed of hevvy nyghtis sorowe,
 Nature bad hem ryse, and hem disporte,
 Ageyn the goodly glad grey morowe;
 And Hope also, with seint Johan to borowe,²
 Bad in dispite of daunger and dispeyre,
 For to take the holsome lusty eyre.

And wyth a sygh I gan for to abreyde
 Out of my slombre, and sodenly up sterte,
 As he, alas! that nygh for sorowe deyde,
 My sekenes sat aye so nygh myn herte.
 But for to fynde socoure of my smerte,
 Or atte lest summe relesse of my peyne,
 That me so sore halt in every veyne,

I rose anon, and thocht I wolde goon
 Into the wode, to here the briddes singe,
 When that the mysty vapour was agoon,
 And clere and feyre was the morwenyng;
 The dewe also lyke sylver in shynynge
 Upon the leves, as any baume swete,
 Till firy Tytan with hys persaunt hete

Had dried up the lusty lycour nywe,
 Upon the herbes in the grene mede,
 And that the floures of many dyvers hywe,

¹ 'When the sun had entered the sign of Taurus.'

² A proverbial expression, meaning, properly, St. John being my pledge, or security; but often used, apparently, as a mere expletive.

Upon the stalkes gunne for to sprede,
 And for to splaye out her leves on brede
 Ageyn the sunne, golde-borned in hys spere,
 That doune to hem cast hys bemes clere.

And by a ryver forth I gan costey,
 Of water clere as berel or cristal,
 Til at the last I founde a lytil wey,
 Towarde a parke, enclosed with a wal
 In compas rounde, and by a gate smal,
 Who so that wolde frely myghte goon,
 Into this parke, walled with grene stoon.¹

And in I went to here the briddes songe,
 Which on the braunches, bothe in pleyne and vale,
 So loude songe that al the woode ronge,
 Lyke as hyt sholde shiver in pesis smale;
 And as me thoghte, that the nyghtyngale
 With so grete myght her voys gan out wreste
 Ryght as her herte for love wolde breste.

The soyle was pleyne, smothe, and wonder softe,
 Al oversprad with tapites that Nature
 Had made her selfe; celured² eke alofte
 With bowys grene, the floures for to cure,
 That in hér beaute they may longe endure
 Fro al assaute of Phebus fervent fere,
 Which in his spere so hote shone and clere.

The eyre atempre, and the smothe wind
 Of Zepherus, amonge the blosmes whyte,
 So holsome was, and so nourysshing be kynde,
 That smale buddes, and rounde blomes lyte,
 In maner gan of her brethe delyte,

¹ This description will remind the reader of the opening of *The Romaunt of the Rose*.—See vol. vii. p. 17.

² The printed editions read *covered*, but *celured* is infinitely better. It means *canopied*, and is derived, ultimately, from the *Lat. celare*, to cover; and, proximately, from the French *ciel*, a canopy, as in the expression, *ciel de lit*, the canopy of a bed.

To yeve us hope there fruite shall take¹
Ayens autumpne, redy for to shake.²

I sawe the Daphene³ closed under rynde,
Grene laurer, and the holsome pyne,
The myrre also that wepeth ever of kynde,⁴
The cedres high, upryght as a lyne,
The philbert eke, that lowe dothe enclyne
Her bowes grene to the erthe doune,
Unto her knyght ycalled Demophoune.⁵

There sawe I eke the fressh hauthorne
In white motele, that so soote doth smelle,
Asshe, firre, and oke, with many a yonge acorne,
And many a tre mo than I can telle;
And me beforne I sawe a litel welle,
That had his course, as I gan beholde,
Under an hille, with quyke stremes colde.

The gravel gold, the water pure as glas,
The bankys rounde, the welle environyng,
And softe as velvet the yonge gras
That thereupon ful lustely gan sprynge,
The sute of trees about compassyng
Her shadowe caste, closyng the welle rounde,
And al the herbes growing on the grounde.

The water was so holsome and vertuouus,
Thurgh myghte of herbes growynge there beside;
Not lyche the welle where as Narcissus⁶
Yslayne was thurgh vengeance of Cupide,
Where so covertly he did abide

¹ *Take* is here an intransitive verb, meaning to *set*. Gardeners say, that in cold and unseasonable springs the blossom falls off before the fruit *sets*, or *takes*.

² The meaning is that the buds gave promise that the fruit would set and be ready to be shaken off the trees against autumn.

³ See Ovid, *Met.* i.

⁴ The tree into which Myrrha was transformed, and which distils the bitter sap called myrrh — See Ovid, *Met.* x.

⁵ See Ovid, *Her.* ii.

⁶ See vol. vii. p. 62.

The greyne of cruel dethe upon eche brynke,
That deth mot folowe, who that ever drynke.

Ne lyche the pitte of the Pegace,¹
Under Pernaso, where poetys slept;
Nor lyke the welle of pure chastite,
Which as Dyane with her nymphes kept,
Whan she naked into the water lepte,
That slowe Acteon with his houndes felle,
Oonly for he cam so nygh the welle.²

But this welle that I here of reherse
So holsome was, that hyt wolde aswage
Bollyn hertes, and the venym perse
Of pensifhede, with al the cruel rage,
And overmore refresshe the visage
Of hem that were in any werynesse
Of gret labour, or fallen in distresse.

And I that had, thurgh daunger and disdeyne,
So drye a thrust, thoughte I wolde assaye
To taste a draughte of this welle or tweyne,
My bitter langour yf hyt myghte alaye,
And on the banke anone doune I lay,
And with myn hede unto the welle I raughte,
And of the water dranke I a good draughte.

Wherof me thoughte I was refreshed wele
Of the brennyng that sate so nyghe my herte,
That verely anone I gan to fele
An huge parte relested of my smerte;
And therewithalle anon up I sterte,
And thoughte I wolde walke and se more,
Forth in the parke and in the holtys hore.

¹ The fountain Hippocrene, which sprung from Mount Helicon, from the place where Pegasus stamped his foot.—Ovid, *Met.* iv.

² Ovid, *Met.* iii.

And thurogh a launde as I yede apace,
 And gan aboute faste to beholde,
 I founde anoon a delytable place,
 That was beset with trees yonge and olde,
 Whos names here for me shalle not be tolde,
 Amydde of whiche stode an herber grene,
 That benched was with turves nywe and clene.

This herber was ful of floures of Inde,¹
 Into the whiche as I beholde gan,
 Betwex an hulferre and a wodebynde,
 As I was war, I sawe ther lay a man
 In blake and white colour, pale and wan,
 And wonder dedely also of his hiwe,
 Of hurtes grene, and fresshe woundes nywe.

And overmore destreynd with sekenesse
 Besyde al this he was full grevously,
 For upon him he had an hote accesse,
 That day be day him shoke full petously,
 So that for constreyning of hys malady,
 And hertely wo, thus lyinge al alone,
 It was a deth for to here hym grone.

Wherof astonied my fote I gan withdrawe,
 Gretly wondring what hit myghte be,
 That he so lay and had no felawe,
 Ne that I coude no wyghte with him se;
 Wherof I had routhe, and eke pite,
 And gan anoon, so softly as I coude,
 Amonge the bussches prively me to shroude;

If that I myghte in any wise aspye,
 What was the cause of his dedely woo,
 Or why that he so pitously gan crye

¹ The printed editions read *gende*, which is probably intended, by a poetical licence, for *gente*, pretty; the Fairf. MS. reads *rende*, and MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24, of *Inde*. The true reading is probably *inde* or *ynde*, scarlet.

On hys fortune, and on eure also,
 With al my myghte I leyde an ere to,
 Every word to marke what he sayed,
 Out of his swough amonge as he abreyde.

But first, yf I shal make mencyoun
 Of hys persone, and pleynely him discrive,
 He was in sothe, without excepcioun,
 To speke of manhod, oon the best on lyve;
 Ther may no man ayein trouthe stryve,
 For of hys tyme, and of his age also,
 He proved was, ther men shuld have ado,¹

For oon the best; therto of brede and lengthe
 So wel ymade by good proporcioun,
 Yf he had be in his delyver strengthe;
 But thoughte and sekenesse were occasion
 That he thus lay in lamentacioun
 Gruffe on the grounde, in place desolate,
 Sole by hymself, awaped and amate.

And for me semeth that hit ys fyttynge
 His wordes alle to put in remembraunce,
 To me that herde al his compleynynge,
 And al the grounde of his woful chaunce,
 Yf therwithalle I may yow do plesaunce,
 I wol to yow so as I can anone,
 Lyche as he seyde, reherse everychone.

But who shal helpe me now for to compleyne?
 Or who shall now my stile guy or lede?
 O Nyobe, let now thy teres reyne
 Into my penne, and helpe eke in this nede,
 Thou woful Myrre² that felest my herte blede
 Of pitouse wo, and myn honde eke quake,
 Whan that I write, for this mannys sake.

¹ That is, 'Where men should be engaged in that business which is proper to them,' viz., the exercise of arms.

² Myrrha.—See *ante*, p. 8, note 4.

For unto wo accordeth compleynnge,
 And dolful chere unto hevynesse;
 To sorow also, sighing and wepyng,
 And pitouse mournyng unto drerynesse;
 And whoso that shal writen of distresse,
 In party needeth to know felyngly
 Cause and rote of al swche malady.

But I, alas! that am of wytte but dulle,
 And have no knowyng of suche matere,
 For to discryve, and write at the fulle
 The woful compleynt, which that ye shul here,
 But even like as doth a skryvenere,
 That can no more what that he shal write,
 But as his maister beside dothe endyte;

Ryghte so fare I, that of no sentement
 Sey ryght naught in conclusioun,
 But as I herde, whan I was present,
 This man compleyne with a pitouse soun;
 For even lyche, wythout addicyoun,
 Or disencrese, owther mor or lesse,
 For to rehearse anon I wol me dresse.

And yf that eny now be in this place,
 That fele in love brennyng or fervence,
 Or hyndered were to his lady grace,
 With false tonges, that with pestilence
 Sle trewe men that never did offence
 In worde ner dede, ne in hir entent,—
 If any such be here now present,

Let hym of routhe ley to audyence,
 With doleful chere, and sobre countenaunce,
 To here this man, be ful high sentence,
 His mortal wo, and his grete perturbaunce
 Compleynyng, now lying in a traunce,
 With loke upcast, and with ful ruful chere,
 Theeffect of whiche was as ye shall here.

COMPLEYNT.

' The thought oppressed with inward sighes sore,
 The peynful lyve, the body languysshing,
 The woful gost, the herte rent and tore,
 The pitouse chere pale in compleyning,
 The dedely face, lyke ashes in shynyng,
 The salte teres that fro myn yen falle,
 Parcel declared grounde of my peynes alle.

' Whos herte ys bounde to blede in hevynesse;
 The thought resseyt of woo and of compleynt;
 The brest is chest of dule and drerynesse;
 The body eke so feble and so feynt,
 With hote and colde myn accesse ys so meynt,
 That now I shyver for defaute of hete,
 And hote as glede now sodenly I swete.

' Now hote as fire, now colde as asshes dede,
 Now hote for colde, now colde for hete ageyn,
 Now cold as yse, now as coles rede,
 For hete I brenne; and thus betwexe tweyne
 I passed am, and al forecast in peyne,
 So that my hete pleynty as I fele
 Of grevous colde ys cause every dele.¹

' This ys the colde of ynward high dysdeyn,
 Colde of dyspite, and colde of cruel hate;
 This is the colde that doth his besy peyn,
 Ayens trouthe to fighte and to debate;
 This ys the colde that wolde the fire abate
 Of trewe menyng, alas, the harde while!
 This ys the colde that wil me begile.

' For ever the better that in trouthe I ment,
 With al my myghte feythfully to serve,
 With herte and alle to be diligent,
 The lesse thanke, alas! I can deserve:
 Thus for my trouthe Daunger doth me sterve;

¹ Imitated from Petrarch, Son. 88.—See vol. v. p. 32, note 1.

For oon that shulde my deth of mercy lette,
Hath made dispite newe his swerde to whette

‘ Ayenst me, and his arwes to file,
To take vengeance of wilful cruelte;
And tonges fals thurgh her sleightly wile,
Han gonne a werre that wel not stynted be;
And fals Envye, Wrathe, and Enemyte,
Have conspired ayens al ryghte and lawe,
Of her malice, that Trouthe shal be slawe.

‘ And Malebouche gan first the tale telle,
To sclaunder Trouthe of indignacioun,
And Fals-Reporte so loude ronge the belle,
That Mysbeleve and False-suspecioun
Have Trouthe brought to hys dampnacioun,
So that, alas! wrongfully he dyeth,
And Falsnes now his place occupieth,

‘ And entred ys into Trouthes londe,
And hath therof the full possessyon.
O, ryghtful God! that first the trouthe fonde,
How may thou suffre suche oppression,
That Falshed shulde have jurysdixion,
In Trouthes ryght, to sle him gilteles?
In his fraunchise he may not lyve in pes.

‘ Falsly accused, and of his foon forjued,
Without answeere, while he was absent,
He damned was, and may not be excused,
For Cruelte satte in jugement,
Of Hastynesse without advisement,
And badde Disdeyne do execute anoon
His jugement in presence of hys foon.

‘ Attourney noon ne may admytted been
To excuse Trouthe, ne a worde to speke;
To Feyth or Othe the juge list not seen,
There ys no geyn but he wil be wreke.
O, Lorde of trouthe! to thee I calle and clepe,

How may thou se thus in thy presence,
Without mercy, mordred Innocence?

‘ Now God that art of trouthe sovereyn,
And seest how I lye for trouthe bounde,
So sore knytte in loves firie cheyn,
Even at the dethe, through girte with many a
That lykly are never for to sounde, [wounde,
And for my trouth am dampned to the dethe,
And noght abide, but draw alonge the brethe:

‘ Consider and se in thyn eternal sight,
How that myn herte professed whilom was,
For to be trewe with all my ful myghte,
Oonly to oon the whiche now, alas!
Of volunte, withoute more trespas,
Myn accusours hath taken unto grace,
And cherissheth hem my deth to purchase.

‘ What meneth this? what ys this wonder ure
Of purveyaunce, yf I shal hit calle,
Of god of love, that fals hem so assure,
And trewe, alas! downe of the whele ben falle?
And yet in sothe this is the worst of alle,
That Falshed wrongfully of Trouthe hath the name,
And Trouthe ayenwarde of Falshed bereth the
blame.¹

‘ This blynde chaunce, this stormy aventure,
In love hath most his experience,
For who that doth with trouthe most his cure,
Shal for his mede fynde most offence,
That serveth love with al his diligence:
For who can feyne under lowlyhede,
Ne fayleth not to fynde grace and spede.

¹ Most of these allegorical personages are taken from *The Romaunt of the Rose*.

‘ For I loved oon ful longe sythe agoon,
 With al myn herte, body and ful myght,
 And to be ded my herte can not goon
 From his heste, but hold that he hath hight;
 Though I be banysshed out of her syght,
 And by her mouthe dampned that I shal deye,
 Unto my hest yet I wil ever obeye.

‘ For ever sithe that the worlde began,
 Who so lyste loke and in story rede,
 He shall ay fynde that the trewe man
 Was put abake, whereas the falshede
 Yfurthered was: for Love taketh non hede
 To sle the trewe, and hath of hem no charge,
 Wher as the fals goth frely at her large.

‘ I take recorde of Palamides,¹
 The trewe man, the noble worthy knyght,
 That ever loved, and of hys peyne no relese;
 Notwithstondyng his manhode and his myght,
 Love unto him did ful grete unright,
 For ay the bette he did in chevalrye,
 The more he was hindred by envye.

‘ And aye the bette he dyd in every place,
 Thorough his knyghthode and his besy peyne,
 The ferther was he fro his ladyes grace,
 For to her mercy myght he never atteyne,
 And to his deth he coude hyt not refreyne
 For no daunger, but ay obey and serve,
 As he best coude, pleyntly til he sterve.

‘ What was the fyne also of Ercules,
 For al his conquest and his worthynesse,
 That was of strengthe alone pereles?

¹ Not the son of Nauplius, one of the Grecian commanders at the war of Troy, but a knight of the round table, called Palomides in the *Mort d'Arthur*, the unsuccessful rival of Tristan for the love of la belle Isoude.

For lyke as bokes of him list expresse,
 He set pileres, thurgh his high prowesse,
 Away at Gades,¹ for to signifie,
 That no man myght him passe in chevalrie.

‘ The which pilers ben ferre beyonde Ynde
 Yset of golde, for a remembraunce :
 And for al that was he sete behynde,
 With hem that Love list febly to avaunce ;
 For he him set laste upon a daunce,
 Against whom helpe may noon stryve,
 For al his trouthe yet he lost his lyve.

‘ Phebus also for his persaunt lyghte,
 Whan that he went here in erthe lowe,
 Unto the herte with fresshe Venus sighte
 Ywounded was, thurgh Cupides bowe,
 And yet his lady list him not to knowe ;
 Though for her love his herte did sore blede,
 She let him go, and toke of him noon hede.

‘ What shal I say of yonge Pirusus ?
 Of trewe Tristram,² for all his high renoune ?
 Of Achilles, or of Antonyus ?
 Of Arcite, or of him Palemoune ?
 What was the ende of her passioune,
 But after sorowe dethe, and than her grave ?
 Lo, here the guerdon that these loveres have !

‘ But false Jasoun with his doublenesse,
 That was untrewe at Colkos to Mede,
 And Tereus, rote of unkyndenesse,
 And with these two eke the false Ene ;
 Lo, thus the fals, ay in oon degre,

¹ Gades, now called Gibraltar, and Septis, now called Ceuta, on the opposite coast, were formerly styled the Pillars of Hercules.

² Tristram was the celebrated hero, whose love for the faire Isoude, or Ysulte, is the subject of the *Roman de Tristan*, and enters largely into that of the *Mort d'Arthur*. She is called by Petrarch *Isotta*.

Had in love her lust and al her wille,
And save falshed, ther was noon other skille.

‘ Of Thebes eke the fals Arcite,
And Demophon eke for his slouthe,
They had her lust and al that myght delyte,
For all her falshede and grete untrouthe.
Thus ever Love, alas, and that is routhe!
His fals legys furthereth what he may,
And sleeth the trewe, ungoodly, day be day.

‘ For trewe Adon was slayne with the bore
Amydde the forest in the grene shade,
For Venus love he felt al the sore;
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made,
The foule chorle had many nightis glade,
Where Mars, her worthy knyght and her treweman,
To fynde mercy comfort noon he can.

‘ Also the yonge fresh Ipomones,
So lustly fre as of his corage,
That for to serve with al his herte ches
Athalant,¹ so feire of her visage;
But Love, alas, quyte him so his wage
With cruel daunger pleynty at the last,
That with the dethe guerdonlesse he past.

‘ Lo, here the fyne of loveres servise!
Lo, how that Love can his servauntis quyte!
Lo, how he can his feythful men dispise,
To sle the trewe men, and fals respite!
Lo, how he doth the swerde of sorowe byte
In hertis, suche as most his lust obey,
To save the false and do the trewe dey!

‘ For feythe nor othe, worde, ne assuraunce,
Trewe menyng, awayte, or besynesse.
Stil porte, ne feythful attendaunce,

¹ See Ovid, *Met.* viii.

Manhode ne myght, in armes worthinesse,
 Pursute of worshippe nor high prowesse,
 In straunge londe ryding ne travayle,
 Ful lyte, or nought, in love dothe awayle.

‘ Peril of dethe, nother in se ne londe,
 Hungre ne thrust, sorowe ne sekenesse,
 Ne grete emprises for to take on honde,
 Shedyng of blode, ne manful hardynesse,
 Nor ofte woundynge at sautes by distresse,
 Nor in partyng of lyfe nor dethe also,
 Al ys for noughte, Love taketh noon hede therto.

‘ But lesynges with her false flaterye,
 Thurogh her falshede, and with her doublenesse,
 With tales new, and mony feyned lye,
 By false-semblaunte, and countrefet humblesse,
 Under colour depeynt with stedfastnesse,
 With fraude covered under a pitouse face,
 Accepte ben now rathest unto grace,

‘ And can hemselfe now best magnifie
 With feyned port and false presumption ;
 They haunce her cause with false surquedrie,
 Under menyng of double entention,
 To thenken oon in her opinyon,
 And sey another, to set hemselfe alofte,
 And hynder trouthe, as hit ys seyne ful ofte.

‘ The whiche thing I bye now al to dere,
 Thanked be Venus, and the god Cupide !
 As hit is seene by myn oppressed chere,
 And by his arowes that stiken in my syde,
 That, safe the dethe, I nothing abide
 Fro day to day, alas, the harde while !
 Whan ever hys dart that hym list to fyle,

My woful herte for to ryve atwo,
 For faute of mercye, and lake of pite
 Of her that causeth al my peyne and woo,

And list not ones of grace for to see
 Unto my trouthe thurogh her cruelte ;
 And most of al yif that I me compleyne,
 Than she hath joy to laughen at my peyne.

‘ And wilfully hath my dethe sworne,
 Al giltesse, and wote no cause why,
 Safe for the trouthe that I have had aforne
 To her allone to serve feythfully.
 O God of Love! unto the I crye,
 And to thy blende double deyte
 Of this grete wronge I compleyne me,

‘ And unto thy stormy wilful variaunce,
 Ymeynt with chaunge and gret unstableness,
 Now up, now down, so rennyng is thy chance,
 That the to trust may be no sikernesse ;
 I wite hit nothing but thy doublenesse,
 And who that is an archer, and ys blend,
 Marketh nothing, but sheteth as he wend.¹

‘ And for that he hath no discretion,
 Withoute avise he let his arowe goo,
 For lak of syght, and also of resoun,
 In his shetyng hit happeth ofte soo,
 To hurt his frende rather than his foo ;
 So doth this god with his sharpe flon,
 The trewe sleeth, and leteth the fals gon.

‘ And of his woundyng this is the worst of alle,
 Whan he hurteth he dothe so cruel wreche,
 And maketh the seke for to crye and calle
 Unto his foo for to ben his leche,
 And hard hit ys for a man to seche,
 Upon the poynt of dethe in jeupardie,
 Unto his foo to fynde remedye.

¹ The Fairfax MS. for *wend* reads *wenyng*, which destroys the rhyme. *Wend* is put for *weneth*, guesseth.

‘ Thus fareth hit now even by me,
 That to my foo that yaf my herte a wound,
 Mot axe grace, mercy, and pite,
 And namely ther wher noon may be founde;
 For now my sore my leche wol confounde,
 And god of kynde so hath set myne ure,
 My lyves foo to have my wounde in cure.

‘ Alas the while now that I was borne!
 Or that I ever saugh the brighte sonne!
 For now I se that ful longe aforne,
 Or I was borne, my destany was sponne
 By Parcas sustren, to sle me if they conne,
 For they my dethe shopen or my sherte,¹
 Oonly for trouthe, I may hit not asterte.

‘ The mighty goddesse also of Nature,
 That under God hath the governaunce
 Of worldly thinges committed to her cure,
 Disposed hath, thurogh her wyse purveyance,
 To give my lady so muche suffisaunce
 Of alle vertues, and therewithalle purvyde
 To mordre trouthe, hath taken Dawnger to guyde.

‘ For bounte, beaute, shape, and semelyhede,
 Prudence, witte, passyngly fairenesse,
 Benigne port, glad chere, with lowlyhede,
 Of womanhede ryght plenteous largesse,
 Nature in her fully did empresse,
 Whan she her wrought, and altherlast Dysdeyne,
 To hinder trouthe, she made her chambreleyne.

‘ Whan Mystrust also, and False-suspecion,
 With Mysbeleve she made for to be
 Chefe of counseyle, to this conclusion,
 For to exile Trouthe, and eke Pite,
 Out of her court to make Mercy fle,

¹ For an example of this expression see vol. i. p. 138, note 2.

So that Dispite now holdeth forth her reyne,
Thurogh hasty beleve of tales that men feyne.

‘ And thus I am for my trouthe, alas!
Mordred and slayn with wordes sharp and kene,
Gilteles, God wot, of al trespas,
And lye and blede upon this colde grene.
Now mercye, swete! mercye, my lyves quene!
And to youre grace of mercye yet I prey,
In youre servise that your man may dey.

‘ But and so be that I shal deye algate,
And that I shal non other mercye have,
Yet of my dethe let this be the date,
That by youre wille I was broght to my grave,
Or hastely, yf that ye list me save,
My sharpe woundes that ake so and blede,
Of mercye charme, and also of womanhede.

‘ For other charme pleynty ys ther noon,
But only mercye, to helpe in this case;
For though my woundes blede evere in oon,
My lyve, my deth, stondeth in youre grace,
And though my gilt be nothing, alas!
I axe mercy in al my best entent,
Redy to dye, yf that ye assent.

‘ For ther ayens shal I never strive
In worde ne werke, pleynelly I ne may,
For lever I have than to be alyve
To dye sothely, and hit be her to pay;
Ye, though hit be this eche same day,
Or whan that ever her liste to devyse,
Suffiseth me to dye in your servise.

‘ And God, that knowest the thought of every wyght
Right as hit is, in every thing thou maist se,
Yet ere I dye, with al my ful myght,

Lowly I prey to graunte unto me,
 That ye, goodly, feire, fresshe, and fre,
 Which sle me oonly for defaut of routhe,
 Or that I die, may byknow my trouth.

‘ For that in sothe sufficeth unto me,
 If she hit know in every circumstaunce,
 And after I am wel apayd that she
 Yf that her lyste of dethe to do vengeaunce
 Unto me, that am under her legeaunce,
 Hit sitte me not her doom to dysobey;
 But at her luste wilfully to dey.

‘ Withoute gruching or rebellion
 In wille or worde, holy I assent,
 Or any maner contradixion,
 Fully to be at her commaundement;
 And yf I dye, in my testament
 My herte I send, and my spirit also,
 What so ever she liste with hem to do.

‘ And alderlaste to her womanhede,
 And to her mercy me I recommaunde,
 That lye now here betwexe hope and drede,
 Abyding pleynly what she liste commaunde;
 For utterly this nys no demaunde
 Welcome to me while that me lasteth brethe,
 Ryght at her chose, wher hit be lyf or dethe.

‘ In this mater more what myght I seyne,
 Sithe in her honde and in her wille ys alle,
 Bothe lyf and dethe, my joy, and al my peyne;
 And fynally my heste holde I shal,
 Til my spirit, be destanye fatal,
 Whan that her liste fro my body wende,
 Have here my trouthe, and thus I make an ende.’¹

¹ In the margin of the Fairfax MS. is here written in red ink, *No. perseverantiam amantis*, mark the constancy of a lover.

And with that worde he ganne sike as sore,
 Lyke as his herte ryve wolde atweyne,
 And held his pese, and spak a word no more ;
 But for to se his woo and mortal peyne,
 The teres gonne fro myn eyen reyne
 Ful pitously, for verrey inwarde routhe,
 That I hym sawe so langwissing for his truth.

And al this while my selfe I kepte close
 Amonge the bowes, and my selfe ganne hide,
 Til at the laste the woful man arose,
 And to a logge wente ther beside,
 Wher al the May his custome was tabyde,
 Sole to compleyne of his peynes kene,
 Fro yer to yer, under the bowes grene.

And for because that hit drowe to the nyght,
 And that the sunne his arke diurnal
 Ypassed was, so that his persauant lyght,
 His bryghte bemes and his stremes alle
 Were in the wawes of the water falle,
 Under the bordure of our ocean,
 His chare of golde his course so swyftly ran ;

And while the twilyght and the rowes rede
 Of Phebus lyght were deaurat a lite,
 A penne I toke, and gan me faste spede,
 The woful pleynte of this man to write
 Worde be worde, as he dyd endyte ;
 Lyke as I herde, and coude hem tho reporte,
 I have here set, your hertes to dysporte.

If ought be mys, leyth the wite on me,
 For I am worthy for to bere the blame,
 If any thing mysreported be,
 To make this ditye for to seme lame
 Thurogh myn unconnyng, but for to seme the same,
 Lyke as this manne his compleynt did expresse,
 I axe mercy and foryevenesse.

And, as I wrote, me thought I saw aferre,
 Fer in the west lustely appere
 Esperus, the goodly bryghte sterre,
 So glad, so feire, so persaunt eke of chere,
 I mene Venus with her bemys clere,
 That hevvy hertes oonly to releve
 Is wont of custome for to shewe at eve.

And I as faste fel down on my kne,
 And even thus to her I gan to preye:
 'O lady Venus! so feire upon to see,
 Let not this man for his trouthe dey,
 For that joy thou haddest whan thou ley
 With Mars thy knyght, whan Vulcanus you fonde,
 And with a cheyne unvisible you bond

'Togedre bothe tweyne in the same while,
 That al the court above celestial,
 At youre shame ganne laughe and smile:
 O, feire lady, wel willy founde at al!¹
 Comfort to careful, O goddesse immortal!
 Be helpyng now, and do thy diligence,
 To let the stremes of thyne influence

' Descende doune, in fortheryng of the trouthe,
 Namely of hem that lye in sorowe bounde,
 Shewe now thy myght, and on her wo have routhe,
 Er fals Daunger sle hem and confounde:
 And specially let thy myght be founde
 For to socoure, what so that thou may,
 The trewe man that in the herber lay.

' And alle trewe further for his sake,
 O glade sterre! O lady Venus myn!
 And cause his lady him to grace take;
 Her herte of stele to mercy so enclyne,
 Er that thy bemes go up to declyne,

¹ Always found to be propitious.

And er that thou now go fro us adoune,
For that love thou haddest to Adoun.'

And whan that she was goon unto her rest,
I rose anoon, and home to bedde went,
For verrey wery,¹ me thought hit for the best,
Preying thus in al my best entent,
That alle trewe, that be with Daunger shente,
With mercye may, in reles of her peyne,
Recured be, er May come efte ageyne.

And for that I ne may noo lenger wake,
Farewel, ye loveres alle that be trewe!
Preying to God, and thus my leve I take,
That er the sunne to morowe be rysen newe,
And er he have ayen his rosen hewe,
That eche of yow may have suche a grace,
His owne lady in armes to embrace.

I mene thus, that in al honeste,
Withoute more ye may togedre speke
What so yow liste at goode liberte,
That eche may to other her herte breke,
On Jelousye oonely to be wreke,
That hath so longe of malice and envye
Werried trouthe with his tirannye.

LENVOYE.

Princes, pleseth hit your benignite
This lital dite to have in mynde!
Of womanhede also for to se,
Your trewe man may somme mercye fynde,
And Pite eke, that longe hath be behynd,
Let thenne ayein be provoked to grace;
For by my trouthe it is ayenes kynde,
Fals Daunger for to occupy his place.

¹ For very weariness. This construction has been noted before.—
See vol. i. p. 188, note 2.

Go litel quayre, go unto my lyves queene
 And my verrey hertes sovereigne,
 And be ryght glade for she shal the seene;
 Suche is thy grace; but I, alas, in peyne
 Am left behinde, and not to whom to pleyne;
 For Mercye, Routhe, Grace, and eke Pite
 Exiled be, that I may not ateyne,
 Recure to fynde of myn adversite.

EXPLICIT.

THE COMPLAYNT OF MARS AND VENUS.

[In the Envoy to this poem the reader is informed that it is a translation from the French of Graunson, whom the author calls the 'foure of them that maken [write poetry] in France;' and that it was written in the poet's old age.

For elde, that in my spirite dulleth me,
 Hath of endyting al the subtilite
 Wel-nygh berefte out of my remembraunce,

Of Graunson, once so famous, little is now known. Tyrwhitt supposes that he was a certain Otho de Graunson; who, as appears from Rymer's *Fædera*, Pat. 17, was retained in the military service of Richard II., with an annuity of 200 marks. In his *Life of Chaucer* Speght says, that Chaucer 'made a treatise of the alliance betwixt Venus and Mars at the commandment of John of Gaunt;' and adds in a note:— 'Some [among whom, if he had read the poem he professed to edit, he might have found the author himself] say that he did but translate it, and that it was made by Sir Otes [Otho] de Grantsome [Graunson, or Granson], knight, in French, of my Lady of Yorke, daughter of the King of Spaine [Peter the Cruel] representing Venus, and my Lord of Huntingdon, some time Duke of Excester. This lady was younger sister of Constance, John of Gaunt's second wife. This Lord of Huntingdon was called John Holland, halfe brother to Richard II.: he married Elizabeth, the

daughter of John of Gaunt.' The poem evidently applies, primarily, to the phenomena presented by the planets Mars and Venus in the relative positions they assume in the course of their orbits round the sun; and, as such, is an imitation of the song of Demodocus, in the eighth book of *The Odyssey*. But it may possibly have a secondary application to the disgraceful intrigue between the Lord Huntingdon and the Duchess of York, aunt of his wife Elizabeth. This traditional application, the force of which has escaped Tyrwhitt, derives some strength from the allusion to the Broche of Thebes (see *post*, p. 37) which was supposed to inspire those who possessed it with incestuous and ill-omened passions. From this allusion the poem is distinguished by Lydgate among Chaucer's productions:—

Of Anelida and of false Arcite
 He made a compleynte doleful and pitous;
 And of the *broche* which that *Vulcanus*
 At *Thebes* wrought, ful divers of nature.

Bale, taking *broche* in its primary meaning as a spit, and never having read the poem, describes it by the name of *De Vulcani veru*, of the *spit* of Vulcan.

The text of the printed editions is almost incredibly corrupt. An example of their corruptions may be found in the first stanza, which, in its proper form, is very pretty and ingenious, but, as hitherto given, is a mass of nonsense. The present text is taken from a MS. marked 7333, in the Harleian Collection, as far as that MS., which is imperfect, goes.—See p. 35. The remainder is from the MS. Fairfax 16, collated with Arch. Seld. B. 24. These have been already described in the Introduction to the *House of Fame*, vol. vi. p. 192. In the Fairfax volume the illuminations to this poem are very elaborate. Venus is represented as *Anadyomene*, half covered by the waves, with dishevelled hair, of a yellow, or, as we should call it, red colour, such as was admired in classical and mediæval times; and Mars, as an old knight, in the armour of the fifteenth century, of a prodigiously grim and ferocious demeanour.

The *Complaint of Mars and Venus* was one of the poems included in the volume of selections entitled *Chaucer Modernized*.—See Introduction to vol. i. p. 63.]

GLADETH, ye foules, of the morowe gray!
 Loo, Phebus rising amonge yon rowis rede!
 And floures fresshe, honoureth ye this May,
 For whanne the sunne upriste than wol ye sprede;
 But ye loveres that lye in eny drede,
 Fleeth lest that wikked tonges yow espye!
 Loo, yonde the sunne, candel of jalousye!¹

With teres blew,² and with a wounded herte
 Taketh your leve, and, with seint Johan to borowe,
 Apeseth sumwhat of your sorowes smerte,
 Tyme cometh efte, that cese shal your sorowe;
 The glad nyght ys worthe an hevvy morowe!
 Seynt Valentyne!³ a foule thus herd I synge,
 Upon thy day, er sunne gan up sprynge.

Yet sange this foule, I rede yow al awake;
 And ye that han not chosen in humble wyse,
 Without repentyng cheseth youre make,
 Yet at this fest renoveleth your servyse:
 And ye that han ful chosen as I devise,
 Confermeth hyt perpetuely to dure,
 And paciently taketh your aventure.

And for the worshippe of this highe feste,
 Yet wol I, in my briddes wise, synge
 The sentence of the compleynt, at the leste,
 That woful Mars made atte departyng
 Fro fresshe Venus in a morwenyng,
 Whanne Phebus, with his firy torches rede,
 Ransaked hath every lover in hys drede.

¹ Compare the address of Troylus to Day, vol. v. p. 166.

² There seems no propriety in this epithet. It is probably a corruption.

³ See vol. iv. p. 201, note 2.

Whilom the thridde hevenes lorde above,¹
 As wel by hevenysh revolucioun,²
 As by desert hath wonne Venus his love,
 And she hath take him in subjecioun,
 And as a maistresse taughte him his lesson,
 Commaundyng him that never in her service,
 He ner so bolde no lover to dispise.

For she forbad him jalosye at alle,
 And cruelte, and bost, and tyrannye;
 She made him at her lust so humble and thralle,
 That whanne her deyned to caste on hym her ye,
 He toke in pacience to lyve or dye;
 And thus she brydeleth him, in hire manere,
 With nothing but with scorning³ of her chere.

Who regneth now in blysse but Venus,
 That hath thys worthy knyghte in governaunce?
 Who syngeth now but Mars that serveth thus
 The faire Venus, causer of plesaunce?
 He bynt him to perpetuel obeysaunce,
 And she bynt⁴ her to love him for evere,
 But so be that his trespace hyt desever.

Thus be they knyt, and regnen as in heven,
 Be lokyng moost; til hyt fil on a tyde,
 That by hire bothe assent was set a steven,
 That Mars shall entre as fast as he may glyde,
 Into hire next paleys⁵ to abyde,

¹ *Scil.*, Mars, whose sphere, if the earth be omitted, is the third from the sun.

² The meaning is, that in the course of their revolutions through the heavens, the two planets were now, what astronomers call, in conjunction.

³ The MS. Harl. 7333, for *scorning* reads *stering*.

⁴ Bindeth.

⁵ The heavens were mapped out into different compartments, which in the old astronomy, were called *houses*; and the planet was said to dwell in such a *house*, when it was in any of these compartments. The meaning is, that the planet Mars now proceeded to the next compartment or house in his orbit.

Walkynge hys cours til she had him ytake,
And he preyede her to haste her for his sake.

Than seyde he thus, 'Myn hertis lady swete,
Ye knowe wel my myschefe in that place,
For sikerly til that I with yow mete,
My lyfe stant ther in aventure and grace,
But whan I se the beaute of your face,
Ther ys no dred of deth may do me smerte,
For alle your luste is ese to myn herte.'

She hath so grete compassion on her knyghte,
That dwelleth in solitude til she come,
For hyt stode so, that ylke tyme no wyghte
Counseyled hym, ne seyde to hym welcome,
That nyghe her witte for sorowe was overcome;
Wherfore she sped her as fast in her wey,
Almost in oon day as he dyd in twey.¹

The grete joye that was betwex hem two,
When they be mette, ther may no tunge telle;
Ther is no more but unto bed they go,
And thus in joy and blysse I let hem dwelle;
This worthy Mars that is of knyghthode welle,
The floure of feyrenesse lappeth in his armes,
And Venus kysseth Mars the god of armes.

Sojourned hath this Mars of which I rede
In chambre amydde the paleys prively,
A certeyne tyme, til him fel a drede,
Throgh Phebus, that was comen hastely
Within the paleys yates ful sturdely,
With torche in honde, of which the stremes bryghte
On Venus chambre gan kythe ful grete lyghte.²

¹ Because the sphere, or orbit of the planet Venus, being much smaller than that of Mars, she appears to travel twice as fast as he.

² This is evidently an allusion to the Song of Demodocus:—

— ἄφαρ δέ οἱ ἄγγελος ἦλθεν
Ἕλιος, ὃ σφ' ἐνόησε μιγαζομένους φιλότητι.

The chambre, ther as ley this fresshe quene,
 Depeynted was with white boles grete,¹
 And by the lyghte she knew that shone so shene,
 That Phebus cam to bren hem with his hete ;
 This sely Venus, nygh dreynt in teres wete,
 Embraceth Mars, and seyde :—‘ Alas, I dye !
 The torche is come, that al this world wol wrie.’

Up sterte Mars, hym luste not to slepe,
 When he his lady herde so compleyne ;
 But, for his nature was not for to wepe,
 Insteade of teres, fro his eyen tweyne
 The firy sparkes brosten out for peyne,²
 And hente his hauberke that ley hym besyde ;
 Fle wold he not, ne myght himselven hide.

He throweth on his helme of huge wyghte,
 And girt him with his swerde ; and in his honde
 His myghty spere, as he was wont to fyghte,
 He shaketh so, that almost it to-wonde ;
 Ful hevy was he to walken over londe ;
 He may not holde with Venus companye,
 But bad her fleen lest Phebus her espye. •

O woful Mars ! alas, what maist thou seyne,
 That in the paleys of thy disturbaunce,
 Art left byhynd in peril to be sleyne ?
 And yet therto ys double thy penaunce,
 For she that hath thyn herte in governance,
 Is passed halfe the stremes of thyn yen ;
 That thou ner swift, wel maist thou wepe and crien.

Now fleeth Venus into Ciclinius toure,
 With voide cours,³ for fere of Phebus lyghte.
 Alas ! and ther hath she no socoure,

¹ That is to say, Mars and Venus were now both in the constellation Taurus.

² The influence of the planet Venus was supposed to produce rain ; that of Mars, heat.

³ The meaning is, that the beams of the planet Venus are paled by her near approach to the sun, when she enters the constellation here

For she ne founde ne saugh no maner wyghte;
 And eke as ther she had but litel myghte;
 Wherfor her selven for to hyde and save,
 Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Derke was this cave, and smokyng as the helle,
 Nat but two pales within the yate hit stode;
 A naturel day in derke I let her dwelle.
 Now wol I speke of Mars furiose and wode;
 For sorowe he wolde have sene his herte blode,
 Sith that he myght have done her no companye,
 He ne rought not a myte for to dye.

So feble he wex for hete and for his wo,
 That nygh he swelt, he myght unnethe endure;
 He passeth but a sterre in dayes two;¹
 But nertheles, for al his hevye armure,
 He foloweth her that is his lyves cure;
 For whos departyng he toke gretter ire,
 Than for his [owne] brenning in the fire.

After he walketh softely a paas,
 Compleynyng that hyt pite was to here.
 He seyde, 'O lady bryght Venus! alas,
 That ever so wyde a compas ys my spere!
 Alas! whan shall I mete yow, herte dere?
 Thys twelve dayes of Aprile I endure,
 Through jelouse Phebus, this mysaventure.'

Now God helpe sely Venus allone!
 But as God wolde hyt happed for to be,
 That while the Venus weping made her mone
 Ciclinius ryding in his chevache,
 Fro Venus Valanus might this paleys se;²

called Ciclinius, and in MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24, Cilennus, and in Fairfax 16, Cilinius.

¹ *Scil.*, in his course through the heavens.

² The meaning of the astronomical allusions in these two lines is not apparent. For *Valanus* the Harl. MS. reads *Valaunses*.

And Venus he salueth, and maketh chere,
And her receyveth as his frende ful dere.

Mars dwelleth forth in his adversyte,
Compleyning ever in her departynge;
And what his compleynt was remembreth me,
And therefore, in this lusty morwenynge,
As I best can, I wol it seyne and synge,
And after that I wol my leve take;
And God yif every wyghte joy of his make!

THE COMPLEYNT OF MARS.

THE ordre of compleynt requireth skylfully,
That yf a wight shal pleyne pitously,
Ther mot be cause wherfore that men pleyne,
Other men may deme he pleyneyth folely,
And causeles. Alas, that do not I!
Wherfor the grounde and cause of al my peyne,
So as my troubled witte may hit atteyne,
I wol reherse; not for to have redresse,
But to declare my grounde of hevynesse.¹

The first tyme, alas, that I was wroghte,
And for certeyn effectes hider broghte,
Be him that lordeth eche intelligence,
I yaf my trewe servise and my thoghte,
For evermore, how dere I have it boghte,
To her that is of so grete excellence,
That what wight that first sheweth his presence,
Whan she is wrothe and taketh of hym no cure,
He may not longe in joye of love endure.²

This is no feyned mater that I telle;
My lady is the verrey sours and welle

¹ The reader will observe that the metre changes in the *Complaynt of Mars*, and becomes very complicated. The first, second, fourth and fifth lines fall into one rhyme; the third, sixth and seventh into another; and the eighth and ninth into a third.

² That is, 'Venus will not be pious to him.'

Of beaute, luste, fredam, and gentilnesse,
 Of riche aray, how dere men hit selle,
 Of al disport in which men frendely dwelle,
 Of love and pley, and of benigne humblesse,¹
 Of sowne of instrumentes of al swetnesse,
 And therto so wel fortunèd and thewed,
 That thorowe the worlde her goodnesse is yshewed.

What wonder ys than thogh that I besette
 My servise on suche one that may me knette
 To wele or wo, sith hit lythe in her myght?
 Therefore myn herte for ever I to her hight,
 Ne trewely for my dethe shal I not lette,
 To ben her trewest servaunt and her knyghte.
 I flatter not, that may wete every wyghte;
 For this day in her servise shal I dye,
 But grace be, I se her never with eye.

To whom shal I pleyne of my distresse?
 Who may me helpe, who may my harme redresse?
 Shal I compleyne unto my lady fre?
 Nay, certes, for she hath such hevynesse,
 For fere and eke for wo, that as I gesse,
 In lytil tyme hit wol her bane bee;
 But were she safe, hit wer no fors of me.²
 Alas, that ever lovers mote endure,
 For love, so many a perilouse aventure!

For tho so be that lovers be as trewe
 As any metal that is forged newe,
 In many a case hem tydeth ofte sorowe.
 Somtyme hire ladies wol nat on hem rewe;
 Somtyme, yf that jelosie hyt knewe,
 They myghten lyghtly ley hire hede to borowe;³
 Somtyme envyous folke with tungen horowe

¹ Here the Harleian MS. 7333 leaves off; the rest of the poem is taken from MS. Fairfax 16, and Arch. Seld. B. 24.

² That is, 'It would be no consequence what became of me.'

³ That is, 'They might, in all probability, leave their head as a pledge.'

Departen hem, alas! Whom may they please?
But he be fals, no lover hath his ese.

But what availeth suche a longe sermoun
Of adventures of love up and doune?
I wol returne and speken of my peyne;
The poynt is this of my distruccion,
My righte lady, my savacyoun,
Is in affray, and not to whom to pleyne.
O herte sweete! O lady sovereyne!
For your disese I oght wel swoune and swelte,
Thogh I none other harme ne drede felte.

To what fyne made the God that sitte so hye,
Benethen love other companye,
And streyneth folke to love malgre hir hede?
And than her joy, for oght I can espye,
Ne lasteth not the twynkelyng of an eye.
And somme have never joy til they be dede.
What meneth this? what is this mystiheed?
Wherto constreyneth he his folke so faste,
Thing to desire but hit shulde laste?

And thogh he made a lover love a thing,
And maketh hit seme stedfast and during,
Yet putteth he in hit soch mysaventure,
That rest nys ther in his yevinge.
And that is wonder that so juste a kynge
Doth such hardnesse to his creature.
Thus whether love breke or elles dure,
Algates he that hath with love to done,
Hath offer wo than chaunged ys the mone.

Hit semeth he hath to lovers enemyte,
And lyke a fissher, as men al day may se,
Baiteth hys angle-hoke with summe plesaunce,
Til many a fissh ys wode to that he be
Sesed therwith; and than at erst hath he
Al his desire, and therwith al myschaunce,
And, thogh the lyne breke, he hath penaunce;

For with the hoke he wounded is so sore,
That he his wages hathe for evermore.

The broche of Thebes¹ was of suche kynde,
So full of rubies and of stones of Ynde,
That every wight that set on hit an ye,
He wende anon to worth out of his mynd;
So sore the beaute wold his herte bynde,
Til he hit had, him thought he moste dye;
And whan that it was his than shulde he drye
Such woo for drede ay while that he hit hadde,
That welnygh for the fere he shulde madde.

And whan hit was fro his possession,
Than had he double wo and passion,
That he so feire a tresore had forgo;
But yet this broche, as in conclusion,
Was not the cause of his confusion;
But he that wrought hit enfortuned hit so,
That every wight that had hit shulde have wo;
And therfore in the worcher was the vice,
And in the coveytour that was so nyce.

¹ See *ante*, p. 28. The broche is thus described in the *Thebais*.
ii. 265 :—

Lemnius hæc, ut prisca fides, Mavortia longum
Furta dolens, capto postquam nihil obstat amori
Pœna, nec ultrices castigavere catenæ,
Harmonies dotale decus, sub luce jugali
Struxerat: hoc, docti quanquam majora, laborant
Cyclopes notique operum, Theletrines amicâ
Certatim juvere manu, sed plurimus ipse
Sudor, ibi arcano florentes igne smaragdos
Cingit, et infaustas percussum adamantâ figuras,
Gorgoneosque orbes, Siculâque incude relictos
Fulminis extremi cineres, viridumque draconum
Lucentes a fronte jubar: hi flebile germen
Hesperidum, et dirum Phrynæi velleris aurum,
Tum varias pestes, raptumque interplicat atro
Tisiphones de crine ducem, et quæ pessima Ceston
Vis probat: hæc circum spumis Lunaribus ungit
Callidus, atque hilari perfundit cuncta veneno.'

This description will remind the reader of the witches' caldron in *Macbeth*.

So fareth hyt by lovers, and by me;
 For thogh my lady have so gret beaute,
 That I was mad til I had gete her grace,
 She was not cause of myn adversite,
 But he that wroght her, as mote I the,
 That put suche beaute in her face,
 That made me coveten and purchase
 Myn owne dethe; him wite I, that I dye,
 And myne unwitte that ever I clombe so hye,

But to yow hardy knyghtes of renoun,
 Syn that ye be of my devisioun,¹
 Al be I not worthy to so grete a name,
 Yet sayne these clerkes I am your patrour,
 Therefore ye oght have somme compassioun
 Of my disese, and take hit not a-game;
 The proudest of yow may be made ful tame.
 Wherefore I prey yow, of your gentillesse,
 That ye compleyne for myn hevynesse.

And ye, my ladyes, that ben true and stable,
 Be wey of kynde ye oghten to be able
 To have pite of folke that ben in peyne,
 Now have ye cause to clothe yow in sable;
 Sith that youre emperise, the honorable,
 Is desolat, wel oghte ye to pleyne,
 Now shulde your holy teres falle and reyne.
 Alas! your honour and your emperise,
 Neigh ded for drede, ne can her not chevisse.

Compleyneth eke ye lovers alle in fere
 For her that, with unfeyned humble chere,
 Was evere redy to do yow socoure;
 Compleyneth her that evere hath be yow dere;
 Compleyneth beaute, fredom, and manere;

¹ Of those who are born under my influence. The same expression occurs in vol. i. p. 155:—

'Ther wer also of Martz *divisioun*
 The barbour,' &c.

Compleyneth her that endeth your labour,
 Compleyneth thilke ensample of al honour,
 That never did but alwey gentillesse;
 Kytheth therfor in her summe kyndenesse.

THE COMPLEYNT OF VENUS.

THERE nys so high comfort to my plesance,
 Whan that I am in any hevynesse,
 As for to have leyser of remembraunce,
 Upon the manhod and the worthynesse,
 Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnesse,
 Of him whos I am al whiles I may dure;
 Ther oghte blame me no creature,
 For every wight preiseth his gentillesse.¹

In him ys bounte, wysdom, and governaunce,
 Wel more than any mannes witte can gesse;
 For grace hath wolde so ferforthe hym avaunce,
 That of knyghthode he is parfite richesse;
 Honour honoureth him for his noblesse;
 Therto so wel hath formed him Nature,
 That I am his for ever I him assure,
 For every wight preyseth his gentillesse.

And not withstondyng al his suffisaunce,
 His gentil herte ys of so grete humblesse
 To me in worde, in werke, in countenaunce,
 And me to serve is al his besynesse,
 That I am sette in verrey sikernesse.
 Thus oght I blesse well myn aventure,
 Sith that him list me serven and honoure,
 For every wight preiseth his gentillesse.

¹ Here the metre is again changed. In *The Complaynte of Venus*, the first and third lines fall into one rhyme; the second, fourth, fifth and eighth into another; and the sixth and seventh into a third.

Now certis, Love, hit is right covenable,
 That men ful dere aby the noble thinge,
 As wake a-bedde, and fasten at the table,
 Wepinge to laugh and sing in compleynyng,
 And doune to caste visage and lokyng,
 Often to chaunge visage and countenaunce,
 Pley in slepyng, and dreame at the daunce,
 Al the reverse of eny glad felyng.

Jelousie be hanged be a cable!
 She wold al knowe through her espyng.
 Ther dothe no wyght nothing so resonable,
 That al nys harme in her ymagynyng.
 Thus dere abought is Love in yevyng,
 Which ofte he yifeth withoute ordynaunce,
 As sorow ynough, and litil of plesaunce,
 Al the reverse of any glad felyng.

A lyttel tyme his yift ys agreable,
 But ful encomberouse is the usyng;
 For subtil Jelosie, the deceyvable,
 Ful often tyme causeth desturbyng.
 Thus ben we ever in drede and suffryng;
 In no certeyne we languisshen in penaunce,
 And han ful often many an hard mischance,
 Al the reverse of any glad felyng.

But certys, Love, I say not in such wise,
 That for tescape out of youre lace I ment,
 For I so longe have be in your servise,
 That for to lete yow shal I never assent.
 No fors! ye! thogh Jelosye me turment,
 Suffiseth me to see hym whan I may;
 And therefore certys to myn endyng day,
 To love hym best that shal I never repent.

And certys, Love, whan I me wel avise,
 Of any estate that man may represent,
 Than have ye made me, thurgh your fraunchise,
 Chese the best that ever in erthe went.

Now love wel, herte, and loke thou never stent,
 And let the jelouse put hit in assay,
 That for no peyne, wille I not sey nay ;
 To love yow best, that shall I never repent.

Herte, to the it oughte ynough suffise,
 That Love so highe a grace to yow sent,
 To chese the worthiest in alle wise,
 And most agreable unto myn entent.
 Seeche no ferther, neyther wey ne went,
 Sithe I have suffisaunce unto my pay,
 Thus wol I ende this compleynt or this lay,
 To love hym best ne shall I never repent.

LENVOY.

Princes! resseyveth this compleynt in gre,
 Unto your excellent benignite
 Directe,¹ after my litel suffisaunce ;
 For elde,² that in my spirite dulleth me,
 Hath of endyting al the subtilite
 Welnyghe berefte out of my remembraunce :
 And eke to me hit is a grete penaunce,
 Syth ryme in Englissh hath such skarsete,
 To folowe word by word the curiosite
 Of Graunson,³ floure of hem that maken in Fraunce.

EXPLICIT.

¹ *Directe* is here the past participle, agreeing with *Compleynt*, in the first line.

² This poem was written, therefore, in Chaucer's old age.

³ See *ante*, p. 27.

THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN.

[The Prologe to this poem affords conclusive proof of the fact, interesting on other grounds besides that of the mere chronology of authorship, that *The Legende of Goode Women* was one of the latest productions of the Father of English Poetry. It, therefore, appropriately terminates the series of his poetical works, leaving only a few short pieces, which could not otherwise be so conveniently disposed of, to be collected at the end.

The proof of the presumptive date of this *Legende* is found in the enumeration it contains of several of Chaucer's previous compositions. Those mentioned are *The House of Fame*, *The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse*, *The Parlement of Foules*, *The Loves of Palamon and Arcite* (*Knichtes Tale*), the translation of Boethius (prose), *The Life of Saint Cecilia* (*Second Nonnes Tale*), *Origenes on the Maudeleine*, *Balades*, *Roundels*, *Virelaies*, and 'many a ley and many a thyng.' It may be inferred from this list, which is obviously incomplete, and from the comprehensive reference to many other productions with which it closes, that *The Legende of Goode Women* was nearly the last of Chaucer's writings; a supposition which is still further supported by the penitential and apologetic character of the poem itself. As in *The Persone's Tale*, also written in his old age, he retracts his heresies against religion and morality, so in the *Legende* he makes satisfaction for his offences against that courtesy and gallantry to ladies which was scrupulously observed by all persons who laid claim to the rank and breeding of gentlemen. The avowed intention of the poem is to atone for the unfavourable characters he had drawn of the female sex in *Troylus and Cryseyde* and *The Romaunt of the Rose*, by placing upon record the histories of nineteen ladies whose constancy and purity of life redeemed the honour and virtue of their sex. The work is clearly that of

one who is desirous, as he approaches the termination of his career, to make amends for the errors of his life. There are unmistakable evidences in the execution of the plan that it was really undertaken as a duty.

The Prologe, in which he enlarges upon the beauty and sweetness of Spring, and describes his interviews with the God of Love, is certainly the noblest part of the poem, and the most characteristic of his taste and genius. Amongst the scattered passages of forcible delineation and picturesque description, which no less emphatically mark his hand, the sea-fight in the legend of Cleopatra may be selected as a striking example. The *Legende* itself appears to have been left unfinished, for it consists of short sketches of only nine of the nineteen ladies famous in classical story for their constancy and patience, whose histories are proposed at the outset as the subjects of the work. These nine brief narratives are taken almost entirely from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and *Heroides*; but, as might be expected, they are treated in the Gothic rather than the classic spirit, a transformation from which the heroic tales suffer less than the love stories. It may be observed, that if there had been any doubt of Chaucer's acquaintance with the Latin Classics, this poem must completely dispel them, for the reader will find whole passages translated word for word from Ovid's *Heroides*.

The title of the poem, called indifferently *The Legende of Goode Women*, and *The Saints' Legende of Cupide*, or, to place it in its direct order, *The Legende of the Saints of Cupide*, is a sort of application of the terms and ideas of Christian hagiology to the heathen mythology, an appropriation of forms of which there are many examples in Chaucer's love poems. The ladies who died for love are here considered as Saints and Martyrs of Cupid, just as those who died for the Christian faith were called by the Church Saints and Martyrs of Christ.

The text of the present edition is founded upon a careful collation of the MS. Fairfax 16, in the Bodleian Library, and Arch. Seld. B. 24, already described.—See vol. vi. p. 19.]

THE PROLOGE OF NINE GOODE WYMMEN.

A THOUSANDE tymes I have herdé telle,
 That there ys joy in hevене, and peyne in helle,
 And I acordé wel that it ys so ;
 But, nathéles, yet wot I wel also,
 That ther nis noon dwellyng in this countree,
 That eyther hath in hevене or helle ybe,
 Ne may of hit noon other weyés witen,
 But as he hath herd seyde, or founde it writen ;
 For by assay ther may no man it preve.

But God forbedé but men shuldé leve
 Wel more thing than men han seen with eye!
 Men shal not wenen every thing a lye
 But yf himselfe yt seeth, or elles dooth ;
 For, God wot, thing is never the lassé sooth,
 Thogh every wight ne may it not ysee.
 Bernarde, the monke, ne saugh nat al parde!¹
 Than moté we to bokes that we fynde,
 (Thurgh which that oldé thinges ben in mynde)

¹ In the margin of Fairfax MS. 16 is written in red letters the following gloss:—'Bernardus monachus non vidit omnia.' This appears to have been a proverbial expression of equivocal import, meaning either that however wise St. Bernard may have been, there were yet some things which had escaped him ; or, with a sly inuendo, that St. Bernard asserted more than he ever saw, and that his statements are, therefore, to be taken *cum grano salis*. St. Bernard is considered the last of the Fathers. He was born in 1091, at the Castle of Fontaine, within half a league of Dijon, and died on the 20th of August, 1153. His father was of the family of the Counts of Chatillon ; his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the Count of Montbard. At the age of 22 he resolved to embrace the monastic profession, and by his extraordinary powers of persuasion induced his uncle, and other members of his family who came to dissuade him from his purpose, to join with him in founding a more than usually severe order of monachism. He and his infant community, by the labour of their own hands, changed the rugged valley of Absinthus into an agricultural paradise, and raised, in the midst of the wilderness, the first few sheds, which afterwards expanded into the Abbey of Clairvaux. Here his father followed him to die, in 1117. His works are chiefly sermons explanatory of scripture. But, though he was well versed in the Latin classics, his style is entirely spoiled by being interwoven with the Hebraisms of the Scriptural language.

And to the doctrine of these olde wyse,
 Yeve credence, in every skylful wise,
 That tellen of these olde apprevd stories,
 Of holynes, of regnes, of victories,
 Of love, of hate, and other sondry thynges,
 Of whiche I may not maken rehersynges:
 And yf that oldé bokés were away,
 Ylorne were of remembraunce the key.
 Well ought us, thanné, honouren and beleve
 These bokés, ther we han noon other preve.

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
 On bokés for to rede I me delyte,
 And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
 And in myn herte have hem in reverence
 So hertély, that ther is gamé noon,
 That fro my bokés maketh me to goon,
 But yt be seldome on the holy day,
 Save, certeynly, whan that the monethe of May
 Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
 And that the flourés gynnen for to sprynge,
 Farwel my boke, and my devocion!¹

Now have I thanné suche a condicion,
 That of al the flourés in the mede,
 Thanne love I most these flourés white and rede,
 Suche as men callen daysyes² in our toune.
 To hem have I so grete affeccion,
 As I seyde erst, whanne comen is the May,
 That, in my bed ther daweth me no day,
 That I nam uppe and walkyng in the mede,
 To seen this floure ayein the sunne sprede,
 Whanne it up ryseth erly by the morwe;
 That blisfull sight softeneth al my sorwe,

¹ What an interesting picture does the great poet here give of his tastes! His books occupy all his leisure, and for them he is content to forego the pleasures of society; but when May returns, and the landscape puts on its summer garb, his devotion to his books is superseded by his still more ardent devotion to Nature.

² See vol. iv. p. 250, note 2.

So glad am I, whan that I have presence
 Of it, to doon it allé reverence,
 As she that is of allé floures flour,
 Fulfilled of al vertue and honour,
 And evere ylike faire, and fressh of hewe.
 And I love it, and ever ylike newe,
 And ever shal, til that myn herté dye;
 Al swere I nat, of this I wol nat lye,
 Ther lovéd no wight hotter in his lyve.
 And, whan that hit ys eve, I renne blyve,
 As sone as evere the sunné gynneth weste,
 To seen this flour, how it wol go to reste,
 For fere of nyght, so hateth she derkenesse!
 Hire chere is pleynty sprad in the brightnesse
 Of the sunne, for ther yt wol unclose.
 Allas, that I ne had Englyssh, ryme, or prose,
 Suffisant this flour to preyse aryght!
 But helpeth ye that han konnyng and myght,
 Ye lovers, that kan make of sentement;
 In this case oght ye be diligent,
 To forthren me somewhat in my labour,
 Whether ye ben with the leef or with the flour,¹
 For wel I wot, that ye han herbefore
 Of makynge ropen, and lad away the corne;
 And I come after, glening here and there,
 And am ful glad yf I may fynde an ere
 Of any goodly word that ye han left.
 And thogh it happen me rehercen eft
 That ye han in your fressh songes seyede,
 Forbereth me, and beth not evele apayede,
 Syn that ye see I do yt in the honour
 Of love, and eke in service of the flour,
 Whom that I serve as I have witte or myghte.
 She is the clerenesse and the verray lyghte,

¹ This is an allusion to the allegory upon which is founded the poem of *The Flower and the Leaf*.—See vol. iv. p. 232.

That in this derké world me wynt and ledyth,
 The herte in with my sorwful brest yow¹ dredith,
 And loveth so sore, that ye ben, verrayly,
 The maistres of my witte, and nothing I.
 My worde, my werkes, ys knyt so in youre bonde
 That as an harpe obeieth to the honde,
 That maketh it soun after his fyngerynge,
 Ryght so mowe ye oute of myne herté bringe
 Swich vois, ryght as yow lyst, to laughe or pleyne;²
 Be ye my gide, and lady sovereyne.
 As to myn erthely God, to yow I calle,
 Bothe in this werke, and in my sorwes alle.

But wherfore that I spak to yeve credence
 To olde stories, and doon hem reverence,
 And that men mosten more thyng beleve
 Then they may seen at eighe or elles preve,
 That shal I seyn, whanne that I see my tyme;
 I may nat all attones speke in ryme.
 My besy gost, that trusteth alwey newe,
 To seen this flour so yong, so fressh of hewe,
 Constreyned me with so gredy desire,
 That in myn herte I feele yet the fire,
 That made me to ryse er yt wer day,
 And this was now the firsté morwe of May,
 With dredful herte, and glad devocion,
 For to ben at the resurreccion
 Of this flour, whan that yt shulde unclose
 Agayne the sunne, that roos as rede as rose,
 That in the brest was of the beste that day,
 That Agenores doughter³ ladde away.

¹ Here the poet addresses the lady directly in the second person.

² The poet compares his heart to a harp, from which his mistress evokes such music as she pleases, whether joyful or sad. This idea has been often imitated by modern poets.

³ *Agenores daughter* was Europa, and the beast which led her away, that is, took her captive, was the bull into whose shape Jupiter transformed himself. By this periphrasis is meant that the sun had now entered Taurus, that is, that it was May.

And doune on knees anoon ryght I me sette,
 And as I koudé, this fressh flour I grette,
 Knelyng alwey, til it unclosed was,
 Upon the smalé, softé, swoté gras,
 That was with flourés swote embrouded al,
 Of swich swetenesse, and swich odour over al,
 That for to speke of gomme, or herbe, or tree,
 Comparison may noon ymaked be;
 For yt surmounteth pleylyn alle odoures,
 And of riché beauté of floures.

Forgeten had the erthe his pore estate
 Of wynter, that him naked made and mate,
 And with his swerd of coldé so sore greved;
 Now hath thattempre sunne al that releved
 That naked was, and clad yt new agayn.
 The smalé foules, of the seson fayn,
 That of the panter and the nette ben scaped,
 Upon the fowler, that hem made awhaped ^{scapifraie}
 In winter, and distroyed hadde hire broode,
 In his dispite hem thoghte yt did hem goode
 To synge of hym, and in hire songe dispise
 The foule cherle, that for his coveytise,
 Had hem betrayed with his sophistrye.
 This was hire songe, 'The fowler we deffye,
 And al his crafte.'¹ And sommé songen clere
 Layes of love, that joye it was to here,
 In worshipping and preysing of hire make;
 And, for the newé blisful someres sake,
 Upon the braunches ful of blosmes softé,
 In hire delyt, they turned hem ful ofte,

¹ The picture drawn in this passage belongs to mediæval times, and foreign countries. It can scarcely be said to have a counterpart in modern English life. In the classical and middle ages small birds were a common article of food, as they are on the Continent at the present time, and the season for catching them with a *panter*, or bag-net, was winter, when the scarcity of food made them tame. The poet here represents their songs in the spring, as the expression of their exultation at having baffled the stratagems, quaintly termed sophistries, by which the fowler had endeavoured to allure them to their destruction.

And songen, ' Blessed be seynt Valentyne !
 For on his day I chees yow to be myne,
 Withouten repentyng, myn herte swete !
 And therewithalle hire bekés gonnen meete,
 Yeldyng honour, and humble obeysaunces
 To love, and diden hire othere observaunces
 That longeth onto love, and to nature ;
 Construeth that as yow lyst, I do no cure.
 And thoo that hadde doon unkyndenesse,
 As dooth the tydif,² for newfangelnesse,
 Besoghte mercy of hire trespassing,
 And humblély songe hire repentyng,
 And sworn on the blosmes³ to be trewe,
 So that hire makés wolde upon hem rewe,
 And at the laste maden hire acorde.
 Al found they Daunger for a tyme a lord,
 Yet Pitee, thurgh his stronge gentil myghte,
 Forgaf, and made mercy passen ryghte
 Thurgh Innocence, and ruled Curtesye.⁴
 But I ne clepe yt nat innocence folye,
 Ne fals pitee, for vertue is the mene,
 As etike⁵ seyth, in swich maner I mene.
 And thus thise foweles, voide of al malice,
 Acordeden to love, and laften vice
 Of hate, and songe alle of oon acorde,
 ' Welcome Sommer, oure governour and lorde.'
 And Zepherus, and Flora gentilly
 Yave to the floures, softe and tenderly,

¹ See vol. iv. p. 201, note 2.

² Skinner thinks this means the titmouse, but his interpretation is doubtful. It may, perhaps, be the hedge-sparrow, which sometimes brings up the young of the cuckoo, and whose faithfulness to its mate is thus placed in doubt.

³ There is something very quaint and pretty in representing the birds swearing fidelity on the blooms with which the trees are covered at this season.

⁴ The allegorical personages here represented are the same as those who play so conspicuous a part in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, and *Court of Love*.

⁵ Etike probably means Aristotle's *Ethics*.

Hire swoote breth, and made hem for to sprede,
 As god and goddesse of the floury mede.
 In whiche me thoughte I myghté, day by day,
 Dwellen alwey, the joly monyth of May,
 Withouten slepe, withouten mete or drynke.
 Adoune ful softely I gan to synke,
 And lenynge on myn elbowe and my syde,
 The longe day I shoope me for tabide
 For nothing elles, and I shal nat lye,
 But for to loke upon the daysie;
 That men by reson wel it callé may
 The daisie, or elles the ye of day,
 The emprise, and floure of floures alle.
 I pray to God that faire mote she falle,
 And alle that loven floures, for hire sake:
 But, natheles, ne wené nat that I make
 In preysing of the flour agayn the leefe,
 No more than of the corne agayn the sheefe:
 For as to me nys lever noon ne lother,
 I nam withholden yit with never nother.
 Ne I not who serveth leef, ne who the flour,¹
 Wel browken they hire service or labour,
 For this thing is al of another tonne,²
 Of olde storye, er swiche thinge was begonne.
 Whan that the sunne out the south gan weste,
 And that this floure gan close, and goon to reste,
 For derknes of the nyght, the which she dred,
 Home to myn house full swiftly I me sped
 To goon to reste, and erly for to ryse,
 To seen this flour sprede, as I devyse.
 And in a litel herber that I have,
 That benched was on turvés fressh ygrave,³

¹ Here the allegory of *The Floure and the Lefe* is again alluded to as being familiar to all readers.—See vol. iv. p. 232.

² This expression is used by the Wyf of Bathe.—See vol. ii. p. 49.

³ It appears to have been the fashion among the gardeners of this period to construct seats of turf, which were renewed as soon as they became withered.—See vol. iv. p. 239, note 1.

I bad men shulde me my couche make ;
 For deyntee of the newe sommeres sake,
 I bad hem strawen floures on my bed.
 Whan I was leyd, and had myn eyen hed,
 I fel on slepe, in with an houre or twoo,
 Me mette how I lay in the medewe thoo,
 To seen this flour that I love so and drede ;
 And from a fer come walkyng in the mede
 The God of Love, and in his hande a quene,
 And she was clad in real habite grene ;
 A fret of golde she hadde next her heer,
 And upon that a white crowne she beer,
 With flourouns smale, and, I shal nat lye,
 For al the world ryght as a daysye
 Ycrouned ys with white leues lyte,
 So were the flowrouns of hire coroune white ;
 For of oo perle, fyne, oriental,
 Hire white coroune was ymaked al,
 For which the white coroune above the grene
 Made hire lyke a daysie for to sene,
 Considered eke hire fret of golde above.¹
 Yclothed was this myghty God of Love
 In silke embrouded, ful of grene greves,
 In which a fret of rede rose leues,
 The fresshest syn the worlde was first begonne.
 His gilte heere was corouned with a sonne
 In stede of golde, for hevynesse and wyghte ;²
 Therwith me thocht his face shoon so brighte
 That wel unnethes myght I him beholde ;
 And in his hande me thocht I saugh him holde
 Twoo firy dartes, as the glédes rede,
 And aungelyke hys wynges saugh I sprede.

¹ The queen is said to resemble a daisy ; her green habit represented the leaves, the pearl of which her crown was made, the white petals, and the fret, or band of gold, the yellow spot in the middle of the flower.

² That is, ' His gilt hair was crowned with a sun, instead of with gold, because the latter would have been inconveniently heavy.'

And, al be that men seyn that blynd ys he,
 Algate me thoghté that he myghte se;
 For sternely on me he gan byhold,
 So that his loking dooth myn herte colde.
 And by the hande he helde this noble quene,
 Corouned with white, and clothéd al in grene,
 So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,
 That in this worlde, thogh that men wolde seke,
 Halfe of hir beautee sholden men nat fynde¹
 In creature that formed is by kynde.
 And therefore may I seyn, as thynketh me,
 This song in preysyng of this lady fre.

Hyde, Absolon,² thy gilté tresses clere;
 Ester,³ ley thou thy mekenesse al adoune;
 Hyde, Jonathas,⁴ al thy frendly manere;
 Penelopee, and Marcia Catoun,⁵
 Make of your wifehode no comparysoun;
 Hyde ye youre beautyes, Ysoude⁶ and Eleyne,
 My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne.

Thy faire body lat yt nat appere,
 Lavyne;⁷ and thou Lucesse of Rome toune,
 And Polixene,⁸ that boghten love so dere,
 And Cleopatre, with al thy passyoun,
 Hyde ye your trouthe of love, and youre renoun,

¹ In Fairfax MS. 16 these two lines are contracted into one, thus:—
 ‘That in this worlde thogh that men nat fynde.’ The correct version,
 as given in the text, is taken from MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24.

² Absalom was remarkable for the beauty of his hair.—See 2 Sam.
 xiv. 26.

³ Hester is cited as an example of meekness in *The Merchant's Tale*.
 —Vol. ii. p. 178.

⁴ Alluding to Jonathan's friendship for David.—See 1 Sam. xix.

⁵ That is *Marcia Catonis*, Marcia, the wife of Cato the Censor, whose
 complaisance, apparently, in consenting to be lent to Cato's friend,
 Hortensius, is the ground of her praise in this place.

⁶ Isoude, or Isulte, is the heroine of the celebrated *Romance of Sir
 Tristram*.

⁷ Lavinia, the heroine of the *Æneid*.

⁸ Polyxena, of whom Achilles was enamoured, and who slew herself
 for sorrow at his death by the hand of her brother, Paris. For the
 rest of the ladies here mentioned see Ovid, *Heroid*.

And thou, Tesbe, that hast of love suche peyne,
My lady commeth, that al this may disteyne.

Hero, Dido, Laudomia, alle yfere,
And Phillis, hangyng for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espied by thy chere,
Ysiphile betrayesd with Jasoun,
Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost ne soun,
Nor Ypermystre, or Adriane, ye tweyne,
My lady cometh, that all this may disteyne.¹

This balade may ful wel ysongen be,
As I have seyde erst, by² my lady fre;
For certeynly al thise mowe nat suffise,
To apperen wyth my lady in no wyse.
For as the sunné wole the fire disteyne,³
So passeth alle my lady sovereyne,
That ys so good, so faire, so debonayre,
I prey to God that ever falle hire faire.⁴
For naddé comferte ben of hire presence,
I hadde ben dede, withouten any defence,
For drede of Loves wordes, and his chere,
As, whan tyme is, herafter ye shal here.

Behynde this God of Love upon the grene
I saugh comyng of ladyes ninetene⁵
In real habité, a ful esy paas;
And after hem come of wymmen swich a traas,

This poem has been often imitated. Compare Surrey's *Praise o his Love*. *Poems of Surrey and others*, Ann. Ed. p. 66. But the turn of expression is still more closely followed in a poem by an unknown author in the same volume, p. 237:

'Give place you ladies and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face shall stain you all.'

² *By* does not here denote the instrument, it means *in relation to*.

³ As the sun dims the brightness of the fire.

⁴ In the Fairfax MS. the foregoing song is introduced in this place, evidently by mistake,

⁵ Of the nineteen ladies here alluded to, the legendes of only nine are related.

