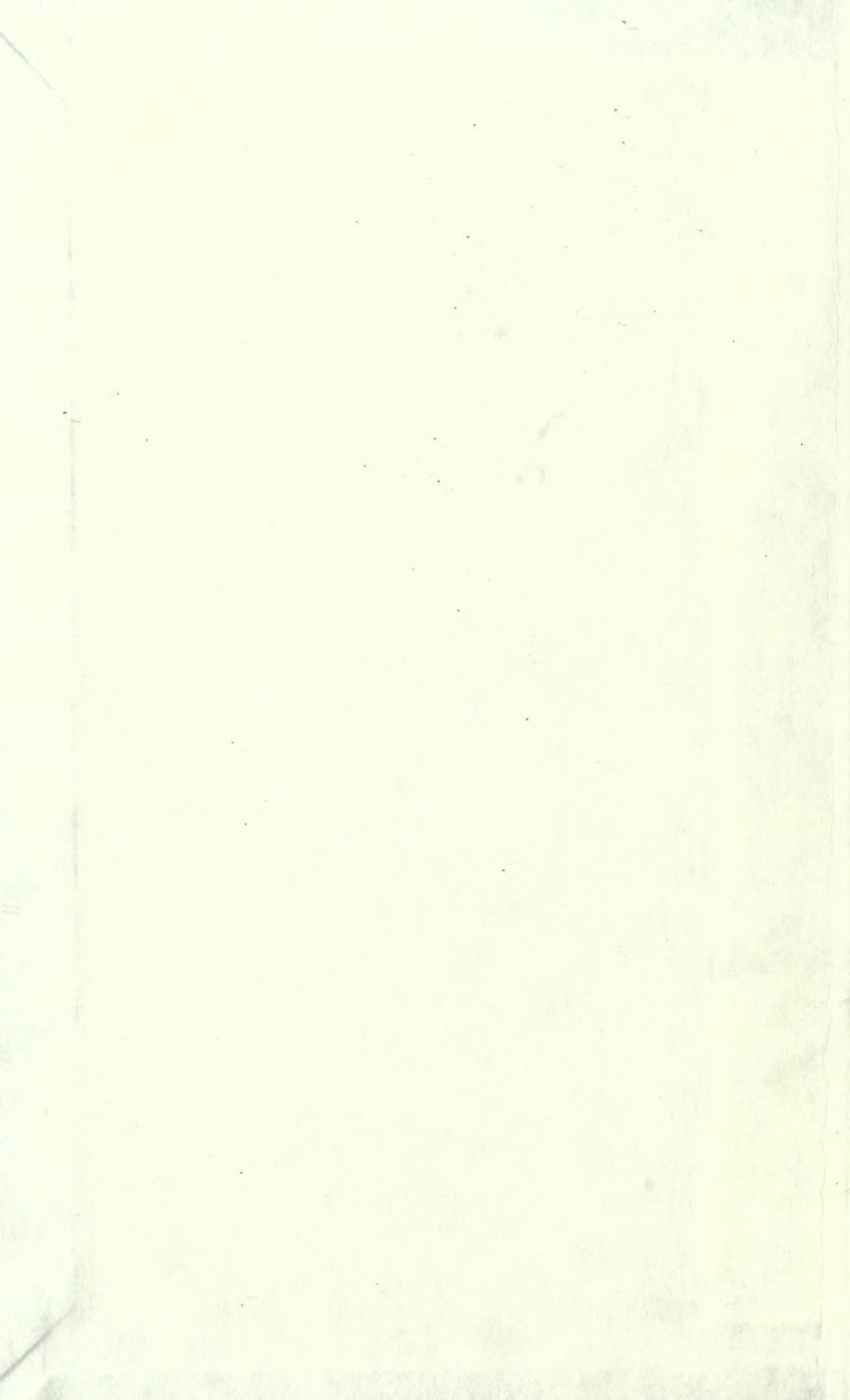


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Anelida and Arcite
by
Geoffrey Chaucer



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The story of
Queen Anelida and the false Arcite:
by
Geoffrey Chaucer

Printed at Westminster
by William Caxton about the year
1477

Cambridge
at the University Press
1905

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This edition of 'The Story of Anelida' was probably one of the first pieces printed by Caxton in England. The group of small quarto pamphlets to which it belongs are likely to have preceded such large works as the Canterbury Tales: and in this group the Anelida, the Temple of Brass and the Book of Courtesy may probably, on account of the narrowness of the page, be placed earlier than the others.