That syn that God Adam hadde made of erthe,
 The thridde part of mankynde, or the ferthe,
 Ne wende I nat by possibilite,
 Had ever in this wide worlde ybe,
 And trewe of love, these women were echon.
 Now whether was that a wonder thing or non,
 That ryght anon, as that they gonne espye
 This flour, which that I clepe the daysie,
 Full sodeynly they stynten al attones,
 And knelede doune, as it were for the nones,
 And songen with o vois, ' Heel and honour
 To trouthe of womanhede, and to this flour,
 That bereth our alder pris in figuryng,¹
 Hire white corowne beryth the witnessyng?
 And with that word, a-compas enviroun,
 They setten hem ful softely adoun.
 First sat the God of Love, and syth his quene
 With the white coroune, clad in grene;
 And sithen al the remenaunt by and by,
 As they were of estaat, ful curteysly,
 Ne nat a worde was spoken in the place,
 The mountaunce of a furlong wey of space.

I, knelyng by this floure, in good entente
 Aboode, to knowen what this peple mente,
 As stille as any stone; til at the last
 This God of Love on me hise eyen caste,
 And seyde, ' Who kneleth there?' and I answerde
 Unto his askyng, whan that I it herde,
 And seyde, ' It am I,' and come him nere,
 And salwed him. Quod he, ' What dostow here,
 So nygh myn owne floure, so boldely?
 Yt were better worthy trewely
 A worme to neghen ner my floure than thow.'
 ' And why, sire,' quod I, ' and yt lyke yow?
 ' For thow,' quod he, ' art therto nothing able.
 Yt is my relyke, digne and delytable,

¹ That is, ' That in shape bears the prize from us all.'

And thow my foo, and al my folke werreyest,
 And of myn olde servauntes thow mysseyest,
 And hynderest hem, with thy translacion,
 And lettest folke from hire devocion
 To serve me, and holdest it folye¹
 To serven Love. Thou mayst it nat denye,
 For in pleyne text, withouten nede of glose,
 Thou hast translated the Romaunce of the Rose,²
 That is an heresy e ayeins my lawe,
 And makest wise folke fro me withdrawe;
 And of Cresyde³ thou hast seyde as the lyste,
 That maketh men to wommen lassé trist,
 That ben as trewe as ever was any stele.
 Of thyn answer e avise thee ryght wele,
 For though thou reneyed hast my lay,
 As other wrecches han doon many a day,
 By seynte⁴ Venus, that my moder ys,
 If that thou lyve, thou shalt repenten this
 So cruelly, that it shal wele be sene.'

Thoo spak this lady, clothed al in greene,
 And seyde, 'God, ryght of youre curtesye,
 Ye moten herken yf he can repleye
 Ayenst al this that ye have to him meved;
 A God ne sholde nat be thus agreved,
 But of hys deitee he shal be stable,
 And therto gracious and merciabe.
 And yf ye nere a God that knowen alle,
 Thanne myght yt be as I yow tellen shalle;

¹ The words *me and holdest it folie* are omitted in the Fairfax MS. They are supplied from MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24.

² The fact that Chaucer was blamed for translating *The Romaunce of the Rose* as being a heresy against the law of Love, suggests the probability that he translated the whole of it, including the part so obnoxious to ladies. See *Introd.* vol. vii. p. 12. For in Chaucer's version, as we now have it, there is certainly nothing very unfavourable to the fair sex.

³ See vol. v. p. 8.

⁴ To keep up the analogy between the heathen mythology and the Christian religion, which is implied in the name of the poem, the God swears by Venus as a saint.

This man to yow may falsly ben accused,
 Ther as by right him oughte ben excused;
 For in youre courte ys many a losengeour,
 And many a queinte totolere accusour,
 That tabouren in youre eres many a soun,
 Right after hire ymagynacioun,
 To have youre daliaunce, and for envie.
 These ben the causes, and I shal nat lye,
 Envie ys lavendere¹ of the court alway;
 For she ne parteth neither nyght ne day,
 Out of the house of Cesar, thus saith Daunte;
 Who so that gooth, algate she wol nat wante.²

‘ And eke, parauntere, for this man ys nyce,
 He myght doon yt gessyng no malice;
 For he useth thyngés for to make,³
 Him rekketh nocht of what matere he take;
 Or him was boden maken thilké tweye⁴
 Of somme persone, and durste yt nat withseye;
 Or him repenteth outrelly of this.
 He ne hath nat doon so grevously amys,
 To translaten that oldé clerkés writen,
 As thogh that he of malice wolde enditen,
 Despite of Love, and had himselfe yt wroghte.
 This shoolde a ryghtwis lord have in his thoughte,

¹ Lavendere, or laundere, means, primarily, a gutter, or channel for conveying water. Here it is the translation of *meretrice*. The passage alluded to is in the *Inferno*, canto xiii. :—

‘ La meretrice, che mai dall’ ospizio
 Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti,
 Morte commune e delle corto vizio
 Infiammò contra me gli animi tutti,
 E gl’ infiammati infiammar si Augusto,
 Che i lieti onor tornaro in tristi lutti.

Chaucer seems to have been no less conversant with the works of Dante than with those of Petrarch and Boccaccio. He quotes from Dante in four separate instances.—See vol. vi. p. 207, note 3.

² That is, ‘ Whosoever goes [falls], she will not be in want.’

³ That is, ‘ Because he is accustomed to write poetry.’

⁴ That is, ‘ Either he was bidden to write those two poems,’ *scil.*, *The Romaunt of the Rose*, and *The Troylus and Cryseyde*.

And nat he lyke tirauntes of Lumbardye,¹
 That han no reward but at tyrannye.
 For he that kynge or lorde ys naturel,
 Hym oughte nat be tiraunt ne crewel,
 As is a fermour, to doon the harme he kan;
 He moste thinke yt is his leege man,
 And is his tresour, and his gold in cofre.²
 This is the sentence of the philosophre:
 A kyng to kepe hise leeges in justice,
 Withouten doute that is his office.
 Al wol he kepe hise lordes in hire degree,
 As it ys ryght and skilful that they bee
 Enhaunsed and honoured, and most dere,
 For they ben half goddys in this world here,
 Yit mote he doon bothe right to poore and ryche,
 Al be that hire estaate be nat yliche;
 And han of poore folke compassyon.
 For loo, the gentil kynde of the lyon!
 For whan a flye offendeth him or biteth,
 He with his tayle away the flye smyteth
 Al esely; for of his gentrye
 Hym deyneth nat to wreke hym on a fie,
 As dooth a curre, or elles another beste.
 In noble corage oughte ben areste,³
 And weyen every thing by equitye,
 And ever have rewarde unto his owen degree.
 For, syr, yt is no maistrye for a lorde
 To dampne a man, without answer of worde,
 And for a lorde, that is ful foule to use.⁴
 And it so be, he may hym nat excuse,

¹ The allusion is to the several successful adventurers, like the Visconti, who in the 13th and 14th centuries succeeded in seizing upon the governments of Milan, and other free cities of Lombardy.

² That is, 'A liege-lord ought not to oppress his own vassals, who are his most precious possessions, in the same way as one who merely farms the revenues of a kingdom.'

³ In a noble disposition the passions ought to be restrained.

⁴ This, and many other passages of Chaucer's poems, breathe a noble spirit of moderation and political wisdom. Compare the sentiments of Theseus in *The Knights Tale*, vol. i. p. 145.

But asketh mercy with a dredeful herte,
 And profereth him, ryght in his bare sherte,
 To ben ryght at your owen jugement,
 Than oght a God, by short avysément,
 Consydre his owen honour, and hys trespas;
 For syth no cause of dethe lyeth in this caas,
 Yow oghte to ben the lyghter merciabile;
 Leteth youre ire, and beth sumwhat tretable!
 The man hath served you of his konnyng,
 And forthred wel youre law in his makynge.
 Al be hit that he kan nat wel endite,
 Yet hath he made lewde folke delyte
 To servé you, in preysinge of your name.
 He made the boke that hight the Hous of Fame,¹
 And eke the Deeth of Blanché the Duchesse,²
 And the Parlement of Foules,³ as I gesse,
 And al the Love of Palamon and Arcite
 Of Thebes,⁴ thogh the storrye ys knowen lyte;
 And many an ympne for your haly dayes,
 That highten Balades, Roundels, Virelayes.⁵
 And for to speke of other holynesse,
 He hath in prosé translated Boece,⁶
 And made the Lyfe also of Seynte Cecile.⁷
 He made also, goon ys a grete while,

¹ See vol. vi. p. 192.

² See vol. vi. p. 135.

³ This poem is also called *The Assembly of Foules*.—See vol. iv. 184.

⁴ The poem here alluded to is probably *The Knightes Tale*, or one version of it.—See vol. i. p. 111.

⁵ Among the Balades here mentioned would probably have been included *The Complaynte of the Blake Knight*, and other short poems of this description. Of the *Roundel* and *Virelaye* we have specimens amongst the minor poems.

⁶ The work of Boëthius, *De Consolatione Philosophicæ*, was one of the most popular works on philosophy in the middle ages. It was translated into Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, into French by John of Meung, and into English by Chaucer.

⁷ *The Second Nonnes Tale*, in *The Canterbury Tales*, is on this subject, and is probably the poem here alluded to.—See vol. iii. p. 65.

Origenes upon the Maudeleyne.¹

Hym oughte now to have the lesse peyne,
He hath made many a ley, and many a thyng.

‘Now as ye be a God, and eke a kynge,
I your Alceste, whilom quene of Trace,²
I aské yow this man, ryght of your grace,
That ye him never hurte in al his lyve,
And he shal sweren to yow, and that blyve,
He shal never more agilten in this wyse,
But shal maken, as ye wol devyse,
Of women trewe in lovyng al hire lyf,
Wher so ye wol, of mayden or of wyf,
And forthren yow as muche as he mysseyde,
Or in the Rose, or ellés in Creseyde.’

The God of Love answerede hire anoon,
‘Madame,’ quod he, ‘it is so long agoon
That I yow knewe so charitable and trewe,
That never yit, syn that the worlde was newe,
To me ne founde I better noon than yee;
If that ye woldé savé my degree,
I may ne wol nat werne your requeste;
Al lyeth in yow, dooth wyth hym as yow leste.
I al foryewe withouten lenger space;
For who so yeveth a yefte or dooth a grace,
Do it betyme, his thanke ys wel the more,
And demeth ye what he shal do therfore.
Goo thanké now my lady here,’ quod he.
I roos, and doune I sette me on my knee,
And seyde thus:—‘Madame, the God above
Foryelde yow that the God of Love
Han makéd me his wrathe to foryive,
And grace so longé for to lyve,

¹ Tyrwhitt thinks it almost certain, from internal evidence, that the poem which bears this title, and which has been included in all editions of Chaucer's works, is the production of some later poet, and that it has been attributed to him only because he here mentions a poem of his on the same subject.

² See vol. iv. p. 133, note 2.

That I may knowe soothly what ye bee,
 That han me holpe, and put in this degree.
 But trewely I wende, as in this caas
 Nought have agilte, ne doon to love trespas ;
 For why? a trewe man, withouten drede,
 Hath nat to parten with a theves dede.¹
 Ne a trewe lover ought me nat to blame,
 Thogh that I spake a fals lovere som shame.
 They oughte rather with me for to holde,
 For that I of Creseyde wroot or told,
 Or of the Rose, what so myn auctour mente,
 Algate, God woot, yt was myn entente
 To forthren trouthe in love, and yt cheryce,
 And to ben war fro falsnesse and fro vice,
 By swiche ensample ; this was my menynges.'

And she answerde, ' Lat be thyn arguynge,
 For love ne wol not counterpleted be²
 In ryghte ne wrong, and lerne that of me ;
 Thow hast thy grace, and holde the ryghte therto.
 Now wol I seyne what penance thou shalt do
 For thy trespas, understonde yt here :—
 Thow shalt while that thou lyvest, yere by yere,
 The most partye of thy tyme spende
 In makynge of a glorious legende,
 Of good wymmen, maydenes, and wyves,
 That weren trewe in lovyng al hire lyves ;
 And telle of fals men that hem bytraien,
 That al hir lyfe ne do nat but assayen
 How many women they may doon a shame,
 For in your worlde that is now holde a game.
 And thogh the lyke nat a lovere bee,
 Speke wel of love ; this penance yeve I thee.
 And to the God of Love I shal so preye,

¹ This appears to be a proverb, meaning, 'A true [honest] man has no part in the actions of a thief.'

² This axiom forms one of the statutes of *The Court of Love*.—See vol. iv. p. 146.

That he shal charge his servauntes, by any weye,
 To forthren thee, and wel thy labour quyte:
 Goo now thy weye, this penaunce ys but lyte.
 And whan this boke ys made, yeve it the quene
 On my byhalfe, at Eltham, or at Sheene.¹

The god of love gan smyle, and than he seyde:—
 ‘Wostow,’ quod he, ‘wher this be wyfe or mayde,
 Or queene, or countesse, or of what degre,
 That hath so lytel penaunce yeven thee,
 That hast deserved sore for to smerte?
 But pite renneth soone in gentil herte:²
 That maistow seen, she kytheth what she ys.’
 And I answerde, ‘Nay, sire, so have I blys,
 No more, but that I see wel she is good.’
 ‘That is a trewe tale, by myn hood!’
 Quod Love, ‘and thou knowest wel, pardee,
 If yt be so that thou avise the.
 Hastow nat in a booke lyth in thy cheste,
 The gret goodnesse of the quene Alceste,
 That turned was into a dayesye?
 She that for hire housbonde chees to dye,
 And eke to goon to helle, rather than he,
 And Ercules rescowed hire, parde,
 And brought hire out of helle agayne to blys?’
 And I answerde ageyn, and sayde, ‘Yis,
 Now know I hire. And is this good Alceste,
 The dayesie, and myn owene hertes reste?
 Now fele I wele the goodnesse of this wyf,
 That both after hire deth, and in hir lyf,
 Hir grete bounte doubleth hire renoun.
 Wel hath she quyt me myn affeccion,
 That I have to hire flour the daysye.
 No wonder ys thogh Jove hire stellyfye,

¹ This allusion determines the date of the poem to be subsequent to 1382, the year of the marriage of Anne of Bohemia, Richard II.'s first queen.

² For this proverb see vol. i. p. 145.

As telleth Agaton,¹ for hire goodenesse,
 Hire white corowne bereth of hyt witesse;
 For al so many vertues hadde she,
 As smale florounes in hire corowne bee.
 In remembraunce of hire and in honoure
 Cibella² maade the daysye and the floure
 Ycrowned al with white, as men may se,
 And Mars yaf to hire a corowne reede, parde,
 In stede of rubyes sette among the white.³
 Therwith this queene wex reed for shame a lyte,
 Whanne she was preysed so in hire presence.
 Thanne seyde Love, 'A ful grete negligence
 Was yt to the, that ilke tyme thou made,
 'Hyde Absolon thy tresses'³ in balade,
 That thou forgate hire in thy songe to sette,
 Syn that thou art so gretly in hire dette,
 And wost wel that kalender⁴ ys she
 To any woman that wol lover be:
 For she taught al the crafte of fyne lovyng,
 And namely of wyfhode the lyvyng,
 And alle the boundes that she oughte kepe;
 Thy litel witte was thilke tyme aslepe.
 But now I charge thee upon thy lyf,
 That in thy legende thou make of thys wyf,
 Whan thou hast other smale ymade before;
 And fare now wel, I charge thee na more.
 But er I goo, thus muche I wol the telle,
 Ne shal no trewe lover come in helle.

¹ Upon this word Tyrwhitt has the following note:—'I have nothing to say concerning this writer, except that one of the same name is quoted in the Prologue to the *Tragedie of Cambyses*, by Thomas Preston. There is no ground for supposing, with Gloss. Ur. [the compiler of Urry's Glossary] that a *philosopher of Samos* is meant, or any of the Agathoes of Antiquity.' The compiler of Urry's Gloss. obtained his information from a note in Speght, who says, equivocally, 'Agathon, a philosopher of Samos, did write Histories.'

² Cybele.

³ See *ante*, p. 52.

⁴ A kalendar, or calendar, is an almanac by which persons are guided in their computation of time; hence it is used, as here, for a guide, or example generally.

These other ladies sittynge here arowe,
 Ben in my balade, yf thou kanst hem knowe,
 And in thy bookes alle thou shalt hem fynde;
 Have hem in thy legende now alle in mynde;
 I mene of hem that ben in thy knowyng.
 For here ben twenty thousande moo sittynge
 Thanne thou knowest, good wommen alle,
 And trewe of love for ought that may byfalle;
 Make the metres of hem as the lest;
 I mot goon home, the sonne draweth west,
 To Paradys, with al this companye;
 And serve alwey the fresshe daysye.
 At Cleopatres I wole that thou begynne,
 And so forthe, and my love so shal thou wynne;
 For lat see now what man that lover be,
 Wol doon so stronge a peyne for love as she.
 I wot wel that thou maist nat al yt ryme,
 That swiche loveres dide in hire tyme;
 It were too long to reden and to here;
 Suffiseth me thou make in this manere,
 That thou reherce of al hire lyf the grete,
 After this olde auctours lysten for to trete.
 For who so shal so many a storye telle,
 Sey shortely or he shal to longe dwelle.
 And with that worde my bokes gan I take,
 And right thus on my legende gan I make.

INCIPIT LEGENDA CLEOPATRIE MARTIRIS,
 EGIPTI REGINE.¹

AFTER the deth of Tholome the kyng,
 That al Egypte hadde in his governyng,
 Regned hys queene Cleopataras;
 Til on a tyme befel ther swich a caas,

¹ This is the form in which royal saints are described in the kalendar.
 Thus, the 19th of January is designated *Canuti Regis et Martyris*.

That out of Rome was sent a senatour,
 For to conqueren regnes and honour
 Unto the toune of Rome, as was usaunce,
 To have the worlde at hir obeysaunce,
 And sooth to seye, Antonius was his name.
 So fil yt, as Fortune hym oght¹ a shame,
 Whanne he was fallen in prosperitee,
 Rebel unto the toune of Rome ys hee.
 And over al this, the suster of Cesar²
 He lafte hir falsly, er that she was war,
 And wold algates han another wyf,
 For which he took with Rome and Cesar stryf.

Natheles, forsooth this ilke senatour,
 Was a ful worthy gentil werreyour,
 And of his deeth it was ful gret damage.
 But Love had brought this man in swich a rage,
 And him so narwe bounden in his laas,
 Alle for the love of Cleopataras,
 That al the worlde he sette at noo value;
 Hym thoghte ther was nothing to him so due
 As Cleopataras for to love and serve;
 Hym roghte nat in armes for to sterve
 In the defence of hir and of hir ryghte.

This noble queene ek loved so this knyghte,
 Thurgh his desert and for his chivalrye,
 As certeynly, but yf that bookes lye,
 He was of persone, and of gentillesse,
 And of discrecion, and of hardynesse,
 Worthy to any wight that liven may;
 And she was faire, as is the rose in May.
 And to maken shortly is the beste,
 She wax his wif, and hadde him as hir leste.

The weddyng and the feste to devyse,
 To me that have ytake swich emprise,
 Of so many a storye for to make,
 Yt were to longe, lest that I sholde slake

¹ That is, 'As Fortune owed him a shameful reverse.'

² Octavia, sister of Augustus, whom Antony repudiated to marry Cleopatra.

Of thing that beryth more effect and charge;
 For men may overlade a shippe or barge.
 And forthy, to effect than wol I skyppe,
 And al the remenaunt I wol let yt slyppe.

Octavyan, that woode was of this dede,
 Shoop him an ooste on Antony to lede,
 Al outerly for his distruccion,
 With stoute Romaynes, crewel as lyon;
 To shippe they wente, and thus I let hem sayle.

Antonius, that was war, and wol nat fayle
 To meten with thise Romaynes, yf he may,
 Took eke his rede, and booth upon a day
 His wyf and he and al hys oost forthe went
 To shippe anoon, no lenger they ne stent,
 And in the see hit happed hem to mete.
 Up gooth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
 And paynen hem to sette on with the sonne;
 With grisly soun out gooth the grete gonne,¹
 And hertely they hurtelen al attones,
 And fro the toppe doune cometh the grete stones.
 In gooth the grapnel so ful of crokes,
 Amonge the ropes, and the sheryng hokes;
 In with the polax preseth he and he;
 Byhynde the maste begynneth he to fle,
 And out agayne, and dryveth hym over borde;
 He styngeth hym upon hys speres orde;
 He rent² the sayle with hokes lyke a sithe;
 He bryugeth the cuppe, and biddeth hem be blithe;³
 He poureth pesen⁴ upon the hacches slidre,
 With pottes ful of lyme,⁵ they goon togedre.

¹ A ludicrous anachronism.

² The third pers. sing. pres. indic. of *to rende*. The other form, used indifferently, is *rendeth*.

³ One is represented as going for drink to refresh the combatants.

⁴ *Slider* is here an adjective, meaning slippery. Another sailor pours pease or *peesen*, a form still used in Norfolk and Suffolk, the usual food of mariners, upon the hatches to make them slippery, that the enemy might not be able to board the vessel.

⁵ Probably quick lime, to set fire to the vessel.

And thus the longe day in fight they spende
 Til at the last, as every thing hath ende,
 Antony is shent, and put ys to the flyght,
 And al hys folke to-goo, that best goo myght.
 Fleeth ek the quene with al hir purpre sayle,
 For strokes which that went as thik as hayle;
 No wonder was, she myght it nat endure.

And whan that Antony saugh that aventure,
 'Alas,' quod he, 'the day that I was borne!
 My worshippe in this day thus have I lorne!
 And for dispeyre out of hys wytte he sterte,
 And roof hymselfe anoon thurghout the herte,
 Er that he ferther went out of the place.¹

Hys wyf, that koude of Cesar have no grace,
 To Egipte is fled, for drede and for distresse.
 But herkeneth ye that speken of kyndenesse.

Ye men that falsly sweren many an oothe,
 That ye wol dye yf that your love be wroothe,
 Here may ye seene of women which a trouthe.
 This woful Cleopatra had made swich routhe,
 That ther nys tonge noon that may yt telle.
 But on the morwe she wol no lenger dwelle,
 But made hir subtil werkmen make a shryne
 Of alle the rubees and the stones fyne
 In al Egipte that she koude espye;
 And put ful the shryne of spicerye,
 And let the corps enbawme; and forth she fette
 This dede corps, and in the shryne yt shette.
 And next the shryne a pitte than dooth she grave,
 And all the serpentes that she myghte have,
 She put hem in that grave, and thus she seyde:—
 'Now, love, to whom my sorweful herte obeyde,
 So ferforthely, that fro that blysfyl houre
 That I yow swor to ben al frely youre;

¹ This is historically incorrect. When the queen's galleys fled at the battle of Actium, Antony followed her to Egypt; and it was not until his allies had all deserted him that he stabbed himself.

(I mene yow, Antonius, my knyght,)
 That never wakyng in the day or nyght,
 Ye nere out of myn hertes remembraunce,
 For wele or woo, for carole, or for daunce;
 And in my self this covenaut made I thoo,
 That ryght swich as ye felten wele or woo,
 As ferforth as yt in my powere laye,
 Unreprovable unto my wifhood aye,
 The same wolde I felen, life or dethe;
 And thilke covenaut while me lasteth brethe
 I woll fulfille; and that shal wel be seene,
 Was never unto hir love a trewer queene.¹
 And wyth that worde, naked, with ful good herte,
 Amonge the serpents in the pit she sterte.
 And ther she chees to han hir buryinge.
 Anoon the neddres gonne hir for to styngge,
 And she hir deeth receveth with good chere,
 For love of Antony that was hir so dere.
 And this is storial, sooth it ys no fable.
 Now er I fynd a man thus trewe and stable,
 And wolde for love his deeth so frely take,
 I preye God latoure hedes nevere ake!

EXPLICIT LEGENDA CLEOPATRE MARTYRIS.

INCIPIIT LEGENDA TESBE BABILON, MARTIRIS.¹

AT Babiloyne whylome fil it thus,
 The whiche toune the queene Simyramus
 Leet dichen al about, and walles make
 Ful hye, of harde tiles wel ybake:
 Ther were dwellynge in this noble toune,
 Two lordes, which that were of grete renoune,
 And woneden so neigh upon a grene,
 That ther nas but a stoon wal hem betwene,

¹ Ovid, *Met.* iv. 55.

As ofte in grette tounes ys the wone.
 And sooth to seyne, that o man had a sone,
 Of al that londe oon the lustieste;
 That other had a doghtre, the faireste
 That esteward in the worlde was tho dwellynge.
 The name of everyche gan to other sprynge,
 By wommen that were neyghbores aboute;
 For in that countre yit, wythouten doute,
 Maydenes ben ykept for jelousye
 Ful streyte, leste they diden somme folye.

This yonge man was cleped Piramus,
 Tesbe hight the maide, (Naso¹ seith thus).
 And thus by reporte was hir name yshove,
 That as they woxe in age, wax hir love.
 And certeyne, as by reson of hir age,
 Ther myghte have ben betwex hem mariage,
 But that hir fadres nolde yt not assente,
 And booth in love ylike soore they brente,
 That noon of al hir frendes myghte yt lette.
 But prevely sommetyme yit they mette
 Be sleight, and spoken somme of hir desire,
 As wrie the glede and hotter is the fire ;²
 Forbeede a love, and it is ten times so woode.

This wal, which that bitwixe hem bothe stooode,
 Was cloven atwoo, right fro the toppe adoune,
 Of olde tyme, of his foundacioun.
 But yit this clyft was so narwe and lite
 Yt was nat seene, deere ynough a myte ;
 But what is that that love kannot espye ?
 Ye lovers twoo, yf that I shal nat lye,
 Ye founden first this litel narwe clifte,
 And with a soun as softe as any shryfte,³

¹ Publius Ovidius Naso.

² That is, ' Since, if you cover up the firebrand, [*scil.* with ashes.] the fire throws out all the more heat.'

³ That is, ' A voice as low as that with which one utters his confession.'

They leete hir wordes thurgh the clifte pace,
 And tolden, while that they stoden in the place,
 Al hir compleynt of love, and al hire woo.
 At every tyme whan they durste soo,
 Upon the o syde of the walle stood he,
 And on that other syde stood Tesbe,
 The swoote soun of other to receyve.
 And thus hire wardeyns wolde they disceyve,
 And every day this walle they wolde threete,
 And wisse to God that it were doune ybete.
 Thus wolde they seyn:—‘ Allas, thou wikked walle!
 Thurgh thyne envye thow us lettest alle!
 Why nyltow cleve, or fallen al atwo?
 Or at the leest, but thow wouldest so,
 Yit woldestow but ones let us meete,
 Or oones that we myghte kyssen sweete,
 Than were we covered¹ of oure cares colde.
 But natheles, yit be we to the holde,
 In as muche as thou suffrest for to goon
 Oure wordes thurgh thy lyme and eke thy stoon,
 Yet oghte we with thee ben wel apayde.’

And whanne thise idel wordes weren sayde,
 The colde walle they wolden kyssen of stoon,
 And take hir leve, and foorth they wolden goon.
 Alle this was gladly² in the evetyde,
 Or wonder erly, lest men it espyede.
 And longe tyme they wroghte in this manere,
 Til on a day, whanne Phebus gan to clere,
 Aurora with the stremes of hire hete,
 Had dried uppe the dewe of herbes wete,
 Unto this clyfte, as it was wont to be,
 Come Piramus, and after come Tesbe.
 And plighen trouthe fully in hir faye,
 That ilke same nyght to steele awaye,
 And to begile hire wardeyns everychone,
 And forth out of the citee for to gone.

¹ *Covered* is here put for recovered.

² That is, ‘ All this was done by preference at eventide.’

And, for the feeldes ben so broode and wide,
 For to meete in o place at o tyde,
 They sette markes; hire metynge sholde bee
 Ther kyng Nynus was graven, under a tree;
 (For olde payens, that ydoles heriede,
 Useden thoo in feelds to ben beriede)
 And faste by his grave was a welle.
 And shortly of this tale for to telle,
 This covenaut was affermed wonder faste,
 And longe hem thoghte that the sonne laste,
 That it nere gone under the see adoune.

This Tesbe hath so grete affeccioun,
 And so grete lykyng Piramus to see,
 That whanne she seigh hire tyme myghte bee,
 At nyght she stale away ful prevely,
 With hire face ywympled subtilly.
 For al hire frendes, for to save hire trouthe,
 She hath forsake; allas, and that is routhe,
 That ever woman wolde be so trewe,
 To trusten man, but she the bet hym knewe!
 And to the tree she gooth a ful goode paas,
 For love made hir so hardy in this caas;
 And by the welle adoune she gan hir dresse.
 Allas, than commeth a wilde leonesse
 Out of the woode, withouten more arreste,
 With blody mouth of strangelyng of a beste,
 To drynken of the welle ther as she sat.
 And whanne that Tesbe had espyed that,
 She ryst hire up, with a ful dreery herte,
 And in a cave, with dredful foot she sterte,
 For by the moone she saugh yt wel withalle.
 And as she ranne, hir wympel leet she falle,
 And tooke noon hede, so soore she was awhaped,
 And eke so glad that she was escaped;
 And ther she sytte, and darketh¹ wonder stille.
 Whan that this lyonesse hath dronke hir fille,

¹ The printed editions read *lurketh*, but as the reading of the Fair-

Aboute the welle gan she for to wynde,
 And ryght anoon the wympel gan she fynde,
 And with hir bloody mouth it al to-rente.
 Whan this was done, no lenger she ne stent,
 But to the woode hire wey than hath she nome.

And at the laste this Piramus ys come,
 But al to long, allas, at home was hee!
 The moone shoone, men myghte wel ysee,
 And in hys wey, as that he come ful faste,
 Hise eighen to the grounde adoune he caste;
 And in the sonde as he behelde adoune,
 He seigh the steppes broode of a lyoune;
 And in his herte he sodeynly agroos,
 And pale he wex, therwith his heer aroos,
 And nere he come, and founde the wimpel torne.
 'Allas,' quod he, 'the day that I was borne!
 This oo nyghte wol us lovers boothe slee!
 How shulde I axen mercy of Tesbee,
 Whanne I am he that have yow slayne, allas!
 My byddyng hath yow slayne in this caas!
 Allas, to bidde a woman goon by nyghte
 In place thereas a peril fallen myghte!
 And I so slowe! allas, I ne hadde bee
 Here in this place, a furlong wey or yee!
 Now what lyon that be in this foreste,
 My body mote rente, or what beste
 That wild is, gnawen mote he now myn herte!
 And with that worde he to the wympel sterte,
 And kist it oft, and wept on it ful sore;¹
 And seyde, 'Wympel, allas! ther nys no more,
 But thou shalt feele as wel the blode of me,
 As thou hast felt the bledynge of Tesbe.'

fax MS., which is given in the text, is supported by MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24, it is retained. *To darke*, or *dirke*, appears, from this place, to be a verb, meaning, to remain in the dark, whence, probably, the poetical word *darkling*, used by Milton.

¹ This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS.; it is supplied from Arch. Seld. B. 24.

And with that worde he smot hym to the herte;
The blood out of the wounde as broode sterte,
As water, whanne the conduyte broken ys.

Now Tesbe, which that wyste nat this,
But syttyng in hire drede, she thoghte thus:—
'Yf it so falle that my Piramus
Be comen hider, and may me nat fynde,
He may me holden fals, and eke unkynde.'
And oute she comth, and after hym gan espyen,
Booth with hire herte, and with hire eighen;
And thoghte, 'I wol him tellen of my drede,
Booth of the lyonesse and al my dede.'
And at the laste hire love than hath she founde,
Betyng with his helis on the grounde,
Al bloody; and therewithal abak she sterte,
And lyke the waves quappe gan hir herte,
And pale as boxe¹ she wax, and in a throwe
Avised hir, and gan hym wel to knowe,
That it was Piramus, hire herte dere.

Who koude write whiche a dedely chere
Hath Tesbe now? and how hire heere she rente?
And how she gan hir selve to turmente?
And how she lyth and swowneth on the grounde?
And how she wepe of teres ful his wounde?
How medeleth she his blood with hir compleynte?
How with his blood hir selven gan she peynte?
How clippeth she the dede corps? alas!
How dooth this woful Tesbe in this cas?
How kysseth she his frosty mouthe so colde?
'Who hath doon this? and who hath ben so bolde
To sleen my leefe? o speke Piramus!
I am thy Tesbe, that thee calleth thus!
And therewithal she lyfteth up his heed.

This woful man that was nat fully deed,

¹ Taken literally from Ovid:—

— 'Oraque buxo

Pallidiora gerens, exhorruit æquoris instar
Quod fremit, exigua cum summum stringitur aurâ.'

Met. iv. 134.

Whanne that he herd the name of Tesbe crien,
 On hire he caste his hevy dedely eyen,
 And doune agayn, and yeldeth up the gooste.

Tesbe rist uppe, withouten noyse or booste,
 And saugh hir wympel and his empty shethe,
 And eke his swerde, that him hath doon to dethe.
 Than spak she thus:—'Thys woful hande,' quod she,
 'Ys strong ynogh in swiche a werke to me;
 For love shal me yeve strengthe and hardynesse,
 To make my wounde large ynogh, I gesse.
 I wol the folowen deede, and I wol be
 Felawe, and cause eke of thy deeth,' quod she.
 'And thogh that nothing save the deth only,
 Myghte the fro me departe trewely,
 Thou shal noo more now departe fro me
 Than fro the deth, for I wol goo with the.

'And now ye wrecched jelouse faders oure,
 We that weren whylome children youre,
 We prayen yow, withouten more envye,
 That in oo grave we moten lye,
 Syn love hath us broght this pitouse ende.
 And ryghtwis God to every lover sende,
 That loveth trewely, moore prosperite
 Than ever hadde Piramus and Tesbe.
 And let noo gentile woman hire assure,
 To putten hire in swiche an aventure.
 But God forbede but a woman kan
 Ben as trewe and lovyng as a man,
 And for my parte I shal anoon it kythe.'
 And with that worde his swerde she tooke swithe,
 That warme was of hire loves blood, and hoote,
 And to the herte she hire selven smoot.

And thus are Tesbe and Piramus agoo.
 Of trewe men I fynde but fewe moo
 In al my bookes, save this Piramus,
 And therefore have I spoken of hym thus.
 For yt is deyntee to us men to fynde
 A man that kan in love be trewe and kynde.

Here may ye seen, what lover so he be,
A woman dar and kan as wel as he.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA TESBE.

INCIPIIT LEGENDA DIDONIS, CARTHAGINIS
REGINE.¹

GLORIE and honour, Virgile Mantuan,
Be to thy name! and I shal as I kan
Folowe thy lanterne as thou goste byforne,
How Eneas to Dido was forsworne,
In thyne Eneyde. And of Naso wol I take
The tenour and the grete effectes make.

Whanne Troy broght was to destruccion
By Grekes sleight, and namely by Synon,
Feynyng the hors offred unto Minerve,
Thurgh which that many a Trojan moste sterve,
And Ector had after his deeth appered;
And fire so woode, it myghte nat ben stered,
In al the noble tour of Ylion,
That of the citee was the cheef dungeon;
And al the countree was so lowe ybroghte,
And Priamus the kyng fordoon and noghte;
And Eneas was charged by Venus
To fleen away; he tooke Ascanius
That was his sone, in his ryght hande and fledde,
And on his bakke he baar, and with him ledde
His olde fader, cleped Anchises;
And by the wey his wyfe Creusa he lees,
And mochel sorwe hadde he in his mynde,
Er that he koude his felawshippe fynde.
But at the last, whanne he hadde hem founde,
He made him redy in a certeyn stounde,
And to the see ful faste he gan him hye,
And sayleth forth with al his companye

¹ Thislegende is taken from the *Aeneid*, and Ovid's *Heroides*, epist. vii.

Towarde Ytayle, as wolde destanee.
 But of his adventures in the see,
 Nys nat to purpos for to speke of here,
 For it acordeth nat to my matere.
 But as I seyde, of hym and of Dydo
 Shal be my tale, til that I have do.

So long he saylled in the salte see,
 Til in Lybye unneth arryved he,
 So was he with the tempest al to-shake.
 And whanne that he the havene had ytake,
 He had a knyghte was called Achates,
 And him of al his felawshippe he ches
 To goon with him, the contree for tespye.
 He tooke with him na more companye,
 But forth they goon, and lafte hise shippes ride,
 His fere and he, withouten any guyde.

So longe he walketh in this wilderness,
 Til at the last he mette an hunteresse,
 A bowe in hande, and arwes hadde she;
 Hire clothes knytte were unto the knee.
 But she was yit the fairest creature
 That ever was yformed by nature;
 And Eneas and Achates she grette,
 And thus she to hem spak whanne she hem mette.

‘Sawe ye,’ quod she, ‘as ye han walked wide,
 Any of my sustren walke yow besyde,
 With any wilde boor or other beste,
 That they han hunted to in this foreste,
 Ytukked up, with arwes in her cas?’

‘Nay soothly, lady!’ quod this Eneas;
 ‘But by thy beaute, as yt thynketh me,
 Thou myghtest never erthely woman be,
 But Phebus suster artow, as I gesse.
 And yf so be that thou be a goddessse,
 Have mercy on oure labour and oure woo.’

‘I nam no goddessse soothely,’ quod she thoo;
 ‘For maydens walken in this contree here,
 With arwes and with bowe, in this manere.

This is the regne of Libie ther ye been,
 Of which that Dido lady is and queene.
 And shortly tolde al the occasion
 Why Dido come into that region,
 Of which as now me lusteth nat to ryme;
 It nedeth nat, it nere but los of tyme.
 For this is al and somme; it was Venus
 His owene moder, that spak with him thus;
 And to Cartage she bad he sholde him dighte,
 And wanysshed anoon out of his sighte.
 I koude folwe worde for worde Virgile,
 But it wolde lasten al to longe while.

This noble queene, that cleped was Dido,
 That whylom was the wife of Sicheo,
 That fairer was than the bryghte sonne,
 This noble toun of Cartage hath begonne;
 In which she regneth in so grete honoure,
 That she was holde of alle quenens floure,
 Of gentillesse, of fredome, of beautee,
 That wel was him that myght her oones see.
 Of kynges and of lordes so desired,
 That al the worlde hire beaute hadde yfired,
 She stode so wel in every wyghtes grace.

Whanne Eneas was come unto that place,
 Unto the maistre temple¹ of al the toun,
 Ther Dido was in hir devocioun,
 Ful prively his wey than hath he nome.
 Whanne he was in the large temple come,
 I kannat seye if that hit be possible,
 But Venus hadde him maked invisible;
 Thus seyth the booke, withouten any les.

And whanne this Eneas and Achatas
 Hadden in the temple ben over alle,
 Thanne founde they depeynted on a walle,
 How Troy and al the londe destrued was.
 'Allas, that I was borne!' quod Eneas.

¹ *Maistre* means principal: it is applied in this sense to strete, as in the expression the maister-strete.

‘Thurghout the worlde our shame is kid so wide
 Now it is peynted upon every side.
 We that weren in prosperitee,
 Be now disclaundred, and in swiche degre,
 No lenger for to lyven I ne kepe.’
 And with that worde he braste out for to wepe
 So tendirly that routhe yt was to seene.

This fresshe lady, of the citee queene,
 Stoode in the temple, in hire estat royalle,
 So richely, and eke so faire withalle,
 So yonge, so lusty, with hire eighen glade,
 That yf that God that hevене and erthe made,
 Wolde han a love, for beaute and goodenesse,
 And womanhede, and trouthe, and semelynesse,
 Whom sholde he loven but this lady swete?
 There nys no woman to him halfe so mete.
 Fortune, that hath the worlde in governaunce,
 Hath sodeynly brought in so newe a chaunce,
 That never was there yit so fremed a cas.
 For al the companye of Eneas,
 Which that he wend han loren in the see,
 Aryved ys noght fer fro that citee.
 For which the grettist of his lordes, some
 By aventure ben to the citee come
 Unto that same temple for to seke
 The queene, and of hire socour hire beseke;
 Swiche renowne was ther spronge of hir goodnesse.

And whanne they hadde tolde al hire distresse,
 And al hir tempeste and hire harde cas,
 Unto the queene appered Eneas,
 And openly beknew that it was he.
 Who had joye thanne, but his meinee,
 That hadden founde hire lord, hire governour?

The queene sawgh they dide him swich honour,
 And had herde ofte of Eneas er thoo,
 And in hire herte hadde routhe and woo,
 That ever swiche a noble man as hee
 Shal ben disherited in swiche degree.

And sawgh the man, that he was lyke a knyghte,
 And suffisaunt of persone and of myghte,
 And lyke to ben a verray gentilman.
 And wel hys wordes he besette kan,
 And hadde a noble visage for the noones,
 And formed wel of brawnes and of boones;
 And after Venus hadde swiche fairenesse,
 That no man myghte be halfe so faire I gesse,
 And wel a lord him semed for to bee.
 And for he was a straunger, somewhat shee
 Lyked him the bette, as God do boote,
 To somme folke often newe thinge is swoote.
 Anoon hire herte hath pitee of his woo,
 And with pitee, love come alsoo;
 And thus for pitee and for gentillesse,
 Refreshed mote he ben of his distresse.

She seyde, certes, that she sory was,
 That he hath had swiche peril and swiche cas;
 And in hire frendely speche, in this manere
 She to him spak, and seyde as ye may here.

'Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises?
 In good fayth, al the worshippe and ences
 That I may goodly doon yow, ye shal have;
 Youre shippes and your meyne shal I save.'
 And many a gentil worde she spak him too,
 And commaunded hire messageres goo
 The same day, withouten any faylle,
 Hys shippes for to seke and hem vitaylle.
 Ful many a beeste she to the shippes sente,
 And with the wyne she gan hem to presente,
 And to hire royalle paleys she hire spedde,
 And Eneas alwey with hire she ledde.
 What nedeth yow the feste to discryve?
 He never better at ese was his lyve.
 Ful was the feste of deyntees and richesse,
 Of instrumentes, of songe, and of gladnesse,
 And many an amoureuse loking and devys.

This Eneas is comen to Paradys

Out of the swolwe of helle;¹ and thus in joye
 Remembreth him of his estaat in Troye.
 To dauncyng chambres ful of parements,²
 Of riche beddes, and of pavements,
 This Eneas is ladde after the meete.
 And with the queene whanne that she hadde seete,
 And spices parted, and the wyne agoon,³
 Unto hyse chambres was he lad anoon
 To take his ese, and for to have his reste
 With al his folke, to doon what so hem leste.

Ther nas coursere wel ybridled noon,
 Ne stede for the justyng wel to goon,
 Ne large palfrey, esye for the noones,
 Ne juwel frette ful of riche stoones,
 Ne sakkis ful of gold, of large wyght,
 Ne rubee noon that shyneth by nyghte,
 Ne gentil hawteyn faukone heroneer,⁴
 Ne hound for hert, or wilde boor, or deer,
 Ne coup of golde, with floryns newe ybette,
 That in the londe of Lybye may ben gette,
 That Dido ne hath hit Eneas ysente;
 And all is payed, what that he hath spente.
 Thus kan this honorable queene hire gestes calle,
 As she that kan in fredome passen alle.

Eneas soothly eke, withouten les,
 Hath sent to his shippe by Achates
 After his sone, and after ryche thynges,
 Booth cepter, clothes, broches, and eke rynges;

¹ In mediæval pictures of the last judgment hell is represented as a hideous monster, breathing flames, who swallows up the condemned. —See ALBERT DURER'S *Der Kleine Passion*. It will generally be found that the popular notions on religion, in the middle ages, took their rise from a literal interpretation of the Bible, with which they display an intimate acquaintance. Thus, Jonah exclaims:—'Out of the belly of hell cried I.'—Jon. ii. 2.

² See vol. ii. p. 211, note 1.

³ For the custom of distributing wine to the guests the last thing before going to bed, see vol. v. p. 139, note 1.

⁴ See vol. iv. p. 203, note 2.

Somme for to were, and somme for to presente
 To hire, that all thise noble thinges him sente;
 And bad hys sone how that he sholde make
 The presentynge, and to the queene it take.

Repeyred is this Achates agayne,
 And Eneas ful blysfyl is and fayne,
 To seene his yonge sone Ascanius.
 For to him yt was reported thus,
 That Cupido, that is the god of love,
 At prayere of his moder hye above,
 Hadde the likenesse of the childe ytake,
 This noble queene enamoured to make
 On Eneas. But of that scripture
 Be as be may, I make of yt no cure.
 But sooth is this, the queene hath made swich chere
 Unto this child that wonder is to here;
 And of the present that his fader sente,
 She thanked him ful ofte in goode entente.

Thus is this queene in pleasaunce and joye,
 With al thise newe lusty folke of Troy.
 And of the dedes hath she moore enquired
 Of Eneas, and all the story lered
 Of Troye; and al the longe day they twey
 Entendeden for to speke and for to pley.
 Of which ther gan to bredden swich a fire,
 That sely Dido hath now swich desire
 With Eneas hire newe geste to deele,
 That she loste hire hewe and eke hire heele.

Now to theeffect, now to the fruyt of al,
 Why I have tolde this storye, and tellen shal.

Thus I begynne:—It fil upon a nyghte,
 Whanne that the moon upreysed had hire lyghte,
 This noble queene unto hire reste wente.
 She siketh soore, and ganne hire selfe turmente;
 She waketh, walwithe, maketh many a brayde,
 As doone thyse loveres, as I have herde sayde;
 And at the laste, unto hire suster Anne
 She made hire mone, and ryght thus spak she thanne.

'Now dere suster myn, what may it be
 That me agasteth in my dreame?' quod she.
 'This ilke new Trojane is so in my thoghte,
 For that me thinketh he is so wel iwroughte,
 And eke so likly to ben a man,
 And therwithal so mykel good he kan,
 That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.
 Have ye nat herde hym telle his aventure?
 Now certes, Anne, yif that ye rede me,
 I wil fayne to him ywedded be;
 (This is theeffect; what sholde I more seyne?)
 'In him lith alle, to doo me lyve or deyne.'

Hire suster Anne, as she that kouth hire goode,
 Seyde as hire thoghte, and somedel yt withstoode.
 But herof was so longe a sermonynge,
 Yt were to longe to make rehersynge.
 But, finally, yt may nat be withstonde;
 Love wol love, for no wyght wol yt wonde.

The dawenyng upryst oute of the see,
 This amoureuse queene chargeth hire meynee
 The nettes dresse, and speres broode and kene;
 An huntynge wol this lusty fresshe queene,
 So priketh hire this newe joly woo.
 To hors is al hire lusty folke ygoo;
 Unto the courte the houndes ben ybroughte,
 And up on coursere, swyfte as any thoughte,
 Hire yonge knyghtes heven al aboute,
 And of hire women eke an huge route.
 Upon a thikke palfrey, paper white,
 With sadel rede, embrouded with delyte,
 Of golde the barres, up enbosed heighe,
 Sitte Dido, al in golde and perrey wreigh.
 And she is faire as is the bryghte morwe,
 That heeeth seke folkes of nyghtes sorwe.
 Upon a coursere, startlyng as the fire,
 Men myghte turne him with a lytel wire,
 Sitte Eneas, lyke Phebus to devyse,
 So was he fressh arrayed in hys wyse.

The fomy bridel, with the bitte of golde,
 Governeth he ryght as himselfe hathe wolde.
 And foorth this noble queene, this lady ride
 On huntynge, with this Trojan by hire syde.
 The heerde of hertes founden ys anoon,
 With ' Hay! goo bet! prike thou! lat goon, lat goon!
 Why nyl the lyoun comen, or the bere,
 That I might hym ones meten with this spere?
 Thus seyne these yonge folke, and up they kylle
 The wilde hertes, and han hem at hire wille.

Amonges al this, to romblen gan the hevene;
 The thonder rored with a grisly stevene;
 Doune come the rayne, with haile and sleet so faste,
 With hevenes fire, that ys so sore agaste
 This noble queene, and also hire meynee,
 That yche of hem was glad away to flee;
 And shortly, fro the tempest hire to save,
 She fled hire selfe into a lytel cave,
 And with hire went this Eneas alsoo.
 I not with hem if ther went any moo;
 The auctour maketh of hit no mencion.
 And here beganne the depe affeccion
 Betwix hem two; this was the first morwe
 Of hire gladnesse, and gynnyng of hire sorwe.
 For there hath Eneas yknyled soo,
 And tolde hire al his herte and al his woo;
 And sworne so depe to hire to be trewe
 For wele or woo, and change for no newe,
 And as a fals lover so wel kan pleyne,
 That sely Dido rewed on his peyne,
 And toke hym for housbonde, and became his wife
 For evermor, while that hem laste lyfe.
 And after this, whanne that the tempest stente,
 With myrth, out as they come, home they wente.

The wikked fame up roos, and that anoon,
 How Eneas hath with the queene ygoon
 Into the cave, and demed as hem liste.
 And whanne the kynge that Yarbas hight, hit wiste,

As he that had hire loved ever his lyf,
 And wowed hire to have to hys wif,
 Swiche sorowe as he hath maked, and suche chere,
 Yt is a rewthe and pitee for to here.
 But as in love alday it happeth soo,
 That oon shal lawghen at anotheres woo;
 Now lawghed Eneas, and is in joye,
 And more riches than ever was in Troye.

O sely woman, ful of innocence,
 Ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,
 What maked yow to men to trusten soo?
 Have ye suche rewthe upon hire feyned woo,
 And han suche olde ensaumples yow beforene?
 Se ye nat al how they ben forsworne?
 Where se ye oon that he ne hath lafte his leefe?
 Or ben unkynde, or done hire some myscheefe?
 Or pilled hire, or bosted of hys dede?
 Ye may as wel hit seen as ye may rede.
 Take hede now of this grete gentilman,
 This Trojan, that so well hire plese kan,
 That feyneth him so trewe and obeysinge,
 So gentil, and so privye of his doynge;
 And kan so wel doon al his obeysaunce
 To hire, at festes and at daunce;
 And whanne she gooth to temple, and home agayne;
 And fasten til he hath his lady seyne;
 And beren in his devyses for hire sake
 Wot I nat what; and songes wolde he make,
 Justen, and doon of armes many thynges,
 Send hire letters, tokens, brooches, and rynge.
 Now herkneth how he shal his lady serve.

Ther as he was in peril for to sterve
 For hunger and for myscheef in the see,
 And desolate, and fledde fro his countree,
 And al his folke with tempeste al to-driven,
 She hath hire body and eke hire reame yiven
 Into his honde, theras she myghte have becne
 Of other lande than of Cartage a queene,

And lyved in joy ynogh ; what wolde ye more ?

This Eneas, that hath thus depe yswore,
Ys wery of his crafte withinne a throw ;
The hoothe erneste is all overblowe.

And prively he dooth his shippes dyghte,
And shapeth him to steele away by nyghte.

This Dido hath suspesion of this,
And thoughte wel that hit was al amys ;
For in his bedde he lythe a nyghte and siketh,
She asketh him anon what him mysliketh ;
' My dere herte which that I love mooste ?

' Certes,' quod he, ' thys nyghte my fadres gooste
Hath in my slepe me so sore turmentede,
And eke Mercure his message hath presentede,
That nedes to the conqueste of Ytayle
My destany is soone for to sayle,
For whiche me thynketh, brosten ys myn herte.'
Therwith his fals teeres oute they sterte,
And taketh hire withinne his armes twoo.

' Ys that in earnest ?' quod she ; ' wol ye soo ?
Have ye nat sworne to wif me to take ?
Allas, what woman wol ye of me make ?
I am a gentil woman, and a queene ;
Ye wol nat fro your wyf thus foule fleene !
That I was borne, allas ! what shal I doo ?

To telle in short, this noble queene Dido
She seketh halwes,¹ and doothe sacrificise ;
She kneleth, crieth, that routhe is to devyse ;
Conjureth him, and profereth him to bee
Hys thral, hys servaunt, in the lest degree.
She falleth him to foote, and swowneth there,
Disshively with hire bryght gelte here,
And seyth, ' Have mercy ! let me with yow ryde ;
These lordes, which that wonnen me besyde,
Wol me destroyen oonly for youre sake.
And ye wol now me to wife take,

¹ That is, ' Makes pilgrimages to the Temples of the Gods.'—Compare vol. i. p. 75, note 2, and vol. ii. p. 65.

As ye han sworne, than wol I yive yow leve
 To sleen me with your swerd now soone at eve,
 For than shall I yet dien as youre wif.
 I am with childe, and yive my childe his lyf!
 Mercy lorde, have pitee in youre thoughte!
 But al this thing avayleth hire ryghte noughte,
 And as a traytour forthe he gan to sayle
 Towarde the large countree of Ytaye.
 For on a nyghte sleping he let hire lye,
 And staal away upon his companye.¹
 And thus hath he lefte Dido in woo and pyne,
 And wedded there a lady highte Lavyne.
 A clooth he lefte, and eke his swerde stondynge,
 Whanne he fro Dido staaale in slepyng,
 Righte at hir beddes hed: so gan he hye,
 Whanne that he staaale away to his navye.

Which clooth, whanne sely Dido gan awake,
 She hath kyste ful ofte for hys sake;
 And seyde, 'O swete clooth, while Jupiter hit leste,
 Take my soule, unbynd me of this unreste,
 I have fulfilled of fortune al the course.'
 And thus, alas, withouten hys socourse,
 Twenty tyme yswowned hath she thanne.
 And whanne that she unto hire suster Anne
 Compleyned had, of which I may not write,
 So grete routhe I have hit for to endite,
 And bad hire noryce and hire sustren goon
 To feche fire, and other thinges anoon;
 And seyde that she wolde sacrifice;
 And whanne she myght hire tyme wel espye,
 Upon the fire of sacrifice she sterte,
 And with his swerde she roof hire to the herte.
 But, as myn auctour seythe, yit thus she seyde,
 Or she was hurte, beforen or she deide,
 She wroot a letter anoon, that thus beganne.
 'Ryghte so,' quod she, 'as the white swanne

¹ This couplet is omitted in the printed editions.

Ayent his deeth begynneth for to synge;
 Ryghte so to yow I make my compleynynge,
 Nat that I trowe to geten yow agayne,
 For wel I woot hit is al in vayne,
 Syn that the goddys ben contrariouse to me.
 But syn my name ys loste thurgh yow,' quod she,
 'I may well leese a worde on yow, or letter,
 Albeit I shal be never the better.
 For thilke wynde that blew your shippe away,
 The same wynde hath blowe away your fay.'
 But who so wool al this letter have in mynde,
 Rede Ovyde, and in him he shal hit fynde.¹

EXPLICIT LEGENDA DIDONIS, MARTIRIS, CARTAGENIS
 REGINE.

INCIPIIT LEGENDA YPSIPHILE ET MEDEE,²
 MARTIRIS.

THOU roote of fals loveres, duke Jason!
 Thou slye devourer, and confusyon
 Of gentil wommen, gentil creatures!
 Thou madest thy reclaymynge and thy lures³
 To ladies of thy staately aparaunce,
 And of thy wordes farsed with plesauce,
 And of thy feyned trouthe, and thy manere,
 With thyne obeysaunce and humble chere,
 And with thy countrefeted peyne and woo!
 Ther other falsen oon, thou falseste twoo!
 O, ofte swore thou that thou woldest deye
 For love, whanne thou ne felteste maladeye,
 Save foule delyte, which thou callest love!
 If that I lyve, thy name shal be shove

¹ Ovid, *Heroides*, Epist. vii.

² Ovid, *Met.* vii., and *Heroid.* vi.

³ A metaphor taken from falconry. To reclaim a hawk was to tame and train it for hawking.

In Englyssh, that thy sleighte shal be knowe;
 Have at the, Jason! now thyn horn is blowe!
 But certes, it is both routhe and woo,
 That love with fals loveres werketh soo;
 For they shalle have wel better and gretter chere
 Thanne he that hath bought love ful dere,
 Or had in armes many a bloody box.
 For ever as tender a capon eteth the fox,
 Though he be fals, and hath the foule betrayed,
 As shal the good man that therfor payed;
 Allethof he have to the capon skille and ryghte,
 The fals fox wil have his part at nyghte.
 On Jason this ensample is wel yseene,
 By Isiphile and Medea the queene.

In Tessalye, as Ovyde¹ telleth us,
 Ther was a knyghte that highte Pelleus,
 That had a brother whiche that highte Eson.
 And whanne for age he myghte unnethes gon,
 He yaf to Pelleus the governynge
 Of al his regne, and made him lorde and kyng.
 Of whiche Eson this Jason geten was;
 That in his tyme in al that land ther nas
 Nat suche a famouse knyghte of gentillesse,
 Of fredome, of strengthe, and of lustynesse.
 After his fader deeth he bar him soo,
 That there nas noon that lyste ben his foo,
 But dide him al honour and companye.
 Of which this Pelleus hath grete envye,
 Imagynynge that Jason myghte bee
 Enhaunced so, and put in suche degree,
 With love of lordes of his regioun,
 That from hys regne he may be put adoun.
 And in his witte a nyghte compassed he
 How Jason myghte beste destroyed be,
 Withoute sclaunder of his compassement.
 And at the laste he tooke avysement,

¹ See *ante*, p 86, note 2.

To sende him into some fer countre,
 There as this Jason may destroyed be.
 This was hys witte, al made he to Jason
 Grete chere of love and of affeccion,
 For drede leste hys lordes hyt espyede.
 So felle hyt so as fame renneth wide,
 Ther was suche tidynge over alle, and suche los,
 That in an ile that called was Colcos,
 Beyonde Troye estewarde in the see,
 That ther was a ram that men myghte see,
 That had a flees of golde, that shoon so bryghte,
 That no wher was ther suche another syghte,
 But hit was kept alway with¹ a dragoun,
 And many other merveles up and doun;
 And with twoo booles maked al of bras,
 That spitten fire; and mucche thinge ther was.
 But this was eke the tale nathelees,
 That who so wolde wynne thilke flees,
 He moste booth, or he hit wynne myghte,
 With the booles and the dragon fyghte;
 And king Otes lorde was of that ile.
 This Pelleus bethoughte upon this wile,
 That he his nevywe Jason wolde enhorte,
 To saylen to that londe, him to disporte.
 And seyde, 'Neviwe, yf hyt myghte be,
 That suche worshippe myghte falle the,
 That thou this famouse tresor myghte wynne,
 And brynge hit my regioun withinne,
 It were to me grette plesaunce and honoure;
 Thanne were I holde to quyte thy labour,
 And al the costes I wol my selfe make;
 And chese what folke thou wilte wyth the take.
 Let see nowe, darstow taken this viage?'

Jason was yonge, and lustie of corage,
 And undertooke to doon this ilke emprise.
 Anoon Argus his shippes gan devyse.

¹ *With*, in Chaucer's idiom, governs the ablative of the instrument, like *by* in modern English.—See vol. vii. p. 42, note 3.

With Jason went the stronge Hercules,
 And many another that he with him ches.
 But who so axeth who is with him goon,
 Let him rede Argonauticon,¹
 For he wol telle a tale longe ynoughe.
 Philoctetes anoon the sayle up droughe,
 Whanne the wynde was good, and gan him hye
 Out of his countree called Tessalye.
 So longe he sayled in the salt see,
 Til in the ile of Lemnos² arryved he.
 Al be this nat rehersed of Guydo,³
 Yet seyth Ovyde in hys Epistles⁴ so;
 And of this ile lady was and queene,
 The faire yonge Ypsiphile the shene,
 That whilom Thoas doughter was, the kyng.⁵

Ypsiphile was goon in hire pleyng,
 And romynge on the clyves by the see.
 Under a brake anoon espiede shee
 Where lay the shippe that Jason gan arryve.
 Of hire goodnesse adoun she sendeth blyve,
 To weten, yf that any straunge wyghte
 With tempest thider were yblow anyghte,
 To doon hem socour; as was hire usaunce,
 To forthren every wyghte, and done plesaunce
 Of very bountee, and of curteysie.

This messagere adoun him gan to hye,
 And founde Jason and Ercules also,
 That in a cogge⁶ to londe were ygo,
 Hem to refresshen, and to take the eyre.
 The morwenyng atempree was and faire,

¹ *The Argonauticon* is an heroic poem of eight books, by Valerius Flaccus, a Latin poet who flourished in the reign of Domitian.

² The MSS. read Leonon, evidently by mistake for Lemnos.

³ Guido de Colonna, who compiled a history of the expedition of the Argonauts and the Trojan war.—See vol. v. p. 9, note 2.

⁴ *Heroid.* Epist. vi.

⁵ The direct construction is, 'That whilom was daughter of Thoas the king.'

⁶ A *cogge* is a cock-boat, which ought, probably, to be written cog-boat. Hence our word coxswain.

And in hys wey this messagere hem mette:
 Ful kunnyngely these lordes twoo he grette,
 And did his message, askyng hem anoon
 If they were broken, or aught woo begon,
 Or hadde nede of lodesmen or vitayle;
 For socoure they shulde nothings fayle,
 For it was outerly the queenes wille.

Jason answerde mekely and stille;¹
 'My lady,' quod he, 'thanke I hertely
 Of hire goodnesse; us nedeth trewely
 Nothing as now, but that we wery bee,
 And come for to pley out of the see,
 Til that the wynde be better in oure wey.'

This lady rometh by the clyffe to pley
 With hire meynee, endelonge the stronde,
 And fyndeth this Jason and thise other stonde
 In spekyng of this thinge, as I yow tolde.

This Ercules and Jason gan beholde
 How that the queene it was, and faire hire grette,
 Anoon ryghte as they with this lady mette.
 And she tooke hede, and knywe by hire manere,
 By hire array, by wordes, and by chere,
 That hit were gentil men of grete degree.
 And to the castel with hir ledeth she
 These straunge folke, and dooth hem grete honour;
 And axeth hem of travaylle and labour
 That they han suffred in the salte see;
 So that withynne a day two or three
 She knywe by the folke that in his shippes be,
 That hyt was Jason, full of renomee,
 And Ercules, that hadde the grete los,
 That soughten the adventures of Colcos.
 And did hem honour more than before,
 And with hem deled ever the lenger the more;

¹ This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS., but given in MS. Arch. Seld. B. 24.

For they ben worthy folke withouten les.
 And, namely, she spak moste with Ercules,
 To him hir herte bare, he shulde be
 Sad, wise, and trewe, of wordes avisee,
 Withouten any other affeccion
 Of love, or any other ymaginacion.

This Ercules hathe this Jason preysed,
 That to the sonne he hath hyt up reysed,
 That halfe so trewe a man ther nas of love
 Under the cope of hevене, that is above;
 And he was wyse, hardy, secre, and ryche;
 Of these thre poyntes there nas noon hym liche.
 Of fredome passed he, and lustyhede
 Alle thoo that lyven, or ben dede.
 Therto so grete a gentil man was he,
 And of Tessalye likely kyng to be.
 Ther nas no lakke, but that he was agaste
 To love, and for to speke shamefaste;
 Him had lever himselfe to mordre and dye,
 Thanne that men shulde a lover him espye.
 As wolde God that I hadde iyive
 My bloode and flessh, so that I myghte lyve
 With the bones, that he hadde ought where a wif
 For his estaat! for suche a lusty lyf
 She sholde lede with this lusty knyghte!
 And al this was compassed on the nyghte
 Betwix him Jason, and this Ercules.
 Of these twoo here was a shrewede lees,
 To come to house upon an innocent,
 For to bedote this queene was hire entent.
 This Jason is as coy as ys a mayde;
 He loketh pitously, but noghte he sayde
 But freely yaf he to hire counselleres
 Yiftes grete, and to hire officeres,
 As wolde God that I leyser had and tyme,
 By processe al his wowyng for to ryme!
 But in this house yf any fals lover be,
 Ryghte as himselfe now dothe, ryghte so did he,

With feynynge, and with every sobtil dede.
 Ye gete no more of me, but ye wol rede
 The original that telleth al the cas.

The sothe is this, that Jason weddid was
 Unto this queene, and toke of hire substaunce
 What so him lyste unto hys purveyaunce;
 And upon hire begate children twoo,
 And drough his saylle, and saugh hire never moo.
 A letter sente she to hym certeyne,
 Which were to longe to writen and to seyne;
 And him repreveth of his grete untrouthe,
 And preyeth him on hire to have some routhe.
 And of his children two, she seyde him this;
 That they be lyke of alle thinge, ywis,
 To Jason, save they couthe nat begile.
 And prayede God, or hit were longe while,
 That she that had his herte yrefte hire fro,
 Most fynden him to hire untrewe alsoo;
 And that she moste booth hire children spille,
 And al tho that suffreth hym his wille;
 And trewe to Jason was she al hire lyve,
 And ever kept hire chaste, as for his wyve;
 And never had she joye at hire herte,
 But dyed for his love of sorwes smerte.

To Colcos comen is this duke Jason,
 That is of love devourer and dragon,
 As nature appeteth forme alwey,¹
 And from forme to forme it passen may;
 Or as a welle that were bottomeles,
 Ryghte so kan Jason have no pees,
 For to desiren, thurgh his appetite,
 To doon with gentil wymmen hys delyte;

¹ The printed editions read *matire*, which is, perhaps, better than *nature*. It would mean that even as the accident of form is inseparable from matter, and as in all its changes it can only pass from form to form, so Jason, whatever might be the circumstances in which he was placed, was still the same, one who loved merely to satisfy his appetite.

This is his luste, and his felicite.
 Jason is romed forthe to the cite,
 That whylome cleped was Jasonicos,
 That was the maister toune of al Colcos,
 And hath ytolde the cause of his comynge
 Unto Æetes, of that countree kyng;
 Praynge him that he most doon his assay
 To gete the fese of golde, yf that he may.
 Of which the kyng assenteth to hys boone,
 And dothe him honour as hyt is doone,
 So ferforthe, that his doghtre and his eyre,
 Medea, which that was so wise and feyre,
 That feyrer saugh ther never man with ye,
 He made hire done to Jason companye
 Atte mete, and sitte by him in the halle.

Now was Jason a seemely man withalle,
 And like a lorde, and had a grete renoun,
 And of his loke as rial as lyoun,
 And goodly of his speche, and famulere,
 And koude of love al crafte and arte plenere
 Withoute boke, with everyche observaunce.
 And as fortune hire oughte a foule meschaunce,
 She wex enamoured upon this man.

‘Jason,’ quod she, ‘for ought I se or kan,
 As of this thinge the whiche ye ben aboute,
 Ye, and your selfe ye put in moche doute;
 For who so wol this aventure acheve,
 He may nat wele asterten, as I leve,
 Withouten dethe, but I his helpe be.
 But nathesse, hit ys my wille,’ quod she,
 ‘To forthren yow, so that ye shal not dye,
 But turne sounde home to youre Tessalye.’

‘My ryghte lady,’ quod thys Jason, ‘thoo,
 That ye han of my dethe or my woo
 Any rewarde, and doon me this honour,
 I wote wel, that my myghte, ne my labour,
 May nat deserve hit in my lyves day;
 God thanke yow, ther I ne kan ne may.

Your man¹ am I, and lowly yow beseche
 To ben my helpe, withoute more speche;
 But certes for my dethe shal I not spare.'

Thoo gan this Medea to him declare
 The peril of this case, fro poynt to poynt
 Of hys batayle, and in what disjoynte
 He mote stonde; of whiche no creature
 Save oonly she ne myghte hys lyf assure.
 And shortely, ryghte to the poynt to goo,
 They ben accorded ful betwix hem two,
 That Jason shal hire wedde, as trewe knyghte,
 And terme ysette to come soone at nyghte
 Unto hire chambre, and make there hys oothe
 Upon the goddys, that he for leve ne loothe
 Ne shulde hire never falsen, nyghte ne day,
 To ben hire husbonde while he lyve may,
 As she that from hys dethe hym saved here.
 And here upon at nyghte they mete yfere,²
 And doth his oothe, and goothe with hire to bedde.
 And on the morwe upwarde he him spedde,
 For she hath taughte him how he shal nat faile
 The flese to wynne, and stynten his batayle;
 And saved him his lyf and his honour,
 And gete a name as a conquerour,
 Ryghte thurgh the sleighte of her enchaumentente.

Now hath Jason the flese, and home ys went
 With Medea, and tresoures ful grete woone;
 But unwiste of hire fader she is goone
 To Tessalye, with duke Jason hire leefte,
 That afterwarde hath broghte hire to myschefe.
 For as a traytour he ys from hire goo,
 And with hire lefte yonge children twoo,
 And falsly hath betrayed hire, allas!
 And ever in love a cheve traytour he was;

¹ That is, 'Your vassal.'—See vol. iv. p. 130, note 5.

² This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS., given in the Selden.

And wedded yet the thridde wife anoon,
That was the doughtre of kynge Creoon.

This ys the mede of lovyng and guerdoun,
That Medea receyved of Jasoun
Ryghte for hire trouthe, and for hire kyndenesse,
That loved hym better thanne hire selfe, I gesse;
And lefte hire fadir and hire heritage.
And of Jason this is the vassalage,
That in hys dayes nas never noon yfounde
So fals a lover goynge on the grounde.
And therefore in hire letter thus she seyde,
First whanne she of hys falsnesse hym umbrayde:—
' Why lyked me thy yelow heere to see,
More than the boundes of myn honeste?
Why lyked me thy youthe and thy fairenesse,
And of thy tong the infynyte graciousnesse?
O, haddest thou in thy conquest ded ybe,
Ful mykel untrouthe had ther dyed with the!'¹

Well kan Ovyde hire letter in verse endyte.
Which were as now to longe for to write.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA YSIPHILE ET MEDEE MARTIRUM.

INCIPIT LEGENDA LUCRECIE ROME, MARTIRIS.

NOW mote I sayne thexilynge of kynges
Of Rome, for the horrible doynge
Of the last kynge Tarquynus,
As saythe Ovyd, and Titus Lyvyus.²
But for that cause telle I nat thys story,
But for to preysen, and drawn to memory

¹ 'Cur mihi plus æquo flavi placere capilli,
Et decor, et linguæ gratia ficta tuæ?

Quantum perfidiæ tecum, scelerate, perisset.'

OVID, *Her.* xii.

² Ovid, *Fast.* ii. 741, Livy, i. 57.

The verray wif, the verray Lucesse,
 That for hire wifhode, and hire stedfastnesse,
 Nat oonly that these payens hire commende,
 But that cleped ys in oure legende
 The grete Austyne,¹ hath grete compassyoun
 Of this Lucesse that starf in Rome toun.
 And in what wise I wol but shortly trete,
 And of this thyng I touche but the grete.

Whanne Ardea² beseged was aboute
 With Romaynes, that ful sterne were and stoute,
 Ful longe lay the sege, and lytel wroughten,
 So that they were halfe ydel, as hem thoghten.
 And in his pley Tarquynus the yonge
 Gan for to jape, for he was lyghte of tonge;
 And seyde, that hit was an idel lyf;
 No man dide ther more than hys wif.
 'And lat us speke of wives that is best;
 Preise every man hys owne as him lest,
 And with oure speche let us ese oure herte.'

A knyghte, that highte Colatyne, up sterte,
 And sayde thus:—'Nay, for hit ys no nede
 To trowen on the worde, but on the dede.
 I have a wif,' quod he, 'that as I trowe
 Ys holden good of alle that ever hire knowe.
 Go we to Rome to nyghte, and we shul se.'
 Tarquynus answerde, 'That lyketh me.'
 To Rome they be come, and faste hem dighte
 To Colatynes house, and doune they lyghte,
 Tarquynus, and eke this Colatyne.
 The housbonde knywe the efters wel and fyne,
 And ful prevely into the house they goon,
 For at the gate porter was there noon:

¹ St. Augustin, commenting on this story in the milder and more rational spirit of Christian morality, while he admires the purity of Lucrece, blames her folly in committing the crime of self-murder as a punishment on herself for that of which she was really innocent. 'Si adultera,' he asks, 'cur laudata? Si pudica, cur occisa?' *AUG. De Civitat. Dei*, c. xix.

² Ardea, a city of the Rutuli, which the Roman army was besieging.

And at the chambre dore they abyde.
 This noble wyf sate by hir beddes syde
 Disshelyd, for no malice she ne thoghte,
 And softe wolle, sayeth oure boke, that she wroghte,
 To kepen hire fro slouthe and ydelnesse;
 And bad hire servauntes doon hire besynesse;
 And axeth hem, 'What tydynges heren ye?
 How sayne men of the sege? how shall yt be?
 God wolde the walles werne falle adoune!
 Myn housbonde ys to longe out of this tounne,
 For which the drede doth me so to smerte;
 Ryghte as a swerde hyt styngeth to myn herte,
 Whanne I denke on these or of that place.
 God save my lorde, I pray him for his grace!
 And therwithalle ful tenderly she wepe,
 And of hire werke she toke no more kepe,
 But mekely she let hire eyen falle,
 And thilke semblant sate hire wel withalle.
 And eke the teres ful of hevyytee,
 Embelysshed hire wify chastitee.
 Hire countenaunce ys to her herte digne,
 For they acordeden in dede and signe.
 And with that worde hire housbonde Colatyne,
 Or she of him was ware, come stertyng ynne,
 And sayede, 'Drede the noght, for I am here!
 And she anon up roos, with blysfyl chere,
 And kyssed hym, as of wives ys the wone.

Tarquynyus, this prowde kynges sone,
 Conceyved hath hire beaute and hire chere,
 Hire yelow heer, her bounte, and hire manere,
 Hire hywe, hire wordes that she hath compleyned,
 And by no crafte hire beaute was not feyned;
 And kaught to this lady suche desire,
 That in his herte brent as any fire
 So wodely that hys witte was foryeten,
 For wel thoghte he she shulde nat be geten.
 And ay the more he was in dispaire,
 The more he coveteth, and thoghte hire faire;

Hys blynde lust was al hys covetynge.
 On morwe, whanne the brid began to synge,
 Unto the sege he cometh ful pryvely,
 And by himselfe he walketh sobrely,
 The ymage of hire recording alwey newe;
 Thus lay hire heer, and thus fressh was hire hewe,
 Thus sate, thus spak, thus spanne, this was hire
 chere,
 Thus faire she was, and thys was hire manere.
 Al this conceyte hys herte hath newe ytake,
 And as the see, with tempeste al to-shake,
 That after whanne the storme ys al agoo,
 Yet wol the water quappe a day or twoo;
 Ryghte so, thogh that hire forme were absente,
 The plesaunce of hire forme was presente.
 But natheles, nat plesaunce, but delyte,
 Or an unryghtful talent with dispite,
 ‘For mawgree hire, she shal my lemman be:
 Happe helpeth hardy man alway,’ quod he,
 ‘What ende that I make, hit shal be soo!’
 And gyrt hym with his swerde, and gan to goo,
 And he fortheryghte til he to Rome ys come,
 And al allon hys way thanne hath he nome,
 Unto the house of Colatyne ful ryghte;
 Doune was the sonne, and day hath lost hys lyghte.
 And inne he come unto a prevy halke,
 And in the nyghte ful thefely gan he stalke,¹
 Whanne every wyghte was to hys reste broghte,
 Ne no wyghte had of tresoun suche a thoghte,
 Whether by wyndow, or by other gynne.
 With swerde ydraw, shortly he commeth ynne
 There as she lay, thys noble wyfe Lucesse,
 And as she woke, hire bedde she felte presse:
 ‘What beste ys that,’ quod she, ‘that weyeth thus?’
 ‘I am the kynges sone Tarquinyus,’

¹ ‘Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.’