The copy at Cambridge was formerly bound, with seven other tracts printed by Caxton, in a volume which came to the University Library in 1715 by the gift of King George the First, with the rest of the library formed by John Moore, Bishop of Ely. See W. Blades, *The Biography and Typography of William Caxton* (London, 1882, 8vo.), pp. 201, 202.

F. JENKINSON

This facsimile has been taken from the only known copy of the original in the Library of the University of Cambridge

I certify that I have printed 250 copies only of this facsimile, that the impressions have been rubbed off the plates and the negatives destroyed

P. DUJARDIN

Annelida and fals Aryste

¶ Thou fierse god of armes, mars the rede
That in the frosty countre called trace
Within thy greylly temple ful of drede
Honourd art as patron of that place
With thy bellona, pallas ful of grace
Be present and my song contynue & gye
At my begynnynge thus to the I cye

For it ful depe is sonken in my mynde
With pietie herte in englysh for tendyte
This olde stoye in latyn that I fynde
Of quene anelida & fals aryste
That elde that all can fete and byte
As it hath freten many anoble stoye
Hath nygh deuoured out of my memorye

Be fauorable eke thou polimia
On pernafo that with thy sustren glade
By elyton, not fer from areea
Smgest with vois memorial in the shade
Vnder the laurer the whiche may not fade
And so that I my ship to haueyn bynue
First folowe I stace and after that corynne

When the seas With Waves long & greete
The spre folk of cithye had ouercome
With lauerz colned i his chare gold sette
Home to his contre hool is come
For Whiche the peple blifful al and some
So cryeden, that to the sterres it Wente
And hym to honouren, dide al thair entete

Before this duc in signe of victorie
The trompes come, and in his baner large
The ymage of mars, & in tokenig of glorie
Men might see of tresour many a charge
Many bright helme & many a spere & targe
Mani a fresh knight & mani a blifful route
On hors & fote al the felde aboute

Polita his Wyf, the hardy quene
Of cythia, that he conquerd had
With emelle, her youg suster shene
Fair in a chare of gold, he With hym lad
That al þ world aboute her chare she sprad
With brightnes of the beaute of her face
Ful fillid With largesse of alle grace

With this cypre & laurez crowned thus
In alle the floure of fortunes payng
Lette I this noble prynte Theseus
Towardz attenes in his way rydyng
And fonde I wil shortly for to byng
The sleight way of that I gan to write
Of quene anelida and false arcyte

Mars that with his furpous cours of Ire
The holde Wrath of Juno to suffylle
Hath sette the peples hertes bothe a fire
Of thebes and grece / eche other to kyll
With bloody speres / ne rested never styll
But throught / now here / now there amonge bothe
Til everyche other stowhe so were they wrothe

For whan amphiorax and tides
Ipomedon and parthonope also
Were dede and slayn and proud capane
And whan the wretched brethern tibo
Were slayn and kyng adrastus hom y go
So desolate stode thebes / and so bare
That no wight / woulde remede of his fare

And when tholde creon gan espye
How the blode Ryal Was brought adoun
He helde that cyte by his tyramme
And dyde the gentyls of that regyoun
To keyn his frendes, & Women in that touyn
So what for loue of him, & what for albe
The noble folk were to the touyn ydraue

Among alle these, anelida the quene
Of ermony, was in that touyn dwellynge
That fayrer was, than is the some shene
Thurgh the world so gan her name sprynge
That her to seen, had euery wyght lykynge
For as of trouth, is ther none her lyk
Of alle the Women, in the world, ryche

Ponge was this quene, of .xx. yere olde
Of myddel stature, & of suche fayrnes
That nature had a Joye, her to byholde
And for to speke of her stedefastnes
She passed hath penelope & luces
And shortly yf she shal be comprehended
In her myght nothyng, been amended

This the ban knyght eke soth to seyne
Was yong & thez With al a lusty knyght
But he Was double in loue & nothmyng pleynt
And subtyl in that craft ouer ony wight
And Withe his cūnyng Way þ lady bright
For so ferforth he gan to hez trowth ensure
That she hym trusted ouer ony creature

What holdz I seyn she loued arepte so
That Whan he Was absent ony throlde
Anon hez thought hez herte brest atwo
For in hez sight to hez he hure hym lolbe
So that she wend haue al his herte yknowbe
But he Was fals it Was but feyned chere
All nedeth not to men suche craft to leue

But natheles ful mychel lesynes
Had he or he myght his lady Wymme
And sware he woldz dye for destres
Or from his Witte he saidz he wold tWymme
Allas the Whyle for it Was wuth & synne
That she ypon his sorowes wold rebe
But nothmyng thinketh the fals as the trewe

Hyre fredam fonde arcyte in fuche manere
That al was his that she hath, moche or litte
Me to no creature, made she chere
Furthex, than that it lyketh to arcyte
Ther nas lack, wherwith he myght her wite
She was so ferforth yeuen him to plese
That al that lyketh hym it dede her eese

Ther nas to her, no maner cre sent
That touched loue, from ony maner wight
That she ne shewid it hym, er it was brent
So pleyn she was & dyd her ful myght
That she nel hiden nothig from her knyght
Lest he of ony vntrowth her spyre
With oute boe, his beste she obeyre

And eke he made hym Jelouse ouer here
That whan ony man had to her said
Anon he wolde prayen her to swere
What was þ word, or make him euell paid
And than wede she out of her wyte haue brayd
But al this nas but slepyght & flaterye
Without loue he feyned Jeloufye

And all this toke she so rebouairly
That al his Will it thought her skilful thing
And ever the longer she loueth hym tenderly
And dide hym honour, as he were a kyng
Her herte was to hym wedded With a ring
So forsoth byn trouthe, is her entente
That where he goth, her herte With hym wete

Whan she shal ete, on hym is al her thought
That wel vnuethe, of mete toke she kepe
And whan þ she was to her reste ybrought
On hym she thought alway, til þ she slepe
Whan he was absent, pryuelly she wol'd wepe
Thus lyneth fayr anelida the quene
For fals arcyte, that dyd her al this tene

This fals arcyte, of his newfanglenes
For she to hym, so lobbly was and trewe
Toke lasse deynce, of her stedfastnes
And salbe another lady proude and newbe
And right anon he clad hym in her helbe
Wote I not whither, in Whyte rede or grene
And fals hede fair anelida the quene

But natheles grete Wonder Was it none
Though he Was fals / it is kynde of man
Synch lameth Was / that is so long a goon
To be in loue as fals / as euer he can
He Was the first fader that began
To louen tWo / and Was in bygampe
And he fond tentes first but yf men lye

This fals arcyte / som what muste he feyne
Whan he Was fals / to couere his trayterye
Ryght as an hors / y can both bite & pleyne
For he bar her on hond / of trecherye
And swore he couthe her doublenes espye
And al Was falsnes that she to hym ment
Thy swore this theef & forth his way he went

Allas what herte / myght enduren it
For wouth & woo / her sowd for to telle
Or what man hath y comyng or the Witte
Or what man myght withim y chabre duelle
Yf that I reherce shold the helle
That suffreth faire anelida the quene
For fals arcyte / that dide her al this tene

5
She wepeth, wayleth, & woldneth piteously
To ground, & de, she falleth as a stone
Crampisseth her lymes, crookedly
She speaketh as her Wit were al agone
Othex colour than ashen, hath she none
None othex worde speaketh she moche or lyte
But mercy cruel herte myn arcyte

And thus endureth til that she was so mate
That she had foot on whiche she may sustene
But forth languysshing euer in this astate
On whiche arcyte hath wouth non ne tene
His herte was els where, newbe and grene
That on her woo, not deyneth hym to thinke
Hym recketh not, whether she flete or synke

This newbe lady holdeth hym so narow
Op by the byrdel, at the staues ende
That euery worde he drady as an arowbe
Her danger made hym hotte bolbe and kende
And as her liste, made hym turne & wende
For she ne granteth hym in her luyng,
No grace, why that he hath lust to syng.