Quod he; 'but and thow crye, or noyse make,
 Or yf thou any creature awake,
 Be thilke God that formed man on lyve,
 This swerde thurgh thyn herte shall I ryve.'
 And therwithalle unto hire throthe he sterte,
 And sette the swerde al sharpe unto hire herte.
 No worde she spak, she hath no myghte therto,
 What shal she sayne? hire witte ys al agoo!
 Ryghte as a wolfe that fynt a lamb allone,¹
 To whom shal she compleyne or make mone?
 What? shal she fyghte with an hardy knyghte?
 Wel wote men a woman hath no myghte.
 What? shal she crye, or how shal she asterte,
 That hath hire by the throthe, with swerde at
 herte?

She axeth grace, and seyde al that she kan.

'Ne wolt thou nat?' quod this cruelle man;

'As wisly Jupiter my soule save,

I shal in the stable slee thy knave,

And lay him in thy bed, and lowde crye,

That I the fynde in suche avowtrye;

And thus thou shalt be ded, and also lese

Thy name, for thou shalt nat chese.'

This Romaynes wyfes loveden so hire name

At thilke tyme, and dredden so the shame

That what for fere of sklaundre, and drede of dethe,

She loste both attones wytte and brethe;

And in a swowgh she lay, and wax so ded,

Men myghten smyte of hire arme or hed,

She feleth nothings, neither foule ne feyre.

Tarquynus, that art a kynges eyre,

And sholdest as by lynage and by ryghte

Doon as a lorde and a verray knyghte,

¹ 'Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws.'

SHAKSPEARE—*Rape of Lucrece*. Annot. Ed., p. 102.

The Fairfax MS. reads:—

'Right as a wolfe that fayneth a love allone.'

This is evidently a mere clerical error.

Why hastow doon dispite to chevalrye?¹

Why hastow doon this lady vylanye?

Allas, of the thys was a vilenouse dede!

But now to the purpose; in the story I rede,
 Whan he was goon al this myschaunce ys falle.
 Thys lady sent after hire frendes alle,
 Fader, moder, housbond, alle yfere,
 And disshevelee with hire heere clere,
 In habyte suche as wymmen used thoo
 Unto the buryinge of hire frendes goo,
 She sytte in halle with a sorowfull syghte.
 Hire frendes axen what hire aylen myghte,
 And who was dede, and she sytte aye wepynge.
 A worde for shame ne may she forthe oute brynge,
 Ne upon hem she durste nat beholde,
 But atte laste of Tarquyny she hem tolde
 This rewful case, and al thys thing horryble.
 The woo to telle hyt were impossyble
 That she and alle hire frendes made attones.
 Al had folkes hertes ben of stones,
 Hyt myghte have maked hem upon her rewe,
 Hire herte was so wyfely and so trewe.
 She sayde that for hire gilte ne for hire blame
 Hire housbonde shulde nat have the foule name;
 That nolde she nat suffren by no wey.
 And they answerde alle unto hire fey,
 That they forgave hyt hire, for hyt was ryghte.
 Hit was no gilt; hit lay nat in hire myghte.
 And seyden hire ensamples many oon.
 But al for noghte, for thus she seyde anoon:
 'Be as be may,' quod she, 'of forgyfyng;
 I wol not have noo forgyft for nothinge.'

¹ Shakspeare outdoes his great predecessor in the anachronism, representing *hereditary* coats-of-arms as being in use at this early period:—

'Yea, though I die the scandal will survive,
 And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
 To cipher me, how fondly I did dote.'

SHAKSPEARE—*Rape of Lucrece*. Annot. Edit., p. 90.

But pryvely she kaughte forthe a knyfe,
 And therwithalle she rafte hire selfe hire lyfe;
 And as she felle adoun she kast hire loke,
 And of hire clothes yet hede she toke;
 For in hire fallynge yet she hadde care,
 Lest that hire fete or suche thyng lay bare,
 So wel she loved clenness, and eke trouthe!
 Of hire had al the toun of Rome routhe,
 And Brutus hath by hire chaste bloode swore,
 That Tarquyny shulde ybanysshed be therfore,
 And al hys kynne; and let the peple calle,¹
 And openly the tale he tolde hem alle;
 And openly let cary hire on a bere
 Thurgh al the toun, that men may see and here
 The horryble dede of hire oppressyoun.
 Ne never was ther kynge in Rome toun
 Syn thilke day; and she was holden there
 A seynt, and ever hire day yhalwed dere,
 As in hire law. And thus endeth Lucesse
 The noble wyf, Titus² bereth witnessse.
 I telle hyt, for she was of love so trewe,
 Ne in hire wille she chaunged for no newe,
 And in hire stable herte, sadde and kynde,
 That in these wymmen men may all day fynde,
 Ther as they kast hire herte, there it dwelleth.
 For wel I wot, that Criste himselfe telleth,
 That in Israel, as wyde as is the londe,
 That so grete feythe in al the londe he ne fonde,
 As in a woman;³ and this is no lye.
 And as for men, loketh which tyrannye
 They doon al day, assay hem who so lyst,
 The trewest ys ful brotil for to triste.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA LUCRECIE, ROME, MARTIRIS.

¹ 'Caused the people to be assembled.'

² Titus Livius.

³ The allusion appears to be to the Syrophenician woman.—Matt. xv. and Mark vii.

INCIPIT LEGENDA ADRIANE DE ATHENES.¹

JUGE infernal Mynos, of Crete² king,
 Now commeth thy lotte; now commestow on
 the ryng.

Nat oonly for thy sake writen is this story,
 But for to clepe ageyn unto memory
 Of Theseus the grete untrew of love,
 For which the goddys of hevne above
 Ben wrothe, and wrecche han take for thy synne.
 Be rede for shame! now I thy lyf begynne.

Mynos, that was the myghty kyng of Crete,
 That wan an hundred citees strong and grete,
 To scole hath sent hys sone Androgeus
 To Athenes, of the which hyt happeth thus,
 That he was slayne, lernynge philosophie,
 Ryghte in that citee, nat but for envye.

The grete Mynos of the whiche I speke,
 His sones dethe ys come for to wreke.
 Alcathe³ he besegeth harde and longe;
 But natheles, the walles be so stronge,
 And Nysus, that was kyng of that citee,
 So chevalrouse, that lytel dredeth he;
 Of Mynos or hys oste toke he no cure.
 Till, on a day, befel an aventure,
 That Nisus doghtre stode upon the walle,
 And of the sege sawe the maner alle.
 So hyt happed, that at a skarmysshynge,
 She cast hire herte upon Mynos the kyng,
 For hys beaute, and hys chevalerye,
 So sore, that she wende for to dye.
 And, shortly of this processe for to pace,
 She made Mynos wynnen thilke place,

¹ Ovid, *Met.* viii.

² The Fairfax MS. reads *Grece*.

³ The Fairfax MS. reads *And the citee*, but *Alcathe*, which is another name for Megara, a city of Attica, of which Nisus was king, is probably right.

So that the citee was al at his wille,
 To saven whom hym lyst, or elles spille.
 But wikkidly he quytte her kyndenesse,
 And let hire drenche in sorowe and distresse,
 Ner that the goddys hadde of hire pite;
 But that tale were to longe as now for me.
 Athenes wanne this kynge Mynos also,
 As Alcathe¹ and other tounes mo;
 And this theeffect, that Mynos hath so dryven
 Hem of Athenes, that they mote hym given
 Fro yere to yere hire owne children dere
 For to be slayne, as ye shal after here.

This Mynos hath a monstre, a wikked beste,
 That was so cruelle that withoute areste,
 Whanne that a man was broghte into hys presence,
 He wolde him ete; ther helpeth no defence.
 And every thridde yere, withouten doute,
 They casten lotte, as hyt came about,
 On ryche on pore, he most his sone take,
 And of hys childe he moste present make
 To Mynos, to save hym or to spille,
 Or lat his beste devoure him at his wille.
 And this hath Mynos doon right in dyspite,
 To wreke hys sone was sette al his delyte;
 And make hem of Athenes hys thralle
 Fro yere to yere, while he lyven shalle;
 And home he saileth whanne this tounne ys wonne.
 This wikked custome is so longe yronne,
 Til of Athenes kynge Egeus,
 Moste senden his owne sone Theseus,
 Sith that the lotte is fallen hym upon,
 To ben devoured, for grace is ther non.
 And forth is lad this woful yonge knyghte
 Unto the countree of kynge Mynos ful of myghte,
 And in a prison fettred faste ys he,
 Til the tyme he shulde yfreten be.

¹ For Alcathe^o here the Fairfax MS. reads *Alcites*

Wel maystow wepe, O woful Theseus,
 That art a kynges sone, and dampned thus!
 Me thynketh this, that thow depe were yholde
 To whom that saved the fro cares colde.
 And now yf any woman helpe the,
 Wel oughtestow hire servaunt for to be,
 And ben hire trewe lover yere by yere!
 But now to come agayn to my matere.

The toure, ther this Theseus ys ythrowe,
 Doune in the bothome derke, and wonder lowe,
 Was joynynge to the walle of a foreyne,
 And hyt was longynge to the doghtren tweyne
 Of Mynos, that in hire chambres grete
 Dweltene above the maystre strete
 Of Athenes¹ in joye and in solace.
 Wot I not how hyt happede percase,
 As Theseus compleyned hym by nyghte,
 The kynges doghtre that Adriane hyghte,
 And eke hire suster Phedra, herden alle
 Hys compleynt, as they stode on the walle,
 And loked upon the bryghte moone;
 Hem list nat to goo to bed so soone.
 And of hys woo they had compassyoun;
 A kynges sone to be in swiche prisoun,
 And be devoured, thoughte hem grete pitee.
 Thanne Adriane spak to hire suster free,
 And seyde, 'Phedra, leve suster dere,
 This woful lordes sone may ye not here,
 How pitously compleyneth he hys kynne,
 And eke his pore estate that he ys ynne?
 And gilteles; certes now hit ys routhe!
 And yf ye wol assente, by my trouthe,
 He shal be holpen, how soo that we doo.'

Phedra answerde, 'Ywis, me is as woo
 For him, as ever I was for any man;
 And to his helpe the beste rede that I kan,

¹ This is a mistake. Minos was King of Crete, and, therefore, his daughters could not have been living at Athens.

Ys, that we doon the gayler prively
 To come and speke with us hastely,
 And doon this woful man with him to come;
 For yf he may the monstre overcome,
 Thanne were he quyte; ther is noon other boote!
 Lat us wel taste him at hys herte roote,
 That yf so be that he a wepne have,
 Wher that hys lyf he dar kepe or save,
 Fighten with this fende and him defende.
 For in the prison, ther as he shal descende,
 Ye wote wel that the beste is in a place
 That nys not derke, and hath roume and eke space
 To welde an axe, or swerde, or staffe, or knyf,
 So that me thenketh he shulde save hys lyf;
 Yf that he be a man, he shall do so.
 And we shal make him balles eke alsoo
 Of wexe and towe,¹ that whanne he gapeth faste,
 Into the bestes throte he shal hem caste,
 To sleke hys hunger, and encombre hys tethe.
 And ryghte anoon whanne that Theseus sethe
 The beste asleked, he shal on hym lepe
 To sleen hym or they comen more to kepe.
 The wepen shal the gayler, or that tyde,
 Ful prively within the prisoun hyde:
 And for the house ys crynkled to and fro,
 And hath so queynte weyes for to go,
 For yt is shapen as the mase ys wroghte;
 Therto have I a remedy in my thoghte,
 That by a clywe of twyne, as he hath goon,
 The same way he may returne anoon,
 Folwyng alway the threde, as he hath come.
 And whanne this beste ys overcome,
 Thanne may he fleen away out of this stede,
 And eke the gayler may he with him lede,
 And him avaunce at home in his countree,
 Syn that so grete a lordes sone ys he.'

¹ This was the stratagem by which Daniel destroyed the dragon at Babylon.—See *Bel and the Dragon*, or in the *Vulgate* Daniel, xiv.

Thys ys my rede yf that he dar hyt take;
 What shulde I lenger sermoun of hyt make?
 The gayler cometh, and with hym Theseus,
 Whanne these thynges ben acorded thus.
 Downe sytte Theseus upon hys knee,
 'The ryghte lady of my lyf,' quod he,
 'I sorwful man, ydampned to the dethe,
 Fro yow, whiles that me lasteth brethe,
 I wol not twynne after this aventure,
 But in youre servise thus I wol endure;
 That as a wrecche unknowe I wol yow serve
 For evermore, til that myn herte sterve.
 Forsake I wol at home myn herytage,
 And, as I sayde, ben of your courte a page,
 Yf that ye vouchesafe that in this place,
 Ye graunte me to have suche a grace,
 That I may have not but my mete and drinke;
 And for my sustenaunce yet wol I swynke,
 Ryghte as yow lyst; that Mynos ne no wyghte,
 Syn that he sawe me never with eighen syghte,
 Ne no man elles shal me konne espie,
 So slyly and so wele I shal me gye,
 And me so wel disfigure, and so lowe,
 That in this worlde ther shal no man me knowe,
 To han my lyf, and to have presence
 Of yow, that doon to me this excellence.
 And to my fader shal I sende here
 This worthy man that is your gaylere,
 And him so guerdone that he shal wel be
 Oon of the grettest men of my countree.
 And yif I durst sayne, my lady bryghte,
 I am a kynges sone and eke a knyghte,
 As wolde God, yif that hyt myghte bee,
 Ye weren in my countree alle three,
 And I with yow, to bere yow companye.
 Thanne shulde ye seen yf that I thereof lye.
 And yf that I profre yow in lowe manere,
 To ben youre page and serven yow ryghte here,

But I yow serve as lowly in that place,
 I prey to Marce to yeve me suche grace,
 That shames dede on me ther mote falle,
 And dethe and poverte to my frendes alle,
 And that my spirite be nyghte mote goo,
 After my dethe, and walke to and froo,
 That I mote of traytoure have a name,
 For which my spirite mote goo to do me shame!
 And yif ever I clayme other degre,
 But ye vouchesafe to yeve hyt me,
 As I have seyde, of shames dethe I deye!
 And mercy, lady! I kan no more seye.'

A semely knyghte was this Theseus to see,
 And yonge, but of twenty yere and three.
 But whoso hadde yseen hys countenance,
 He wolde have wepte for routhe of his penaunce:
 For which this Adriane in this manere,
 Answerde to hys profre and to hys chere.

'A kynges sone, and eke a knyghte,' quod she,
 'To ben my servaunt in so lowe degre,
 God shelde hit, for the shame of wymmen alle,
 And lene me never suche a case befall!
 And send yow grace and slyghte of herte also
 Yow to defende, and knyghtely sleen your fo!
 And lene hereafter I may yow fynde
 To me and to my suster here so kynde,
 That I ne repente not to yeve yow lyf!
 Yet wer hyt better I were your wif,
 Syn ye ben as gentil borne as I,
 And have a realme not but faste by,
 Than that I suffred your gentillesse to sterve,
 Or that I lete yow as a page serve;
 Hyt is not profet, as unto your kynrede.
 But what is that, that man wol not do for drede?
 And to my suster syn that hyt is so,
 That she mote goon with me yf that I goo.
 Or elles suffre deth as wel as I,
 That ye unto your sone as trewely,

Doon hire be wedded at your home comynge.
 This ys the fynal ende of al this thyng;
 Ye, swere hit here, upon al that may be sworne!
 ‘Yee, lady myn,’ quod he, ‘or elles to-torne
 Mote I be with the Minotaure or to morowe!
 And have here of myne herte bloode to borowe,
 Yif that ye wol! Yf I had knyf or spere,
 I wolde hit letten out, and thereon swere,
 For than at erste, I wote ye wol me leve.
 By Mars, that ys chefe of my beleve,
 So that I myghte lyven, and nat fayle
 To morowe for to taken my batayle,
 I nolde never fro this place flee,
 Til that ye shulde the verray prefe se.
 For now, yf that the sothe I shal yow say,
 I have loved yow ful many a day,
 Thogh ye ne wiste nat, in my countree,
 And aldermoste desired yow to see,
 Of any erthely lyvyng creature.
 Upon my trouthe I swere and yow assure,
 These seven yere I have your servaunt bee.
 Now have I yow, and also have ye mee,
 My dere herte, of Athenes duchesse!’

This lady smyleth at his stedfastnesse,
 And at hys hertely wordys, and at his chere,
 And to hire suster sayde in this manere:—

‘And softly now, suster myne,’ quod she,
 ‘Now be we duchesses both I and ye,
 And sikered to the regals of Athenes,
 And both hereafter lykly to be queenes,
 And saved fro hys dethe a kynges sone
 As ever of gentil wymmen is the wone,
 To save a gentelman, enforth hire myghte,
 In honest cause, and namely in his ryghte.
 Me thinketh no wyghte ought us hereof blame,
 Ne beren us therfore an yvel name.’

And shortely of this matere for to make,
 This Theseus of hire hath leve ytake,

And every poynt was performed in dede,
 As ye have in the covenant herde me rede ;
 Hys wepne, his clywe, hys thing that I have sayde,
 Was by the gayler in the house ylayde,
 Ther as this Mynotaure hath hys dwellynge,
 Ryghte faste by the dore at hys entrynge,
 And Theseus is ladde unto hys dethe ;
 And forthe unto this Mynotaure he gethe,
 And by the techyng of thys Adriane,
 He overcome thys beste and was hys bane,
 And oute he cometh by the clywe agayne
 Ful prively. Whan he this beste hath slayne,
 And by the gayler gotten hath a barge,
 And of his wives tresure gan it charge,
 And toke hys wif, and eke hire suster free,¹
 And by the gayler, and with hem alle three
 Ys stole away out of the londe by nighte,
 And to the countree of Ennapye hym dyghte,
 There as he had a frende of his knowyng.
 There festen they, there dauncen they and synge,
 And in hys armes hath thys Adriane,
 That of the beste hath kepte him from hys bane.
 And gate hym there a noble barge anoon,
 And of his countre folke a grete woon,
 And taketh hys leve, and homewarde sayleth hee ;
 And in an yle, amydde the wilde see,
 There as ther dwelleth creature noon
 Save wilde bestes, and that ful many oon,
 He made his shippe a-londe for to sette,
 And in that ile halfe a day he lette,
 And sayde on the londe he moste hym reste.
 Hys maryneres han doon ryghte as hym leste ;
 And, for to telle schortly in thys case,
 Whanne Adriane hys wyf aslepe was,
 For that hire suster fairer was than she,
 He taketh hire in hys honde, and forth gooth he

¹ This, and the two preceding lines, are omitted in the Fairfax MS.

To shippe, and as a traytour stale hys way,
 While that thys Adriane aslepe lay,
 And to hys countree warde he sayleth blyve,
 (A twenty deuel way the wynde him dryve!)
 And fonde hys fader drenched in the see.
 Me lyste no more to speke of hym, pardee!
 These fals loveres, poyson be hire bane!

But I wol turne ageyne to Adryane,
 That ys with slepe for werynesse ytake;
 Ful sorwfully hire herte may awake.
 Allas, for the myn herte hath pitee!
 Ryght in the dawenyng awake shee,
 And gropeth in the bed, and fonde ryghte noghte.

'Allas,' quod she, 'that ever I was wroghte!
 I am betrayed,' and hire heer to-rent,
 And to the stronde barefote faste she went,
 And cryed, 'Theseus, myn herte swete!
 Where be ye, that I may not wyth yow mete?
 And myghte thus with bestes ben yslayne.'
 The holowe roches answerde her agayne.¹
 No man she sawe, and yet shone the moone,
 And hye upon a rokke she went soone,
 And sawe hys barge saylynge in the see.
 Colde waxe hire herte, and ryghte thus sayde she:—

'Meker then ye fynde I the bestes wilde!
 (Hath he not synne, that he hire thus begylde?)
 She cried, 'O turne agayne for routhe and synne,
 Thy barge hath not al thy meyny ynne.'
 Hire kerchefe on a pole styked shee,
 Ascaunce that he shulde hyt wel ysee,
 And hym remembre that she was behynde,
 And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde.
 But al for noghte; hys wey he ys goon,
 And downe she felle a-swowne on a stoon;
 And up she ryste, and kyssed in al hire care
 The steppes of hys fete, there he hath fare,

¹ This line is omitted in the Fairfax MS.

And to hire bedde ryghte thus she speketh thoo:—

‘Thow bedde,’ quoth she, ‘that haste receyved twoo,
Thow shalt answeere of twoo and not of oon,
Where ys the gretter parte away goon?
Allas, where shal I wreched wyght become?
For though so be that bote noon here come,
Home to my countree dar I not for drede;
I kan my selfe in this case not rede.’

What shulde I telle more hire compleynynge?
Hyt ys so longe hyt were an hevy thyng.
In hire epistel Naso¹ telleth alle,
But shortly to the ende tel I shalle.
The goddys have hire holpen for pitee,
And in the sygne of Taurus men may see
The stones of hire crowne shyne clere;
I wol no more speke of thys matere.
But thus these false loveres kan begyle
Hire trewe love; the devel quyte hym hys while!

EXPLICIT LEGENDA ADRIANE DE ATHENES.

INCIPIIT LEGENDA PHILOMENE.²

THOW yiver of the formes, that haste wroghte
The fayre worlde,³ and bare hit in thy thoghte
Eternally or thow thy werke began,
Why madest thow unto the sklauder of man,—
Or al be that hyt was not thy doynge,
As for that fyne to make suche a thyng,—
Why suffrest thou that Tereus was bore,
That ys in love so fals and so forswore,

¹ ‘Incumbo; lachrymisque toro manante profusis,
Pressimus, exclamo, te duo: redde duos.
Venimus huc ambo; cur non discedimus ambo?
Perfide, pars nostri, lectule, major ubi est?’

Heroid. Ep. x.

² Ovid, *Met.* vi.

³ In the margin of Fairfax MS. 16 is written ‘Deus dator Formator’.

That fro thys worlde up to the firste hevене
 Corrupeth, whanne that folke hys name nevene?
 And as to me, so grisly was hys dede,
 That whanne that I this foule story rede,
 Myn eyen wexen foule and sore also;
 Yet laste the venyme of so longe ago,
 That enfecteth hym that wolde beholde
 The story of Tereus, of which I tolde.
 Of Trace was he lorde, and kynne to Marte,
 The cruelle god that stante with bloody darte,
 And wedded had he, with blisful chere,
 King Pandynes faire doghter dere,
 That hyghte Proygne, floure of hire countree;
 Though Juno liste not at the feste bee,
 Ne Ymeneus, that god of weddyng is.
 But at the feste redy ben, ywys,
 The furies thre, with al hire mortal bronde.
 The owle al nyghte about the balkes wonde,
 That prophete ys of woo and of myschaunce.
 This revel, ful of songe, and ful of daunce,
 Laste a fourtenyghte or lyttel lasse.
 But shortly of this story for to passe,
 (For I am wery of hym for to telle)
 Fyve yere hys wyf and he togeder dwelle;
 Til on a day she gan so sore longe
 To seen hire suster, that she sawgh not longe,
 That for desire she nyste what to seye,
 But to hire housbonde gan she for to preye
 For Goddys love, that she moste ones goon
 Hire suster for to seen, and come anoon.
 Or elles but she moste to hire wende,
 She preyde hym that he wolde after hire sende.
 And thys was day be day al hire prayere,
 With al humblesse of wyfhode, worde and chere.
 This Tereus let make hys shippes yare,
 And into Grece hymselfe ys forthe yfare,
 Unto hys fader in lawe, and gan hym preye,
 To vouche sauf that for a moneth or tweye,

That Philomene, his wyfes suster, myghte
 On Progne hys wyf but ones have a syghte;
 'And she shal come to yow agayne anoon,
 My selfe with hire, I wil bothe come and goon,
 And as myn hertes lyf I wol hire kepe.'

Thys olde Pandeon, thys kynge, gan wepe
 For tendernesse of herte for to leve
 Hys doghtre goon, and for to yive hire leve;
 Of al thys worlde he loved nothings soo;
 But at the laste leve hath she to go.

For Philomene with salte teres eke
 Gan of hire fader grace to beseke,
 To seen hire sustre that hire longeth soo,
 And hym embraceth with hire armes twoo.
 And ther alle so yonge and faire was she,
 That whanne that Tereus sawgh hire beaute,
 And of array that ther nas noon hire lyche,
 And yet of bounte was she to so ryche,
 He caste hys firy herte upon hire soo,
 That he wol have hire how soo that hyt goo,
 And with hys wiles kneled and so preyde,
 Til at the laste Pandeon thus seyde:—

'Now sone,' quod he, 'that arte to me so dere,
 I the betake my yonge doghtre dere,
 That bereth the key of al myn hertes lyf.
 And grete wel my doghter and thy wyf,
 And yeve hire leve sommetyme for to pleye,
 That she may seen me oones or I deye.'

And sothely he hath made him ryche feste,
 And to hys folke, the moste and eke the leste,
 That with him come: and yaf him yeftes grete,
 And him conveyeth thurgh the maister strete
 Of Athenes, and to the see him broghte,
 And turneth home; no malyce he ne thoghte.
 The ores pulleth forthe the vessel faste,
 And into Trace arryveth at the laste;
 And up into a forest he hire ledde,
 And into a cave ful prively hym spedde,

And in this derke cave, yif hire leste,
 Or leste noghte, he bad hire for to reste;
 Of which hire herte agrose, and seyde thus:—
 ‘Where ys my suster, brother Tereus?’
 And therewithalle she wepte tenderly,
 And quok for fere, pale and pitously,
 Ryghte as the lambe that of the wolfe ys byten,
 Or as the colver that of thegle ys smyten,
 And ys out of his clawes forthe escaped,
 Yet hyt ys aferde and awhaped
 Lest hit be hent eftesones: so sate she.
 But utterly hyt may none other be,
 By force hath this traytour done a dede,
 That he hathe refte hire hire maydenhede
 Maugree hire hede, be strengthe and by his myghte.
 Loo, here a dede of men, and that aryghte!
 She crieth ‘Suster!’ with ful longe steven,
 And ‘Fader dere! helpe me God in hevener!’
 Al helpeth not. And yet this fals thefe,
 Hath doon thys lady yet a more myschefe,
 For ferde lest she sholde hys shame crye,
 And done hym openly a vilanye,
 And with his swerde hire tonge of kerf he,
 And in a castel made hire for to be,
 Ful prively in prison evermore,
 And kept hire to his usage and to hys store,
 So that she ne myght never more asterte.

O sely Philomene, woo ys in thyn herte!
 Huge ben thy sorwes, and wonder smerte!
 God wreke the, and sende the thy boone!
 Now ys hyt tyme I make an ende soone.

This Tereus ys to hys wyf ycome,
 And in hise armes hath hys wyf ynome,
 And pitously he wepe, and shoke hys hede,
 And swore hire that he fonde hire suster dede;
 For which the sely Proigne hath suche woo,
 That nyghe hire sorwful herte brak atwoo.
 And thus in teres lat I Proigne dwelle,
 And of hire suster forthe I wol yow telle.

This woful lady ylerned had in yowthe,
 So that she werken and embrowden kouthē,
 And weven in stole the radevore,¹
 As hyt of wymmen hath be woved yore.
 And, shortly for to seyne, she hath hire fille
 Of mete and drynke, of clothyng at hire wille,
 And kouthē eke rede wel ynough and endyte,
 But with a penne she kouthē nat write;
 But letteres kan she weve to and froo,
 So that by the yere was agoo,
 She had woven in a stames² large,
 How she was broghte from Athenes in a barge,
 And in a cave how that she was broghte,
 And al the thinge that Tereus hath wroghte,
 She wave hyt wel, and wrote the story above,
 How she was served for hire suster love.
 And to a knave a rynge she yaf anoon,
 And prayed hym by signes for to goon
 Unto the queene, and beren hire that clothe;
 And by sygne swore many an othe,
 She shulde hym yeve what she geten myghte.

Thys knave anoon unto the queene hym dyghte,
 And toke hit hire, and al the maner tolde.
 And whanne that Proigne hath this thing beholde,
 No worde she spak for sorwe and eke for rage,
 But feyned hire to goon on pilgrymage
 To Bachus temple. And in a lytel stounde
 Hire dombe suster syttyngē hath she founde
 Wepyngē in the castel hire selfe allone.
 Allas, the woo, constreynte, and the mone

¹ This word is usually interpreted tapestry, and it is derived, in Urry's glossary from *ras*, cloth, and Vaur or Vore, a town of that name, which Tyrwhitt says is in Languedoc. *Stole* would seem here to mean some kind of stool, or frame, on which the canvas would be stretched.

² The printed copies read *flames*, which is nonsense. *Stames*, or *stamys*, as MS. Arch. Seld. reads, means a kind of cloth, the same as *stamel*, or *stamin*, which Halliwell explains, 'A kind of fine worsted.'—See Dict., &c., in voc.

That Proigne upon hire dombe suster maketh!
 In armes everych of hem other taketh;
 And thus I lat hem in hire sorwe dwelle.

The remnaunt ys no charge for to telle,
 For this is al and somme, thus was she served,
 That never harme agilte ne deserved
 Unto thys cruelle man, that she of wyste.
 Ye may bewar of men yif that yow lyste.
 For al be that he wol not for the shame
 Doon as Tereus, to lese hys name,
 Ne serve yow as a morderere or a knave,
 Ful lytel while shul ye trewe hym have.
 That wol I seyne, al were he nowe my brother,
 But hit so be that he may have another.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA PHILOMENE.

INCIPIIT LEGENDA PHILLIS.¹

BY preve, as wel as by auctorite,²
 That wikked fruite cometh of wikked tree,
 That may ye fynde yf that hyt liketh yow.
 But for thys ende I speke thys as now,
 To telle yow of fals Demophoon.
 In love a falser herde I never noon,
 But hit were hys fader Theseus;
 God for hys grace fro suche oon kepe us!
 Thus these wymmen prayen that hit here;
 Now to theffect turne I of my matere.

Distroyed is of Troye the citee;
 This Demophoon come saylyng in the see
 Towarde Athenes to hys paleys large.
 With hym come many a shippe, and many a barge
 Ful of folke, of whiche full many oon
 Ys wounded sore, and seke, and woo begoon,

¹ Ovid, *Heroid.* ii.

² Matt. vii. 16

And they han at the sege longe ylayne.
 Behynde him come a wynde and eke a rayne,
 That shofe so sore, hys sayle myghte not stonde.
 Hym were lever than al the world a-londe,
 So hunteth hym the tempest to and fro!
 So derke hyt was, he kouthe no wher go,
 And with a wawe brosten was hys stere.
 His shippe was rent so lowe, in suche manere,
 That carpenter koude hit not amende.
 The see by nyghte as any torche brende
 For wode, and posseth hym up and doune;
 Til Neptune hath of hym compassyoun,
 And Thetis, Chorus, Triton,¹ and they alle,
 And maden him upon a londe to falle,
 Wherof that Phillis lady was and queene,
 Lycurgus² doghter, fayrer on to seene,
 Thanne is the floure ageyn the bryghte sonne.
 Unneth ys Demophoon to londe ywonne,
 Wayke and eke wery, and his folke forpynd
 Of werynesse, and also enfamyned,
 And to the dethe he was almoste ydreven,
 Hys wyse folke conseyle han hym yeven,
 To seken helpe and socour of the queene,
 And loken what hys grace myghte bene,
 And make in that londe somme chevissaunce,
 And kepen hym fro woo and fro myschaunce.
 For seke he was, and almoste at the dethe;
 Unneth myghte he speke, or drawe brethe;
 And lyeth in Rhodopeya³ hym for to reste. [beste
 Whanne he may walke, hym thoghte hit was the
 Unto the countree to seken for socoure.
 Men knewe hym wele and dide hym honoure;
 For at Athenes duke and lorde was he,
 As Theseus hys fader hath ybe,

¹ Triton is omitted in MS. Fairfax 16.

² Instead of Lycurgus the Fairfax MS. reads *Bygurgus*, and MS Arch. Seld. B. 24, *Lugurgus*.

³ Rhodope.

That in hys tyme was grete of renoun,
 No man so grete in al hys regioun ;
 And lyke hys fader of face and of stature,
 And fals of love ; hyt come hym of nature,
 As dothe the fox Renarde, the foxes sone ;
 Of kynde he koude hys olde fadres wone
 Withoute lore, as kan a drake swymme
 Whanne hit ys kaught and caried to the brymme.

Thys honourable queene doth him chere,
 And lyketh wel hys porte and hys manere.
 But I am agroted here beforne,
 To write of hem that in love ben forsworne,
 And eke to haste me in my legende,
 Which to performe, God me grace sende !
 Therefore I passe shortly in thys wyse.
 Ye have wel herde of Theseus the gyse,
 In the betraysyng of faire Adriane,
 That of hire pitee kepte hym fro hys bane ;
 At shorte wordes, ryghte so Demophon,
 The same way, the same path hath goon,
 That did his fals fader Theseus.
 For unto Phillis hath he sworne thus,
 To wedden hire, and hire his trouthe plyghte,
 And piked of hire al the good he myghte,
 Whanne he was hole and sounde, and had hys reste,
 And doth with Phillis what so that him leste,
 As wel kouthe I, yf that me leste soo,
 Tellen al hys doynge, to and fro.

He sayede to hys countree moste hym sayle,
 For ther he wolde hire weddyng apparaylle
 As fille to hire honour and hys also,
 And openly he toke his leve tho,
 And to hire swore he wolde not sojourne,
 But in a moneth ageyn he wolde retourne.
 And in that londe let make hys ordynaunce,
 As verray lorde, and toke the obeisaunce,
 Wel and humbly, and his shippes dyghte,
 And home he gooth the next wey he myghte.

For unto Phillis yet come he noghte,
 And that hath she so harde and sore yboghthe,
 Allas, as the story doth us recorde,
 She was hire owne dethe with a corde,
 Whanne that she segh that Demophoon her
 trayed.

But firste wrote she to hym, and faste hym prayed
 He wolde come and delyver hire of peyne,
 As I reherse shal oo worde or tweyne.
 Me lyste nat vouche sauf on hym to swynke,
 Dispenden on hym a penne ful of ynke,
 For fals in love was he ryghte as hys syre;
 The Devel set hire soules both on a fire!
 But of the letter of Phillis wol I wryte,
 A worde or tweyne althogh hit be but lyte.

‘Thyn hostesse,’ quod she, ‘O Demophoon,
 Thy Phillis, which that is so woo begon,
 Of Rhodopey, upon yow mote compleyne,
 Over the terme sette betwix us tweyne,
 That ye ne holden forward, as ye seyde.
 Your anker, which ye in oure haven leyde,
 Hyghte us that ye wolde comen out of doute,
 Or that the moone ones went aboute;
 But tymes foure, the moone hath hid hire face
 Syn thilke day ye went fro this place;
 And foure tymes lyghte the worlde ageyne.
 But for al that, yet I shal soothly seyne,
 Yet hath the streme of Scython¹ nat broght
 From Athenes the shippe; yet come hit noght.
 And yf that ye the terme rekne wolde,
 As I or other trewe loveres sholde,
 I pleyne not, God wot! beforen my day.’²
 But al hire letter writen I ne may
 By ordre, for hit were to me a charge;
 Hire letter was ryghte longe, and therto large.

¹ ‘Nec vehit Actæas Sithonis unda rates.’—*Heroid.* ii. 6.

² ‘Non venit ante suum nostra querela diem.’—*Ibid.* 8.

But here and there, in ryme I have hyt layde
There as me thoght that she hath wel sayde.

She seyde, 'The saylles cometh nat ageyn,
Ne to the worde there nys no fey certeyn,
But I wote why ye come not,' quod she;
'For I was of my love to yow so fre.

And of the goddys that ye han forswore,
That hire vengeaunce fal on yow therfore,
Ye be nat suffisaunt to bere the peyne.

To moche trusted I, wel may I seyne,
Upon youre lynage and youre faire tonge,
And on youre teres falsly oute wronge.
How couthe ye wepe so be crafte?' quod she;

'May ther suche teres feynede be?

Now certes yf ye wolde have in memorye,
Hyt oughte be to yow but lyttel glorye,
To have a sely mayde thus betrayed!

To God,' quod she, 'prey I, and ofte have prayed,
That hyt be nowe the grettest prise of alle,
And moste honour that ever yow shal befall.

And whanne thyn olde auncetres peynted be,
In which men may hire worthinesse se,
Thanne prey I God, thow peynted be also,
That folke may reden, forth by as they go:—

'Lo this is he, that with his flaterye
Betrayed hath, and doon hire vilanye,
That was his trewe love in thoghte and dede.'

'But sothely of oo poynt yet may they rede,
That ye ben lyke youre fader, as in this;

For he begiled Adriane, ywis,
With suche an arte, and suche sobteltee,
As thou thy selven haste begiled me.

As in that poynt, althogh hit be nat feire,
Thou folwest hym certeyn, and art his eyre.

But syn thus synfully ye me begile,
My body mote ye seen, within a while
Ryghte in the havene of Athenes fletynga,
Withouten sepulture and buryinge,

Though ye ben harder than is any stoon.¹

And whanne this letter was forthe sent anoon,
 And knyw how brotel and how fals he was,
 She for dispeyre fordidde hire selfe, allas!
 Suche sorowe hath she for he beset hire so!
 Bewar ye wymmen of youre sotile fo!
 Syns yet this day men may ensample se,
 And as in love trusteth no man but me.

EXPLICIT LEGENDA PHILLIS.

INCIPIT LEGENDA YPERMYSTRE.²

IN Grece whilom weren brethren twoo
 Of which that oon was called Danoo,
 That many a sone hath of hys body wonne,
 As suche fals loveres ofte konne.

Amonge hys sones alle there was oon,
 That aldermoste he loved of everychoon.
 And whanne this childe was borne, this Danoo
 Shope hym a name, and called hym Lyno.
 That other brother called was Egiste,
 That was in love as fals as ever hym lyste.
 And many a doughtre gate he in hys lyf;
 Of which he gate upon his ryghte wif
 A doughter dere, and did hire for to calle,
 Ypermystra, yongest of hem alle.
 The whiche childe, of hire natyvite,
 To alle goode thewes borne was she,
 As lyked to the goddes or she was borne,
 That of the shefe she shulde be the corne.
 The wirdes that we clepen destanye,
 Hath shapen hire, that she moste nedes be

¹ This is a very faithful translation of the Epistle from *Phyllis to Demophoon*.

² Ovid, *Heroid.* xiv.

Pitouse, sad, wise, trewe as stele.
 And to this woman hyt acordeth wele;
 For though that Venus yaf hire grete beaute,
 With Jubiter compounded so was she,
 That conscience, trouthe, and drede of shame,
 And of hire wyfhode for to kepe hire name,
 This thoghte hire was felicite as here.
 And rede Mars, was that tyme of the yere
 So feble, that his malice ys him rafte;
 Repressed hath Venus hys cruelle crafte.
 And what with Venus, and other oppressyoun
 Of houses,¹ Mars hys venyme ys adoun,
 That Ypermystre dar not handel a knyf
 In malyce, thogh she shulde lese hire lyf.
 But natheles, as heven gan thoo turne,
 To badde aspectes hath she of Saturne,²
 That made hire to dye in prisoun.
 And I shal after make mencion,
 Of Danoo and Egistis also.
 And thogh so be that they were brethren twoo,
 For thilke tyme nas spared no lynage,
 Hyt lyketh hem to maken mariage
 Betwix Ypermestra and hym Lyno,
 And casten suche a day hyt shal be so,
 And fulle acorded was hit witterly.
 The aray ys wroghte, the tyme ys faste by,
 And thus Lyno hath of his fadres brother
 The doughter wedded, and eche of hem hath other.
 The torches brennen, and the lampes bryghte,
 The sacrifices ben ful redy dyghte,
 Thencence out of the fire reketh sote,
 The floure, the lese, ys rent up by the rote,
 To maken garlandes and corones hye;
 Ful ys the place of sounde of mynstralcye,

For the meaning of this astrological term, see vol. v. p. 79. note 1.

² Saturn describes the effect of his influences in vol. i. p. 168.

Of songes amourouse of mariage,
 As thilke tyme was the pleyne usage.¹
 And this was in the paleys of Egiste,
 That in his house was lorde, as hym lyste.
 And thus that day they driven to an ende;
 The frendes taken leve, and home they wende;
 The nyghte ys comen, the bride shal go to bed.
 Egiste to hys chambre fast hym sped,
 And prively he let his doghter calle,
 Whanne that the house voyded was of alle.
 He loked on hys doghter with glad chere,
 And to hire spak as ye shal after here.

‘ My ryghte doghter, tresoure of myn herte,
 Syn firste day that shapen was my sherte,²
 Or by the fatale sustren hadde my dome,
 So nye myn herte never thinge me come
 As thou, Ypermystra, doughter dere!
 Take hede what thy fader seythe the here,
 And werke after thy wiser ever moo.
 For alderfirste, doghter, I love the soo,
 That al the worlde to me nys halfe so lefe,
 Ne nolde rede the to thy myschefe,
 For al the good under the colde moone,
 And what I meene, hyt shal be seyde ryghte soone,
 With protestacioun, as seyne these wyse,
 That but thou do as I shal the devyse,
 Thou shalt be ded, by hym that al hath wroughte!
 At shorte wordes thou ne schapest noughte
 Out of my paleyse or that thou be dede,
 But thou consente and werke after my rede;
 Take this to the for ful conclusioun.’
 This Ypermystra caste hire eyen doun,
 And quok as dooth the leefe of aspe grene;
 Ded wex hire hewe, and lyke as ashe to sene;

¹ The allusion is to the epithalamia of the Greeks.

² For this expression see vol. i. p. 138, note 2.

And seyde, 'Lorde and fader, al youre wille,
 After my myghte, God wote I shal fulfille,
 So hit be to me no confusioun.'

'I nil,' quod he, 'have noon excepcioun.'
 And out he kaughte a knyf as rasour kene.
 'Hyde this,' quod he, 'that hyt be not ysene;
 And whanne thyn housbonde ys to bedde goo,
 While that he slepeth kut hys throte atwoo;
 For in my dremes hyt is warned me,
 How that my nevywe shal my bane be,
 But which I not; wherfore I wol be siker.
 Yf thou say nay, we two shal make a byker,
 As I have seyde, by him that I have sworne!'

This Ypermystra hath nygh hire wytte forlorne,
 And, for to passen harmelesse of that place,
 She graunted hym; ther was noon other grace.
 And therwithalle a costrel taketh he
 And seyde, 'Hereof a draught, or two, or three
 Yife hym to drynke whanne he gooth to reste,
 And he shal slepe as longe as ever the leste,
 The narcotikes and opies ben so stronge.
 And goo thy way, lest that hym thynke to longe.'

Oute cometh the bride, and with ful sobre chere,
 As ys of maidenenes ofte the manere,
 To chambre broghte with revel and with songe.
 And shortly, leste this tale be to longe,
 This Lyno and she beth broghte to bedde,
 And every wight out at the doore hym spedde.
 The nyghte ys wasted and he fel aslepe;
 Ful tenderly begynneth she to wepe;
 She riste hire up, and dredefully she quaketh,
 As dothe the braunche that Zepherus shaketh,
 And husht were alle in Argone that citee.
 As colde as eny froste now wexeth shee,
 For pite by the herte streyneth hire soo,
 And drede of dethe doth hire so moche woo,
 That thries doune she fil in swiche a were,
 She riste hire up and stakereth here and there,

And on hire handes faste loketh she.
 'Allas, shal myn handes blody be?
 I am a mayde, and as by my nature,
 And be my semblaunt, and by my vesture,
 Myn handes ben nat shapen for a knyf,
 As for to reve no man fro hys lyf!
 What devel have I with the knyfe to doo?
 And shal I have my throte korve a twoo?
 Thanne shal I blede, allas, and be shende!
 And nedes coste thys thing mot have an ende;
 Or he or I mote nedes lese oure lyf.
 Now certes,' quod she, 'syn I am hys wyf,
 And hathe my feythe, yet is hyt bet for me
 For to be dede in wyfly honeste,
 Thanne be a traytour lyvyng in my shame.
 Be as be may, for erneste or for game,
 He shal awake and ryse and go hys way
 Out at this goter, or that hyt be day.'
 And wepte ful tenderly upon his face,
 And in hire armes gan hym to embrace,
 And hym she jeggeth and awaketh softe,
 And at the wyndow lepe he fro the lofte,
 Whanne she hath warned hym and doone hym bote.
 This Lyno swyft was and lyghte of fote,
 And from hire ranne a ful goode pace.
 This sely womman ys so wayke, allace,
 And helples, so that er she ferre wente,
 Her crewel fader did hire for to hente.
 Allas, Lyno, why art thou so unkynde?
 Why ne hast thou remembred in thy mynde,
 And taken hire, and ledde hire forthe with the?
 For whanne she saw that goon away was he,
 And that she myghte not so faste go,
 Ne folowen hym, she sate hire doune ryghte thoo
 Til she was kaughte and fettred in prisoun.
 This tale ys sayde for this conclusioun.

HERE ENDETH THE LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN.

MINOR POEMS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following short pieces include all the remaining poems which can be traced with any certainty to Chaucer; and, considered as the trifles which a great genius throws off in the intervals of more sustained labour, they are neither unworthy of their author, nor destitute of intrinsic interest.

The Compleynte of the Dethe of Pite is in the style of the allegories, fashionable among the French in Chaucer's time, of which *The Romaunt of the Rose* is the example best known. This style has been imitated by Chaucer in many of his minor poems, but especially in *The Court of Love*, in which the *Dethe of Pite* forms an episode.—See vol. iv. p. 156. MSS. of *The Compleynte* are preserved in the University Library at Cambridge, in the volume marked Fairfax 16 in the Bodleian, and in the Harl. Collection 78 in the British Museum. The present text is taken from the last.

The *Ballade de Vilage sauns peynture* is, apparently, a translation from the French. The title bears no relation whatever to the subject, which, under the form of a dialogue between Fortune and a Plaintiff, seems to be a petition from Chaucer to the Council, to promote him to some higher office than he then held at Court. It is found in MS. in the volume marked Fairfax 16, and in MS. Bodl. 638. The present text is taken from the former.

The *Goodly Ballade of Chaucer* is addressed to a lady, whose name, from the allusion to the daisy, may be inferred to have been Margaret; and from the tone of mingled gal-

lantry and deference which pervades it, this lady may possibly have been Margaret, Countess of Pembroke, the foundress of the Margaret Professorship of Divinity in the University of Oxford.—See vol. iv. p. 250, note 2. The text of the printed editions seems very corrupt, and no MS. copy has been discovered in the researches made for the present edition; which is the more to be regretted, as this little poem is marked by great elegance and sweetness.

The *Ballade sent to King Richard, The Complaynte of Chaucer to his Purse*, and the lines entitled *Good Counseil of Chaucer*, are taken from a volume of MSS. numbered 7333 in the Harleian collection, collated with copies in that marked Fairfax 16 in the Bodleian library. From the latter volume are also derived the texts of the *Envoyes to Scogan and Bukton*.

The ballad beginning, 'The firste fadir and fynder,' &c., the present text of which, varying slightly from that of Speght, has been taken from the Harl. MS. 7333, is attributed to Chaucer by Henry Scogan, in a poem published by Speght in his edition of Chaucer's collected works—1604. It is entitled, *A moral balade to the Prince, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Glocester, the Kinges sonnes, by Henry Scogan, at a supper among the Marchants, in the Vintry at London, in the house of Louis John*. Scogan, after bewailing the follies of his youth, warns these noblemen that virtue is the truest nobility, and quotes Chaucer's sentiments on the subject from *The Wyf of Bathes Tale*. He then proceeds as follows:—'And of this thinge, herke how my maister [*scil.*, Chaucer, whom he had just before called, 'my maister Chaucer'] seide:—

The first stock-father, &c.'

Scogan appears to have been attached to the Courts both of Edward III. and Richard II. His name occurs among those to whom the latter granted letters of protection before his expedition to Ireland in 1399. We here find him described

as *Henricus Scogan, Armiger*. It is evident that he enjoyed a traditional character for wit long after his death; for in the reign of Henry VIII. a collection of stories was published by Dr. Andrew Borde, under the title of *Scogan's Jests*, in which he is said to have been a graduate of Oxford, and the King's jester. Shakspeare introduces him in no very dignified capacity in 2 *Henry IV.* act iii. :—

Shall. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the Court-gate when he was a crack not thus high.

He appears again in Ben Jonson's *Masque of the Fortunate Isles* :—

Mere-fool. Skogan? What was he?

Sophiel. O, a fine gentleman, and Master of Arts
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the King's sons, and writ in ballad-royal,
Daintily well.

Mere-fool. But wrote he like a gentleman?

Sophiel. In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme, and flowand verse.

The high moral tone of the poem published as his by Speght is entirely inconsistent with the notion that he was a mere Court-fool or jester.

A volume of MSS. numbered 7578 in the Harleian collection, has supplied the text of the *Proverbes of Chaucer*, collated with copies in MS. Fairfax 16. Both MSS. contain two additional stanzas, in somewhat the same strain, without any indication that they are by another hand. These stanzas are now printed for the first time in the present edition.

The song entitled a *Roundel* is given as published by Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. In his prefatory notice Percy informs his readers that 'this little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian Library, that contains many other poems of its valuable author. The versification is of that species which the French call Rondeau, very naturally Englished by our

honest countrymen Round O.' He then proceeds to compare it with the 'wings' and 'axes' of the Greeks. To these, however, it bears not the slightest resemblance, inasmuch as they derived their names from being written in long and short lines, so disposed as to make the poem, on paper, look like an axe or a wing; whereas the Rondeau, Round, or Roundel, is so called because each verse ends with a *refrain* formed of the same phrase as that with which it began, thus making the singer seem as if he were still beginning, never ending, or as if he were singing in a circle. This song so completely answers to the *Roundel*, by which name Chaucer himself, in *The Legende of Goode Women*, describes some of his poems, that the title is here adopted in preference to that of Percy, who styles it *An Original Ballad*. It will be observed that the third division of the poem is a burlesque, intended as a piece of ridicule upon the two former. The whole is conceived somewhat in the spirit of the *Envoy to Bukton*, and is the reverse of Metastasio's celebrated Ode and Palinode addressed to Nice.

The text of the *Virelai*, of the *Prophecy*, and of *Chauceres Wordes to his own Scrivener*, are those of the printed editions, adopted in the absence of MSS.

To the courtesy of the Editor of *Notes and Queries* is due an acknowledgment for having directed attention to the poem entitled, *Oratio Gelfredi Chauncer*, now first included in an edition of Chaucer's works. The authenticity of this piece rests on the fact that it is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, in a MS. *System of Theology*, of the date of 1490, written by John de Irlandia, who attributes it to Chaucer in the following passage: 'And sene [since] I have spokin samekle [sa meckle, sae mickle, so much] of this noble and haly virgin, I will, on the end of this buk, writ ane orisoune, that Galfryde Chauceir maid and prayit to this lady.' Upon this testimony it was printed in 1801, in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, by Leyden, who considered its authenticity sufficiently established by the antiquity of the authority,

The internal evidence is, upon the whole, favourable to this conclusion, although not very strong in itself. The sentiments, and even the phraseology, when divested of its Scottish orthography, will remind the reader of Chaucer's *A. B. C.*, which it more nearly resembles in manner than any of his poems. The present text is taken from that printed in *Notes and Queries*, which was collated with the original MS. Some slight, but necessary, changes, however, have been ventured upon in matters of form: the contractions of the MS., adopted in *Notes and Queries*, are here given in full; v is substituted for u, where the latter was used as a consonant; and words and syllables which, as usual in MSS., were improperly joined or separated, are placed in their true connexion.

As nothing illustrative of Chaucer's habits and disposition should be lost, it may be well to reproduce a *jeu d'esprit* given by Speght in his Glossary, to illustrate the expression, *Yee knowe what I mene*. He observes, 'This is an aposiopesis often used by Chaucer; as that which he is said to have written with his diamond sometime on glasse windowes, expounded by his man, Wat; which was thus:—

A married man, and yet—quod Chaucer.

A merry man, quod Wat.

He is a knave that wrote me that, quod Chaucer.'

In searching in the Bodleian Library for MSS. for this edition a curious fact was discovered, which, though possibly known to Tyrwhitt, has not been mentioned by him or any subsequent editor. In the volume marked Fairfax 16 are contained, in addition to *The Complaynte of Mars and Venus*, and other poems, by Geoffrey Chaucer, some short pieces by one Thomas Chaucer. This person was probably the poet's eldest son (see *Life*, vol. i. p. 37), or a kinsman, who, according to a tradition prevalent in Speght's time, was educated by his more celebrated relative. To this Thomas Chaucer, therefore, might very probably be traced many of those short pieces published by Speght, but properly re-ected from later editions of the works of Geoffrey Chaucer.

THE COMPLEYNTE OF THE DETHE OF PITEE.¹

HOW PITE IS DEDE AND BURIED IN A GENTLE HERTE.

PITYE, whiche that I have sought so yore
 With herte sore, ful of besy peyne,
 That in this worlde nas ther no wight woer
 Without the dethe; and if I shal not feyne,
 My pourpose was of Pitee for to pleyne,
 And eke upon the crewlty and tirannye
 Of Love, that for my trouthe doethe me to dye.

And whanne that I by lengthe of certain yeres
 Had, ever in oon, tyme sought to speke,
 To Pitee I ran, al bespreynt with teres,
 To prayen hir on Crewelte me wreke;
 But or I might with any words oute breke,
 Or tellen any of alle my peynes smerte,
 I fonde Pitee dede and buryed in an herte.²

And downe I felle whan I sogh the herse
 Dede as stoone whiles that the swoughe last;
 But up I roos with coloure wel dyverse,
 And pytously on hir myn eyghen I cast,
 And nerre the corse I came to pressen fast,
 And for the soule I shoope me for to preye;
 Me thought me lorne, ther was noon other weye.

Thus am I slayne sith that Pitee is dede;
 Ellas, the day that ever hit sholde falle!
 What maner man dar nowe heve up his hede?
 To whame shalle any sorowful herte calle?
 Nowe Cruwelte hathe cast to sleen us alle

¹ In the MS. Harl. 78, this poem is thus headed:—'And now here folowing begynneth a complaint of pitee made by Geffrey Chaucer, the aureate poete, that ever was fonde in oure vulgare tofore hes dayes.'

² See vol. iv. p. 156.

In ydelle hope we lyve redelesse of peyne;
Sith she is dede, to whame shoulde we us pleyne?

But yit encresith me this wonder newe,
That no wight wot her dede oonly but I,
So many a man that in hir tyme her knewe;
And yit she dyede nought so sodaynly;
For I have soughte hir ful besely,
Sith first I hadde witte or mannes mynde;
But she was dede er that I couthe hir fynde.

Aboute hir heerse there stooden loustily
Withouten making dool, as thoughte me,
Bountee, parfyte weel arrayed and rychely,
And fresshe Beaute, Loust and Jolyte,
Assured-Maner, Thoughte, and Honestee,
Wisdam, Estate, Drede, and Gouvernance
Confedred boothe by hande and assurance.

A compleynt hade I wryten in myn honde,
For to have putte to Pitee, as a bille,
But whane I al this companye ther fonde,
That rather wolden al my cause spille
Thane do me helpe, I heeld my compleynt stille;
For to thoo folke, withouten any faille,
Withouten Pitee ne may no bille avaylle.

Thanne leve I alle thees vertues, saf Pitee,
Keping the heerse as ye have herde me seyne,
Confedred alle by bonde of Cruweltie,
And been assented that I shal be sleyne.
So I thanne putte my compleynt up ageyne,
For to my foomen my bille I durst not shewe;
Theffect of the matere was this wordes fewe.

THE COMPLEYNT IN THE BILLE—

‘Humbleste of hert, hygheste of reverence,
Benigne floure, corone of vertues alle!
Shewethe unto your souvereine excellence

Your servaunt, if I dourst myself so calle,
 His mortel harme, which he is inne falle,
 And nought al oonly for his yvel fare,
 But for your renome, as I shal declare.

‘ Hit stonde the thus :—your contraire Cruweltie
 Alyed is ayenst your ryaltye
 Under the colour of womanly beautee,
 (For men shoulde not, loo! know her tyranny)
 With Bountee, Gentillesse, and Courteysye,
 And hath deprived yow nowe of your place
 That heyghte beantie, appourtenaunt to your grace.

‘ For kindly, by youre heritage and right
 Ye beothe annexed ever to Bountie,
 And verryly ye oughten do your myght
 To helpe Trouthe in his adversite ;
 Yee beothe also the corone of beautee ;
 And certes, if yee want in thise tweye
 The worlde is lorne, ther is no more to seye.

‘ Eke what availe the manere or gentillesse
 Withoute yow, benigne and feyre creature?
 Shal Cruweltie be now oure gouverneresse?
 Ellas, what herte may that longe endure?
 Wherefore but yee the rather taken cure
 To breke of, yea, parforce, allyaunce,
 Ye sleene hem that been of your obeyssaunce.

‘ And furtherover, if yee suffre this,
 Youre renome is fordone ; than in a throw¹
 There shal no wight wite what pite is.
 Ellas, that youre renome shoulde be so lowe!
 Ye been thanne frome your heritage ythrowe
 By Cruweltee, that occupieth the youre place,
 And we dispayred that seechen to youre grace.

¹ In a throw means in a short time.

‘ Have mercy on me, yee vertuouse¹ qweene,
 That you have sought so trwely and so yore,
 Let the streme of youre light on me be seene,
 That love the and drede the ay lenger more ;
 The soothe to seye, I bere the hevy sore,²
 And though I bee not konning for to pleyne,
 For Goddes love have mercy on my peyne.

‘ My peyne is this, that what so I desyre,
 That have I nought, ne nought that lythe therto ;
 And ever setteth Desyre myn hert on fyre
 Eke on that other syde, where so I go.
 What maner thing that may encesse woo,
 That have I redy, unsought, every where ;
 Me lackethe but my deth, and thanne my beere.

‘ What needethe it shewe parcelles of my peyne,
 Sith every woo, that herte may bethenke,
 I souffre ; and yit I dar nought to you pleyne,
 For weel I wot, although I wake or wynke,
 Ye recchen nought whether I flete or synke.
 Yit neverthesse my trouth I shal susteene
 Unto my dethe, and that shal wele be seene.

‘ This is to seye, I wol be youres ever ;
 Thoughe yee me slee by Cruweltee, your foo,
 Algates my spiryt shal never dissever
 Frome youre servyse, for any peyne or woo.
 Nowe Pitee that I have sought so yoore agoo !
 Thus for youre dethe I may weel weepe and pleyne
 With herte sore, al ful of besy peyne.

EXPLICIT.

¹ Instead of *yee vertuouse*, the printed copies read *thou Heremus*.

² In the MS. *sore* is scratched out, and *peyne* written in the margin ; but the rhyme demands the restoration of *sore*. The meaning is, ‘ I suffer a sore affliction.’

BALLADE DE VILAGE SAUNS PEYNTURE.

THIS wreched worldes transmutacion,
 As wele and woo, now poverte, and now honour
 Withouten ordre or wise discrecion,
 Governed ys by Fortunes erreure;
 But natheles the lakke of hir favoure
 Ne may not doo me synge, though that I dye,
*J'ay tout perdue, mon temps et mon labouré,*¹
 For fynally Fortune I diffye.

Yet ys me lefte the sighte of my resoun,
 To knowen frend fro foo in thy meroure,²
 So moche hath yet thy turning up and doun
 Ytaughte me to knowen in an houre;
 But trewely no force of thy reddoure³
 To him that over himselfe hath the maistrye,
 My suffisaunce shal be my socoure,
 For fynally Fortune I dyffye.

O Socrates, thou stedfast champion,
 She mighte never be thy turmentoure,
 Thow never drested hir oppression,
 Ne in hir chere fonde thou noo savoure;
 Thow knewe wel the deceyt of hir coloure,
 And that hir mooste worshippe is to lye;
 I knowe hir eke a fals dissimuloure,
 For fynally Fortune I diffye.

LA RESPONS DU FORTUNE AU PLEINTIF.

No man is wreched but himselfe yt wene,
 And he that hath himselfe hath suffisaunce.
 Why seyst thow than I am to the so kene,
 That havest thy selfe out of my governaunce?

¹ This line is quoted by the Persone in his tale as 'a newe Frensche song.'—See vol. iv. p. 25.

² See also *The Romaunt of the Rose*, vol. vii. p. 185, note 3.

³ That is, 'Thy violence (*reueur*) is not to be accounted of by one who has the mastery over himself.'

Sey thus:—‘Graunt mercy of thyn habundaunce
That thou havest lent or this;’ thou shalt not strive.
What wooste thou yet how I thee wol avaançe?
And eke thou havest thy best frend alyve.

I have the taught divisioun betwene
Frend of effect, and frend of countenaunce.¹
The nedeth not the galle of noon hiene,²
That cureth even derke fro her penaunce;
Now seest thou clere that were in ignoraunce.
Yet halt thine ankre,³ and yet thou maist arrive
There bounty bereth the keye of my substaunce,
And eke thou havest thy best frend alyve.

How many have I refused to sustene,
Sith I have the fostred in thy plesaunce!
Wolt thou than maken a statute on thy quene,
That I shal ben aye at thin ordinaunce?
Thou borne art in my regne of variaunce,
Aboute the whele with other maist thou drive;
My loor ys bet, than wikke is thy grevaunce,⁴
And eke thou havest thy beste frend alyve.

LE PLEINTIF ENCOUNTRE FORTUNE.

Thy loor I dampne! hit is adversite!
My frend maist thou nat reve, blynde goddesse!
That I thy frende⁵ knowe, I thanke yt thee;
Take hem ageyn! let hem goo lie a-pressé!

¹ That is, ‘Friend in reality and friend in appearance only.’ This idea is taken from Boethius, and occurs before in the *Rom. of the Rose*.—See vol. vii. p. 185, note 3.

² It appears that the gall of a hyena was a cure for sore eyes.

³ ‘Your anchor still holdeth.’ The poet here compares the ‘best friend,’ to whom frequent allusion is made, to an anchor.

⁴ That is, ‘The wholesome lesson which I teach is sufficient to counterbalance the affliction you suffer.’

⁵ That is, ‘The friends whose friendship depends on the favours of Fortune to its object.’

The negardes in kepinge hir richesse,
 Pronostike ys thow wolt hire toure assayle;
 Wikke appetite cometh ay before sekenesse,¹
 In general this rule may nat fayle.

FORTUNE ENCOUNTRE LE PLEINTIF.

Thou pynchest at my mutabilite,
 For I thee lent a drope of my rychesse;
 And now me liketh to withdrawe me,
 Why shuldest thou my royaltee oppresse?
 The see may ebbe and flowe more and lesse;
 The welkene hath myghte to shine, reyn, and hayle;
 Right so mote I kythe my brotelnesse,
 In general this rule may nat fayle.

Loo, thexecucion of the Mageste
 That alle purveyth of hys ryghtwisnesse,
 That same thing Fortune clepen ye,
 Ye blynde beestes ful of lewdenesse!
 The hevене hath property of sikernesse;
 This world hath ever restelesse travayle;
 The last day ys ende of myne interesse,²
 In general this rule may nat fayle.

LENVOYE DU FORTUNE.

Princes! I pray yow of your gentillesse
 Lat not thys man on me thus crie and pleyne,
 And I shal quyte yow this besynesse.
 And but yow liste releve him of his peyne,
 Prayeth ye his best frende of his noblesse,
 That to some better estate he may atteyne.³

¹ That is, 'Their niggardliness [negardes] in not imparting their riches to the poet is a prognostic that Fortune is about to become their enemy, just as an unnaturally greedy appetite is an omen of approaching sickness.'

² *Interesse* appears to be a noun formed from the Lat. *interesse*, to have a part in a business. Fortune says that she will not cease to have a part in the affairs of men till the final day of doom, when all shall be judged by their merits.

³ Who this best friend may have been it is impossible to determine:

A GOODLY BALLADE OF CHAUCER.

MOTHER of norture, best beloved of alle,
 And freshe floure, to whom good thrift God
 Your child, if it luste you me so to calle, [sende!
 Al be I unable my selfe so to pretende,
 To your discrecion I recomende
 Mine herte and al, with every circumstance,
 Al holly to be under your governaunce.

Most desire I, and have and ever shal,
 Thing which might your hertes ese amende;
 Have me excused, my power is but smal;
 Nathelesse, of right, ye oughte to commende
 My goode wille, which faine wolde entende
 To do you service; for al my suffisaunce
 Is holy to be under your governaunce.

Mieux un in herte which never shal appalle,¹
 Aye freshe and new, and right glad to dispende
 My time in your service, what so befallé,
 Beseching your excellence to defende
 My simplenesse, if ignoraunce offende
 In any wise; sith that mine affiaunce,
 Is holy to been under your governaunce.

Daisye of light, very ground of comfort,²
 The Sunnes doughter ye highte, as I rede;
 For whan he westreth, farwel your disport!
 By your nature anone, right for pure drede

it may have been John of Gaunt, Edward III., Richard II., or Henry IV. The poem is evidently a delicate form of petition to him, whoever he may be, and to the Council, for promotion or pecuniary assistance.

¹ That is, 'Better one whose love will never pall,' or become changed by fruition.

² The lady's name was evidently Margaret, which means in French a daisy, perhaps the Lady Margaret, Countess of Pembroke, the great patroness of learning.—See vol. iv. p. 250, note 2.

Of the rude night that with his boistous wede
Of darkenesse shadoweth our emispere,
Than closen ye, my lives ladie dere!

Dawening the Day to his kinde resort,
And Phebus your father with his stremes rede
Adorneth the morrow, consuming the sort
Of mistie cloudes that wolden overlede
Trewe humble hertes with hir mistyhede,
Nere comfort a-dayes, whan¹ eyen clere
Disclose and sprede my lives ladye dere,

Je vouldray—but grete God disposeth
And maketh casuel, by his providence,
Suche thing as mannes frele witte purposeth,
Al for the best, if that your conscience
Not grucche it, but in humble pacience
It receive: for God seyth, withoute fable,
A feythful² herte ever is acceptable.

Cautels who so useth gladly, gloseth;
To eschewe soch it is right high prudence;
What ye sayd ones mine herte opposeth,
That my writing japes in your absence
Plesed you moche better thanne my presence:
Yet can I more; ye be not excusable,
A faithfull herte ever is acceptable.

Quaketh my penne; my spirit supposeth
That in my writing ye fynde wol some offence;
Min herte welkeneth thus; anon it riseth;

¹ If we read *of the daye*, instead of *a dayes*, and *whos* instead of *whan*, this stanza will become intelligible. It will then mean, 'As soon as Day rises into his natural place, and your father Phœbus adorns the morning with his rosy beams, consuming the throng of clouds which, were it not for the comfort of Day, whose clear eyes disclose my lady dear to my sight, would overlade true hearts with their mistiness, I would—' The poet here breaks off by an expressive aposiopesis.

² The allusion is to the promises made in the New Testament to the Christian grace of faith.

Now hotte, now colde, and efte in fervence:¹
 That misse is, is caused of negligence,
 And not of malice; therefore beth merciabile;
 A faithfull herte ever is acceptable.

LENVOYE.

Forth compleynt! forth lacking eloquence!
 Forth little letter, of enditing lame!
 I have besought my ladies sapience
 Of thy behalfe, to accept in game
 Thine inabilityie; doe thou the same:
 Abide! have more yet!—Je serve Joyesse.
 Now forth I close thee in holy Venus name!
 Thee shall uncloze my hertes governeresse.

BALLADE SENT TO KING RICHARD.

SOMETYME this worlde was so stedfast and stable,
 That mannis worde was holde obligacioun;²
 And nowe it is so fals and deseivable,
 That worde and werke, as in conclusioun,
 Been noothyng oon; for turnid up so downe
 Is all this worlde, thorowe mede and wylfulness,³
 That al is loste for lacke of stedfastnesse.

What make this worlde to be so variable
 But luste, that folke have in dissension?
 For nowe adayes a man is holde unable,

¹ Compare vol. i. p. 137, note 4.

² It appears that even in the fourteenth century there were persons who lamented the degeneracy of modern days, and sighed for a return of the 'good old times.'

³ That is, 'Through the prevalence of bribery and wilfulness.'

But yf he can, by some collusion,
 Do his neyghboure wronge or oppression.
 What causithe this but wilful wrecchednesse,
 That al is loste for lack of stedfastnesse?

Trowthe is put downe, resoun is holden fable;
 Vertu hathe nowe no dominacion;
 Pite exiled, no wight is merciablen;
 Thorowe covetyse is blente discrecion;
 The worlde hathe made permutacion
 From right to wronge, from trowthe to fekylnesse,
 That al is lost for lacke of stedfastnesse.

LENVOYE.

O Prince desire to be honourable;
 Cherishe thy folke, and hate extorcioun;
 Suffre noothing that may be reprovablen
 To thyn estate, done in thy regyoun;¹
 Shewe forthe the sworde of castigacioun;
 Drede God, do lawe, love thorow worthinesse,
 And wedde thi folke² ageyne to stedfastnesse.

EXPLICIT.

THE COMPLEYNT OF CHAUCER TO HIS PURSE.³

TO yow my purse and to noon other wighte
 Complayne I, for ye be my lady dere!
 I am so sory now that ye been lyghte,

¹ That is, 'Suffer not anything prejudicial to thine estate to be done,' &c.

² The Harl. MS., 7333, reads, *drive thi peple*; the reading in the text, which is much better, is from Fairfax MS. 16.

³ In the Harl. MS. 7333, this little poem is called *A Supplicacion to King Richard, by Chaucer*, but the *Envoy* manifestly applies to Henry IV. If, therefore, it be really Chaucer's, it must have been written in the last year of his life, just after the accession of his patron's son, when we know he was in difficulties.—See *Life*, vol. i. p. 30.

For, certes yf ye make me hevychere,
 Me were as leef be layde upon my bere.
 For whiche unto your mercy thus I crye,
 Beeth hevychere, or elles mote I die!

Now voucheth sauf this day, or hyt be nyghte,
 That I of yow the blissful sounne may here,
 Or see your colour lyke the sunne bryghte,
 That of yelownesse hadde never pere.
 Ye be my lyf! ye be myn hertys stere!
 Quene of comfort and good companye!
 Beth hevychere, or elles moote I dye!

Now, purse! that ben to me my lyves lyghte,
 And saveour as doune in this worlde here,
 Oute of this tounne helpe me thurgh your myghte,
 Syn that you wole not bene my tresorere;
 For I am shave as nye as is a frere.¹
 But I pray unto your curtesye,
 Beth hevychere, or elles moote I dye!

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER.

O conquerour of Brutes Albion,²
 Whiche that by lygne and free election,
 Been verray Kyng,³ this song to yow I sende,
 And ye that mowen alle myn harme amende,
 Have mynde upon my supplicacion.

¹ That is, 'I am as bare of money as the tonsure of a friar is of hair,'—a very ludicrous simile.

² In Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, which professes to be translated from an ancient British original, the British are said to be descended from the fugitive Trojans, who, under a chief of the name of Brutus, took refuge in this island. From this Brutus the line of British kings is traced to Cadwallader, who flourished in the seventh century after Christ. The Poet here calls England *Brutes Albion*, or Brutus' Albion, as being its most ancient and honourable title.

³ In Henry IV.'s proclamation to the people of England he founds his title on conquest, hereditary right, and election; and from this inconsistent and absurd document Chaucer no doubt took his cue.

GOOD COUNSEIL OF CHAUCER.¹

FLEE fro the pres, and duelle with sothfastnesse;
 Sufficé the² thy good though hit be smale;
 For horde³ hath hate, and clymyng tikelnesse,
 Pres hath envye, and wele is blent over alle.⁴
 Savoure no more then the behové shalle;⁵
 Rede wel thy self that other folke canst rede,
 And trouthe the shal delyver, hit ys no drede.

Peyné the not eche croked to redresse
 In trust of hire that turneth as a balle,⁶
 Greté rest stant in lytil besynesse;⁷
 Bewar also to spurne ayeine an nalle,⁸
 Stryve not as doth a croké with a walle;⁹
 Daunt thy selfe that dauntest otheres dede,¹⁰
 And trouthe the shal delyver, hit is no drede.

¹ This interesting little poem is found in the Cottonian collection, marked Otho, A. xviii., where it is said to have been made by Chaucer, 'upon his death-bed, lying in his anguish.'

² The printed editions read, 'Suffice unto thy good,' which is nonsense. 'Suffice the thy good' means 'Let thy fortune be sufficient for thee,' i.e. 'Be content.'

³ *Horde* means treasure; but it is certainly not true that riches make men hated.

⁴ 'Wealth or prosperity is liable above all things to blind people to their real situation.' This sentiment has occurred before in *The Romaunt of the Rose* and the *Ballade de Vilage sauns Peynture*.

⁵ *Savoure*, like the old French *savourer*, means to taste. The passage then will signify, 'Be not greedy' to taste more pleasure than behoves thee.'

⁶ *Scil.* Fortune.

⁷ This is one form of the proverb, 'Of little meddling cometh great ease.'

⁸ 'Take care not to kick against a nail.' This was an old proverb at the time of St. Paul's conversion; for it is applied in Acts ix. to his attempt to oppose himself to the Church of Christ. Here we have an example of the manner in which the *n* of the indefinite article is sometimes transferred to the succeeding word, as an initial *n* is also often transferred to the indefinite article. An alle (an awl) becomes a nalle or a nail, or *vice versâ*.

⁹ This is one form of Æsop's fable of the brazen and earthen pots.

¹⁰ The printed editions read *deme* and *demest*, meaning judge and judgest; but *daunt*, meaning control (French *dompter*) is perhaps better.

That the ys sent receyve in buxomnesse,
 The wrasteling of this world asketh a falle;¹
 Her is no home, her is but wyldyrnesse.
 Forth pilgrime! forth best out of thy stalle!
 Loke up on hye, and thonke God of alle;
 Weyve thy lust, and let thy goste the lede,²
 And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.

A BALLADE.

THE firste fadir and fyndr of gentilnesse,³
 What man desirith gentil for to be,
 Most followe his trace, and alle his wittes dresse,
 Vertue to shew, and vices for to flee;
 For unto vertu longeth dignitee,
 And nought the revers, savely dar I deme,
 Al were he miter, corone or diademe.

This first stoke was ful of rightwisnesse,
 Trewe of his worde, sober, pitous and free,
 Clene of his gooste and lovid besynesse,
 Ageynste the vice of slowthe in honeste;
 And but his heire love vertu as did he,
 He nis not gentil though him riché seme,
 Al were he miter, corone or diademe.