But drof hym forth vnto the list her knowe
That he was seruant vnto her ladyship
But lest he were proud she hel'd hym lowe
Thus seruethe he withoute mete or sypp
She sent hym now to land & now to shyp
And for she gaf hym daunger, al his fyll
Ther fore she had hym, at her owen wyll

Ensample of this ye threfty women alle
Takethe hede of anelida and arcyte
That for her liste, hym dere herte calle
And was so meke, therfore he loueth her lite
The kynde of mans herte, is to delyte
In thing that strange is, also god me saue
For what he may not gete, that wol'd he haue

Now torne we to anelida agayn
That pyneth day by day languysshynge
But whan she sawe, that her gate no gayn
Vpon a day, ful sorowful wepyng
She cast her, for to make a compleynyng
And of her owen hand, she gan it wryte
And sende it to her theban knyght arcyte

Here foloweth the compleynt of anelida
quene of bermerpe wypon false arcyte
of Trefes.

So thirleth With the wit of remembrance
The swerd of sorow, whet With fals plesace
My hert hawe of blisse, & blak of helpe
That tornd is, in quakyng, al my daunce
My selberte in a whaped costenaunce
Syth it auaylleth not to be trewe
For who so trewest is it shal her webe
That ferueth loue, and doth her obseruaunce
Allway tyl one, and changeth for no newe

I wote my self, as wel as ony wight
For I loued one With al my hert & myght
More than my self, an. C. thousand sythe
And called hym, my hertis lyf, my knyght
And was all his, as fer as it was right
And whan he was glad, than was I blithe
And his disese, was my deth as swithe
And he agayn, his trowth hath me plight
For euermo, his lady me to kytte

Now is he fals/ alas/ and causeles
And of my Woo/ he is so routhles
That With a Word/ hym list not ones wyne
To brynge agayn/ my sorowful herte in pes
For he is caught Sp/ in an other lees
Ryght as hym lyst/ he labbeth at my payne
And I ne can my herte/ not restreyne
For to loue hym/ neyther the lees
And of alle this/ I note to Whom to pleyne

And shal I pleyne/ alas the hardy stounde
Vnto my foo/ that yaf my herte/ a wounde
And yet desireth/ that my harme be more
May certes/ for thez shal neuer be founde
None other helpe/ my sores for to sounde
My destyne hath shapen it so/ ful yore
I wil none other medycyn/ ne love
I wil be ay/ ther I Was ones bounde
That I haue seyde/ he seyde/ for euermore

Allas/ Where is become your gentillesse
Your wordes ful of plesance and humbleesse
Your obseruances/ and so lowe manere

74
Your abaytynge, and your besynesse
Vpon me, that ye called your maistresse
Your souerayne of this world is here
Alas, and is ther now no word, ne chere
Ye touchen sauf, vpon my besynesse
Alas, your loue, I bye it al to dre

Now certes I wete, though that ye
Thus causeles, the cause be
Of my dedely, aduersite
Your manly reyon, ought it to respite
To sle your frende, & namely me
That neuer yet in no degre
Offendyd, as wyfly be
That al wote, oute of wo my soule quyte
But for I was so playn arcyte
In al my werkis, moche & lite
And so besy, you to delite
Myn honour sauf, meke, kynde, and free
Therefore ye put on me this wite
And also ye reken not a myte
Though that the swerde of sorow bite
My woful herte, thurgh your crueltie

My swete foo, Why doo ye so, for shame
And thinke ye, that furtherd be, your name
To loue a newbe, and be vntrewe, nay
And put yow, in sklaundre now, & blame
And do to me, aduersyte, and grame
That loue you most, god thou host, alwaye
Yet come agayn, & be thou playn, som daye
And then shal this, þe nowbe is mis, be game
And all forpae, Whyle I lyue, maye