Vice may well be heyre to olde richesse,
 But there may no man, as ye may wel see,
 Byquethe his sone his vertuous noblesse;

¹ The poet says that inasmuch as this life is confessedly a contest or wrestling-match, you must expect to receive a fall, or reverse.

² That is, 'Let thy spirit (goste), not thy appetite, lead thee.'

³ By 'the firste fadir and fyndr of gentilnesse' the poet seems to mean Christ. Compare *Wyf of Bathes Tale*, vol. ii. p. 82, 'Crist wol we clayme of himoure gentillesse.' Instead of *The firste fadir and fynder*, Speght, in the poem by Scogan, in which this piece is introduced, reads, *The first stock-father*.—See *ante*, p. 127.

That is appropierid to no degree,
 But to the firste Fader in Magestee, [queme,
 Whiche maketh His heires hem that doone Him
 Al were he miter, corone or diademe.

EXPLICIT

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A SCOGAN.¹

TO-BROKEN been the statutes hye in hevене,
 That creat weren eternally to dure,
 Syth that I see the bryghte goddis sevене
 Mowe wepe² and wayle, and passion endure,
 As may in erthe a mortale creature:
 Allas! fro whennes may thys thinge procede?
 Of whiche errour I deye almost for drede.

By word eterne whilome was yshape,
 That fro the fyfte sercle in no manere,
 Ne myght a drope of teeres doune eschape;

¹ For some account of Scogan see *ante*, p. 127.

² The poet here supposes that the great rain which fell in the year 1348, and which was supposed to have produced the pestilence that devastated Europe at this period, was caused by the tears of the planets. The rain is thus described by Fabian:—'And in this xxiii. yere [*scil.*, of Edward III.] fell great continuall rayne, from Mydsomer to Christmas, whereof ensued exceedinge floodes. By reason whereof the grounde was sore corrupted, so that dyvers inconveniencences ensued upon the same, as sykenesse and other, as in the yeres followinge shall appear. . . . And aboute the ende of August the mortalitie began in dyvers places of Englande, and specially at London, and so continued to the saide month of August next ensuing.'—FABIAN, *Chronicle*, Anno 1348. There seems to be here some confusion of dates; for the rain is said to have fallen in the twenty-third year of Edward III., that is, in 1350, whereas it is recorded under the year 1348. This arises probably from the uncertainty attached to the time of Edward III.'s accession consequent upon the mysterious murder of his father. The pestilence of 1348, which extended over Europe, was supposed at the time to have been occasioned by an extraordinary conjunction of Saturn with the other planets, a phenomenon which occurs scarcely once in a thousand years, and to which the poet refers in saying that 'the statutes hye in hevене' are 'to-broken.'

But now so wepeth Venus in hir spere,
 That with hir teres she wol drenche us here.
 Allas! Scogan this is for thyn offence!
 Thou causest this deluge of pestilence.

Havest thou not seyde in blasphemie of this goddis,
 Thurgh pride, or thurgh thy grete rekennesse,
 Swich thing as in the lawe of love forbode is,
 That for thy lady sawgh nat thy distresse,
 Therefore thou yave hir up at Mighelmesse?
 Allas, Scogan! of olde folke ne yonge,
 Was never erst Scogan blamed for his tonge.¹

Than drowe in skorne Cupide eke to recorde
 Of thilke rebel worde that thou hast spoken,
 For which he wol no lenger be thy lorde;
 And, Scogan, though his bowe be nat broken,
 He wol nat with his arwes been ywroken
 On thee ne me, ne noon of youre figure;
 We shul of him have neyther hurte nor cure,

Now certes, frend, I drede of thyn unhappe,
 Lest for thy gilte the wreche of love procede
 On alle hem that ben hoor and rounde of shappe,
 That ben so lykely folke to spede,
 Than shal we for oure laboure have noo mede;
 But wel I wot thou wolt answere and saye,
 'Loo, olde Grisel lyste to rynne and pley!'²

Nay, Scogan, say not soo, for I mexcuse,
 God helpe me so, in no ryme douteles;
 Ne thynke I never of slepe to wake my muse,

¹ An allusion, probably, to Scogan's wit.

² The poet, in this stanza, seems to say that he is afraid lest the vengeance of the God of Love for Scogan's blasphemy may fall on himself and all, who, like Scogan, are corpulent and hoary. The host in *The Canterbury Tales* twits the poet with his stoutness; but, if the date of this poem be 1348, Chaucer could have been only 21 when it was written.

That rusteth in my shethe stille in pees;
 While I was yonge I put her forth in prees;
 But alle shal passe that men prose or rime,
 Take every man hys turne as for his time.

Scogan, thou knelest at the stremes hede¹
 Of grace, of alle honour, and of worthynesse.
 In th'ende² of which streme I am dul as dede,
 Forgete in solytary wildernesse;
 Yet, Scogan, thenke on Tullius' kyndenesse;³
 Mynde thy frende there it may fructifye,
 Farewel, and loke thow never eft love dyffie.

EXPLICIT.

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER A BUKTON.⁴

My maister, Bukton, whanne of Christ oure king,
 Was asked, what is troth or sothfastnesse?⁵
 He not a worde answerde to that asking,
 As who seyth, no man is al true, I gesse;
 And therfor, though I highte to expresse
 The sorrow and wo that is in mariage,
 I dar not writen of it no wikkednesse,
 Lest I my selfe falle efte in swiche dotage.

¹ Opposite to this, in the margin of the Fairfax MS., is written 'i. a Wyndesor.'

² Opposite to this word is written 'i. a Greenwich.' The meaning of the passage, therefore, is that Scogan lived at the Court of Windsor, while Chaucer was residing at Greenwich, farther from the source of favour, just as Greenwich is farther than Windsor from the source of the Thames.

³ The friendship inculcated by Cicero in his *De amicitia*.

⁴ On these stanzas Tyrwhitt observes:—'From the reference to the Wyf of Bathe, I should suppose it to be one of our author's latter compositions; and I find that there was a Peter de Bukton, the King's escheator for the county of York, in 1397.'—*Pat.* 20 R. II. p. 2, m. 3 *apud* Bymer.

⁵ John xviii. 38.

I wol not seye how that it is the cheyne
 Of Sathanas, on which he gnaweth ever;
 But I dar seyn, were he oute of his peyne,
 As by his wille he wolde be bounde nevere.
 But thilke doted foole that ofte hath levere
 Ycheyned be than out of prison crepe
 God lete him never fro his woo dissevere,
 Ne no man him bewayle though he wepe!

But yet lest thow do worse, take a wyfe;
 Bet ys to wedde than burne in worse wise,¹
 But thow shalt have sorwe on thy flessch thy lyfe,
 And ben thy wyfes thral, as seyn these wise.
 And yf that hooly writte may not suffyse,
 Esperience shal the teche, so may happe,
 That the were lever to be take in Frise,
 Than eft falle of weddyng in the trappe.

This lytel written proverbes or figure
 I sende yow, take kepe of hyt I rede!
 Unwise is he that kan noo wele endure.
 If thow be siker, put the not in drede.
 The wyfe of Bathe I pray yow that ye rede
 Of this matere that we have on honde.
 God graunte yow your lyfe frely to lede
 In fredom, for ful harde is to be bonde.

EXPLICIT.

PROVERBES OF CHAUCER.²

WHAT sulde these clothes thus manyfolde,
 Loo, this hooete somers day?
 After greet hete cometh colde;
 No man kaste his pilche³ away.

¹ 1 Cor. vii. 9.

² Only the first two stanzas are given in the printed editions; but in the MSS. which have been consulted for the present text, the rest follow without any distinction.

³ A *pilche* is a pelisse, or cloak, made or trimmed with fur. It is

Of alle this worlde the large compas
 It wil not in myn armes tweyne;
 Whoo so mochel wille enbrace,
 Litel thereof he shal distreyne.

The worlde so wide, the eyre so remuable,
 The sely man so litel of stature;
 The grone of grownde¹ and clothinge so mutable,
 The feer so hooete and sotel of nature,
 The water never in oon—what creature
 That made is of these foure thus flittyng,²
 May stedfast be, as here, in his lyvyng?

The more I goo the ferther I am behynde,
 The ferther behinde the nere my werres ende;
 The more I seche the werse can I fynde;
 The lighter leve, the lother for to wende;³
 The better I lyve, the more oute of mynde;
 Is this fortune not⁴ I, or infortune;
 Though I goo loos, tyed am I with a loynne.⁵

EXPLICIT.

ROUNDEL.

I.

I

YOURE two eyn will sle me sodenly,
 I may the beaute of them not sustene,
 So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

derived from the Latin *pellis*, a skin, quasi *toga pelliceus*.—See Junius in voc.

The Fairfax MS. reads *The grove and grounde*. Both readings seem equally unintelligible.

² It was supposed that man was composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. This belief is alluded to by Shakspeare in his 44th and 45th Sonnets.—See *Shaks. Poems*, Annot. Ed., p. 174.

³ That is, 'The more likely to leave this world, the less willing.'

⁴ That is, 'I know not.'

⁵ The poet probably means that he is married.—See *L'Envoy de Chaucer a Bukton*.

2

And but your words will helen hastily
 My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
 Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3

Upon my trowth I sey yow feithfully,
 That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quenē,
 For with my deth the trowth shal be sene.
 Youre two, &c.

II.

1

So hath youre beaute fro your herte chased
 Pitee, that me n'availeth not to pleyne;
 For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;
 I sey yow soth, me needeth not to fayn;
 So hath your beaute fro your herte chased, &c.

3

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
 So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
 To mercy, though he stewe for the peyn.
 So hath youre beaute, &c.

III.

1

SYN I fro love escaped am so fat,
 I nere thinke to ben in his prison tene;
 SYN I am fre, I counte him not a bene.

2

He may answer, and sey this and that,
 I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.¹

3

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
 And he is strike out of my bokes clene
 For ever mo, ther² is non other mene.
 Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

VIRELAI.³

ALONE walking,
 In thought plaining,
 And sore sighing,
 All desolate,
 Me remembring
 Of my living,
 My death wishing
 Both early and late.
 Infortunate
 Is so my fate
 That, wote ye what?
 Out of measure
 My life I hate:
 Thus desperate,
 In such poor estate,
 Do I endure.

¹ The poet often alludes to his corpulence.—See *ante*, p. 146, note 2, and vol. iii. p. 115, note 2. This *embonpoint* was quite contrary to mediæval rules of gallantry.—See vol. iv. p. 148, note 1.

² This, MS.

³ This species of lyric was fashionable in Chaucer's time. We have among Froissart's poetical works *virelaies* and *rondeaus*.

Of other cure
 Am I not sure;
 Thus to endure
 Is hard certain;
 Such is my ure,
 I you ensure;
 What creature
 May have more pain?
 My truth so plain
 Is taken in vain,
 And great disdain
 In remembraunce;
 Yet I full fain
 Would me complain,
 Me to abstain
 From this penaunce.
 But in substaunce,
 None allegeaunce
 Of my grevaunce
 Can I not find;
 Right so my chaunce,
 With displesaunce,
 Doth me avaunce;
 And thus an end.

CHAUCER'S PROPHECY.¹

QWAN prestis faylin in her sawes,
 And Lordis turnin Goddis lawes
 Ageynis ryt;

¹ In Sir Harris Nicolas's edition of Chaucer's works the following notice is prefixed to these lines:—'The Lines entitled *Chaucer's Prophecy* were found, with the following Variations, on the fly-leaf of a miscellaneous old MS. containing *The Meditations of St. Anselm*, and other devotional Pieces in Latin. The date at the end of the Volume,

And lecherie is holdin as privy solas,
 And robberie as fre purchas,
 Bewar than of ille!

Than schall the Lond of Albion
 Turnin to confusion,
 As sumtyme it befelle.¹

*Ora pro Anglia Sancta Maria, quod Thomas
 Cantuarua.*

Sweete Jhesu heven-king
 Fayr and beste of all thyng
 You bring us owt of this morning
 To come to the at owre ending.

but in a different hand, is M.CCC.LXXXI.' Speght's version, which runs as follows, differs materially :—

'When faith faileth in Prestes sawes,
 And lordes hestes are holden for lawes,
 And robberie is holden purchace,
 And lecherie is holden solace ;
 Then shall the londe of Albion
 Be brought to great confusion.'

This will remind the reader of the prophecy in *Lear* :—

'When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No hereticks burned, but wenches' suitors ;
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.'

Mysterious prophecies, of which the foregoing is a parody, are very common to this day among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland. Sir W. Scott gives many examples in his notes on Thomas the Rhymer. —See *Border Mins.* vol. iv.

CHAUCER'S WORDS UNTO HIS OWN SCRIVENER.

ADAM Scrivener, if ever it thee befalle,
 Boece or Troilus for to write new,
 Under thy long locks¹ thou maist have the scalle,
 But after my making thou write more trew!
 So oft a day I mote thy werke renew,
 It to correct and eke to rubbe and scrape;
 And all is thorow thy negligence and rape.²

 INCIPIT ORATIO GELFRIDI CHAUCER.

ORISOUNE TO THE HOLY VIRGIN.

MODER of God, and virgin undefould,
 O blisful quene, our quenis emperice!³
 Preye thou for me that am in syn ymould,
 Oneto thi sone, the punysar of vice,
 That of his mercy, thocht⁴ that I be nyce
 And neclegent in keping of his law,
 His hie mercy my soule onto him drawe.

'Thou moder of mercy, wey of indulgence,
 That of al wertu art superlatif!
 Saviour of saulis, throw thi benevolence!
 O humyll lady, mayde, moder, and wyve!
 Causar of pes, strynthar⁵ of woe and strive!

¹ In Edward the Third's time the hair was parted in the middle, and worn long, and curled over the ears and round the back of the head, as may be seen in brasses of the period.

² If the English language was in such an unsettled state that Chaucer's secretary could not write his poetry correctly under the immediate direction of the poet himself, what can we expect of those who were removed from his time by twenty or thirty years?

³ The orison may possibly have been composed for Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., as Chaucer's *A.B.C.* was for the Duchess of Lancaster. This may explain the allusion in the text.

⁴ *Thocht* is for *though*.

⁵ *Strynthar* is probably a mistake for *stynter*, or *stinter*, one who stints, or puts a stop to.

My prayer to thi sone that thou present,
Sene of my gilt hooly I me rapent.

‘ Benyng comfort of us wrecches alle [waye]!
Be at myn ending quhen that I sall deye.
O well of piete, oneto the I call,
Fulfillit of sweitnes, help me for to weye
Agane the feynd, that with his handis tweye
And al his myght wil pluk at the ballance
To wey us downe, kep us from his mischance.¹

‘ And for thou art ensample of chastite,
And of alle vyrtuis, worschip, and honour,
Above all women blisset mot thou be!
Now speik, now prey, unto our Salviour,
That he me send swych grace and favour
That al the heit and byrnyng licherie
He slok in me, blissit madene Marye!

‘ Most blissit lady, cleir licht of the day!
Tempil of our lord, and woce² of all gudnes!
That by thi prayer wipeth clene away
The filth of our soulis wikitnes!
Put furth thi hond; help me in my distres,
And fro temptacioun, lady, deliver me
Of wikit thoght, for thi benignite.

‘ So that the wille fulfillit be of thi sone,
And that the Holi Gost he me illumyn,
Prey thou for us, as evir hes bene the wone,
Al swich emprice sekerly bene thin;
For swich an advocat may no man devin,
As thou, lady, our grevis to redres;
In thi refuce is all our sekernes.

¹ Probably an allusion to the mediæval pictures of the doom, which used generally to be placed over the chancel-arch. In these the souls of men are represented as weighed in a balance, and the fiends as endeavouring to make them kick the beam by weighing down the opposite scale.

² *Woce* is perhaps a mistake for *wone*, dwelling.

‘Thou schapin art be Goddis ordinaunce,
 To prey for us, flour of humilite!
 Quhairfor of thin office have remembraunce,
 Lest that the feynd, throw his subtilite,
 That in await lyeth for to catch me,
 Me never overcum with his trechery;
 Unto my soule-hele,¹ lady, thou me gy.

‘Thou art the way of our redemcioun,
 For Crist of the dedeny² for to tak
 Both flesch and blood, to this entencioun,
 Upone a croce to dyene for our sak:
 His precius deth maid the feyndis quaik,
 And cristin folk for to rejosene ever;
 Help, from his mercy that we nocht dissevir!

‘Remember eik upone the sorow and peyne,
 That thou sufferit in to his passioun,
 Quhen watter and blud out of thin ene tweyn,
 For sorow of him, ran by thi chekis doune;
 And sone thou knowest weil the enchesone
 Of his duing was for to saif mankind;
 Thou moder of mercy, have that in thi mynd.

‘Weil ouchtene we thee worschip and honour,
 Palace of Crist, floure of virginite!
 Seing that upone the was laid the cure,
 To bere the Lord of hevin, of erth, and see,
 And of alle thingis that formyt ever myght be;
 Of hevynis king thou was predestinat,
 To hele our saulis of thyn sic hie estait.

‘Thy madynis wambe, in quich that our Lord lay;
 Thy pappis quhit, that gaf him souk also
 Unto our sauffing, blissit be thou ay!

¹ *Soule-helle* in the MS. *Soule-hele* means health of my soul, *scil.* Christ. ‘Lady, guide me to my soul’s health.’

² We ought, perhaps, to read *dedenyt not*, as in the *Te Deum*, ‘Thou didst not abhor the Virgin’s womb.’

The birth of Crist our thraldome put us fro;
 Joy and honour be now and evir moo
 To him and the, that unto liberte
 Fra thraldome have us brot; blessit be ye!

'By the, lady, ymaked is the pes
 Betwix angellis and man, it is no dout;
 Blissit be God, that swich a moder ches,
 The passing bounte spredeth all about:
 Thoght that our hertis sterne be and stout,
 Thou cast to Crist befor us swich a meyne,¹
 That all our gilt forgevin be us clene.

'Paradice yettis² alle open bene throu the,
 And brokin bene the yettis ek of helle;
 By the the waurld restorit is, pardee;
 Of al wertu thou art the spring and welle;
 By thee, al gudnes, schortlie for to tell,
 In hevin and erth be thine ordinaunce
 Performet is our saulis sustenaunce.

'Now, sene thou art of swich autorite,
 Thou petius lady and virgin vainles,³
 Pray thi dier sone my gilt forgeve it me,
 Of the request I now wil doutles:⁴
 Than spare not to put the furth in pres,⁵
 To prey for us, Cristis moder so deir!
 For thi prayer he will beneyngly heir.

¹ *Meyne* appears to signify *mean*, or mediation.

² This is spelt *zettis* in *Notes and Queries*; but the modern *y* rather than *z* represents the mediæval letter.

³ *Vainles* is evidently a mistake for *wemles*, undefiled.

⁴ In *Notes and Queries* this line stands thus:—

'Of the request I know wel doutles.'

This is evidently a mistake of the scribe, who appears to have misunderstood the passage in consequence of its inverted construction. The meaning is, 'I now will doubtless request of thee to pray thy dear son to forgive me my guilt.'

⁵ 'To put yourself forward in the crowd.' The expression occurs in *The Assembly of Foules*, vol. iv. p. 213, note 1.

‘Apostil and frend familiar of Crist,
 And virgin, ychose of him, sanct Johne!
 Schynyng apostle and evangelist,
 And best belovit amangis thame ichone!
 With our lady, I pray the, thou be one,
 That onto Crist sal for us alle preye;
 Do this for us, Cristis darling, I seye!

‘Mary and Johnne, O hevynis gemmis tweyne!
 O lichtis twoo, schynyng in the presence
 Of our Lord God, now doth your lusty peyne,
 To wesche away our cloude full of offence,
 So that we mycht maken resistance
 Agane the feynd, and mak him to bewaile,
 That your prayer may us so moche availle.

‘Ye bene the twoo, I know weraly,
 In quich the fader God can edefy,
 By his Sone only-gottin, specially
 To him a hous;¹ quharfor to you I cry,
 Beeth leichis of our synfull malady,
 Prayeth to God, Lord of misericord,
 Our old giltis that he not record.

‘Be ye our help and our protection,
 Sene for mercy of your benignite,
 The prevelege of his dilectioun
 In you confermyt God upone the tre
 Hanging; and to one of you, said he
 Richt in this wys, as I rehers now can,
 ‘Behold and see, lo, heir thin sone, woman!’

‘And to that other, ‘Heir is thi moder too!’²
 Than pray I you for that great sweetnes
 Of the haly luf that God betwix you twoo
 With his mouth maid, and of his hie nobles
 Commandit hath you, throu his blissitnes,

¹ *Scil.* the church.

² John xix. 26, 27.

As moder and sone to help us in our neid
And for our synnis mak our hartis bleid.

‘Unto you tweyne now I my soule commend,
Mary and Johne, for my salvacioun,
Helpeth me that I my lif may mend,
Helpeth now that the habitacioun
Of the Holy Gost, our recreacioun,¹
Be in my hart now and evermor;²
And of my soule wesch away the sor.’³

‘EXPLICIT ORATIO GALFRIDI CHAUCEIR.’

¹ The Holy Ghost is called our recreacioun, as being the person of the Holy Trinity by whom Christians are created anew, or regenerated. John iii. 5.

² See 1 Cor. vi. 19.

³ From the orthography of this poem it is obvious that the writer of the MS. was a native of Scotland. Thus *qu* is used instead of *w*—as *quhen*, *quhich*, *quhairfor*, *quhit*, for when, which, wherefor, white; *a* is substituted for *o*—as *wambe*, *saulis*, for wombe, soules, or sowles; *s* for *sh*, or *sch*—as *sal* for shal, or schal. It will be observed that these are the same peculiarities which distinguish the dialect of the two clerks, Aleyn and Johan, in *The Reeves Tale*. This is an additional reason for believing that the Strother there mentioned as their native place is Strother in Fife, and not Langstrothdale in Yorkshire, as Whittaker supposes. Compare vol. i. p. 223, note 1, with Glossary *in voc. Strother*.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO CHAUCER.

INTRODUCTION.

IN all the early editions of Chaucer's works is a poem entitled *The Lamentation of Mary Magdalene*. To this title Speght adds the following note, by which he endeavours to identify it with that mentioned in *The Legende of Goode Women*;—'This treatise is taken out of Origen, where Mary Magdalene lamenteth the cruell death of her Saviour Christ.' Upon this Tyrwhitt observes:—'In *The Legende of Goode Women*, verse 427, he [Chaucer] says of himself that

He made also, gon is a grete while,
Origenes upon the Maudeleine'—

meaning, I suppose, a translation, into prose or verse, of the Homily *de Mariâ Magdalenâ*, which has been commonly, though falsely, attributed to Origen.—Vide *Opera Origenis*, Tom. ii. p. 291, Ed. Paris. 1604. I cannot believe that the poem entitled *The Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*, which is in all the editions of Chaucer, is really a work of his. It can hardly be considered as a translation, or even imitation, of the homily; and the composition, in every respect, is infinitely meaner than the worst of his genuine pieces.'

With Tyrwhitt's judgment on the comparative inferiority of the piece most readers will agree; but there are circumstances which render the internal evidence far from conclusive. In *The Legende of Goode Women* the poem on the subject of Mary Magdalen's sorrows is stated to have been written *gon is a grete while*, and therefore in the poet's youth, when his genius may be supposed to have been immature, and his style uncultivated by practice. This in some degree disposes of the argument against the authenticity of *The Lamentation*,

drawn from the meanness of the style, upon which Tyrwhitt relies, and leaves the circumstantial evidence, from its corresponding to the description in *The Legende of Goode Women*, combined with the unbroken tradition of all the editions, its full weight, which Tyrwhitt's opinion alone is not sufficient to counterbalance. *The Lamentation of Mary Magdalene* is, therefore, included in the present edition; together with another short poem entitled *A Praise of Women*, also rejected by Tyrwhitt on the ground of internal evidence, and the stanzas commencing 'Go forth King,' which are certainly not in Chaucer's manner, and have rather the air of one of Lydgate's solemn commonplaces. These pieces are distinguished from the productions of whose authenticity there exists no reasonable doubt, by being collected here under a separate head, and left to the judgment of the reader.

To these are added three short pieces published by Speght and all the early editors, and placed by them, together with *The Prophecy*, before *The Canterbury Tales*. They are not noticed at all by Tyrwhitt, who may possibly have overlooked them in consequence of their not appearing among the other poems, nor in the indices in Speght's and Urry's editions.

THE LAMENTATION OF MARY MAGDALENE.

PLONGED in the wawe of mortal distresse,
 Alas, for wo! to whom shall I complaine?
 Or who shall devoide this great heavinesse
 Fro me woful Mary, woful Magdaleine?
 My Lord is gon; alas! who wrought this trein?
 This sodain chaunce perseth my hart so depe,
 That nothing can I do but waile and wepe.

My Lord is gone that here in grave was laied;
 After his great passion and death cruell,
 Who hath him thus again betraied?
 Or what man here about can me tell
 Where he is become, the Prince of Israel,
 Jesus of Nazareth, my ghostly succour,
 My parfite love and hope of all honour?

What creature hath him hence caried?
 Or how might this so sodainly befall?
 I would I had here with him taried,
 And so should I have had my purpose all.
 I bought ointments full precious and royal,
 Wherewith I hoped his corps to han anointed,
 But he thus gone, my mind is dispointed.

While I therefore advertise and behold
 This pitous chaunce here in my presence,
 Full little marvaile though my hart be cold,
 Considring, lo, my Lordes absence.
 Alas! that I so full of negligence
 Should be found! bicause I come so late,
 All men may say I am infortunate.

Cause of my sorow you may understand,
Quia tulerunt dominum meum.
 An other is, that I ne may fonde,
 I wote nere, *Ubi posuerunt eum.*
 Thus I must bewayle *dolorem meum,*
 With hartie weping, I can no better deserve,
 Till death approach my hart for to kerve.

My hart opprest with sodaine aventure,
 By fervent anguish is be-wrapped so,
 That long this lyfe I may not endure,
 Soch is my paine, soch is my mortal wo;
 Neverthelesse to what party shall I go,
 In hope to find myne owne Turtill true,
 My lives joy, my soverain Lorde Jesu?

Sith all my joy that I call his presence
 Is thus removed, now I am full of mone;
 Alas! the while I made no providence,
 For this mishap; wherefore I sigh and grone.
 Succour to find to what place might I gon?
 Fain I would to some man my hart breake,
 I not to whom I may complaine or speake.

Alone here I stand full sory and full sad,
Which hoped to have seene my Lord and King,
Small cause have I to be merie or glad,
Remembryng this bitterfull departing.
In this world is no creature living,
That was to me so good and gracious,
His love also than gold more precious.

Full sore I sigh without comfort again,
There is no cure to my salvacion,
His brennyng love my hart so doth constrain;
Alas! here is a wofull permutacion,
Whereof I find no joy nor consolacion;
Therefore my payne all onely to confesse,
With death I feare wolle end my heavinesse.

This wo and anguish is intollerable,
If I bide here life can I not sustaine,
If I go hence my paines be uncurable,
Where him to find, I know no place certaine;
And thus I not of these things twaine,
Which I may take and which I may refuse,
My heart is wounded hereon to think or muse.

Awhile I shall stand in this mournyng,
In hope if any vision would appere,
That of my love might tell some good tidyng,
Which into joy might chaunge my wepyng chere;
I trust in his grace and his mercy dere,
But at the least though I therewith me kill,
I shall not spare to waile and wepe my fill.

And if that I die in soch aventure,
I can no more but welcome as my chaunce,
My bones shall rest here in this sepulture,
My lyfe, my death, is at his ordinaunce;
It shal be told in everlastyng remembraunce,
Thus to departe is to me no shame,
And also thereof I am nothyng to blame.

Hope against me hath her course itake,
 There is no more, but thus shall I die,
 I see right well my Lorde hath me forsake,
 But in my conceipt, cause know I none why.
 Though he be farre hence and nothyng nie,
 Yet my wofull hart after hym doth seeke,
 And causeth teares to ren down my cheeke.

Thinkyng, alas! I have lost his presence,
 Which in this world was all my sustenance,
 I cry and call with harty diligence;
 But there is no wight giveth attendance,
 Me to certifie of myne enquitance;
 Wherefore I will to all this world bewray,
 How that my Lord is slaine and borne away.

Though I mourne it is no great wonder,
 Sithe he is all my joy in speciall,
 And, now I thinke, we be so farre asonder,
 That him to see I feare never I shall;
 It helpeth no more after him to call,
 Ne after him to enquire in any coste;
 Alas! how is he thus gone and loste?

The Jewes, I thinke, full of misery,
 Set in malice, by their busie cure,
 With force and might with gilefull trechery,
 Hath entermined my Lordes sepulture,
 And borne away that precious figure,
 Leaving of it nothing; if they have doen so,
 Marred I am; alas! what shall I do?

With their vengeaunce insaciable,
 Now have they him entreated so,
 That to reporte it is to lamentable;
 They beate his body from toppe to the toe,
 Never man was borne that felt soch woe!
 They wounded him, alas! with all grevaunce,
 The blood doun reiled in most habundaunce.

The bloody rowes stremed doune over all,
 They him assayled so maliciously,
 With their scourges and strokes bestial,
 They spared not but smote incessantlie,
 To satisfie their malice they were full busie;
 They spit in his face, they smote here and there,
 He groned full sore, and sweate many a tere.

They crowned him with thornes sharp and kene,
 The vaines rent, the blood ran doun apace,
 With blood overcome were both his iyen,
 And bolne with strokes was his blessed face;
 They him entreated as men without grace,
 They kneeled to him, and made many a scorne,
 Like helhounds they have him all to-torne.

Upon a mighty crosse in length and brede,
 These turmentours shewed their cursednesse,
 They nailed him without pitie or drede,
 His precious blood brast out in largenesse,
 They strained him along as men mercilesse,
 The very jointes all, to mine apparence,
 Rived a sonder for their great violence.

Al this I beholding with mine iyen twain,
 Stode there beside with ruful attendaunce,
 And ever me thought he, being in that pain,
 Loked on me with deadly countenaunce,
 As he had said in his special remembraunce,
 Farwel, Magdalen! depart must I needs hens,
 My hart is *tanquam cera liquescens*.

Which ruful sight when I gan behold,
 Out of my witte I almost destraught,
 Tare my heere, my hands wrang and fold,
 And of that sight my hart dranke soch a draught
 That many a swouning there I caught;
 I brused my body falling on the ground,
 Whereof I fele many a grevous wound.

Then these wretches ful of al frowardnesse,
 Gave him to drinke eisel tempred with gall;
 Alas, that poison full of bitternesse
 My loves chere caused then to appall;
 And yet thereof might he not drinke at all,
 But spake these wordes as him thought best,
 Father of heaven, *consummatum est*.

Then kneeled I doune in paines outrage,
 Clipping the crosse within mine armes twain,
 His blood distilled doune on my visage,
 My clothes eke the droppes did distain,
 To have died for him I would full fain,
 But what should it avayle if I did so,
 Sith he is *suspensus in patibulo*?

Thus my Lord full dere was all disguised
 With blood, pain, and wounds many one,
 His veines brast, his joynts all to-rived,
 Partyng a sonder the flesh fro the bone;
 But I saw he hing not there alone,
 For *cum iniquis deputatus est*,
 Not like a man but lyke a leprus beest.

A blind knight men called Longias,
 With a speare aproched unto my souverain,
 Launsing his side full pitously, alas!
 That his precious hart he clave in twain,
 The purple blood eke fro the harts vain,
 Doune railed right fast in most ruful wise,
 With christal water brought out of Paradise.

When I beheld this woful passion,
 I wote not how by sodain aventure,
 My hart was peersed with very compassion,
 That in me remayned no life of nature,
 Strokes of death I felt without measure,
 My deaths wound I caught with wo opprest,
 And brought to point as my hart shuld brest.

The wound, hart, and blood of my darling,
Shal never slide fro my memoriall,
The bitter paines also of tourmenting,
Within my soule be graven principal;
The speare, alas! that was so sharpe withal,
So thrilled my heart as to my felyng,
That body and soule were at departyng.

As soone as I might I releved up againe,
My breth I coude not very well restore,
Felyng my selfe drowned in so great paine,
Both body and soule me thought wer all to-tore,
Violent falles greeved me right sore,
I wept, I bledde, and with my selfe I fared
As one that for his life nothing had cared.

I, lokyng up to that ruful roode,
Saw first the visage pale of that figure,
But so pitous a sight spotted with bloode,
Saw never yet no livyng creature,
So it exceeded the bounds of measure,
That mans mind with all his wits five,
Is nothing able that paine for to discrive.

Then gan I there min armes to unbrace,
Up lifyng my handes full mourningly,
I sighed and sore sobbed in that place,
Both heven and earth might have herd me crie,
Weping, and said, 'Alas!' incessauntly;
Ah my sweet hart, my ghostly paramour,
Alas, I may nat thy body socour!

O blessed Lord, how fierse and how cruell,
These cursed wights now hath thee slaine,
Kerving, alas! thy body everidell,
Wound within wound, full bitter is thy paine;
Now wold that I might to thee attaine,
To nayle my body fast unto thy tree,
So that of this payne thou might go free.

I can not report ne make no rehersaile,
Of my demening with the circumstaunce,
But well I wote the speare with every naile
Thirled my soule by inward resemblaunce,
Which never shall out of my remembraunce ;
During my lyfe it wol cause me to waile,
As oft as I remembre that bataile.

Ah! ye Jewes, worse than dogges rabiate,
What moved you thus cruelly him to aray?
He never displeased you nor caused debate,
Your love and true harts he coveyted aye,
He preched, he teched, he shewed the right way ;
Wherfore ye, like tyrants wood and wayward,
Now have him thus slaine for his reward.

Ye ought to have remembred one thing special,
His favour, his grace, and his magnificence,
He was your prince borne and Lord over all,
How be it ye toke him in small reverence ;
He was ful meke in suffring your offence,
Nevertheles ye devoured him with one assent,
As hungry wolves doth the lambe innocent.

Where was your pite, O people mercilesse,
Arming your selfe with falsheed and treason?
On my lord ye have shewed your woodnesse,
Like no men, but beestes without reason,
Your malice he suffred al for the season,
Your payne wol come, thinke it not to slacke,
Man without mercy of mercie shall lacke.

O ye traitours and maintainers of madnesse,
Unto your foly I ascribe all my paine!
Ye have me deprived of joy and gladnesse,
So dealing with my Lord and souveraine ;
Nothing shuld I need thus to complaine,
If he had lived in peace and tranquillite,
Whom ye have slaine through your inquite.

Farewel, your noblenesse that sometime did rain!
Farewel, your worship, glory, and fame!
Hereafter to live in hate and disdain,
Marvaile ye not for your trespase and blame;
Unto shame is tourned all your good name,
Upon you now woll wonder every nation,
As people of most vile reputation.

These wicked wretches, these hounds of hell,
As I have told playne here in this sentence,
Were not content my dere love thus to quell,
But yet they must embesile his presence,
As I perceyve by covert violence,
They have him conveyed to my displeasure,
For here is lafte but naked sepulture.

Wherfore of trowth and rightful judgement,
That their malice againe may be acquitted,
After my verdite and avisement,
Of false murdre they shall be endited,
Of theft also which shall not be respited;
And in al hast they shal be hanged and draw,
I wol my selfe plede this cause in the law.

Alas! if I with trewe attendaunce,
Had still abidden with my Lordes corse,
And kept it still with trewe perseveraunce,
Than had not befall this wofull devorse;
But as for my paine, welcome and no force,
This shal be my songe where so ever I go,
Departing is ground of all my wo.

I see right well now in my paines smart,
There is no wound of so grevous dolour,
As is the wound of my carefull hart,
Sithe I have lost thus my paramour,
Al sweetnesse is tourned in to sour,
Mirth to my heart nothing may convey,
But he that beareth thereof both locke and key.

The joy excellent of blisshed paradise,
 May me, alas! in no wise comferte,
 Song of angel nothing may me suffise,
 As in min harte now to make disporte,
 Al I refuse but that I might resorte
 Unto my love, the well of goodliheed,
 For whose longing I trowe I shall be deed.

Of painful labour and tourment corporall,
 I make thereof none exception,
 Paines of hell I wol passe over all,
 My love to find in mine affection,
 So great to him is my delectacion,
 A thousand times martred would I bee,
 His blessed body ones if I might see.

About this world so large in all compasse,
 I shal not spare to renne my life during,
 My feet also shall not rest in one place,
 Til of my love I may heare some tiding,
 For whose absence my hands now I wring;
 To thinke on him cease shal never my mind,
 O gentil Jesu! where shall I thee find?

Jerusalem I wol serch place fro place,
 Sion, the vale of Josaphath also,
 And if I find him not in al this space,
 By mount Olivet to Bethany wol I go;
 These wayes wol I wander and many mo,
 Nazareth, Bethleem, Mountana Jude,
 No travaile shall me paine him for to see.

His blisshed face if I might see and finde,
 Serch I would every coste and cuntrye,
 The fardest part of Egipt or hote Inde,
 Sulde be to me but a little journey;
 How is he thus gone or taken away?
 If I knew the full trouth and certente,
 Yet from this care released might I be.

Into wilderness I thinke best to go,
 Sith I can no more tydings of him here,
 There may I my life lede to and fro,
 There may I dwel, and to no man apere,
 To towne ne village woll I not come nere,
 Alone in woods, in rockes, and in caves deepe,
 I may at mine own wil both waile and weep.

Mine eyen twaine withouten variaunce,
 Shal never cease, I promise faithfully
 There to weepe with great aboundaunce
 Bitter teares renning incessauntly,
 The which teares medled full petously
 With the very blood ever shall renne also,
 Expressing of mine hart the grevous wo.

Worldly fode and sustenaunce I desire none,
 Soch living as I find soch woll I take,
 Rootes that growen on the craggy stone
 Shall me suffice with water of the lake;
 Then thus may I say for my Lords sake,
Fuerunt mihi lachrimæ mee,
In deserto panes, die ac nocte.

My body to clothe it maketh no force,
 A mourning mantel shal be sufficient,
 The grevous woundes of his pitous corse
 Shall be to me a full royal garnement;
 He departed thus; I am best content,
 His crosse with nailes and scourges withall,
 Shall be my thought and paine speciall.

Thus wol I live as I have here told,
 If I may any long tyme endure,
 But I fere death is over me so bold,
 That of my purpose I can not be sure,
 My paynes encrease without measure;
 For of long lyfe who can lay any reason?
 All thing is mortal and hath but a season.

I sigh ful sore and it is ferre yfet,
Mine herte I feele now bledeth inwardly,
The bloody teares I may in no wise let,
Sith of my paine I find no remedie,
I thanke God of all if I now die,
His will perfourmed, I hold me content,
My soule let him have that hath it me lent.

For lenger to endure it is intollerable,
My woful harte inflamed is so huge,
That no sorow to myne is comparable,
Sith of my mind I finde no refuge;
Yet I him require, as rightful juge,
To devoid fro me the inwarde sorow,
Lest I live not to the next morow.

Within mine hart is impressed full sore,
His royal forme, his shape, his semelines,
His porte, his chere, his goodnes evermore,
His noble persone with all gentilnes;
He is the well of all parfitnes,
The very Redemer of all mankind,
Him love I best with hart, soule, and mind.

In his absence my paynes full bitter be,
Right well I may it fele now inwardly,
No wonder is though they hurte or flee me,
They cause me to crie so rufully,
Mine hart oppressed is so wonderfully,
Onely for him which so is bright of blee;
Alas! I trowe I shall him never see.

My joy is translate full farre in exile,
My mirth is chaunged into paynes cold,
My lyfe I thinke endureth but a while,
Anguish and payne is that I behold;
Wherefore my hands thus I wring and fold,
Into this grave I loke, I call, I pray,
Death remaineth, and life is borne away.

Now must I walke and wander here and there,
Got wot to what partes I shall me dresse,
With quaking hart, wepyng many a tere,
To seeke out my love and all my sweetnes ;
I wolde he wist what mortal hevines
About mine hart reneweth more and more,
Then wold he nat keepe pite long in store.

Without him I may not long endure,
His love so sore worketh within my brest,
And ever I wepe before this sepulture,
Sighing full sore as mine harte should brest ;
During my lyfe I shall obtayne no rest,
But mourne and wepe where that ever I go,
Making complaint of al my mortal wo.

Fast I crie but there is no audience,
My comming hider was him for to please,
My soule opprest is here with his absence ;
Alas ! he list not to set mine harte in ease ;
Wherefore to payne my selfe with all disease
I shal not spare till he take me to grace,
Or els I shall sterve here in this place.

Ones if I might with him speake,
It were al my joy, with parfite pleasaunce ;
So that I might to him my herte breake,
I shuld anone devoid al my grevaunce,
For he is the blisse of very recreaunce ;
But now, alas ! I can nothing do so,
For in steed of joy naught have I but wo.

His noble corse within mine harts rote
Deepe is graved which shall never slake,
Now is he gone to what place I ne wote,
I mourne, I wepe, and al is for his sake,
Sith he is past, here a vowe I make
With hartely promise, and thereto I me bind,
Never to cease till I may him find.

Unto his mother I thinke for to go,
 Of her haply some comfort may I take,
 But one thing yet me feareth and no mo,
 If I any mencion of him make,
 Of my wordes she wold trimble and quake;
 And who coud her blame she having but one?
 The sonne borne away, the mother wol mone.

Sorowes many hath she suffred trewly,
 Sith that she first conceived him and bare,
 And seven things there be most specially,
 That drowneth her hert in sorrow and care;
 Yet, lo, in no wise may they compare
 With this one now, the which if she knew,
 She wold her paines everichone renew.

Great was her sorrow by mennes saying,
 Whan in the temple Simeon Justus,
 Shewing to her, these words prophesieng,
Tuam animam pertransibit gladius;
 Also whan Herode, that tyrant furious,
 Her childe pursued in every place,
 For his life went neither mercy ne grace.

She mourned when she knew him gone,
 Full long she sought or she him found ayen;
 Whan he went to death his crosse him upon,
 It was to her sight a rewoffull paine;
 Whan he hong thereon betweene theves twaine,
 And the speare unto his herte thrust right,
 She swouned, and to the ground there pight.

Whan deed and bloody in her lappe lay
 His blessed body, both hands and fete all tore,
 She cried out and said, 'Now wel away!
 Thus araide was never man before!
 Whan hast was made his body to be bore
 Unto sepulture, here to remaine,
 Unnethes for wo she coude her sustaine.

The sorrows seven, like swerds every one,
 His mothers herte wounded fro syde to syde,
 But if she knew her soune thus gone,
 Out of this world she shuld with death ride;
 For care she coude no lenger here abide,
 Having no more joy nor consolacioun,
 Than I here standing in this stacioun.

Wherefore her to see I dare nat presume,
 Fro her presence I wol my selfe refraine,
 Yet had I lever to die and consume,
 Than his mother should have any more paine;
 Nevertheles her sonne I would see full faine,
 His presence was very joy and sweetnes,
 His absence is but sorrow and heavines.

There is no more, sith I may him nat mete,
 Whom I desire above all other thing,
 Nede I must take the sour with the swete,
 For of his noble corse I here no tiding;
 Full oft I cry, and my hands wring,
 Myne herte, alas! relenteth all in paine,
 Which will brast both senew and vaine.

Alas! how unhappie was this woful hour,
 Wherein is thus mispended my service,
 For mine intent and eke my true labour,
 To none effect may come in any wise.
 Alas! I thinke if he doe me despise,
 And list not to take my simple observaunce,
 There is no more, but death is my finaunce.

I have him called, *sed non respondet mihi*,
 Wherefore my mirth is toured to mourning,
 O dere Lord! *Quid mali feci tibi*,
 That me to comfort I find no erthly thing?
 Alas, have compassion of my crying,
 Yf fro me *faciem tuam abscondis*,
 There is no more, but *consumere me vis*.

Within myne herte is grounded thy figure,
 That all this worlds horrible tourment
 May it not aswage, it is so without measure,
 It is so brenning, it is so fervent;
 Remember, Lord, I have bin diligent,
 Ever thee to please onely and no mo,
 Myne herte is with thee where so ever I go.

Therefore, my dere darling, *trahe me post te*,
 And let me not stand thus desolate,
Quia non est, qui consoletur me;
 Myne herte for thee is disconsolate,
 My paines also nothing me moderate;
 Now if it list the to speake with me alive,
 Com in hast, for my herte asonder will rive.

To thee I profer, lo, my pore service,
 Thee for to please after mine owne entent,
 I offer here, as in devout sacrifice,
 My boxe replete with pretious oyntment,
 Myne eyen twaine, weeping sufficient;
 Myne herte with anguish fulfilled is, alas!
 My soule eke redy for love about to pas.

Naught els have I thee to please or pay,
 For if mine herte were gold or pretious stone,
 It should be thine without any delay,
 With hertely chere thou shuld have it anone;
 Why suffrest thou me then stand alone?
 Thou haste, I trow, my weeping in disdaine,
 Or els thou knowest nat what is my paine.

If thou withdraw thy noble daliaunce
 For ought that ever I displeased thee,
 Thou knowst right wel it is but ignoraunce,
 And of no knowledge for certainte;
 If I have offended, Lord, forgive it me,
 Glad I am for to make full repentaunce,
 Of all thing that hath bin to thy grievance.

Myne herte, alas! swelleth within my brest
 So sore opprest with anguish and with paine,
 That all to peeces forsooth it woll brest,
 But if I see thy blessed corse againe;
 For life ne death I can nat me refraine,
 If thou make delay thou maist be sure
 Mine hart woll leape into this sepulture.

Alas! my Lord, why farest thou thus with me?
 My tribulation yet have in mind!
 Where is thy mercy? where is thy pite,
 Which ever I trusted in thee to find?
 Somtime thou were to me both good and kind,
 Let it please thee my prayer to accept,
 Which with teares I have there bewept.

On me thou oughtest to have very routh,
 Sith for thee is all this mourning;
 For sith I to thee yplighted first my trouth,
 I never varied with discording,
 That knowest thou best, my owne darling;
 Why constrainest thou me thus to waile?
 My wo forsooth can thee nothing availe.

I have endured without variaunce,
 Right as thou knowest, thy lover just and trew,
 With hert and thought aye at thine ordinaunce;
 Like to the saphire alway in one hew,
 I never chaunged thee for no new;
 Why withdrawest thou thy presence,
 Sith all my thought is for thine absence?

With hert intier, sweet Lord, I crie to thee,
 Encline thyne eares to my petition,
 And come, *Velociter exaudi me*,
 Remember mine harts dispositioun;
 It may not endure in this conditioun;
 Therefore out of these paines *libera me*,
 And where thou art, *pone me juxta te*.

Let me behold, O Jesu! thy blisshed face,
 Thy faire glorious angellike visage;
 Bow thine eares to my complaint, alas!
 For to convey me out of this rage.
 Alas! my Lord, take fro me this dommage,
 And to my desire for mercy condisceind,
 For none but thou may my grevance amend.

Now yet, good Lord, I thee beseech and pray,
 As thou raised my brother Lazarous
 From death to life, the fourth day,
 Came ayen in body and soule precious:
 As great a thing maist thou shew unto us,
 Of thy selfe, by power of thy godhead,
 As thou did of him, lying in grave dead.

Mine hart is wounded with thy charite,
 It brenneth, it flameth incessauntly,
 Come, my deare Lord, *ad adjuvandum me*,
 Now be not long, my paine to multiplic,
 Least in the meane time I depart and die:
 In thy grace I put both hope and confidence,
 To do as it pleaseth thy high magnificence.

Floods of death and tribulatioun
 Into my soule I feele entred full deepe,
 Alas! that here is no consolatioun!
 Ever I waile, ever I mourne and weepe,
 And sorow hath wounded mine hert ful deepe,
 O deare love, no marvaile though I die,
Sagittæ tuæ inficæ sunt mihi.

Wandring in this place as in wilderness,
 No comfort have I, ne yet assuraunce,
 Desolate of joy, replete with faintnesse,
 No answer receiving of mine enquirance,
 Mine heart also greved with displeasaunce;
 Wherefore I may say, *O Deus, Deus,*
Non est dolor sicut dolor meus.

Mine hart expresseth, *quod dilexi multum*,
 I may not endure though I would faine,
 For now *solum superest sepulchrum*,
 I know it right well by my huge paine;
 Thus for love I may not life sustaine,
 But O God, I muse what ayleth thee,
Quod sic repente præcipitas me.

Alas, I see it will none otherwise be,
 Now must I take my leave for evermore,
 This bitter paine hath almost discomfite me,
 My loves corse I can in no wise restore;
 Alas! to this wo that ever I was bore!
 Here at this tombe now must I die and starve,
 Death is about my heart for to carve.

My testament I woll begin to make:—
 To God the father my soule I commend,
 To Jesu my love, that died for my sake,
 My heart and all both I give and send,
 In whose love my life maketh end;
 My body also; to this monument
 I here bequeath both boxe and ointment.

Of all my wils, lo, now I make the last,
 Right in this place, within this sepulture,
 I woll be buried when I am dead and past,
 And upon my grave I wol have this scripture:—
 Here within resteth a ghostly creature,
 Christs true lover, Mary Magdalaine,
 Whose hart for love brake in peeces twaine.

Ye vertuous women, tender of nature,
 Full of pitie and of compassion,
 Resort I pray you unto my sepulture,
 To sing my dirige with great devotion;
 Shew your charitie in this condition,
 Sing with pitie, and let your harts weepe,
 Remembring I am dead and layed to sleepe.

Then when ye begin to part me fro,
 And ended have your mourning observaunce,
 Remember wheresoever that ye go,
 Alway to search and make due enqueraunce
 After my love, mine harts sustenaunce,
 In every towne and in every village,
 If ye may here of this noble image.

And if it happe by any grace at last,
 That ye my true love find in any cost,
 Say that his Magdaleine is dead and past,
 For his pure love hath yeelded up the ghost;
 Say that of all thing I loved him most,
 And that I might not this death eschew,
 My paines so sore did ever renew.

And in token of love perpetual,
 When I am buried in this place present,
 Take out mine hart, the very root and all,
 And close it within this boxe of ointment,
 To my deare love make thereof a present;
 Kneeling downe with words lamentable,
 Do your message, speake faire and tretable.

Say that to him my selfe I commend
 A thousand times, with hart so free,
 This poore token say to him I send,
 Pleaseth his goodnesse to take it in gree,
 It is his owne of right, it is his fee,
 Which he asked, when he said long before,
 Give me thy heart, and I desire no more.

Adue, my Lord, my love so faire of face!
 Adue, my turtle dove, so fresh of hew!
 Adue, my mirth, adue, all my sollace!
 Adue, alas, my saviour Lord Jesu!
 Adue, the gentillest that ever I knew!
 Adue, my most excellent paramour,
 Fairer than rose, sweeter than lilly flour!

Adue, my hope of all pleasure eternal,
 My life, my wealth, and my prosperitie,
 Mine heart of gold, my perle orientall,
 Mine adamant of perfite charitie,
 My cheefe refuge, and my felicitie,
 My comfort, and all my recreatioun,
 Farewel, my perpetuall salvatioun!

Farewel, mine Emperour Celestiall,
 Most beautiful prince of all mankind!
 Adue, my Lord, of heart most liberall!
 Farewell, my sweetest, both soule and mind!
 So loving a spouse shall I never find.
 Adue, my souveraine, and very gentilman!
 Farewel, dere hart, as hertely as I can!

Thy words eloquent flowing in sweetnesse,
 Shall no more, alas, my mind recomfort;
 Wherefore my life must end in bitternesse,
 For in this world shall I never resort
 To thee, which was mine heavenly disport;
 I see, alas, it woll none other be!
 Now farewel, the ground of all dignite!

Adue, the fairest that ever was bore!
 Alas, I may nat see your blessed face!
 Now welaway! that I shall see no more
 Thy blessed visage, so replete with grace,
 Wherein is printed my perfite sollace!
 Adue, mine hearts root and all for ever,
 Now farwel, I must from thee discever!

My soule for anguish is now full thursty,
 I faint right sore for heavinesse,
 My Lord, my spouse, *cur me dereliquisti?*
 Sith I for thee suffer all this distresse,
 What causeth thee to seeme thus mercillesse?
 Sith it thee pleaseth of me to make an end,
In manus tuas my spirit I commend.

A PRAISE OF WOMEN.

A LLE tho that liste of women evil to speke,
 And sayn of hem worse than they deserve,
 I preye to God that hir nekkes to-breke,
 Or on some evil dethe mote tho janglers sterve;
 For every man were holden hem to serve,
 And do hem worship, honour, and servise,
 In every maner that they best coude devise.

For we ought first to thinke on what manere
 They bringe us forth, and what peyne they endure
 First in our birth, and sith fro yere to yere
 How busely they done hir busie cure,
 To keepe us fro every misaventure
 In our youth, whan we have no might
 Our seife to keepe, neither by day nor night.

Alas! how may we seye on hem but wele,
 Of whom we were fostred and ybore,
 And ben al our succour, and ever trewe as stele,
 And for our sake ful oft they suffer sore?
 Without women were all our joye lore;
 Wherefore we ought alle women to obeye
 In al goodnesse; I can no more seye.

This is wel knowne, and hath ben or this,
 That women ben cause of al lightnesse,
 Of knighthood, norture, eschuing al mallis,
 Encrease of worship, and of al worthinesse;
 Thereto curteis and meke, and ground of al good-
 Glad and merry, and true in every wise [nesse,
 That any gentil herte can think or devise.

And though any wolde trust to your untrouthe,
 And to your feyre words wolde aught assente,
 In gode feyth me thinketh it wer gret routhe,

That other women shold for hir gilt be shent,
 That never knew, ne wist nought of hir entent,
 Ne list not to here though feyre words ye write,
 Which ye you peyne fro day to day tendite.

But who may beware of your tales untrewē,
 That ye so busily peynt and endite?
 For ye will swere that ye never knew,
 Ne saw the woman, neither much ne lite,
 Save only her to whom ye had delite,
 As for to serve of al that ever ye sey,
 And for her love must ye nedes dey.

Then wille ye swere that ye knew never before
 What Love was, ne his dredful observaunce,
 But now ye feele that he can wounde sore;
 Wherefore ye put you into her governaunce,
 Whom Love hath ordeind you to serve and do
 plesaunce
 With al your might your litel lives space,
 Which endeth soone but if she do you grace.

And then to bed wille ye soone draw,
 And soone sike ye wille you than feyne,
 And swere fast your lady hath you slaw,
 And brought you sudeinly so high a peyne
 That fro your dethe may no man you restreyne,
 With a daungerous looke of her eyen two,
 That to your dethe must ye nedes go.

Thus will ye morne, thus will ye sighe sore,
 As though your herte anon in two wold breste,
 And swere fast that ye may live no more,
 'Myn owne lady! that might, if ye lest,
 Bringē myn herte somedele into rest,
 As if you list mercy on me to have;'
 Thus your untrouth will ever mercy crave.

Thus wol ye plain, tho ye nothing smerte,
 These innocent creatures for to begile,
 And swere to hem, so wounded is your herte
 For hir love, that ye may live no while,
 Scarsly so long as one might go a mile,
 So hieth deth to bring you to an ende,
 But if your sovereyn lady list you to amende.

And if for routhe she comfort you in any wise
 For pite of your false othes sere,
 So that innocent weneth that it be as you devise,
 And weneth your herte be as she may here,
 Thus for to comforte and somewhat do you chere;
 Than wolle these janglers deme of her full ille,
 And seyne that ye have her fully at your wille.

Lo, how redy hir tonges ben, and preste
 To speke harme of women causelesse!
 Alas! why might ye not as well say the best,
 As for to deme hem thus guiltlesse?
 In your herte, ywis, there is no gentillesse,
 That of your own gilt list thus women fame;
 Now, by my trowth, me think ye be to blame.

For of women cometh this worldly wele,
 Wherefore we ought to worshippe hem evermore;
 And though it mishap one, we ought for to hele,
 For it is al thorough our false lore,
 That day and night we peyne us evermore
 With many an othe these women to beguile
 With false tales, and many a wikked wile.

And if falshede sholde be rekkened and told
 In women, ywis ful trowth were,
 Not as in men, by a thousand fold;
 Fro all vices, ywis they stande clere,
 In any thing that I coude of here,
 But if enticing of these men it make,
 That hem to flatteren connen never slake.

I wolde feyn wete where ever ye coude here,
 Without mens tising, what women did amis,
 For ther ye may get hem ye lie fro yere to yere,
 And many a gabbing ye make to hem, ywis;
 For I could never here ne knowen ere this,
 Where ever ye coude finde in any place,
 That ever women besought you of grace.

There ye you peyne with al your ful might,
 With al your herte, and al your businesse,
 To plesen hem both by day and night,
 Praying hem of hir grace and gentilnesse,
 To have pite upon your gret distresse,
 And that they wolde on your peyne have routhe,
 And slee you not, sens ye mene but trouthe.

Thus may ye see that they ben faultlesse,
 And innocent to alle your werkes slie,
 And alle your craftes that touche falsnesse,
 They know hem not, ne may hem not espie;
 So swere ye that ye must nedes die,
 But if they wolde, of hir womanhede,
 Upon you rew, ere that ye be dede.

And than your 'lady' and your 'hertes queene'
 Ye calle hem, and therewith ye sighe sore,
 And say, 'My lady, I trow that it be seene
 In what plite that I have lived ful yore;
 But now I hope that ye wol no more
 In these peynes suffere me for to dwelle,
 For of goodnesse, ywis, ye be the welle.'

Lo, which a peynted processe can ye make,
 These harmlesse creatures for to beguile!
 And whan they slepe, ye peyne you to wake,
 And to bethinke you on many a wikked wile;
 But ye shalle see the day that ye shalle curse the
 That ye so busily did your entent [while
 Hem to beguile, that falshed never ment.

For this ye know wel, though I wold lie,
 In women is al trouth and stedfastnesse;
 For in good faith I never of hem sie
 But much worshippe, bounte, and gentilnesse,
 Right comming, faire, and full of meekenesse,
 Goode and glade, and lowly, I you ensure,
 Is this goodly angellike creature.

And if it happe a man be in disese,
 She doth her businesse and her ful peyne
 With al her might, him to comferte and plesse
 If fro his disese she might him restreyne;
 In word ne deede, ywis, she wol not feyne,
 But with al her might she doth her businesse
 To bringe him out of his heavinesse.

Lo, what gentillesse these women have,
 If we coude know it for our rudenesse!
 How busie they be us to keepe and save,
 Both in hele, and also in sikenesse!
 And alway right sorrie for our distresse,
 In every manner; thus shew thy routhe,
 That in hem is al goodnesse and trouthe.

And sith we find in hem gentilnesse and trouthe,
 Worshippe, bounte, and kindnesse evermore,
 Let never this gentillesse thurogh your slouthe
 In hir kind trouthe be aught forlore
 That in women is, and hath ben ful yore,
 For in reverence of the hevenes Queene,
 We ought to worship alle women that beene.

For of alle creatures that ever wer get and borne,
 This wote ye wel, a woman was the best;
 By her was recovered the blisse that we had lorne,
 And thurogh the woman shalle we come to rest,
 And ben ysaved, if that our selfe lest;
 Wherefore, me thinketh, if that we had grace,
 We oughten honour women in every place.

Therefore I rede that, to our lives end,
 Fro this time forth, while that we have space,
 That we have trespaced, pursue to amende,
 Preying our Ladie, welle of alle grace,
 To bringe us unto that blisful place,
 There as she and alle good women shall be infere
 In heven above, among the angels clere.

EXPLICIT.

GO forth king, rule thee by sapiencie;
 Bishop, be able to minister doctrine;
 Lorde, to true counsaile yeve audience;
 Womanhode, to chastity ever encline;
 Knight, let thy deedes worship determine;
 Be righteous, judge, in saving thy name;
 Riche do almose, lest thou lese bliss with shame.

People, obey your king and the law;
 Age be ruled by good religion;
 True servaunt, be dredful and kepe thee under aw,
 And, thou poore, fie on presumpcion!
 Inobedience to youth is utter destruction;
 Remember you how God hath set you, lo,
 And doe your part as ye be ordeined to.

EIGHT GOODLY QUESTIONS, WITH THEIR ANSWERS.¹

SOMETIME in Greece, that noble region,
 There were eight clerkes of full great science,
 Philosophers of notable discretion,
 Of whom was asked, to prove their prudence,
 Eight questions of derke intelligence:

¹ Ansonius, a Latin poet of Bordeaux, and preceptor to the Emperor Gratian, has left, among his other works, a poem, entitled *Ludus*

To which they answerd after their entent,
As here doth appeare plaine and evident.

The first question was, What earthly thing
Is best, and to God most commendable?
The first clerke answerd without taryng,
A mans soule, ever ferme and stable
In right, from the trouth not variable.
But now, alas! full sore may we weepe,
For covetise hath brought trouth asleepe.

The second, What thing is most odious?
A double man, saied the Philosopher,
With a virgine face, and a taile venomous:
With a faire view, and a false profer:
A corrupt carien in a golden tree.
It is a monster in natures linage,
One man to have a double visage.

The third, What is the best dower
That may be to a wife appropriate?
A cleane life, was the clerkes answer,
Without sinne, all chast, and inviolate
From all deceits and speeches inornate,
Or countenance which shall be to dispise.
No fire make, and then no smoke woll arise.

The fourth question, What maiden may
Be called cleane in chastitie?
The fourth clerke answered, Which alway

septem Sapientum, in which all the answers here attributed to eight philosophers, are ascribed to Bias in the following verses, which appear to have been the source from whence this poem is derived:—

Quænam summa boni? Mens quæ sibi conscia recti.
Pernicies homini quæ maxima? Solus homo alter.
Quis dives? qui nil cupiat. Quis pauper? avarus.
Quæ dos matronæ pulcherrima? Vita pudica.
Quæ casta est? de quâ mentiri fama veretur.
Quid prudentis opus? quum possit nolle nocere.
Quid stulti proprium? non posse et velle nocere.

Every creature is ashamde on to lie,
 Of whom men reporten great honestie.
 Good maidens, keepe your chastitie forth,
 And remember, that good name is gold worth.

Who is a poore man ever full of wo?
 A covetous man, which is a nigon:
 He that in his heart can never say ho!
 The more good, the lesse distribution,
 The richer, the worse of condition.
 Men in this coast clepen him a niggard;
 Sir Guy the bribour is his steward.

Which is a rich man, without fraud?
 He that can to his good suffice:
 Whatsoever he hath, he yeveth God the laud
 And keepeth him cleane from all covetise:
 He desires nothing in ungodly wise:
 His body is here, his mind is above:
 He is a rich man, for God doth him love.

Who is a foole? is the seventh demaund;
 He that would hurt, and hath no powere:
 Might he mikell, much would he command:
 His mallice great, his might nought were:
 He thretteth full fast, full little may he dere:
 He thinketh not how men have saied before,
 God sendeth a shrewd cow a short horne.

Who is a wise man? is the eight question;
 He that might noye, and doth no annoiaunce:
 Might punish, and leaveth punission:
 A man merciful, without vengeaunce.
 A wise man putteth in remembraunce,
 Saying, Had I venged all mine harme,
 My cloke had not be furred halfe so warme.

TO THE KINGS MOST NOBLE GRACE, AND TO
THE LORDS AND KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

TO you, welle of honour and worthinesse,
Our Christen king, the heire and successour
Unto Justinians devout tendernesse,
In the faith of Jesu, our redemptour:
And to your lords of the Garter, floure
Of chevalrie, as men you clepe and call,
The Lord of vertue and of grace authour
Graunt the fruit of your lose never appall.

O liege lord, that have the likenesse
Of Constantine! thensample and mirrour
To princes all! in humble buxomenesse,
To holy church O veray sustainour
And pillar of our faith, and werriour,
Againe of heresies the bitter gall!
Doe forth! doe forth! continue your succour,
Hold up Christs banner, let it not fall.

This Isle or this had been but heathenesse,
Nad be of your faith the force and vigour;
And yet this day the fiends crabbednesse
Weneth fully to catch a time and houre,
To have on us your lieges a sharpe shoure,
And to his servitude us knitte and thrall:
But aye we trust in you our protectour,
On your constauce we awaiten all.

Commandeth that no wight have hardinesse,
O worthy king, our Christen Emperour,
Of the faith to disputen more or lesse
Openly emong people: her errour
Springeth all day, and engendreth rumour.
Maketh such law, and for ought may befall,
Observe it wele, thereto be ye doctour;
Doeth so, and God in glorie shall you stall.

Ye Lords eke, shining in noble fame,
 To which appropred is the maintenaunce
 Of Christs cause, in honour of his name,
 Shove on, and put his foes to uttraunce ;
 God would so, so would eke your legiaunce,
 To tho two aye pricketh you your dutie :
 Who so nat keepeth this double observaunce,
 Of merite and honour naked is he.

Your stile saieth ye be foes to shame :
 Now kith of your faith the perseveraunce,
 In which an heape of us be halt and lame :
 Our Christen King of England and of France,
 And ye, my lords, with your alliaunce,
 And other faithfull people that there be,
 Trust I to God, shal quench al this noisance,
 And this land set in high prosperitie.

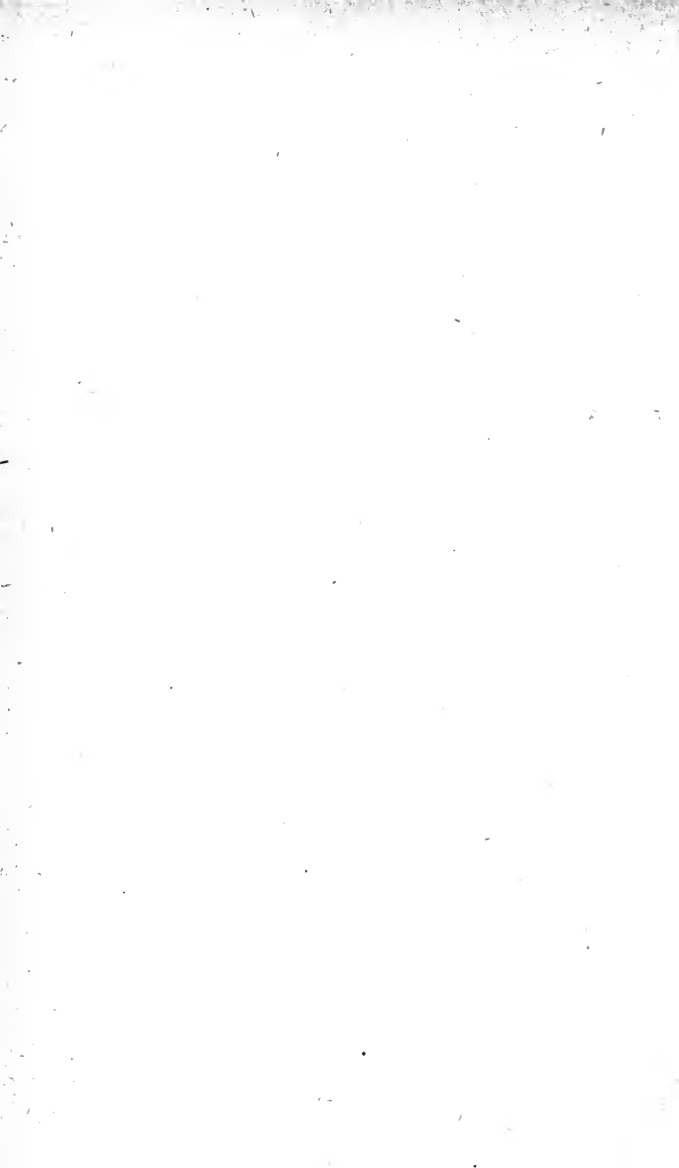
Conquest of high prowesse is for to tame
 The wild woodnesse of all these miscreaunce,
 Right to the rote daily repe ye that same ;
 Slepeth nat thus, but for Gods pleasaunce
 And his mother, and in signifiאunce,
 That ye been of saint Georges livere,
 Doeth him service and knightly obeisaunce,
 For Christs cause is his well knowne ye.

Stiffe stand in that, and ye shall greeve and grame
 The foe to peace, the norice of distaunce ;
 That now is earnest, turne it into game ;
 Now kithe of your beleve the constaunce.
 Lord liege, and lords have in remembraunce,
 Lord of all is the blisfull Trinitie,
 Of whose vertue the mightie habundaunce
 You heart and strength in faithfull unitie.

IT falleth for a gentleman
To say the best that he can
Alwaies in mannes absence,
And the sooth in his presence.

It commeth by kind of gentil blood
To cast away all heavynesse,
And gader together words good,
The werk of wisdome beareth witness.

GLOSSARY.



INTRODUCTION.

THE full and scientific Glossary of Tyrwhitt would have saved the Editor of the present edition of Chaucer's works all labour except that of abridgment, had he been content to adopt the text of the poems to which that Glossary was adapted. But the various readings and the important differences in orthography which the collation of MSS. for this edition has brought out, have rendered indispensable the preparation of an entirely new Glossary with special reference to the improved text.

The following brief explanation will, it is hoped, enable the reader to consult it with ease and advantage.

The initials A. S. and A. N. indicate derivations either from the Anglo-Saxon or the Anglo-Norman, from which two languages almost all English words, though many of them are traceable ultimately to Latin and Greek, are proximately derived. The term *Anglo-Norman* has been adopted in preference to *French*, because it is from the peculiar dialect spoken by the Norman settlers in England—a dialect possessing an extensive literature, and exhibiting a distinct development of its own—that our language has derived one of the two elements of which it is composed. As a general rule, therefore, to have distinguished the words of Norman origin as *French* would have conveyed an inaccurate impression to the reader's mind. In some cases, especially in his translation of the *Roman de la Rose*, there seems good reason to believe that Chaucer imported words directly from the French; but these cases are too few and too doubtful to create any necessity for a departure from the general rule here laid down.

It is not by any means easy, however, to determine in all cases to which class, whether to the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman, certain words ought properly to be referred, because

Anglo-Norman words, when incorporated into the English language, almost always assume the Anglo-Saxon inflexions, or become combined with Anglo-Saxon words or particles. For instance, the Anglo-Norman word *abate*, when transferred into mediæval English, assumes the inflexions of the strong verbs in the Anglo-Saxon, and makes *abote* in the past tense. In like manner, the Anglo-Norman word *solempne*, when it assumes the adverbial form, takes the Anglo-Saxon adverbial affix, *liche*, or *ly*, and becomes *solempneliche*, or *solempnely*, not *solennellement*. And thus is English composed not only of Anglo-Norman and Anglo-Saxon words, but of words which in themselves are often formed by a combination of both these languages.

Verbs are given in the Glossary in the form of the infinitive mood, which is most generally used in Chaucer, viz., that ending in *e*. It is true that the older form *en*, the first change from the Anglo-Saxon *an*, is often found; but the reader will experience no difficulty in resolving such words as, for instance, *wenden* and *seken* into the simple forms *wende* and *seke*. In a few instances, however, the verb will be found in the text deficient of the final *e*; but these must be considered as hasty omissions of the copyist, adopted from the MS., which in all cases, has been strictly followed in the present edition. The reader must remember that no infinitive mood can ever properly end otherwise than in *en* or *e*.

The verbs called by grammarians *weak*, or those which make their past tense and participle in *ed*, are given only in the infinitive mood. Thus, if the reader wishes to know the meaning of the words *wonned* or *mevyng*, he must look for the verbs *wonne* or *meve*. But the past tense and participle of the *strong* verbs, or those which form their past tense and participle by a change of the radical letters, are given in their alphabetical order, whenever they differ from the modern forms, and referred to the verbs to which they belong. Thus, the reader will find *crope*, *cropen*, *straughte*, and *streighte*, in their alphabetical order, because the verbs *creep* and *stretch*, in modern English, form their past tenses and participles, like the weak verbs, in *crept* and *stretched*, and the reader might, therefore, be at a loss to trace the older inflected forms to their proper infinitive moods. In many cases, however, the past tense and participle of the strong verbs, besides appearing in their alphabetical order, are given after the

explanation of the infinitive verb, with a view to illustrate more clearly the rules by which the strong verbs form their oblique tenses.

The substantives are given only in the singular number, unless when the plural form differs from that now in use.

It is perhaps necessary also to observe that *e*, *i*, and *y*, *c* and *k*, *u* and *w*, *sh* and *sch*, *o* and *oo*, were respectively convertible, and used indifferently. Thus, *artyn*, *turnith*, *feynyd*, *servauntis*, *ymaginacioun* will be found to be used indifferently with *arten*, *turneth*, *feyned*, *servautes*, *imaginacioun*; *karole* with *carole*; *kamelyne* with *cameline*; *ouche* with *owche*; *thow* with *thou*; *shal* with *schal*; *tipton* with *tipton*, &c. To have assigned to all words which differed from the modern forms, and from each other, in such minute particulars as these a separate place in their alphabetical order, would have swelled the Glossary to an inordinate size, without increasing its utility in a corresponding ratio; for it is not to be supposed that a reader of Chaucer, having these remarks before him, would find any difficulty in their application.

Other variations in the orthography may be referred, for the most part, to the scribe. The text of the several poems in this edition has been taken from MSS. written by different hands, at different periods, and probably in different dialects; and while all the copyists agree in the main points of orthography affecting the grammatical construction, each appears to have followed a different system in minor and less important particulars. Thus we find the same word spelt in a variety of ways. For example: the word through is spelt by one scrivener *thurgh*, by another *thorough*, by a third *thorow*; *abreyde* is sometimes changed into *abrayde*; the word much appears in no less than seven shapes, *moche*, *mochel*, *mokel*, *muchel*, *myche*, *micel*, *mychel*; and the past tense of the verb to see is rendered into at least ten different forms, *sauh*, *sawh*, *saugh*, *sey*, *say*, *sie*, *sihe*, *sigh*, *seigh*, *seygh*. Some of these differ from each other only in being spelt with letters which have the same sound, and are convertible; while others may evidently be traced to a distinct formation, and to the various dialects of the Teutonic and Scandinavian tribes which colonized England during the fifth and succeeding centuries, but which have all been included under the generic term of Anglo-Saxon.

All these several forms of the same word are given in the Glossary not only in their alphabetical order, when their dif-

ferences are sufficiently important to require it, but they are also collected together, and bracketted with their explanations annexed. This plan has been adopted for the convenience of reference and comparison, and to enable the reader to see at a glance the nature and extent of the variations in the MSS. Having thus obtained a general knowledge of these variations by consulting the Glossary in half-a-dozen instances, he will probably afterwards be able to dispense with it altogether, except in those cases where not only the manner of spelling, but the words themselves have become obsolete.

There is a peculiarity in the construction of some verbs in Chaucer which, involving as it does a curious question of ethnology, may be usefully adverted to in this place. Professor Raske, in the preface to his *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, observes that 'the old poetical dialect [*scil.* of the Scandinavian] has moreover numerous peculiarities of structure; *e.g.* the composition of the pronoun with the verbs.' After giving several examples he adds, 'of all which not the faintest trace exists among the Anglo-Saxons, though many are to be found among the inhabitants of Caucasus.' It so happens that this mode of compounding a verb with its pronoun, as an affix, is of common occurrence in Chaucer; as for instance, shalt thou becomes *shaltow*; art thou *artow*, sayest thou *siestow*, so thee ich *so theech*, or *so theeek*. Either, therefore, Professor Raske must be in error in asserting that there is no trace to be found in the Anglo-Saxon of this kind of composition; or these words must have been imported into medieval English from the Scandinavian or Danish. The latter supposition is in some degree supported by historical circumstances. Considering the vast extent and influence of the Scandinavian immigration, shown in the imposition of a Danish dynasty on the Anglo-Saxons, it is highly probable that not only this singular compound, but many other peculiarities of the English language, may be referred to a Scandinavian origin.

In the Glossary the Editor has had an opportunity of noticing some things which escaped him in the Notes, and of correcting a few mistakes. For instance, in Vol. ii. p. 109, the word *fermerere* is supposed to mean a superintendent of a farm; but in the Glossary it is correctly derived from *infirmarius*, the officer who had charge of the infirmary in a religious house. In the same volume, p. 220, note 2, *poynnt devys* is also erroneously interpreted; but the correct interpretation will be found in the Glossary.

GLOSSARY.

A.

A, *prep.* before a *gerund* is a corruption of *on*. To go a begging, means to go on begging. The preposition is often expressed at length; as, *on hontyng be they riden*. Before a noun it is a corruption of *on*, *in*, or *at*; as, *a nyghtes*, on nights; *a Goddes name*, in God's name; *awerke*, at work. Sometimes it is written in full; as, *on bedde*, *on nyghtes*.

A in composition, in words of A.S. origin, is an abbreviation of *af*, *of*, *at*, *on*, *in*; and often only a corruption of the prepositive particle *ge* or *y*. In words of A.N. origin it is generally to be deduced from the Latin *ab*, *ad*, and sometimes *ex*.

A, *interj.* Ah!

Abak } *adv.* A.S. backwards.

Abake }

Abaischt, *part. pa.* A.N. abashed.

Abate, *v.* A.N. to beat down.

Abawed, *part. pa.* of *abawe*, *v.* A.N. astonished.

Abegge } *v.* A.S. to suffer for.

Abeye }

Abie }

Abettyng, *n.* A.S. help.

Abyde, *v.* A.S. to abide, to stay;

abyden, *part. pa.*; **abyt**, or **abit**, *third pers. sin. pres. tense*, apparently a contracted form of **abideth**.

Able, *adj.* A.N. fit, proper.

Abil, *adj.* A.N. skilful, convenient.

Abote, *part. pa.* of *abate*.

Abought, or **aboght**, *part. pa.* of *abegge*.

Abouten, *prep.* A.S. about.

Abrede, *adv.* A.S. abroad.

Abrayde } *v.* A.S. to awake, to start; *pa. t.* *abreyde*.

Abraide }

Abreyde }

Abreide }

Abregge } *v.* A.N. to abridge, to shorten.

Abregge }

Abrige }

Abroche, *v.* A.N. to tap, to set a vessel of liquor abroach; metaphorically, to make a beginning.

Abrode, *adv.* A.S. abroad.

Abusioun, *n.* A.N. abuse, impropriety.

Acate } *n.* A.N. a purchase.

Achate }

Accesse, *n.* A.N. properly, the approach of a fever; a fever, or ague.

Accie, *n.* A.N. properly, the approach of a fever; a fever, or ague.

Accidie, *n.* A.N. Gr. *ακηδία*, the theological term for sloth, one of the seven deadly sins; negligence, arising from discontent or melancholy.

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Adawe, *v.* A.S. to rise, to awake.

Ado, *v.* A.S. to do, to have to do with. It is used to express the A.N. *à faire*; as, *to have ado*, to have to do. *And done al that they han ado*, et font ce qu'ils doivent faire.

Adon, corruption of of-don, *part. pa.* A.S. done away.

Adon, *n. pr.* Adonis.

Adoun, *adv.* A.S. downward, below.

Adrad } *part. pa.* of adrede, *v.*
Adradde } A.S. to be afraid.
Adrede }

Adriane, *n. pr.* for Ariadne

Advertens, *n.* A.N. attention.

Advocaries, *n. pl.* A.N. law-suits. In the printed copies this word is *advocacies*, which is perhaps right.

Advocas, *n. pl.* A.N. advocates, lawyers.

Advoutrie, *n.* A.N. adultery.

Afered } *part. pa.* of afere, *v.* A.S.
Aferd } afraid, frightened.
Aferde }

Affecioun, *n.* A.N. affection, desire.

Affect, affectes, *n.* Lat. affection.

Affermed, *part. pa.* of afferme, *v.* A.N. confirmed.

Affye } *v.* A.N. to trust.
Affie }

Affraye, *v.* A.N. to affright.

Affray, *n.* A.N. disturbance, fear.

Affrikan, *n. pr.* the elder Scipio Africanus.

Affyle, *v.* A.N. to file, polish.

Aforen }
Aforne } *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. before.
Afore }

Aftir, *adv.* and *prep.* after.

Agains }
Ageins } *prep.* A.S. against, toward.
Agen }

Agaste, *v.* A.S. to terrify; *agast part. pa.* terrified.

Agathon, *n. pr.* an unknown writer.

Ageins, same as agains.

Agen, same as agains.

Agilt, or agilte, *v.* A.S. to offend, to sin against; *agilte, past tense* sinned.

Ago }
Agoo } for ygo, *part. pa.* A.S. gone,
Agon } past.
Agoon }

Agree }
Agre } A.N. *à gré*, in good part.

Agrefe, in grief.

Agrege, *v.* A.N. to aggravate.

Agreved, *part. pa.* A.N. aggrieved.

Agrise, *v. neut.* A.S. to shudder.

Agrise, *v. ac.* A.S. to make to shudder.

Agroos } *past tense* shuddered.
Agrose }

Agroted, *part. pa.* cloyed, surfeited.

Aguler, *n.* A.N. *aiguiller*, a needle-case.

Aisschen, *n. pl.* A.S. ashes.

Ajuste, *v.* A.N. to apply.

Akehorne, *n. pl.* A.S. acorns.

Akle, *v.* A.S. to cool.

Aknowe, *v.* A.S. to acknowledge; *to ben aknowe*, to confess. *I am aknowe*, I acknowledge.

Al, *adj. sing.*; alle, *pl.* A.S. all. *adv.* A.S. quite, entirely; as, *al holly*, entirely. Sometimes used for although; as, *Al be ye not of o complexion*, although you be not of the same complexion.

Alain, *n. pr.* Alanus de Insulis, a poet and divine of the twelfth century.

Aller } *adj. gen. case, pl.* of all. It
Alder } is frequently joined in
Alther } composition with adjectives
Althir } of the superlative
Althur } degree, as in German; thus, *alderfirst*, first of all; *alderlevest*, dearest of all; *our althur cok*, the cock of us all.

Alarged, *part. pa.* A.N. given largely.

Alauns, *n. pl.* A.N. wolf-dogs, or greyhounds. Gualv. de la Flamma, apud Muratori, Antiq. Med. Ætat., commends the Governors of Milan—'quod canes Alanos altæ staturæ et mirabilis fortitudinis, nutrire studuerunt.'

Alaye, *n.* A.N. allay, alloy.

- Albificacioun, *n.* Lat. a chemical term for making white.
- Alcaly, *n.* Arab. alkali.
- Alchymistre, *n.* A.N. an alchemist.
- Aldryan, *n. pr.* a star in the neck of the lion.
- Alege, *v.* A.N. to alleviate.
- Alegeaunce, *n.* A.N. alleviation.
- Aleis, *n.* A.N. the lote-tree.
- Alembikes, *n. pl.* A.N. vessels for distilling.
- Ale-stake, *n.* A.S. a stake set up before an ale-house for a sign.
- Aleye, *n.* A.N. an alley.
- Algate } *adv.* A.S. always, al-
- Algates } though, notwithstanding.
- Algesir, *n. pr.* a city in Spain.
- Alighte, *v.* A.S. to descend.
- Alight, *past tense* alighted.
- Allege, *v.* A.N. to alleviate.
- Allege, *v.* A.N. to allege.
- Almagest, *n. pr.* the Μεγαλη Συναξις of Ptolemy.
- Almandres, *n. pl.* almond trees.
- Almesse } *n.* A.S. from the Lat. Gr.
- Almose } eleemosyna, alms; al-
- } messes, *pl.*
- Alnath, *n. pr.* the first star in the horns of Aries, whence the first mansion of the moon takes its name.
- Alonde, *adv.* A.S. on land.
- Along, *prep.* A.S. in consequence of, or owing to; as *whereon it was along*, what it was owing to; *On me is nought alonge thyn evil fare*; Thy evil fare is not owing to me.
- Aloone } *adv.* A.S. alone.
- Alloon }
- Aloue } *v.* A.N. to allow, to approve.
- Alowe }
- Alowe, *adv.* A.S. low.
- Alpes, *n. pl.* A.N. bulfinches.
- Als, *conj.* A.S. also, as.
- Alwey, *adv.* A.S. always.
- Amalgaming, *pres. part.* amalgamating.
- Amate, *adj.* A.N. cast down.
- Ambassatrye, *n.* A.N. embassy.
- Ambes aas, A.N. both aces, at dice.
- Amende, *v.* A.N. to amend.
- Amenuse, *v.* A.N. to diminish.
- Ameved } *part. pa.* of ameve, *v.*
- Amevyd } A.N. to move.
- Amiddes } *prep.* A.S. at, or in, the
- Amyddes } middle.
- Amis
- Amisse } *adv.* A.S. amiss, ill,
- Amys } badly.
- Amysse }
- Amoneste, *v.* A.N. to admonish, advise.
- Among, *adv.* A.S. at intervals.
- Amonges, *prep.* A.S. among.
- Amorette } *n.* A.N. a wanton girl.
- Amourette }
- Amortised, *part. pa.* A.N. killed.
- Amorwe, *adv.* A.S. on morrow.
- Amphibologies, *n. pl.* Gr. through the Fr. ambiguous expressions.
- An, for on, *prep.*
- Ancelle, *n.* Lat. a handmaiden.
- And, *conj.* A.S. if.
- Anelas, *n.* A.N. a dagger or wood-knife.
- Ane, *numeral adj.* A.S. one.
- Anes, for ones, *adv.* A.S. once.
- Anhange, *v.* A.S. to hang up.
- Anientised, *part. pa.* A.N. annihilated, reduced to nothing.
- Anyghte, *adv.* A.S. by night.
- Anker, *n.* A.N. an anchor.
- Anker } *n.* Gr. an anchorite or
- Ankre } hermit.
- Annueller, *n.* Lat. a chantry-priest, one endowed to sing mass annually for the founders of the chantry.
- Annunciat, *part. pa.* Lat. foretold.
- Anoy } *n.* A.N. annoyance,
- Annoye } hurt.
- Anoie
- Annoye } *v.* A.N. to annoy, hurt.
- Annye }
- Anoiful, *adj.* A.N. annoying, hurtful.
- Anticlaudian, *n. pr.* a Latin poem by Alanus de Insulis.
- Antem, *n.* A.N. anthem.
- Antiphonere, *n.* A.N. the service-book containing the antiphons, or anthems for the ecclesiastical seasons.

- Antylegyus**, *n. pr.* Antiloclus.
Anvelt, *n.* A.S. an anvil.
Apayde, or **apaide**, *part. pa.* A.N. paid, satisfied.
Ape, *n.* A.S. metaphorically a fool. *To put in his hood an ape* means to make a fool of him. *Wyn of ape*, so much wine as to make a man act like an ape.
Apeyre, *v.* A.N. to impair.
Apert, *adj.* A.N. open. *Prive and apert*, in public and private.
Apies, for **opies**, *n. pl.* A.N. opiates.
Appalled, *part. pa.* A.N. made pale.
Apparaile, *v.* A.N. to prepare.
Apparence, *n.* A.N. appearance.
Apperceyve } *v.* A.N. to perceive.
Apparceive }
Apparceyvynge, *n. pl.* A.N. perceptions.
Appetite, *v.* A.N. to desire.
Appose, *v.* A.N. to oppose, object to, question.
Appourtenaunt, *adj.* A.N. appurtenant, appertaining.
Apprentys, *part. pa.* apprenticed.
Approvour } *n.* A.N. approver, in-
Approver } former.
Appropere, *part. pa.* of *appropere*, *v.* A.N. appropriated.
Aqueytable, *adj.* A.N. easy to be acquainted with, affable.
Aquite, *v.* A.N. to pay for.
Arace, *v.* A.N. to tear, to draw away by force.
Aray } *n.* A.N. array, order, situ-
Araye } ation, equipage.
Arraye } *v.* A.N. to array, dress, dis-
Arraye } pose.
Arblasteres, *n. pl.* A.N. cross-bows, engines of war made on the principle of cross-bows.
Archangel, *n.* A.N. the bird called titmouse.
Archedekne, *n.* Gr. an archdeacon.
Archediacre, *n.* A.N. an archdeacon.
Archewyves, *n. pl.* Gr. and A.S. wives who aspire to govern their husbands.
Ardure, *n.* A.N. burning, ardour.
Arede, *v.* A.S. to interpret, advise.
Average, *n.* A.N. arrear.
Areise } *v.* A.S. to raise.
Areyse }
Aresone, *v.* A.N. to reason with.
Areste } *n.* A.N. arrest, constraint,
Arreste } delay.
Areste, *v.* A.N. to arrest, stop.
Arette, *v.* A.S. *gerehtan*, to impute.
Argoil, *n.* A.N. potter's clay.
Ariete, *n.* Lat. Aries, the ram, one of the signs of the Zodiac.
Arive, *n.* A.N. landing, or disembarcation of troops.
Arke, *n.* Lat. an arc of a circle.
Arme, *n.* A.N. arm; metaphorically, defence.
Armles, *adj.* A.S. without an arm.
Arm-gret, *adj.* A.S. as thick as a man's arm.
Armipotent, *adj.* Lat. mighty in arms.
Armure, *n.* A.N. armour.
Arn, *pl. pres. indic.* of to be, *v.* A.S. are.
Aroos, *past tense* of arise, *v.* A.S. arose.
Aroume, *adv.* A.S. at large, roaming about.
Arowe, *adv.* A.N. in a row.
Arryvae, *n.* A.N. arrival, disembarcation.
Arsmetrieke, *n.* Lat. (*ars metrica*) arithmetic.
Arte, *v.* Lat. (*arcere*) to constrain.
Artelries, *n.* A.N. artillery.
Artow, *v.* art thou.
Arwe, *n.* A.S. arrow.
Aryvayle, *n.* A.N. landing, disembarcation.
Ascaunce } *adv.* as though, as much
Ascauns } as to say.
Asschen, *n. pl.* A.S. ashes.
Aslake, *aslaken*, *v.* A.S. to slake, slacken, or abate.
Asleke, *v.* A.S. to slack, satisfy hunger.
Aspe, *n.* A.S. the aspen, or black poplar.
Aspen, *adj.* A.S. of, or belonging to an asp.
Aspie, or **aspye**, *v.* A.N. to espie.

Aspik, n. A.N. an asp.
Aspre, adj. A.N. rough, sharp.
Asprenesse, n. A.N. sharpness.
Assaut, n. A.N. assault.
Assage, n. A.N. siege.
Asseth, adv. A.N. sufficient.
Assise, n. A.N. situation.
Assoile { *v.* A.N. to absolve, to explain a doubtful question. *Assoileth, imp. mood, second pers. plu.*
Assomoned, part. pa. A.N. summoned.
Assure, v. A.N. to confide.
Asterte, v. A.S. to escape, to release.
Asterte, for asterteth.
Astonyed } *part. pa.* A.N. astonished, confounded.
Astrylabe, n. Gr. the astrolabe, an astronomical instrument.
Astrologien, n. A.N. an astronomer.
Asweved, part. pa. A.S. stupified, as in a dream.
Aswoune, adj. A.S. in a swoon.
At, prep. A.S. *at after souper*, at the time when supper was ended; *at oom*, at one, agreed.
Atake, v. to overtake; *atake, part. pa.* overtaken.
Athre, adv. in three parts.
Attamed, atamyd, part. pa. A.N. (*entamé*) opened, begun; tasted, felt; disgraced.
Atte, prep. A.S. at the.
Attempre, adj. A.N. temperate.
Attemprely, adv. A.N. temperately.
Attour, n. A.N. head-dress.
Attray } *adj.* A.S. poisonous, pernicious.
Atterly }
Atwinne }
Atwo } *adv.* A.S. in two.
Atwoo }
Atyzar, adj. a technical word of the old astronomy, applied to the planet Mars, and meaning, perhaps, inflamed, or angry. — See note, in voc.
Availe, v. neut. A.N. to fall.
Avale, v. ac. A.N. to veil, lower.
Avaunce, v. A.N. to advance, profit.
Avaunt, n. A.N. a vaunt, boast.
Avaunt, adv. A.N. forward.

Avauntage, n. A.N. advantage.
Avaunte, v. A.N. to vaunt, boast.
Avauntour, n. A.N. a vaunter, braggart.
Auctorite } *n.* A.N. an authority, a text from Scripture, or from some respectable author
Auctoritee }
Auctour, n. A.N. a writer of credit.
Avenaunt, adj. A.N. becoming.
Aventayle, n. A.N. the visor of a helmet; that part which is raised *à ventaille*, to give the wearer air.
Adventure, n. A.N. adventure, chance.
Averrois, n. pr. Ebn Roschid, an Arabian physician of the twelfth century.
Aught, n. A.S. anything.
Aught } *adv.* by any means, or by
Oght } any chance.
Ought }
Aught-where } *adv.* anywhere.
Ought-where }
Aught } *past tense* of owe, *v.* A.S.
Oght } owed.
Ought }
Augrym, a corruption of algorithm, numeration; augrym-stones, counters, or calculi, for facilitating calculations.
Avicen, n. pr. Ebn Sina. an Arabian physician of the tenth century.
Avis } *n.* A.N. advice, opinion.
Avys }
Avisande, pres. part. A.N. observing.
Avise } *v.* A.N. to observe, look
Avyse } to.
Avisioun, n. A.N. a vision.
Aumble, n. A.N. an ambling pace.
Auntre, v. A.N. a corruption of adventure, to adventure, or venture.
Auntrous, adj. A.N. adventurous.
Avouterer } *n.* A.N. an adulterer.
Avouter }
Avoutrie, n. adultery.
Avow, n. A.N. a vow.
Aurora, n. pr. the title of a Latin metrical version of the Bible, by Petrus de Riga, a canon of Rheims in the twelfth century.
Auter, n. Lat. altar.

Awayte, *n.* A.N. watch.
 Awaytand, *part. pr.* watching.
 Awapyd } *part. pa.* of awape or
 Awhaped } awhape, A.S. con-
 founded, stupified.
 Awayward, *adv.* A.S. away.
 Awmener, *n.* A.N. *aumôniere*, a
 purse for holding money to be
 given in alms.
 Awmere, *n.* A.N. apparently a con-
 traction for awmener.
 Awreke, *v.* A.S. to revenge.
 Axe, *v.* A.S. to ask.
 Axyng, *n.* A.S. request.
 Ay, *n.* A.S. an egg.
 Ay } *adv.* ever.
 Aye }
 Ayel, *n.* A.N. grandfather.
 Ayen } *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. again,
 Ayenes } against, toward.
 Ayenst, *adv.* until.
 Ayenward, *adv.* A.S. back.

B.

Ba, *v.* seems to be formed from
basse, *v.* A.N. to kiss.
 Baar, *past tense* of bere, *v.* A.S.
 bare, bore.
 Bachelor, *n.* A.N. an unmarried
 man; a knight.—See vol. vii. p.
 197, note 1; a bachelor of arts.
 Bachelerie, *n.* A.N. knighthood;
the bachelerie, the knights.
 Bade, *past tense* of bede, *v.* A.S.
 Badder, *adj.* A.S. *compar.* *degree* of
 bad; worse.
 Bagge, *v.* to swell, disdain; rather,
 perhaps, to squint, or look as-
 kance, and hence, metaphorically,
 to despise.
 Baggly, *adv.* in a squinting
 manner.
 Baillie, *n.* A.N. bailiwick, the juris-
 diction of a sheriff, custody.
 Baite } *v.* A.S. to feed, to stop to
 Bayte } feed.
 Bak } *n.* A.S. the back.
 Bakke }
 Balaunce, *n.* A.N. doubt, suspense,
 jeopardy.
 Bale, *n.* A.S. loss, mischief, sorrow.

Bales, *n.* A.N. *balais*, the bastard
 ruby.
 Balkes, *n. pl.* A.S. the beams of the
 roof.
 Ballyd } *adj.* smooth as a ball, bald.
 Balled }
 Barbe, *n.* A.N. a hood, or muffler,
 which covered the lower part of
 the face and shoulders.
 Baren, *past tense pl.* of bere, *v.* A.S.
 bore.
 Bargeyn, *n.* A.N. contention.
 Bargaret, *n.* A.N. a pastoral song.
 Barne, *n.* A.S. the lap.
 Barne-cloth, *n.* an apron, or petti-
 coat.
 Barre, *n.* A.N. a bar of a door, a
 stripe.
 Bareigne, *adj.* A.S. barren.
 Basilicok, *n.* a basilisk.
 Basse, *n.* A.N. a kiss.
 Bastynge, *part. pres.* of baste, *v.* A.S.
 to sew slightly.
 Batayled, *part. pa.* A.N. embattled.
 Bathe, for bothe.
 Bathe, *v.* A.S. to bathe, or bask, ap-
 plied to a hen basking in the sun,
 and covering herself with dust.
 Baude, *adj.* A.N. joyous.
 Bauderie } *n.* A.N. pimping, keep-
 Baudrye } ing a bawdy-house.
 Baudy, *adj.* A.N. dirty.
 Baundon, *n.* A.N. disposal.
 Bayard, *n.* A.N. a bay horse; ap-
 plied to any horse.
 Bayely, *n.* A.N. a bailiff, steward.
 Be, *prep.* A.S. by.
 Be, *part. pa.* of to be, *v.* A.S. been.
 Beau-Semblant, *n. pr.* A.N. Fair-
 Appearance.
 Beau-sire, *n.* A.N. fair sir.
 Bebledde, *part. pa.* A.S. covered
 with blood.
 Beclappe, *v.* A.S. to catch.
 Bedaffed, *part. pa.* A.S. made a fool of.
 Bede, *v.* to desire, bid, pray, invite,
 offer. *To bede his nekke*, to offer
 his neck for execution.
 Bede, *n.* A.S. a prayer, a bead on
 which prayers were counted; a
peire of bedes, a set of beads for
 counting prayers on; a rosary.

- Bedote, *v.* A.S. to cause to doat.
 Bedred, *part. pa.* bed-ridden.
 Bedreint, *part. pa.* of bedrenche, *v.* A.S. drenched, drowned.
 Been, *n. pl.* bees.
 Beete } *v.* A.S. to prepare, make
 Bete } ready; to *beete fyres*, to
 kindle fires; to mend,
 heal; to ornament.
 Befil, *past tense* of befall, *v.* A.S.
 befel.
 Beforen } *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. before.
 Beforne }
 Begiled, *part. pa.* beguiled.
 Bego } *part. pa.* of bego, *v.* A.S.
 Begon } gone. *Wel begon*, in a
 good way; *wo begon*, in
 a bad way; *wors bigon*,
 in a worse way; *with*
 Bygoon } *gold bygoon*, covered
 over with gold.
 Begonne, *part. pa.* of beginne, *v.*
 A.S. begun.
 Behalve, *n.* A.S. behalf.
 Beheste, *n.* A.S. promise.
 Behete, *v.* A.S. to promise.
 Behewe, *part. pa.* A.S. coloured,
 hued.
 Behighte, *part. pa.* of behete, *v.*
 A.S. promised.
 Behighten, *past tense pl.* promised.
 Behove, *n.* A.S. behoof, advantage.
 Bejaped, *part. pa.* of bejape, *v.* A.S.
 tricked, laughed at.
 Bekke, *v.* A.N. to nod.
 Beknowe } *v.* A.S. to acknowledge,
 Byknowe } confess.
 Belamy, A.N. good friend.
 Bele-chose, *n.* A.N. *pudenda mu-*
liebris.
 Beleve, *n.* A.S. belief, creed.
 Belle, *v.* A.S. to bellow.
 Belle, *adj.* A.N. fair.
 Belle-cheer, *n.* A.N. good cheer.
 Belmarie, *n. pr.* Benamaryn, one
 of the Moorish States in Africa
 Belowe, *v.* A.S. to bellow.
 Relys } *n.* A.S. bellows.
 Bely }
 Bemes, *n. pl.* A.S. trumpets.
 Ben, *inf. mood* of *v.* A.S. to be.
 Ben, *pres. tense pl.* are.
 Ben, *part. pa.* been.
 Benched, *part. pa.* A.N. furnished
 with benches.
 Bend, *n.* A.N. a band, stripe
 Bending, *n.* striping, making of
 bands.
 Bene, *n.* A.S. a bean.
 Benedicite! Lat. an exclamation
 like Bless us! pronounced Ben-
 cite.
 Beneyngly, *adv.* A.N. benignly.
 Benigne, *adj.* A.N. benign, kind.
 Benime, *v.* A.S. to take away.
 Benisoun, *n.* A.N. benediction, bless-
 ing.
 Benyng, *adj.* A.N. benign.
 Bent, *n.* A.S. the bending or decli-
 vity of a hill; the coarse grass
 which grows on a moor.
 Beoth } *second pers. pl. pres. tense*
 Beothe } of be, *v.* A.S.
 Bereyned, *part. pa.* of bereyne, *v.*
 A.S. rained upon.
 Berde, *n.* A.S. the beard; to *make*
one's berde, to impose upon him.
 Bere, *n.* A.S. a bear.
 Bere, *v.* A.S. to bear, carry. To
bere on hand, to accuse falsely,
 to persuade falsely. To *bere the*
belle, to carry off the prize.
 Bere, *n.* A.S. a bier.
 Bere, *n.* A.S. a case, or covering;
 pilwe-bere, a pillow-case.
 Beriede, *part. pa.* of berye, *v.* A.S.
 buried.
 Bering, *n.* A.S. bearing, or beha-
 viour.
 Berme, *n.* A.S. barm, or yeast.
 Bernard, *n. pr.* a physician of Mont-
 pellier in the thirteenth century.
 Bernard, *n. pr.* St. Bernard, the last
 of the Fathers of the Church, and
 Abbot of Clairvaux, in the
 twelfth century.
 Berne, *n.* A.S. a barn.
 Besaunt, *n.* a gold coin of Byzan-
 tium.
 Beseke, *v.* A.S. to beseech.
 Besette, *v.* A.S. to serve.
 Beset } *part. pa.* of besette, *v.* A.S.
 Besette } served, placed, employed.
 Beseye, or besey, *part. pa.* of besee;

- v. A.S. beseen; *evil beseey*, ill-beseen, of a mean appearance; *richely beseey*, well dressed, of a rich appearance.
- Beshet } *part. pa.* A.S. shut up.
 Beshette }
- Beshrewe, v. A.S. to curse.
- Besmotted, *part. pa.* A.S. smutted, stained.
- Bespet, *part. pa.* A.S. spit upon.
- Bespreynt, *part. pa.* of besprenge, v. A.S. besprinkled.
- Bestedde } *part. pa.* of bestede, v.
 Bestad } A.S. situated.
- Best }
 Beste } n. A.N. a berst.
- Beste, *adj. sup. degree*, A.S. best.
- Besy }
 Bisy } *adj.* A.S. busy.
- Bysy }
- Bet } *adv. comp. degree*, A.S.
 Bette } better.
- Betake, v. A.S. to give, to recommend.
- Betaught, *past tense* of last, recommended.
- Bete, v. A.S. See Beete.
- Bete, v. A.N. to beat.
- Beteche, v. A.S. Same as betake.
- Beth } *imp. mood second pers. pl.*
 Beeth } of to be, v. A.S. be ye.
- Beted }
 Betid } *past tense and part. of*
 Betidde } v. A.S. betide, hap-
 Betyd } pened.
 Betydde }
- Betoke, *past tense* of betake, recommended.
- Betraisid }
 Betrayed } *past part. of betrayse,*
 Betrashed } v. A.N. betrayed.
 Betrasshyd }
- Betwix }
 Betwixe } *prep.* A.S. between.
 Betwixen }
- Betyt, for betidith, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of betide.
- Bewepe, v. A.S. to weep over.
- Bewope, *past tense and part. of last.*
- Bewrey }
 Bewreye } v. A.S. to discover, to
 Bewrye } uncover.
- Beye, v. A.S. to buy. See abeye.
- Beyete, *part. pa.* A.S. begotten.
- Bi, *prep.* A.S. by, beside.
- Bialacoil, n. *pr.* A.N. *Bel-Accueil*; afterwards translated by Chaucer *Faire-Welcoming*.
- Bibbed, *part. pa.* Lat. drunk.
- Bible, n. A.N. a book; the bible, the book, *par excellence*.
- Bibled, *adj.* covered with blood.
- Biblotte, v. A.S. to blot.
- Bicchel-bones, or bicched-bones, n. dice.
- Bidde, v. A.S. same as bede, to desire, pray, invite.
- Bie, or bye, v. A.S. to suffer. See abeye.
- Bifille, *past. tense pl.* of befalle, v. A.S. befel.
- Biforen }
 Beforen } *adv. and prep.* A.S. before.
- Bigoo }
 Bigoon } See Bego.
- Bilder, n. A.S. a builder, an epithet applied to the oak, as being used in building.
- Bille, n. A.N. a letter, a petition.
- Binene }
 Bynene } v. A.S. to bemoan.
- Bint } for bindeth, *third pers. sing.*
 Bynt } *pres. tense* of binde, v. A.S.
- Birde } n. A.S. a bride.
 Byrde }
- Bischop, n. A.S. Gr. a bishop.
- Bissemarre, n. abusive speech.
- Bistadde, *part. pa.* bestead, in evil plight.
- Bit } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
 Byt } bidde, v. A.S. biddeth.
- Bitrent, *part. pa.* of bitrende, v. A.S. surrounded.
- Biwopen, *part. pa.* drowned in tears.
- Blancmanger, n. A.N. a dish composed of fowl, &c.
- Blandise, v. A.N. to blandish, flatter.
- Blanche fevere, n. A.N. *fièvres blanches*, the green sickness.
- Ble, n. A.S. colour.
- Blee, n. *pr.* a forest in Kent.
- Bleyne, n. A.S. a blain, boil, or pimple.

- Blende, *v.* A.S. to blind, deceive.
- Blent, *past tense* and *part.* of last.
- Blent, *past tense* of blenche, *v.* A.S. shrunk, started aside.
- Blered, *part. pa.* A.S. literally used to describe sore eyes, metaphorically applied to a person who is deceived, or imposed upon.
- Bleve, or bleven, *v.* A.S. to stay.
- Blin }
 Blinne } *v.* A.S. to cease.
 Blynne }
 Bylynne }
- Blisse } *v.* A.S. to bless.
 Blysse }
 Blive } *adv.* A.S. quickly.
 Belyve }
- Blod, *n.* A.S. blood.
- Blosme, *n.* A.S. blossom.
- Blosme, *v.* to blossom.
- Blosmy, *adj.* full of blossoms.
- Blyne, as blinne.
- Bobounce, *n.* A.N. boasting.
- Boche, *n.* A.N. a botch or boil.
- Bode, boden, *part. pa.* of bede, *v.* A.S. bidden.
- Bode, *past tense* of bide, *v.* A.S. remained.
- Bode, *n.* A.S. delay.
- Bode, *n.* A.S. an omen.
- Boece } *n. pr.* Boethius.
 Boesse }
- Boydekyn, *n.* A.S. a bodkin, or dagger.
- Boiste, *n.* A.N. a box.
- Boistous, *adj.* A.S. boisterous.
- Boistously, *adv.* boisterously.
- Bokeler, *n.* A.N. a buckler.
- Bokelyng, *part. pre.* buckling.
- Boket, *n.* A.S. a bucket.
- Bolas, *n.* the bullace plum.
- Bole Armoniac, *n.* a drug called Armenian earth.
- Bollen, *part. pa.* of bolge, *v.* A.S. swollen, bulged.
- Bolt, *n.* A.S. an arrow.
- Bolt-upright, *adv.* lying on the back as straight as an arrow.
- Bonairete, for *débonairete*, *n.* A.N. courtesy.
- Boones, *n. pl.* A.S. bones.
- Boon } *n.* A.S. a boon, petition.
 Boone }
 Bone } *He bad hem alle a boone,*
 asked them all a petition.
- Boras, *n.* A.N. borax.
- Boord } *n.* A.N. a border; a
 Borde } table.
- Bordel, *n.* A.N. a brothel. *Bordel-women*, whores.
- Bordillers, *n. pl.* A.N. keepers of brothels.
- Borel, *n.* A.N. coarse cloth of a brown colour.
- Borel, *adj.* A.N. made of coarse cloth; hence, metaphorically, unlearned, or laymen.
- Borned, *part. pa.* burnished. *Gold-bornyd*, burnished with gold.
- Borwe, *n.* A.S. a pledge. *Hath laid to borwe*, hath pledged. *Have here my feythe to borwe*, have here my faith for a pledge. *Seynt Johan to borwe*, St. John being my security.
- Bosarde, *n.* A.N. a buzzard; a species of hawk unfit for falconry.
- Bos } *n.* A.N. a protuberance.
 Bosse }
- Boost, *n.* A.S. pride, boasting.
- Boost, *adv.* A.S. aloud.
- Boote } *n.* A.S. remedy, help,
 Bote } profit.
- Boote, *past tense* of bite, *v.* A.S.
- Boteles, *adj.* A.S. bootless, remediless.
- Botel } *n.* A.N. a bottle.
 Botelle }
- Boterflie, *n.* a butterfly.
- Bothe, *adj.* A.S. in the genitive case, two together. *Oure bothe labor*, *nostrum amborum labor*, the labour of us two together. Sometimes *bother*, of both, like *aller*, of all.
- Bothum } *n.* A.N. a bud, particu-
 Botheum } larly of a rose
- Bougeron, *n.* A.N. a Sodomite.
- Boughton-under-Blee, *n. pr.* a town in Kent.
- Bouke, *n.* A.S. bulk, the body.
- Boulte, *v.* A.S. to bolt, or sift meal.

- Boun } *adj.* A.S. ready.
 Bowne }
 Bounte } *n.* A.N. goodness.
 Bountee }
 Bourde, *n.* A.N. a jest.
 Bourde, *v.* A.N. to jest.
 Bourdon, *n.* A.N. a staff.
 Bourre, *n.* A.S. a house, a chamber.
 Bowe, *n.* A.S. a bow.
 Box, *n.* A.S. a blow.
 Bracer, *n.* A.N. armour for the arm.
 Bradwardyn, *n. pr.* Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1349, wrote a book, *De causâ Dei*.
 Braide } *n.* A.S. a start.
 Brayde }
 Breyde }
 Braide } same as abrayde, *v.* A.S.
 Brayde } to start, to take up, or
 Breyde } off, suddenly.
 Bragat, *n.* Welsh, bragod, a sweet drink made of sweetwort, honey, and spice.
 Brasil, *n.* a wood used as a red dye. Its being mentioned by Chaucer is a proof that it is not named after the country Brazil.
 Bratt, *n.* A.S. a coarse mantle, a rag.
 Brech, *n.* A.S. breeches.
 Brede, *n.* A.S. breadth. *In brede*, abroad.
 Breme, *adj. and adv.* A.S. furious, furiously.
 Brenne, *v.* A.S. to burn.
 Brent, *past tense and part.* of brenne, burnt.
 Brenningly, *adv.* A.S. hotly.
 Breres, *n. pl.* A.N. briars.
 Breste, *v.* A.S. to burst.
 Bret-ful, *adj.* brim-full.
 Bribe, *n.* A.N. what is given to a beggar, extortioner, or cheat.
 Riben, *v.* A.N. to beg, to steal.
 Riboures, *n. pl.* A.N. thieves.
 Bridale, *n.* A.S. a bridal, marriage-feast.
 Brid } *n.* A.S. a bird
 Bryd }
 Briddes } *pl.* of last, birds.
 Bryddes }
- Brige, *n.* A.N. contention.
 Brik, *n.* A.S. breach, ruin.
 Brimme, *adj.* same as breme.
 Brocage, *n.* A.N. a treaty by broker, or agent.
 Broch } *n.* A.N. properly a spit,
 Broche } a brooch or pin.
 Broided, *part. pa.* A.N. braided, woven.
 Brokking, *part. pr.* throbbing, quavering.
 Bromholme, *n. pr.* a priory in Norfolk.
 Bronde, *n.* A.N. a torch.
 Brosten, *part. pa.* of breste, burst.
 Brotel, *adj.* A.S. brittle.
 Brotelnesse, *n.* A.S. brittleness.
 Brotherhed } *n.* A.S. brotherhood,
 } fraternal affection,
 Brothuredhed } a religious community.
 }
 Brouded, } *part. pa.* A.N. em-
 Browded, } broidered.
 Brouken, *v.* A.S. to brook, enjoy, use.
 Brutil, *adj.* A.S. brittle.
 Brutilnesse, *n.* A.S. brittleness.
 Buisshe, *n.* A.N. a bush.
 Bukkes-horne, *n.* a buck's horn. *To blowe the bukkes horne*, to employ oneself in any useless amusement.
 Bugle-horn, *n.* A.S. a bull's horn, from bowgle or bougle, a bull. Anything made of a bull's horn, such as a drinking cup.
 Bulte, *v.* A.S. to bolt, sift.
 Bumble, *v.* A.S. to make a humming noise, as the bittern.
 Burdoun, *n.* A.N. the bass in music.
 Burel, as borel.
 Buriels, *n. pl.* A.S. burying-places.
 Burned }
 Borne } *part. pa.* burnished.
 Brunette } *n.* A.N. a fine cloth of
 Burnette } a brown colour.
 Buske, *n.* A.N. a bush.
 But } *adv. conj. and prep.* A.S.
 Butte } but, unless, only; without.
 Buxome, *adj.* A.S. obedient, civil.
 Buxomly, *adv.* A.S. obediently, civilly.

Buye, *v.* A.S. to suffer. A contracted form of abegge, or abeye.
 By, *prep.* A.S. sometimes means in, as *By the morwe*, in the morning. *By and by* sometimes means *hard by*, sometimes one by one, *sigillatim*.
 Byclappe, *v.* as beclappe.
 Bydaffed, *part. pa.* made a fool of.
 Bydde, as bede.
 Byforn, *adv.* and *prep.* A.S. before.
 Bygyled, *part. pa.* beguiled.
 Bygynne, *v.* A.S. to begin.
 Bygyns, *n. pl.* A.N. *Béguines*, an order of quasi-religious women, not bound by vows.
 Byheste, *n.* A.S. behest, promise.
 Byhighte, *v.* A.S. to promise.
 Byhote, *v.* A.S. to promise.
 Byjaped, *part. pa.* tricked, laughed at.
 Byker, *n.* S.A. a quarrel.
 Byknowe, *v.* A.S. to acknowledge.
 Byleve, *n.* A.S. belief, creed.
 Byleve, *v.* A.S. to stay.
 Bylynne, as blinne, or blynne, *v.* A.S. to delay.
 Bynyme, *v.* A.S. to take away. Same as benime; *bynomen, part. pa.* taken away.
 Byreyned, *part. pa.* A.S. rained upon.
 Byraft, *past tense* and *part.* of byreve, *v.* A.S. bereft.
 Byshruwe, *v.* A.S. to curse.
 Byrde, *n.* A.S. a bride.
 Byset, *past tense* and *part.* of bysetten, *v.* A.S., served, placed, employed.
 Byseye, *part. pa.* of besie, *v.* A.S. beseen. *Vide* beseye.
 Bysynesse, *n.* A.S. business.
 Bysily, *adv.* A.S. busily.
 Bysmoterud, *part. pa.* A.S. smutted.
 Bystad, *part. pa.* A.S. situated.
 Byt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of bydde, or bidde, *v.* A.S. bids.
 Bytake, as betake.
 Bytid, *part. pa.* A.S. happened.
 Bytoke, as betoke.
 Bytoure, *n.* A.S. a bittern.
 Bytraised, as betrayed.
 Bytrashed, as betrayed.

Bytrent, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of bytrende, or bitrende, sur-roundeth.

Bytwixe, as betwixe.

Bywreye, as bewreye.

C.

Caas, *n.* A.N. a case, a quiver.

Cacche, *v.* to catch.

Cadence, *n.* a species of blank verse.

Caf, *n.* A.S. chaff.

Cairrud, *n. pr.* a city in Bretagne.

Calcinacioun, *n.* A.N. the chemical process of calcining.

Calculated, *past tense* A.N. calculated.

Caleweis, *n.* A.N. a kind of pear.

Calipsa, for Calypso, *n. pr.*

Calle, *n.* A.N. a caul or cap.

Cameline, *n.* A.N. a stuff made of camel's hair. See Kamelyne.

Camois } *adj.* A.N. flatnosed.

Camoys }

Campioun, *n.* A.N. a champion.

Cananee, *adj.* Canaanite.

Cane, *n. pr.* Cana in Galilee.

Candelle, *n.* A.N. a candle.

Canne, *v.* A.S. to know.

Canel, *n.* A.N. channel.

Canelle, *n.* A.N. cinnamon.

Canevas, *n.* A.N. canvas.

Canon, *n. pr.* the title of Avicenne's great work.

Cantel, *n.* A.S. a piece or part cut off.

Capel } *n.* A.N. a horse.

Capul }

Capitaine, *n.* A.N. a captain.

Capitolie, *n.* Lat. the Capitol.

Cappe, *n.* A.N. a cap or hood. *To set a man's cap*, to make a fool of him.

Captif } *adj.* A.N. captive.

Capyt } *adj.* A.N. captive.

Carayn, *n.* A.N. carrion.

Cardiacle, *n.* A.N. Gr. a pain about the heart.

Carf } *past tense* of kerve, *v.* A.S.

Kerf } carved, cut.

Carl, *n.* A.S. a churl, a hardy country-fellow.

- Carmes**, *n. pl.* A.N. Carmelite friars.
- Carol** } *n.* A.N. a dance accom-
Karol } panied with singing.
- Carole** } *v.* A.N. to dance and
Karole } sing.
- Carpe**, *v.* to talk.
- Caroigne**, *n.* A.N. a carrion.
- Carrik**, *n.* A.N. a large ship.
- Carte**, *n.* A.N. a chariot.
- Carter**, *n.* A.N. a charioteer.
- Cas**, *n.* A.N. chance; *upon cas*, by chance.
- Cassidore**, *n. pr.* Cassiodorus, a law writer, several of whose works are extant.
- Cast**, *n.* A.S. a contrivance.
- Caste**, *v.* A.S. to throw, to contrive.
- Casteloigne**, *n. pr.* Catalonia in Spain.
- Casuel**, *adj.* A.N. accidental.
- Catapuce**, *n.* A.N. a species of spurge.
- Catel**, *n.* A.N. goods, chattels.
- Caterwrawed**, *to gon a caterwrawed* seems to mean the same thing as to go a caterwauling.
- Cavillacioun**, *n.* A.N. cavil.
- Caton**, *n. pr.* the author of the *Distichs*, a book of proverbs popular in the middle ages.
- Cise** } *v.* for seize, or seise, A.N.
Cese } to seize.
- Celerer**, *n.* Lat. the officer in a monastery who had the care of the provisions.
- Celle**, *n.* Lat. a cell, properly an English branch of a foreign monastery, but applied generally to any religious house. Applied also to the head, as the cell of the brain.
- Celsitude**, *n.* A.N. highness.
- Celured**, *part. pa.* A.N. ceiled, or canopied.
- Censing**, *part. pres.* A.N. fumigating with incense.
- Centauree**, *n. pr.* an herb so called.
- Cercle**, *v.* A.N. to encircle or surround; *cerclith*, *third pers. sing. pres. tense.*
- Cercles**, *n. pl.* A.N. circles.
- Cerial**, *adj.* A.N. belonging to the species of oak called *cerrus*.
- Certain** } *adj.* A.N. is sometimes
Certyn } used as a substantive
Certeayne } to mean a certain quantity; as, *of unces a certain*, a certain number of ounces.
- Certaine** } *adv.* A.N. certainly.
Certeayne }
Certes }
- Ceruse**, *n.* A.N. white lead.
- Cesed**, *part. pa.* for seised, used in the legal sense of seized, to be in possession of.
- Cesse**, *v.* A.N. to cease.
- Chaffare**, *n.* A.S. merchandise.
- Chaffare**, *v.* A.S. to trade, chaffer.
- Chalouns**, *n.* A.N. blankets.
- Chamayle**, *n.* A.N. a camel.
- Chamberere**, *n.* A.N. a chambermaid.
- Champartye**, *n.* A.N. a legal term for a conspiracy to deprive an owner of possession by law.
- Chantepleure**, *n.* A.N. a sort of proverbial expression for singing and weeping successively.
- Chapitre**, *n.* A.N. the chapter of a religious order.
- Chaunterie**, *n.* A.N. an endowment for the payment of a priest to sing mass agreeably to the appointment of the founder.
- Chapman**, *n.* A.S. a merchant, trader.
- Chapmanhede**, *n.* A.S. the condition of a merchant or trader.
- Chare**, *n.* A.N. a chariot.
- Charge**, *n.* A.N. a load, burthen, business of weight. *It nere no charge*, it were no harm. *Of that no charge*, no matter for that.
- Charge**, *v.* A.N. to weigh, to incline on account of weight. *Which chargeth not to say*, which it is useless to mention.
- Chargeant**, *part. pres.* A.N. burthensome.
- Charmeresse**, *n.* A.N. an enchantress.
- Chastelaine**, *n.* A.N. the wife of a chastelain, or governor of a castle.

- Chastye, *v.* A.N. to chastise.
- Chayer, *n.* A.N. a chair, a professor's chair.
- Chekkere, *n.* A.N. a chess-board.
- Ches } *past tense* of chese, *v.* A.S.
Ches } to choose.
- Cheffis, *n.* we should read *cheses*.
- Chek, check, the technical term in chess, to signify that the king is in danger.
- Chekelatoun, *n.* A.N. a kind of rich cloth.
- Chek mate, the term used at chess to denote that the king is taken prisoner.
- Chelaundre, *n.* A.N. a kind of lark, perhaps the wood-lark.
- Chepe, *n.* A.S. a market; *good chepe*, A.N. *bon-marché*, cheap.
- Chepe, *v.* A.S. to buy, or, as is vulgarly said, to market.
- Chepe, *n. pr.* A.S. the market in London, now called Cheap-side.
- Cherche, *n.* A.S. a church.
- Chere, *n.* A.N. countenance, appearance; entertainment, good cheer.
- Cherice } *v.* A.N. to cherish.
Cherise }
- Cherisaunce, *n.* A.N. comfort.
- Cherl, *n.* A.S. a serf or copyholder; a man of mean birth and condition.
- Cherlish, *adj.* A.S. illiberal.
- Ches } *n.* the game of chess
Chesse }
- Chese, *v.* A.S. to choose.
- Chese, *third pers. sing. pres. indic.* for cheseth.
- Cheste, *n.* Lat. a coffin.
- Cheste, *n.* debate.
- Chesteyn, *n.* A.N. the chestnut.
- Chevalerous, *adj.* A.N. chivalrous.
- Cheve, *v.* A.N. to achieve, to come to a conclusion. *Yvel mote he cheve*, ill may he end!
- Chevered, *past tense* of chever, *v.* A.S. to shiver.
- Chevesaille, *n.* A.N. a collar, or necklace.
- Cheventen } *n.* A.N. a chieftain.
Chiveten }
- Chevisaunce, *n.* A.N. an agreement for borrowing money.
- Chiche, *adj.* A.N. niggardly, sparing.
- Chichevache, *n.* A.N. literally, a lean cow; a lean cow supposed to feed upon obedient wives— See vol. ii. p. 159, note 2.
- Chideresse } *n.* A.S. a female scold.
Chidester }
- Chierete, *n.* A.N. tenderness, affection.
- Chike, *n.* A.S. a chick or chicken.
- Chimbe, *v.* to chime bells.
- Chinche, as chiche.
- Cherchereve, *n.* A.S. a churchwarden.
- Chirchewawe, *n.* A.S. a churchyard.
- Chirke, *v.* A.S. to chirp as a sparrow.
- Chirkynges, *n.* from *part. pres.* of last, chirpings.
- Chit, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of chide, *v.* A.S. chideth.
- Chivachie } *n.* A.N. a military expedition, a feat of
Chivache } horsemanship.
- Chymbe, *n.* A.S. the prominent part of the staves beyond the head of a barrel.
- Chynche.—See Chinche.
- Chyncherie, *n.* A.N. penuriousness.
- Chyvalry } *n.* A.N. chivalry.
Chevalrye }
- Cierges, *n. pl.* A.N. wax-tapers.
- Cite } *n.* A.N. city.
Citee }
- Citole, *n.* A.N. a stringed instrument mentioned by William Guiart (1248):
'Que le roi de France à celle crée
Enveloppa si de parolles
Plus douces que son de citoles.'
Barbazan supposes it to be the same as the cithara; Sir John Hawkins believes it to be a kind of dulcimer, and that the name is a corruption of the Latin *cistella*.
- Citrinatioun, *n.* A.N. a chemical term.

- Clamben, *past tense pl.* of *climbe*; *v.* A.S. climbed.
- Claperes, *n. pl.* A.N. rabbit-burrows.
- Clappe, *v.* A.S. to knock repeatedly; to talk incessantly and loud.
- Clappynge, *n.* A.S. noisy and incessant talking.
- Clapsud, *part pa.* clasped.
- Clarre, *n.* A.N. wine mixed with honey and spices, and clarified. It was otherwise called piment. The following is the receipt for making it:—'Claretum bonum sive pigmentum. Accipe nucem moschatam, cariofilos, gingebas, macis, cinnamomum, galangam; quæ omnia in pulverem redacta distempera cum bono vino cum tertiâ parte mellis; post cola per sacculum, et da ad bibendum. Et nota, quod illud idem potest fieri de cerevisiâ.'—*Medulla Chirurgiæ Rolandi.* MS. Bodl. 761, fol. 86.
- Clatereden, *past tense pl.* of *clatere*; *v.* A.S. to clatter.
- Clause, *n.* A.N. an end or conclusion.
- Clawe, *v.* A.S. to stroke. *He clawed him on the bak*, he stroked him on the back to encourage him. *To clawe on the galle*, to rub on a sore place.
- Cledde, *past tense* of *clede*, *v.* A.S. clad.
- Cleneness, *n.* A.S. cleanness, purity.
- Clepe, *v.* A.S. to call; *yclepte*, *part. pa.*
- Clergial, *adj.* A.N. learned.
- Clergie, *n.* A.N. the clerical profession.
- Clergeoun, *n.* A.N. a young clerk.
- Clerk, *n.* A.N. a person in holy orders; a man of learning; a student at the university.
- Clifte, *n.* A.S. a cleft.
- Cliket, *n.* A.N. a latch-key.
- Clinke, *v. a.* A.S. to ring.
- Clinke, *v. neut.* to tinkle.
- Clippe, *v.* A.S. to clip; to embrace.
- Clipsi, *adj.* eclipsed.
- Clobbed, *adj.* A.S. clubbed, like a club.
- Clomben, *past tense pl.* of *climbe* *v.* A.S.
- Closer, *n.* A.N. an enclosure
- Clote-lefe, a leaf of the burdock. or clote-bur.
- Clothred, *past pa.* A.S. clotted.
- Clove-gilofre }
Clowe-gelofre } *n.* A.N. clove.
- Cloutes, *n.* A.S. small pieces, rags, patches.
- Clum, *interj.* speak low; from A.S. *clumian*, to mutter.
- Clumben, *past tense pl.* of *climbe*.
- Clyffe, *n.* A.S. a cliff.
- Clyves, *n. pl.* of *clyffe*, or *cliffe*.
- Clywe, *v.* A.S. to turn or twist round.
- Coagulat, *part. pa.* curdled.
- Cockes Bones, a corruption of God's Bones.
- Cod, *n.* A.S. a bag.
- Cofre, *n.* A.N. a coffer, or chest.
- Cogge, *n.* A.S. a cock-boat.
- Coilons, *n.* A.N. testicles.
- Coke, *n.* Lat. a cook.
- Cokenay, *n.* a puny contemptible fellow; an inhabitant of the land of Cokaigne, a Londoner.
- Cokewold, *n.* a cuckold.
- Col {
Colle { A.S. a prefix signifying false, as *col-prophet*, false prophet; *col-fox*, treacherous fox; *colle-tregetour*, false trickster.
- Colde, *v.* A.S. to grow cold.
- Coler, *n.* A.N. a collar.
- Colera, *n.* Lat. bile.
- Colerd, *part. pa.* collared, wearing collars.
- Collacioun, *n.* A.N. a conference.
- Collinges, *n. pl.* A.N. embraces round the neck.
- Coltissch, *adj.* A.S. playful as a colt.
- Colver, *n.* A.S. the culver, or wild pigeon.
- Columbine, *adj.* Lat. dovelike.
- Combre-world, *n.* an encumbrance to the world.
- Combust, *adj.* Lat. a term in astronomy, applied to a planet when

- it is not more than 8° 30' distant from the sun.
- Come, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of come, *v.* A.S.; cometh.
- Commensal, *n.* A.N. a mess-mate.
- Commune, A.N. commonalty; communes, commoners.
- Compaignable, *adj.* A.N. sociable, companionable.
- Compame, *n.* A.N. by poetic licence for compagne.
- Compas, *n.* A.S. a compass, circle. The *trine compas*, the Trinity, an appellation borrowed from a common emblem of that mystery, a circle circumscribing a triangle. Also, a contrivance.
- Compassement } *n.* contrivance.
Compassynge }
- Compasser, *v.* to contrive.
- Compenable, as compaignable.
- Compere, *n.* A.N. a near friend, a gossip.
- Complin }
Compline }
Conplyng }
- { Lat. *completorium*, the last of the Hours in the Breviary, said, in religious houses, just before bedtime, and ludicrously applied in *The Canterbury Tales* to the snoring of the miller and his family.
- Compounded, *part. pa.* A.N. compounded.
- Compte, *n.* A.N. account.
- Concete, *n.* A.N. conception.
- Condescende, *n.* A.N. to yield.
- Condise, *n. pl.* A.N. conduits.
- Confecture, *n.* A.N. confection, composition.
- Confuse, *adj.* A.N. confounded, confused.
- Conjecte, *v.* A.N. to project, to contrive.
- Conisaunce, *n.* A.N. knowledge.
- Conne, *v.* A.S. to know, to know how, to be able, to learn by heart. *To conne him thank*, to be obliged to him, *lui savoir gré*. *To conne him maugre*, to be displeased with him, *lui savoir mal gré*.
- Conseil, *n.* A.N. counsel.
- Consentant, *part. pres.* A.N. consenting.
- Conserve, *v.* A.N. to preserve.
- Consistory, *n.* A.N. a court of justice, usually applied to an ecclesiastical court.
- Conestablere, *n.* A.N. a ward of a castle under the command of a *conestable*, or constable.
- Conplyng, see Compline.
- Contek, *n.* A.S. contention.
- Contenance, *n.* A.N. appearance, pretence.
- Contract, *part. pa.* Lat. contracted.
- Contraniautes, *part. pr.* is used in the *pl.* as in A.N., opposing, contradicting.
- Contrarie, *v.* A.N. to contradict.
- Contrarious, *adj.* A.N. opposite, perverse.
- Contrary, *n.* A.N. an adversary.
- Contrefete, *v.* A.N. to counterfeit.
- Controve, *v.* A.N. to compose songs.
- Contubernial, *n.* Lat. dwelling in the same tent, familiar.
- Contune, *v.* A.N. to continue.
- Cope, *n.* A.N. a cloak, the ecclesiastical vestment called a cope.
- Cop } *n.* A.S. the top of anything,
Coppe } the head.
- Corage, *n.* A.N. heart, inclination, spirit, courage.
- Corbetz, *n. pl.* A.N. in architecture, the capitals from which the arches spring.
- Cordid, for accorded, the *past tense subj. mood* of accorde, would agree.
- Cordewane, *n.* A.N. Spanish leather, so called from *Cordova*, where it was manufactured.
- Cordileres, *n.* A.N. *cordeliers*, Franciscan friars, so called because wearing a girdle of rope.
- Corinne, *n. pr.* a Greek poetess, the contemporary of Pindar.
- Corniculere, *n.* Lat. *cornicularius*, in the Roman army, a lieutenant or assistant of a superior officer; in the civil service, a secretary or assistant of the magistrate.
- Cornemuse, *n.* A.N. a bagpipe.

- Cornewaile, *n. pr.* Cornouaille in Brittany.
 Corny, *adj.* A.S. applied to ale, strong of the corn or malt.
 Corone } *n.* A.N. a crown or gar-
 Coroune } land.
 Corowne }
 Corps, *n.* A.N. the body.
 Corpus, *n.* Lat. body. *Corpus Domini*, the Lord's body. *Corpus Madrian*, the body of St. Madrianus.
 Correccioun, *n.* A.N. correction.
 Corrige, *v.* A.N. to correct.
 Corumpable, *adj.* A.N. corruptible.
 Corumpe, *v.* A.N. to corrupt.
 Corupt, *part. pa.* of last, corrupted.
 Cors, *n.* A.S. a curse.
 Corse, *v.* A.S. to curse.
 Corseint } *n.* A.N. a holy body,
 Corseynt } relic.
 Corven, *part. pa.* of kerve, *v.* A.S. cut.
 Cosyn, *n.* A.N. cousin; sometimes used adjectively, allied.
 Cosinage, *n.* A.N. kindred.
 Costage, *n.* A.N. cost, expense.
 Costeye, *v.* A.N. to coast, to go by the coast.
 Costlewe, *adj.* costly.
 Costrel, *n.* a drinking vessel.
 Cote, *n.* A.N. a cot, cottage.
 Cote, *n.* A.N. a coat. *Cote-armure*, coat-armour, a coat worn over the armour, on which the armorial bearings of the wearer were painted.
 Cotidien, *adj.* A.N. quotidian, daily; used as a *substantive* for a quotidian ague.
 Couche, *v.* A.N. to lay; *couched with perles*, laid, or trimmed with pearls.
 Coud } *past tense* and *part. of*
 Coude } *conne*, *v.* A.S. knew, was
 Cowde } able; known.
 Coveite, *v.* A.N. to covet; *coveiten*, *pl. pres. tense*.
 Covenable, *adj.* A.N. convenient, suitable.
 Covercle, *n.* A.N. the cover, or lid of a pot.
 Covert, *adj.* A.N. secret, covert.
 Covine } *n.* A.N. cunning, contri-
 Covyne } vance.
 Coulpe, *n.* A.N. a fault.
 Countrepese, *v.* A.N. to counterpoise, to make up for.
 Countreplete, *v.* A.N. to plead against.
 Counterwayte, *v.* A.N. to watch against.
 Countour, *n.* A.N. a counting-house; an accountant; the *abacus*, or instrument used for making calculations.
 Countretaille, *n.* A.N. a tally answering exactly to another. Hence Echo is said to answer *at the countretaille*.
 Coure, *v.* A.N. to cower, crouch.
 Courfew-tyme, *n.* A.N. the time at which persons were obliged by law to put out their fires. Tyrwhitt says it probably varied with the seasons of the year. Walsingham speaking of an event on the 2nd Sept. 1311, mentions 9 o'clock as the *hora ignitegii*.
 Courtepy, *n.* A.N. a short cloak.
 Court-man, *n.* a courtier.
 Couth } *past tense* and *part. of*
 Couthe } *conne*, to know.
 Cowardise } *n.* A.N. cowardice.
 Cowardyse }
 Coye, *v.* A.N. to quiet, make tame.
 Coie } *adj.* A.N. tame, quiet.
 Coyne, *n.* a quince.
 Coynt, *adj.* A.S. quaint, neat, trim.
 Cracchyng, *n.* A.S. scratching.
 Craftys-man, *n.* A.S. a craftsman, tradesman.
 Crake } *v.* A.S. to sing hoarsely
 Crakel } and tremulously.
 Crakke, *v.* A.S. to crack.
 Crampishe, *v. a.* A.N. to contract violently, as the cramp contracts the limbs.
 Crased, *part. pa.* A.N. *ecrasé*, broken.
 Creaunce, *n.* A.N. faith, belief.
 Create, *part. pa.* Lat. created.

- Crepul, *n.* A.S. a cripple, one who creeps.
- Crevace, *n.* A.N. a crevice, or chink.
- Criande, *part. pres.* of crye, *v.* A.N. crying.
- Crips, *adj.* Lat. crisp, or curled.
- Crisippus, *n. pr.* the writer of an encomium on John the Baptist. See Montfaucon, *Bib. Bibl.* p. 513.
- Crispe, *adj.* Lat. curled.
- Croce, *n.* Lat. a cross, a bishop's pastoral staff.
- Crois, *n.* A.N. a cross.
- Cromes, *n. pl.* A.S. crumbs.
- Crone, *n.* A.S. properly an old ewe, in which sense it is still used in Norfolk; applied, secondarily, to an old woman.
- Grope } *part. pa.* and *past tense* of
Cropen } crepe, *v.* A.S. crept.
- Crop } *n.* A.S. the top of anything;
Croppen } the young and uppermost shoots of vegetables. *Croppe and rote*, root and branch.
- Crosselet, *n.* A.N. a crucible.
- Crouche, *v.* A.S. to sign with the cross.
- Croude } *v.* A.S. to push, to shove
Crowde } together. Still applied to pushing a wheelbarrow, in Norfolk.
- Crouke, *n.* A.S. a crock, or earthen pitcher.
- Croun, *n.* A.N. the crown of the head.
- Croupe, *n.* A.N. the back, or crupper.
- Crowned, *part. past.* sovereign; *crowned malice*, sovereign malice.
- Crul, *adj.* A.S. curled.
- Crynkled, *adj.* A.S. formed in a circle.
- Cucurbite, *n.* Lat. a gourd; a vessel shaped like a gourd used in distillation.
- Cuirbouly, *n.* A.N. leather prepared by boiling, used for defensive armour, &c.
- Cuissbyn, *n.* A.N. a cushion.
- Culpon } *n.* A.N. a bundle of
Culpoun } anything, as a lock of hair, or a fagot of wood.
- Culver } *n.* A.S. the wild pigeon.
Colver }
- Cuppe, *n.* A.N. a cup.
- Curacioun, *n.* A.N. cure, healing.
- Cure, *n.* A.N. care. *I do no cure*, I take no care.
- Curious, *adj.* A.N. careful.
- Curteis } *adj.* A.N. courteous.
Curteys }
- Custommere, *adj.* A.N. customary, accustomed.
- Cut } *n.* A.S. a lot; a straw cut
Cutte } into short and long lengths, to draw lots with.
- Cytryne, *adj.* A.N. of a pale yellow or citron colour.

D.

- Daf, *n.* A.S. a fool.
- Dagge, *n.* A.S. a shred, or patch.
- Dagged, *part. pa.* cut into dagges.
- Dagging, *part. pres.* slitting.
- Dagoun, *n.* a slip, or piece.
- Dampne, *v.* A.N. to condemn.
- Damascene, *n. pr.* the country about Damascus.
- Damascen, *n. pr.* Joannes Mesue Damascenus, an Arabian physician in the eighth and ninth century.
- Dan } *n.* from A.N. *Dom*, Lat. *Dominus*, a title given to dignified personages generally, but especially to the Benedictines.
Daun }
Dawn }
Dom }
- Danger } *n.* A.N. jurisdiction;
Daunger } hence the allegorical name given in the *Courts of Love*, and the poetry which sprung from them, to the husband, as being the person who has legal jurisdiction over the wife. Also, a dangerous situation.
Daungier }
- Dangerous } *adj.* A.N. difficult of
Daungerous } access, imperious, sparing.

- Dare, *v.* A.S. to stare.
 Dares, *n. pr.* the historian of the Trojan War.
 Darreyn, *v.* A.N. to contest.
 Dasen, *pres. tense pl.* of Dase, to grow dim sighted, to stare as one does whose sight is dim.
 Daunte, *v.* A.N. to overcome.
 Daunte, *n. pr.* the Florentine poet, Dante.
 Dawe, *v.* A.S. to dawn.
 Dawening, *n.* A.S. daybreak.
 Dawes, *n. pl.* A.S. days. The A.S. *g* is often expressed by *w* as well as *y*.
 Daye, *n.* A.S. day. Also, time generally. *At my day*, at the time appointed for me. *To graunte him dayes of the reme-naunt*, to give him time to pay the remainder by instalments.
 Daynte, *adj.* A.N. dainty, nice.
 Deaurat, *part. pa.* Lat. gilded.
 Debate, *v.* A.N. to fight.
 Debonaire } *adj.* A.N. courteous,
 Deboneyre } gentle.
 Decoped, *part. pa.* A.N. cut down ; applied to shoes cut in patterns.
 Dede } *n.* A.S. death.
 Deede }
 Dede, *adj.* A.S. dead.
 Dede, *v. neut.* A.S. to become dead.
 Dedly, *adj.* A.S. devoted to death, fatal.
 Dedit, *n.* A.N. pleasure.
 Dedyne, *third pers. pl. past tense* of do, *v.* A.S. did.
 Deel } *n.* A.S. a portion. This
 Deelle } word enters into the com-
 Del } position of many others,
 Delle } as *somdeel*, or *somdelle*
 } *halvendelle*, &c.
 Dees, as deys.
 Defame, *n.* A.N. infamy.
 Defaute, *n.* A.N. want, defect.
 Defende, *v.* A.N. to forbid.
 Defence, *n.* A.N. prohibition.
 Defet, *part. pa.* A.N. cast down.
 Definishe, *v.* A.N. to define.
 Degre, or degree, *n.* A.N. a step, or flight of stairs ; rank in life.
 Deiden } *past tense pi.* of deye, *v.*
 Deyden } A.S. died.
 Deyde }
 Deine } for deyen, to die.
 Deyne }
 Deinous, *adj.* A.N. disdainful.
 Del } *n.* A.S. same as deel, a por-
 Delle } tion. *Never a del*, not a
 } bit ; *every del*, every part.
 Dele, *v.* A.S. to divide, to deal.
 Delibere } *v.* A.N. to deliberate.
 Deliberyn }
 Delices, *n. pl.* A.N. delights.
 Delie, *adj.* A.N. thin, slender.
 Delit } *n.* A.N. delight.
 Delyt }
 Delitable, *adj.* A.N. delectable.
 Deliver } *adj.* A.N. nimble.
 Delyver }
 Deliverly, *adv.* A.N. nimbly, quickly.
 Delivernesse, *n.* A.N. agility.
 Delve, *v.* A.S. to dig, bury ; *part.*
 pa. dolven, dug, buried.
 Deluvy, *n.* A.N. the deluge.
 Demeyne, *v.* A.N. to manage, govern.
 Demeyne } *n.* A.N. management.
 Demaine }
 Deme, *v.* A.S. to judge.
 Denwere, *n.* A.S. doubt.
 De par Dieu jeo assente, in God's name I agree.
 Departe, *v.* to divide, distribute.
 Depeint, *part. pa.* A.N. painted.
 Dequace, *v.* A.N. to shake down.
 Dere, *v.* A.N. to hurt.
 Dere, *adj.* A.S. dear.
 Dereling } *n.* A.S. darling.
 Derlyng }
 Derere, *adv.* A.N. behind.
 Dereworth, *adj.* A.S. precious, valued at a high rate.
 Dereyne, *v.* A.N. to contest.
 Derne, *adj.* A.S. secret.
 Derre, *adj. comp.* of dere, dearer.
 Descensorie, *n.* A.N. a vessel used in chemistry for the extraction of oils, *per descensum*.
 Descriven, *v.* A.N. to describe.
 Desirous, *adj.* A.N. eager.
 Despitous, *adj.* A.N. spiteful.
 Despitously, spitefully.

- Despoile, *v.* A.N. to undress.
- Destreyne } *v.* A.N. to strain or
Destreine } squeeze, to distress.
- Destrer, *n.* A.N. a war-horse.
- Destruye } *v.* A.N. to destroy.
Destrye }
- Determinate, *part. pa.* Lat. fixed, determined.
- Detteles, *adj.* free from debt.
- Deve, *adj.* A.S. deaf.
- Devis }
Devys } *n.* A.N. direction.
Devise }
Devyse }
- Devise } *v.* A.N. to direct, to order ;
Devyse } to relate.
- Devise { at *point devys*, [Fr. *point de*
Devys { *vice*,] without fault, fault-
lessly.
- Devoir, *n.* A.N. duty.
- Devynyng, *n.* A.N. divination.
- Dey, *n.* perhaps a keeper of poultry or eggs, *quasi d'ey*.
- Deye, *v.* A.S. to die.
- Deyer, *n.* A.S. a dier.
- Deynous, *adj.* A.N. disdainful.
- Deynte, *adj.* A.N. as *daynte*.
- Deynte, *n.* A.N. value, a valuable thing. *Hath deynte*, values highly.
- Deyntevous, *adj.* A.N. dainty.
- Deys { *n.* A.N. the platform on which
Dees { stood the high table; the high table itself.
- Diapred, *part. pa.* diapred, worked like cloth of *Ipres*.
- Dicche, *v.* A.S. to dig, to surround with a ditch.
- Dide, for *deyde*, *past tense* of *deyen*, *v.* A.S.
- Dide, *diden*, *past tense* of *do*, *v.* A.S.
- Diffame, *n.* A.N. bad reputation.
- Dighte, *v.* A.S. to dispose, to dress.
- Digne, *adj.* A.N. worthy ; proud, disdainful.
- Dilatacioun, *n.* A.N. enlargement.
- Dioscorides, *n. pr.* a Greek writer on plants, whose work is extant.
- Dissaray, *n.* A.N. disorder.
- Disavaunce, *v.* A.N. to injure.
- Disaventure, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
- Disblame, *v.* A.N. to clear from blame.
- Dischevele, *part. pa.* with the head uncovered.
- Discomfort, *n.* A.N. displeasure.
- Discomforten, *v.* A.N. to discourage.
- Discoverte, *adj.* A.N. à *descouvert*, at discoverte, uncovered.
- Disdeinous } *adj.* A.N. disdainful.
Disdeynous }
- Disencrese, *n.* A.N. diminution.
- Disencrese, *v. neut.* A.N. to decrease.
- Disesperaunce, *n.* A.N. despair.
- Disfigure, *n.* A.N. deformity.
- Disherited, *part. pa.* A.N. disinherited, stripped of possessions.
- Disjoint, *n.* A.N. a difficult situation.
- Disobeisaunt, *part. pa.* disobedient.
- Disordeined, *part. pa.* A.N. disorderly.
- Disordinate, *adj.* Lat. inordinate.
- Disordynaunce, *n.* A.N. irregularity.
- Disparage, *n.* A.N. disparagement.
- Dispence, *n.* A.N. expense.
- Dispitous, *adj.* A.N. spiteful.
- Displesaunce, *n.* A.N. displeasure.
- Dispone, *v.* Lat. to dispose.
- Disport, *n.* A.N. diversion.
- Disporte, *v. a.* A.N. to divert.
- Dispreising, *part. pres.* A.N. undervaluing.
- Disputisoun, *n.* A.N. dispute.
- Disrewlilye, *adv.* irregularly.
- Dissimule, *v.* A.N. to dissemble.
- Dissimilynges, *n. pl.* A.N. dissemblings.
- Dissimuloure, *n.* A.N. a dissembler.
- Distoned, *part. pa.* A.N. dissonant.
- Disteyne, *v.* A.N. to take away the colour ; metaphorically, to make anything look ill by excelling it.
- Distincte, *v.* Lat. to distinguish.
- Distinguished, *part. pa.* A.N. distinguished.
- Disturbedled, *past tense*, of *distourble*, *v.* A.N. disturbed.
- Distreyne, *v.* A.N. to compress, constrain.
- Distrouble } *v.* A.N. to disturb.
Distourble }
- Disturne, *v.* A.N. to turn away.

- Dite, called in *The House of Fame*,
Tytus, Dictys Cretensis.
- Dite, *v.* A.N. to endite.
- Divers } *adj.* A.N. different.
Dyverse }
- Diverse, *v.* A.N. to diversify.
- Do, *v.* A.S. to cause; *to do make*, to
cause to be made.
- Do *part. pa.* of do.
- Doande, *part. pres.* of do; doing.
- Dogrel, *adj.* paltry. Rime-dogrel,
rhime de chiën, paltry rhyme.
- Doghter } *n.* A.S. a daughter; *pl.*
Doghtre } doghtren.
- Doke, *n.* A.S. a duck.
- Dolven, *part. pa.* of delve, *v.* N.S.
buried.
- Dombe, *adj.* A.S. dumb.
- Dome, *n.* A.S. doom, judgment.
- Domesman, *n.* A.S. a judge.
- Donet, *n.* a grammar, the elements
of any art, from Ælius Donatus,
the author of a Latin grammar
in common use.
- Doune, *adj.* A.S. of a dun colour.
- Doole { *n.* A.S. same as deel, del, or
Dole { delle, a portion. *Halfen-*
doole, the half portion.
- Doole, *n.* A.N. *deuil*, mourning,
grief.
- Doon, *third pers. pl. pres. tense* of
do.
- Dormant, *adj.* A.N. primarily, sleep-
ing; metaphorically fixed. *A*
table dormant, a table fixed, like
a sideboard, and not on trestles,
as the tables at which people
dined usually were in the middle
ages.
- Dortour, *n.* A.N. a dormitory.
- Doseyn, *n.* A.N. a dozen.
- Dosser, *n.* A.N. a basket to carry on
the back.
- Dotc, *v.* A.S. to doat.
- Doth, *second pers. pl. imp. mood* of
do, *v.* A.S. do ye.
- Doucet, *n.* A.N. a musical instru-
ment, perhaps, the dulcimer.
- Doughter } *n.* A.S. daughter; *pl.*
Doughtre } doughtren.
- Doutaunce, *n.* A.N. doubt.
- Doute, *v.* A.N. to fear.
- Douteles, *adv.* without doubt.
- Doutous, *adj.* A.N. doubtful.
- D'outre mere } *A. N. d'outramer*,
De owter mere } of beyond sea.
foreign.
- Dowayre, *n.* A.N. dower.
- Drad } *past tense* and *part.* of
Dradde } drede, *v.* A.S. dreaded.
- Draf, *n.* A.S. draffe, refuse, as infe-
rior corn, not fit for the use of
man.
- Draf-sack, *n.* A.S. a sack full of
draffe.
- Drafty, *adj.* A.S. of no more value
than draffe.
- Dragges, *n.* A.N. drugs.
- Drecche, *v.* A.S. to oppress, vex,
trouble.
- Drecched, *part. pa.* oppressed,
vexed, troubled.
- Drede, *n.* A.S. dread, fear, doubt.
Withouten drede, without doubt;
Out of drede, out of doubt.
- Drede, *v.* A.S. to dread, fear; *past*
tense, drad, dred, *pl.* dradde; *part.*
ydrad.
- Dredeful, *adj.* full of dread, timor-
ous.
- Dredeles, *adv.* without doubt.
- Drenche, *v. a.* A.S. to drown.
- Drenche, *v. neut.* A.S. to drown, or
be drowned.
- Dreried, for drerihed, *n.* A.S. dreari-
ness.
- Drery, *adj.* A.S. dreary, sorrowful.
- Dresse, *v.* A.N. to address, apply.
- Dreynt, *part. pa.* of drenche, *v.* A.S.
drowned.
- Drifth, *third pers. sing. pres. tense*
of drife, *v.* A.S. driveth.
- Drie } *v.* A.S. to endure, suffer.
Drye }
- Drinkeles, *adj.* A.S. without drink.
- Dronkelew, *adj.* A.S. drunk, given
to drink.
- Dronken, *adj.* drunk.
- Drough, *past tense* of drawe, drew.
- Drovy, *adj.* A.S. dirty.
- Druerie, *n.* A.N. courtship, gal-
lantry; a mistress.
- Drugge, *v.* A.S. to drag.
- Dryf, for dryfe, *v.* A.S. to drive.