Lo heere myn, alle this is for to seyn
As whether shal I pray, or ellis pleyne
Whiche is the way, to do you to be trewe
For epthez mote I han you in my cheyn
Or with the deeth, ye mote departe vs twayn
Ehez lye none othex mene weyes newbe
For god so wysly, on my soule rewe
As veryly ye sle me with the peyn
That may ye se vnfeyned, an my helwe

And thold, I praye, and weyuen womāhed
May rather dye, than do so cruell ded
And aye mercy causeles, what neede

And yf I pleyne, What lye that I lede
 Thyme wil ye lable I knowe it out of deede
 And yf that I to you, myn othes kee
 For myn excuse, a skorn shal be my mede
 Your chere flourith, but it wil not see
 For longe a goo, I ofte han take hede

For though I had you to moyn ageyn
 I myght as wel holdes apyill for reyn
 As holden you, to make you stedfaste
 Alle myghty god of trowth souereyn
 Wher is y trowth of man who hath it fleyn
 Who y hym loueth shal hym fynde as faste
 As in a tempeste is a roty mast
 Is that a tame best, that is ay fary
 To fle away, whan he is lest agaste

But mercy swete, yf I mys sepe
 Haue I ought seydy out of the wepe
 I note, my witte is half a wepe
 I fare as doth the songe of chanteplure
 For now I pleyne, and now I pleye
 I am so marred, that I wepe

Acryte hath born a wey the keye
Of alle my Worlde and good auntere

For in this Worlde my creature
Wakynge in more discumfiture
Than I ne more sorow endure
And yf I slepe, a fur long weye or t wey
The me thinketh me, your fygure
Before me stont, clothid in azure
To profren eft, and new assure
For to be trewe, and loue me, til he dye

The longe nyght, this wonder sight, I dye
And on the day, for thilke affray, I dye
And of all this right no light ywis ye weake
Ne neuer mo, myn eyen t wo, he dye
And to your wouth, & to your touth, I dye
But wele a wey, for ben they, to feake
Thus holdeth me, my destyne, a weake
But me to rede, out of this drede, or gye
Ne may my Wyt, so weyke is it, not streake

Thenne I thus, syn I may do no more

I geue it vp, for now and euermore
For shal I neuer, eft putten in balanc
My sikernes, or lerne of loue the love
But as the swan, I haue herd sepe ful pore
Agayn his deeth, shal synge his penaunce
So synge I here, my destyne or chaunce
How that arcite, anelida so fore
Hath thirled, With the pepnt of remembraunce

Thus endeth the compleynt of anelida

The gpleit of chaucer vnto his empty purse

To you my purs, and to none othre Wight
Compleyne I for ye be my lady dere
I am sory now, that ye be light
For certes, ye now make me heuy chere
Me were as lief, be leyde vpon a here
For whiche, vnto your mercy thus I crye
Be heuy agayn, or ellis mote I dye

Now bouchepuf, this day or yet be nyght
That I of you, the blifful sowne may here

Oz see your colour like the some bright
That of yelownes hady neuer pere
Ye be my lyf, ye be my hertes sterc
Quene of confort, and of goody compayne
Be heuy agayn, or ellis mote I dye

Now purg that be to me my lyues light
Andy saueour, as down in this worldy here
Out of this toun helpe me by your might
Syn that ye wil not be my tresore
For I am haue, as nyght as ony freere
But I pray vnto your curtoisye
Be heuy agayn, or ellis mote I dye

The nuoye of chaucer vnto the kynge

O conquerour of brutes albyon
Whiche that by lyne, andy fre election
Ben keray kynge, this to you I sende
Andy ye that may, alle harmes amende
Haue mynde vpon my supplicacion

Explicit. +. +.