Duete } *n.* duty, what is due to
 Duetee } any one.
 Dulle, *v. a.* A.S. to make dull.
 Dulle, *v. n.* A.S. to grow dull.
 Dun, *n. pr.* a nickname given to
 the horse or ass in the proverb,
As dull as Dun in the mire.
 Duranse, *n.* A.N. a kind of apple.
 Dure, *v.* A.N. to endure.
 Duresse, *n.* A.N. severity.
 Duske, *v.* A.S. to grow dark.
 Dute } *n.* A.N. See Duete.
 Dutee }
 Dwale, *n.* A.S. a sleeping potion.
 Dwynded, *part. pa.* A.S. dwindled,
 wasted. Dwiny is still used in
 East Anglia.
 Dyke, *v.* A.S. to dig.
 Dynt, *n.* A.S. a stroke.
 Dytees, *n. pl.* A.N. ditties.
 Dyvyne, *n.* A.N. divinity.
 Dyvynistre, *n.* A.N. a divine, a
 theologian.

E.

Ebrayk } *adj.* Hebrew.
 Ebreik }
 Ecclesiast, *n.* an ecclesiastical
 person; the book of Eccle-
 siastes.
 Eche, *adj.* A.S. each.
 Eche } *v.* A.S. to eke out, to add, to
 Eke } increase.
 Eek } *adv.* A.S. also.
 Eke }
 Edippe, *n. pr.* Ædipus.
 Eem } *n.* A.S. an uncle.
 Eme }
 Effect, *n.* A.N. substance.
 Effecte, *v.* A.N. to infect.
 Eft, *adv.* A.S. again.
 Eftstone } *adv.* A.S. soon after, pre-
 Eftstones } sently.
 Egalite, *n.* A.N. equality.
 Eger } *adj.* A.N. sharp, biting.
 Egre }
 Egge, *v.* A.S. to egg on, incite.
 Eggement, *n.* A.S. incitement,
 instigation.
 Egging, *n.* same as eggement.
 Egremoine, *n.* A.N. agrimony.

Eigh! *interj.* eh! or like the
 Scottish *hech!*
 Eisel, *n.* A.S. vinegar.
 Elat, *part. pa.* Lat. elated.
 Elde } *n.* A.S. old age.
 Eelde }
 Elde, *v. a.* A.S. to make old; *v.*
n. to grow old.
 Elenge, *adj.* mournful, sorrowful,
 dull.
 Elengenesse, *n.* care, trouble.
 Elf, *n.* A.S. a fairy.
 Elf-queen, *n.* queen of faery.
 Elisee, *n. pr.* Elisha.
 Elles }
 Ellis } *adv.* A.S. else.
 Ellys }
 Elvish, *adj.* A.S. like a fairy, shy,
 reserved.
 Elye, *n. pr.* Elijah.
 Emang } *adv.* and *prep.* among,
 Emanges } amongst.
 Embatailled, *part. pa.* A.N. em-
 battled.
 Embelisse, *v.* A.N. to embellish.
 Embolde, *v.* A.N. to embolden.
 Emboissement, *n.* A.N. ambuscade.
 Embrace, *v.* A.N. to take hold of.
 Embrouden } *v.* A.S. to embroider.
 Embrowde }
 Eme, *n.* A.S. an uncle.
 Emforth, *prep.* A.S. a corruption of
 evenforth, even to the utmost
 of; as *emforth my might*, even to
 the utmost of my might.
 Emisphere, *n.* Gr. hemisphere.
 Empaire, *v.* to inpair, hurt.
 Emperesse } *n.* A.N. an Empress.
 Emperes }
 Emplastre, *v.* A.N. to plaster over.
 Emplie, *v.* to infold, to involve.
 Empoisoner, *n.* A.N. a poisoner.
 Emprise, *n.* A.N. an enterprise.
 Empte, *v.* A.S. to empty.
 Enbattelle, *part. pa.* indented like
 a battlement.
 Enbiblyng, *part. pres.* imbibing.
 Enbosed, *part. pa.* A.N. *embosqué*,
 sheltered in a wood. Erroneously
 explained in Urry's
Gloss., which has been followed
 in an explanatory note in *The*

- Boke of the Duchesse*, to mean, so hard pressed as to hang out the tongue.
- Enbossed, *part. pa.* A.N. raised, embossed.
- Encense, *n.* A.N. incense.
- Encense, *v.* A.N. to burn incense, to offer incense.
- Enchaufing, *n.* A.N. heat.
- Enchesoun, *n.* A.N. cause, occasion.
- Encombrouse, *adj.* A.N. cumbrous.
- Encorporing, *part. pres.* A.N. incorporating.
- Endelong } *prep. & adv.* A.S. length-
Endelange } ways, side-ways.
- Endetted, *part. pa.* A.N. indebted.
- Endite } *v.* A.N. to dictate, relate.
Endyte }
- Endoute, *v.* A.N. to doubt, fear; *part. pa.* endoutet.
- Endrye, *v.* A.S. to endure.
- Enee, *n. pr.* Æneas.
- Eneydos, *n. pr.* Virgil's Æneid.
- Enfamyned, *part. pa.* A.N. hungry.
- Enforce, *v.* A.N. to strengthen.
- Enfortune, *v.* A.N. to endow with a certain fortune.
- Engendrure, *n.* A.N. generation.
- Engined, *part. pa.* racked, tortured.
- Engregge, *v.* A.N. to aggravate.
- Engreve, *v.* A.N. to aggrrieve.
- Engyn, *n.* Lat. the understanding, genius.
- Engyne, *n.* A.N. an engine of war for casting missiles.
- Enhaunse, *v.* A.N. to enhance, raise.
- Enhorte, *v.* A.N. to exhort.
- Enlaced, *part. pa.* A.N. entangled.
- Enlangoured, *part. pa.* A.N. faded with languor.
- Enleven, *num. adj.* A.S. eleven.
- Enlumynd, *part. pa.* of enlumyne, *v.* A.N. illumined, or illuminated.
- Enlumyne, *v.* A.N. to illuminate, to ornament with painting.
- Enoynt, *part. pa.* A.N. anointed.
- Euseled, *part. pa.* A.N. sealed up, kept secret.
- Easpire, *v.* A.N. to inspire.
- Ensure, *v.* A.N. to assure.
- Entayle } *n.* A.N. cut, shape,
Entaille } figure.
- Entailed, *part. pa.* A.N. carved.
- Entalente, *v.* A.N. to incite.
- Entende, *v.* A.N. to attend.
- Entendement, *n.* A.N. understanding.
- Entente, *n.* A.N. intention.
- Ententif, *adj.* A.N. attentive.
- Enterchaungeden, *past tense plur.* of enterchaunge, *v.* A.N. interchanged.
- Entermelled, *part. pa.* of entermelle, *v.* A.N. intermixed.
- Entremet } *v.* A.N. to interpose, to
Entermete } meddle.
- Entrepartyn, *v.* A.N. to share.
- Enteched, *part. pa.* A.N. literally spotted, metaphorically, marked with either good or bad qualities.
- Entewnes, *n.* A.N. tunes, songs.
- Entre, *n.* A.N. entrance.
- Entremees, *n. pl.* A.N. *entremets*, choice dishes served in between the courses at a feast.
- Entrike, *v.* A.N. to entangle.
- Entuned, *part. pa.* A.N. tuned.
- Envenyme, *v.* A.N. to poison.
- Envye, *v.* A.N. to vie, to endeavour to attain through emulation.
- Enviroun, *adv.* A.N. around.
- Envoluped, *part. pa.* A.N. wrapt up.
- Envyned, *part. pa.* A.N. stored with wine.
- Eny, *adj.* A.S. any.
- Eorthe, *n.* A.S. earth.
- Epistelles, *n. pl.* Lat. epistles.
- Equipolences, *n. pl.* A.N. equivalents.
- Er, *adv.* A.S. before, before that.
- Erande } *n.* A.S. an errand, mes-
Errande } sage.
- Erchebisschop, *n.* A.S. an archbishop. *Therchebisschop*, the archbishop.
- Ere, *v.* A.S. to plough.
- Erke, *adj.* A.S. weary, indisposed; whence irksome.
- Erly, *adv.* A.S. early.
- Erme, *v.* A.S. to grieve.
- Ermeful, *adj.* A.S. pitiful.
- Ermin, *adj.* Armenian.

- Erneste, *n.* A.S. zeal.
 Ernestful, *adj.* serious.
 Erratyk, *adj.* A.N. erratic, wandering.
 Erraunt, *part. pres.* A.N. strolling, arrant.
 Ers, erse, *n.* A.S. the fundament.
 Erst, *adv. superl.* of er. First; at *er-t*, at first; *long erst or*, long before.
 Eryd, *past tense* and *part.* of ere, *v.* A.S. ploughed.
 Eschawfing } *n.* A.N. heating.
 Eschawfing }
 Eschieu } *v.* A.N. to eschew, shun,
 Eschue } decline.
 Ese, *n.* A.N. pleasure.
 Ese, *v.* A.N. to accommodate, ease.
 Esement, *n.* relief.
 Esperus, *n. pr.* Hesperus, a name of the planet Venus.
 Espiaile, *n.* A.N. spying, private watching.
 Espirituel, *adj.* A.N. spiritual, heavenly.
 Essoyne, *n.* A.N. a legal excuse.
 Estat } *n.* A.N. state, condition;
 Estaat } administration of government.
 Estatlich, *adj.* A.N. stately.
 Estres, *n. pl.* A.N. the inmost parts of a building.
 Esy, *adj.* A.S. light, gentle. *Esy sikes*, gentle sighs.
 Esyly, *adv.* gently.
 Eterne, *n.* Lat. eternal.
 Ethe } *adj.* A.S. easy.
 Eythe }
 Evangile, *n.* A.N. gospel.
 Evelle, *n.* A.S. evil.
 Even, *adj.* A.S. equal. *Your even-cristen*, your fellow-Christian.
 Evenlike, *adj.* A.S. equal.
 Evenlike, *adv.* A.S. equally.
 Everich } *adj.* A.S. every one of
 Everyche } many; each of two.
 Everichone } *n.* A.S. every one, all.
 Everichon }
 Everichoon }
 Ew, *n.* A.S. yew.
 Exaltat, *part. pa.* Lat. exalted.
 Gametron, Gr. a verse of six feet.
- Executour, *n.* A.N. executioner.
 Executrice, *n.* A.N. a female who executes, or accomplishes.
 Exorsisaciouns, *n. pl.* A.N. exorcisms.
 Expansyeres, a term in the Alphonsine astronomical tables.—See note in voc.
 Expectant, *part. pres.* A.N. expecting, waiting.
 Expleiten, *v.* A.N. to perform.
 Ey } *n.* A.S. an egg.
 Eye }
 Ey } *interj.* Eh!
 Eygh }
 Eyen } *n. pl.* A.S. eyes.
 Eyghen }
 Eyghe } *n.* A.S. awe, fear.
 Eye }
 Eyre } *n.* A.N. air.
 Eyr }
 Eyrisshe } *adj.* aerial, belonging to
 Eyerisshe } the air.
 Eythe, as ethe, *adj.* easy.

F.

- Fable, *n.* A.N. idle discourse.
 Facond, *n.* A.N. eloquence.
 Facond } *adj.* A.N. eloquent.
 Facoude }
 Fadmen, *n. pl.* A.S. fathoms.
 Faerie, *n.* A.N. the realms of fairies, fairy-land; the work of fairies, enchantment.
 Fain, *adj.* A.S. glad.
 Faine, *adv.* A.S. gladly.
 Fairhede, *n.* A.S. beauty.
 Faitour, *n.* A.N. a lazy, idle fellow.
 Faldyng, *n.* A.S. a kind of coarse cloth.
 Fals, *adj.* A.N. false.
 Falsen, *v.* A.N. to falsify, deceive.
 Falwe, *adj.* A.S. yellow.
 Falwes, *n. pl.* A.S. fallow lands.
 Famulere, *adj.* Lat. domestic.
 Fan, *n.* a vane, or quintaine.—See note in voc.
 Fande, *past tense* of finde, *v.* A.S. found.
 Fane, *n.* a vane, or weathercock.
 Fantasie, *n.* A.N. fancy.

- Fantom, *n.* A.N. a phantom, false imagination.
- Farce, *v.* A.N. *farder*, to paint.
- Fardel, *n.* A.N. a burden.
- Fare, *v.* A.S. to be, to go; to *fare wel*, to speed, to be happy; *past tense* *ferd*, *ferde*; *part. pa.* *fare*, *fared*.
- Fare, *n. ado.* *This hote fare*, these violent proceedings. *For which the wardein chidde and made fare*, made much ado. In this sense it seems to be derived from the A.N. *faire*. In *welfare*, *thoroughfare*, it follows the meaning of the A.S. *v. fare*.
- Farse, *v.* A.N. to stuff.
- Faute, *n.* A.N. want.
- Fawe, *adj.* A.S. glad.
- Fay, *n.* A.N. faith.
- Feblenes, *n.* A.N. feebleness.
- Fecche, *v.* A.S. to fetch.
- Fee, *n.* A.S. money, reward; land held in fee simple.
- Feend, *n.* A.S. an enemy; the enemy, *i.e.* the devil; a fiend.
- Feendly, *adj.* fiend-like.
- Feffe, *v.* A.N. to enfeoff, to grant possession in fee simple.
- Feyne, *v.* A.N. to feign.
- Fel, *adj.* A.S. fell, cruel.
- Felaw, *n.* A.S. fellow, companion.
- Felawschipe, *n.* A.S. fellowship, company.
- Felde, *n.* A.S. a field.
- Felden, *past tense pl.* of *felle*, *v.* A.S. made to fall, felled.
- Fele, *adj.* A.S. many.
- Fele, *v.* A.S. to feel, to have sense, to perceive.
- Fell, *n.* A.S. the skin or hide of an animal.
- Felonie, *n.* A.N. criminal violence.
- Feloun, *adj.* A.N. cruel.
- Feminie, *n. pr.* the country of the Amazons.
- Feminite, *n.* A.N. womanhood.
- Fend, *n.* A.S.—see *feend*.
- Fendliche, *adj.* A.S. fiendlike.
- Fenne, *n.* the name of the sections of Avicenne's great work, entitled *Canun*.
- Feoffed, *part. pa.* A.N. enfeoffed, put in possession in fee simple.
- Fer, *adv.* A.S. far.
- Ferre, *adv. comp.* degree of last further.
- Ferrest, *adv. superl. degree*, furthest.
- Ferd } *part. pa.* of *ferre*, *v.* A.S. ter-
- Fered } rified.
- Ferd } *past tense* of *fare*, *v.* A.S.
- Ferden } fared.
- Fere, *n.* A.S. a companion, wife; *in fere*, *afere*, together, in company.
- Fere, *n.* A.S. fire.
- Fere, *v. neut.* A.S. to fear.
- Fere, *v. ac.* A.S. to terrify.
- Ferforth } *adv.* A.S. far forth.
- Ferforthly }
- Ferly, *adj.* A.S. strange.
- Fermacye, for pharmacy, *n.* Gr. a medicine.
- Ferme, *n.* A.N. a farm.
- Fermerere, *n.* A.N. the *infirmarius*, or superintendent of the infirmary in a religious house. This word was erroneously interpreted in a note to *The Sompnours Tale* to mean, the officer in a religious house who had charge of the farms.
- Ferne, *adj.* A.S. distant.
- Ferne, *adv.* A.S. before.
- Fers, *adj.* A.N. fierce.
- Fers, *n.* Persian, *Pherz*, the queen in chess.
- Ferthing, *n.* A.S. the fourth part of anything, hence anything very small. *No ferthyng of grees*, no drop of grease.
- Ferthren, *v.* A.S. to further.
- Fest, *n.* A.S. the fist.
- Feste, *n.* A.N. a feast.
- Festeyng, *part. pr.* A.N. feasting.
- Festly, *adj.* accustomed to feasts, of polished manners.
- Fecchis, *n. pl.* A.S. vetches.
- Fete, *n.* A.N. feat, performance.
- Fetys, *adj.* A.N. well-made, neat.
- Fetysly, *adv.* A.N. neatly.
- Fet } *past tense* and *part.* of
- Fette } *fecche*, *v.* A.S. fetched.
- Fey, *n.* A.N. faith.

- Feyne, *v.* A.N. to feign.
 Feynte, *v.* to faint, become weary.
 Feyne, *v.* for fyne, to cease.
 Fiance, *n.* A.N. affiancement, trust.
 Fil } *past tense* of falle, *v.* A.S.
 Fille } fell.
 Fingris, *n. pl.* fingers.
 Fithul, *n.* A.S. a fiddle.
 Fixe, *adj.* A.N. fixed.
 Flay, *past tense* of flee or fly; flew.
 Flayne, *part. pa.* of flaye, *v.* A.S.
 flayed.
 Flaumbe }
 Flamme } *n.* A.N. flame.
 Flatour, *n.* A.N. a flatterer.
 Flawe, *adj.* Lat. *flavus*, yellow.
 Fle, *v.* A.S. to flee, to fly, *past tense*,
 flay, fleigh.
 Flekked, *adj.* spotted.
 Fleen, *n. pl.* A.S. fleas.
 Fleme, *v.* A.S. to banish.
 Flemer, *n.* A.S. one who banishes.
 Flese, *n.* A.S. a fleece.
 Flete, *v.* A.S. to float, to swim.
Third pers. sing. pres. tense flet,
 or flette, floateth; *part. pres.*
 fleting, floating.
 Flet } *past tense* of flete, *v.* float-
 Flette } ed.
 Flikere, *v.* A.S. to flicker, to flutter.
 Flit } *v. neut.* A.S. to fly, to change
 Flitte } one's residence.
 Flit } *v. ac.* to cause to flit or
 Flitte } change.
 Flittering, *part. pres.* A.S. floating.
 Flo, *n.* A.S. an arrow; *pl.* flone.
 Flokme, *adv.* A.S. in flocks.
 Floreyn, *n. pr.* a species of gold coin.
 Flotery, *adj.* A.S. floating.
 Flotte, *v.* A.N. to float.
 Flouresse, *adj.* without flower.
 Floure, *v.* A.N. to flourish.
 Flourette, *n.* A.N. a small flower.
 Flowte, *n.* a flute.
 Flowting, *part. pres.* playing on the
 flute.
 Floyte, *n.* A.N. a flute.
 Foo, *n.* A.S. a foe.
 Foomen, *n.* A.S. foes.
 Foyne, *v.* A.N. to make a pass in
 fencing.
 Foyson, *n.* A.N. abundance.
- Folid, *part. pa.* foaled.
 Folehardiness, *n.* A.N. foolhardi-
 ness.
 Fole-large, *adj.* A.N. foolishly li-
 beral.
 Folk, *n.* A.S. people, nation.
 Folye, *n.* A.N. folly.
 Folly, *adv.* foolishly.
 Folwe, *v.* A.S. to follow.
 Foly, *adj.* foolish.
 Foly, *pl.* of fole, *n.* A.S. fools.
 Fon, *n.* A.S. a fool.
 Fond, *past tense* of finde, *v.* A.S.
 found.
 Fonde, *v.* A.S. to try.
 Fonding, *n.* A.S. a joke.
 Fone, *n. pl.* foes.
 Fong, *v.* A.S. to take.
 Fonne, *v.* A.S. to be foolish;
 fonned, *part. pa.* foolish.
 For, *prep.* A.S. is sometimes pre-
 fixed to the infin. mood, as in
Fr. pour dire, for to tellen; some-
 times to the present participle,
 thus—*For stealing of the rose*, in
 which case it means to prevent
 the rose from being stolen. It is
 sometimes prefixed to a past
 participle or adjective; as *for*
dwined, in consequence of being
 dwined; *for blak*, *for drye*, in
 consequence of being black or dry.
 For, *conj.* because, as, *For hym luste*
to ride so, because it pleased him
 to ride so.
 For, in composition has sometimes
 an intensitive, sometimes a nega-
 tive, force, like the German *ver*,
 as *forlorn*, Germ. *verloren*, utterly
 lost; *forbid*, to bid a person not
 to do a thing.
 Forbere, *v.* A.S. to forbear.
 Forboden, *part. pa.* of forbode, *v.*
 A.S. forbidden.
 Forbrused, *part. pa.* sorely bruised.
 Forby, *adv.* A.S. by, beside, past, *leet*
forby hem pace, let them pass by.
 Forby, *prep.* A.S. besides.
- Force { *n.* A.N. no force, no matter.
 I do no force, I care not.
 Fors { *They yeve no force*, they
 care not.

- Fordo, *v.* A.S. to do away, ruin.
 Fordo } *part. pa.* of fordo, un-
 Fordon } done.
 Fordryve, *part. pa.* of fordryve
 driven away.
 Fore, *part. pa.* of fare, *v.* A.S. gone.
 Forein, *n.* a jakes. In *The Leg. of*
Goode Women the context seems
 to require that it should signify a
 court or garden.
 Foreweting, *n.* A.S. foreknowledge.
 Forewote } *v.* A.S. to foreknow.
 Forewete }
 Forfaite, *v.* A.N. to misdo.
 Forfare, *v.* A.S. to fare ill.
 Forgon, *v.* A.S. to forego.
 Forgrowen, *part. pa.* A.S. over-
 grown.
 Forgyfe, *v.* A.S. to forgive.
 Forgyft, *n.* A.S. forgiveness.
 Forjuged, *part. pa.* A.N. wrongfully
 judged.
 Forkerve, *v.* A.S. to cut through.
 Forlaft, *part. pa.* left off.
 Forlese, *v.* A.S. to lose utterly.
 Forlete, *v.* A.S. to give over, quit.
 Forleygne, *n.* A.N. a point of the
 chase, signifying that the game
 has got too far off to follow. This
 term has been erroneously said
 in a note on the passage where it
 occurs, to be derived from the
 A.S. *forlorne*, lost, whereas it is
 from the A.N. *Forlonge*, or *forloin*.
 Forlore } *part. pa.* A.S. utterly
 Forloren } lost, undone.
 Forme, *adj.* A.S. first, the disused
 positive degree of former, fore-
 most. *Adam oure forme fader*, our
 first or forefather.
 Formest, *adj. superlat. degree* of
 forme; foremost, first.
 Formel, *adj.* A.N. the female of
 birds of prey.
 Fornays, *n.* A.N. a furnace.
 Forpyned, *part. pa.* A.S. pined,
 wasted away.
 Forseke, *v.* A.S. to deny.
 Forshapyn, *part. pa.* of forshape,
v. A.S. transformed.
 Forshronke, *part. pa.* of forshrinke,
v. A.S. shrunk up.
- Forsleuthe } *v.* A.S. to lose through
 Forslouthe } sloth.
 Forslugges }
 Forsongen, *part. pa.* A.S. tired with
 singing.
 Forster } *n.* A.N. a forester.
 Forstere }
 Forstraught, *part. pa.* of forstrecche,
v. A.S. distracted.
 Forthby, *adv.* A.S. forward by.
 Forthere, *v.* A.S. to further; forth-
 rith, *third pers. sing. pres. tense.*
 Fortheryght, *adv.* A.S. immediately,
 forthwith.
 Forthenke } *v.* A.S. to grieve, to
 Forthinke } vex.
 Forthought, *past tense* of forthenke.
 Forthy, *conj.* A.S. therefore.
 Fortroden, *part. pa.* of fortrede, *v.*
 A.S. trodden down.
 Fortuit, *adj.* A.N. fortuitous, acci-
 dental.
 Fortune, *v.* A.N. to make fortune,
 to give good or bad fortune.
 Fortunous, *adj.* proceeding from
 fortune.
 Forwaked, *part. pa.* of forwake,
v. A.S. weary with watching.
 Forwandred, *part. pa.* weary with
 wandering.
 Forwelked, *part. pa.* of forwelke,
v. A.S. much wrinkled.
 Forwept, *part. pa.* of forwepe, *v.*
 A.S. having wept much.
 Forwered, *part. pa.* of forwere, *v.*
 A.S. worn out.
 Forwery, *adj.* A.S. very weary.
 Forward, *n.* A.S. a promise or
 covenant.
 Forwoundid, *part. pa.* of forwounde,
v. A.S. severely wounded.
 Forwrapped, *part. pa.* of forwrappe,
v. A.S. wrapped up.
 Foryelde, *v.* A.S. to repay.
 Foryete, *v.* A.S. to forget.
 Foryetten } *part. pa.* forgotten.
 Foryeten }
 Fostred, *part. pa.* of fostere, *v.*
 A.S. nourished.
 Fostryng, *n.* nourishment.
 Fote-hote } *adv.* immediately, with-
 Foot-hoote } out delay.

- Foot-mantel, *n.* a riding-skirt.
 Fother, *n.* A.S. a cart-load, a large quantity.
 Foudre, *n.* A.N. a thunder-bolt.
 Foule, *n.* A.S. a bird.
 Founde, *v.* A.S. same as fonde, to try.
 Foundred, *past tense* of founder, *v.* A.N. fell down.
 Forty, *num. adj.* A.S. forty.
 Foxerie, *n.* A.S. cunning, like that of a fox.
 Fra, *prep.* A.S. from; *til and fra*, to and fro.
 Franchise, *n.* A.N. frankness, generosity.
 Frank, *n.* Fr. a denomination of French money.
 Frankleyn, *n.* A.S. described by Fortescue, *de Ll. Angliæ*, c. 29, *Paterfamilias, magnis ditatus possessionibus*; one of the highest class of freeholders.
 Fraught, *v.* A.S. to freight, load a ship.
 Fre, *adj.* A.S. free.
 Freedom } *n.* A.S. frankness, gene-
 Fredam } rosity.
 Freknes, *n. pl.* A.S. freckles.
 Frelte, *n.* A.N. frailty.
 Fremde } *adj.* A.S. foreign, strange.
 Fremed }
 Frenetike, *adj.* A.N. frantic.
 Frenise, *n.* A.N. frenzy.
 Frere, *n.* A.N. literally, a brother; hence a member of a religious brotherhood, a friar.
 Fresse, *v.* A.N. to refresh.
 Fret, *n.* A.N. a band.
 Fret, frette, *part. pa.* A.N. fraught; or perhaps wrought in fret-work.
 Frete, *v.* A.S. to devour, to fret, as a moth does; *part. pres.* fretting, devouring; *part. pa.* frete, or frette, devoured.
 Freten, for fretend, *part. pres.* of frete, devouring.
 Freyne, *v.* A.S. to ask.
 Frise, *n. pr.* perhaps Phrygia.
 Fro, *prep.* A.S. from.
 Froote } *v.* A.N. to rub.
 Frote }
 Frounceles, *adj.* A.N. without a wrinkle.
- Frowarde, *adj.* A.S. averse.
 Froye, from you.
 Fructuous, *adj.* A.N. fruitful.
 Fruitestere, *n.* A.N. a female seller of fruit.
 Frygius, *n. pr.* Dares Phrygius.
 Ful-drive, *part. pa.* fully driven, completed.
 Fulliche, *adv.* A.S. fully.
 Fulsomnes, *n.* A.S. satiety.
 Fumetere, *n. pr.* the herb fumitory.
 Fumosite, *n.* A.N. fumes arising from drunkenness.
 Fundament, *n.* A.N. foundation.
 Funtstone, *n.* the font, or stone bason, placed at the door of churches for baptizing in.
 Furial, *adj.* A.N. raging.
 Fusible, *adj.* capable of being melted.
 Fy, *interj.* fie.
 Fyn, fyne, *n.* A.N. the end.
 Fynch, *n.* A.S. a finch, a small bird. *To pulle a fynch*, to strip a man of his money.
 Fyne, *v.* A.N. to finish, make an end.
 Fynt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of finde, *v.* A.S. findeth.
 Fytte, *n.* A.S. a division of a poem.

G.

- Gabbe, *v.* A.N. to talk idly, to lie.
 Gadelyng, *n.* A.S. an idle vagabond.
 Gadred, *part. pa.* of gadere, *v.* A.S. gathered.
 Gaitre-berries, *n. pl.* berries of the dog-wood tree.
 Galaxie, *n.* Gr. the milky way.
 Gale, *v.* A.S. to cry out, yell, or sing loud.
 Gallien, *n. pr.* Galen.
 Galyngale, *n. pr.* sweet cyperus.
 Galoche, *n.* A.N. a shoe.
 Galpe, *v.* A.S. to gape, to yawn.
 Galwes, *n. pl.* A.S. the gallows.
 Gan, *pl.* gannen, *past tense* of ginne, *v.* A.S. began.

- Gane, *v.* A.S. to yawn.
- Gar, *v.* A.S. to cause; *past tense* gert, or gret.
- Gardebrace, *n.* A.N. armour for the arm.
- Gargate, *n.* A.N. the gorget, the throat.
- Garisoun, *v.* A.N. to heal.
- Garnement, *n.* A.N. a garment.
- Garner, *n.* A.N. a granary or store-room.
- Garnysoun } *n.* A.N. a garrison.
- Garnisoun }
- Gastness, *n.* A.N. ghastliness.
- Gate, *past tense* of gete, *v.* A.S. got, begot.
- Gate, *n.* A.S. a street, or way; *algates*, always.
- Gat-tothud, *adj.* A.S. with the lower teeth projecting beyond the upper, like those of a goat, underjawed.
- Gatt, *past tense* of gete, *v.* A.S. to get.
- Gaude, *n.* A.N. a jest, a ridiculous trick; a painted or enamelled ornament.
- Gaudid, *part. pa.* enamelled.
- Gaule, *v.* A.S. same as gale.
- Gaure, gauren, *v.* A.S. to stare.
- Gawain, *n. pr.* the nephew of King Arthur, by his sister married to King Lot.
- Gaylard, *adj.* A.N. brisk, gay.
- Gayler } *n.* A.N. a gaoler.
- Gaylere }
- Geaunt, *n.* A.N. a giant.
- Geare, *n.* A.S. same as gere.
- Genelon } *n. pr.* one of Charlemagne's officers, who betrayed the Christian army to the Moors at Roncesvalles.
- Geneloun }
- Ganelon }
- Gende, *adj.* for gent.
- Gent, *adj.* A.N. neat, pretty.
- Genterye, *n.* A.N. gentility.
- Gentil, *adj.* A.N. primarily, born of noble blood; secondarily, liberal, gentlemanlike.
- Gentilnes } *n.* A.N. the being
- Gentillesse }
- Geomancy, *n.* A.N. divination by figures made on the earth.
- Gepoun, *n.* A.N. a short cassock.
- Gere, *n.* A.S. all sorts of instruments, whether of cookery, war, apparel, or chemistry. *In here queynte geres*, in their quaint fashions.
- Gery } *adj.* A.S. changeable,
- Gerful } capricious.
- Geriful }
- Gireful }
- Gerlonde, *n.* A.N. a garland; the name of a dog.
- Gesse, *v.* A.S. to guess.
- Gest, *n.* A.S. a guest.
- Geste, *v.* A.N. to relate history.
- Gestes, *n. pl.* A.N. historical incidents.
- Gestour, *n.* A.N. a relater of gestes.
- Get, *n.* A.N. fashion, behaviour. *With that false get*, with that cheating contrivance.
- Gethe, for goeth.
- Gilbertin, *n. pr.* an English physician of the thirteenth century.— See FABRICIUS, *Bibl. Med. Etat* in voc. Gilbertus de Aquila.
- Gile, *n.* A.N. guile.
- Gilt, *n.* A.S. guilt.
- Gilteles, *adj.* A.S. guiltless.
- Giltif, *adj.* A.S. guilty.
- Gin, *n.* A.N. engine, contrivance.
- Gipser, *n.* A.N. a pouch, or purse.
- Gir, *n.* A.S. same as gere.
- Girde, *v.* A.S. to smite.
- Girdilstede, *n.* A.S. the place of the girdle, the waist.
- Girt, *part. pa.* of gird, *v.* A.S. smitten. *Thurgh girt*, smitten through.
- Giterne } *n.* A.N. Lat. *cithara*, a
- Ginterne } guitar.
- Ginstarne }
- Glade, *v.* A.S. to make glad.
- Glader, *n.* A.S. one who makes glad.
- Gladsom, *adj.* A.S. pleasant.
- Glaze, for glöse.
- Glasynge, *n.* A.S. glass-work; *part. pa.* yglasyd, glazed, filled with glass.

- Gle } *n.* A.S. mirth, music, musical
 Glee } instruments.
 Glede } *n.* A.S. a burning coal, or
 Gleede } brand; sparks.
 Glente, *past tense*, glanced.
 Gleve, *n.* A.N. a sword.
 Gleyre, *n.* A.N. the white of an egg.
 Glimsing, *n.* A.S. glimmering.
 Gliteren, *pres. tense pl.* of glitere,
v. A.S. glitter.
 Glode, *past tense* of glide, *v.* A.S.
 glided.
 Glose, *n.* A.N. a gloss, or comment.
 Glose, *v.* A.N. to comment, inter-
 pret; to flatter.
 Glotoun, *n.* A.N. a glutton.
 Gloweden, *past tense pl.* of glowe,
v. A.S. glowed.
 Glowmbe, *v.* A.S. to look gloomy,
 or glum.
 Gnarre, *n.* A.S. a hard knot in a
 tree.
 Gnof, *n.* A.S. an old cuff, a miser.
 Gnowe, *past tense* of gnawe, *v.* A.S.
 gnawed.
 Go }
 Goo } *part. pa.* of go, *v.* A.S. gone.
 Gobet, *n.* A.N. a gobbet, morsel.
 Gode } *n.* A.S. wealth, goods.
 Goode }
 Goodles, *adj.* without goods.
 Goodlyhede } *n.* A.S. worth, good-
 Goodliheed } ness.
 Goodnes } *n.* A.S. advantage;
 Goodnesse } as, *at goodnesse*, *at*
 an advantage.
 Godsib, *n.* A.S. one related in
 God, a sponsor, or god-parent.
 Gofishe, *adj.* A.N. foolish.
 Gold-beten, *adj.* A.S. ornamented
 with gold.
 Goldsmithry, *n.* A.S. goldsmith's
 work.
 Golet, *n.* A.N. the throat or gullet.
 Golyardeys, *n.* A.N. a buffoon.
 Gomme, *n.* A.N. gum.
 Gon } *v.* A.S. to go, to walk. *So mote*
 I gon, so may I fare well.
 Goon } *So mote I ride or gon*, so
 may I fare well riding or
 going. *They gan to goon*,
 They began to walk.
- Gon, *pres. tense pl.* of last.
 Gon, *part. pa.* of gon or goon.
 Gonfenoun } *n.* A.N. a banner,
 Gounfanoun } or standard; meta-
 phorically, an hon-
 ourable person.
 Gonge, *n.* A.S. a jakes.
 Gonne, *n.* a gun.
 Gonnen } *past tense pl.* of ginne, *v.*
 Gonne } A.S. begun.
 Gore, *n.* a triangular piece of cloth,
 also called a gusset, let into a
 garment, generally a shirt; hence
 a shirt itself.
 Gose, for goes.
 Gospelere, *n.* A.S. an evangelist.
 Gossomer, *n.* gossamer.
 Gost } *n.* A.S. spirit or ghost;
 Goste } mind.
 Goth, *imperat. mood, second pers. pl.*
 of go; go ye.
 Governayle, *n.* A.N. government,
 steerage.
 Gourd, *n.* a vessel for carrying liquor
 in, perhaps made of a hollow
 gourd.
 Gowne-cloth, *n.* cloth sufficient to
 make a gown.
 Gracche, *v.* probably a mistake for
 graithe, or greythe, which see.
 Grace, *n.* A.N. favour; *sory grace*,
harde grace, ill favour. *With*
harde grace! may ill favour at-
 tend him! *Save your grace*, with
 your favour.
 Gracious, *adj.* A.N. agreeable, grace-
 ful.
 Graythe } *v.* A.S. to prepare, clothe.
 Greythe }
 Grame, *n.* A.S. grief, anger.
 Grammere, *n.* A.N. grammar.
 Grane, *n.* A.N. a grain.
 Grapnel, *n.* A.N. a grapnel.
 Graunge, *n.* A.N. properly a
 barn, generally applied to an
 outlying farm belonging to an
 abbey.
 Graunt mercy, A.N. great thanks.
 Grave, *v.* A.S. properly, to dig; to
 engrave, carve.
 Grave, *part. pa.* of grave, *n.* A.S.
 buried.

Gre } *n.* A.N. from Lat. *gratia*,
Gree } favour, pleasure, satisfac-
tion. *To receive in gre*, to
take kindly. *The gree*, the
prize.

Gre, *n.* from Lat. *gradus*, a step,
or degree.

Grede, *n.* A.S., greediness, a greedy
person.

Grede, *v.* barbarous Lat. to cry.

Grefhed, *n.* A.S. childishness.

Grees, *n.* A.N. grease.

Grete, same as grede, to cry. Also,
to greet, to salute.

Grette, *past tense* of grete, *v.* A.S.
greeted, saluted.

Greves, *n.* A.S. groves.

Greyn de Parys, *n.* A.N. grains of
paradise, a spice. *Greyn de Por-
tugale*, a kind of vermilion dye.

Grille, *adj.* horrible.

Grint, *third pers. sin. pres. tense* of
grinde, *v.* A.S. grindeth.

Grinte, *past tense* of grinde, *v.* A.S.
ground.

Grinting, *n.* grinding, gnashing.

Gris } *n.* A.N. the fur of the grey
Grys } squirrel. Also, swine.

Grisly, *adj.* A.S. that which causes
one to agrise or shudder; horrible.

Groffe, *v.* A.S. to grovel.

Groine, *n.* A.S. the snout of a hog,
a hanging lip.

Grone, *v.* A.S. to groan or grunt.

Gront, *past tense* of last.

Grot, *n.* a groat, a coin.

Grounden, *part. pa.* of grinde, *v.* A.S.

Groyne, *v.* A.S. to hang the lip in
discontent.

Groyning, *n.* A.S. pouting, discon-
tent

Gruf, *adv.* A.S. flat on the face.

Grunt, *past tense* of grinde, *v.* A.S.

Grunting, *n.* A.S. grinding.

Grynt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
grynde, or grinde, *v.* A.S.

Guerdoun, *n.* A.N. reward.

Guerdoune, *v.* A.N. to reward.

Guerdonlesse, *adj.* without a reward.

Guido de Columpnis, or dalle
Colonne, a lawyer and poet of
Messina, in Sicily, died about

1290. His Latin *History of the
Trojan War* is probably the ori-
ginal from which the later Me-
diæval writers have taken their
accounts of Trojan affairs.

Gulde, *n. pr.* a marygold.

Gult, *n.* A.S. guilt.

Gultif, *adj.* A.S. guilty.

Gurles, *n.* A.S. young persons of
either sex.

Gy } *v.* A.N. to guide.
Gye }

Gygges, *n. pl.* A.S. irregular
sounds produced by the wind.
Gigue, Fr. signified a musical
instrument, and from thence a
sort of light tune; but it is
probably a word of Teutonic
origin.

Gylour, *n.* A.N. a beguiler.

Gyngevre, *n.* A.N. ginger.

Gynne, *n.* A.N. a cunning device,
or trap.

Gynnen, same as begynnen or be-
ginne.

Gype, *n.* A.N. an upper frock or
cassock.

Gysarme, *n.* A.N. a battle-axe.

Gyternyng, *part. pres.* of gyterne,
v. A.N. playing the guitar.

H.

Habitacles, *n. pl.* A.N. places of
habitation.

Habite, *v.* A.N. to dwell.

Habundaunt, *adj.* A.N. abundant.

Haburgeon, *n.* A.N. diminutive of
hauberk, a coat-of-mail.

Hadden, *past tense pl.* of have, *v.*
A.S.

Haf, *past tense* of heve; *v.* A.S.
heaved.

Hay, *n.* A.N. a hedge.

Hail, *n.* A.S. health, welfare.

Haire, *n.* A.N. a hair-shirt.

Hakeney, *n.* A.N. a hackney, or
hack.

Haketoun, *n.* A.N. a short cassock
without sleeves.

Hald } *part. pa.* of hold, *v.* A.S.
Halden } holden.

Half Halfe { *n.* A.S. side. *A' Goddes half*, on God's part. *A' left half*, on the left side. *On the four halves*, on the four sides.

Halke, *n.* A.S. a corner.

Halpe, *past tense* of *helpe*, *v.* A.S. helped.

Hals, *n.* A.S. the neck.

Halse, *v.* A.S. to embrace round the neck.

Halt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of *holde*, *v.* A.S. holdeth.

Halt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of *halte*, *v.* A.S. halteth.

Halvendel, *adv.* A.S. half.

Halwes, *n. pl.* A.S. saints.

Ham, *n.* A.S. home.

Hamele, *v.* A.S. to ham-string; cut off.

Hammeres, *n. pl.* A.S. hammers.

Han, *v.* A.S. to have.

Han, *third pers. pl. pres. tense* of *have*.

Hanselines, *n. pl.* a part of the dress, apparently the breeches.

Happe, *n.* A.S. hap, chance.

Happe, *v.* to happen.

Harde, *v.* A.S. to harden.

Hardely, *hardily, adv.* boldly, certainly.

Harding, *part. pres.* of *harde*, *v.* A.S. hardening.

Harie, *v.* A.N. to hurry, harass.

Harlot, *n.* A.N. a profligate person of either sex.

Harlotries, *n. pl.* ribaldries.

Harneys, *n.* A.N. armour, or harness; furniture.

Harneyse, *v.* A.N. to clothe.

Harow Harrow Harou { *interjec.* A.N. It was a cry, said to be peculiar to the Normans, by which they gave the alarm in case of danger.

Harpour, *n.* A.N. a harper.

Harre, *n.* A.S. a hinge.

Harwed, *part. pa.* of *harwe*, *v.* A.S. harried, plundered.

Hasardcur, *n.* A.N. a player at hazard.

Hasardrie, *n.* A.N. gaming.

Hasel-wode, *n.* hazel wood *Hasel woodes shaken*, was apparently the burden of some popular song.

Hastif, *adj.* A.N. hasty.

Hastifly, *adv.* A.N. hastily.

Haten, *v.* A.S. to be named. *Pres. sing.* hatte, *past tense* highte, hote; *part pa.* yhote.

Hauberck, *n.* A.N. a coat-of-mail.

Haven, *v.* A.S. to have.

Havest, *second pers. sing. pres. tense* of *have*, hast; haveth, hath.

Haunce, *v.* A.N. to enhance, raise.

Haunte, *n.* A.N. custom, practice.

Haunte, *v.* A.N. to practise.

Haunteden, *third pers. pl. past tense* of *haunte*, practised.

Hauteyn, *adj.* A.N. haughty; loud. *A hauteyne faucon*, a high-flying hawk.

Havoire, for avoir, *n.* A.N. possession.

Have, *n.* A.S. a haw; a yard; as *chirche-hawe*, church-yard.

Hawe-bake, perhaps for hark back, a term in hunting.

Hawteyne, *adj.* same as *hauteyn*.

Hede } *n.* A.S. the head. *On his heed*,
Heed } on pain of losing his head.

Hedde, for hidde, *part past* of *hide*. *v.* A.S.

Heerdis, *n. pl.* coarse flax.

Hegges, *n. pl.* A.S. hedges.

Heigh, *adj.* A.S. high, *compar.* heigher, *superl.* hext.

Heighe, *adv.* A.S. highly.

Helewys, *n. pr.* Eloisa, the mistress of Abelard. See a summary of their history in the *Roman de la Rose*, v. 9172.

Hele, *v.* A.S. *helan*, to hide.

Hele, *v.* A.S. *hælan*, to heal, to help.

Hele, *n.* A.S. health.

Heleles, *adj.* A.S. helpless.

Helise, *n. pr.* Elysium.

Helmyd, *part. pa.* armed with an helmet.

Hem, *pron. accus. case* of A.S. *hy*, they, which is disused; them.

Hemself
Hemselve } *pron.* themselves.
Hemselven }

- Henchmen, *n. pl.* pages.
 Hende }
 Heende } *adj.* A.S. civil, courteous.
 Hendy }
 Henen, *n.* A.S. hens.
 Henen }
 Henne } *adv.* A.S. hence. Hennes-
 Hennes } forth, henceforth.
 Hens }
 Heng, *past tense* and *part.* of hange,
v. A.S. hung.
 Hente, *v.* A.S. to take hold of, to
 catch: hent, *third pers. sing. pres.*
tense for henteth; hent, *past tense*
and part.
 Hepe, *n.* A. S. a heap.
 Hepe, *n.* A.S. the hip, or fruit of
 the dog-rose.
 Her, *adv.* A.S. here.
 Herber, *v.* A.N. a garden.
 Heraud } *n.* A.N. a herald.
 Herowd }
 Herbergage, *n.* A.N. lodging.
 Herberjors, *n. pl.* A.N. providers of
 lodging, harbingers.
 Herberwe, *n.* A.S. an inn, a lodging,
 a harbour.
 Hercos, put for Eros, *n.* Gr. love.
 Herde } *n.* A.S. a herd, keeper of
 Hierde } cattle, or shepherd;
 } hence, a pastor, or
 } bishop.
 Herde-gromes, *n. pl.* A.S. shepherd
 boys.
 Here, for hire, *pron.* their.
 Here } *v.* A.S. to hear. Herd, herde,
 Heere } *past tense* and *part.* Her-
 Hiere } den, *past tense pl.*
 Here } *n.* A.S. hair.
 Heer }
 Here, in composition, signifies this;
 as *here agayn*, against this.
 Heren, *adj.* made of hair.
 Herie, *v.* A.S. to praise, worship.
 Heris, *pron.* A.S. theirs.
 Herking, *part. pres.* of herke, *v.*
 A.S. hearkening.
 Hern, *n.* A.S. a corner.
 Heronere, *n.* A.N. a hawk fit to fly
 at a heron.
 Heronsewes, *n. pl.* young he-
 rons.
- Herte }
 Hert } *n.* A.S. the heart.
 Hert, *n.* A.S. a hart or stag.
 Herte-spon, *n.* the hollow place
 where the ribs join the breast-
 bone, still called by the Irish
 peasantry the spoon of the breast.
 Herteles, *adj.* without courage.
 Hertly, *adj.* A.S. hearty.
 Herye, *v.* same as herie.
 Herying, *participial noun*, praising.
 Heste, *n.* A.S. command, promise.
 Hete, *v.* A.S. to promise.
 Hete *v.* A.S. same as hate, to be
 called.
 Hethenese, *n.* A.S. from the Gr.,
 the country inhabited by hea-
 thens.
 Hethyng, *n.* A.S. contempt.
 Hette, *past tense* of hete, heated.
 Heve, *v. ac.* A.S. to heave, raise.
 Hevc, *v. n.* A.S. to labour.
 Heved, *n.* A.S. head.
 Heven } *n.* A.S. heaven. *Heven-*
 Hevene } *quene*, the queen of
 } heaven, the blessed
 } Virgin.
 Hewe, *n.* A.S. a servant.
 Hewe, *v.* A.S. to hew.
 Hewe, *n.* A.S. hue, colour. Hewis
pl. colours.
 Hewed, *part. adj.* hued, coloured.
 Hext, *adj. superl.* A.S. highest.
 The degrees of comparison are
 heigh, heigher, hext, as in neigh,
 neigher, next.
 Heygh, *adj.* A.S. high.
 Heysugge, *n.* A.S. the hedge-spar-
 row.
 Heye, *n.* A.S. haste, diligence.
 Hidous, *adj.* A.N. hideous.
 Hidously, *adj.* A.N. hideously.
 Hiere, *v.* A.S. to hear.
 Highen, on highen, on high.
 Hight, *n.* A.S. height.
 Highte, *past tense* of hetan, *v.* A. S.
 to be called.
 Him, *pron. acc. case* of he. It is
 often used in a reflective sense for
 himself; as, *than hath he don his*
frend, ne him, no shame, i. e. nor
 himself. It also occurs as the

- dative case without a preposition; as, *she falleth him to fete*, like *elle lui tomba aux pieds*. *She swore him, elle lui jura*.
- Hiene, *n.* a hyena.
- Hir, *possessive pron.* A.S. from *hy*, they; their. *Pl.* and *inflected cases*, hire.
- Hire, *pers. pron. dat. case* of A.S. *heo*, she, to her.
- Hire, *possessive pron.* from *heo*, she, A.S. her.
- Hirs, *poss. pron.* theirs.
- Hise, *pl.* of his.
- Historial, *adj.* A.N. historical.
- Hit } *pr.* A.S. it.
- Hyt }
- Ho, *relat. pron.* who.
- Ho! *interjec.* commanding a cessation of anything.
- Hochepot, *n.* a mixture of various things shaken together in the same pot. It is now used as a law term.
- Hoker, *n.* A.S. frowardness.
- Hokerly, *adv.* frowardly.
- Holde, *n.* A.S. a fort, or castle.
- Holde, holden, *part. pa.* of holde, *v.* A.S. obliged.
- Hole, hol, *adj.* A.S. whole, entire.
- Holly } *adv.* A.S. wholly.
- Holy }
- Holour, *n.* A.S. a whoremonger.
- Holt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of holde, holdeth.
- Holte, *n.* A.S. a grove, or forest.
- Homly, *adj.* A.S. domestic, homely.
- Homlynesse, *n.* A.S. domestic management, familiarity.
- Honde, *n.* A.S. hand; *pl.* honden.
- Honde-brede, *n.* A.S. a hand-breadth.
- Honest, *adj.* A.N. means generally, according to the French usage, creditable, honourable, civil, becoming a person of rank
- Honeste } *n.* A.N. virtue, decency,
- Honestete } good manners.
- Honey-swete, *adj.* as sweet as honey.
- Hoppeteres, *n. pl.* female dancers.
- Hord } *n.* A.S. treasure, a place for
- Horde } keeping treasure.
- Hore } *adj.* A.S. hoary, grey.
- Hoor }
- Horowe, *adj.* A.S. foul.
- Horriblete, *n.* A.N. horribleness.
- Hors, *n.* a horse; *pl.* hors, horses.
- Horse, *adj.* A.S. hoarse.
- Horsly, *adj.* possessing those qualities which a horse ought to possess. It is applied to a horse, as manly is to a man.
- Hospitalers, *n. pl.* Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.
- Hostel, *n.* A.N. an hotel, inn, or dwelling-place.
- Hostelrie *n.* A.N. an hotel, or inn.
- Hostilementes, *n. pl.* household furniture.
- Hostyler, *n.* A.N. innkeeper.
- Hote, *adj.* and *adv.* A.S. hot, hotly.
- Hote, hoten, *part. pa.* of haten, *v.* A.S. called.
- Hove, *v.* A.S. to hover.
- Hound-fish, *n.* A.S. the dog-fish.
- Houped, *past tense* of houpe, *v.* A.S. whooped.
- Housel, *n.* A.S. the eucharist.
- Housele, *v.* A.S. to administer the sacrament of the eucharist; to communicate. *To ben houseled*, to be communicated.
- Howve, *n.* A.S. a cap, or a hood.
- Hulfere, *n.* A.S. holly.
- Hulstred, *part. pa.* of hulsteren, *v.* A.S. hidden.
- Humblehede, *n.* A.S. humble estate.
- Humblese, *n.* A.N. humility.
- Humblynge, *n.* A.S. a humming. Hence our humble-bee.
- Hunte, *n.* A.S. a huntsman, hunter.
- Hure, *n.* A.S. hire, wages.
- Hurtle, *v.* A.N. to push.
- Hust, *adj.* A.S. hushed, silent. Whist is used by Shakspeare in this sense. 'The wild waves whist.'
- Huyre, *v.* A.S. to hire, to bribe.
- Hye, *n.* A.S. haste, diligence.
- Hye, *v.* A.S. to hasten.
- Hyerdese, *n.* A.S. a female herd, or shepherdess.
- Hylde, *v.* A.S. to pour.

Hylled, *part. pa.* of hele, *v.* A.S. covered.
 Hynderest, *adj. superl. degree*, hindmost. *Pos.* hynd, *compar.* hynder.
 Hywe, *n.* A.S. hue.

I.

I, a prefix used indifferently with y. I generally denotes the past participle, and is equivalent to the A.S. and modern German *ge*.

Ich } *pron.* A.S. I. So the *ich*, so
 Iche } thrive I, contracted, so
 Ik } *theech*, or so *theek*.
 Yk }

Idel, *adj.* A.S. idle. *In idel*, in vain.

Idolastre, *n.* A.N. an idolater.

Ik, *pron.* A.S. I, same as *ich*.

Ile } *n.* A.S. an isle.
 Yle }

Ilke, *adj.*, A.S. same.

Imaginyf, *adj.* A.N. suspicious.

Impe, *n.* A.S. a scion.

Impetren, *v.* A.N. to obtain by prayer.

Importable, *adj.* A.N. intolerable, impossible.

Importune, *adj.* A.N. importunate.

Impossible, *n.* A.N. impossibility.

In, *prep.* upon. *In with*, within.

Inconstance, *n.* A.N. inconstancy.

Incubus, *n.* Lat. the fairy supposed to produce the night-mare.

Inde, *adj.* A.N. azure.

Indigne, *adj.* A.N. unworthy.

Inequal, *adj.* A.N. unequal.

Infortunat, *adj.* A.N. unfortunate.

Ingot, *n.* a mould for casting ingots.

Inhabit, *part. pa.* of inhabite, *v.* A.N. inhabited.

Inhelde, *v.* A.S. to pour. See Hylde.

Injure, *n.* A.N. injury.

Inly, *adv.* A.S., inwardly, deeply, thoroughly.

Inne, *adv.* A.S. in.

In } *n.* A.S. a house, habitation,
 Inne } lodging.

Inned } *part. pa.* lodged.
 Ynned }

Innereste, *adj. sup.* A.S. inmost.

Innocent, *adj.* A.N. ignorant.

Insele, *n.* A.N. to attest by seal.

Insette, *v.* A.S. to implant.

Inwitte, *n.* A.S. understanding.

Inwith, *prep.* A.S. within.

Ipcoras } *n. pr.* wine mixed with
 Ypcoras } spices and other ingredients; so called because strained through a woollen cloth, called *the sleeve of Hippocrates*.

Irishe, *adj.* A.N. passionate, given to ire.

Irous, *adj.* A.N. passionate.

Isault

Isawde } *n. pr.* different forms of the
 Isotta } name of the mistress of
 Isoude } Tristram, the celebrated
 Isulte } hero of Romance.

Yseut

Itaille, *n. pr.* Italy.

J.

Jakke Straw. Walsingham thus describes the noise made by this popular leader and his followers: — 'Clamor horrendissimus, non similis clamoribus quos edere solent homines, sed qui ultra omnem æstimationem superaret omnes clamores humanos, et maxime posset assimilari ululatus infernalium incolarum.' Many Flemings (Flandrenses) were beheaded by these insurgents, *cum clamore consueto*.

Jambeux, *n. pl.* A.N. armour for the legs.

Jane, *n.* a coin of Genoa, the ancient Janua.

Jangle, *v.* A.N. to prate, babble.

Jangler

Janglour } *n.* a prater.

Jangleresse, *n.* A.N. female prater.

Janglerye, *n.* A.N. idle talk.

Jape, *n.* A.S. a trick or jest.

Jape, *v.* A.S. to cheat, trick; laugh at.

Japer, *n.* A.S. a common jester or buffoon.

Japerie, *n.* buffoonery.

- Jape-worthy, *adj.* ridiculous, worthy to be laughed at.
- Jegge, *v.* A.S. to jog a person for the purpose of awakening him.
- Jeopardye { *n.* A.N. a game in which the chances are equal, a hazard, an opinion for which the reasons are equally balanced.
- Jepardye
- Jeupartye
- Jupartye
- Jeste, *n.* A.N. same as geste.
- Jewerie, *n.* A.N. the quarter set apart in mediæval towns for the dwellings of the Jews.
- Jewise, *n.* A.N. judgment, punishment.
- Joconde, *adj.* A.N. joyous, pleasant.
- Jogelour, *n.* A.N. a minstrel, a juggler.
- Jolyf, *adj.* A.N. jolly, joyful.
- Jompre, *v.* A.N. to jumble.
- Jordane, *n.* a chamber-pot.
- Jossa, *interj.* used to a horse, meaning, apparently, stand still.
- Joves, or Jovis, *n. pr.* Jupiter.
- Journe } *n.* A.N. a day's work: a
Journee } day's journey.
- Jouste, *n.* A.N. a tournament.
- Joweles, *n.* A.N. jewels.
- Joyne, *v.* A.N. to enjoin.
- Jubalter, *n. pr.* Gibraltar.
- Jubbe, *n.* a tub for holding wine or ale.
- Judicum, *n.* Lat. *gen. pl.* the Book of Judges.
- Juge, *n.* A.N. a judge.
- Juparten, *v.* A.N. to hazard, place in doubt.
- Jupartye, *n.* A.N. jeopardy, hazard.
- Juwyse, *n.* A.N. judgment.
- Juyl, *n. pr.* July.
- K.
- Kalender, *n.* Lat. a calendar.
- Kalendis { *n. pl.* Lat. the calends, or first day of the, month; metaphori-
Kalendes } cally, the beginning.
- Kamelyne, *n.* A.N. cloth made of camel's hair.
- Kannat, *v.* cannot.
- Karole, *n.* A.N. a dance accompanied by singing.
- Karole, *v.* A.N. to sing and dance.
- Kaught, *part. pa.* of *kecche*, *v.* A.S. caught.
- Kaynard, *n.* A.N. a term of reproach, from the Latin *canis*, a dog, like *canaille*.
- Kecche, *v.* A.S. same as *cacche*, to catch.
- Keep { *n.* A.S. care, attention. To
Kepe } take keep, to take care; take no keep, pay no attention.
- Kepee } *v.* A.S. to take care, pay
Kepen } attention.
- Kele, *v.* A.S. to cool.
- Kembe, *v.* A.S. to comb; *part. pa.* kumbed, kemped, kempe, or kempt, combed; metaphorically, neat.
- Kemelyn, *n.* A.S. a tub.
- Kenelm, *n. pr.* succeeded to the throne of the Mercians in 821 at the age of seven, and was murdered by order of his aunt Quenedreda.
- Kerchef, *n.* A.N. a corruption of *covrechef*, a kerchief.
- Kernels, *n.* A.N. (*crenelle*) battlements.
- Kers, *n.* A.S. a water-cress. *Of paramoures ne set he nat a kers*, he cared not a water-cress for lovers.
- Kerver, *n.* A.S. a carver.
- Kesse } *v.* A.S. to kiss; *part. pa.*
Kisse } keste.
Kysse }
- Keverchef, *n.* a kerchief.
- Kevere, *v.* A.N. to cover.
- Kichil, *n.* A.S. a little cake.
- Kid } *part. pa.* of *kithe*, *v.* A.S. to
Kidde } reveal, make known.
- Kike, *v.* A.S. to kick.
- Kin, *adj.* A.S. akin.
- Kind } *n.* A.S. nature.
Kynd }
- Kindly } *adv.* A.S. naturally.
Kyndely }
- Kinrede, *n.* A.S. kindred.
- Kirtel, or kirtle, *n.* A.S. a tunic.

- Kithē } *v.* A.S. to reveal, make
 Kytho } known. *Part. pa.* kithed,
 kythed, kidde, or kydde.
 Kit } *part. pa.* of kutte, *v.* A.S.
 Kitte } cut.
 Kitten }
 Knakke, *n.* A.S. a trifling trick.
 Knarry, *adj.* A.S. full of gnarres or
 knots.
 Knave, *n.* A.S., a boy; a servant;
 a rogue.
 Kned, *part. pa.* of knede, *v.* A.S.
 kneaded.
 Knene } *n. pl.* A.S. knees.
 Kneen }
 Knette, *part. pa.* of knitte, *v.* A.S.
 Knight } *n.* A.S. a servant; a ser-
 Knyght } vant in war, or sol-
 } dier; a dubbed knight.
 Knighthode, *n.* A.S. valour.
 Knit, *part. pa.* of knitte, *v.* A.S.
 joined, bound, agreed.
 Knobbe, *n.* A.S. an excrescence in
 the shape of a bud or button.
 Knoppe, *pl.* knoppis, *n.* A.S. a bud,
 or button.
 Knotte, *n.* A.S. a knot.
 Knotteles, *adj.* A.S. without a knot.
 Knowe, *n. pl.* A.S. knees.
 Knowleche, *v.* A.S. to acknowledge.
 Knowleching, *n.* A.S. knowledge.
 Koude, same as coude.
 Kouthe, same as couthe.
 Kunnyng, *n.* A.S. cunning.
 Kyke, *v.* A.S. to look steadfastly.
 Kynrede, *n.* A.S. kindred.
- L.
- Laas, *n.* A.N. a lace, a snare.
 Labbe, *n.* a blab, a great talker.
 Labbing, *part. pres.* blabbing.
 Lacche, *n.* A.N. a snare.
 Laced, *part. pa.* A.N. snared, bound.
 Lacert, *n.* A.N. a fleshy muscle, so
 called from being shaped like a
 lizard.
 Lache, *adj.* A.N. sluggish, negligent.
 Lachesse, *n.* A.N. slackness, negli-
 gence.
 Lad } *past tense* and *part.* of lede,
 Ladde } *v.* A.S. led, carried.
- Laft } *past tense* and *part.* of leve, *v.*
 Lafte } A.S. left.
 Lake, *n.* a sort of cloth.
 Lakke, *n.* A.S. lack, want, a fault.
 Lakke, *v.* A.S. to find fault, to blame.
 Lambren } *n. pl.* A.S. lambs.
 Lamben }
 Languysshe, *v.* A.N. to languish.
 Lappe, *n.* A.S. the skirt or lappet
 of a garment.
 Large, *adj.* A.N. spacious, free, pro-
 digal. *Til that it was prime large,*
till the hour of prime was far spent.
 Largely, *adv.* fully.
 Lasse } *adj.* and *adv.* in *comp. degree,*
 Las } less.
 Latrede, *part. pa.* of latere; *v.* A.S.
 delayed.
 Lathe, *n.* A.S. a barn.
 Latoun, *n.* A.N. a kind of brass.
 Laude, *n.* A.N. praise.
 Laudes, *n.* Lat. the service per-
 formed in religious houses in the
 fourth or last watch of the night.
 ‘Dicuntur autem laudes, quod
 illud officium laudem precipue
 sonat divinam.’—DU CANGE, in *v.*
 Laved, *part. pa.* A.N. drawn, as
 water out of a well.
 Lavender, *n.* A.N. a courtesan.
 Laverokke, *n.* A.S. a lark.
 Launcegay, *n.* A.N. a kind of lance.
 Launcelot du Lake, *n. pr.* one of the
 Knights of the Round Table,
 whose adventures were the subject
 of a romance, begun by Chrestien
 de Troyes, and finished by Gode-
 frois de Leigni. His intrigue with
 Guenever, wife of King Arthur,
 is alluded to by Dante, *Inferno*, *v.*;
 and by Petrarch, *Trionfo d' Amore*,
 iii.
 Launde, *n.* A.N. a lawn, a plain not
 ploughed or planted.
 Lavours, *n.* A.N. lavers, watering
 basins.
 Laureat, *adj.* Lat. crowned with
 laurel.
 Laureole, *n.* A.N. spurge-laurel.
 Laurer } *n.* A.N. a laurel.
 Laurey }
 Lawe, *adj.* for lowe.

Laxatif, *n.* A.N. a purging medicine.

Lay, *n.* A.N. law, religion.

Laye, *adj.* fallow, unsown; hence, lea.

Layen, *past tense pl.* of ligge, *v.* A.S.

Laynere, *n.* A.N. a lanner, or whip-lash.

Layt, *n.* A.S. lightning.

Lazer, *n.* A.N. a leper.

Leche, *n.* A.S. a physician.

Leche, *v.* A.S. to cure.

Leche-craft, *n.* the skill of a physician.

Lecherous, *adj.* provoking lechery.

Lechour, *n.* a lecher.

Lectorne, *n.* Lat. a reading-desk.

Leden, *n.* A.S. properly Latin, hence any foreign language.

Lede } *n.* A.S. people; serfs, or
Ledes } vassals.

Ledge, *v.* A.N. to allege.

Lees, *n.* A.N. a leash by which dogs are held.

Lees, *n. pl.* A.S. lies. *Withouten lees,* truly.

Leef } *adj.* A.S. pleasing, agreeable.
Lefe } *Al be him lothe or lefe,*
 whether it be pleasing or
Leef } *displeasing to him. It*
Lefe } *sometimes signifies pleas-*
 ed, as I nam not lefe to
 gabbe, I do not wish to
 prate.

Lefe, *n.* A.S. a friend or lover.

Leful, *adj.* lawful.

Legge, *v.* A.S. to lay.

Leggen, *v.* A.N. to ease, to alleviate.

Leith, *third pers. sing.* of legge or leye, *v.* A.S. layeth.

Leite, *n.* A.S. light. *Thunder-leite,* lightning.

Leke, *n.* A.S. a leek; used as an example of something of very little value.

Lemes, *n. pl.* A.S. flames.

Lemman, *n.* A.S. a lover or gallant, a mistress.

Lendes, *n. pl.* A.S. the loins.

Lene, *adj.* A.S. lean.

Lene, *v.* A.S. to lend, to give, to grant. *God lene,* God grant.

Lenger, *adj.* and *adv. comp.* degree. A.S. longer. *Ever lenger the more,* ever on the increase.

Lente, *part. pa.* of lene, *v.* A.S.

Lenton, *n.* A.S. the season of Lent.

L'envoy, *n.* A.N. literally, that which is sent; a poem, whether in the form of a dedication subjoined to a longer poem, or of a separate piece, addressed to some particular person or persons. Thus the six last stanzas of *The Clerke's Tale* are entitled, in some MSS., *L'envoy de Chaucer à les Mariz de notre temps*; but *L'envoy de Chaucer à Scogan*, is a separate poem.

Leonine, *adj.* A.N. belonging to a lion.

Leopart } *n.* A.N. a leopard.

Leos, *n.* Gr. people.

Lepande, *part. pr.* of lepe *v.* A.S. leaping.

Lepe, *v.* A.S. to leap.

Lepe } *third pers. sing. pres. tense of*
Lep } lepe.

Lepe } *past tense of lepe.*

Lere } *v.* A.S. to learn, to teach,
Lerne } *part. pa.* lered, learned.

Lere, *n.* A.S. the skin.

Lese, *n.* A.N. leash; same as lees. *In lusty lese,* is love's snare.

Lese, *v.* A.S. to lose. *Imp.* leseth, lose ye.

Lesing } *n.* A.S. a lie; *pl.* lesynges,
Lesyng } lyings.

Lest } *n.* A.S. pleasure.

Lust }

Lyst } *v. impersonal,* A.S. it pleases. *Me list not pleye,* it does not please me to play; *if you leste,* if it please you. *Past tense,* luste; *Him luste ryde soo,* it pleased him to ride so; *wel to drynke us luste,* it pleased us well to drink.

Leste, *adj. superl. degree,* A.S. least. *At the leste way,* at leastwise; *at the leste,* at least.

Leste, for last.

Lete } *v.* A.S. to leave, to omit;
 Lete } to permit; to cause, as
 Lette } *Lete make*, cause to be
 } made.

Lette, *v.* A.S. to let or hinder.

Let-game, *n.* A.S. spoil-sport.

Lette, *n.* A.S. let or hindrance.

Letterure } *n.* A.N. literature.
 Lettrure }

Lettrede, *adj.* A.N. learned.

Letuarie, *n.* A.N. an electuary.

Leve, *n.* A.S. desire.

Leve, *adj.* A.S. dear. Same as lefe.

Leve, *v.* A.S. to believe. *Imperat.*
pl. leveth.

Leve, occurs in *Troylus and Cryseyde*,
 book ii. in the expression, *God leve*
al be wele! and again in book iii.
God leve hym werk; in both these
 cases it ought to be *lene*; *God*
grant that all be well; *God grant*
 him to work.

Levelesse, *adj.* without leave.

Levene, *n.* A.S. lightning.

Lever, *adj.* and *adv. compar. degree*,
 more agreeable. *It were me lever*,
 it would be more agreeable to me;
I hadde lever, I had rather. *Here*
hadde lever, it would have been
 more agreeable to her.

Levere, *n.* A.N. a livery, a ration.

Levesel, *n.* The meaning is doubt-
 ful. In the *Promptuarium Parvu-*
lorum it is explained, 'Levesel,
 before a wyndowe or other place;
umbraculum.' Mr. Halliwell quotes
 the following passage, in which
 it occurs, from a MS in the Lib.
 of the Soc. of Antiq. 134, f.
 253:

'Alle his devocion and holinesse
 At taverne is, as for the moste
 delle,
 To Bacchus signe, and to the
leveselle.'

Its occurrence so often in con-
 nexion with taverns induced Tyr-
 whit to suppose that it was the
 bush, which is still used abroad as
 the sign of a *cabaret*; but in
 Chaucer the student's horse is

tied up *under the levesel* at the
 mill. From its being interpreted in
 the *Prompt. Parv.* '*Umbraculum*,'
 and described as a thing usually
 placed before a window, from its
 being a usual appendage of a ta-
 vern, and from the horse being
 tied under it in *The Reeve's Tale*,
 it would appear to be the general
 name for a verandah or shed
 made of boughs, whether to keep
 the sun off a window, to drink
 under, or as a shelter for farming
 implements and horses.

Lewde } *adj.* A.S. ignorant, un-
 Lewed } learned; lewd.

Lewte

Leaute } *n.* A.N. loyalty.

Leute }

Leyes, *n. pr.* Layas in Armenia.

Leye } *v.* A.S. same as legge; *part.*

Leyne } *pa.* leyde, laid.

Leysir, *n.* A.N. leisure.

Leyte, *n.* A.S. flame.

Liard } *adj.* A.S. grey; a name for

Lyard } a grey horse.

Licenciat, *n.* Lat. one licensed to
 administer the sacrament of pe-
 nance; particularly applied to
 such of the medicant orders as
 were relieved by a licence from
 the Pope from the jurisdiction of
 the ordinary.

Licourous, *adj.* lecherous.

Liche }

Lyche } *adj.* A.S. like.

Liche-wake, *n.* A.S. the watch or
 wake formerly held over the bo-
 dies of the dead.

Liege, *n.* A.N. a subject; *pl.*
 lieges.

Lien }

Lyen } *pres. tense pl.* of ligge, *v.* A.S.

Lien }

Lyen } *part. pa.* of ligge.

Liflode, *n.* A.S. livelihood, living
 existence.

Lift, *n.* A.S. that which is on high,
 the heavens; hence the verb to
 lift, to raise on high.

Ligeaunce, *n.* A.N. allegiance.

Ligge, *v.* A.S. to lie down.

- Lighte, *v. ac.* to enlighten, make light or pleasant.
- Lighte, *v. neut.* to alight, descend.
- Ligne, *n.* A.N. lineage.
- Ligne-aloes, *n.* Lat. *lignum aloes*, a very bitter drug.
- Like } *v.* A.S. to compare.
- Liken }
- Like, *v.* A.S. to please. *If you liketh*, if it please you. *It liketh hem*, it pleases them.
- Likerous, *adj.* fond of liquor, or drink.
- Liltyng, *part. pres.* playing a lilt.
- Limayle, *n.* A.N. filings of any metal.
- Lime, *v.* A.S. literally to smear with bird-lime; metaphorically to captivate.
- Lime-rod, *n.* a twig smeared with bird-lime.
- Limmes, *n. pl.* A.S. limbs.
- Linian, *n. pr.* Joannes de Lignano, near Milan, a canonist and natural philosopher. He died in 1383, which affords an additional reason for believing that *The Canterbury Tales* were not finished before that date, since he is spoken of in the Prologue to *The Clerk's Tale* as then dead.
- Lisse, *n.* A.S. remission, abatement.
- Lisse, *v. ac.* A.S. to ease, to relieve.
- Lisse, *v. neut.* to grow easy, be relieved.
- Liste, see leste.
- Listeneth, *imp. mood, second pers. pl.* of listen. *v.* A.S.
- Listes, *n. pl.* A.N. lists; a place enclosed for a combat.
- Litarge, *n.* A.N. white-lead.
- Lite } *adj. and adv.* little.
- Lyte }
- Lith } *n.* A.S. a limb.
- Lyth }
- Lithe, *v.* A.S. to soften.
- Lither, *adj.* A.S. bad, wicked.
- Litherly, *adv.* A.S. ill, badly.
- Livande, *part. pres.* A.S. living.
- Live, *n.* A.S. life. *On live*, alive. *Lives creature*, living creature. *Lives botly*, living body.
- Lodemanage, *n.* A.S. pilotage. Used in this sense in 3 Geo. I. c. 13.
- Lodesman, *n.* A.S. a pilot.
- Lodesterre, *n.* A.S. the lodestar, or leading star. The modern word *loadstone* is from the same root.
- Loft, *n.* A.S. height; *on loft*, aloft, or on high. See Lift.
- Loge, *n.* A.N. a lodge, habitation.
- Logge, *v.* A.N. to lodge.
- Loigne, *n.* A.N. a tether; metaphorically, the amount of liberty allowed to a person.
- Loke, *v.* A.S. to see, to look upon.
- Loke, *v.* A.S. to lock.
- Loken, loke, *part. pa.* of loke, *v.* A.S. locked, shut close.
- Loller, *n.* a lollard.
- Londe, *n.* A.S. land.
- Londenoy, *n.* A.N. an inhabitant of London.
- Lone, *n.* A.S. a loan, anything lent.
- Longe, *v.* A.S. to belong. *Longing for his art*, belonging to his art. Also, to desire.
- Loor, *n.* A.S. lore, teaching, discipline.
- Loos } *n.* A.N. praise; ironically,
- Los } ill-fame.
- Lordynges, *n. pl.* a diminutive of lords, sirs, my masters.
- Lordschipe, *n.* A.S. dominion, power.
- Lore, *n.* A.S. knowledge, learning; doctrine; advice,
- Lorel, *n.* A.S. a good-for-nothing fellow.
- Lorne, *part. pa.* of lese, *v.* A.S. lost.
- Losengeour, *n.* A.N. a flatterer.
- Loteby, *n.* a private companion, or bed-fellow.
- Loth, *adj.* A.S. odious, disagreeable; *comp.* lother; *superl.* lothest.
- Lothly, *adj.* A.S. loathsome.
- Love-daye, *n.* a day appointed for the amicable settlement of differences.
- Love-drink, *n.* a philtre, or love-potion.
- Love-longyng, *n.* desire of love.

- Lough, *past tense* of laughe, *v.* A.S. laughed.
- Loure, *v.* A.S. to look discontented.
- Loust, *n.* A.S. pleasure.
- Loustily } *adv.* A.S. lustily.
- Lustly }
- Loute, *v.* A.S. to bow, to lurk.
- Lowe, *v.* A.N. to allow, approve.
- Lowe, *n.* for lawe.
- Lowh, *past tense* of laughe, laughed.
- Lowke, *n.* a receiver of stolen goods.
- Lowlyhede, *n.* A.S. humility.
- Lwce, *n.* A.N. a pike.
- Lucina, *n.* Lat. the moon,
- Lufsom, *adj.* A.S. lovely.
- Lumbardes, *n. pr. pl.* Lombard merchants, bankers.
- Lunarie, *n. pr.* A.N. the herb moonwort.
- Lure, *n.* A.N. a piece of wood with the wings of a bird attached to it, with which falconers recal their hawks.
- Lure, *v.* to bring to the lure.
- Lussheburghes, *n. pl.* counterfeit coin, so called because manufactured at Luxembourg.
- Lust, *n.* See Lest.
- Luste, *v.* See Leste.
- Lustyhede, *n.* A.S. pleasure, mirth.
- Luxurie, *n.* A.N. lechery.
- Lyfly, *adv.* A.S. like the life.
- Lye, *n.* A.S. a lie.
- Lyere, *n.* A.S. a liar.
- Lyes, *n. pl.* A.S. lees of wine.
- Lymere, *n.* A.N. a blood-hound.
- Lymytacion, *n.* A.N. a certain precinct, to which each friar was obliged to confine his solicitations for alms.
- Lymytour, *n.* A.N. a friar licensed to ask alms within a certain limit.
- Lynage, *n.* A.N. lineage.
- Lynde, *n.* A.S. the linden, or lime-tree.
- Lysse, same as lisse.
- Lyte, *adj.* and *adv.* A.S. little.
- Lythe, *n.* A.S. a limb.
- Lythe, *adj.* A.S. pliable.
- Lythe, *v.* A.S. to soften.
- Lyve, same as live.
- M.
- Maad, *part. pa.* of make, *v.* A.S.
- Maat } *part. pa.* A.N. dejected,
- Maate } struck dead.
- Mate }
- Mace, *n.* A.N. a club.
- Machabe, *n. pr.* the book of Macca-bees.
- Macrobes, *n. pr.* Macrobius.
- Madde, *v. neut.* A.S. to be mad.
- Ma fey, *interj.* A.N. by my faith.
- Magicien, *n.* A.N. a magician.
- Magik, *n.* A.N. magic.
- Mahoun, *n. pr.* Mahomet.
- Mainte } *part. pa.* of menge, *v.* A.S.
- Meinte } mingled.
- Maister } *n.* A.N. a skilful artist, a
- Maystre } master. *Maister strete*, the high street. *Mais-ter temple*, the chief temple, or cathedral. *Maister tour*, the principal tower.
- Maistrie } *n.* A.N. skill, skilful ma-
- Maistry } nagement. Power, su-
- Maystrye } periority. *A maistrye*, un coup de maitre, a masterly operation. *Fair for the maistrie*, like *bonne pour la maistrie*, so fair as to excel all others
- Maistresse, *n.* A.N. mistress, go-vernness.
- Maistrise, *n.* A.N. masterly work-manship.
- Make, *n.* A.S. a companion or mate; a husband or wife.
- Make, *v.* A.S. to compose poetry. *To make a man's beard*, to cheat him.
- Make, *adj.* A.S. meek.
- Maked, *part. pa.* of make.
- Makeles, *adj.* A.S. peerless.
- Maker, *n.* A.S. a poet, like the Greek, ποιητής, from ποιέω, to make.
- Making } *n.* A.S. poetry, like the
- Makynge } Gr. ποίησις. *Ma-*
- } *kynyes*, poetical com-
- } positions.
- Male, *n.* A.N. a portmanteau.

- Male**, *adj.* A.N. bad.
- Malefice**, *n.* A.N. enchantment.
- Maletalent**, *n.* A.N. ill-will.
- Malgre**, *n.* and *adv.* same as maugre.
- Malisoun**, *n.* A.N. malediction.
- Malt**, *past tense* of melte, *v.* A.S. melted; *pl.* malte; *part. pa.* molten, molte.
- Malvesie**, *n.* A.N. malmsey wine.
- Malure**, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
- Manace**, *n.* A.N. a threat.
- Manace**, *v.* A.N. to threaten.
- Manciple** } *n.* from the Lat. *man-*
Maunciple } *ceps*, a purchaser, or
contractor; a ca-
terer. Manciple is
still the name ap-
plied to this officer
in our colleges and
inns of court.
- Mandement**, *n.* A.M. a mandate.
- Maner** } *n.* A.N. manner, beha-
Manere } viour. Kind or sort,
as a *manere Latin*, a
kind of Latin.
- Maner**, *n.* A.N. manor, mansion.
- Mangery**, *n.* A.N. a feast.
- Mangonel**, *n.* A.N. an engine used
to batter the walls of a besieged
town.
- Mannish** } *adj.* A.S. human, pro-
Mannyssh } per to the human
Mannyssch } species; masculine,
proper to man, as
distinguished from
woman; in this last
sense, when applied
to a woman, it is a
term of reproach.
- Mansuete**, *adj.* A.N. gentle.
- Mantelet**, *n.* A.N. a short mantle.
- Manye**, *n.* A.N. mania, madness.
- Marcian**, *adj.* A.N. martial, under
the influence of Mars.
- Margarite** } *n.* A.N. a pearl, a
Marguerete } daisy.
- Market-beter**, *n.* A.S. one who
forestals the market. Tyrwhitt
makes many surmises as to the
origin of this phrase; but it is
evidently a translation of a Latin
expression which occurs in Pliny,
- 'Manceps annonam *flagellat*,' a
purchaser who beats the market
i.e. forestals, monopolizes.
- Marreys**, *n.* A.N. a marsh.
- Mary** } *n.* A.S. marrow.
Marie }
- Mark**, *n.* A.S. image, pattern.
- Markis**, *n.* A.N. a marquis.
- Marte**, *n. pr.* A.N. Mars.
- Martire**, *n.* A.N. martyrdom, tor-
ment.
- Martyre**, *v.* A.N. to torment.
- Marquysesse**, *marquysesse*, *n.* A.N. a
marchioness.
- Mary** }
Marie } *interj.* by Saint Mary.
Marye }
- Mase**, *maze*, *n.* a wild fancy.
- Mase**, *v. neut.* to be bewildered, to
dream.
- Masednesse**, *n.* amazedness, as-
tonishment.
- Maseliu**, *n.* A.N. for mazerin, a
drinking-cup.
- Mate**, same as maat.
- Maundement**, *n.* A.N. a mandate.
- Matere**, *n.* A.N. matter.
- Maugre** }
Maugree } *adv.* A.N. in spite of.
Malgre }
- Maugre**, *n.* A.N. ill-will. *Malgre*
his, with his ill-will.
- Mavis**, *n.* A.N. probably a mistake
for *muis*, a measure of corn equal
to about five quarters.
- Mavys**, *n.* A.S. a thrush.
- Maumet**, *n.* an idol, from Mahomet.
- Maumetrie**, *n.* the religion of Ma-
homet, idolatry.
- Mawe**, *n.* A.S. the maw or stomach.
- Maximian**, *n. pr.* the author of six
elegies, which have been fre-
quently printed under the name
of Gallus. He is said by Fabri-
cius to have lived in the reign
of Anastasius.
- May**, *n.* A.S. a maid or virgin, a
young woman.
- Maydenhed** }
Maydenhede } *n.* A.S. virginity.
Maydenhode }
- Mayle**, *n.* A.N. a coat of mail.

- Maysondewe, *n.* A.N. a maison dieu, or hospital.
- Maystreful, *adj.* imperious.
- Maympris, *n.* A.N. bail, or main-prize.
- Meaneliche, *adj.* A.S. moderate.
- Mede, *n.* A.S. a mead or meadow.
- Mede } *n.* A.S. reward.
- Meede } *n.* Brit. mead, a liquor made of honey.
- Mede } *n.* Brit. mead, a liquor made of honey.
- Meth } *n.* Brit. mead, a liquor made of honey.
- Methe } *n.* Brit. mead, a liquor made of honey.
- Medle, *v.* A.S. to mix.
- Medled, *adj.* of a mixed colour.
- Meel } *n.* A.S. a portion; a meal, or portion of food. This word in composition means by small portions, as *stoundemele*, by small portions of time, or at intervals.
- Mele } *n.* A.S. a portion; a meal, or portion of food. This word in composition means by small portions, as *stoundemele*, by small portions of time, or at intervals.
- Meisne } *n.* A.N. attendants, followers.
- Meinee } *n.* A.N. attendants, followers.
- Meigne } *n.* A.N. attendants, followers.
- Meyne } *n.* A.N. attendants, followers.
- Meke, *adj.* A.S. meek, humble.
- Meke, *v. neut.* A.S. to become meek.
- Mekede, *past tense, third pers. sing.*
- Mele. See meel.
- Melle, *v.* A.N. to meddle.
- Melle, *n.* A.S. a mill.
- Memorie, *v.* A.N. remembrance. *To be drawn to memorie*, to be recorded.
- Memorie, *v.* A.N. to record.
- Mendinauntz, *n. pl.* A.N. friars, so called because they obtained their living by asking alms.
- Mene, *v.* A.S. to mean or intend.
- Mene, *n.* A.N. a mean, or instrument; a procurer.
- Mene, *adj.* A.N. middle, moderate.
- Menestrel, *n.* A.N. a minstrel.
- Menyvere, *n.* A.N. *menu vair*, miniver, a kind of fur.
- M cenrike, *n. pr.* A.S. the kingdom of Mercia.
- Merciabile, *adj.* A.N. merciful.
- Meritorie, *adj.* A.N. meritorious.
- Merke, mark, *n.* A.S. a mark, image, pattern. *Al the mark of Adam*, all the pattern of Adam, *i.e.* all mankind.
- Merke, *adj.* A.S. dark.
- Merlion, *n.* A.N. the merlin, the smallest of the British hawks.
- Merour, *n.* A.N. a mirror.
- Mervaille, *n.* A.N. marvel.
- Mery, *adj.* A.S. merry, pleasant.
- Mesaventure, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
- Meschance, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
- Mesel, *n.* A.N. a leper.
- Meselrie, *n.* A.N. leprosy.
- Message, *n.* A.N. a messenger.
- Messagerie, *n.* A.N. the carrying of messages; hence an allegorical personage in the Courts of Love.
- Messe, *n.* A.N. Mass, the Liturgy of the Western Church.
- Meste, *adj. superlat. degree.* most.
- Mester } *n.* A.N. trade, occupation.
- Mestir } *What mestir men ye been,*
What kind of men you are.
- Mesurable, *adj.* A.N. moderate.
- Mesure, *n.* A.N. measure, moderation.
- Metamorphoseos } *n.* Ovid's Metamorphosos } morphoses.
- Metamorphosos } *n.* Ovid's Metamorphosos } morphoses.
- Mete, *adj.* A.S. meet, fitting, convenient.
- Mete, *n.* A.S. meat. *During the metes space*, during eating time.
- Mete-borde, *n.* A.S. a dinner-table.
- Metely, *adj.* A.S. proportionable.
- Mete, *v.* A.S. to meet.
- Mete, *v.* A.S. to dream. *Past tense*, mette, met. It occurs as an *impersonal verb*, *me mette*, a dream occurred to me.
- Metricien, *n.* A.N. one who is skilled in metre.
- Mevable, *adj.* A.S. moveable, unsteady.
- Mewe, *v.* to change, to moult.
- Mewe, *n.* a chamber where hawks are confined to *mewe*, or moult. Any sort of confinement. *In mewe*, in secret.
- Mewet, *n.* A.N. a dumb person. *In mewet, en muet*, like a dumb person.
- Meynde, *part. pa.* of *menge*, *v.* A.S. mingled.

- Meyntenaunce, *n.* A.N. maintenance.
- Minister }
Mynstre } *n.* A.N. an officer of
Ministere } justice, a minstrel.
- Mirroure, *n.* A.N. a mirror.
- Mirtheles, *adj.* A.S. without mirth.
- Mis }
Mys } *adv.* ill, amiss. It is often
to be supplied to a second
verb having been expressed
in composition with a former.
As, *If that I mis-speke or say, if I
mis-speak or mis-say. Ther is
nothyng mis-sayde nor do. There
is nothing mis-said or mis-done.*
- Mis, *n.* a wrong.
- Misaventure. Same as mesaventure.
- Misboden, *part. pa.* of misbede, *v.*
A.S. injured.
- Misborn, *part. pa.* of misbere, *v.*
A.S. misbehaved.
- Misericord, *n.* A.N. mercy.
- Misese, *n.* A.N. un-a-iness.
- Misgye, *v.* to mis-guide.
- Mistake, *v.* A.S. to transgress, take
a wrong part.
- Mistihede, *n.* A.S. darkness.
- Mistily, *adv.* A.S. darkly.
- Mitaine, *n.* A.N. a mitten or glove.
- Mixen, *n.* A.S. a dunghill.
- Mo, *pron.* u-ed, by poetic licence,
for me.
- Mo } *adj.* and *adv. comp. degree*
Moo } more.
- Moche }
Mochel } *adj.* A.S. great; whether
Mokel } in quantity, number, or
Michel } degree.
Muchel }
- Myche }
Mychel } *adv.* A.S. much, greatly.
Moche }
Mochel }
- Mochel, *n.* A.S. size.
- Mockere, *v.* A.S. to heap up.
- Moder }
Modre } *n.* A.S. mother. Also the
Moode } matrix or principal
plate of the Astrolabe.
- Moebelis, *n. pl.* A.N. furniture.
- Moist, moisty, *adj.* A.N. new, soft.
- Molestie, *n.* A.N. trouble.
- Monche, *v.* A.S. to munch, chew.
- Mone, *n.* A.S. the moon.
- Mone, *n.* A.S. lamentation, moaning.
- Moneste, *v.* A.N. to admonish.
- Monstre, *n.* A.N. a monster or pro-
digy; a pattern.
- Monyour, *n.* A.N. a coiner.
- Moo, same as mo.
- Mood, *n.* A.S. auger.
- Moot, *n.* A.S. a meeting.
- Moot-hall, *n.* the hall in which
county meetings are held; the
shire-hall.
- Morcel, *n.* A.N. a morsel.
- More, *adj. comp. degree* of much;
greater, whether in quantity,
number, or degree. It is usually
joined to adjectives and adverbs to
express the comparative degree.
- Mormal, *n.* a cancer, or sore.
- Morter, *n.* A.N. a night-light.
- Mortifie, *v.* A.N. to kill, or reduce
quicksilver to a solid substance.
- Mortrewe, *n.* a kind of soup or
potage.
- Morwe, *n.* A.S. the morrow, or
morning; *a'morwe*, on the morrow.
- Morwening, *pl.* morweninges, *n.*
A.S. the morning.
- Mosel, *n.* A.N. the muzzle, or nose
of an animal.
- Moste, *adj. superlat. degree* of
moche, greatest.
- Moste, *v.* A.S. must; *pl.* mosten.
- Mote, *n.* A.N. a movement sounded
by a huntsman on his horn. *Thre
mote*, such a movement sounded
thrice.
- Mote, *v.* A.S. must, may; *pl.*
moten.
- Mote, *n.* A.S. an atom.
- Motyf, *n.* A.N. a motive, incite-
ment.
- Mought, *n.* A.S. a moth.
- Mought, *past tense* of mowe, *v.* A.S.
might.
- Moule, *v. neut.* A.S. to grow mouldy.
- Moun, for mowen, *pres. tense pl. of
mowe*, *v.* A.S. may.

Mountaunce, *n.* A.N. amount, value.
 Mourdaunt, *n.* the tongue of a buckle.
 Moveresse, *n.* A.N. a female fomenter of quarrels.
 Mow, *n.* A.S. a wry face.
 Mowe, *v.* A.S. may, to be able. *Pres. tense, pl.* mowen, may, or are able. *Past tense,* mought, or mowght.
 Mowing, *n.* A.S. ability.
 Moysoun, *n.* A.N. harvest.
 Much } See Moche.
 Muchel }
 Mullok, *n.* A.S. dung, rubbish.
 Multiplicacioun, *n.* A.N. the art of making gold and silver by the combination of certain chemical substances.
 Multiply, *v.* to make gold and silver.
 Musarde, *n.* A.N. a muser or dreamer.
 Muwet, *adj.* A.N. mute.
 Myche, *n.* A.N. a manchet, or loaf of fine bread.
 Myche }
 Mychel } See Moche.
 Mykel }
 Mycher, *n.* A.S. a thief.
 Mylne, *adj.* A.N. belonging to a mill.
 Mynde, *n.* A.S. remembrance.
 Myne, *v.* A.N. to mine, or penetrate.
 Mynour, *n.* a miner.
 Mynstrale, *n.* A.N. a minstrel.
 Mynstralcy, *n.* A.N. minstrelsy.
 Mysacompted, *part. pa.* miscounted.
 Mysavise, *v.* A.N. to advise badly.
 Myscheef, *n.* A.N. misfortune.
 Myscoverting, *part. pres.* apparently a mistake for mysacompting.
 Mysdeparte, *v.* A.N. to divide wrongfully.
 Mysforgafe, *past tense* of mysforveven. *v.* A.S. misgave.
 Mysgo, *v.* A.S. to go wrong.
 Mysgo }
 Mysgoon } *part. pa.* of mysgo.
 Mysgye, *v.* A.N. to misguide.
 Myshappe, *n.* A.S. misfortune.

Myshappe, *v.* A.S. to happen amiss.
 Myslede, *v.* A.S. to lead astray.
 Myslyved, *part. pa.* having lived to a bad purpose.
 Mysmetre, *v.* to spoil the metre of poetry by reading or writing it ill.
 Myssaiere, *n.* A.S. an evil speaker.
 Myssatte, *past tense* of myssitte, *v.* A.S. misbecame.
 Mysse, *v.* A.S. to miss, fail, or lose.
 Mysseid, *part. pa.* of mysseye, *v.* A.S. ill spoken of.
 Mysseye, *v.* A.S. to speak ill of; *part. pres.* mysseying.
 Myswent, *part. pa.* of myswende, *v.* A.S. gone wrong.
 Myswey, *n.* A.S. a wrong way.
 Myswrite, *v.* A.S. to write wrong.
 Myster }
 Mystere } *n.* A.N. need.
 Myte, *n.* a mite, or maggot.

N.

N. for ne, the negative particle, is often prefixed to verbs beginning with a vowel, or the letter *h* or *w*; as, *nadde*, ne hadde, had not; *nam*, ne am, am not; *nas*, ne has, has not; *nere*, ne were, were not; *nil*, ne wil, will not; *nis*, ne is, is not; *niste*, ne wiste, wist not; *nolde*, ne wolde, would not, &c.
 Na, used by the north country clerks in *The Reeves Tale* for no.
 Naker, *n.* A.N. a kettle-drum.
 Nale, *n.* A.S. an ale-house. This word is probably derived from a mistake in the manner of writing the A.S. *atten ale*, at the ale-house. In pronunciation, and subsequently in writing, *atten ale* became *atte nale*, as the fictitious litigant, from John atten Oke, became John a'Noke. Thus an *adder* was corrupted into a *nedder*, and an *ewt* or *est*, a *newt*; a *nouche*, on the other hand, has become an *ouche*.
 Nalle, *n.* A.S. a nail or an awl. This is another example of the

- transference of the final *n* of the *indef. article* to the word with which it agrees.
- Nam, for ne am.
- Nam, *past tense* of nime; *v.* A.S. took.
- Nappe, *v.* A.S. to sleep.
- Narcotikes, *n. pl.* A.N. from Gr. narcotics.
- Narwe, *adj.* and *adv.* close, narrow; closely, narrowly.
- Nas, for ne was.
- Nat. *adv.* A.S. not.
- Natal, *adj.* Lat. applied to Jupiter as presiding over nativities.
- Natheles } *adv.* A.S. nevertheless.
- Nathelesse }
- Naught } *n.* A.S. nothing.
- Noght }
- Nought } *adv.* A.S. not, by no means.
- Naught }
- Nay, *adv.* A.S. the negative reply to a question in an affirmative form, as No is to a question in the negative form.
- Nay, *n.* *It is no nay*, it is impossible to deny it.
- Nay, *v.* A.S. to deny.
- Nayle, *n.* A.S. a nail.
- Nayte, *v.* A.S. to deny.
- Ne, *adv.* A.S. not. *Ne* is used together with the other negative *not*, like the French *ne* and *pas*.
- Ne, *conj.* A.S. nor.
- Nece, *n.* A.N. a niece, a cousin.
- Necessaire, *adj.* A.N. necessary.
- Nede } *n.* A.S. need, necessity.
- Neede }
- Nede } *v. impers.* it needeth, it is
- Neede } necessary.
- Needful } *adj.* A.S. distress, indi-
- Nedeful } gent.
- Nedely, *adv.* A.S. necessarily.
- Nede } *adv.* necessarily. It is gene-
- Nedes } rally joined with *must*,
- or *cost*.
- Nedder, *n.* A.S. an adder.
- Negard, *n.* a niggard.
- Negardes, *n.* avarice.
- Neghebre, *n.* A.S. a neighbour.
- Neighe, *adj.* A.S. nigh.
- Neighe } *v.* A.S. to approach, to
- Neigh } come nigh.
- Nyghe }
- Nekke, *n.* A.S. the neck.
- Nempne, *v.* A.S. to name.
- Ner } *adv. comparat. degree* of negh;
- Nere } nigher, near. *Ferre ne*
- Nerre } *nere*, later nor earlier.
- Nere, for ne were, *v.* were not. *Nere the frenschippe*, were it not for the friendship.
- Nerfe, *n.* A.N. nerve, sinew.
- Neshe, *adj.* A.S. soft, tender.
- Nete } *n.* A.S. neat cattle.
- Neet }
- Nether, *adj.* A.S. lower.
- Neven, *v.* A.S. to name.
- Nevev } *n.* A.N. a nephew, a
- Nevywe } grandson.
- Newe, *adj.* A.S. new, fresh.
- Newe, *adv.* newly; *of newe*, lately.
- Newe, *v.* A.S. to renew.
- Newefangel, *adj.* newfangled, desirous of change.
- Newfangelnesse, *n.* desire of change.
- Nexte, *adj. superl. degree*, highest.
- Ney, *adj.* A.S. nigh; *comp. degree* negher, nyher, contracted nere, or near; *superlat.* nexte, nighest.
- Nice, *adj.* A.N. foolish.
- Nicete } *n.* A.N. folly. *Do his*
- Nycete } *nycete*, faire folie.
- Nifle } *n.* a trifle.
- Nyfle }
- Nigard } *n.* a stingy fellow, a nig-
- Nygard } gard.
- Nigardie } *n.* stinginess.
- Nygardie }
- Negardes }
- Nightertale, *n.* A.S. the night time.
- Night-spel, *n.* A.S. a night-charm, or form of conjuration to counteract the diabolical influences supposed to prevail at night.
- Nil } for ne wil, ne wille; will
- Nille } not.
- Nis, for ne is; is not.
- Niste, for ne wiste, knew not. *Pl.* nisten, for ne wisten.
- Nobledest, *past tense, second person sing.* of noble, *v.* A.N. ennobled.

- Noblesse } *n.* A.N. nobility, dignity,
Nobley } splendour.
- Noise, *v.* A.N. to make a noise.
- Nokked, *part. pa.* of nokke, *v.* A.S. notched.
- Nolde, for ne wolde, would not.
- Nombre, *n.* A.N. number.
- Nomen } *part. pa.* of nime, *v.* A.S.
Nome } taken.
- Nomperre, *n.* A.N. an umpire. This is an example of the confusion created by transferring the final *n* of the indefinite article to the noun when it begins with a vowel, or the initial *n* of the noun to the indef. article; for in this case it is impossible to determine whether the word ought to be *nomperre*, or, according to the modern orthography, *umpire*. *Umper* and *numper* both occur in old English. It is probably derived from the A.N. *nonpaire*, an odd, or third person. This derivation is supported by the fact that *impar*, in Lat. sometimes means an arbitrator.
- Non } *adj.* A.S. not one, none.
Noon }
- Non } *adv.* A.S. not. *Whether ye*
Noon } *wol or non.*
- None, *n.* Lat. the space of time which intervenes between the ninth hour of the natural day, or nine o'clock, and twelve; dinner hour.
- Nones, *For the nones*, for then ones, for then once, or, for that one occasion.
- Noune, *n.* A.S. a nun.
- Noon, same as non.
- Noot, for ne woot, knoweth not.
- Norice, *n.* A.N. a nurse.
- Norische, *v.* to nourish.
- Nortelrye, *n.* A.N. nurture.
- Nosethirles, *n. pl.* A.S. nostrils.
- Not, for ne wol, know not.
- Notabilite, *n.* A.N. a thing worthy to be known.
- Note, *n.* A.S. need, business.
- Notemuge } *n.* nutmeg.
Notemygge }
- Notes, *n. pl.* A.S. nuts.
- Not-hed, *n.* A.S. a head clipped close; from *notte*, *v.* A.S. to clip.
- Nother } *conj.* A.S. nor, neither.
Nouther }
- Nother, *adj.* A.S. for *ne other*.
Neither nother, nor one nor the other.
- Nothing, *adv.* A.S. not, not at all.
- Nouche, *n.* A.S. an ouche, a clasp, or buckle.
- Nought } *n. and adv.*—See Naught.
Naught }
- Nouthe, *adv.* A.S. now.
- Novelrie, *n.* A.N. novelty.
- Now and now, once and again.
- Nowche, *n.* A.S. same as *nouche*.
- Nowel, *n.* A.N. Christmas.
- Noye, *n.* A.N. hurt, trouble, annoyance.
- Noyen, *v.* A.N. to hurt, annoy.
- Noysaunce, *n.* A.N. offence, trespass.
- Nycete, *n.* A.N. folly. Same as *nicete*.
- Nyfls, *n. pl.* trifles.
- Nygard, *n.* a stingy fellow.
- Nyggoun, *n.* a niggard.
- Nyghre, *adv.* A.S. nigh.
- O.
- O } *numeral adj.* A.S. one.
Oo }
- Obeysaunce } *n.* A.N. obedience.
Obeysshing }
- Obeysant, *part. pres.* A.N. obedient.
- Observaunce, *n.* A.N. respect.
- Observe, *v.* A.N. to pay regard to, to respect.
- Occident, *n.* A.N. the west.
- Ocy, the nightingale's note, supposed by the poet to be derived from the Lat. *occidere*, to kill.
- Of, *adv.* A.S. off.
- Offende, *v.* A.N. to hurt.
- Offensioun, *n.* A.N. offence, damage.
- Offertorie, *n.* Lat. a sentence of Scripture said or sung after the Nicene Creed in the Liturgy of the Western Church.
- Offryng, *n.* A.N. the alms collected at the Offertory.

- Of** } *adv.* A.S. often. *Oftensith* or
Ofte } *sithe*, often times.
Olifaunt, *n.* A.N. an elephant.
Oilveres, *n. pl.* A.N. olive-trees.
Omang, *prep.* A.S. among; perhaps
a mistake for emang.
Omer, *n. pr.* Homer.
On { *num. adj.* A.S. one. *After on*,
O { *alike. They were at on*,
Oon { *they were agreed. Ever*
Oo { *in on, ever in oo, con-*
tinually. I myne one, I
alone.
Onde, *n.* A.S. zeal, malice.
Oned, *part. pa.* A.S. made one.
Ones, *pl. of on.* *We three ben alle*
ones, we three are all one.
Ones } *adv.* A.S. once.
Oones }
Onhed, *n.* A.S. unity.
Ony, *adj.* A.S. any.
Open-ers, *n.* A.S. the fruit of the
medler-tree.
Open-heded, *adj.* bare headed.
Oppresse, *v.* A.N. to ravish.
Oppression, *n.* A.N. a rape.
Oppe, *n.* A.N. opium.
Or, *adv.* A.S. ere, before.
Oratory, *n.* A.N. a closet set apart
for prayer, or study.
Ordal, *n.* A.S. judicial trial, whence
ordeal.
Orde, *n.* A.S. a point.
Ordered, *adj.* A.N. ordained, in holy
orders.
Ordres four, the four orders of
friars, Franciscans, Dominicans,
Augustines, and Carmelites.
Ordinance, *n.* A.N. orderly disposi-
tion.
Ordinat, *part. pa.* Lat. orderly, regu-
lar.
Ore, *n.* A.S. grace, favour.
Orewelle, *n. pr.* the Orwel, a river
which flows into the sea at Har-
wich.
Orfrays }
Orfrays } *n. pl.* gold embroidery.
Orfrays }
Orisont, *n.* A.N. the horizon.
Orologe }
Oriloge } *n.* A.N. a clock.
- Other**, *adj.* A.S. the other of two.
Gen. case, otheres.
Other, *conj.* A.S. or, either.
Over, *prep.* A.S. above. *Over alle*
in every case, on every side.
Over, *adj.* A.S. upper; *superl* over-
est, uppermost.
Over-gret, *adj.* too great.
Over-ladde, *part. pa.* of overlede, *v.*
A.S. overborne.
Over-lippe, *n.* A.S. the upper lip.
Over-live, *v.* A.S. to outlive.
Over-nome, *part. pa.* of over-nime,
A.S. overtaken.
Overspradde { *past tense of over-*
Oversprad { *sprede, v. A.S.*
overspread
Oversprat, *third pers. sing. pres.*
indic. of oversprede, v. A.S. over-
spreadeth.
Overte, *adj.* A.N. open.
Overthrew, *past tense of overthrowe*,
v. neut. A.S. fell down.
Overthrowing, *part. pres.* and *par-*
ticipial noun, falling headlong,
ruin.
Overthward } *adv.* A.S. across, over
Overthwart } *against.*
Overthwert }
Ought }
Oght } *n.* A.S. anything.
Aught }
Ought, *adv.* by any means.
{ *past tense of owe, v. A.S. pl.*
Ought { *oughten, oughte. Ought is*
Oght { *often used in the present*
tense for owe, in both
numbers. It also occurs
as an impersonal verb,
as, Wel ought us werke,
Well does it become us
to work.
Ounding, *participial noun*, A.N. the
cutting of cloth in the shape of
waves.
Oundye, *adj.* A.N. wavy.
Oures, *poss. pron.* ours.
Outake, *prep.* A.S. except.— See
Out-taken
Outhees, *n.* barbarous Lat. *hutesium*,
outcry.
Outher, *conj.* A.S. either, or.

- Outraye, *v.* A.N. to fly out, to be outrageous.
- Out-rede, *v.* A.S. to surpass in counsel.
- Outrely, *adv.* A.S. utterly.
- Out-renne, *v.* A.S. to outrun.
- Out-rydere, *n.* A.S. one who rides well up with hounds.
- Outstraught, *part. pa.* of outstrecche, *v.* A.S. stretched out.
- Out-taken, *part. pa.* used as a *prep.* excepted. *Out-taken Crist on loft*, Christ in heaven being excepted.
- Owe, *v.* A.S. to be under an obligation; *past tense* of ought, which is alone used in this sense in modern English; *part. pa.* owen.
- Owhere, *adv.* A.S. anywhere.
- Oxenforde, *n. pr.* Oxford.
- Oynement, *n.* A.N. ointment.
- Oyse, *n. pr.* the Oise, a river of Picardy.

P.

- Paas, *n.* A.N. a foot-pace.
- Pace, *v.* A.N. to pass, pass on, or away; to surpass.
- Page, *n.* A.N. a boy-child, a servant boy.
- Pay, *n.* A.N. satisfaction.
- Paye, *v.* A.N. to satisfy.
- Payd } *part. pa.* satisfied.
- Payde }
- Paindemaine, *n.* A.N. Skinner supposed it to mean fresh bread, *quasi, pain de matin*: Tyrwhitt, a kind of very fine bread peculiar to the province of Maine.
- Palasyns, *adj.* A.N. of or belonging to the palace. *Ladyes palasyns*, court ladies.
- Pale, *n.* A.N. the heraldic term for a perpendicular stripe on a coat of arms.
- Pale, *v.* A.N. to make pale.
- Paleys, *n.* A.N. a palace.
- Palfrey, *n.* A.N. a horse for the road, as opposed to *stede*, or *destrier*, a war horse.
- Paling, *participial noun*, imitating pалс, or stripes.
- Palladion, *n.* Gr. the image of Pallas at Troy.
- Palled, *part. pa.* A.N. made pale.
- Palmer, *n.* a pilgrim to the Holy Land, because such carried palm branches as tokens.
- Pan, *n.* the skull, or brain-pan.
- Panter, *n.* A.N. a net.
- Panade, *n.* A.N. a knife, or dagger.
- Papejay } *n.* A.N. a parrot; a term of reproach for a vain person.
- Papinjay }
- Papelard, *n.* A.N. a hypocrite.
- Papelardie, *n.* A.N. hypocrisy.
- Par, *prep.* A.N. by, with, for.
- Parage, *n.* A.N. kindred.
- Paramour, paramours, *n.* A.N. love, gallantry; a lover of either sex.
- Parventure } *adv.* A.N. peradventure, by chance.
- Paraunter }
- Parcel-mele, *adv.* by parcels, or parts.
- Parde } *interj.* A.N. a common oath.
- Pardee }
- Pardieux }
- Pardon, *n.* A.N. an indulgence, *i. e.* a commutation, in consideration of the performance of some act of devotion, of the temporal penalties for sin required by the primitive Canons.
- Pardoner, *n.* A.N. a seller of indulgences.
- Parentz, *n. pl.* A.N. ornamental furniture, or clothes.
- Parentele } *n.* A.N. kindred.
- Parenteal }
- Parfay } *interj.* A.N. by my faith.
- Parfey }
- Parfit }
- Parfyte }
- Perficht }
- Parforme } *v.* A.N. to perform, to complete.
- Parfourn }
- Parfytly, *adv.* A.N. perfectly.
- Parischen, *n.* A.N. a parishioner.
- Paritorie } *n.* Lat. the herb *parietaria*, or pellitory of the wall.
- Peritorie }
- Parlement } *n.* A.N., an assembly for consultation.
- Parlemente }

- Parodye, *n.* A.N. from Gr. a passage or exit.— See vol. vi. p. 41, note 1.
- Parten, *v.* A.N. to take part.
- Partie, *n.* A.N. a part; a party in a dispute.
- Parvis } *n.* A.N. from *paradisus*, a church-porch. Here a variety of business used formerly to be transacted.
- Parvys }
- Pas, *n.* A.N. a foot-pace; same as *paas*.
- Passe, *v.* A.N. to surpass.
- Passant } *part. pres.* surpassing.
- Passing }
- Patre } *v.* to repeat the *pater-noster*; to pray.
- Patren }
- Pawmes, *n. pl.* A.N. the palms of the hands.
- Pax, *n.* Lat. a small tablet of metal, with a representation of the crucifixion upon it, presented to be kissed in turn by the faithful at mass, in token of mutual charity.
- Payen, *n.* A.N. a pagan.
- Payenes } *n. pl.* pagans.
- Paynymes }
- Payllet, *n.* A.N. a bed of straw, a pallet.
- Paysaunce, *n.* A.N. pausing.
- Pecunial, *adj.* A.N. pecuniary, paid in money.
- Pees, *n.* A.N. peace.
- Pees, *interj.* hold thy peace!
- Peesible, *adj.* A.N. peaceable.
- Peine } *n.* A.N. penalty; grief, torment, trouble.
- Peyne }
- Peine } *v.* A.N. to torture; to trouble;
- Peyne } ble; to take pains.
- Peire, *v.* A.N. to impair.
- Peise, *v.* A.N. to poise, to weigh.
- Pel, *n.* a palace.
- Pelet, *n.* A.N. a ball.
- Penance } *n.* A.N. the sacrament of penance; temporal penalties, voluntarily suffered as a pledge of repentance, and called technically satisfaction; pain, sorrow.
- Penaunce }
- Penaunt, *n.* A.N. a penitent.
- Penible, *adj.* A.N. industrious, painstaking.
- Penitencer, *n.* A.N. an ecclesiastic appointed to resolve difficult cases of conscience.
- Penner, *n.* A.N. a pen-case.
- Penoun } a pennant, or ensign.
- Pynoun }
- Pens, *n. pl.* pence.
- Pensel, *n.* A.N. a small pennant or streamer.
- Pensifehed, *n.* pensiveness.
- Pepir, *n.* Lat. pepper.
- Peepel } *n.* A.N. people.
- Poeple }
- Perche, *n.* A.N. a perch for birds; a horse to hang clothes on.
- Percel, *adv.* A.N. by parcels or parts.
- Perde, for *parde*.
- Pere, *v.* to appear.
- Pere } *n.* A.N. a peer, an equal.
- Peere }
- Peregal, *adj.* A.N. equal.
- Peregryn, *adj.* Lat. foreign, applied to a particular kind of falcon.
- Pereles, *adj.* peerless, unequalled.
- Perjonette, *n.* A.N. a particular kind of pear.
- Pernaso, *n. pr.* Ital. Mount Parnassus.
- Perrye, *n.* A.N. jewellery.
- Persaunt, *part. pres.* A.N. piercing.
- Pers, *adj.* A.N. sky-blue.
- Persley, *n.* A.N. parsley.
- Personne, *n.* Lat. a person, generally a man of dignity; a parson, or rector of a church.
- Pert, for *apert*. *adj.* A.N. open.
- Pertourbe, *v.* A.N. to perturb, trouble.
- Pertourbing, *n.* a disturbance.
- Pervynke, *n.* A.N. the flower perriwinkle.
- Pery, *n.* A.N. a pear-tree.
- Pesen, *n. pl.* A.S. peas.
- Peter Alphonse, *n. pr.* a converted Jew, the author of the *Disciplina Clericalis*. He flourished in the twelfth century.
- Peyne, same as *peine*.
- Peytre, *n.* A.N. the breastplate of a horse.
- Phisik, *n.* A.N. medicine.

- Phisiologus, a popular treatise on the natural history of animals.
- Phitonissa } *n.* Barb. Lat. from Gr. a woman possessed by Apollo with a spirit of divination; a fortune-teller.
- Phitonisses }
- Picche, *n.* pitch.
- Pie } *n.* A.N. a magpie, a tell-tale.
- Pierre, same as perrye.
- Piggesneyghe, *n.* a little pig; or perhaps a pig's eye; a term of endearment.
- Pight, *past tense* of pike, *v.* A.S. pitched.
- Pike, *v.* A.S. to pitch; to pick, as a bird does its feathers; to steal; to peep.
- Pikerel, *n.* A.S. a young pike, jack, or luce.
- Pilche } *n.* A.S. a pelisse, or fur cloak.
- Pylche }
- Piler } *n.* A.N. a pillar.
- Pilere }
- Pile } *v.* A.N. to pillage, rob.
- Pyle }
- Piled } *part. pa.* A.N. bald.
- Pyled }
- Pilour, *n.* A.N. a plunderer.
- Pilwebeer } *n.* A.S. a pillow-case.
- Pilwebere }
- Piment } *n.* A.N. spiced wine and honey.
- Pyment }
- Pinche } *v.* A.N. to object, to find fault.
- Pynche }
- Pine } *n.* A.S. pain, grief, death.
- Pyne }
- Pine } *v.* A.S. to torment.
- Pyne }
- Pynen }
- Pirie, *n.* A.N. a pear-tree.
- Pistel, *n.* A.N. an epistle, a short lesson.
- Pitaunce, *n.* A.N. a mess of victuals; properly an additional allowance served to the inmates of religious houses on a high festival.
- Pite } *n.* A.N. pity.
- Pyte }
- Pitous } *adj.* A.N. merciful, compassionate, piteous.
- Pytous }
- Pitously } *adv.* A.N. piteously.
- Pytously }
- Plage, *n.* Lat. the plague.
- Platte } *adj.* A.N. flat, plain; the flat of a sword.
- Plat }
- Platte, *adv.* flatly.
- Play, *v.* A.S. to take one's pleasure.
- Playn } *n.* A.N. a plain.
- Pleyn }
- Playn } *adj.* A.N. simple, clear;
- Pleine } *adv.* simply clearly.
- Playn } *adj.* A.N. full, perfect.
- Pleyn }
- Plee, *n.* A.N. a plea, argument, or pleading.
- Pleyghe, *v.* A.S. to play, jest, take one's pleasure.
- Plenere, *adj.* A.N. plenary, full.
- Plesaunce, *n.* A.N. pleasure.
- Plesynges, *n. pl.* pleasures.
- Plete, *v.* A.N. to plead.
- Pleyne, *v.* A.N. to explain.
- Pleyne, *v.* A.N. to complain.
- Pleynly, *adv.* plainly.
- Plight, *part. pa.* of plukke, *v.* A.S. plucked.
- Plighte, *v.* A.S. to engage, promise; *past tense*, plighte, *pl.* plighthen.
- Plite } *v.* A.N. to plait or fold.
- Plyte }
- Plungy, *adj.* A.N. rainy,
- Plye, *v.* A.N. to bend, or mould.
- Plyt, *n.* plight, condition,
- Poeple, *n.* A.N. people.
- Poeplisch, *adj.* vulgar.
- Point } *n.* A.N. the principal business; a full stop. *In good point*, in good condition. *At point devys*, with the greatest exactness.—See Devys.
- Poynt }
- Pointel, *n.* A.N. a style, or pencil for writing.
- Poke, *n.* A.N. a bag, pocket.
- Pollax, *n.* A.S. a halbert.
- Polyve, *n.* a pulley.
- Pomel, *n.* A.N. anything in the shape of an apple, or round; the top of the head, the hilt of a sword.
- Pomelee, *adj.* A.N. marked with round spots, like an apple, dappled. *Pomelee gri*, dapple-grey.

- Popet, *n.* A.N. a puppet.
- Popillot, *n.* A.N. diminutive of *poupee*, a puppet; or of *papillon*, a butterfly.
- Popingay, *n.*—Same as papejay.
- Popped, *v. past tense.* *Ne popped hir.* nor dressed herself like a doll.
- Popper, *n.* a bodkin, or dagger.
- Pore, *adj.* A.N. poor.
- Porphurie, *n. pr.* Porphyry.
- Port, *n.* A.N. carriage, behaviour.
- Portecolys, *n.* A.N. a portcullis, or falling gate.
- Portos, *n.* A.N. from Lat. *portiforium*, a breviary.
- Portreyour, *n.* A.N. a painter.
- Pose, *n.* a rheum or defluxion obstructing the voice.
- Pose, *v.* A.N. to suppose.
- Posse, *v.* A.S. to push.
- Possessioner, *n.* Lat. an invidious name for such religious communities as possessed lands. The mendicant orders professed to live entirely upon alms.
- Post, *n.* A.S. a pillar, prop, or support.
- Potecary, *n.* A.N. an apothecary.
- Potent, *n.* A.N. a crutch, a staff.
- Potestate, *n.* A.N. a principal magistrate.
- Pouche, *n.* A.N. a poke, bag, pouch, or pocket.
- Poudre, *n.* A.N. powder, gunpowder.
- Poudre-marchant, *n.* A.N. a kind of dish.
- Poverte, *n.* A.N. poverty.
- Poule, *n. pr.* Paul.
- Pounsoned, *part. pa.* A.N. punched with a bodkin.
- Poupe } *v.* to make a noise with a
Powpe } horn.
- Pouer, *adj.* A.N. poor.
- Poure } *v.* to pore, look stedfastly.
Powre }
- Pous, *n.* A.N. the pulse.
- Pouste, *n.* A.N. power.
- Poyleys, *adj.* A.N. of Apulia, formerly called *Poile*.
- Poynte, *v.* A.N. to prick.
- Practike, *n.* A.N. practice.
- Prayse, *v.* A.N. to praise, value.
- Preace.—Same as prees.
- Preambulation, *n.* A.N. preamble.
- Prece, *v.* to press; same as prese.
- Precious, *adj.* A.N. over-nice.
- Predesteyne, *n.* A.N. destiny, predestination.
- Predicacioun, *n.* A.N. preaching, a sermon.
- Preef } *n.* A.N. a proof, a trial.
Prefe } *Evil preef*, a defective
Preve } proof.
- Prees } *n.* A.N. a press or crowd.
Prese } *He put hym forth in prees*,
he came forward among
the crowd.
- Preese } *v.* A.N. to press or crowd.
Prese }
- Prentys, *n.* A.N. an apprentice.
- Prentyshood, *n.* an apprenticeship.
- Preparat, *part. pa.* Lat. prepared.
- Prest, *adj.* A.N. ready.
- Pretende, *v.* A.N. to lay claim to.
- Preterit, *n.* A.N. the past.
- Preu, *adj.* A.N. brave.
- Preve, *v.* A.N. to try, to prove by trial.
- Preve, *v. neut.* to turn out upon trial.
- Pricasour, *n.* a hard rider.
- Prideles, *adj.* A.S. without pride.
- Prik } *n.* A.S. a point, a pointed
Prikke } weapon.
- Prike, *v.* A.S. to prick, to wound, to spur a horse, to ride hard.
- Prime, *adj.* A.N. first. *At prime temps*, at the first time; *at prime face*, on the first appearance, *primá facie*.
- Prime } *n.* the first quarter of the
Pryme } artificial day.
- Primerole, *n.* A.N. a primrose.
- Pris } *n.* A.N. price, praise.
Prys }
- Prive, *adj.* A.N. privy, private. *A prive man*, a man intrusted with private business. *Prive and pert*, in secret and in public.
- Proces } *n.* A.N. progress, argu-
Processe } ment.
- Professioun, *n.* A.N. the monastic profession.

Proheme, *n.* A.N. a preface.
 Prolle, *v.* to prowl.
 Pronostike, *n.* Lat. a prognostic or omen.
 Provable, *adj.* A.N. capable of being demonstrated.
 Provende, *n.* A.N. a prebend.
 Provendre, *n.* A.N. a prebendary.
 Proverbe, *n.* A.N. a proverb.
 Proverbe, *v.* A.N. to speak in proverbs.
 Provostrie, *n.* A.N. the office of a provost.
 Prow, *n.* A.N. profit.
 Prowesse, *n.* A.N. integrity.

Proyne } *v.* A.N. *provigner*. It
 Prune } seems originally to
 have signified to take
 cuttings from vines,
 hence to cut away superfluous shoots, or to
 prune; then to pick
 out damaged feathers
 as birds, and particularly hawks, or to
 preen; metaphorically,
 to make neat. Thus
 Damian is said to
proyne and pike himself.

Pruce, *n. pr.* Prussia.
 Pruce, *adj.* Prussian.
 Prye, *v.* to pry.
 Pryme-temps, *n.* A.N. spring.
 Pryvyly, *adj.* privately.
 Pryvyte, *n.* A.N. privity, privacy, private business.
 Puella and Rubeus, the names of two figures in geomancy, representing two constellations in heaven; Puella signifies Mars retrograde, and Rubeus Mars direct.
 Pulchritude, *n.* Lat. beauty.
 Pullayle, *n.* A.N. poultry.
 Pulled hen; Tyrwhitt supposes this expression to mean a hen whose feathers have been plucked to hinder it from sitting; but it would rather appear to be derived from the A.N. *poulet*, a pullet. A pulled hen would then mean a hen chicken.
 Punice, *v.* A.N. to punish.

Pure, *adj.* A.N. mere, very.
 Pured, *part. pa.* purified.
 Purfiled, *part. pa.* of purfile, *v.* A.N. embroidered, or fringed.
 Purpos, *n.* A.N. purpose, design, proposition in discourse.
 Purpris, } *n.* A.N. an enclosure, or
 Purprise, } park.
 Purtraye, *v.* A.N. to paint.
 Purtreour, *n.* A.N. a painter.
 Purtureure, *n.* A.N. a picture.
 Purveyance, *n.* A.N. foresight, providence, provision.
 Purveye, *v.* A.N. to foresee, to provide.
 Putrie, *n.* A.N. whoredom.
 Putour, *n.* A.N. a whoremonger.

Q.

Quad } *adj.* A.S. bad.
 Quade }
 Quaile-pipe, *n.* a pipe used for calling quails.
 Quakke, *n.* an inarticulate noise occasioned by an obstruction in the throat.
 Qualm, *n.* A.S. the croaking of a raven.
 Qualms, *n.* A.S. sickness.
 Quappe, *v.* A.S. to tremble, quake.
 Quarel, *n.* A.N. a square-headed arrow.
 Quayre, *n.* A.N. a quire of paper, a book.
 Quhairfor } *conj.* A.S. Scottish dialect, wherefore.
 Quharfor }
 Quhen, *adv.* Scottish dialect, when.
 Quhit, *adj.* Scottish dialect, white.
 Queinte, same as queynte.
 Quelle, *v.* A.S. to kill, destroy.
 Queme, *v.* A.S. to please.
 Quene, *n.* A.S. a harlot.
 Querne, *n.* A.S. a handmill.
 Querrour, *n.* A.N. a quarry-man.
 Quest, *n.* A.N. an inquest, or judicial inquiry; a jury; a verdict; a request.
 Questemonger, *n.* a packer of juries or inquests.
 Quethe, *v.* A.S. to say, to declare; *past tense*, quod or quoth. *I quethe*

- him quyte*, is a technical term in law, *clamo illum quietum*, I declare him released.
- Queyut } *n.* A.S. *pu'denda mulie-*
 Queynte } *bria.*
 Queynt } *adj.* A.N. strange, cun-
 Queynte } ning, artful; trim, neat.
 Queynt, *past tense* and *part.* of
 quenche, *v.* A.S. quenched.
 Queyntise, *n.* A.N. trimness.
 Quisshyn } *n.* A.N. a cushion.
 Cui'sshyn }
 Quod, *past tense* of quethe, *v.* A.S.
 said.
 Quok } *past tense* of quake, *v.* A.S.
 Quook } quaked, trembled.
 Quoth, same as *quod*.
 Quyk } *adj.* A.S. alive; crowded,
 Quyke } or, alive with people,
 Quykn } *v. ac.* A.S. to make alive.
 Quyken }
 Quykn } *v. neut.* A.S. to become
 Quyken } alive, to revive.
 Quynnyble, *n.* A.N. in music, the
 fifth above the key note, a part
 sung or played a fifth above the air.
 Quystroun, *n.* A.N. a beggar, from
quester to beg; or, a scullion,
 from *cuisine*, a kitchen.
 Quyte, *adj.* A.N. quit, free, quiet.
 Quytt, *v.* A.N. to requite, pay for;
 to acquit. Quytt, quytte, *past*
tense, acquitted.
 Qyrtely, *adv.* freely, at liberty.
 Qwan, *adv.* A.S. when.
- R.
- Ra, *n.* A.S. a roebuck.
 Race, *v.* A.N. same as arace, to
 tear.
 Racyne, *n.* A.N. a root.
 Racle, *adj.* same as rakel, rash.
 Rad } *past tense* of rede, *v.* A.S.
 Radde } advised, explained.
 Radevore, *n.* A.N. tapestry.
 Raffle, *n.* A.N. a raffle, play with
 dice.
 Raffte, *past tense* of reve, *v.* A.S.
 bereft.
 Rage, *v.* A.N. to toy wantonly.
 Ragerie, *n.* A.N. wantonness.
- Rakel, *adj.* hasty, rash.
 Rakelnesse, *n.* rashness.
 Rakes stele, the handle of a rake.
 Raket, *n.* the game of racket.
 Ramage, *adj.* A.N. wild.
 Rammish, *adj.* A.S. rank, like a ram.
 Rampe, *v.* A.N. to climb; to rise
 on the hind legs, as a lion, hence
 to rage.
 Rape }
 Rapely } *adv.* A.N. rapidly.
 Rapy }
 Rape, *n.* A.N. haste.
 Rape, *v.* A.S. to take captive, to
 seize and plunder
 Rasis, *n. pr.* an Arabian physician
 of the 10th century.
 Rate, *v.* to chide; *part. pa.* ratyd,
 chidden.
 Rathe, *adj.* and *adv.* early, soon,
 speedily.
 Rather, *adj.* and *adv. comp. degree*,
 earlier, sooner.
 Rathest, *adj.* and *adv. superl. de-*
gree, earliest, soonest.
 Ratoun, *n.* A.N. a rat.
 Raught, *past tense* of reche, *v.*
 A.S. reached.
 Raught, *past tense* of recche, *v.*
 A.S. cared, recked.
 Ravine, *n.* A.N. rapine. *Foules of*
ravine, birds of prey.
 Ravinour, *n.* A.N. a plunderer.
 Ravisable, *adj.* A.N. ravenous.
 Raunsoun, *n.* A.N. ransom.
 Rayed, *part. pa.* A.N. striped.
 Rayhing, *part. n.* A.S. grinding.
 Real } *adj.* A.N. royal.
 Ryal }
 Realler } *adj. comp. degree* more
 Ryaller } royal.
 Reallich } *adv.* A.N. royally.
 Ryally }
 Realte } *n.* A.N. royalty, magni-
 Ryalte } ficeuce.
 Rebekke } *n.* A.N. a kind of violin,
 called by Rocquefort
 Rebec } violon bâtard, violon
 Rebelle } champêtre. It had
 Rubebe } frets on the finger-
 Rubelle } board, and but two
 strings.

- Rechased, *part. pa.* a term in hunting, meaning, apparently, headed back.
- Recche } *v.* A.S. to care, to reck.
 Rekke }
- Reccheles, *adj.* A.S. reckless.
- Recchelesnes, *n.* recklessness.
- Reclayme, *v.* A.N. to train a hawk, so that she will return to the falconer, submit to be hooded, &c.; hence, metaphorically, to bring a person under subjection.
- Recomforte, *v.* A.N. to comfort.
- Recorde, *n.* A.N. witness, testimony.
- Recorde, *v.* A.N. to remember, to record.
- Recreaundise, *n.* A.N. desertion of one's allegiance.
- Recreant } *n.* A.N. one who yields
 Recreaunte } to his adversary in
 single combat.
- Recure, *n.* A.N. recovery.
- Recure, *v.* A.N. to recover.
- Red } *past tense* of rede, *v.* A.S.
 Redde }
- Reddoure, *n.* A.N. strength, violence.
- Rede, *n.* A.S. counsel, advice; a reed.
- Rede, *v.* A.S. to advise, to read, to explain.
- Rede } *adj.* A.S. red.
 Reed }
 Reede }
- Redoute, *v.* A.N. to fear.
- Redoutyng, *n.* reverence.
- Redresse, *v.* A.N. to recover, make amends for.
- Rees, *n.* an exploit.
- Refect, *part. pa.* Lat. recovered.
- Refigure, *v.* A.N. to picture to the imagination.
- Refrain } *n.* A.N. the burden of a
 Refreyn } song.
- Refreynynge, *participial n.* the singing of the burden of a song.
- Refreyde, *v.* A.N. to grow cool.
- Reft } *n.* A.S. a chink or crevice.
 Reeft }
- Refute, *n.* A.N. refuge.
- Regals, *n. pl.* A.N. royalties.
- Regard, *n.* A.N. *at regard of.* with respect to, in comparison of
- Regne, *n.* A.N. a kingdom.
- Rehete, *v.* A.N. to revive, cheer, comfort.
- Reheting, *n.* A.N. revival.
- Reile, *v. neut.* to roll.
- Rejoye, *v.* A.N. to rejoice.
- Reke, *v.* A.S. to reek, or smoke.
- Reken } *v.* A.S. to reckon, come to
 Rekken } a reckoning.
- Reke, *n.* A.S. a rick of corn.
- Relayes, *n. pl.* A.N. relays, fresh sets of hounds.
- Relefe, *n.* A.S. what is left.
- Relees, *n.* A.N. release.
- Relente, *v. ac.* A.N. to melt.
- Religiousite, *n.* A.N. the state of religion, or being bound by religious vows.
- Relike, *n.* A.N. a relic.
- Remenaunt, *n.* A.N. a remnant.
- Reme, *n.* A.N. a realm.
- Remissails, *n. pl.* A.N. orts, leavings.
- Remorde, *v.* A.N. to sting with remorse.
- Removable, *adj.* A.N. movable, unstable.
- Remue } *v.* A.N. to remove.
 Remewe }
 Remeve }
- Renable, *adj.* A.N. reasonable.
- Renably, *adv.* A.N. reasonably.
- Renegat, *n.* A.N. an apostate from Christianity.
- Reney, *v.* A.N. to renounce, abjure.
- Renges, *n. pl.* A.N. ranks, the rungs of a ladder.
- Renne, *v. neut.* A.S. to run; *part. pa.* ronnen; *past tense sing.* ranne; *pl.* ronne or rounen.
- Renne, *v. ac.* A.S. to rend.
- Renom } *n.* A.N. renown.
 Renome }
 Renomee }
- Renoveilaunce, *n.* A.N. renewal.
- Renovelle, *v.* A.N. to renew.
- Rente, *v.* A.S. to rend, tear.
- Repaire, *v.* A.N. resort.
- Repaire, *v.* A.N. to return.

- Repentaunt, *part. adj.* A.N. penitent.
- Reporie, *n.* A.N. regard, respect.
- Reprefe } *n.* A.N. reproof.
- Repreve }
- Repression, *n.* A.N. the power of repressing.
- Rere, *v.* A.S. to rear, raise.
- Rescaille, *n. of mult.* A.N. the mob, like canaille.
- Rescous, *n.* A.N. rescue.
- Rescove, *v.* A.N. to rescue.
- Resoun, *n.* A.N. reason, proportion.
- Respit, *n.* A.N. respect.
- Respiten, *v.* A.N. to grant a respite, to excuse or acquit.
- Ret, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of rede, *v.* A.S. redeth, adviseth.
- Retenue, *n.* A.N. retinue. *At his retenue*, retained by him.
- Rethor, *n.* A.N. a rhetorician.
- Reve } *n.* A.S. a steward or bailiff.
- Reeve }
- Reve } *v.* A.S. to take away, to rob.
- Reive } *Past tense*, refte, rafte;
- Reive } *part. pa.* rafte, yrafte.
- Revellyng, *part. pres.* of revelle, or ryvelle, *v.* A.S. wrinkling.
- Revelour, *n.* A.N. a reveller.
- Revers, *n.* A.N. the reverse, or contrary.
- Reverse, *v.* A.N. to overturn.
- Reverte, *v.* A.N. to turn back.
- Reues, *n. pl.* perhaps a mistake for reyes, a kind of dance.
- Revestyn, *third pers. pl. pres. tense* of reveste, *v.* A.N. to clothe again.
- Rew, *n.* a row, a line; *on a rew*, in a line.
- Reward, *n.* A.N. regard, respect, compassion. *Take reward of thyn owen value*, have regard to thine own worth. *In reward of*, in comparison with.
- Rewe, *v.* A.S. to have compassion, to suffer, to rue or repent.
- Reyse } *v.* A.S. to make an inroad
- Reyce } or military expedition.
- Ribanyng, *n.* a border, or welt.
- Ribaude } *n.* A.N. a poor man; a
- Ribald } profligate character.
- Ribaudye, *n.* A.N. ribaldry, indecent words or actions.
- Ribibe, *n.* A.N. a musical instrument, probably the same as rebekke; metaphorically, an old woman.
- Ribible, *n.* A.N. the diminutive of ribibe.
- Richesse, *n.* A.N. riches.
- Ridled } *part. pa.* plaited, or, per-
- Rydled } haps, perforated with
- Rydled } needlework.
- Riede, *n.* apparently put for rede, or reed.
- Rife } *v.* A.S. to rip, or thrust
- Rive } through; *past tense* rofe.
- Rigge-bon, *n.* A.S. the back bone.
- Rightes, *adv.* A.S. rightly. *At alle rightes*, rightly in every respect.
- Rime, *n.* A.N. rhyme; a poem in rhyme.
- Rime } *v.* A.N. to write in rhyme.
- Rimeye } *Past tense pl.* rimeyden.
- Rish } *n.* A.S. a rush.
- Rische }
- Roche, *n.* A.N. a rock.
- Rode, *n.* A.S. the complexion
- Rody, *adj.* A.S. ruddy.
- Rofe, *past tense* of rife, which see.
- Rogge, *v.* A.S. to shake.
- Roket } *n.* A.N. a rochet, or
- Rochette } loose frock
- Rokyng, *pres. part.* of rokke, or rogge, *v.* A.S. to rock, shake.
- Rombel, *n.* a rumbling noise.
- Rome, *v.* A.S. to roam, walk about.
- Rondel } *n.* A.N. a rhyme or son-
- Roundel } net which ends as it
- Roundel } begins.
- Rone, *past tense* of rain, *v.* A.S. rained.
- Rood } *n.* A.S. the cross.
- Roode }
- Rode }
- Roode-bem, *n.* the beam stretched from one pier of the chancel-arch to the other, upon which a rood was always placed.
- Ropen, *part. pa.* of repe, *v.* A.S. reaped.
- Rosalgar, *n.* red arsenic.
- Rosen, *adj.* rosy.

Roser, *n.* A.N. a rose-bush.

Rote, *n.* A.S. a root. Also a root in astrology.

Rote, *n.* Lat. *rocta*, a musical instrument, supposed by M. de Rocquefort, and by a writer in the *Arch. Journal*, to be the *crud*, *crowd*, or fiddle with three strings; by others to be the hurdy-gurdy, as if derived from Lat. *rota*, a wheel. A thing was said to be known *by rote* when it was known by heart, so that it might be sung to the rote.

Rote, *v.* A.S. to rot; *part. pa.* roten, rotten.

Rother, *n.* A.S. the rudder of a ship.

Rought, *past tense* of *recche*, *v.* A.S. which see.

Rouke, *v.* A.S. to lie close.

Roule, *v.* A.S. to roll, to run easily.

Roume, *n.* A.S. room, space.

Roume, *adj.* A.S. roomy.

Roumer, *adj. comp. degree.* roomier.

Rouncy, *n.* A.N. a hackney.

Roundel } *n.* A.N. a circle; also a
Roundell } sort of song called
Roundelle } in French *rondeau*.
Same as *rondel*.

Route, *n.* A.N. a company.

Route, *v.* A.N. to assemble in a company.

Route, *v.* A.N. to snore. to roar.

Routhe, *n.* A.S. compassion, the object of compassion.

Routheles, *adj.* A.S. destitute of compassion.

Row } *adj.* A.S. rough, angry.

Rowel boon } *n.* A.N. interpreted
Rowel bone } by Speght to mean
Ruel bone } ivory stained in
Reuyll bone } many colours, from
the French *riole*.

Rowis, *n. pl.* streaks, applied to the streaks of cloud which sometimes appear as the sun rises.

Rowne, *v.* A.S. to whisper.

Royne, *n.* A.N. a scab.

Rubin, *n.* A.N. a ruby.

Rucking, same as rouking, *pres. part.* of rouke, *v.* A.S.—which see.

Rudde, *n.* A.S. complexion, same as rode.

Ruddocke, *n.* A.S. the robin-red-breast.

Rufus, *n. pr.* a Greek physician, some of whose works are extant.—See FABRICIUS, *Bibl. Gr.* iv. 3.

Ruggy, *adj.* A.S. rough.

Russel, *n. pr.* a nick-name given to the fox because of his red colour.

Ryme, *n.* A.N. rhyme.

Rympled, *part. pa.* of rymple, *v.* A.S. wrinkled, rumped.

Rys, *n.* A.S. a small twig, or bough.

Rys, *imp. mood sing.* of ryse, *v.* A.S. rise thou.

Ryst } *third pers. sing. pres. tense*

Rist } of ryse, *v.* A.S. riseth.

Ryt } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of

Rit } ryde, *v.* A.S. rideth.

Ryve } *v.* A.S. to rive, or split.

S.

Sachelles, *n. pl.* A.N. satchels, small sacks.

Sacre, *n.* A.N. a sacred function.

Sad } *adj.* A.S. serious, grave, sor-

Sade } rowful, repentant.

Sadly, *adv.* seriously, carefully.

Sadness, *n.* A.S. seriousness.

Saf, *adj.* A.N. same as *sauf*.

Sailen, *v.* put for *assailen*, to assail.

Saillouris, *n. pl.* A.N. dancers.

Sal, northern dialect for shall.

Salade, *n.* A.N. a kind of helmet; also a salad of herbs.

Sale. By Goddes sale! by the sale of our Lord for thirty pieces of silver; or perhaps the northern mode of pronouncing soul.

Salewe } *v.* A.N. to salute.

Salve } *n.* A.N. a saviour.

Salveour } *n.* A.N. a saviour.

Saveour } *n.* A.N. a saviour.

Salwynges, *n. pl.* salutations.

Samette } *n.* A.N. a rich silk or

Samyte } satin.

- Sanguin, *adj.* A.N. of a blood-red colour.
- Sarplere, *n.* A.N. a piece of canvas to wrap up goods in.
- Sark, *n.* A.S. a shift.
- Sarlynysh. Probably a mistake of the scrivener for sarsynysh, from the A.N. *sarrasinois*, a kind of thin silk, still called *sarcenet*.
- Saten, *past tense pl.* of *sitten*, *v.* A.S. *sat*.
- Save, *n.* A.N. the herb sage or *salvia*.
- Sauf } *adj.* A.N. saved or excepted.
Saf }
- Savete, *n.* A.N. safety.
- Savere, *v.* A.N. to taste, to smell.
- Saverous, *adj.* A.N. sweet, fragrant.
- Saugh } *past tense of se*, *v.* A.S.
Sauh } *saw*.
- Sauns, *prep.* A.N. without.
- Saughte, *v.* A.S. to agree, to be at one.
- Saulis, *n. pl.* Scott. dial. souls.
- Savouryng, *part. n.* the sense of taste, or smelling.
- Sautes, *n. pl.* A.N. assaults.
- Sautrie, *n.* A.N. a psaltery, a musical instrument somewhat resembling a harp.
- Sawceflem, *adj.* pimpled.
- Sawe, *n.* A.S. a discourse, proverb, or wise saying.
- Sawh }
Say }
Sey }
Seigh } *past tense of se*, *v.* A.S. *saw*.
Seygh }
Saugh }
Sihe }
- Saynd, *part. pa.* of *senge*, *v.* A.S. *singed*, *toasted*.
- Scalle, *n.* A.N. a scale or scab.
- Scantilone, *n.* A.S. a scantling or pattern.
- Scarce, *adj.* A.N. sparing, penurious.
- Scariot, *n. pr.* Judas Iscariot; metaphorically a traitor.
- Scarmysse } *n.* A.N. a skirmish,
Scarmyche } *battle*.
- Scathe } *n.* A.S. harm, damage.
Skathe }
- Scatheful } *adj.* A.S. pernicious.
Scatheliche }
- Scathles, *adj.* A.S. scatheless, without harm.
- Schadde, *past tense* of *schede*, *v.* *neut.* A.S. *fell*.
- Schaft, *n.* A.S. a shaft or arrow.
- Schal } *v.* A.S. shall.
Schalle }
- Schaltow } *second pers. sing.* of *shal*,
Shaltow } *v.* A.S. with *pron. thou* affixed, as in the Scandinavian *Skalttu*, *shalt thou*.
- Schamefast, *adj.* A.S. modest, shamefaced.
- Schapely } *adj.* A.S. fit, likely.
Shapely }
- Schawe } *n.* A.S. a shade of trees,
Shawe } *a grove*.
- Sche, *pron.* A.S. *she*
- Scheeld, *n.* A.S. the coin called a crown, or *écus*.
- Scheep, *n.* A.S. sheep.
- Schende } *v.* A.S. to ruin, destroy;
Shende } *part. pa.* *schent* or *shent*.
- Schendschip } *n.* A.S. ruin, destruction.
Shendship }
- Schene } *adj.* A.S. beautiful.
Shene }
- Schent } *part. pa.* of *schende*.
Shent }
- Schipne } *n.* A.S. a stable
Schepne }
Shepne }
- Schere } *v.* A.S. to shear or cut.
Shere }
- Scherte } *n.* A.S. a shirt.
Sherte }
- Schete } *v.* A.S. to shoot.
Shete }
- Schette } *v.* A.S. to shut; *past tense and part.* *schitte* or *shitte*, *shut*.
Shette }
- Schifte, *v.* A.S. to change, divide.
- Schilde, *v.* A.S. to shield, hinder, or forbid. *God schilde!* God forbid!
- Schipman, *n.* A.S. a mariner.
- Schire, *n.* A.S. a shire. or county; also the shire court, or sessions.

- Schivere, *n.* A.S. a shiver, or small slice.
- Scho, *pron.* A.S. she.
- Schood } *n.* A.S. the hair of a man's
Shood } head.
- Schonde } *n.* A.S. harm.
Shonde }
- Schope } *past tense* of schape, *v.*
Shope } A.S. shaped. *I schope me*
Shoop } *to begynne*, I shaped or
Shoope } prepared myself to
begin.
- Schore } *part. past.* of schere, *v.*
Shore } A.S. cut.
- Schorte } *v.* A.S. to shorten.
Shorte }
- Schot, *adj.* A.S. qualifying window,
means that the window projects
so that it may be convenient for
shooting from.
- Schowve, *v.* A.S. to shove, push.
- Schrewe } *v.* A.S. to curse.
Shrewe }
- Schrewe } *n.* A.S. a curst, or ill-
Shrewe } tempered, or wicked
person.
- Schrewde } *adj.* A.S. wicked, ill-
Shrewde } natured.
- Schrewednes } *n.* A.S. wickedness.
Shrewednes }
- Schrift } *n.* A.S. confession.
Shrift }
- Schrifte-fader, *n.* A.S. a father con-
fessor.
- Schright } *third pers. sing. pres.*
Schryght } *tense* of schriche, *v.*
Shright } A.S. shrieketh.
- Schright } *past tense* of schriche,
Schryght } *v.* A.S. shrieked.
- Shright } *v. ac.* A.S. to administer the
sacrament of Penance. *I have been shritten this*
day of my curat, I have
had the sacrament of
Penance administered
to me to-day by him
who has the cure of
souls in my parish.
- Schrive } *v. reflective*, to make
Shrive } one's confession.
Schryve }
- Schulde } *v.* A.S. should.
Shulde }
Schulle }
Schullen } *v.* A.S. shall.
Schuln }
Shullen }
- Sclat, *n.* A.S. a slate.
- Sclaundre, *n.* A.S. slander.
- Sclandre, *adj.* A.S. slender.
- Scochoun } *n.* A.N. an escutcheon.
Schochone }
- Scolay, *v.* A.N. to attend school, to
study.
- Scripe } *n.* A.N. writing.
Scripte }
Scrit }
- Scrippe, *n.* A.N. a scrip.
- Scriptures, *n. pl.* A.N. writings, books.
- Scryvenliche, *adj.* like a scrivener.
- Seche } *v.* A.S. to seek.
Seke }
- Secre } *adj.* A.N. secret.
Sekree }
- Seculer, *adj.* A.N. belonging to the
laity or parochial clergy, in oppo-
sition to *regular*, applied to those
clergy who lived by a monastic
rule.
- Seeden, *v.* A.S. to produce seed.
- See, *n.* A.N. a seat.
- See { *v.* A.S. to look upon. *God*
Se { *you see*, God look upon
Sene { you. *On to see*, to look
upon.
- See, *n.* A.S. the sea. *The grete see*,
the sea on the coast of Palestine.
See Numb. xxxiv. 6, 7.
- Seer, *adj.* A.S. sear, dry.
- Seeten, *past tense pl.* of sitte, *v.*
A.S. sat.
- Sege, *n.* A.N. a siege, a seat.
- Seide, *past tense* of seye, *v.* A.S.
said.
- Seigh, *past tense* of see, saw.
- Seignorie, *n.* A.N. authority, power.
- Seyntuarye, *n.* A.N. a sanctuary.
- Seke, *v.* A.S. Same as sechie.
- Seke, *adj.* A.S. sick.
- Selde } *adv.* A.S. seldom.
Selden }
- Sele, *n.* A.N. a seal.
- Selle, *n.* A.N. a cell.

- Selle, *n.* A.S. a door-sill or threshold.
- Selve } *adj.* the same; as, *in that*
Selven } *selve moment*, at that
 } same moment.
- Sely, *adj.* A.S. simple, harmless,
happy, silly.
- Selynesse, *n.* A.S. happiness.
- Semblable, *adj.* A.N. like.
- Semblaunt } *n.* A.N. seeming, ap-
Semblant } pearance.
- Semeliche } *adj.* A.S. seemly, comely;
Semyly } semelieste, *super.deg.*
- Semelyhede, *n.* A.S. seemliness.
- Semysoun, *n.* A.N. a low or broken
sound.
- Semycope, *n.* A.N. a short cope.
- Sen }
Seen } *v.* A.S. to see.
Sene }
- Senek, *n. pr.* Seneca, the philoso-
pher.
- Send, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
sende, *v.* A.S. sendeth.
- Sendal, *n.* A.N. a thin silk.
- Senge, *v.* A.S. to singe.
- Sentence, *n.* A.N. sense, meaning,
judgment.
- Seo, *pron.* A.S. she.
- Septe, *n. pr.* Ceuta, formerly Septa,
in Africa.
- Sepulture, *n.* A.N. grave.
- Serapion, Joannes, *n. pr.* an Ara-
bian physician of the 11th century.
- Sergeaunt, *n.* A.N. *serviens ad arma*,
a squire engaged in the immediate
service of a prince, or nobleman.
A sergeant of lawe, serviens ad
legem, a servant of the sovereign
for his law business. The king
had formerly a sergeant in every
county.
- Serie, *n.* N.A. a series.
- Sermounyng, *n.* N.A. preaching.
- Servage, *n.* A.N. servitude, slavery.
- Servande, *part. pres.* of serve, serv-
ing.
- Sct, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
sette, *v.* A.S. setteth.
- Seten, *part. pa.* of sitte, sat, re-
mained.
- Setewale, *n.* A.S. the herb Valerian.
- Sethe, *v.* A.S. to boil, or seethe.
- Seth, *past tense* of sethe, *v.* A.S.
seethed, or boiled.
- Sette, *v.* A.S. to place. *Yet sette I*
cas, I once more put a case. To
put a value on a thing, or rate;
as, *I nolde set his sorow at a myte*,
I would not value his sorrow at a
farthing *To sette a man's cappe*,
to make a fool of him.
- Seurement, *n.* A.N. security, in a
legal sense.
- Seurete, *n.* A.N. certainty, security,
in a legal sense.
- Sewed, *past tense* of sewe, *v.* A.N.
pursued.
- Sewes, *n. pl.* A.N. dishes of meat.
- Seye } *v.* A.S. to say; *pl. pres.*
Seyne } *tense* seyne, or seine;
Seyn } *past tense* seyde, or seide.
Sey } *past tense* of see, *v.* A.S.
Seyen } saw.
- Seyn, *part. pa.* of see: seen.
- Seynd } *part. pa.* of senge, *v.* A.S.
Seynde } singed, or toasted.
- Seynt } *adj.* A.N. holy, saint; ap-
Seynte } plied generally to all
 } holy persons, or things.
- Seynt, *part. pa.* girt.
- Seynt, *n.* A.N. a girdle.
- Shale, *n.* A.S. a shell, or husk.
- Shalmyes, *n. pl.* shalms, musical
instruments.
- Shapely, *adj.*—See schapely.
- Shawe, *n.* A.S.—See schawe.
- Shef, *n.* A.S. a sheaf; *pl.* sheves,
sheaves.
- Sheo, *pron.* A.S. she.
- Shende.—See schende.
- Shene.—See schene.
- Shent.—See schent.
- Shere.—See schere.
- Sherte.—See scherte.
- Shete.—See schete.
- Shetes, *n. pl.* A.S. sheets.
- Shivere, *n.* A.S. a slice.
- Shode, *part. pa.* of shoe, *v.* A.S.
shod; applied to friars, some
orders of whom wore shoes, and
were said to be shod, or calced
(*Lat. calceati*); others went bare-
foot, and were said to be discalced
(*Lat. discalceati*).