Whan feyth faileth in prestes salwes
And lordes bestes ar holden for lawes
And robbery is holden purchas
And lechery is holden solas
Than shal the londz of albyon
Be brought to grete confusion

Abgan
3

Hit falleth for euery gentilman
To save the best that he can
In mames absence
And the soth in his presence
Hit cometh by kynde of gentil blode
To cast a way al heuynes
And gadre to gidre wordes goodz
The Werk of Wise dom berith Witnes

Water
22

Et sic est finis : + + +

Constat paulo

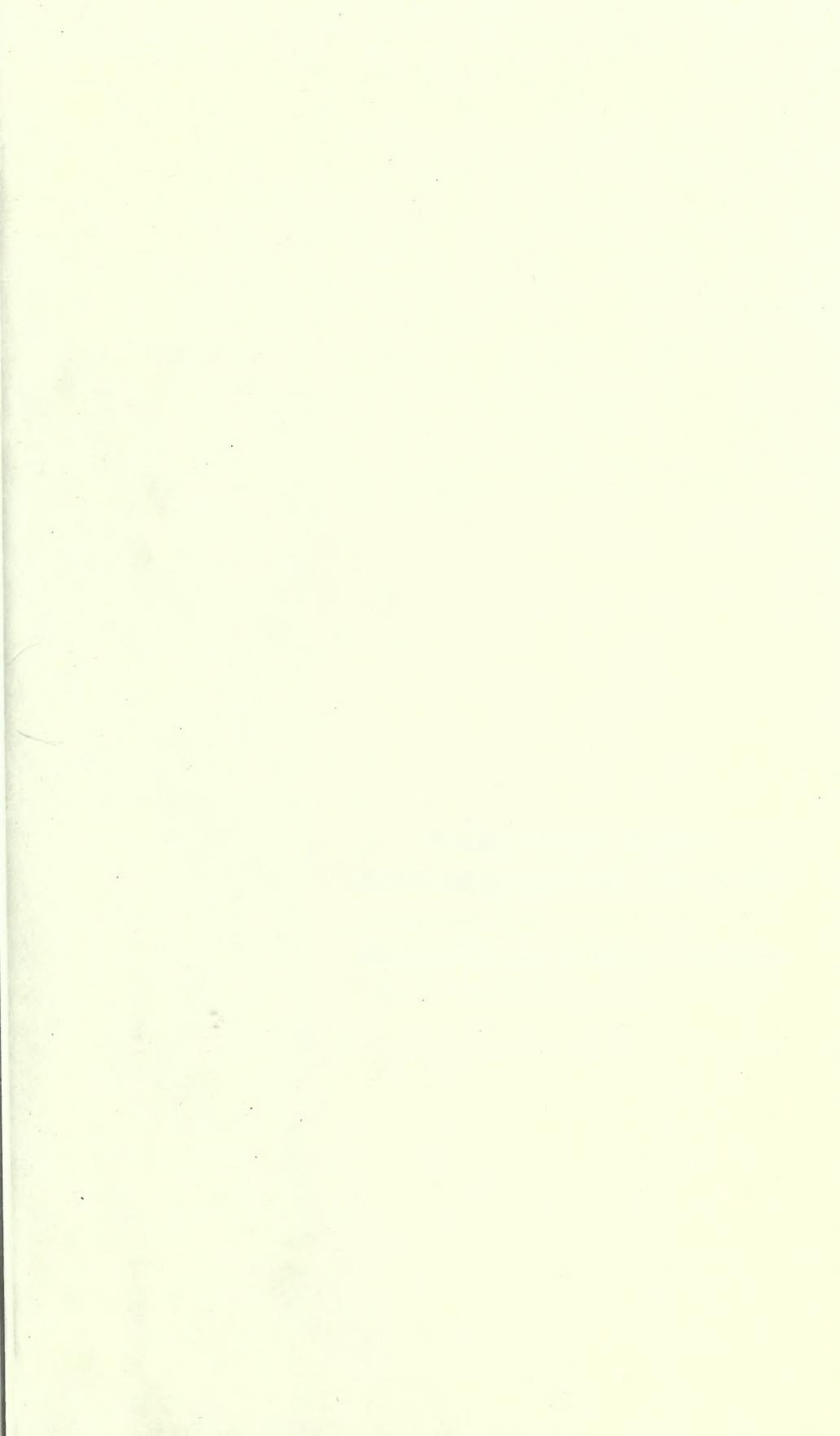
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