Shof. *past tense* of shove, *v.* A.S. shoved, pushed.

Shonde, *n.* A.S. harm.

Shottis, *n. pl.* A.S. arrows, darts, anything that is shot.

Shrewe }
Shrewed } See schrewe, &c.
Shrewednesse }

Shrift.—See schrift.

Shright } *third pers. sing. pres.*
Shryght } *tense of shriche, v.*
 } A.S. shrieketh.—See
 } schright.

Shulde, *past tense* of shalle, *v.* A.S. should; *pl.* shulde, or shulden.—See schulde.

Shullen } *indic. m. pres. tense pl.*
Shuln } of shalle, *v.* A.S.—See
Shul } schullen.

Sibbe, *adj.* A.S. related, akin.

Sicladoun, *n.* A.N. a kind of rich cloth.

Sie }
Sihe } different forms of the *past*
Sigh } *tense* of see, *v.* A.S. saw.
Seigh }

Sight, *past tense* of sike, *v.* A.S. sighed.

Signe, *v.* A.N. to assign.

Signifer, *n.* Lat. the Zodiac.

Signifaunce, *n.* A.N. signification.

Sike } *adj.* A.S. sick.

Syke }
Sike } *v.* A.S. to sigh.

Syke }
Sike } *n.* A.S. a sigh.

Syker } *adj.* A.S. sure.

Syker }
Syker }
Sikerde, *part. pa.* of sikere, *v.* A.S. assured.

Sikernesne } *n.* A.S. security.

Sykerly } *adv.* securely.

Simplesse } *n.* A.N. simplicity.

Syn } *adv.* A.S. abbreviation of
Sins } *sithen, since.*
Sen }
Sene }

Sippe, *n.* A.S. sup, drink.

Sipher, *n.* a cipher.

Sir } *n.* A.N. a title of respect
Sire } given to a knight or bache-
Syr } lor of arms, a bachelor of
Syre } arts, and also to a priest.
 } It was also prefixed to the
 } name of a man's calling,
 } when he was addressed;
 } as, *sir*, or *sire knight*, *sire*
 } *clerk*, *sire monk*, *sire man*
 } *of lawe*. *Sire* is also some-
 } times put for *personage*,
 } as, *And Melancholy, that*
 } *angry sire*. *Our sire*, our
 } good man.

Sisour, *n.* A.N. an assizer, juryman.

Sithe, for sithes, *n. pl.* A.S. times.

Sithen } *adv.* A.S. since.

Sith }
Sythen }
Syth } *v.* A.S. to sit, to suit with,
Sitte } to be fitting.

Sytte } *part. pres.* sitting, fitting.

Sittande, *part. pres.* sitting, fitting.

Sitten } *part. pa.* of sitte.

Sytten }
Skaffaut, *n.* A.N. a scaffold, or
wooden tower, used in besieging
towns.

Skathe, *n.* A.S. scathe, loss.

Skeet, *adv.* A.S. swiftly.

Skil, *n.* A.S. a reason, argument.

Skilful, *adj.* A.S. reasonable.

Skinke, *n.* A.S. to pour out, serve
with drink.

Skippe } *v.* A.S. to skip, to dance;
Skippen } to pass over inatten-
Skyppe } tively in reading.
 } *Past tense*, skipte.

Skorcle, *v.* A.S. to scorch.

Skye, *n.* A.S. a cloud.

Slake, *adj.* A.S. slow.

Slake, *v. ac.* A.S. to appease, to
make slack.

Slake, *v. neut.* A.S. to fail, to desist.

Slawe, *part. pa.* of sle, *v.* A.S. slain.

Sle } *v.* A.S. to slay; *past tense*,
Slen } slough; *part. pa.* slawe, or
 } yslawe.

Sleer, *n.* A.S. a slayer.

Sleight, *n.* A.S. anything slung.

- Sleightly, *adv.* A.S. slyly, cunningly.
 Sleight, *n.* A.S. contrivance.
 Slen.—See sle.
 Slepe, *v.* A.S. to sleep; *past tense* slepe, slepte, slept.
 Slete, *n.* A.S. sleet, snow mixed with rain.
 Sleavelesse, *adj.* unprofitable.
 Slider, *adj.* A.S. slippery.
 Sliding, *part. pres.* unstable.
 Sligh } *adj.* A.S. cunning.
 Sleigh }
 Slye }
 Slik, for swilke, *adj.* A.S. such.
 Slit } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
 Slyt } slide, *v.* A.S. slideth.
 Slo } *v.* A.S. to slay.
 Sloo }
 Slogardie, *n.* sloth.
 Sloppe, *n.* A.S. loose breeches.
 Slough, *past tense* of sle, *v.* A.S. slew.
 Sloumberynges, *n. pl.* A.S. slumberings.
 Slowe, *n.* A.S. a moth.
 Sluggy, *adj.* A.S. sluggish.
 Slye, *adj.* A.S. sly.
 Slyghtly, *adv.* A.S. slyly, cunningly.
 Smalish, *adj.* A.S. smallish, rather small.
 Smerte, *n.* A.S. smarting, pain.
 Smerte, *v.* A.S. to smart,
 Smerte, *adv.* A.S. smartly.
 Smit } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
 Smyt } smite, *v.* A.S. smiteth.
 Smiteth, *imper. mood,* smite ye.
 Smitted, *part. pa.* of smite, *v.* A.S. smitten.
 Smokles, *adj.* A.S. without a smock.
 Smoterlich, *adj.* A.S. smutty.
 Smythed, *past tense* of smythe, *v.* A.S. wrought as a smith.
 Snewed, *past tense* of snowe, *v.* A.S. snowed; metaphorically, was as plentiful as flakes of snow.
 Snibbe } *v.* A.S. so snub, reprove.
 Snybbe }
 So, for seo, A.S. she.
 Sodeyn, *adj.* A.N. sudden.
 Sodeynly, *adv.* suddenly.
 Soget, *adj.* A.N. subject.
 Sojour, *n.* A.N. sojourn, stay.
- Sojourne, *v.* A.S. to sojourn.
 Soken, *n.* A.S. toll.
 Sokingly, *adv.* gently.
 Solas, *n.* A.N. solace, mirth, sport.
 Solein } *adj.* A.N. alone, single;
 Soleyn } sullen.
 Soleyne }
 Solempne, *adj.* A.N. solemn.
 Solempenely, *adv.* A.N. solemnly.
 Som, *adj.* A.S. some. *This is al and som,* this is the whole matter in general and in particular. *Alle and som,* one and all.
 Somdel } *adv.* A.S. somewhat.
 Somdele }
 Somdelle }
 Somer, *n.* A.S. summer.
 Somer, *n.* A.N. a beast of burden, or sumpter.
 Somme, *adj.* A.S. some. *With his tenth somme ifere,* together with some ten of his attendants.
 Somone } *v.* A.N. to summon.
 Sompne }
 Sompnour, *n.* A.N. an officer employed to summon delinquents to appear in the ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor.
 Sond, *n.* A.S. sand.
 Sonde, *n.* A.N. a sounding line.
 Sonde, *n.* A.S. anything sent, a message. *Goddess sonde,* What God has sent.
 Soudit, probably a mistake for soudit, *part. pa.* of soude, *v.* A.N. soldered or joined.
 Sone } *adv.* A.S. soon.
 Soone }
 Sone } *n.* A.S. a son.
 Sonne }
 Sonken, *part. pa.* of sinke, *v.* A.S. sunken.
 Sonne, *n.* A.S. the sun.
 Sonnyssh, *adj.* A.S. like the sun.
 Sope, *n.* A.N. a sup.
 Soper, *n.* A.N. supper.
 Sophime } *n.* A.N. a sophism, a
 Sopheme } stratagem.
 Sore, *v.* A.N. to soar.
 Sort, *n.* A.N. chance, destiny.
 Sorte, *v.* A.N. to allot.

- Sorw }
 Sorwe } *n.* A.S. sorrow.
 Sorow }
 Sory, *adj.* A.S. sorrowful. *Sory*
grace. misfortune.
 Sote, *n.* A.S. soot.
 Sote }
 Soote } *adj.* A.S. sweet.
 Swote }
 Swoot }
 Sote, *n.* A.N. a fool.
 Soted, *part. pa.* A.N. fooled, besotted.
 Sotel, *adj.* A.N. subtle, artfully con-
 trived.
 Soth } *adj.* A.S. true.
 Sooth }
 Sothe } *adv.* truly.
 Sothely }
 Sothe } *n.* truth.
 Soothe }
 Sothfastnesse } *n.* truth.
 Sothefastness }
 Sotherne, *adj.* A.S. southern
 Sotheness, *n.* A.S. truth, reality.
 Sothe-sawe, *n.* A.S. true saying,
 veracity.
 Soudan } *n.* A.N. a sultan.
 Sowdan }
 Soudannesse } *n.* A.N. a sultanness.
 Sowdones }
 Souded, *part. pa.* of soude, *v.* A.N.
 soldered, united.
 Soudiour, *n.* A.N. a soldier.
 Sovereine } *adj.* A.N. sovereign, ex-
 Sovereayne } cellent; *n.* a sove-
 reign, monarch.
 Souke, *v.* A.N. to suck.
 Souled } *part. pa.* A.S. endued with
 Sowled } a soul.
 Soun, *n.* A.N. sound.
 Sounde, *v. ac.* A.S. to make sound,
 to heal; *v. neut.* to grow sound.
 Soune, *v.* A.N. to sound. *As fer as*
souneth into honeste, as far as ac-
 cordeth with decency.
 Soupe, *v.* A.N. to sup.
 Souper } *n.* A.N. supper.
 Soper }
 Souple, *adj.* A.N. supple, pliant.
 Sourde, *v.* A.N. to rise
 Sours, *n.* A.N. a soaring, a rapid
 ascent; the source of a stream.
- Sowe, *v.* A.S. to sew.
 Sowe, *v.* A.S. to sow.
 Sower, *n.* a buck in his fourth year.
 Sowke, *v.* A.N. to soak, drink.
 Sowled. Same as souled.
 Sowter, *n.* Lat. a cobbler.
 Span-new, *adj.* quite new.
 Spannishyng, *part. pres.* expanding.
 Spare, *v.* A.S. to refrain.
 Sparand, *part. pres.* sparing, penu-
 rious.
 Sparhawk } *n.* a sparrow-hawk.
 Sparhawk }
 Sparre, *n.* A.S. a bar.
 Sparre, *v.* A.S. to bar, bolt.
 Sparthe } *n.* A.S. an axe, or hal-
 Sparth } berd.
 Speare } *n.* Gr. a sphere.
 Spere }
 Spede, *v.* A.S. to speed, to despatch.
 Spectacle, *n.* Lat. a spying-glass.
 Spel, *n.* A.S. sport, play; an ex-
 orcism.
 Spence, *n.* A.N. a store-room, or
 cellar.
 Spere, *n.* Gr. a sphere.
 Spere, *n.* A.S. a bar, a spear, a pointed
 weapon of any kind, as a spur.
 Spere, *v.* A.S. to bar.
 Spershawk, *n.* A.N. a sparrowhawk.
 Sperme, *n.* Gr. seed.
 Spette, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
 spede, speedeth.
 Spiced, *part. pa.* applied to con-
 science, means sophisticated by
 casuistic subtleties, or scrupulous.
 Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's
Mad Lover, when Cleanthe offers
 a purse, the priestess says:
 Fy! no corruption.
Cle. Take it, it is yours;
 Be not so spiced, it is good
 gold.
 Spices, *n.* A.N. species, kinds.
 Spille, *v. ac.* A.S. to waste, to de-
 stroy.
 Spille, *v. neut.* A.S. to perish.
 Spire, *n.* A.S. a stake, or staff.
 Spire } *v.* A.S. to ask a question.
 Spere }
 Spitous, *adj.* A.N. angry, spiteful

- Spitously, *adv.* A.N. angrily, spitefully.
- Splaye, *n.* A.N. to display.
- Spone, *n.* A.S. a spoon.
- Sponne, *past tense* of spinne, *v.* A.S. spun.
- Sporne, *v.* A.S. to spurn, strike with the foot, kick.
- Spousaille, *n.* A.N. espousal.
- Spreng, *v.* A.S. to sprinkle.
- Spreynd, *part. pa.* of spreng, *v.* A.S. sprinkled.
- Spryngoldes, *n. pl.* A.N. machines of war for casting stones.
- Squame, *n.* Lat. a scale.
- Squaimous, *adj.* desirous.
- Squyer, *n.* A.N. a squire.
- Squyerie, *n.* A.N. a number of squires.
- Stace, *n. pr.* Statius, the Roman poet.
- Stak, *past tense* of stike, *v.* A.S. stuck.
- Stakke, *n.* A.S. a stack of wood or corn.
- Staff-sling, *n.* a sling fastened to a staff.
- Stakere, *v.* A.S. to stagger.
- Stalke, *v.* A.S. to step slowly and stealthily.
- Stalkes, *n. pl.* A.S. the upright pieces of a ladder.
- Stamen }
Stamin } *n.* A.N. a sort of wool-
Stames } len cloth.
- Stant }
Stont } *third pers. sing. pres. tense*
of stonde, or stonde, *v.*
A.S. standeth.
- Starf, *past tense sing.* of sterve, *v.* A.S. died. *Plur.* storven.
- Stark, *adj.* A.S. stiff, stout.
- Stele, *n.* A.S. a handle.
- Stellefye, *v.* A.N. to metamorphose into a star.
- Stente }
Stinte } *v.* A.S. to cease, to cause to
cease.
- Steppe }
Steep } *adj.* seems used in the
sense of deep, so that
eyen steep may mean
sunken eyes.
- Stere, *v.* A.S. to stir.
- Stere, *n.* A.S. a yearling bullock.
- Stere, *n.* A.S. a rudder.
- Stereles, *adj.* A.S. without a rudder.
- Steresman, *n.* A.S. a pilot.
- Sterlynges, *n. pl.* pence of sterling money.
- Sterre, *n.* A.S. a star.
- Stert, *n.* A.S. a start, a leap. *At a stert*, immediately.
- Sterte, *v.* A.S. to leap, or start; *past tense*, stertere.
- Stertling, *part. pres.* of stertere, *v.* A.S. starting.
- Sterve, *v.* A.S. to die. *Past tense sing.* starf; *pl.* storve; *part. pa.* storven, ystorve.
- Steven, *n.* A.S. voice, sound. An appointed time, as *at unset steven*, without previously appointing a time. *They setten steven*, they appointed a time.
- Stewe }
Stywe } *n.* A.N. a small closet, a
Styve } fishpond, a brothel.
- Steye, *v.* A.S. to ascend.
- Steyers, *n. pl.* A.S. stairs.
- Stiborn }
Styborn } *adj.* stubborn.
- Stike }
Steke } *v.* A.S. to stick.
- Stillatorie, *n.* A.N. a still.
- Stille, *adj.* A.S. still, quiet.
- Stirpe, *n.* Lat. race.
- Stith, *n.* A.S. an anvil.
- Stokkid, *part. pa.* A.S. confined in the stocks.
- Stole, *n.* Lat. a narrow strip of silk worn by deacons over the left shoulder, by priests round the neck, and crossed in front.
- Stole, *n.* A.S. a stool.
- Stoude, *v.* A.S. to stand.
- Stont }
Stant } *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
last.
- Stopen }
Stoupen } *part. pa.* of stepe, *v.* A.S.
stepped, advanced. Or,
perhaps, stooped, from
stoupe, to stoop.
- Store, *v.* A.N. to stock a farm.
- Storial, *adj.* A.N. historical.
- Storven, *past tense pl.* and *part. of* sterve, *v.* A.S. died, or dead.

- Stot, *n.* A.S. a stallion, or young bull.
- Stote, *n.* A.S. the stoat, or ermine weasel, called, in Norfolk, the mouse-hunte.
- Stound, *n.* A.S. a moment.
- Stoundemele, *adv.* A.S. momentarily, every moment.
- Stoupen.—Same as stopen.
- Stoure, *n.* A.S. fight, battle, *pl.* stouris.
- Strake, *v.* A.S. to proceed directly.
- Strange, *adj.* A.N. foreign, uncommon. *He made it strange,* 'he made it a matter of difficulty.
- Straughte, *past tense* of strecche, *v.* A.S. stretched.
- Stre, *n.* A.S. straw.
- Streight, *part. pa.* of strecche, *v.* A.S. stretched, drawn.
- Stremyde } *past tense pl.* of streme, *v.*
Stremede } A.S. stremed, flowed.
- Stremes, *n. pl.* A.S. streams, or rays of light.
- Streen } *n.* A.S. seed, strain, or race.
Strene }
- Streng, *adj.* A.S. strong. *Comp. deg.* strengener, *superl.* strengest.
- Strepe, *v.* A.S. to strip.
- Strete, *n.* A.S. a street. *The maistre strete,* the high, or main, street.
- Strif } *n.* A.S. strife.
Stryf }
- Strike, *n.* A.S. a streak. *A strike of flex,* a hank of flax.
- Strode, Ralph, *n. pr.* a Fellow of Merton c. Oxford, a logician and poet contemporary with Chaucer, who dedicates to him the *Troylus and Cryseyde*.
- Strof, *past tense sing.* of strive, *v.* A.S. strove; *pl.* strove.
- Strode, *n.* A.S. a strand, or shore.
- Strothir, *n. pr.* In a note on this word (see vol. i. p. 223, note 1) it is stated on the authority of Dr. Whitaker that this is the valley of Langstrothdale in the West Riding of Yorkshire; but a correspondent has obligingly suggested that it is more likely that Strothir, in Fife, is the place intended, as being '*fer in the north.*' He has also pointed out that the dialect used by the clerks resembles that of Scotland much more nearly than that of Yorkshire. This is an interesting fact, as showing that in the middle ages students from Scotland, then a separate kingdom, resorted to Oxford.
- Strowte, *v.* A.S. to strut, to expand as a fan.
- Stroye }
Struye } *v.* A.N. to destroy.
Strye }
- Stubbil, *n.* A.S. stubble. *A stubbil goos,* a goose turned out to feed on the stubbles after harvest.
- Subarbes, *n. pl.* Lat. suburbs.
- Subget, *n.* Lat. subject.
- Sublimatorie, *n.* A.N. a vessel used by chemists in sublimation.
- Sukkenye, *n.* A.N. (*souquenille*), a loose frock or rochet, such as that worn by carters.
- Sue } *v.* A.N. to pursue.
Sewe }
- Sueton, *n. pr.* Suetonius, the Roman historian.
- Suffisaunce, *n.* A.N. sufficiency.
- Suffisaunt, *part. pres.* A.N. sufficing, sufficient.
- Sugrid, *part. pa.* A.N. sweetened, sugared.
- Supplye, *v.* A.N. to supplicate.
- Surcote, *n.* A.N. an upper coat.
- Surplis, *n.* A.N. a surplice.
- Surquedrie, *n.* A.N. [resumption].
- Surrye, *n. pr.* Syria.
- Sursanure, *n.* A.N. a wound healed outwardly.
- Surveaunce, *n.* A.N. superintendence.
- Suspeccioun } *n.* A.N. suspicion.
Suspect }
- Suspecious, *adj.* A.N. suspicious.
- Suspect, *part. pa.* of suspecte, *v.* A.N. suspected.
- Suster } *n.* A.S. sister, *pl.* sustren,
Sustir } sisters.
Sustyr }
- Swa, *adv.* A.S. so.

- Swal, *past tense* of swelle, *v.* A.S. swelled; *part. pa.* swollen.
- Swappe, *v. ac.* A.S. to throw down, to strike off; *v. neut.* to fall down; *past tense* swapte.
- Swart, *adj.* A.S. black, swarthy.
- Swatte, *past tense* of swete, *v.* A.S. sweated; *part. pa.* swote, swoot.
- Swegh, *n.* A.S. a violent motion, a swaying.
- Sweere }
Swere } *n.* A.S. the neck.
Swire }
- Swelte, *v.* A.S. to die, to faint; *past tense*, swelt.
- Swerne, *v.* A.S. *pres. tense pl.* of swere, *v.* A.S. swear.
- Swete, *v.* A.S. to sweat; *past tense* swatte, swete; *part. pa.* swote, swoot.
- Sweven }
Swevenynge } *n.* A.S. a dream.
- Swiche, *adj.* A.S. such.
- Swinke }
Swynke } *v.* A.S. to labour.
- Swire.—See swere.
- Swithe, *adv.* A.S. quickly, immediately.
- Swive } *v.* A.S.—See *Junii Etymol.*
Swyve } *in v.*
- Swolowe } *n.* A.S. the throat; a
Swolwe } whirlpool.
- Swonken, *part. pa.* of swinke, *v.* A.S. laboured, weary with labour.
- Swoot, *part. pa.* of swete, *v.* A.S. sweated. *For swoot*, because he had sweated.
- Swough, *n.* A.S. confused noise; a swoon.
- Swow, *n.* A.S. a swoon.
- Syker }
Syker } *adj.* A.S. sure.
Sykyr }
- Sykerde, *past tense* of sykere, *v.* A.S. assured.
- Sykernesse }
Sykirnesse } *n.* A.S. security.
- Sykerly }
Sykirly } *adv.* A.S. surely.
- Syn }
Sin } *adv.* A.S. since.
- Synamome, *n.* A.N. cinnamon.
- Sys, *n.* A.N. the cast of six on the dice.
- Syt, *third pers. sing.* of sytte, or sitte, *v.* A.S. sitteth.
- Syth }
Sythen } *adv.* A.S. since.
Sythe }

T.

- Taas, *n.* A.N. a heap.
- Tabard, *n.* A.N. a loose frock, a herald's coat-of-arms.
- Tables, *n.* A.N. backgammon.
- Taboure, *n.* A.N. a drum.
- Tache, *n.* A.N. a spot or blemish.
- Taille, *n.* A.N. a tally, or notched stick to count by.
- Take, *part. pa.* of take, *v.* A.S. taken
- Takel, *n.* A.S. an arrow.
- Tale, *v.* A.S. to tell stories.
- Tale, *n.* A.S. speech, discourse; reckoning, account. *Litel tale hath he told of any dreme, he made little account of any dream.*
- Talent, *n.* A.N. desire, affection.
- Talyng, *n.* A.S. story-telling.
- Tamyd, *part. pa.* of tame, *v.* A.N. (*entamer*) cut open for the first time, begun.
- Tane, for taken.
- Tapicer, *n.* A.N. an upholsterer.
- Tapinage, *n.* A.N. lurking, skulking, deceit.
- Tapite, *v.* A.N. to hang with tapestry.
- Tappe, *n.* A.S. a tap or spigot.
- Tapstere, *n.* A.S. a female tapster.
- Tare, *past tense* of tere, *v.* A.S. tore.
- Targe, *n.* A.N. a target or shield.
- Tars }
Tarse } *n. pr.* perhaps Tarsus, in
Asia Minor, whence cloth
of Tars, a sort of silk, was
imported.
- Tas }
Taas } *n.* A.N. a heap.
- Tassid, *part. pa.* adorned with tassels.
- Taste, *v.* A.N. (*taster, tater*) to feel, examine.
- Tatarwagges, *n. pl.* A.S. rags.
- Tavernier, *n.* A.N. a tavern-keeper.
- Taure, *n. pr.* Lat. the constellation of Taurus.

- Taylagier, *n.* A.N. a tax-gatherer.
 Tecche, *n.* A.N. same as tache.
 Teche, *v.* A.S. to teach.
 Temps, *n.* A.N. time.
 Tene } *n.* A.S. grief.
 Teene }
 Tene } *v.* A.S. to grieve, to afflict.
 Teene }
 Tene, for tane, taken.
 Tercel } *n.* A.N. the male of birds
 Tercelet } of prey.
 Terin, *n.* A.N. a sort of singing-bird.
 Termagaunt, *n. pr.* A.N. one of the
 false gods of the heathen.
 Terrestre, *adj.* A.N. earthly.
 Tery, *adj.* A.S. full of tears.
 Tester, *n.* A.N. a head-piece, or hel-
 met.
 Testyf, *adj.* A.N. heady, headstrong.
 Tewel } *n.* A.N. a pipe, the funda-
 Tuel } ment.
 Textual, *adj.* A.N. ready at quoting
 the text of Scripture.
 Teyne, *n.* A.S. a tine, prong, or
 thin piece of metal.
 Thak, *n.* A.S. thatch.
 Thakke, *v.* A.S. to thwack, slap.
 Thame, for them.
 Thankes, *adv.* A.S. with good will.
His thankes, her thankes, A.N.
son gre, leur gré, with his, or their
good will.
 Thanne } *adv.* A.S. then.
 Than }
 Thar, *v. impersonal,* A.S. behoveth.
 The, the definite article is often in-
 corporated with words beginning
 with a vowel; as, thambassiatours,
 the ambassiatours, the am-
 bassadors: thexecucioun, the ex-
 ecution.
 The } *v.* A.S. to thrive.
 Then }
 Theech, { put for the *ich* or the *ik*,
 Theek, { thrive I. So *theech*, so
 may I thrive.
 Thedome, *n.* A.S. thrift, success.
 Thefely, *adj.* A.S. like a thief.
 Thennes } *adv.* A.S. thence.
 Thenne }
 Thennesforth, *adv.* A.S. thence-
 forth.
- Ther } *adv.* A.S. there, where.
 There }
 Ther, in composition signifies that,
 as *therfor*, for that; *therabouten*,
 about that; *therayent*, against
 that; *therbefore*, before that. &c.
 Thewes, *n.* A.S. manners, qualities.
 Thider, *adv.* A.S. thither.
 Thilke, *adj.* A.S. this same.
 Thinke } *v.* A.S. (*thinkan*) to seem.
 Thynke } *Methinks*, it seems to
 me; *hem thoughte*, it
 seemed to them,
 Thinke } *v.* A.S. (*thenkan*) to think,
 Thynke } consider.
 Thinne } *adj.* A.S. slender.
 Thynne }
 Thirle } *v.* A.S. to pierce.
 Thyrtle }
 This } *pron. demons.* A.S. this,
 Thise } these.
 Tho } *pron. demons.* A.S. those.
 Thoo }
 Tho } *adv.* A.S. then.
 Thoo }
 Thole, *v.* A.S. to suffer.
 Thore, in *The Rom. of the Rose*, is
 put for either *there*, or *thole*. *L*
 and *r* are often interchanged.
 Thorpe } *n.* A.S. a village.
 Thrope }
 Thral, *n.* A.S. a slave, serf, or *villain*
regardant.
 Thrallyn } *v.* A.S. to enslave.
 Thrallen }
 Thralle }
 Thred, *n.* A.S. thread.
 Threissfold, *n.* A.S. a threshold.
 Threpe, *v.* A.S. to call.
 Threste, *v.* A.S. to thrust; *past*
tense, thraste, and thrist,
 Threte, *v.* A.S. to threaten.
 Threttene, *num. adj.* A.S. thirteen.
 Thriddle } *adj.* A.S. third.
 Thrydde }
 Thrie } *adv.* A.S. thrice.
 Thries }
 Thry }
 Thryes }
 Thrilled, for thirled, *past tense* of
 thirle, pierced.

- Thringe, *v.* A.S. to thrust; *past tense* thronge, and thringe.
 Thrist, *past tense* of threste, thrust.
 Thronge, *past tense* of thringe, thrust.
 Throstel, *n.* A.S. a thrush, or throistle.
 Throw, *n.* A.S. a turn, a while.
 Thrust } *n.* A.S. thirst.
 Thurst }
 Thruste, *v.* A.S. to thirst.
 Thrusty, *adj.* A.S. thirsty.
 Thurgh }
 Thorough } *prep.* A.S. through.
 Thurogh }
 Thorow }
 Thrynne, *adv.* A.S. therein.
 Thurrok, *n.* A.S. the hold of a ship.
 Thwitel, *n.* A.S. a whittle.
 Tidde }
 Tid } *part. pa.* of tide, or betide,
 Tydde } *v.* A.S. happened.
 Tyd }
 Tidife, *n.* A.S. the tit-mouse.
 Tikel } *adj.* A.S. uncertain.
 Tykel }
 Til, *prep.* A.S. to.
 } *n.* A.N. a female player on the *timbre*, or *timbrel*, a plate or basin of metal, which was thrown into the air and caught on the fingers.
 Timbesterre }
 Tymbesterre }
 Timbre } *n.* A.N. a *timbrel*, or
 Tymbre } basin.
 Tiptoon, *n. pl.* A.S. tiptoes.
 Tire } *v.* A.N. to tear, to feed upon,
 Tyre } in the manner of birds of prey.
 Tissewe, *n.* A.N. a riband.
 Titleles, *adj.* A.N. without a title.
 To, *adv.* A.S. too.
 To, *prep.* A.S. *to yere*, this year, *to morwe*, on the morrow.
 To is often incorporated with verbs beginning with a vowel; as *texcuse*, to excuse.
 To, in composition with verbs, is generally augmentative; as, *The helmes they to-hewen and to-shrede*, they hew and cut in pieces the helmets; *al to-tore*, all torn to pieces; *al to-share*, all shred in pieces; *to-swinke*, labour greatly.
 Tofore } *prep.* A.S. before. This
 Toforen } form is preserved in our word heretofore.
 Togideres, *adv.* A.S. together.
 Tombestere, *n.* A.N. a dancing girl.
 Tone }
 Toon } *n. pl.* A.S. toes.
 Toos }
 Tonne-greet, *adj.* A.S. of the circumference of a tun.
 Torete, *n.* A.N. a ring, or terret.
 Torne, *v.* A.N. to turn.
 Totelere, *n.* a whisperer.
 Totty, *adj.* A.S. dizzy.
 Tough, *adj.* A.S. difficult. *To make it tough*, to take a great deal of pains about it. *And made hyt nouthur tough ne queynte*, made no difficulty nor strangeness about it.
 Tought, *adj.* A.S. tight, or like the naval term *taught*.
 Tought, *past tense* of *teche*, *v.* A.S. taught.
 Tour, *n.* A.N. a tower.
 Tourette, *n.* A.N. a turret.
 Toute, *n.* the backside.
 Towail, *n.* A.N. a towel.
 Towardes } *prep.* A.S. towards.
 Towardys }
 Traas } *n.* A.N. a track, or path; a
 Trace } train of attendants.
 Trace, *n. pr.* Thraece.
 Trad } *past tense* of *trede*, *v.* A.S.
 Tradde } trod.
 Transmuwen, *v.* A.N. to transform, transmute.
 Trappures, *n. pl.* A.N. trappings of a horse.
 Trasshe, *v.* A.S. to betray.
 Trate, *n.* A.S. an old hag.
 Trave, *n.* A.N. a frame in which farriers put unruly horses.
 Traye, *v.* A.N. to betray.
 Trays, *n.* A.N. the traces by which horses draw.
 Tre, *n.* A.S. a tree, wood. *Cristes tre*, Christ's cross.

Trechour } *n.* A.N. a cheat.
 Trichour }
 Trefeoule, *n.* a treader of hens, a
 cock.
 Tregetour, *n.* A.N. a juggler.
 Trental, *n.* A.N. a service of thirty
 masses, usually said on as many
 different days, for the repose of
 the souls of the dead.
 Trepeget, *n.* A.N. an engine of war.
 Tresour, *n.* A.N. treasure.
 Tretable, *adj.* A.N. tractable.
 Trete, *v.* A.N. to treat, to discourse.
 Trete }
 Tretis } *n.* A.N. a treaty.
 Tretys }
 Tretys, *adj.* A.N. well proportioned.
 Treuwe, *n.* A.N. a truce.
 Trewe, *adj.* A.S. true.
 Trewe-love, *n. pr.* the herb, True-
 love.
 Triacle, *n.* A.N. a corruption of
theriaque, a remedy.
 Trice, *v.* A.S. to thrust.
 Trie }
 Trye } *adj.* tried, or refined.
 Trille, *v. ac.* A.S. to twirl.
 Trille, *v. neut.* A.S. to trinkle.
 Trine, *adj.* A.N. threefold. *Trine*
compas, the Trinity. See *Compas*.
 Trip, *n.* a small piece.
 Triste, *v.* for truste.
 Tristre, *n.* a preconcerted place of
 meeting.
 Trompe, *n.* A.N. a trumpet.
 Trompou, *n.* A.N. a trumpeter.
 Tronchoun, *n.* A.N. a headless spear,
 or truncheon.
 Trone, *n.* A.N. a throne.
 Trotula, *n. pr.* a medical writer,
 whose treatise, *Curandarum Ægri-*
tudinum Muliebrium, &c., is printed
 inter *Medicos Antiquos*, Ven.
 1547.
 Trouble, *part. pa.* A.N. troubled,
 gloomy.
 Troubler, *comp. degree*, more
 troubled.
 Trowandyse }
 Truaundise } *n.* A.N. begging.
 Truaundying }
 Trowe, *v.* A.S. to believe.

Truwe, *n.* A.N. a truce.
 Tuel } *n.* A.N. a pipe, the funda-
 Tuelle } ment.
 Tulle, *v.* A.S. to allure.
 Tullius, *n. pr.* Marcus Tullius Cicero.
 Turkes, *n.* A.N. a turquoise.
 Turkeys, *adj.* A.N. Turkish.
 Turmentise, *n.* A.N. torment.
 Turves, *pl.* of turf, *n.* A.S.
 Twayne }
 Tweye } *num. adj.* A.S. two.
 Tweyn }
 Twefold, *adj.* A.S. twofold.
 Twilight, *past tense*, and *part.* of
 twicche, *v.* A.S. twitched, plucked.
 Twinke, *v.* A.S. to wink; hence,
 twinkle.
 Twinne } *v.* A.S. to depart from a
 Twynne } place or thing; to se-
 parate.
 Twire, *v.* A.S. to sing low, as a bird.
 Twist, *n.* A.S. a bough of a tree.
 Twiste, *v.* A.S. to twitch, *past tense*,
 twiste
 Twyes, *adv.* A.S. twice.
 Twythen, *part. pa.* whittled, chipped
 with a knife.
 Tykel, *adj.* A.S. uncertain.
 Tympan, *n.* Lat. a drum.
 Typet, *n.* A.S. a tippet.
 Tyre, *v.* A.N.—Same as tire.
 Tyt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
 tyde, *v.* A.S. betideth.
 Tyteryng, *n.* A.S. courtship.

V.

Vaine, *n.* A.N. a vein.
 Valence, *n. pr.* Valencia in Spain.
 Valerie, *n. pr.* a tract of Walter
 Mapes, is called *Epistola Valerii*
ad Rufinum.
 Valerie, *n. pr.* Valerius Maximus.
 Valour, *n.* A.N. value.
 Varien, *v.* A.N. to change.
 Variaunt, *part. pr.* changing.
 Vasselage } *n.* A.N. valour, spirit
 Vesselage } becoming a vassal.
 Vavasour } *n.* A.N. Blount inter-
 Vavaser } prets this word one
 that is in dignity next
 to a baron.

- Vekke, *n.* Ital. an old hag.
 Vendable, *adj.* A.N. saleable.
 Venerye, *n.* A.N. hunting.
 Venge, *v.* A.N. to revenge.
 Ventusing, *n.* A.N. cupping, a surgical term.
 Venym, *n.* A.N. venom, poison.
 Ver } *n.* Lat. the spring.
 Veer }
 Veramant, *adv.* A.N. truly.
 Verdegresse, *n.* A.N. verdigris.
 Verdite, *n.* A.N. judgment, sentence.
 Vermeyle } *adj.* A.N. vermilion.
 Vermelet }
 Vernage, *n.* A.N. wine of Verona.
 Vernicle, *n.* A.N. dimin. of Veronike, a copy in miniature of the picture of Christ, supposed to have been miraculously imprinted on a handkerchief handed to him by St. Veronica to wipe his face when bearing the cross to Calvary.
 Vernysse, *v.* A.N. to varnish.
 Verre, *n.* A.N. glass.
 Versifyour, *n.* A.N. a versifier.
 Vertules, *adj.* without virtue or efficacy.
 Vertuous, *adj.* A.N. efficacious.
 Vesselle, *n.* A.N. plate.
 Veyne, *n.* A.N. a vein.
 Viage, *n.* A.N. a journey by sea or land.
 Vicary, *n.* Lat. a vicar.
 Vice, *n.* A.N. the newel, or upright centre of a winding stair.
 Vigile } *n.* A.N. the eve of a festi-
 Vigillie } val; a wake.
 Vinolent, *adj.* Lat. smelling of wine.
 Viol, *n.* A.N. the violin.
 Virelaye, *n.* A.N. a round, or catch, called freeman's song, but, properly, three-man's song.
 Visage, *v.* A.N. to front, to face a thing.
 Vitaille } *n.* A.N. victuals.
 Vytaylle }
 Vitilyon, *n. pr.* a writer on optics, who flourished in 1270. His works, together with those of
- Alhazen, were printed at Basil in 1572.
 Umbrayde, *v.* A.S. to upbraid.
 Unbodye, *v.* A.S. to leave the body.
 Unbokele, *v.* A.N. to unbuckle.
 Unce, *n.* A.N. an ounce, a small portion.
 Uncommitted, *part. pa.* not assigned.
 Unconnyng } *adj.* A.S. ignorant; *n.*
 Unkonning } ignorance.
 Uncovenable, *adj.* A.N. inconvenient, unbecoming.
 Uncouth } *part. pa.* A.S. unknown,
 Uncouthe } rare, quaint.
 Unkouthe }
 Uncouthly, *adv.* A.S. uncommonly.
 Undirfonge, *v.* A.S. to undertake.
 Undergrowe, *part. pa.* undergrown, of low stature.
 Undermele, *n.* A.S. the time after dinner, the afternoon.
 Undern, *n.* A.S. dinner-time, still used in Swedish.
 Undernome, *past tense* of undernime, *v.* A.S. took up, received.
 Underpight, *past tense* of underpiche. *He drank and wel his gurdel underpight, he drank and stuffed his girdle well.*
 Underspore, *v.* A.S. to raise a thing by putting a *spere*, or pole, under it.
 Understonde, *part. pa.* of understande.
 Undo, *v.* A.S. to unfold.
 Unese, *n.* uneasiness.
 Unnethe } *adv.* A.S. uneasily,
 Unnethes } scarcely.
 Unfamousse, *adj.* unknown.
 Unfestliche, *adj.* unsuitable to a feast.
 Ungoodly, *adj.* A.S. uncivil.
 Unhele, *n.* A.S. misfortune.
 Unhild, *part. pa.* of unhele, *v.* A.S. uncovered, unroofed.
 Unkindely, *adv.* A.S. unnaturally.
 Unletted, *part. pa.* undisturbed.
 Unloven, *v.* A.S. to cease to love.
 Unlust, *n.* A.S. dislike.
 Unmanhode, *n.* A.S. cowardice.
 Unpyn, *v.* A.S. to unlock.

- Unrest, *n.* A.S. want of rest, uneasiness, trouble.
- Unresty, *adj.* A.S. unquiet.
- Unright, *n.* A.S. wrong.
- Unsad, *adj.* unsteady.
- Unselly, *adj.* A.S. unhappy.
- Unset, *part. pa.* not appointed.
- Unshette, *part. pa.* opened.
- Unslakked, *part. pa.* unslaked.
- Unsleep, *part. pa.* having had no sleep.
- Unsoft, *adj.* A.S. hard.
- Unspere, *part. pa.* unbarred.
- Unsuccessful, *adj.* insufficient.
- Unswelle, *v.* A.S. to fall after swelling.
- Unthank } *n.* A.S. ill-will.
- Unthonke }
- Until, *prep.* A.S. to, unto.
- Untime, *n.* A.S. an unseasonable time.
- Unto, *adv.* A.S. until.
- Untressed, *part. pa.* not tied in a tress, or tresses.
- Untretable, *adj.* not admitting any treaty. This word is a translation of the Latin *inexorable*.
- Untriste, *v.* A.S. for untruste, to mistrust.
- Untrust, *n.* A.S. mistrust.
- Unusage, *n.* want of usage. A translation of the Lat. *insolentia*.
- Unware, *part. pa.* A.S. unforeseen.
- Unweld } *adj.* A.S. unwieldy.
- Unwelde }
- Unwemmed, *part. pa.* A.S. unspotted.
- Unweting, *part. pr.* A.S. not knowing. *Unweting of this Dorigen*, Dorigen not knowing of this.
- Unwetingly, *adv.* A.S. ignorantly.
- Unwist, *part. pa.* unknown. *Her intent was for to love hym unwist*, she intended to love him in secret. *Unwist of it hymselfe*, he himself being ignorant of it.
- Unwit, *n.* A.S. want of wit.
- Unwote, *v.* A.S. to be ignorant.
- Unwry } *v.* A.S. to uncover.
- Unwrye }
- Unyolden, *part. pa.* not having yielded.
- Voide } *v. ac.* A.N. to remove, to
- Voyde } empty.
- Voide } *v. neut.* A.S. to depart, to
- Voyde } go away.
- Volage, *adj.* A.N. light, giddy,
- Volantyn, *n.* perhaps a clerical error for *volatile*, game (Fr. *volaille*); or the name of some kind of wine, possibly *vatteline*.
- Volunte, *n.* A.N. will.
- Volupere, *n.* A.N. a woman's cap, a night-cap. In the *Promptuarium Parvulorum*, *teristrum* is interpreted *volypere kercher*. *Theristrum* signifies, properly, a veil.
- Vouche, *v.* A.N. generally used with the *adj. sauf*, when it means to vouchsafe, to grant. In this case the verb *vouche* and the *adj. sauf* are sometimes separated by several intervening words, as—
- 'For sauff of cherlis I ne vouche
That they shulle never neigh it nere.'
- For I do not vouchsafe, or grant allowance, to churls that they should ever come near it. Both the verb *vouche* and the *adj. sauf* are inflected. *Vouchen sauf*, to vouchsafe; *voucheth sauf*, vouchsafe ye. *The king vouches it save*, the king vouchsafes, or sanctions, it.
- Up, *prep.* A.S. upon. *Up peyne*, upon pain; *up peril*, upon peril.
- Up, *adv.* A.S. *Up on lond*, up in the country; *up so down*, upside down. *But Pandarus up*, an elliptical expression, meaning rose up. Thus in the English translation of the Psalms, we find, *Up, Lord*, for Rise up, Lord! and among the vulgar, *He up with his stick*.
- Uphaf, *past tense* of upheve, *v.* A.S. upheaved.
- Upheping, *n.* A.S. accumulation.
- Upper, *adv.* A.S. *comp. degree*, higher.
- Upperest, *adj.* A.S. *superl. degree*, highest.
- Upright, *adj.* A.S. straight. *Upright as a bolt*, straight as an arrow. When applied to persons

lying, it means with the face upward, like the Latin *resupinus*.

Urchoun, *n.* a hedge-hog.

Ure, *n.* Lat. *usura*, use. To put a statute in ure, to put it in execution.

Ure, *n.* A.N. *heur*, fortune, destiny, as in *bonheur*, *malheur*.

Ured, *part. past.* destined. *Wel ured*, fortunate.

Usage, *n.* A.N. experience, practice.

Usaunt, *part. pres.* A.N. using, accustomed.

Utter, *adj.* A.S. comparative degree of out, outer; as in the law term, the *utter bar*.

Utter, *adv.* A.S. more outwardly.

Uttermeste, *adj.* A.S. outermost.

Uttre } *v.* A.S. to publish, bring out; as in Shakspeare:—
Uttren } Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.—*Winter's Tale*.

Vyllanye } *n.* A.N. indecency, the language or conduct of a villain or slave.
Vylonye }

W.

Waar, *adj.* A.N. aware, wary.

Waferer } *n.* A.N. a maker of *gau-*

Waferere } *fres*, or wafer-cakes.

Wafoure } *n.* A.N. a wafer, or *gau-*

Wafre } *fre*.

Wafrestere, *n.* A.N. a maker of the unleavened cakes formerly used for the Eucharist in the Church of England.

Waget, *n.* supposed by Tyrwhitt to mean a kind of blue colour.

Waiment } *n.* A.S. a lamenta-
Wayment } tion.
Waimenting }
Waymenting }

Waine, *n.* A.S. a waggon.

Waite } *v.* A.N. to watch.
Wayte }

Wake, *n.* A.S. to watch.

Wala wa } *interj.* A.S. woe, alas,
Welaway } wellaway. *Wala wa*
Weylaway } *the while*, alas, the time!

Walachie, *n. pr.* Wallachia.

Walnote, *n.* A.S. a walnut, that is, a French or foreign nut.

Walwe, *v.* A.S. to wallow, or tumble about.

Wan, *past tense* of winne, *v.* A.S. won, gained.

Wane, *v.* A.S. to decrease.

Wang } *n.* A.S. a cheek-tooth.
Wong }

Wanger } *n.* A.S. a support for the
Wonger } cheek, a pillow.

Wanhope, *n.* A.S. despair, or the sin which is called by theologians sloth, meaning that carelessness which arises from despair of being able to live well.

Wantrust, *n.* A.S. distrust.

Waped } *part. pa.* of wape, put for
Wapyd } *awape* or *awhape*, *v.*
A.S. stupified.

Wardecorps, *n.* A.N. *garde de corps*, body guard.

Wardeyn, *n.* A.N. a warden of a college, a guard or watchman, a keeper of a gate, a sentinel.

Wardrobe, *n.* A.N. a house of office.

Ware derere, Look out behind.

Wariangle, *n.* According to Cotgrave, 'a small wood-pecker, black and white of colour, and but half as big as the ordinary green one.' Speght explains it to mean: 'a kind of bird, full of noise, and very ravenous, preying upon others, which, when they have taken, they use to hang upon a thorn or pricke, and teare them in pieces and devour them. And the common opinion is, that the thorne whereupon they then fasten them and eat them, is afterwards poisonous. In Staffordshire and Shropshire the name is common.' This last description evidently points to the Shrike or Butcher-bird.

Warice } *v. ac.* A.N. to heal; *v. neut.*
Warishe } to recover from sickness.

Warisoun, *n.* A.N. seems to mean reward, as it is the translation of *merite*. In the *Promptuari-*

- um Pareulorum*, *waryson* is translated *Donativum*.
- Warne } *v.* A.S. to caution or warn,
 Werne } to apprise, to refuse.
- Warnestore, *v.* A.S. to furnish, to store.
- Warien }
 Wary } *v.* A.S. to abuse, speak
 Warrye } evil of.
 Werrye }
- Wasshe } *v.* A.S. to wash; *past*
 Wassche } *tense* wessch, wissh,
 } wissch; *part. pa.*
 } wasched, waisschen,
 } wesschen.
- Wastel-breed, *n.* cake-bread, or bread made of the finest flour, from the Anglo-Norman *gasteau*, a cake.
- Wastour, *n.* a spoiler.
- Waterynge of Seint Thomas. Tyrwhitt supposes this to have been a place for watering horses, a little out of the Borough of Southwark, on the road to Canterbury. The same place was afterwards called *St. Thomas a Waterings*, probably from some chapel dedicated to that saint. It was a place of execution in Queen Elizabeth's time. — See WOOD, *Athen. Oxon.* i. 229.
- Watlynge-strete, *n. pr.* a celebrated Roman road which traversed England; the galaxy or milky way.
- Waved, *part. pa.* of weve, *v.* A.S. woven.
- Wawe, *n.* A.S. a wave; *pl.* wawis.
- Wawy, *adj.* A.S. wavy.
- Way, *n.* A.S. is often put for the *time* in which a certain space can be passed through; as a *furlong way*, a *mile way*, any short time. *At the leste way*, at least wise. *A devil way*, a *twenty devil way*, are expressions difficult to translate, but they mean with ill luck.
- Way, *adv.* A.S. away. *Do way*, do away, take away; used as an interjection, Away with it!
- Wayke, *adj.* A.S. weak.
- Webbe, *n.* A. S. a weaver.
- Wedde, *n.* A.S. a pawn or pledge. *To wedde*, for a pledge; *And leyde to wedde Normandie*, and mortgaged Normandy.
- Wede, *n.* A.S. clothing. *Under wede*, in his clothing.
- Wede, *n.* A.S. a weed; *pl.* wedis.
- Weep } *past tense* of wepe, *v.* A.S.
 Wepe } wept.
- Weive } *v. ac.* A.S. to waive, decline,
 Weyve } forsake.
- Weive } *v. neut.* A.S. to depart.
 Weyve }
- Weken, *v. neut.* A.S. to grow weak.
- Weke } *adj.* A.S. weak.
 Wayke }
- Wel } *adj.* A.S. well, fortunate.
 Wele } *Wel were they that thider might trinne*, fortunate were they who might succeed in reaching that place. It is also joined to adverbs and adjectives in the same way as *ful* and *right*; thus, *wel more*, considerably more; *a wel good wright*, a right good artisan.
- Welde, *v.* A.S. to govern, to wield; *past tense* welt, wielded.
- Weldy, *adj.* A.S. active, able to govern or well wield his limbs.
- Wele, *n.* A.S. weal, wealth, prosperity.
- Weleful, *adj.* A.S. productive of wealth or happiness.
- Welefulnes, *n.* A.S. happiness.
- Welke, *past tense* of walke, *v.* A.S. walked.
- Welke, *v.* A.S. to wither, to grow mouldy; *part. pa.* welked.
- Welkin, *n.* A.S. the sky.
- Welle, *n.* A.S. a spring. *Welle of vices*, of *perfeccioun*, of *alle gentil-lesse*, spring of vices, of perfections, of all amiability.
- Welle } *v.* A.S. to flow, spring up,
 Welme } as water in a well.
- Welte, *past tense* of welde, *v.* A.S. governed, wielded.
- Wel-thewed, *part. pa.* endowed with good qualities.

- Welewilly } *adj.* well-wishing, pro-
 Welewally } pitious.
 Wem } *n.* A.S. a spot, a fault.
 Wemme }
 Wenche, *n.* A.S. a young woman.
 It is sometimes used in an opprobrious sense, as *I am a gentil woman, and no wenche.*
 Wend } for wened, weneden, *past*
 Wenden } *tense* of wene, *v.* A.S.
 Wendyn } thought.
 Wende, *v.* A.S. to go.
 Wend, *third person sing.* of wene, *v.* A.S. weeneth, guesseth.
 Wene, *n.* A.S. guess, supposition. *Withouten wene*, not by supposition, but certainly.
 Wene } *v.* A.S. to think, to sup-
 Weene } pose.
 Went, *part. pa.* of wende, *v.* A.S. gone.
 Went } *past tense* of wende. *Went*
 Wente } at borde, lived as a
 boarder.
 Went, *n.* A.S. a way, a passage; a turn in walking; a turning over in bed.
 Went, used by poetic licence for *want*.
 Wepe, *v.* A.S. to weep.
 Wepely, *adj.* A.S. causing tears.
 Wepen } *n.* A.S. a weapon.
 Wepne }
 Werche } *n.* A.S. work.
 Werke }
 Werche } *v.* A.S. to work.
 Werke }
 } *indicative mood past tense plural* of am, *v.* A.S. It is sometimes used, as a reflected verb, for *had*, according to the French custom, as, *Were set hem in a tavern for to drynke, s'etoient assis.*
 Were }
 Weren }
 Were, *subjunctive mood, past tense sing.*; as, *it were a game*, it would be fun.
 Were, *v.* A.S. to wear; to guard or defend.
 Were } *n.* A.N. *guerre*, war, confusion. *His herte in suche*
 Werre } *a were is set, son cuer a mis en tel guerre.*
- Were, *n.* A.S. a wear for catching fish.
 Weren, *past tense pl.* of am, *v.* A.S. were.
 Werke. Same as werche.
 Werne. Same as warne.
 Werre, *n.* A.N. war.
 Werreye, *v.* A.N. to make war against.
 Werse, *comp. degree* of ille, *adv.* A.S. worse.
 Werse, *comp. degree* of bad, *adj.* A.S. worse.
 Werste, *superl. degree* of bad, *adj.* A.S. worst.
 Wery, *adj.* A.S. weary.
 Wesschen, *past tense* of wasschen, *v.* A.S. washed.
 Westren } *v.* A.N. to sink towards
 Westryn } the west, applied to
 the sun when about to set.
 Wete, *adj.* A.S. wet.
 Wete } *v.* A.S. to know; *pres. tense*
 Wite } *second pers. sing.* woot;
 Wote } *third, woot; past tense,*
 woot.
 Wether, *n.* A.S. the weather; a castrated ram.
 Wetyng, *n.* A.S. knowledge.
 Weve } *v.* A.S. to weave.
 Weven }
 Wexe, *v.* A.S. to grow, to wax. *Past tense sing.* wax, wex; *pl.* woxe; *part. pa.* woxen.
 Weye } *v.* A.S. to weigh.
 Weyen }
 What, *pron. interrog.* A.S. is often used by itself as a sort of interjection; as, *What? welcome be the cutte. What? Nicolas! what how? What? thinke on God.*
 What, *pron. indef.* A.S. something. *A little what. What for love and for distress*, partly for love and partly for distress. *Wete ye what? Do you know something. Ne elles what*, nor anything else.
 What, when joined to a noun (either expressed or understood), is a mere adjective, answering to

- qualis* Lat., *quel* Fr., as, *What men they weren.*
- Wheder, *conj.* A.S. whether.
- Whelme } *v.* A.S. to sink, depress,
 Whelmyn } whence the modern
 } word *overwhelm.*
- Whennes, *adv.* A.S. whence.
- Wher } *conj.* A.S. whether.
 Where }
- Wher, *adv.* A.S. where, whereas.
- Wher, in composition, signifies *which*; as, *wherfor*, for which; *wherin*, in which; *wherthrough*, through which; *wherwith*, with which. When used interrogatively it signifies *what*; as *Wher-of?* of what? *wherwith?* with what?
- Whether, *adj.* A.S. which of two.
- Whette, *v.* A.S. to whet, sharpen; *past tense* and *participle.* whette.
- Which } *pron. rel.* A.S. who, whom.
 Whiche }
- Which } *adj.* what, what sort of;
 Whiche } as, *Which a miracle befel anoon*, what a miracle befel anon.
- While, *n.* A.S. time. *In this mene-while*, in this intervening time. *How he might quyte hir while*, how he might requite her time or trouble. *God kan ful welle youre while quyte*, God can full well requite you your time or pains.
- Whilere, *adv.* A.S. some time ago.
- Whilke, *adj.* A.S. which.
- Whilom } *adv.* A.S. once, once upon
 Whylom } a time.
- Whyne, *v.* A.S. to whine.
- White, *adj.* A.S. metaphorically, fair, specious.
- Whiten, *v. neut.* A.S. to grow white.
- Who, *pron. indef.* A.S., as in the following passage from *Troyl. and Crys.*, b. iii.:
- ‘For wele thow wost, the name yet of hire
 Among the peple, as *who* seith, halowid is.’
- Where, as *who* seith is equivalent to *as one would say*. The same phrase is used to introduce a fuller explanation of a passage as we might use, *That is to say Who so, who that, whosoever.*
- Whos, *gen. case sing.* of who, *pron. rel.* A.S. whose.
- Wide-where } *adv.* A.S. widely, far
 Wyde-where } and near.
- Wierde } *n.* A.S. destiny.
 Werde }
- Wif } *n.* A.S. a wife. Properly in
 Wyf } the accusative case wyve or
 } wive; *pl.* wyves or wives.
- Wifhood } *n.* A.S. the condition of
 Wifhode } being a wife.
 Wyfhode }
- Wifles } *adj.* A.S. without a wife,
 Wyfles } unmarried.
- Wifly } *adj.* A.S. befitting a wife.
 Wyfily }
- Wight } *n.* A.S. a person, male or
 Wyght } female; a short portion
 } of time. Weight. A
 } witch. Wytch clepyd
 } nyght mare.—*Promptuarium Parvulorum.*
- Wight } *adj.* A.S. active, strong,
 Wyght } swift.
- Wiket, *n.* A.N. a wicket.
- Wikke } *adj.* A.S. wicked, noxi-
 Wikked } ous.
- Wille } *v.* A.S. to will; *pres. tense*,
 Willen } I wol, wole; *past tense*,
 } wolde, *part. pa.* wold.
- William de St. Amour, *n. pr.* a doctor of the Sorbonne, in the thirteenth century, who took a principal part in the dispute between the University and the Dominican friars. See Moreri, *in v.*
- Willy, *adj.* A.S. disposed. *Well-willy*, well-disposed, propitious.
- Wiln, for willen, *pl.* of wille, *v.* A.S.
- Wilne, *v.* A.S. to desire.
- Wimple } *n.* A.S. a covering for
 Wymple } the neck. It is distinguished from a veil, which covered the head also.
- ‘Weryng a vayle instide of wymple
 As nonnys don in her abbey.’

- Windas } *n.* A.N. *quindal*, an engine to raise stones with, a windlass.
- Wyndas } *v.* A.S. to turn about, bend, escape.
- Winde } *v.* A.S. to gain, to attain to; *past tense sing.*
- Wynde } *wan*; *pl.* *wonne* or *wonnen*; *part. pa.* *wonne* or *ywonne*.
- Winne } *v.* A.S. to worry.
- Wynne } *adv.* A.S. certainly. See
- Wynnen } *Ywis*.
- Wirry } *n.* A.S. manner.
- Wery } *adv.* A.S. certainly. *As wisly God me save*, as certainly as I hope God may save me.
- Wis } *v. ac.* A.S. to teach, to direct. *So God me wisse*, so may God direct me.
- Wys } *v. neut.* A.S. to know. *Past tense*, *wiste*, *knew*; *part. pa.* *wist*, *known*.
- Wisse } *v.* A.S. to know, to blame, to impute to. *Pres. tense*, *wote*; *third person sing.* *he woot*; *past tense*, *woot*. *Wyte it the ale of Southwark*, impute it to the ale of Southwark, blame the ale of Southwark for it.
- Wyse } *n.* A.S. blame.
- Wite } *prep.* A.S. governs the ablative of the instrument; as, *Was with the lioun frete*, was devoured by the lion.
- Wyte } *n.* A.S. blame.
- With, *prep.* A.S. governs the ablative of the instrument; as, *Was with the lioun frete*, was devoured by the lion.
- 'For nought clad in silk was he,
But alle in floures and flourettes
Painted alle *with* amorettes.'
- That is *by* wanton girls. *In with*, within. *With mischance and with misaventure*; *with sorwe and with myschaunce*, are all to be considered as parenthetical curses, used with more or less seriousness. *With harde grace, with sory grace, with evil preef*, belong to the same class of expressions; the last appears to mean, may it prove unfortunate.
- Withholde, *v.* A.S. to stop; to maintain.
- Withholde } *part. pa.* maintained.
- Withholde } *Or with a brotherhood, or*
- Withholde } *to be maintained by a brotherhood, i.e. a religious order.*
- Withsaye } *v.* A.S. to contradict,
- Withsayn } *to deny.*
- Withseye } *v.* A.S. to contradict,
- Withseye } *to deny.*
- Witnesfully, *adv.* A.S. evidently.
- Witnesse } *n.* A.S. testimony, a witness. *Witnes on Mida*,
- Witnes } *witnes on Mathew*, see the testimony of Midas or Matthew.
- Wit } *n.* A.S. understanding, capacity, judgment. *To Witt } my witte*, according to my judgment.
- Witte } *n. pl.* A.S. the five senses
- Wyttte } of man.
- Wyttes } of man.
- Wive } *n.* A.S. a wife.
- Wyve } *n.* A.S. a wife.
- Wyves, *n. pl.* of *wyf*.
- Wlatsom, *adj.* A.S. loathsome.
- Wo, *n.* A.S. woe, sorrow. *Wo were us, wher me were wo*, are phrases in which *us* and *me* are in the dative case, and should be rendered thus:—it would be woe to us, whether it were woe to me.
- Wo, *adj.* A.S. sorrowful.
- Wo-begon, far gone in woe.
- Wode } *adj.* A.S. mad, violent; *for*
- Wood } *wode*, for madness. *Unto the fyr, that brent as it were wood*, that burned like mad.
- Wode, *v.* A.S. to grow mad.
- Wodewale, *n. pr.* a bird so called, perhaps our *witwall*.
- Wol, *pres. tense* of *wille*, *v.* A.S. will; *past tense*, *wolde*. It is sometimes used by itself, the in-

- finitive verb being understood; as, *As she to water wolde*, as if she would melt into water. *And to the wood he wol*, and he will go to the wood. *Ful many a man hath he begyled or this, and wol*, i.e. and will beguile.
- Wolde, *past tense* of wille, would; *pl.* wolden; *past tense sub. mood*; as, *Wolde God! God wolde!* O that God were willing! *Newolde God*, O that God may not be willing! or, God forbid!
- Wold, *part. pa.* willed, been willing.
- Wolle, *n.* A.S. wool.
- Womanhede, *n.* A.S. womanhood, the perfection of woman's nature.
- Wonde, *v.* A.S. *wandian*, to desist through fear. *For no wight wil it wonde*, it will not desist for any body.
- Wonde, *past tense* of winde, *v.* A.S. bent.
- Wonde, *past tense* of wone, dwelt.
- Wonder } *adj.* A.S. wonderful.
- Wondre }
- Wone { *n.* A.S. custom, usage, wont; habitation; resort, in the sense of a multitude; plenty, abundance.
- Woon {
- Wone { *v.* A.S. to dwell, to be accustomed, to resort to a place.
- Wonye {
- Woneden, *past tense pl.* of wone, dwelled.
- Woned, *part. pa.* of wone, wont, accustomed.
- Wonyng, *n.* A.S. dwelling.
- Wonne, *part. pa.* of winne, *v.* A.S. won, conquered; begotten.
- Wood, *adj.*—Same as wode.
- Woodnes } *n.* A.S. madness.
- Wodenes }
- Wordles, *adj.* A.S. speechless.
- Worldes, *gen. case sing.* of world, is used in the sense of worldly; as, *every worldes sore*, every worldly pain; *my worldes bliss*, my worldly bliss.
- Wort, *n.* A.S. a cabbage.
- Wort, *n.* A.S. new beer in a state of fermentation.
- Worthe, *v.* A.S. to be, to become. *Wo worthe!* unhappy be. *Late ladies worthe with her thynges*, let ladies be, or, let ladies alone, with their tricks, &c.
- Worthe, *v.* A.S. to climb, to mount.
- Wost, *second pers. sing. pres. tense* of wite, *v.* A.S. knowest.
- Wot } *pres. tense* of witen, or wyten,
- Wote } *v.* A.S. to know.
- Woung, *n.* A.S. the cheek.—Same as wang.
- Wounger, *n.* A.S. a pillow on which the cheek is laid.
- Wowe, *v.* A.S. to woo.
- Woxe, *past tense pl.* of wexe, *v.* A.S. waxed, grew.
- Woxen, *part. pa.* of wexe, grown.
- Wrathen, *v. ac.* A.S. to make angry, or wrath.
- Wrawe, *adj.* A.S. wrathful, peevish.
- Wrawness, *n.* A.S. wrathfulness, peevishness.
- Wreche { *v.* A.S. to revenge; *past tense* wrak; *part. pa.*
- Wreke { wroken, or ywroken.
- Wrenche, *n.* A.S. a fraud, stratagem.
- Wreste { *v.* A.S. to bend forcibly, to twist; applied to the nightingale's singing: *that the nyghtyngale, with so grete myght her voys gan out wrest.*
- Wrest {
- Wrethen { *part. pa.* of writhe, *v.*
- Wrythen { A.S. twisted, or wreathed, together.
- Wreye, *v.* A.S. to bewray, betray.
- Wrie } *v.* A.S. to cover, to wrap,
- Wrye } to turn, incline.
- Wryne }
- Wrene }
- Wright, *n.* A.S. an artisan.
- Writhe, } *v.* A.S. to twist, to turn
- Wrythe, } aside.
- Writhin, }
- Wrything, *n.* A.S. turning.
- Wroght } *past tense* and *part. of*
- Wroghte } werche, *v.* A.S. wrought.
- Wronge, *part. pa.* of Wringe, *v.* A.S. squeezed together, as the hands are in violent grief.

Wrote, *v.* A.S. to root with the snout like a hog.

Wyn, *n.* A.S. wine; *Wyn of ape*, such a quantity of wine as makes a man act like an ape. See vol. iii. p. 237, note 3.

Wynter-myte, *n.* A.S. perhaps a warm covering for the head, worn by the lower orders and called in France a *marmotte*.

Wys, *adj.* A.S. wise.

Wyvere, *n.* A.S. a serpent.

Y.

Y at the beginning of many words, especially verbs and participles, is a corruption of the Saxon *ge* which has remained uncorrupted in the other collateral branches of the Gothic language. What the power of it may have been originally, it is impossible now to determine. In Chaucer it does not appear to have any effect upon the sense of a word; so that there seems to be no necessity for inserting in a glossary such words as *yblessed*, *ygranted*. &c., which differ not, in signification, from *blessed*, *granted*, &c. Some however of this sort are inserted, which may serve at least to shew more clearly the extent of the practice [i.e. of prefixing *y* to verbs] in Chaucer's time.—*Tyrwhitt*.

Ya } *adv.* Yea, A.S. the affirmative
Ye } answer to a question asked
Yhe } in the affirmative form, as
 Yis, or *Yes*, is an affirmative
 answer to a question asked
 in the negative form.

Yaf, *past tense sing.* of yeve, *v.* A.S. gave; *pl.* yave.

Yalte } *third person sing. present*
Yelt } *tense of yelde, v.* A.S.
 yieldeth; *yalte himself* (*Fr.*
 se rend) betaketh himself.

Yare, *adj.* A.S. ready.

Yate, *n.* A.S. a gate.

Yave, *past tense pl.* of yeve.

Ybe, *part pa.* of to be, *v.* A.S.; been.

Yburied, *part pa.* buried.

Ybete, *part. pa.* of bete, *v.* A.S. beaten.

Yblent, *part. pa.* of blinde, *v.* A.S. blinded.

Ybore, } *part. pa.* of bere, *v.* A.S.
Yborne, } borne.

Ybourded, *part. pa.* of bourde, *v.* A.S. jested.

Ybrent, *part. pa.* of brenne, *v.* A.S. burnt.

Ychaped } *part. pa.* furnished with
Ychapud } chapes, or clasps.

Yche, *pr.* A.S. each.

Ycorven, } *part. pa.* of kerve, *v.* A.S.
Ykorven, } cut.

Ycoupled, *part. pa.* coupled.

Ycrased, *part. pa.* broken.

Ydel, *adj.* A.S. idle.

Ydeled, *part. pa.* distributed.

Ydight, *part. pa.* adorned.

Ydo, *part. pa.* done, finished.

Ydolastre, *n.* A.N. an idolator.

Ydrawe, *part. pa.* drawn.

Ye, *adv.* A.S. See Ya.

Yeddynges, *n. pl.* The *Promptuarium Parvulorum* makes *yedding* to be the same as *geste*, which it explains thus:—*Geest* or *romance*, *gestis*. So that of *yeddynges* may perhaps mean of *story-telling*.

Yede, *past tense* of go, *v.* A.S. (*gehen*, Germ.) went.

Yefte, *n.* A.S. a gift.

Yelde, *v.* A.S. to yield, to give, to requite; *par. pa.* yolden; *God yelde it you*, God requite you for it.

Yelle, *v.* A.S. to yell.

Yelleden, *third pers. pl. past tense*, yelled.

Yelpe, *v.* A.S. to whine, to prate, to boast.

Yelt, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of yelde, *v.* A.S. yieldeth.

Yeman, *n.* A.S. *gama*, a man; hence a servant. Hence, like the Lat. *homo*, a feudal retainer; *pl.* yemen. — See vol. iv. p. 130, note 5.

Yemanrie, *n.* A.S. the rank of yeoman.

- Feme, *v.* A.S. to aim.
 Yenede, *prep.* A.S. amid.
 Yis, *adv.* A.S. yes, the affirmative reply to a question in a negative form. See Ya.
 Yerde, *n.* A.S. a rod or staff; *under the yerde*, sub ferulâ, in a state of pupilage.
 Yer } *n.* A.S. a year, also put for
 Yere } yeres; as, *thre yer and more*.
 Yerne, *adj.* A.S. brisk, eager.
 Yerne, *adv.* A.S. briskly, eagerly, early. *As yerne*, soon, immediately.
 Yerne, *v.* A.S. to yearn, desire; to seek eagerly.
 Yernyng, *n.* A.S. activity, diligence.
 Yeten, *part. pa.* of yete, *v.* A.S. gotten.
 Yettis, *n. pl.* A.S. gates.
 Yeve, *v.* A.S. to give. *Past tense* yaf; *pl.* yave; *part. pa.* yeve, or yeven.
 Yf } *conj.* A.S. if.
 Yif }
 Yfalle } *part. pa.* fallen.
 Ifaile }
 Yfeynit, *part. pa.* of feyne, *v.* A.S. feigned. *Lordes hestes now not ben yfeynit*, the commands of lords must not be executed in a slovenly manner.
 Yfett, *part. pa.* of fecche, *v.* A.S. fetched.
 Yfonden, *part. pa.* of finde, *v.* A.S. found.
 Yforstred, *part. pa.* of forstere, *v.* A.S. brought up, educated.
 Yfreten, *part. pa.* of frete, *v.* A.S. devoured.
 Ygeten, *part. pa.* of gete, *v.* A.S. gotten.
 Yglosed, *part. pa.* of glose, *v.* A.N. explained, commented upon.
 Yglewed, *part. pa.* of glewe, *v.* A.S. joined together with glue.
 Ygo, *part. pa.* of go, *v.* A.S. gone.
 Ygrave, *part. pa.* of grave, *v.* A.S. buried.
 Yhallowed, *part. pa.* of hallowe, *v.* A.S. halloeed, applied to a hunted stag.
 Yhalwed, *part. pa.* of halwe, *v.* A.S. vsteemed holy.
 Yhe, *adv.* A.S.—See Ya.
 Yheerd, *part. pa.* haired, covered with hair.
 Yholde, *part. pa.* held, beholden.
 Yive, *v.* A.S. to give.
 Yjaped, *part. pa.* of jape, *v.* A. tricked.
 Yliche } *adj.* A.S. like, resembling
 Ylike }
 Yliche } *adv.* A.S. alike, equally.
 Ylike }
 Ylimed, *part. pa.* limed, caught with bird-lime.
 Ylogged, *part. pa.* lodged.
 Ymaginacioun, *n.* A.N. imagination.
 Ymasked, *part. pa.* of maske, *v.* A.S. meshed, entangled.
 Ymeint } *part. pa.* of menge, *v.* A.S.
 Ymeynt } mingled.
 Ymeneus, *n. pr.* Hymenæus.
 Ympe, *n.* A.S. a scion.
 Ympe, *v.* A.S. to graft.
 Yn, *prep.* A.S. in.
 Ynne, *adv.* A.S. in.
 Ynough } *adv.* A.S. enough.
 Ynow }
 Yolden, *part. pa.* of yelde, *v.* A.S. yielded, given, repaid.
 Yonghede } *n.* A.S. youth.
 Younghede }
 Yore, *adv.* A.S. of a long time; a little before. *Yore ago*, a long time ago; *In olde tymes yore*, in old times long past; *of tyme yore*, of ancient times.
 Youre, *pron. poss.* A.S. is used for *yours*.
 Youres, *pron. poss.* A.S. used generally when the noun with which a agrees is understood.
 Youthede, *n.* A.S. youth, the state of youth.
 Yoxe, *v.* A.S. to hiccup.
 Ypiked, *part. pa.* preened, spruce.
 Ypocras, *n. pr.* Hippocrates; a sort of drink.
 Yqueint } *part. pa.* of quenche, *v.*
 Yqueynt } A.S. quenched.
 Yreke } *part. pa.* of reke, *v.* A.S.
 Ireke } smoking.
 Yren, *n.* A.S. iron.
 Yrent, *part. pa.* of rende, *v.* A.S. torn

Yronne } *part. pa.* of renne, *v.* A.S.
 onne } run.
 Ys, *third pers. sing. pres. tense* of
 am, *v.* A.S. is.
 Ystabilid, *part. pa.* established.
 Yse, *n.* A.S. ice.
 Yserved, *part. pa.* served, treated.
 Ysette, *part. pa.* set, placed, ap-
 pointed.
 Yshent, *part. pa.* of shende, *v.* A.S.
 damaged.
 Yshove, *part. pa.* pushed forward.
 Yslawe, *part. pa.* of sle, *v.* A.S. slain,
 Ysope, *n. pr.* Æsop, the fabulist, ge-
 nerally so called, though the true
 spelling of his name is pointed out
 in the following 'technical verse':
 Ysopus est herba, sed Æsopus dat
 bona verba.'

The fables of Phædrus and
 Avienus, and an anonymous col-
 lection of sixty fables in elegiac
 verse, were generally quoted in
 the middle ages as being the pro-
 ductions of Æsop.

Ysowe, *part. pa.* sown.
 Yspreint } *part. pa.* of spreng, *v.*
 Yspreynt } A.S. sprinkled.
 Ystikkyd, *part. pa.* of stike, *v.* A.S.
 stuck.
 Ystorven, *part. pa.* of sterve, *v.* A.S.
 dead.
 Ytake, *part. pa.* taken.
 Yteyed, *part. pa.* of teye, *v.* A.S. tied.
 Ytrespassed, *part. pa.* trespassed.
 Ytukkid, *part. pa.* of tukke, *v.* A.S.
 tucked.
 Yvanysshed, *part. pa.* vanished.
 Yvel, *adj.* A.S. evil.
 Yvel, *adv.* A.S. ill.
 Yvoyre, *n.* A.N. ivory.
 Ywis }
 Iwis } *adv.* A.S. certainly.
 Ywys }
 Ywrye } *part. pa.* of wrye, *v.* A.S.
 Iwrye } covered.

Z.

Zeuxis, *n. pr.* a Grecian painter.

THE END.

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Poetical works

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